

HE FAILETH NOT

or

THE TRIUMPHS OF FAITH

REV. MRS. EDNA WELLS HOKE





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By

REV. MRS. EDNA WELLS HOKE

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### DEDICATION

To the dear spiritual mother who dared to come to me in a meeting, when I was considered one of the most spiritual women in the largest church in Mt. Vernon, Ill., and ask me to go to the altar, and who prayed for hours for me when I was going through the trials of my life, Mrs. J. N. (better known as Mother) Fergerson, who is now nearly eighty-six years old, waiting for the chariot to come for her, this little book is affectionately dedicated.



## A PERSONAL WORD

About twenty years ago, while I was going through the darkest trial of my life, and visiting at the home of dear Mother Ferguson, the Lord seemed to be leading me to write the happenings of those days. And it seemed to be His will for me to write it for others to get help to pray and believe God for the salvation of their loved ones.

It was very vague, but at that time I had not seen the answer to my many prayers. Nevertheless, He gave me the name for this little book. I have intended for years to try to get it together, but it seemed impossible for me to do so. And I knew that at the best it would not be what I would like to give to the public so far as composition and other things needed to make up a book are concerned. But each of the several times when I came very near to death's door and would begin to look over and tell the Lord that it was all right, and I supposed my work was finished, He seemed to bring this book before me. Then I would say, "Yes, Lord, I will get the book out to help those who might get discouraged and quit praying for their loved ones."

With this explanation, will you please be very patient with me as you read this book. And though when you may see the mistakes you may wonder why I ever thought of writing, yet I trust that when you finish you will have received enough blessing from its pages to be thankful for it. When I was thirteen years old I had to quit school because of poor health, and was handicapped by that even while I was in school. After I was married I began studying in preparation to study law with my husband, but again my health failed and I had to give it up. Since I have been preaching I have not had time to fill more than, I think, one-third of the calls which I have



received. And as I was thirty years old when I began to preach I could not then stop to go to school; besides I was advised by at least one college president not to do so. Seeing that God has been able to use me as He has done to win a few hundred souls, what might my life have been if I had had the education which I should have had?

I send this forth to you trusting that it may increase your faith in God, who faileth not. Zephaniah 3:5: "The just Lord is in the midst thereof; he will not do iniquity: every morning doth he bring his judgment to light, HE FAILETH NOT."

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# HE FAILETH NOT

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## CHAPTER I

I was born June 30, 1875, in the little city of Fairfield, in Wayne county, Illinois. At the time of my birth my father, who had once been a well-to-do business man, was a poverty-stricken victim of the drink that biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. Once a devout Christian, having family worship three times a day, at this time he had not even a profession of religion.

In his boyhood days my father used to carry the jug of liquor for his grandfather. He had inherited an appetite for drink, and had been fed on liquor in his youth. In later years he was advised by his doctors to take whiskey as a remedy for asthma. He was naturally a man of strong will, but soon went under the power of whiskey and was led captive by the demon drink. As a result I came into this world (as do many other children) with a cloud of sorrow hanging over me. I received from my father—a father who loved me and should have protected me from every sorrow and disgrace—the legacy of all that is wrapped in the taunting, hated words, “A drunkard’s child.”

Oh, dear reader, are you a father? Have you given to your children the name that causes angels to weep when it is heard at school, at play, on the streets, even many times in Sunday school: “A drunkard’s child?”

Very early in life I felt the sting of poverty. My first dresses were two little calico slips which mother bought and paid

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for with money which she earned by sewing carpet rags. My coming into the world was not according to the will of God—I was not wanted. But who could think that a poor, tired mother, forty-two years of age, with no way to support the two little girls she already had excepting by the toil of her own hands, and without faith enough in God to enable her to look to Him for the needed help and support, would want another little one to care for? But listen, fathers and mothers, you have no right to stamp your children with sin and rebellion before they are born. Every child has a right to a good start in life. Those who enter the marriage tie should count well the cost of all that such a tie means in the sight of the Lord. They should keep themselves at all times yielded to the will of God, and thus be assured that their children are well born and stand as good a chance as any in this old fallen world.

At the age of one year I was brought to the little town of Dahlgren where I lived—with the exception of a little time—until my marriage. My life from babyhood was truly a life of sorrow. I well remember when the first seed of sin was planted in my heart, and when my innocency became knowledge. My mother was compelled to go out and work to earn bread for the family. When I was a child of only five or six years Satan grasped the opportunity, when I was left with a playmate, to plant within my heart that which was to give me a battle for many years, and which might have wrecked my life forever. I well remember how I felt as I listened to those things which I should not have heard until in later years, and then only from the lips of a clean Christian mother. Soon I was bound by chains of habit which I could not break. My mother reproved me, time and again, but failed to confess to me at that time that her little girl had inherited the sin which had fettered her own life. Fathers and mothers, unlock the past of your lives to your boys and girls, and while



so doing live lives that are so pure and righteous that you can point your children to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. You should have—you can have, yea, you must have—an influence for righteousness over your boys and girls if you are to honor God in their lives and make their landing safe in the City of Light.

My father died when I was twelve years of age. I never had been acquainted with Jesus. I do not know whether or not my father got right with God before he died. While mother seemed to feel that he was saved, yet the uncertainty has caused me many bitter heartaches. Fathers and mothers, get so completely over on the right side that your children may never need to doubt your salvation.

After my father's death my mother and I lived alone, my sister having married when I was ten years of age. My mother was a professor of religion, but how much she lacked of the power of God! She was not patient. She never prayed in the home. She allowed me to dance, attend the theater and shows, and read novels. With her consent I even learned to play simple games of cards in my own home. I lived a moral life. I was respected. I was kept from falling. Though I went into company when I was very young, and associated with a number of young men, I never played with their affections. I never allowed one of them to press his lips to mine. I felt in my girlhood days that should I ever become a wife I wanted to give to him who won my heart lips that had been kept for him.

O girls, girls, this that I have said may seem light to you, but I beg you in Jesus' name—even if you were reared as I was without family prayers, without a blessing at the table, even if you do not know Him who makes every whit whole—do keep yourselves morally pure.

I never had known a holy man or woman. The people whom I knew were those who gossiped and sometimes quarreled—

people who, at every revival effort, must needs be preached to for perhaps a couple of weeks that they may get warmed up and ready to do something for the Lord. I thank God for the warming up, but oh, I am so glad that we can live up to white heat for God  $365\frac{1}{4}$  days in every year. I do praise God that He ever sent into my life a real Christian. I had been reared to attend the Methodist Episcopal church, as my mother was a member of that church until I was ten years of age, when she went to another town and joined the Seventh Day Adventists.



## CHAPTER II

### MY CONVERSION

I continued to attend the little Methodist church. One fall, when the Conference met, they sent to us Brother O. W. Rose. His precious little wife, Naomi, was the first saint I ever met. Brother Rose sent for some holiness evangelists to hold a meeting. Of course I attended this meeting. The first night, as mother and I neared the church, I heard amens and praises to God. I never before had heard anything on that wise. Our last pastor had been a quiet man. He would come into the church, play the organ, sing the songs, pray the prayer, preach a little and then go home, all in such a dignified way. But here, on this night, the amens were sounding forth before the meeting had run the usual two weeks to get the old quarrels fixed up and the church warmed up. I asked mother what it meant. She replied, "Why that is the way they used to do when I was a child. That was before one could be a professed Christian and dance, dress like the world and run with the world."

As we entered the church dear old Brother A. A. Niles of Kentucky, Rev. J. J. Smith, Brother McMillen, Brother Millard Denton, with other men of God, were making the house ring with holy songs. It did not take long in that atmosphere for me to feel that I needed Jesus. I fought this feeling for several days, but at last the sainted Sister Rose, who lived the life before me, came and put her arms around my neck. Before she had a chance to ask me I was on my way to the altar. I went down a proud, haughty, pleasure-loving girl. I came up a new creation. Old things had passed away. I was at the altar only a little while. When I arose I did not

shout or laugh, but I was New, New, New! The chains had been broken. I was free.

In the joy of my new-found experience I felt that I must have family prayers. My mother, who for years had been a leader in public, said that she could not pray at home. God gave me the grace, though trembling, to say, "Mother, you may read and I will pray." Thus we began our family worship. During the revival mother got closer to the Lord than I ever had known her to be in her former life. For months we lived very happily. But the Tempter is indeed subtle. He knows just where to come to us. He knows that if just one link in the chain is broken the chain is useless. First, I think, he came to me tempting me with worldly dress, which I had laid aside when I started to walk with Jesus. Four days after my conversion I was told to consecrate my all and claim the blessing of holiness. This I tried to do, and professed to have received the blessing. But now I feel sure that carnality was not at that time eradicated. Within a few months I began putting on some things that I had been led of God to lay aside. Of course through that I was so weakened that I was unable to withstand the temptations of Satan on other lines.

O dear reader, it is the little foxes that spoil the vines. Only a little rust on the wires will stop the electric current of God, connecting heaven with the human soul. I remember when I committed my first sin, and how I prayed and wept before God until He heard and accepted me. In my ignorance I went on claiming the experience of sanctification.

After my conversion ministers and others often spoke of a feeling that the Lord had called me to preach, yet often these same people would tease me in regard to marriage. I had no thought that marriage on my part might interfere with my preaching the gospel.



## CHAPTER III

### MY MARRIAGE

In March, 1891, at Mt. Vernon, I met Mr. D. H. Wells, who was at that time a young law student. We loved each other, and for some time kept company. After our engagement I would take his letters and go alone and pray and cry. Somehow it did not seem right, yet I could not see wherein such a marriage would be wrong, as Mr. Wells was a professed Christian and a moral man. Not waiting for God to make plain to me His will, I plunged into preparation for the wedding, and in December, 1891, we were married in the little home church in Dahlgren, Ill., Rev. O. W. Rose officiating.

We went to Mt. Vernon to live. As I had to change my church home, I joined the denomination of which my husband was a member. But oh, I knew—as so many do not—what it was to be born again. I had been so thoroughly saved from shows and from all kinds of church festivals and things of that nature, that I could not be one with the people of the church which I had joined.

I do praise God that, though I was only sixteen and a half years old when I was married, He had kept me from even wanting to go back into the world. Before my conversion I had loved shows and other things of the world, but when my husband would bring home complimentary tickets to those things I would say, "Dear, I am a Christian, I cannot go," and would put my ticket in the fire. While I stood true to the Lord on these lines, how I failed Him in other things! I had promised the Lord that if I ever married I would have a home where He should be honored by being given complete control.

I had promised Him that I would have family prayers at the first opportunity, and would return thanks at the table. But after our marriage my husband and I went to boarding. Satan kept me—through fear of man—from keeping these vows to the Lord. Though my husband and I always knelt together by our bed in secret prayer, after having read a chapter from God's Word, that was not God's way. I could not feel satisfied that we were meeting the full will of God in our devotions.

After we went to housekeeping I still failed God in these things, and became so miserable that night after night I would cry myself to sleep. My husband would often ask, "Am I not good to you?" I would reply, "Yes, you are good to me, but I am not living right." He could not see anything wrong, nor could he understand why I felt as I did. But to the soul that has once known God and walked in His ways, nothing short of the whole will of God can satisfy. Because of my sins of omission my life became more and more miserable. My health, which never had been good, failed more rapidly. Though I continued trying to serve the Lord, it seemed that my life was a failure.

Finally, in the midst of an awful storm, I prayed and cried and promised God that if He would spare my life I would have family prayers. God heard and answered my prayer, but again I failed Him. After having had family prayer just one time I ceased, because of the fact that my husband did not believe in family prayers. I loved him so much that it was hard for me to go against his desires. But one night, in the fall of 1892, I settled this matter with the Lord.

Sister Bertie Crow, of DeSota, Mo., was holding a meeting in Mt. Vernon. God had been talking to me for some days concerning my powerless condition. I had been called to the bedside of a young man who was dying of typhoid fever. I did not know whether or not this young man was a Christian, and in that hour I felt the need of the Holy Spirit in a greater measure than I at that time had had Him. Again I cried to



the Lord for help. As I did so neglected duties would rise up before me—duties from which I shrank, for I knew the struggle that it was going to take to perform them. My husband was an official member of the church, and a man whose moral character was above reproach, but he was not spiritual.

O husbands, who love your wives and your children, how can you send them forth in the morning without first committing them to God? If you value the eternal welfare of your loved ones, let them hear your voice bearing their names before the throne of God. The fires burning on the family altar will tell for eternity. Even though your boys and girls may wander far away from God, the memory of father's and mother's prayers will linger with them, and may eventually bring them back to the Father's house.

I have taken into my arms, in haunts of sin, numbers of girls who have been reared in homes where the father and mother were professed Christians, but where no fire burned on the family altar, and where salvation was not enjoyed in the home. I have asked these girls, "Had you a Christian mother?" and have heard the reply, tinged with sarcasm, "I suppose she was a Christian." Not thus would be the reply of the girl who had daily heard her name in mother's prayer. I have seen the tears spring to the eyes of the most heard-hearted girls when the family altar and Christian training were mentioned.

## CHAPTER IV

### STRUGGLING TO WALK WITH GOD

On that night in 1892 I promised my heavenly Father that I would have family prayers if I died in the attempt. Satan, of course, heard me make the vow to God and immediately set about to defeat my purpose. He brought to our home to spend the night a very sweet but unsaved girl. I could scarcely breathe under the terrible load that was upon me—but I must pay my vow to God. To make the struggle more bitter, the friend of the girl came also. He was a skeptical young man. I was just a child wife, a shrinking, weak child of God with the call of duty (privilege, rather, as I see it now) before me. All hell seemed to be arrayed against me. Satan said, "How foolish you are. Cannot you be satisfied to go into your bedroom and kneel in prayer as you have done in times past?" But God had said, "Family prayers." So I read a chapter from God's Word, then said, "Let us all kneel in prayer." They all seemed to look at me in a peculiar way before kneeling, but we knelt in prayer. I called on the Lord, and in the words of the Psalmist, "He delivered me." Bless His name! I had fought the battle and gained the victory for God. Possibly it was a small thing to those looking on, but to me it meant a great victory, for God has said, "Obedience is better than sacrifice."

At the age of eighteen years I was pushed to the front and made president of the holiness band. For some time I was very happy in my work; but trials were pressing hard; for my husband, whom I loved very dearly and who was good and kind to me, was not in sympathy with me in this work.

I had (as I suppose every true woman has) a longing to



feel the clasp of baby arms around my neck, and to hear the patter of baby feet in our comfortable little home. My husband, not yet having been admitted to the bar, was only a deputy circuit clerk, and then deputy supreme and appellate clerk. However, I was not like many who say they would want little ones in the home if they had money to give them advantages. I have found that it is not so much the advantages which we can give that are necessary to the welfare of the children, but that we put within them, by birth and training, a desire to live a large life for others, and to take advantage of the opportunities within their reach. The most of our great men and women, I believe, have come from the most humble homes. If we can make our children to feel as did Paul, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me," we have given them the best equipment for life.

As Hannah of old, I sought the Lord. He who knows the end from the beginning made me to understand that I was being kept for the Master's use in other, though not greater, fields. There is no higher calling than that of motherhood. Look up, poor, tired mother. Satan may say that it is of no use to labor in rearing and training children. Just remember that you are sending forth sons and daughters to bless or curse the world. You have the opportunity of putting a godly stamp upon your children before they open their baby eyes to the light of this world. How I wish I might have the privilege of telling to the most tired and weary mother (the one who has become the most discouraged and downhearted) what it is to have to go through life with no baby in your arms, no baby to nestle to your breast, no baby to call your own. If I could make you understand the suffering of an aching heart and an empty life, you would never feel that there are too many children in your home. Children are like olive branches around the table.

God tried to show me His plan for my life, but in my impatience I took a beautiful little girl from an orphanage. I



did not mean to be rebellious. I did not mean to have my own way. But my heart was aching for a child to love, and that I might be loved by one. To be sure, it is a good work to rear orphan children, but I shall perhaps lose the reward for that service which others might receive, first of all because I had a call from God. Though I was not entirely clear as to what the call was, had I kept step with God no doubt He would have led me very clearly. I believe that God has a definite plan for each one of us, and that whosoever misses the plan of the Lord wrongs his own soul.

"God has His best for those who dare to stand the test.

He has His second best for those who will not have His best."

In the second place, I made application to the orphanage for a light-haired, blue-eyed, well-formed, healthy girl, one born in wedlock. I have since learned that many precious little ones—even born in wedlock—open their eyes in this world with the curse of sin stamped upon them through uncleanness in the lives of those who are responsible for their coming into the world. But as I face these awful facts I am so glad that there is a balm, a Physician, a remedy for sin. Had I taken a crippled, a sick or a blind child, I am sure the Lord would have been ready and waiting to reward me even though I did miss His best (that of reaching many souls with the gospel). How subtle is selfishness—often hiding under many beautiful covers. Only God can show us ourselves as we are.

One day my husband came home and said, "Our little girl has come to the orphanage, and we are to call and see her this afternoon." We went to the orphanage for our little girl. I well remember how sweet she looked as she came timidly into the room. When husband asked her to come to him she cried and shrank back, but not so when I said, "Come." She came to me, and in a few minutes she was mine forever. She refused to leave me. I had to get her to sleep so that I could go up town and get her clothes. I loved my baby, but how little I knew about rearing her. She was very sweet, but also very willful.



I had three hard spells of sickness within the first year that I cared for her. At the close of that first year we were advised by our physician to give her up. We had not yet adopted her, so with the object in view of getting her a healthier mother we let her go. I soon felt that I could not live without her. After a few weeks of extreme suffering and praying to God, I got out of my bed of sickness and started for my baby girl. God in a marvelous way gave her to us again. We at once had her adopted, and settled it that she was to be ours for better or for worse. I never felt that I should take the honor of motherhood, so I dealt honestly with our baby from the beginning, telling her she was given to another mamma when she was a little baby, and that when God took that mamma from this world He gave her to me.

Our little girl grew to be a blessing to me in the deepest sense of the word. In my severest trials her love and confidence were a help and stay. When the dark clouds of sorrow hung low, her love meant so much to me. I thank God for her love and for her confidence in me. Many times she would look into my face and say, "I want to be just like you." She was really converted at the age of five years, as she and I knelt beside my bed, and soon she wanted to join the church. We did not know enough to encourage her in that, but, thank God, we did not discourage her. When the little darling walked out and joined the church it made my heart very glad.

Oh, let us gather the children in while they are young. Of course they may fall from grace, but perhaps no worse than we grown folks do. With help they can get up when they fall. From the time of her conversion our little girl was always ready to lead in prayer and to return thanks at the table. Just a few weeks before her death—which occurred when she was fifteen years of age—she received a mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost, and shouted her way out to meet Jesus. As I sit with a broken heart (but healed) I can say with the poet, "Someone will be waiting for me."

## CHAPTER V

### BACK TO GOD, AND SANCTIFIED

The church which I had joined with my husband after our marriage was disbanded. We then began to attend the Methodist Episcopal church. I joined it, but my husband would not. One night, about six months later, after prayer, my husband said to me so sweetly: "Do you want me to join the church with you?" Knowing that he could not be satisfied if he did it only for me, I said: "I should like so much for you to do so—not for me only, but if you feel that you would be satisfied, I should be very glad." He united with us the next night, and again things looked bright. But Satan seemed determined to defeat us. Husband decided to run for the office of police magistrate—the first thing he ever did without asking my advice. When I learned that he was a candidate I warned him as kindly as I could against this move. He had a position to continue for at least six years as deputy supreme and appellate clerk, with all the liberty he wanted. He could attend services. We could be together.

Satan does a fine work for his kingdom when he succeeds in bringing in something to separate husband and wife. My husband was elected to the position of police magistrate. Soon after entering upon the duties of this office he was kept from church. Everything seemed to fail. We went into a boarding house, left off family prayers, quit going to church, and of course backslid to a great extent. I soon found that I could not live as we were doing, and took up my duties again.

But during all the preceding nine or ten years I never had come to the place where I was willing to take the narrow way with Jesus. I never had become willing to be ridiculed and



to have my name cast out as evil. I had been up and down for more than nine years, but never had been to the altar to get right with God. God sweetly showed me that I must repent and do my first works over. I lost my only sanctified sister in June, 1901. Her life was a blessing and her death a warning to all, and especially to me. I promised God that I would get entirely right with Him if I lived to do so.

I continued praying and reading until September, when Brother Burns and Brother Geiter began a meeting at the courthouse. I was then under deep conviction, though during all those years I had been living so nearly like a true child of God that the girls who worked for me could not tell but that I was entirely right. At this time I was having family worship, returning thanks at the table, and working in meetings for the salvation of sinners. And yet I did not always have the sweet peace that a child of God should have. But God loved me, and Jesus Christ had died for me. The Spirit led me to the altar. Even though I was a leader in the Methodist Episcopal church, I had an inward consciousness that I was not trusting God as He would have me to do.

My health had continued to fail. I was quite dependent on the doctor, and did not like to give him up. When I asked God to give me the blessing of sanctification—for that was what I thought I needed—I found that I would have to give up medicine for the time being in order to get my eyes fixed on God. I had to take Christ not only as my Sanctifier, but also as my Healer and my coming King. I promised God that I would never go to the doctor again, though I might have him come to me in case I should become seriously ill. At this time I was taking five kinds of medicine. On the nineteenth day of September God came to me, wonderfully blessing my soul. For the first time in my life I shouted. For three days I was shouting happy, and thought that I had been sanctified. On the afternoon of the third day God showed me that I must make a deeper consecration.

Through the light of God shed on my heart by the Holy Spirit I saw as never before that God looks on the *heart*. And surely we, as human beings, should have the blessed searchlight turned on all the time; for God says, "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?" (Jer. 17:9).

We may think we are so dead to money that we can sing, "Lord, I care not for riches, neither silver nor gold," and at the same time, if God speaks to us for a tithe, or an offering above our tithe, or some more after we have given the tithe and offering, we rebel and think we have given enough.

Then we sometimes boast of our humility and plain dress, when God, looking down into our hearts, sees that we are proud of our plainness.

We boast of purity, but God, looking into the hearts of those who are not sanctified, often sees much impurity. And many a woman who would not tolerate from the opposite sex one word that is not proper and right, becomes so interested in one who is not her husband (or a man in one who is not his wife) that God sees it to be spiritual adultery. I have been called on to hear some confessions from people—and alas, some of them from preachers and Christian workers—that have shocked me and caused me to weep.

I used to wonder how a woman ever drops into open sin. But when God gave me a glimpse of my own heart I saw that there are in our hearts the roots of every kind of sin; and so if we do not get sanctified we are liable to fall or drift into any kind of sin at any time.

And listen, dear reader: after we are wholly sanctified we are still human, and there are lines of social life which we must not cross. And there are checks of the Holy Spirit—yea, and even of our own womanliness—that we had better mind. And it does not do for us to make confidants of the opposite sex, and to accept their sympathy, lest in a little while we find to our heart's sorrow that we are too much interested in them.



And thus we may think of them, dress for them, and live for them in heart, though we would never think of going into open sin with them. But heart sins lead to life sins; and if we take the first step we may take the last.

And when God showed me my heart as He saw it, oh how it humbled me, and how I wept and repented of every thought that had grieved Him. And I, who had been so confident of myself because of always having been moral, and because I could look every man in all the world in the face without a tremor (and can now, thank God), yet I never see a fallen woman but what I feel like saying that it is all because of God's help that I did not go down as she did. For He it is who saved me when but fifteen and a half years of age, and then put the light on my poor soul and showed me myself when I was drifting away from Him.

I had had an awful spell of nervous prostration a few years before this, caused by an awful disappointment as if some one had touched a button that instantly put out every light of my life. I should have bowed beneath the rod and said, "Not my will, but Thine be done," and let Jesus fill the aching void. But I did not.

Our family doctor advised me to stay away from crowds on account of the weakness of my heart. And, of course, he emphasized the harmfulness of revival meetings. I stayed away for about eight months, and found myself backslidden in heart. Then God reclaimed me.

Then I made the consecration as deep as God said, and told the Lord I would put my all into His service: friends, time, talents (few I seemed to have, but they were all given to Him), earthly store, soul and body His to be, wholly His forever more. Yes, it meant reputation. It meant to go with the despised few. It meant to be misunderstood. But, glory to God, He came down and sanctified me. And though I have met many who seemed to have more of God than I have, and to be far ahead of me, yet I have been able to know for

these twenty-five years that He really sanctified me when I paid the price.

During the time of my illness the doctor advised me to stay away from church. Listen, dear reader, that is many times the advice of the enemy of your soul. As long as we are able to be up and to go at all we must be in attendance at the house of God. What if we should die in the church? Is not that a good place from which to go to heaven? Much spiritual strength is lost through failure to assemble with others in the worship of God.

When, through the leading of the Holy Spirit, I made the consecration, God sanctified me wholly. That was on September 23, 1901. Since that time I have been running up the shining way with glory in my soul. And I have seen some of my neighbors and others saved in answer to my prayers. God has been using my life.



## CHAPTER VI

### DIARY

*Sunday, January 26, 1901*

This has been a day of peculiar experiences to me. I have been unusually tempted. Since God has healed me and given me the fire from heaven, I have felt that He was leading into new fields of labor. Our Holiness Union has, for a time, disbanded. The Devil seems to be tempting me to go into a church. I would do it in a moment if assured that it was the will of God. But I must know His will concerning me. The Lord has relieved pain and blessed my body. I went to hear Brother Ewing, the Free Methodist preacher. He preached on the subject of holiness. We had a good praise service after the preaching. I am so thankful for a Sunday school superintendent who can preach holiness.

This afternoon I was going to visit some sisters, but for some reason I felt led to stay at home. So I am going to have a good time talking with Jesus. I feel that I need wisdom in order to know what to do: grace to do the thing that I should do, and a more Christ-like spirit. I feel more determined than ever to fight the battle to the gates. I feel especially this afternoon that I should like to hear a good, white hot, Holy Ghost prayer. Brother E. A. Ferguson has smallpox at this time. I have been exposed to the disease, but God has said, "No plague shall come nigh thy dwelling." I have stepped out on His promise, and shall give Him all the glory for protecting me from smallpox. Glory to God. I am so glad that Jesus saves to the uttermost all that come unto the Father by Him. I praise Him for the privilege of working in His vineyard.

I am at home with husband and baby tonight, and reading fiery furnace. Such a sweet thought came to my mind this third chapter of Jeremiah. I am praying, "God help me not to lose the fire." I am so glad that we do sometimes find preachers who preach under the power of the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. Glory to God! As I retire this Sunday night I go fasting and praying that God may get glory out of my life through every word that I speak. I realize that I have done all that I could today, and that if Jesus comes before I awake I am ready to meet Him in the air. Glory to God, I am hungry for heaven tonight. I would see Jesus. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.

*January 27, 1902*

Well, glory to God! This is a beautiful day. Snow is on the ground. The sun is shining brightly. I am giving the world the bright side of my life. Satan has been trying me, but, praise the Lord, my God is able to deliver us from the fiery furnace. Such a sweet thought came to my mind this morning: At twenty-five minutes before six the Lord saw that I had come to the place where I needed strength. When my husband became impatient because I called him to get up, the Lord kept me so sweet that I realized more than ever before that "a soft answer turneth away wrath." Glory to His name! It is all through the power of Jesus.

Baby came home from school with her report, which showed almost a failure. I talked to her straight, as a mother should, but the Lord kept me sweet through that. I went to the school, also visited Mrs. Wheeler, one of my dear girlhood friends, also visited a neighbor. I did not pray with this neighbor, but afterward wished that I had done so. Oh, I want to have all other voices stilled around me so that I can always hear Jesus when He speaks to me.

Well, God has wonderfully answered prayer today. I spent a half hour with God this evening, pleading with Him for His



dear Son's sake to glorify His own name here in Mt. Vernon and give us a hall for our services. He has promised that He will hear our prayer and answer before we cease speaking. While I was yet on my knees Brother Ferguson came and said we could get a hall. Glory to the name of the Lord! God so sweetly answers prayer. Baby came home, bringing her books, and learned her lessons so well that we got on our knees before our Father and she thanked Him for helping her, and then I thanked Him.

I finished reading my book, "Fire from Heaven," and did all my housework, making my house clean enough that I would not be ashamed for Jesus to see it. Now I go to bed, knowing that He giveth His beloved sleep. I am fasting again. I shall fast until the Lord says it is enough. Praise His name forever! Hallelujah!

Papa read the third and fourth chapters of Second Corinthians, after which I prayed. I wrote Sister Knapp and sent her some twelve or fifteen names to which to send sample copies of the *Revivalist*. Oh, I pray my Father to strike conviction to the hearts of the people of this city, and to get them ready for Jesus.

*January 28, 1902*

Well, glory, glory, glory! I have had a peculiar day today. I fasted from yesterday noon until ten o'clock this morning. God sweetly told me that He was answering prayer. He is talking to the hearts of my unsaved neighbors. For our lesson this morning I read the twenty-first chapter of Matthew. It was good, and God blessed the reading. The Devil is after me these days, but glory to God! this only shows that he has not gotten me.

I talked to Mrs. Davenport about being a Christian. She is so sweet. I believe she will give her heart to God soon. Oh, how I pray God that she may do so. I can do nothing, but He can do all things. I came home and spent an hour or

more with my Bible and talking with God. I am having a struggle about the churches, but the Lord will direct all my ways. I have been reading and praying and singing all the afternoon. God has been with me, and is now. Mother and little Naomi (my niece) are here. I had just kissed my mother's picture and wished for her. At family worship we read the twenty-third and part of the twenty-fifth Psalm. Mother and I both prayed. I have just had a sweet talk with Jesus. He is so kind and so precious to me. Oh, may God help me to stand true to the letter, and especially to the spirit. I am trusting God to keep me in my dreams and to give me rest.

“Oh for a faith that will not shrink  
Though pressed by every foe,  
That will not tremble on the brink  
Of any earthly woe.”

*January 29, 1902*

Yes, I have had a good day. I went to see Charley, husband's brother. He is sitting up. I thank God for raising him up and giving him a chance to repent. I received a letter from Sister Knapp, and also received my *Revivalist*. Oh, how I rejoice in this paper. It is such food for the hungry. I had a very blessed time with Jesus this afternoon. How He blessed me! “They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength.” I am going to retire now, trusting in the blood, for “The blood, the blood, is all my plea.” Hallelujah!



## CHAPTER VII

### DIARY

*January 30, 1902*

I am going to prayermeeting at Brother Hamilton's, the Lord willing. Oh I am so glad to find this evening that I am willing to be led anywhere that God can use me to His glory and to the salvation of precious souls. I praise God for the peace that passeth all understanding; that flows like a river. Glory to God!

I went to prayermeeting. It was not like the hot, Holy Ghost meetings that I have been attending. Oh, how I long to see Jesus and to hear Him say; "Well done, thou good and faithful servant. . . . enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." I am hungry to be more like Him in all things. I must talk with Him for a while before I lay my head upon the pillow to rest. I feel so empty tonight. I am waiting for Jesus to fill me as He wants me to be filled. Amen!

*January 31, 1902*

Last night, to my surprise, I was asked to lead the meeting. I do not understand why I am asked to do so much when I am so weak. Perhaps this is to strengthen me, which I surely need. I enjoyed the meeting very much. I praise God for His blessings to me.

*February 1, 1902*

This Saturday, the first day of the month, has been a busy day for me. I mopped, cleaned, and did all my work for Sunday. I am so glad I can look back over another week spent in the service of God. Praise His name! I visited Sister Jines. Her little boy sang very sweetly for us. How

free he was with us! It made me feel so weak to know that my Father in heaven wants me to be as free as was this boy. Praise God, I will be as free, if He will help me. Hallelujah! I am trusting God.

*February 3, 1902*

Well, this is Monday night, ten minutes before seven. I am alone with my sleeping girl and my blessed Jesus, who is always by my side. I have not written any since Saturday night. Yesterday was a full day. I started for church at ten o'clock in the morning and stayed until half past twelve; then went again at half past two and stayed until half past five. I led the afternoon meeting, reading the fifth chapter of Ephesians. We had a praise meeting. To God be all the glory! Amen! Hallelujah! This has been a good day to my soul.

Mrs. Porter came this morning, talking about smallpox. I found myself trying to straighten things out and make her know that I had not talked about her, but Jesus so sweetly said: "Child, that is not my way. I will straighten it out for you." So I said, "Let us talk to God for a little while." My mother was ready to start away for home, but before we left for the station we got down on our knees, and God wonderfully blessed us. My dear old gray-haired mother prayed. Oh, glory to God! it is so sweet to stay at the feet of Jesus and learn of Him. I came home from the depot, got dinner, and then (as the Devil had been tempting me so much with pains and aches) I thought, "This is the day I would likely take smallpox, if the Lord let me take the disease at all."

I had said in the morning that I was going to stay close at home for a week now, but when I got on my knees before God in the afternoon He impressed me to get up and go to Brother Briant's, who is sick, and who has a blind wife. I went to his home and found him able to be up. They are always needy. I had in a basket a pie and some other eat-



ables. When I had so far forgotten my own feelings that I went to help someone else, the Lord turned things all around. We had a prayermeeting, and Brother and Sister Briant laid their hands on me and God healed me. Glory to His name! I never before had so sweet a time with Jesus as I have had today.

But every sweet thing has its bitter, and I had to punish my baby. She is nine years of age. I asked God to help me, and then whipped her after talking to her for about half an hour. I put her to bed at ten minutes to five, after we both had prayed to God for her forgiveness. Oh, it is hard to punish a child whom we love so much. Long after she had gone to bed I again knelt by her bedside. I do believe that my Father will draw her closer to Himself, and stablish her.

I have been blessed in reading God's Word today. I read three or four chapters in Ecclesiastes this morning and two or three chapters in Matthew this afternoon. I read of how by blessed Savior was treated, and how He never answered a word when they accused Him, but said, "Thou sayest." May God help me to keep still and be as a lamb led to the slaughter. I must quit writing. When Papa comes home we shall ask God's blessing on the home while we sleep, and give our bodies rest if the Lord wills. Hallelujah!

*February 5th.*

This evening I denied myself supper; I leave off one meal a day for Christ's sake. With the exception of a few days, I have eaten only two meals a day for some time past. Christ said: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." I am not feeling at all well tonight. I shall now go to bed, asking rest of my Father in heaven. Praise His name!

*February 8th.*

For three days I have been so busy that I have not written anything in my diary. I went to Mrs. Davenport's day before

yesterday. She was sick with a bad arm. I did her work after having done my own. Upon coming home I found that my fire had gone out, and my irons were not ready for use. I built a fire again in the stove, and just as I was ready to begin ironing Mary Stevenson came to get me to cut out a dress for her little girl. I was glad I could do it for her. It was half past ten when I got through and was ready for my ironing, but the good Lord helped me so that I was almost through by noon. That night I went to meeting at Brother Hamilton's. I praised God that I went. He wonderfully blessed us there. Brother Boswell led the meeting. It was a little Pentecost for us. Thus ended February 6th.

This is Saturday, the 8th, and it has been a very busy day. But I have had victory over worry and every sin. I did all my Friday and Saturday work today, but glory to God for His sweet keeping power. I had time to kneel at the bread board and talk to my Father in heaven. He who heareth me in secret rewarded me openly. Praise His name! Mrs. Irvan came to see me and told me about dear, precious Papa praying for holiness in his church. I thanked my Father in heaven, for I know He has been hearing a poor, weak wife when she has been pleading for her husband. On this eighth day of February, 1902, I can say that I believe God is going to sanctify my husband wholly and send us out as firebrands for Him. It may not be in my way, or in my time, but I can say, "Thy will be done in everything." I am willing to wash, iron, scrub and cook until God says, "Child, I have tested you in the kitchen and found you true."

This afternoon I made two calls on the sick, did some work for them, and prepared for Sunday. If Jesus does not come for me I shall go to sleep and rest. Praise God from whom all blessings flow!

*February 10, 1902.*

Yesterday was a busy Sunday, so I did not write. I went



to church in the morning and in the evening, and made three calls on the sick. Tonight I feel that a little talk with Jesus makes it all right, and a constant walk with Jesus keeps it right. This morning I decided that I would stay at home more with Jesus this week if it be His will. Oh, praise His name! I am so glad I have served Him all day in the beauty of holiness. To God be all the glory. I am going to study His Word some before I go to bed. I am so hungry to know more of His will. Amen, amen! If I never write again in this book, let me record that God is good to have saved such a sinner as I was. All is well with my soul. Hallelujah!

*February 11, 1902*

Well, glory to God, this has been a good day to my soul. I went up town this forenoon and had a nice talk with Mrs. Morrison about Jesus and His love for us. I made two calls as I came home this afternoon. I thought of several places where I could go, but it seemed as if the Lord were saying: "Stay at home and get strength from on high." I did. I was made shouting happy as I tarried with the Lord. I have no bad news to bring from Canaan. All is well. It is a good land. Through Jesus I am well able to possess. Glory! I have been reading my Bible some, and *God's Revivalist*, also the "Free Methodist Discipline." This afternoon I talked with Brother Ferguson over the telephone. He is better of the smallpox. He says that the Lord blessed him out of himself last night, and that this afternoon he is sitting on the rainbow of his soul. Well, glory! And praises be unto our God! He always does exceeding abundantly above anything we can ask or think. I praise Him tonight. When I got to the union meeting tonight there were only four persons there. The Devil said, "Defeat." I confess that I felt discouraged, but God had His way. He drove back the power of darkness, and let King Jesus have His way in the meeting. More came in until we had twelve present. I do not know

how long we stayed on our knees, but God sent the victory. For a long while shouts of praise went up to God. Oh, glory, glory, glory to the Lamb! I am saved and safe in the happy land. Hallelujah! Oh, such a meeting! The power of God is wonderful. Praise His name! I am His every whit.

*February 12, 1902*

Praise God for this day! The way is growing brighter. Yes, I know it is. I visited Mrs. Terrell today for the first time in nearly two years. I was desperately mad at her once, but God has changed my heart until I love her. I felt that I should have a talk with her. I knew that I could not go to her unless Jesus went with me. When God said, "Go," oh how I asked Him to send His Holy Spirit to prepare her heart. This He did, and what a reception I had! I felt almost as though they had been looking for me. Glory to God! He again did above what I could ask or think.

I made five calls and wrote to Sister Knapp. I have now arranged to send away my cardcase and wedding ring to be sold for the spread of the gospel. It brought tears to my eyes to part with my wedding ring. But I said, "It does seem that I never loved my husband as well as now when I am about to send the wedding ring away." Glory to God, He gave me victory. I shall send the ring, praying God's blessing upon it. I am not feeling well tonight, severe pain in my left lung. But God is powerful. All heaven is on my side. Jesus is my great Healer. I go to bed trusting Him to heal me. Praise His name! Amen!

*February 14, 1902*

Well, Jesus did heal my lung. I praise Him because He never fails. Yesterday was a good day. I ironed in the forenoon, after having had a blessed time with the Bible and with my Lord alone, reading in Revelation. In the afternoon I felt impressed to go and make calls on two parties. I followed the leading of the Holy Spirit, and God gave victory. I prayed



with Brother Morgan. God wonderfully blessed us all. I went up town and sent my cardcase and ring to Sister Knapp, then came home and did all my work, after which I walked clear to Brother Ferguson's to prayermeeting. We had victory and a grand time. Brother Laird led the service, reading Second Samuel, chapter six.

Today, the 14th, has held great privileges and opportunities. This morning (being Friday) I thoroughly cleaned three rooms. God gave me liberty in family prayer. I read the fifth chapter of Matthew. Mrs. Galvin came this morning. God helped me to tell her what He had done for me, and He gave her a hungering. We had prayer together. God increased my faith and gave me such liberty that I felt I could have prayed twice as long as I did. I believe He is going to glorify His name by doing something for her. She is a German Lutheran. I have been giving this afternoon to my girl. They were having an entertainment at the school which I felt was not the thing for the children of a peculiar people to attend, so I asked God to help us to serve Him at home. I made it pleasant for her. She is now bathed and asleep. Papa is up town tonight, and the Lord and I are here alone. I have some trials tonight, but my God is sufficient. Hallelujah!

*February 17, 1902*

This is Monday. Hallelujah! I am glad that I have no blue Mondays. They are all good days since God sweetly sanctified me. I have not written in my diary for three days, but these have been good days. On Saturday I had not finished my work when company came to spend the day. I had planned such a good day, but God wanted me to hold up a standard for Him in my home. I did the best that this little brain of mine could do. Glory to God. I told the visitors some of the things that it takes to get to heaven. God gave me a blessed time after they left, Baby and I on our knees. I told her that if the Lord did not show me differently I should whip her. But I felt that I should pray more before doing

so. The Lord sweetly showed me another way to correct her, so I laid the switch on a chair; we got on our knees; God gave the victory, and blessed me there. Oh, how sweet it is to be led by the Spirit of God!

Well, Sunday was a peculiar day. I went to the hall. Fannie and her papa went to his church for Sunday school and preaching. The Devil tried to trouble me about it, and almost succeeded. I was so afraid that little Fannie would get into the formal way of worship. This was simply a trial; God gave me victory. Fannie was hungry to get to the hall at night. God wonderfully blessed me at the night service. I went to see Maggie after dinner. She was much worse but, glory to God, she is not sorry to go to heaven.

This morning I got up at about six o'clock, and found that the Devil was up before I was, and was ready at my side to tell me that I was a fool, a crank, a fanatic, and that I had nothing for which to especially praise God. But when I made a special effort to look for what God has been doing for me all these years, I had victory through faith in His promises. I read the third chapter of Hebrews. I did without supper last night and without breakfast this morning in order to pray. I studied four chapters of First Samuel this morning, and then prayed some more, and was filled with the Spirit. I made a call, came home and prepared dinner. I baked Maggie a pie and made her some soup, and then went over there. I had such a good time with her. We talked of Jesus.

Tonight I am not surprised that so few know what real salvation is, when I see how some preachers live before the world. Oh, for a God-called ministry, fire-baptized, Holy Ghost-filled, blood-washed men who will stand for God as the three Hebrews did. I am glad that there are a few true ones, but I really saw a minister of the gospel playing a worldly game with a worldly girl this afternoon. How my heart ached when I thought how he would feel if Jesus should come while he was at this game. Mighty God, wake us up! Wake us up! is my prayer. I must go and have a talk with my Father in



heaven. He knows all about my weakness. He can keep me true in a wicked and perverse nation. Glory to God, I have only one desire tonight, and that is to be the means in the hands of God to save precious souls and to walk perfect before Him. Hallelujah!

*February 18, 1902*

This has been a good day to my soul. I went to see Mr. Burroughs this morning. Oh, glory be to God for the Christian's hope. He was praising God, shouting, laughing and crying. I was full when I went, and of course there I just ran over. My Jesus, how I love Thee this afternoon. I went to see Brother Decker's wife. We had a good talk about Jesus and His power to save. Then I prayed with her. Praise God for sanctifying her. I went from there to Sister Bumpas' and found her washing, and her little girl sick with something like pneumonia. There I met two girls, twins, whom I had helped to Jesus years ago. They are now far away from God. I prayed there, then came home to my baby girl. She had come home from school. We expect to go tonight and lay our hands on little Bertie and pray for her. We expect God to heal her according to James 5:14, 15: "Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him." Praise His name, He heals, He heals! After the prayermeeting at Sister Bumpas' I expect to go—if God is willing—to the meeting at the hall. I shall write the result later. It will be victory through the blood of Jesus. Well, it was, as I had faith to believe it would be. God gave victory at the home of Sister Bumpas and also at the hall. Oh, glory to His name! "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."

## CHAPTER VIII

### ENTERING THE TWENTY-DAY FAST

*February 20, 1902*

Glory, glory, glory to God! This has been the best week of my life. The blessed Lord has flooded my soul with glory until I exclaim: "What am I, or what is my family, that I should be so wonderfully blessed above anything I could ask or think?" This has been a peculiar day. I have been very happy. I did not write yesterday's happenings, because last night I was too happy to write. I was at the supper table when God came down my soul to greet. I was reading *God's Revivalist* when the blessing came. I stood at the window praising God, then fixed my table. I was still full to overflowing. I went into the front bedroom, but could not pray—could only praise God. My husband was going up town, and while I was praising God he left. I tried to help Fannie with her spelling lesson. She wanted to go to bed. I read of the crucifixion of my blessed Savior, and then prayed.

For a few weeks I have been feeling like a caged bird set free, but still there is a deep longing to work for Jesus. As my husband is not consecrated, and therefore not qualified to engage with me in that work, I see no way to do it, for I do not feel that God wants me to be separated from him. Oh, I love him so much—next to Jesus. Many times when I have cried to God to save my husband the Spirit has seemed to say: "Have you faith in God? If so, are you willing to say to your husband that you will eat no more until God sets him free from sin?" Then would come the prayer from my heart, "Lord, increase my faith." Oh, how God melted my heart last night and showed me that there was but one thing needful. I



wanted the whole world, men and devils, together that I might tell them of the wonderful love of Jesus, and how He saves a poor sinner like me. Then suddenly the Spirit of God seemed to say, "Child, are you willing now to fast and pray for your husband until God saves him?" I said, "Yes, Lord, I will do so if it is Thy will, and if Thou wilt give me the victory." I prayed my way through until I came to the light, and then shouted over the victory. Glory to God! "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

For three hours God kept me before Him on my knees, and then came the test. My husband came home. I wavered, shook and trembled, but God gave the victory. I got on my knees with my husband by my side, or near me, and prayed as the Spirit helped me, promising God on bended knees that I would eat no more until He had sanctified my husband wholly. Glory to His name for the privilege of suffering with Christ! I praise Him for victory, victory, victory through Jesus. Amen! Amen! This is a grand victory, for me to be able to shout over victories in the future. "All things whatsoever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." Glory to God, I am believing that God will save my husband completely. This is the fourth meal I have missed. There is no outward sign as yet, but glory to God, I believe.

I spent this afternoon with Aunt Lessie Fergerson. We talked and prayed. God wonderfully blessed me. I went to the hall to meeting tonight, but there were only three there. I came home and read part of the seventh chapter of First Corinthians and prayed. Now Papa is preparing to retire. I do not know when I shall go to bed, but I do know that Jesus wonderfully saves me, and that His blood cleanses and His power keeps.

*February 21, 1902*

Glory and honor and praise be unto our God. He abundantly saves those who put their trust in Him. I have been trusting Him alone since Wednesday—really trusting Him—that He will save and free my husband from sin. Since then I have not tasted food, neither shall I do so, God being my helper, until my husband is saved completely. I am so weak I can hardly walk, but God is strong still. I love Him. I know He loves me, or He would not let me suffer for Christ's sake. He says that if we suffer with Him we shall also reign with Him. I am going to bake this afternoon, if the Lord wills, so that I shall not have much to do tomorrow. O Father, my husband must be sanctified. He must be ready for heaven. I cannot live without this. It is Thy holy will.

My little Fannie did not know what I was fasting for, but I told the Lord this morning that if it was His will He might let her help to bear the burden. She came at noon saying that she would not eat dinner, but would fast with me. Then we had such a sweet, trusting season of prayer. I lay down and slept some, as I am just waiting on God to answer prayer. He has promised that they that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength. Praise His name! Hallelujah!

Well, Brother and Sister Ferguson came by for me after supper to go to Brother Decker's to prayermeeting. We went, and the Lord went with us. We had a blessed season of prayer here before going, and went full of the Spirit. The Lord blessed me mightily at the meeting. Glory to His name! Brother Hoyt led, reading from the fourteenth chapter of John about the Comforter whom Jesus promised. I am so glad today that I have Him. I have been in red hot meetings when I felt that I would like to have some other engagement; but today the hotter the meeting on sin the better it suits me. God gave victory. I believe hearts were made hungry that will never be satisfied until they are saved from all sin. Amen! Amen!



*February 22, 1902*

This is a beautiful day, and a busy one for me. I baked five pies yesterday and a cake, but I had my cleaning to do today. The Lord helped me wonderfully. It is now nearly one o'clock. I am still fasting and praying for the freedom of my husband. The victory is coming. God never disappoints His children when they ask anything that is in His will. I go now to church at the United Brethren Holiness Convention.

*February 24, 1902*

Well, I went to the holiness convention on Saturday afternoon and evening. Brother Boswell led in the afternoon, and Brother John Browder preached at night. Then yesterday morning I went to the convention again. Brother Will Browder preached. Brother Ferguson led the praise service preceding the preaching. Oh, I never before had such blessings as I have had the past two weeks. I went to see Mrs. Stevenson on Saturday evening, and went again yesterday on my way to church. Brother Laird was going to lead the service, and I wanted to go if it was the will of God; but He wanted me at Mrs. Stevenson's. I stayed with her for nearly three hours, fixing things for her and trying to relieve her. Last night I went to church. We had a fairly good meeting, but the Spirit of God did not seem to brood over the place as He would have done had we all been of one accord. Brother Ewing preached.

Well, today I have been to take some things to Mrs. Stuart. She and her child have smallpox. Her husband and her brother killed a man Saturday night. Oh, may she find help in God. Then I went to Mrs. Stevenson's, and worked with her until after eleven o'clock. Upon coming home I received two letters, one from my sister and one from my mother. Papa has gone to McLeansboro. Today I am still fasting, which is about 124 hours. I am trusting in God for His salvation. I expect, if God wills, to go to Maggie's. She is very

near to death. May I be of some little help to her for Jesus' sake. Amen!

*February 25, 1902*

Today I have been blessed of God most graciously. I visited, made four calls, and fixed three dinners for the sick. I went to the L. & N. depot to pay some little restitution that I felt I should, but Mr. Savage would not take the money. I did what I could. Company came and we had prayer together. How I praise God for what little faith He has given me. I have written two letters tonight—one to dear Papa, who is still at McLeansboro, and one to my mother.

*February 27, 1902*

Papa came home yesterday morning. I had a lovely day at Sister Ferguson's. She fasted with me. Brother Laird was there when I went. We had a good talk and a grand season of prayer. I stopped at Brother Ed's as I came home last night, feeling that God must do something. I went off into the sitting room on my face before the Lord and asked Him to convict Papa in any way He would, even if it were to take me or Fannie or consume our home by fire, or to bring Papa to a bed of sickness, or whatever He saw to be best—just so He did the work.

When I came into the room Papa talked real ugly to me. He had not heard my prayer, but God had been convicting him for several days. He told me that he did not believe as I did, nor would he believe as I did. But God's Word says that if I delight myself in His law He will give me the desire of my heart. So glory to God, standing on His Word I could say that husband would see as God wanted him to. So I went to bed, trusting in God completely, and went to sleep. I was up and on my knees twice after I went to bed, but God answered my prayer.

My husband did not sleep much, and he was taken ill about



three o'clock this morning. He does not know what is the matter with him. He did not get up until after eight o'clock. I got up just after five and talked to God and read His Word. Then I got breakfast for Fannie and Papa. I attended to the milk and did all such work and ironed about forty pieces, then lay down and slept an hour. Then I straightened up everything, went to the hall and helped a little there, came home, watered the cow, carried the wood, fed the chickens, cleaned the stable, put down hay for the cow, and stopped in the hay loft to ask God's help. Then I churned three pounds of butter, took milk to two places, fixed Fannie's supper and an extra one for Papa, washed the dishes, besides many other things that I cannot tell.

I write this for the glory of God, as He alone could help me to do it after I had fasted for almost nine days. I asked Sister Fergerson this morning to pray for me, as I was so weak. God answered our prayers. I went all day, or until this afternoon, without any special weakness. To God be all the glory. We have had family prayer and Fannie is in bed. I must go now and see if Papa's paper has come and read it to him. Praise God from whom all blessings flow. Amen! Hallelujah!

*March 1, 1902*

Well, glory be to God tonight for the uplook. The outlook is not bright, but the uplook is good. God sweetly saves, sanctifies, heals and keeps me. I have not written since night before last, when Papa was sick in bed. He is up now, but I trust God that he is not resting very easy. I am still fasting and praying. This is the tenth day for me without a bit of food. Yesterday I gave all my house a good cleaning, excepting the kitchen. I went to see Mrs. Stevenson and Mrs. Ballheimer, and did some of Papa's work.

God put the burden very heavy on me last night. I went into my front bedroom a little after six o'clock, got down on my knees before God and stayed there until half past nine.

Oh, I felt as if the work must be done last night, but I had not the faith to think or say that it would be done. I lay down with Fannie until twenty minutes of one, then went to bed. I cannot understand why God does not answer prayer now, but I am willing to wait until His time if He wants me to do so.

Mrs. Porter was here this morning. She was scared about me, I looked so bad. But the Lord helps me to keep up my work, every bit of it. I baked three pies today, cooked meat and beans and scrubbed my kitchen, cleaned myself up, and also Fannie; and then went to Mrs. Porter's and took her half a dozen eggs and a half-pound of butter; sent Mrs. Ballheimer some jelly and made Mrs. Stevenson some soup. Then Aunt Lessie came. She had already sent me a present of a little book called "Samuel Morris." I read it and then took it to Mrs. Porter. Papa came home. I prepared supper for him and Fannie. She has fasted with me since morning. I washed the dishes and wrote Sister Knapp. I am now all ready for Sunday and for Jesus. Praise His name forever. Amen!



## CHAPTER IX

### CONTINUING THE FAST

*March 4, 1902*

Well, I can still say, "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow." I cannot know the way I go, but oh, I know my Guide. Sunday morning I went to church at the hall. Sister Ferguson led the service. We had a good meeting. The prayers seemed to reach the throne. Glory to God for people who can pray, and not just say prayers. When I came home the Lord revealed to me that I should go and talk to Papa. I did so, on my knees, and God blessed me. I was in bed all the afternoon.

On Monday, with the help of God, I got up and got breakfast and did all my work. I gave out and was in bed until evening. Papa did not come home to dinner. I had plenty cooked for Fannie. Oh, how the Lord blessed me alone with Him. I read about the fast of Moses in Exodus thirty-four and Deut. 9:9; the fast of Elijah in 1 Kings nineteen; and finished reading the First Book of Samuel. Then I read the life of John Nelson. It was grand, and seemed to be just my experience. I have been having a tussle with the Devil on the matter of my staying in. I am so weak that I cannot go anywhere. He says, "You might be doing much good."

Yesterday I dozed off to sleep and was awakened, hearing a voice as of God, saying, "Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord." I asked the Lord to help me get up and prepare supper. He did. We had prayers, then I went to bed. Sister Ferguson had been here in the afternoon and had encouraged me. After I went to bed I could not keep from singing. As I sang I became so happy that I had to shout. I told Papa how good God had been to me through the day, and asked

him not to close his heart against the Spirit of God. He could not sleep—God would not let him. I am trusting God. I have now fasted thirteen days. May God's will be done. Glory! He saves me, sanctifies me and keeps me. Praise His name! Hallelujah!

*March 5, 1902*

This has been one of the best days of my life. Huldah came yesterday. Poor child, she had stayed too long at D—, and was out of the will of the Lord. The Devil had gained the victory. Therefore with my own burden I was bearing her burden the entire afternoon. At night I became so burdened that I had to cry out mightily to God for help. But today has been such a sweet day. Sister Fergerson came. We had, with Fannie and Huldah, a sweet season of prayer. Fannie read the twenty-third Psalm and led in prayer first. Huldah followed, then I prayed. I am down in bed today. It is such a sweet experience to be in bed for Jesus' sake. Aunt Susan came, also Mrs. Porter and Mrs. Irvan. Then Sister Fergerson came back after being with Sister Laird and Brother and Sister Bumpas. They came at about three or four o'clock—and such a meeting as we had! Huldah was straightened out in her experience. Sister Fergerson and I had a good shout. The power of God came upon all. Glory to God! This is the fourteenth day of my fasting. Papa is in Tamaroa today, but God is with him, and I feel the victory. Oh, how I praise God for the sanctified home He is going to give me in the near future. It is now nearly six in the evening; and this has been a grand and victorious day for Jesus. Glory, glory, glory! I am feasting on the hidden manna from on high. Hallelujah!

*March 7, 1902*

I have not written since day before yesterday. Yesterday was the strangest day of my life. It seemed as though every demon in hell had combined together to pull me away from God. But praise His name, He is strong to deliver, mighty to



save. The Devil did all he could all day, then when evening came he brought my mother here to persecute me for fasting. But, glory to God, He strengthened me for the fight, and gave me grace to lie still and take all she wanted to say to me. God gave me great victory in family prayer, and made me shout until I gave out. After I came to bed Sister Harmon sent me a lovely growing plant in full bloom. It made me praise God anew. I thought of the Lily of the Valley. Oh, He is truly the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

God has wonderfully blessed Huldah. She got out of the will of God and lost the fire while away, but God knew she was honest. Papa was very cross this morning when he was getting ready to go, but God can follow him through the day. This is the sixteenth day of my fasting, but that is not half so long as Jesus fasted. The victory is coming. Sister Laird was here this morning. Hallelujah!

*March 11, 1902*

Well, I can say, "Glory be to God in the highest, peace on earth." Today noon it is twenty days, or sixty meals, that I have fasted, and I have been in bed for one week with the exception of one day. God is wonderfully blessing me. I feel that the victory will soon come. Mother stayed until Saturday night, trying in every way she could to get me to eat—but God kept me. He would take away my appetite when the tempter came too strong. Bless His dear name forever! On Sunday I came into the front bedroom to stay until God gave victory in His own way. Ever since I began fasting I have tried to say from my heart, "In Thy way." God seems to be showing me a different way from what I had expected. I have been trying to keep my fasting from the public, and have done so as much as was possible. But yesterday I had many visitors, Mrs. Ballheimer; Nellie Mateer, a Campbellite; Sister Mattie White, from the McCarrmon church; Sister Roll,

from the First Methodist Episcopal church; and Sister Fergerson from the Holiness Union.

The Lord opened the way for me to do jail work. Oh how I praise Him! He is exceedingly good. I feel that He is going to lift the fast—but if not for forty days, it is all right. I have written three letters this morning. Papa is in Bonnie. Perhaps he will be there tonight. He is becoming a much better man. Oh, God does answer prayer. Praise His name! He gives me strength as my days.



## CHAPTER X

### CLOSE OF THE FAST

*March 12, 1902*

Well, I am almost too full for utterance today. God, as I thought when writing yesterday, lifted the fast last night. I had fasted for only sixty meals, or twenty days. God did not do it in my way, but, bless His name, I was willing all the time to let Him do it in His own sweet way. The Lord showed me yesterday that I could ask for the half of the tithe of my husband's salary, and let him take the other half for his church work. I can only do the will of my Father. When He said, "Child, it is enough, you have fasted long enough," He changed Papa so much that he now takes charge of family worship. He began last night, for the first time in our married life of nearly ten years, to take on his shoulders the responsibility of family worship. God wonderfully blessed us. Papa read and prayed. I felt that I should follow him, and did so. Then Huldah prayed. I slept only about three hours last night, for I was so lost in God's wonderful love.

Nearly all this afternoon I have had company. We had a good season of prayer. God is very good to give us kind, loving brothers and sisters in Christ. I received my *Revivalist*, also a letter from Brother Geiter. He states that the Devil was stirred in Stittsville. The people had taken his organ out of the church and broken it all to pieces. These trials will all be over when Jesus comes. Aunt Susan was here this afternoon. Oh, how I pray God that He will touch her heart. Hallelujah!

*March 18, 1902*

For one week I have not written in my diary, but God has been very precious to me. I have been going through deep waters all the week. I went to church on the night of the twelfth at the United Brethren church. God gave strength as He wished for me to glorify Him. Then on Thursday I spent the day with Maggie Chaney. On Friday I was with Sister Ferguson. Brother and Sister Laird and Sister Downer were there. We had a hallelujah time at noon prayermeeting. I went to my mother's on Friday evening. I was not quite clear about going, and would not have preferred to go; but that seemed to be the will of God for me; so I went, trusting God to give victory. He did, though Satan opposed me.

I think Friday night was the hardest night of my life. I had been told so often by my people that I was losing my mind, until it seemed that the Devil thought he could overthrow my faith by telling me the same thing. He certainly did his part; but my God is able to give victory, and He did give victory. Praise His name! Yesterday was Monday, and I came home. On Sunday I was at my mother's all day, and at a loss for the want of a church service. There was a class meeting in the afternoon, but I did not know of it until after it was over. However, I went to hear Brother Smith at night. He did as well as he could, poor man. May God bless him and give him the hungering and thirsting after righteousness which will bring the filling.

Huldah is here, but is going tomorrow, the Lord willing, to Frank Ferguson's to stay. I received a letter from Brother Niles last Saturday. He wrote it at mother's request. Oh, may God show my dear old mother the one thing needful. I am so glad that my Father in heaven understands me. I know He leads me and guides me every day. I am set at naught by the world. It does not understand me, neither did it understand my Jesus.



I have been to see Mrs. Shirley this morning, wrote two letters and helped with the work. Oh, praise God for His wonderful love to me! This is our meeting night at the little hall. My heart hungers. I pray that we may have a good meeting, so that He may get glory out of it.

*March 19, 1902*

Well, praise the blessed Lord, He has been very near. I have felt His presence all day. This has been a very busy day for me. Huldah was here, but was not able to do much, so I did most of the washing. We had a big washing. The Devil thought he would keep us from our work, but we went to the Great Physician. I kept going all day, and am feeling well tonight. I have been reading *God's Revivalist*. Oh, Jesus never was so precious to me as He is tonight. Papa has been at home all day. Mrs. Porter was in to see me this morning. She did not seem to think that I had lost my mind. Oh, glory, glory, I am so glad that my Father knows all about us.

Our meeting last night was grand. Brother Perry led. Only eight were present, but all were full of God. Before Huldah went to Frank Fergerson's this afternoon to stay we prayed together and left all with God. He leads in a plain path. I have not fasted any today, for I felt that God did not so lead me. I am just waiting until He leads me again. At supper time last night I fasted. Oh, I have had such sweet communion with my Father in heaven through the blessed name of Jesus today. I am so little and weak and ignorant that I cannot see why my dear Father does so much for me. But He pleases to save, sanctify, heal and keep me tonight. Glory to His name forever! Amen! Hallelujah!

*March 21, 1902*

Yesterday was a good day. I ironed and made some garden, working very hard all day, but the precious blood of Jesus kept me cleansed and free from sin. Huldah came in the

afternoon. She likes her place. Last night I went to meeting at Brother Hamilton's. The Devil seemed active there, for the saints appeared bound. Brother Ewing led the meeting. Today I have done my Friday's work and written Brother Geiter a letter. I am fasting and praying, as the other saints are doing, for the healing.

*March 28, 1902*

Well, praise God for His goodness! It is one week today since I wrote in my diary, but God has been using me in His own way. I visited and prayed with a number of sick ones, and saw several healed. Sunday was a great day to our souls. God gave wonderful victory at the hall in the morning. Brother Oakley was wonderfully blessed, as also was Brother Crowder. In the afternoon I went to my first jail meeting. Oh, how my heart was made to ache to see a young boy, possibly not yet twenty years of age, in the jail with his hands red with the blood of his fellow man.

Oh, I am so glad that James has written, "Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church." Brother Ferguson felt the healing power, as also did I and Sister Huldah. She had been in bed most of the day, suffering with a bad case of grip. On Tuesday she worked and went up town. Our God is able to deliver.

How precious it is to talk to people who are trying to find the true way of the Lord. Mrs. Patterson wanted to be healed, but we went on our knees and asked God to sanctify her and her husband. She claimed the blessing by faith and found sweet peace in believing His Word. Oh glory to God, for He is good. Sister Patterson then went to sleep while five of us were in the room talking. Well, I know God hears and answers prayer today.

I feel grieved tonight over my little girl—not that she is any worse than other little girls, but oh, she seems so hard-hearted. But I am trusting in God. Papa has gone up town



tonight, and Fannie and I and the Lord are here. How I praise Him for His goodness to me and mine. Glory to His name forever!

*April 3, 1902*

Oh, glory to God for His goodness to me. I praise His name that though it may be dark or cloudy outside, I have the sunshine of His love within, and I care not for the clouds. Last Friday was my last writing—so busy. On Saturday I baked and scrubbed and dressed a chicken for Sunday. In the afternoon I made a call, and then had company. Sunday was a grand day of victory for the Lord's work. Brother Laird led the meeting in the morning, and it was grand. Huldah, Father and brother came. Satan said to me, "Now you must try to be sensible, for you know these folks have heard that you are going crazy. You must be careful not to shout." But God put the shout on. Of course I sat down and tried to be still, but God kept pouring it on until I had to get up and shake hands with every one in the house, for the first time in my life. But, glory to God, the things which He does are always right.

In the afternoon I went to see some carpets, but could not take much interest in them. I want only such interest in these things as God wills. It is so sweet to live in the will of God. I went to see Maggie, and also sat up all night with her, coming home this morning at five o'clock. I got breakfast, did all my work and fed a hungry man. Then when Papa had gone to his office and Fannie to school, I lay down and slept until nearly twelve o'clock. God gave, in answer to prayer, help for my body, as I was feeling as though I might be getting pneumonia myself. After dinner I made my bed, did my patching, put away the clothes, and did much work. I give God all the glory, for He has helped me to tell others what He can do for lost souls. I love Him dearly today. Amen! Hallelujah!

## CHAPTER XI

### DIARY

*April 12, 1902*

I have been very busy since I last wrote, but God is the same kind, heavenly Father. I spent last Friday with Sister Ferguson. Brother Ed. Ferguson was at home with his wife and five children. We had a good prayer meeting.

On Saturday I baked and cleaned the house for Sunday. Sunday morning and afternoon I went to meeting at the hall. In the evening I went to hear Brother Browder at the United Brethren church. We had our second jail meeting in the afternoon. A man and a boy were in the jail who were not there at our previous meeting. They seemed glad that we came, but did not seem interested in the salvation of their souls.

On Monday I washed in the morning, visited Sister Patterson in the afternoon, prayed with her, and went to the faith meeting at Sister Jarard's at night. Little Maud Jarard was seeking sanctification. She claimed the blessing. We had a good meeting, but I feel that I have quenched the Spirit at some time, as I do not seem to have the clear leading of the Holy Spirit that I once had; but I am hanging on, and expect to trust God all the way through—sink or swim, come loss or come gain. Praise His name!

On Tuesday I ironed, and after dinner I thought of many things to do and many places to go, but decided that unless the Lord wanted me to go for Him I would work. Shortly Sister Ferguson came in, wanting me—if I felt so led—to go with her to see the sick. We made three calls, reading and



praying with them, then came home, and afterwards went to meeting at the hall.

On Wednesday and Thursday the Lord let me work most of the time at home. On Friday I painted the woodwork—house-cleaning time. I think the time never has been before when I could go through house cleaning without some impatience, but so far the Lord has kept me sweet by His power. Glory to His name! I had company all along, but God's work must go on; so if I have to leave my housework to pray or to talk for Him, it is all right. Glory to His name! I am His for sacrifice or for service. On Saturday afternoon Huldah, Fannie and I visited five homes, in some of which the people seemed destitute. The Lord helped them through our going to them. Praise His name!

On Sunday morning I went to church and led the meeting, reading for a lesson the ninth chapter of John. The Devil seemed to oppress the saints to some extent. We did not have the victory that we desired, but God knows best. Hallelujah! In the evening I had trouble deciding where to worship, but finally went to the hall. Brother John Baugh preached. The service went slowly, and seemed to be a failure, still God may use it to bless many souls.

On Monday I painted and served God while doing so. I fasted until nearly eleven o'clock. In the evening I went to Brother Sammy Laird's to prayermeeting. This was our faith meeting. Some of the saints fasted and prayed for Brother Johnston's healing. He says that God has answered prayer and has done the work.

Yesterday was Tuesday. For some days past I have been going through a dark valley at times. Satan seemed to be trying to pull me down by telling me that I had backslidden. But glory to God, I know I have lived with but one great desire, and that is to please my Father in heaven. God gave great victory last night and Monday. Yesterday I went to see Mrs. Henry, a neighbor. She is not a Christian, but I went in

the name of Jesus to tell her that He could save. I made another call, and went to meeting at night.

Today, Wednesday, I have had a wonderful day. The Devil tried in many ways to discourage me, but God sent a sister in Christ to help me. What a glorious time we had with our Jesus! I did my ironing, then put on the first coat of paint in the dining room this afternoon. I also went to Sister Patterson's funeral, made two calls, and then went to see a poor woman by the name of Robins. She has not sufficient covering for herself and children; but oh, that is not the worst of her condition. I am afraid she is not wearing the robes of purity as she ought. O my God convict her tonight! I then went to see Brother Morgan, and found him dying. I prayed with the family as best I could, and stayed until he was gone. I am now at home with Fannie and my Lord and have written to my mother. Glory to His name for His salvation.

*January 29, 1903*

Glory to God! As I take my pen again I am glad tonight to give glory to God for His goodness to me since last I wrote. I have the same salvation in my heart that I had nine months ago. Jesus is just as precious to me as He was at that time. I have passed through some peculiar experiences, and have not understood all the leadings of the Lord. He truly has led me in ways that I knew not. Bless His name! I attended Bonnie campmeeting, August 13-23. We had a grand meeting, but I was made to feel sad at the lack of power among the people. Yet God gave many precious souls there. I met Sister Barns, of St. Louis, at the camp. She was so blessed that it made us all hungry just to look at her. We had some glorious seasons of prayer in the woods and in our cottage. The Lord came to our hearts in a wonderful way.

Brother Fergerson, Brother Wiese, Brother Whistler, Brother Niles and some others, with Brother Bud Robinson, did the preaching. Brother Bud and Sister Sally, his dear wife, were



greatly blessed. Oh, how I loved them, and so many of the other precious brothers and sisters. God favored me in letting me have a cottage all to myself, where I could have in anyone that came. My husband was there six nights of the ten. He seemed to enjoy it much. My heart fills with gratitude and praise as I think of God's goodness to me.

After we came home God gave me a real desire to see my sister. I left the matter with the Lord, trusting Him to open the way, and He did. He talked to my husband's heart and gave him the money, and he took me to St. Louis to my sister's. While there I went to see Sister Barns. God wonderfully blessed me and gave me the hearts of the people, up to the last night that I was there. We went to the Union Mission, and there I testified and confessed my heart sins. The people got stirred. The minister was troubled, and said publicly that my testimony was out of divine order. Things looked dark, but I came home, leaving it all with the Lord. He has worked it out to the good of us all.

In December Brother Fergerson began a meeting at Union Mission, and through Bessie Barns he sent for me to come. God opened the way for Fannie and me to go on Wednesday, Christmas eve. On Christmas we went to Sister Barns'. We went to hear Brother Flower, the Free Methodist mission preacher.

Christmas was a grand day to me. I was awakened at five o'clock by the ringing of the Christmas bells, and heard the people rushing by on their way to confession and mass. Oh, how God filled my heart with His love. And as I thought of the night of revelry that some of the passers by had spent, I was glad that my Christ can keep us every day ready for His coming. But while in my sister's home, kept by the power of God, many were going to the judgment without God. Well, we had a good meeting that night.

My visit with these people was wonderful. God led every step of the way, and turned the hearts of the people to me

at Union Mission. He gave me nearly every soul that I was especially burdened for. Every night but Christmas night I went to hear Brother Fergerson. After New Year's Day I came home. Brother Fergerson afterwards told me that during that meeting of one month three hundred souls were blessed, wrongs were made right, lives were straightened out, and God was glorified. During the past nine months our home has changed for the better. God has wonderfully answered prayer. He will always answer when we regard not iniquity in our hearts.

*January 31, 1903*

Praise God from whom all blessings flow. I have had a blessed week. On Monday I visited the sick all day, praying in eight different homes. On Tuesday I was sick with fever and a cold. On Wednesday my little Fannie was sick. Sister Crissel came in the afternoon and stayed all night with me. We had a blessed season of prayer. God lifted burdens and blessed us. On Thursday, as God had healed Fannie, I made six calls. Then I went to Brother Snyder's to prayermeeting. I praise God for the grand meeting that we had. One seeker was at the altar. He was not saved, but I have faith to believe that he soon will be. We came home at half past ten, Brother and Sister Fergerson with me. Brother Coleman had led the meeting, reading the second chapter of Matthew. Praise God, this has been a good day. He has given me patience for every trial. I fear I have been a little too harsh sometimes with Fannie. Possibly I expect too much of her. I pray that God will give me to know how to raise her. He alone knows my need of help. She is playing "What a Friend We Have in Jesus." Bless His name! I love Him because He loved me when I was away from Him in sin. Jesus, "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."



Today I made five calls. Coming home by Sister Crissel's I heard some one praying. Looking in at the window I saw a colored woman on her knees, and went in. She claimed to be saved. Bless her heart. God blessed us all together. He is no respecter of persons, but saves black as well as white. Glory to God for this day. After supper Fannie, Papa and I sang

"The toils of the road will seem nothing  
When we get to the end of the way."

Fannie and I had a romp, after which she read the last chapter of Revelation, and prayed a good prayer. May God continue to bless her, and make her a child to His own glory.

Papa has gone up town, as this is Saturday night. I am ready for the Lord's service. During this week I have read thirteen chapters alone with God, and studied my lesson for Sunday. At present I am teaching a class of boys in Sunday school, whose teacher is sick. They seem to love me much, for on last Sunday they met me half a block from the church, begging me to teach them, for I had not taken the class permanently. Praise God for His goodness. I am ready for Sunday or for the coming of Jesus. Bless His name! I received such a good letter from my mother today.

## CHAPTER XII

### DIARY

*February 1, 1903*

After being on the go all day, I am alone, tired, and a little disappointed. I taught the little boys in Sunday school, for Sister Williams did not come until late. I felt that I had not prayed enough over the lesson, and was not so full of God at some other times; neither did I have the perfect attention of my class. Since my Christ will attract, I know that I did not have Him quite as I should have had Him. O God, let me always be filled with Thee! Brother Watson preached in the church service, reading the sixth chapter of Romans. As I was coming along the street God came and filled my little soul with His love. Bless His name! I stopped in at a home, and we had a blessed time with the Lord, singing and praying.

I went to the United Brethren church again in the evening. Brother Watson's subject was, "Be sure your sin will find you out." Two came to the altar; one was saved. I called today on Sister Mathews and her daughter. They have not liked me much in times past because of Jesus, but I have taken the narrow way with Him. He led me to go to two in the house and ask them to be saved. I know God blessed my words, for He sent me. I am now at home, ready for rest for the body. My soul cried out in the words of the poet:

"More about Jesus would I know,  
More of His grace to others show,  
More of His saving fullness see,  
More of His love who died for me."

I feel that I want to have a little talk with Jesus tonight. I



am glad that the wires are all up from my heart to the throne. Amen! Hallelujah! Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will to men.

*February 2, 1903*

This is Monday night. I have had a full day. I started to make a dress for Sister Crisel, not for money but because she needed a dress. She came over before we had prayed, then Brother Boswell came. Sister Downer came and stayed for dinner. After dinner we went to Uncle Zed Maulding's—a dear old saint whom I knew when I was a child. He is partially paralyzed, but can sing the song, "There are angels hovering 'round." Praise God for salvation. It is so sweet to trust in Jesus. We also went to see a young girl, then stopped to talk with Sister Crisel and the colored woman of whom I wrote the other day. The latter said that all night she could see my face in her dreams. Oh that she may truly see Jesus.

We had a blessed time in the evening. Fannie played and we sang, then Fannie read the sixth Psalm and sister Downer prayed. I received a letter today from my sister Olie. She has been ill, but God in His love prolonged her life. She is feeling better. As Papa is going to Venice in the morning, the Lord willing, I must go to bed now and get up at three if Jesus does not call me or otherwise prevent it. Glory to God!

"One more day's work for Jesus,  
One less of life for me."

*February 3, 1903*

Well, praise God for another day spent for Jesus. Papa went to Venice or to St. Louis. We have had two good seasons of prayer today. We sang, and read in God's Word the fourth chapter of Amos. I regret tonight the speaking of some foolish words—words that would not minister grace to the hearers. May God help us to profit through mistakes. My

prayer to God just now is that He teach me His ways, and keep me still when He wants me to be still.

Papa has just come home at ten o'clock. Trusting all to God's tender care, we retire. I have a friend who is very precious and very, very nigh. It is Jesus. Amen! I want to love and serve Him better tomorrow than today, if I live.

*February 4, 1903*

Well, glory be to God, I started this day with prayer and reading a chapter of His Word, after starting the fires. Then I felt that I was having a chill, and could scarcely stand up. I had a nervous spell and had to lie down twice before I was able to finish my little work. But, bless God, He gave victory over weakness. I have been tempted to take medicine, or go to a doctor and have my lungs examined, but God has increased my faith tonight. Bless His name!

I have been grieved that Papa is not as willing to have prayers when we have company as he ought to be. I have really taken my burden to the Lord and cast it on Him, for I can do nothing else. I have read *God's Revivalist*. This one number was worth the subscription price to me. This is prayermeeting night at the United Brethren church, but as Papa did not want me to go, and I do not belong to that church, I thought that perhaps it was best to stay in bed. I had a blessed talk with Jesus. I trust Him to keep me by His power. Amen!

*February 5, 1903*

Well, praise God from whom all blessing flow! I have had a full day. Sister Crisel came this morning. After prayer we started to wash curtains. Sister Ferguson came and told me that she has been fasting since last Monday for the fullness of God. We prayed to God for help. She left at eleven o'clock, then we finished our curtains and I did my other work, and fasted and prayed. God heard my prayer and



blessed my soul, and I believe He blessed others also. I wrote two letters and started reading my new book on "Inbred Sin." Brother and Sister Coleman came to spend the evening. I enjoyed their fellowship very much, though I felt somewhat cramped at first. Papa was at home, and I did not know what to say to interest them both, but the dear Lord came to my help, as He always does. Hallelujah! He is always present to help when we need Him. Papa played with Fannie. She was very sweet tonight. I must go to Jesus and review the day. It has now gone into the eternity of the past, never to return. Oh, how I feel that we ought to improve the time. May God help us to do so continually. Amen! Jesus is a rock in a weary land. Bless His name forever!

*February 6, 1903*

Tonight finds me trusting the Lord for salvation. I cleaned all my house this forenoon, after talking with God and reading the second chapter of Second Timothy. I fasted from dinner and supper today, and went to Mother Ferguson's in the afternoon. We kneeled and prayed—aloud at first, then it seemed that I could get the ear of God better praying silently. I stayed on my knees after Sister Ferguson had arisen, and Satan seemed to say to me that she would think I was asleep. However, I prayed on. Victory came, and I shouted God's praise. Oh, if all the world could only know what it is to have this salvation they surely would want it now.

At night I went to meeting, taking my Bible, for God seemed to be speaking to me gently about leading the meeting. I said, "Lord, I am so empty. Do not let me lead tonight." I expected that the evangelist would be there, and I would not have to lead. But God, knowing the end from the beginning, was leading. Brother Boswell came to me, asking me to lead. I refused, and insisted on his doing so. Finally I told the Lord that if He wanted me to lead He might send Brother Boswell to me again. He did. I thought first of

another chapter, but God seemed to direct me to the twelfth of Romans. God blessed it and gave victory. Three came to the altar, and one of them claimed to be sanctified. Mother Fergerson is still fasting for the fullness of God. O God, I want more of Thee. To talk with God now, then go to bed.

" 'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus,  
Just to take Him at His word."

*February 7, 1903*

Oh, glory to God! I do praise Him for this day. Expecting company, I stayed at home today and baked. Then I lay down, and the Lord gave me two and a half hours of sleep, for I was nearly sick. The Devil tried to get me to stay at home tonight, as it was raining and sleeting, but God gave the victory, and I went, fasting and asking God to give us a feast. He did. No souls were saved, but God is working. Bless His name forever! Brother Saffel preached from Mark 2:3, "Borne of four." After he had read the twenty-third Psalm Sister Blanche Coker sang: "I will follow where He leadeth, and pasture where He feedeth." It was grand. I am expecting great things of God tomorrow. Sister Blanche is with me tonight. Glory, glory, glory! And so is J<sup>e</sup>sus with me! I have learned the ways of the Devil a little better. Jesus gives victory. Bless His name this Saturday night.

*June 11, 1903*

Some time has elapsed since I wrote in my diary, but God seems to say, "Write." Since I wrote last, on February 7th, I have had some blessed experiences, praise the Lord! Blanche was with me then, and stayed until the twenty-ninth of April, with the exception of the thirteen days of the Woodlawn meeting. We had some blessed times together. The Lord made her a pruning instrument to show me my faults and dig me out as He saw that I needed. Sometimes the Devil tried us terribly, but God gave victory. Blanche was called to St. Louis



for rescue work, and was almost ready to go when she took sick and was down for almost a week. God gave me strength to wait on her, and we had some blessed times together. When she got able to go to St. Louis, the Lord sent me over with her. We had a blessed time. I have felt the call to rescue work for years, but did not see how I was to begin; but God, who knoweth all things, planned it all.

I had been sick when I went to St. Louis, and for several months had hardly been able to do my work. When I went over there I became worse and felt that God was leading me to Dr. Reed, a dear old sanctified doctor. I went to him. He had two seasons of prayer before diagnosing my case. He wanted me to stay for two weeks. I had already felt that I was going to stay two weeks (though I did not see how I could) when a voice whispered to me as I was on my knees at Sister Barnes'. So I told the Lord to direct the doctor to tell me how long I should stay. When I told the doctor that I was to go back on Monday, he said: "If I could have you for two weeks I think I could, with the help of the Lord, cure you." I went back to Sister Barnes' and wrote Papa for his advice. He left it to me. I prayed and prayed, but could not get clear leading from the Lord—not because my God chose to keep me crying to Him in vain, but because I did not want to stay. I was sick, and it was just time for gardening, house cleaning and sewing. I felt that I could not stay; but at last I cried through, and God talked to me. He seemed to say, "You can go back, but you will lose the blessing which I have for you and for these precious souls. Did you not consecrate your home, your husband and your child, and say 'Yes' to My whole will more than a year ago?" I answered "Yes." Then my God seemed to say, "It means more to live a 'Yes' than to say it." Then I gave up, and sweet peace came to my soul. My husband came on Wednesday, when I had been there just a week, and brought Fannie with him. I attended Brother Hatfield's meeting and dear Brother Flower's mission. Oh,

he is such a clean, pure man. God works through him. I attended the meetings in Berachah Home every Tuesday all day and on Thursday afternoons. These were sweet and blessed meetings. The precious sisters are grand. God gave me the hearts of the girls in a wonderful way. Oh, I praise Him for His goodness to me. Now Brother and Sister Brantmeyer have been sanctified. They have consecrated their home to God for a rescue home, if He wants to use it in that way.

*June 13, 1903*

I am praising God this day for a letter from Blanche on Thursday, telling of the salvation of Margie, a poor girl who came from Arkansas to Berachah when I was there in St. Louis. She was a betrayed girl, soon to become a mother. Then I received a letter from Huldah this morning. Last Tuesday night she went to Dahlgren to stay with her grandmother as some of that family were sick. I persuaded her to go, as I believed it to be the will of God. Satan tried me last night, saying: "Yes, you pushed her into that hard place where she will backslide." But God blessed. She writes that she is having wonderful victory over sin, and has sweet peace in her soul. Glory to God! We must

"Trust and obey,  
For there's no other way  
To be happy in Jesus  
But to trust and obey."

I love Him. It is a pleasure to obey Him in all things.

*June 19, 1903*

Well, praise God! He is my God. In Him will I put my trust. Our rescue work is progressing nicely under the leadership of God, as we wait on Him. Our Tuesday meeting was held here. God gave us five consecrated ones. The lesson and message was, Suffering with Christ for others, First Peter 3:17, 18, and all of the fourth chapter. God led Sister Burger



and me into a home of sin. I had the privilege of putting my arms around the neck of one of the worse cases and telling her of Jesus and His love. In another home we gave out tracts, and I sang and prayed. Glory to God for such a Redeemer as mine! Yesterday I received a letter from Blanche, bearing tidings of victory in the name of Jesus. Lillian is coming tomorrow, the Lord willing. The Lord is laying it on hearts to rescue the girls of our streets. I am His for time and eternity. He is my Rock. Whom shall I fear? I am praying that God remove from my experience all that is earthy, and let the Holy Ghost have right of way through me always to a lost world. This I believe He is doing. Bless His name forever! Hallelujah!

## CHAPTER XIII

### DIARY

*June 26, 1903*

Well, this Friday night is the sweetest of my life. I see Christ, my Savior, more clearly than ever I saw Him before. As I look I weep and pray that He, who died for me, fashion me in His image for His sake. And I feel that He is doing it. I have been telling Him my weakness and failings this evening. He tells me He will perfect that which is lacking. Bless His name!

Well, our girls have come: Stella and Lillian, with their little babes, Raymond and Lucile. God has given me great love for these precious girls, and the assurance of His salvation for them. They came last Monday night, and I have spent a good part of my spare time there this week, though my husband would not speak to me on that account. God is working and we are watching. He says the battle is not ours but His. Our meeting was small in numbers last Tuesday, but God was there. He has taught me much tonight. I have heard from heaven, and lay me down in the arms of Jesus to rest. I know I am His tonight, though weak. He says, "I am made perfect in weakness." Glory be to our God! He will save to the uttermost all who come unto Him by His Son.

*July 6, 1903*

Still I am praising God. He is greatly to be praised. Our meeting last Tuesday was small in numbers, but the Lord was with us. Sister Brantmeyer and I waited on God. He is working. The precious girls went with me yesterday to the United Brethren church in the morning and to Aunt Lessie's in the afternoon. God seemed to show the girls that they are not saved. Oh, I am praying that He will encourage them to



give up to Him and get a real change from darkness to light and from the power of Satan unto God. I looked for Sister Duncan this evening, but she did not come. I still say "Amen" to the will of God. I love Him tonight.

"My life, my all, I give to Thee,  
Thou Lamb of God who died for me.  
Oh, may I ever faithful be  
My Savior and my God."

*October 18, 1904*

Praise God! I have had more than a year of blessed walking with Him since I last wrote in my little book. I have seen much fruit of my labors. I have been privileged to carry the gospel message to girls in the jail of St. Louis, in the work-house, and in the wine rooms. Oh, how happy I am when I see these girls give up sin and get saved. I spent ten days there last December; and then again in June God gave me a blessed time there laboring among the lost.

Then He permitted me to go to the national and state camp-meeting at Springfield, Illinois. I had a blessed time there, but think if I had been more humble I could have received much more than I did. God used me as much as He could use one who accepted so little of His grace. He has wonderfully made me a mother of girls. As I go about He goes before me and prepares the hearts of the people, so that they receive me with all my ignorance and harshness. I feel tonight that I am much more harsh than is the gentle Jesus. My heart-cry is to be more like Him. I know this can come only by our living much on our faces alone with Him.

Last week I went to my mother's to sew for her and for my little niece. I also helped her clean house. But I did not pray enough. Oh, to be a vessel of prayer—mighty secret prayer. I failed to be as tender as I should have been. As I look upon sin I am so zealous for God that I fear I sometimes fail in tenderness. I know that love is the thing which wins.

God helped me to pray with mother and for her until I believe she was stirred from her spiritual lethargy. For years she has been a reader of Russell's book, "Millennial Dawn," and has been poisoned thereby. Only a drop of deadly poison here and there affects the Christian life and takes away all spiritual zeal. I did my best for my mother, with the help of God.

Monday morning I reached home with a burden on my heart. I failed to wait before God, and I found heartaches awaiting me. There was no one to meet me, no one to welcome me. My husband was asleep. There was no fire in the house. I knew from my past six months of suffering that I was not wanted. God was good to me in having others help me off the train and bring me home in the hack; but I failed to go to Him and thank Him for His goodness and tender care. I at once began to build the fire and prepare breakfast.

As my little girl had disobeyed me I had told her that I would punish her on Monday; but I was in no condition to do it, from the fact that I was so burdened and heartsick—due to the lack of prayer. As I went to get the switches I heard Jesus say, "You had better wait until evening and take time to pray about this." I was not certain that it was His voice, and I did not wait to ask Him. I punished my child, and as I did so I struck her on the face with the point of a switch, making a mark or bruise. I had prayed with her, and had had her in my arms and cried with her, just before I corrected her. God permitted me to strike her face to show me that I could not rush, as a horse to battle, and please Him.

I have been in terrible darkness since yesterday. I have told the minister, Brother Johnson, about it; but he did not seem to understand. I could not tell wherein I was wrong, though I knew what I was wrong. I have stayed away from meeting two nights because there was no one to stay with Fannie. These evenings at home have been a means of blessing to me, for I have sought to know my Lord better, and



to know whether or not I had disobeyed Him. I told Him I never would eat again until He came and cleared away the darkness. He is showing me everything that is wrong. I see that, as I chastized my little girl without waiting to learn His will concerning her unishment, He has chastized me. Like my child, I have gone down before Him, the Father of spirits, asking Him to apply the rod to me until I am thoroughly broken in spirit. I had rather be chastized by Him than to be applauded by the world or by Satan. I am sorry for the mistakes recorded; but may God make these experiences a blessing to me in the future. I feel that I could ask the whole world to pray for me tonight. How I praise God that He has come to me and showed me the trouble. Praise His name! Glory! I am so glad that He loves me still. He says that whom He loves He chastens.

## CHAPTER XIV

### FIERY TRIALS

*February 22, 1905*

As I take my pen to record the leadings of the past four months, it is with an aching heart—sorrowful, yet (as Paul says) always rejoicing. Well, I little knew when I began writing God's dealings with me that they would ever be such a blessing to me as they have been. For eight months I have been living without one word of encouragement or one kiss of love, without even a look of anything but bitter hatred from my precious husband. He left the Lord completely, and of course left me in spirit. I had suffered for months, until it seemed that I could not stand another trial. But God knows how much we can bear; and the trials have been coming thick and fast for the past three weeks. But the blood still cleanses, and my soul is committed unto Him—yea, and my body also.

I have received a definite call to preach. I was afraid to go into such service, until as I tried to lead a meeting God came and caused me to preach. Then I said "Yes" to Him, after having been all but thrust out from home. It took just that kind of treatment to get me to say "Yes," as I wanted to be a good mother and wife above all things. The nights of sorrow have been black, the waters have been deep, the fires have been hot, the clouds have been thick. But God lives, and all is well. Bless His precious name forever!

I held one meeting at old Middleton, and had a blessed time preaching the old-time religion, that saves men and women from sin. Only one soul prayed through to salvation [but he has since become a preacher]. I preached for one week and two nights. Six persons were at the altar, but they would



not pay the price. My husband does not object to my preaching. He seems, however, to have no love for me. He had gone away into sin, but God has been answering prayer. My husband has reformed in his life, to a great extent, and has asked my forgiveness. In a way he has confessed, but he has not gone to the bottom and been saved. I had two days of kindness from him, and then his heart turned away from me again; but I have a burning love for him.

I have been in bed most of the time since Saturday night, and have been nearly down with nervous prostration for the past three weeks. But God, who is rich in mercy, came; and I am up this morning. It means so much to me to give up my husband. My friends say that I love him too well. Perhaps for my health's sake I do. But God has given me this love for His own honor and glory. I am so puffed up and conceited that it takes many things to keep me humbled before God and before the world.

This morning God seemed to say to me, "Do you love your husband more than you love souls?" I had to say, "Yes, Lord, I do; but forgive me and help me. Thou alone canst deal with me, selfish and stubborn as I have been." I am trying, after these nights and days of weeping, to do anything that He sees is best in order to get me where I can do the most for Him.

My husband has been wanting me to get a divorce, but because of God's Word and because of the great love that I have for my husband, I cannot consent to do so. He has no ground on which to divorce me. Then on Friday night he told me that he guessed he did not want a divorce; but now again his heart is turned away, and I am expecting, unless God comes and undertakes in a special way, to hear the matter of a divorce brought up again soon. Wilt Thou, O Father, help me to know Thy will? I was so delighted on Saturday and Sunday nights at my husband's demonstration of love for me that I went back to some old things, trying to please him and to be like

other people, in order to win my husband. Satan had told me that I was too straight and too narrow. Again God showed me, by letting me almost commit a sin (a besetting sin), that I could not be like others, but must be as He wants me to be, if I would live above the world of sin.

So I gladly suffer with Him that I may also reign with Him. Yea, I count not my life dear unto myself, but say, "Not my will but Thine be done." I have prayed hard and long, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." I shall try to continue in a more perfect way. "Thy will, O Lord, not mine, be done, for Jesus' sake."

Last night was a night of suffering, both in body and in spirit. I was sick, and my precious husband in his room was sighing and restless. He had been trying to love me during the past several days, but had found it impossible. He will find it impossible to love me until he is wholly yielded to God. Satan did not fail at this time to come and show me all my failures and do his best to discourage me, but God came again to my heart and gave me Psalm 33, and the following verse as my daily food:

"I build on this foundation:  
That Jesus and His blood  
Alone are my salvation,  
The time eternal good.

To mine His Spirit speaketh  
Sweet words of soothing power:  
How God, to him that seeketh,  
For rest hath rest in store."

Oh, how these words fed and strengthened my soul. The postman brought me a letter from one who is like a mother to me, Sister Burger, in which she had enclosed a dollar, which was at this time very much needed. His promise in Phil. 4:19 is true.



*February 24, 1905*

Well, praise God, He seems to say "Write," so after waiting on Him for two nights and days I write again. My husband went to St. Louis day before yesterday. He came home at half past one today. I had expected him yesterday at noon, and last night became so burdened that I felt as though I could not stand it until night came. I went to my Father and cried out my heart to Him, and then felt impressed to read my dear little Bible. God graciously gave me Isaiah 57:18, 19 as a special promise to me.

My friends have felt that our home must be broken up, and have given me very little encouragement to faith—with a few exceptions. My dear Blanche has held on. God has said: "I know his ways and I will heal him." Lord, forgive my unbelief and help me never to doubt Thee again. God has been most gracious to me while I have been going through these trials. He never for one second has hid His precious face from me. There never has been one moment but that I could speak to Him and hear Him answer me and feel His presence with me. Praise His name! He says, "A mother may forget her offspring, but I will not forget thee." He says, "Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord," and has added Isaiah 56:1. Amen!

Praise His name for a precious letter from Blanche today. God came to me and gave me rest. I find on opening my "Daily Food" the sweet message to me is Psalm 3:5. Oh, how sweet is this message, and also the following verses:

"How silently, how silently  
The gracious gift is given;  
So God imparts to human hearts  
The blessings of His heaven.  
No ear may hear His coming;  
But in this world of sin,  
Where meek souls will receive Him, still  
The dear Christ enters in."

Amen!

*February 25, 1905*

This has been a blessed day to my sorrow-stricken soul. My verse this day is Psalm 3:6. Its message is sweet to my soul. My husband is still so hard, and seems to be far from God. I have been strengthened by the power of God, and have been able to do some work, such as baking, and other things needed to make my family more comfortable. Many have been in today to see me. Florence, Ena and I waited on God this afternoon and felt that He came to us in a special way. I was so blessed that I did not care for supper. I wanted Ena to stay with me tonight but felt that perhaps, for my husband's sake, it would not be best. I am doing my best, with all the help that I can get from God, to win husband to his home, but all my efforts seem to be fruitless. When he comes it will be only by the Spirit of God. I know that he is coming. I cannot tell how or when, but God's Word is, "Commit thy ways unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass." I have already committed my way unto Him. I am now trusting also in Him. I bless His name. He *will* bring it to pass.

Angelic spirits, countless souls,  
Of Thee have drunk their fill;  
And to eternity will drink  
Thy joy and glory still.

O little heart of mine, shall pain  
Or sorrow make thee moan?  
When all this God is all for thee,  
A Father all thine own.

Tonight I go to bed trusting Him who doeth all things well.  
Amen and amen!

*March 22, 1905*

Well, praise God, this has been almost a month of the fiery furnace indeed. My husband is still living a life of sin, staying



away nights and days in a different place from the one he had named to me before going. As I would see him dress in his best clothes and leave home without one word of kindness or a good-by, knowing that he was going to another, it seemed that my poor heart would break. But even with a broken heart I am so glad that the Lord sustained me through it all. I can say as did one of old, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him."

God has given me grace to live, since the twenty-seventh day of January, in the house with my husband a wife in name only, and to suffer contempt and insult; and then has permitted me to find out, without inquiry, who the poor little sinful woman is that has been getting the attention of the one who is dearer to me than life itself. Best of all, God has given me such love for my husband and for even this woman. I feel that I have been so weak, and so restless in the fire. I have wanted to settle this matter in my way. My husband says he does not love me, and he thinks that we never can live happy together. I have tried to help the Lord, and have talked too much to people and not enough to God. Of course people are not safe guides, even when they love us much. They feel that there must be a quick way out, and are in such a hurry. The dear ones in St. Louis have been writing that they want me to come there, and that souls are fast perishing. But it is well for us to remember that God loves souls better than we do, and that when He puts an instrument into the fire to mold for His glory, He knows just how long to keep it there.

While these past eight weeks have seemed to be wasted, He says that He has created the smith that bloweth the coals in the fire and that bringeth forth an instrument for His work. I have been called as a woman forsaken (Isaiah 54:6). I am only waiting until He sees that all the dross is out, then He will send me forth. My husband has quit supporting me. My mother thinks it is awful; but this trial is given me that I



may better trust God. He says in Isaiah 54:5: "Thy maker is thine husband." I am trusting in the Lord.

I have asked Him, if it be His will, to let me have some sewing with the strength to do it. The doctor says it will take two or three monthes of treatment to cure me, if I take the treatments. However, thus far I have felt like trusting the Lord alone. I have not taken any medicine for several days, and am feeling better. Lord, help me to trust Thee more. The sewing is coming in. I have promised, by faith, \$5.00 for the campmeeting, to be paid by the first of July. I have only \$1.15, but my God will supply all my needs.

I went with Ena to Sister Fergerson's a week ago Tuesday, and spent the night there. We had a real Pentecost; God came to us. From seven until nine o'clock we lay on our faces, or knelt and prayed, until tidal waves of glory came over us again and again. We cried and shouted and said "Yes" to God anew. The burden of the Lord came upon us again and again. We would pray through for one work and shout the victory, and then another would come to us. It seemed as though God opened His great storehouse and said, "Indeed, children, ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."

I came home almost sick again. There another great heart-ache awaited me, but God's grace was sufficient. Yesterday I went home with Sister Fergerson and stayed until this morning. God came to us in a special manner in a burden for a revival of the work of the Lord. Our prayers were general in scope. We prayed for the lowest fallen girl or boy, and up to the President of the United States. God came to us at morning prayers. In the evening I read Second Corinthians the first chapter. This morning I read the fourth chapter, and at noon the fifth. These were all blessed Scriptures. They never seemed so sweet to me as they did last night and today.

Dear Brother and Sister Fergerson pray three times a day. I have wanted to do so in my home; but I feared that, since my home was divided against itself, it would not be best. But



since I last wrote my little girl has confessed her sin of note writing, which seemed to me to be very great, and I believe God has forgiven her. She asked me tonight that we might have family prayers three times a day! Amen! I am so glad that she wants them, and feel that this is a call from God. I mean by His grace to live closer to the God of the skies than ever before. I love Him as never before.

This has been a blessed day to me. It seems to me that I never had quite so sweet a day. I asked the Lord this morning to keep us in humility of soul and melted before Him in our work of today. As I sat sewing, the Spirit of God melted me to tears. Love for my husband and burden for his soul came over me until for hours I was in tears. At the table we sang a verse of "A charge to keep I have." Before dinner God had told me to sing it, and I intended to do so if they did not; but the Lord led Sister Ferguson to start the song. At supper we sang, "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow." I said, "Yes, and nothing but blessings ever flow from Him." Sometimes the things that come to us do not look like blessings, but they are blessings.

This evening I could not get the mind of the Lord concerning my coming home. I felt like waiting until late, but did not say so to Sister Ferguson, for I thought this to be inconsistent. After I had prayed Sister Ferguson said, "I could take you in after supper." I felt at rest concerning the matter, though not knowing why I desired to wait until late. As we came home I learned why it was God's will that I should come at that time. He wanted me to meet new things by His grace.

Oh, just to trust in the Lord,  
Just to lean upon His Word,  
Just to know that I am His every day;  
Just to walk by His side  
With His Spirit to guide,  
Just to follow where He leads the way."

I have been reading Brother M. W. Knapp's life, "A Hero

of Faith and Prayer." It is fine. I went down before the Lord, and as I read of Brother Knapp's seeing in the Spirit what is now the wonderful Bible school in Cincinnati I said, "Lord, perhaps the home for my poor homeless girls is not far distant. I believe that when God can burn out all dross He will let me do some little things for His glory and for the salvation of the lost.

Well, I received a letter from my mother today. She is heartbroken over my troubles. Oh, may she just take it all to God. The children are in bed. We quoted Scripture verses from memory this evening. Florence, the precious girl saved by the power of God through Berachah workers from a life of fourteen years in drunkenness and sin of the deepest dye, has been with me for nearly four months. She was given of the Lord, and is a real love slave. How I thank Thee, O Father, for the sweet love of these two children: my little Fannie aged twelve years, and Florence aged twenty-three years. Papa has now come in and shut the door and gone to bed. I will now go trusting Jesus to lead the way. "Nearer my God to Thee, E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me." Amen!



## CHAPTER XV

### IN THE FURNACE

*March 24, 1905*

Well, this is Friday night. I have not written any since Wednesday night. After being in bed for an hour and a half, and failing to sleep, I feel that God says, "Write." Papa has just come in and gone to bed. I sewed yesterday and part of today, making \$1.10 for my campmeeting fund. I now have \$2.25. Praise God, He answers prayer! Huldah was here and ate dinner with me yesterday. In the afternoon Ena came, but I felt such a spirit of prayer that I left her with the children and went alone. It seemed that I could not talk to Papa. I wanted to talk to God. Praise Him for the spirit of prayer which He has been giving me for the past few days, and for the burden for Papa and for the poor little woman that people say is the cause of my sorrow. However, I know that sin is the cause of my sorrow. Papa refused to walk in the light, until it has become darkness. Oh, if the light which is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness." Papa asked me this evening if anyone had been here to see the house. It seems as though I never can stand it to see the house sold and to go out into a cold world. But "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." How I love my precious husband! I seems that I never can give him up, but O my Father, drive the nails, and heed not the groans, for Jesus' sake. Thou hast said Thou wouldst give grace and glory, and that no good thing wouldst Thou withhold from them that walk uprightly. I see my failures so plainly, but I have tried to walk uprightly, and I have the witness of the Spirit that I am doing so.

Today I received a letter from my sister. I see from her letter that she blames me on account of my life of holiness. She thinks my mistakes, as she terms them, have been the cause of my husband's turning away from me. But, Father, Thou knowest the way that I take: when Thou hast tried me, I shall come forth as gold." I am Thine. Do with me as seemeth good in Thine eyes. Let the dross be burned up until Thou canst see Thine image in me.

Mrs. Stevenson has been here today. Poor thing, she seems to like to talk of sin; but I am so glad that I am not interested in my neighbors excepting as I can help them to bear their burdens. Father, ever keep me with my ears stopped from hearing of blood (Isaiah 33:15).

We have had prayer three times, both yesterday and today. I feel like saying with the Psalmist David, "At morning, noon and night will I cry unto thee." Fannie asked her father if he would let us have family prayers three times a day, and he said once was enough. So we let him go, then get on our knees and ask God to follow him with His Spirit. I feel sure that whatever the future holds for me, it is God's best for me. It may not look like the best, but I am sure it is. I may not know the way I go, but I know my guide.

I had a visit with Mrs. Galvin this morning. She is one of my old neighbors who now has consumption. She has been down since last September. As I was led to tell her of my troubles she seemed to get a new glimpse of the goodness of God to her, and asked me to pray with her. I reached God at her bedside. She is a German Lutheran, but in her suffering she has reached God. She told me today that she has Him in her heart. Well, I shall now try to sleep or to pray, as God wills. O Lord, give me the things this night that are best.

*March, 25, 1905*

This day has gone into eternity, never to return. Some of the day has been a failure and some of it has been a success, but I stand complete only in Him. This morning at family



worship I read Proverbs the twenty-second chapter, which was very precious to me. Then Ena came on her way to the depot to return to her home, and stayed with me quite a while. We prayed together. I have not received my usual amount of letters this week. I found myself a little anxious to receive the letters from my dear spiritual friends but said, "God knoweth best." Then the question came to me, "Suppose you had to go through Job's experience, and your friends all forsook you." I said, "O Lord, if Thou wouldst stay with me all would be well." Then I leaned harder on Him. When I reached the place where I saw that I could live without all but Him, letters came from my mother and from Blanche. Blanche's letters are so precious to me. They are filled with God—just what I need at this time.

As we had expected, some people came to look at the house today. It was hard for me to show them the house, knowing that it meant separation from my husband. But I did the best with the help of God. They liked the place, but I am still praying that God shall have His way at any cost. My little girl was disobedient today, and I had to use the rod of correction, which did in truth bring reproof. This evening God broke up my heart and I cried and asked Papa what I should do. It seemed that I could not stand to sign the deed for our home. Giving up the house and lot is nothing, but if it means to give up my husband it seems that I cannot do it. He seemed to me a little more tender, but still was far from me in spirit. I know that the Lord will heed my childish pleadings, for I only ask my husband's love again, if it is for the best. We all went to Brother Bell's this evening. I had the privilege of praying with his family, and also with Brother Albert's family. Now I am at home, the children in bed, and Papa not yet in. Amen!

*Sunday, March 26, 1905*

I began this day with prayer. I went to the Free Methodist church to hear Brother Boswell preach, then went to see

Uncle Tom Puckett in the afternoon. Papa permitted us to go with him. Today Papa says that we are going to go to St. Louis and keep a rooming house there. Well, amen, dear Lord. I should not have chosen a rooming house, but not my will but Thine be done. If this comes, it is the thing that is necessary for me at this time. Today God has laid on my heart the poor sinful woman who has been trying to break up our home, and has so nearly succeeded. Passing her, I felt that I should put my arms around her and ask her to come to Jesus. My call is to rescue work, and I feel that God is going to permit me to go and pray with her, since I love her so much.

I went to the holiness meeting at the Free Methodist church this afternoon. Brother Louis Hayes led the meeting. The Lord came into our midst. I have now written three letters. The children and I reached God in prayer before they went to bed. Papa has been to church and is now at home in bed. I am trusting God to give me back my husband's love when He sees that it is best, but above all to bring him to Jesus. I go to bed praising God.

*March 27, 1905*

I visited Sister Brandmeyer and Sister Richarson this evening. This being Monday I wanted to work, as I had much to do, but God clearly led me to go to Brother Ed Ferguson's. He is sick with rheumatism. He said, before Mother and Father Ferguson left, "Get me the Bible and let me read, and then I want Sister Wells to pray." He read and God blessed. Then I prayed and He blessed again. Mother and Father Ferguson prayed and God continued to bless. Before I came home Brother Ferguson said that I should read "Soul Help," by Isaiah Reed. He gave me the book.

I had talked to Papa about that rooming house that is to come. He was so hard and seemed to expect me to make the living. As I am such a failure I thought I had better prepare him, but he did not seem to want to be prepared. He



left me with very harsh words. As I read the little book God showed me that I was unwilling to unload the cargo of wheat; and that as Paul was on his way to Rome, so was I on my way to my fallen sisters. It did not matter to me how I got to St. Louis, or what the cost might be, just so I got there. I mekely unloaded my cargo, and I expect (as Paul did) to build my fire on the shore of my Melita. Best of all, I am going God's way. At noon my husband was much more tender. Tonight I am still praising God. The children are in bed. We repeated Scripture verses from memory tonight, prayed, and sang the song, "For you I am praying." The blessing of the Lord was upon us. Amen!

*March 28, 1905*

This has been a precious, busy Tuesday, spent in the service of the Master. I began the day by asking God that through whatever may come He keep me and work out, to the good of my precious loved ones, His best at this time. I went up town, and then Brother Johnston, our pastor, called, also Sister Lawson. We talked over the condition of things. Brother Johnson brought with him two calls from people wanting me to hold meetings for them. My heart is in the work, but, Lord, I had rather be in Thy will than to be in heaven. I am waiting to hear direct from heaven. I am so glad that the wires are all up. I have prayed through. I am only waiting the unfolding of God's providences.

Papa is away. He said he was going to collect some money. I expected him to be at home tonight at half past nine or ten o'clock, but it is past that time and he has not yet come. Amen to all things, for they work together for good to them that love the Lord, to them that are the called according to His purpose. His purpose is to make us Christlike. Papa is seeming to change a little. He is anxious to leave Mt. Vernon, and is expecting to go soon. I am holding on to God and expecting Him to work out His will in us. Oh, if only Papa would let God have His way, and go into his soul and take

out all sin, our lives would be so sweet. I am glad that there is so much sweet along with the little bitter in my life.

We had young people's meeting at our house tonight. Brother Eyers led. The Lord blessed. I had a visit with Uncle Johnny Clinton this afternoon. It was very blessed. He is eighty-one years of age and a pilgrim indeed, ripening for heaven. Well, I shall now go to bed, as I have much work to do and not much health. I received a letter from my mother today. She needs Thee, O Savior, with Thy gentle words, "Peace, be still." Bless her tonight. Amen and amen!

*March 29, 1905*

Well, praise God, this is a wonderful day. His precious grace has been sufficient for all things. We sold our little home today. For a few minutes after I had signed the deed my heart ached, but Jesus has come and with His balm healed all the hurt, giving a peace which this world cannot give or take away. We sold the place for two hundred dollars less than it is worth, but it is for the good of souls. I feel like praising God anew, for my dear husband is becoming much more tender and gentle. He is like a different man. Oh it pays to trust the Lord. Husband is going to St. Louis in the morning, the Lord willing. I have had the pleasure of helping him to get ready.

I have accomplished much this week. The Lord has helped me. We now begin to get ready to move next week. Praise God! Sister Eyer was here this afternoon. We had a blessed season of prayer. We all prayed. Fannie prayed such a good prayer. God caused me to get up this morning at about fifteen minutes after two, and He gave me two poems, one on Trusting, and one on The Precious Christ. I do not know why He should give me such beautiful verses, but I think He saw that I needed comfort, as I could not see a step before me. I thank Him. Amen! Praise His dear name!



*March 31, 1905*

Well, this has been indeed a blessed day. I have had the privilege of testifying to the grace of God in different places. I had business to attend to. It seemed hard, as I never had gone to the bank for money before, but I had to deposit some money this morning, and to face the world. The report was out that my husband had left me and that I had sued for divorce. As I was asked about this I said, "No, I am going to heaven." Then I told them how God had changed my precious husband. It pays to wait on God. I had a very sweet letter from my husband today. He is indeed going down well. He is at Sister Barns'. I received a letter from Blanche today. It was so precious. I had a season of prayer today, looked after some business, and made myself a wrapper. I have had much company. My neighbors are saying, as they never have said before, that they will miss me. Some are crying. O Lord, as they look to me may they see Jesus, and desire Him with the hungering that brings the filling. Amen! I am very tired. It is nearly twelve o'clock. The children are in bed. We were up at the holiness convention last night. Perhaps this is my last meeting in Mt. Vernon, at least for years to come. I am giving up the good to take the better. God caused me to shout His praises in the face of seeming disgrace, and gave me the song, "For you I am praying." My verse for today is Psalm 25:15, and my verse of poetry is:

"I am with thee. He hath said it  
In His truth and tender grace,  
Sealed the promise, pladly spoken,  
With how many a mighty token  
Of His love and faithfulness."

The verse in my "Heavenly Manna" was 1 Tim. 6:12. This has been a wonderful day with a wonderful blessing.

*April 22, 1905*

Well, praise God, we came to St. Louis a week ago last

Monday. We bade farewell to Mt. Vernon and the precious ones there. In two weeks we have been to only two services here. I have been cleaning dirty floors and doing different kinds of work, touching souls most of the time, and have tried to honor the Lord. Several times I have felt that I had failed to show Jesus in His sweetness. My heart cry, as I have to meet so many different persons, is that I may have the fullness of the Spirit. My precious Ena is with me, but Satan has indeed come and turned her heart away from me. Sister is in the home, a living monument of what the Devil can and will do for a soul. She is testing the grace in every way she can. But oh, God's grace is sufficient. Praise His name.

Yesterday I went down town with Sister Barns, and dear Blanche bought me a new suit. I was willing to go without home or husband or clothes—or in fact anything that God saw was best to withhold from me—and now He has placed me in a home with velvet and brussels carpets, and beautiful in many ways. At times I am made to cry as I look at the home. The ways of the Lord are wonderful. He says that if we give up dear ones and home for the sake of Him and the gospel we shall have an hundred fold in this life, and in the world to come life everlasting. Praise His name! I gave up all, and He gave to me with increase.

He is faithful, but I failed yesterday. When the dear ones said that I should have a veil I had the little sales girl take down several pieces, then all at once I said in my heart, "Oh I do not want a veil," and left the little girl with no excuse for not taking it. It was only my selfishness, for I had preconceived ideas about the matter. Lord, deliver me from all such for Jesus' sake. God whipped me until I confessed that I had grieved the Spirit of the Lord. I promised God that I would go to the little girl, if He would give her to me, and not only buy the veil, but confess to her my failure. Amen! I am glad there is cleansing in the blood.



## CHAPTER XVI

### DIARY

*July 9, 1905*

Oh, let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Amen and amen! I have not written since April 22nd, but during the past few days I have been feeling especially impressed to write. The ways of the Lord are wonderful, high and holy.

“God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.”

Amen! I have moved three times inside of three months. I was so tenacious in my hold upon my husband. I had more love for him than I had grace. Instead of quietly trusting God, on the 27th of last January, when husband told me that he was going to leave me and my child, I sent letters to the saints telling them of my sorrow and beseeching them to pray. Then I cried and begged husband to reconsider and not to leave us. At last I refused to sign the deed for our little home until I had received the money for it. But I find that I should have let him do as he liked. He was tender and melted for a little time, but as soon as God gave him a place to practice law and he began to prosper his heart turned from God, and then from his wife and child.

Now at the end of three months, during which I have moved and worked and done all I knew to do, even dressing a little more worldly in order to win him, I have again landed on the same rock, and have said “Yes” to God again for any kind of work in any field where He wants me to go. I have given my husband over to Satan for the destruction of

the flesh that the spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus. I have been in bondage to my husband.

When we came to East St. Louis I said, "Now, Lord, I love my husband so much I will give my life to him and for him." I failed to pray as much as I might, trying to talk and act as my husband wanted me to, in order to keep him from going out into sin. But God would not let that satisfy him. By these things I would have given my life for one soul, while God wanted to give me many souls, including my husband's.

We could not make good financially in the rooming house. God blessed us there, but showed us that we were out of His holy will. We then moved to East St. Louis on June 30th, locating at 1913 State street, where we lived for nearly a month, during which time I suffered agony. Unconsciously I was compromising and was losing my joy. Papa's tenderness was gradually leaving. I endured many hours of terrible suffering. Multitudes of souls about us were living in sin, while I was crippled in my usefulness, having laid my head in the lap of my sinful husband, who had no love for me. In order to win my husband I had sacrificed my service in the kingdom of God. None but God knows the love that I have for my husband.

There was no place of spirituality to which to go to worship God. Oaths and sin were all about us. I cried, "O Lord, keep me from backsliding." I saw around me only people who were on their way to hell. The fear of getting away from God became so great that one night I went alone with God and began to cry to Him for help. I had been separated from all Christian friends. God spoke to my soul saying, "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." Praise His name! It was like the angel's visit under the juniper tree. I trusted in God, took some food, and lay down to sleep. God came in answer to prayer and quieted the people, putting many of them under such conviction that they



could not rest well in their sins. The oaths became less frequent as the people felt the presence of God.

Then one day my husband told us of the Salvation Army. I never had worshiped with them, nor was I quite dead to the Army for my husband's sake. God made him take us to the Salvation Army service, where I testified and God blessed me. I did not have a Bible with me, and said nothing in my testimony to cause anyone to think that I was called to the work of the Lord. But as has often been the case I was taken for an evangelist. Dear Captain Holt came from the platform and asked me if I were not an evangelist, or if I had not been in that sort of work. I enjoyed the service in spite of the fact that it all seemed a little strange, with the bonnets, drums and tambourines.

In another week I went back to the service, and also went on the following Sunday night. My little girl and I went into the street meeting and sang the song, "I know He's mine." On the next Sunday night I brought the message, which I had refused to do previously. God made His way plain before me, and gave me His message from Proverbs 29:1. The Holy Spirit helped me. Men were caused to weep, and one precious soul gave up to God. To Him be all the glory. On the next Sunday night I went to the street meeting—had also attended the street meeting in the afternoon—where I sang. Then at the hall I brought the message from Hebrews 2:3. God gave me two souls.

I went again on Monday night, and also on Tuesday night, July 4th. Captain Holt, Fannie (whom God is greatly blessing) and I were the only workers present at this service. But God was present. He can work and none can hinder Him. Amen! I brought the lesson of the rich man and Lazarus, as told in Luke sixteen. No souls were saved, but some were under conviction. On Wednesday night we went to the little Century Methodist church, on Sixteenth street and Cleveland avenue, where Brother Woodley is pastor.

We have moved to 1629 St. Louis avenue, where we have a neat little flat with three rooms. We have a church, school, grocery, meat market, dry goods store and notions store, bakery, drug store and street car line within one block of us. My home is very pretty with its bright brussels and velvet carpets and neat furnishings, but how empty are these things since my husband has turned completely away from God and from us. God is asking me if I am willing to give him up with this home and all that I possess, to which I have answered "Yes." Is it any wonder that God is flooding my soul with Himself this afternoon? I have cried and praised God today. He has shown me that I am trying to make my dear one happy, while He—in answer to prayer and because He loved him with an everlasting love—was making him miserable in order to get him to seek the Lord. I have Bible grounds for a separation; but, praise God, I do not think there is such a thing as a divorce in the sight of God. Till death separates, they are still husband and wife, though in some cases it may be best to separate. I am now waiting on God about going home, as my mother is not well and my husband is under such conviction that he cannot stand it to stay near us.

But God is using me in the little church as He will use any broken life, broken for Jesus' sake. I have been there for services the past two Sundays, and on Wednesday night to prayermeeting. The Devil has been stirred as God blessed me in prayer and testimony, and as I was led to testify of the two works of grace in regeneration and sanctification. God gave me great love, for Jesus' sake, for the little woman who talked about me. I mean to have her for God, by His grace. God has given me great love for her.

My precious, only sister, who is living a life of sin, has been angry toward me for some time. Being so burdened and cast down, this has added to the heavy load on my heart. Last Sunday I wrote a kind postal card, telling her where we lived and how to get here, to which she replied by send-



ing me a post card with a picture on it. When the postman gave me the card it hurt my heart anew, but I said nothing to anyone excepting my child: "Surely this finishes it." However, this week my sister came to see me, seeming to be quite changed. I spent a part of Friday with her, and God gave me a nice time with her. Sister Barns came home with me and stayed until today.

We went to see Mrs. Will Fergerson yesterday, a dear sick woman in both body and soul. God sent us there, as my husband had some notes to collect from Mr. Fergerson. The home showed such desolation and want that God led us to talk it over before my husband. He stands for law, while I stand for grace. Law is all right in its place, but grace is the great gift of God to us.

This is the Lord's day, July 9, 1905. We went to the little church for preaching and Sunday school. The lesson was Hezekiah's prayer for extended life. The central truth to me was the possibility of living such a life that we can face such a wonderful and holy God and plead our integrity and plead His promises. Brother Woodly preached from 1 Kings 19:9, Elijah under the juniper tree. It was a grand service, for God was there. My husband is away now, and as usual I do not know where he is; but I have asked God to find him by His Holy Spirit, and I know that He has done so.

I expect to go tonight with Fannie to the Salvation Army. Captain Kolb is to farewell tonight. She expects to leave on Wednesday for Decatur. I am free indeed. Jesus has given me a new touch from the skies. Amen! It is now 5:30 in the evening. His blood cleanseth. The past three months seem to have been a time of failure with me, all because I needed to see that without Him I could do nothing. Amen! I have known this before, but seem to know it better now. God is greater than our mistakes. Praise His name just now and forever.

*July 10, 1905*

During this day I have suffered much because of not knowing clearly the will of God regarding our little money. We had eight hundred dollars three months ago today, but it is all gone now excepting 415. It has all been spent by me for the home. I have tried to handle it wisely, but either I have not known how, or for some reason which I could not help it has slipped away. My heart ached so over this matter. I wanted to pay eighty dollars to the dear Lord as that was His, since the tenth of every dollar belongs to Him, but I was afraid it would be too much for my husband to stand, when he seemed penitent, so I did not give the amount. And now it is gone. I have only the half of it left. How I should love to give much of it to the Lord if it were mine to give. Lord, help me to know Thy will.

I have washed today and made Fannie a dress, and have written to mother and to little Rosa Hyman. I sent a letter to a man for whom God had given me a burden, warning him to flee from the wrath to come. May the blessing of the Lord be upon that letter for Jesus' sake. I have been reading Auntie Cook's book, "Wayside Sketches," which is fine. I have resolved to live closer to God, but in the midst of all that seems complete failure God sees my heart. I have resolved to let God have complete right of way with me, regardless of my husband.

Husband came home last night and went to church with us to hear Brother Woodly, who preached on Mary's anointing Jesus with precious ointment at the cost of \$45, which act became immortal. I am waiting on God to know His will concerning the money. Amen! I go to bed asking God to waken me early so that I can spend more time with my Bible and with Him early in the morning. I love Him tonight. O Jesus, give me more of Thyself, not to use for myself but for others. "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." Amen!



*July 11, 1905*

This day has closed, as it is now half past nine o'clock. I feel that I have missed many opportunities for telling souls about Jesus. I have ironed and done my patching. I went to see Captain Kolb. She expects to leave tomorrow. As I walk the streets I have such a desire to tell people of Jesus. I feel that God is indeed laying souls on me as never before. My heart is aching for my poor husband. He stays at home, but will not talk to me at all, only as I ask him a question, which he answers in as few words as possible. May God bless him with deeper conviction for Jesus' sake.

I have been to the little church to study the Sunday school lesson, but oh, what a lack of spirituality is there! O Lord, increase the hunger of the people for Thee in all Thy fullness. God answered prayer and awakened me before five o'clock, more than half an hour earlier than I usually waken, so that I could have time to read. I read nine or ten chapters in Proverbs, and then read one chapter in Genesis with Fannie. I have read several more chapters this evening. Oh the precious words of God! Amen! I am wanting more of God and His will.

## CHAPTER XVII

### DIARY

*July 12, 1905*

Well, praise God, if we walk in the light as He is in the light the blood cleanses. Amen! I have been halting for some time, trying to win my husband, and failing miserably. Now I have launched out into the deep. This is indeed the best day of my life. I have done God's will. Amen! As I rose from my bed this morning Satan tried to take possession of me. I think he knew what this day would mean to his kingdom. I could not pray or even read, but only looked on the past mistakes and cried. God had been asking me if I would take tracts, and thus preach as I went. I felt that it would be such a cross to stop people on the street and give them tracts, but somehow He by His power came to me last night, and I said, "I will." Then He gave me the grace.

I have had a blessed afternoon today. I visited Sallie Raily, a poor sinful woman, who was once a schoolmate of mine. I then went to visit Mrs. Parrot and family, all of whom are unsaved. I prayed with her, and left her crying. I went to Sister McConnel's. She is in a backslidden state, but God came, and I prayed with her—a poor tired little mother—and kissed her, and left her crying. Best of all, I gave out tracts to all that I met while going and coming. May God bless each tract. Only one man refused to take one. He was in a great hurry, and seemed to know nothing of the awful doom awaiting his immortal soul. I have proved again by obedience that the blood cleanses only while we walk in the light; and I now feel like a new woman.

I have been suffering much because of the lack of love, but as I came home I was enabled to say, "Lord, if I can only



do this for Thee, it will not matter whether or not love is given me," and have thus received happiness from the Lord. It is now nearly ten o'clock. My poor, sinful husband has gone, I know not where, but I rest in the fact that God knows. Amen!

I went this evening to prayermeeting in a little church, and was wonderfully blessed while there. I felt like "taking the place," but God is giving them little by little all that they can stand. Besides mine there were only three other testimonies. May God bless these precious hearts and make them alive unto Him. I received a basket of plums from my mother.

*June 13, 1905*

This has been a busy but blessed day. I have been putting up fruit, but God is surely cutting me loose from these things. So much time is being spent for our physical welfare while souls are perishing. I have spent so much of my life doing things for the physical being, and it seems that I still hold onto these things, but God does not bless me in it. He seems to permit me to do a little of it; but it is hard for me to do it right, while at one time it was so easy. God has to give me so many failures to enable me to understand His will. Amen! I am glad that He loves me so much.

Today, when I had a little spare time, I felt a little uneasy because I had nothing to do when so many unsaved are round about. However, I soon had occasion to call in the children. Fannie and her playmate had a little cross feeling between them. It is all so new to the children. The dear little things love me so much and stay here every moment that they can. The dear Lord give us Christian mothers. May God's richest blessings rest on these little ones. This evening they each got a Bible and read. Our parlor or kitchen seems a Bethel to them. May it be so indeed for Jesus' sake.

My soul is surely expanding and getting closer to God. I

expect, God willing, to go to St. Louis tomorrow to spend Saturday and Sunday. May this trip be to the glory of God. The rest are all in bed, so I shall go also. I know that He giveth His beloved sleep. Praise His name forever! I have directly touched three grown people and the three children today in personal work for God, and yet have not left my home. O Lord, help me to use every opportunity for serving Jesus. I am Thine; even with all my failings Thou dost love with an everlasting love.

*July 17, 1905*

Praise God from whom all blessings flow. I went with Fannie to St. Louis on Friday and spent a part of the day with my sister. In the afternoon I went to see the dear mission family. God gave victory there. There had been a little misunderstanding. Satan said they would not want to see me. But, as Jesus has said, Satan is a liar and the father of lies. I had such a blessed call there. O how precious are the dear saints of God to each other. Sister Flower, whom I love dearly, is especially precious to me. Sister Barns and I went to the colored folks' meeting. What a meeting it was! A young man with a heavenly expression on his face, dear Brother Failing, was there. Best of all, God was with us in marvelous power. I took some of the dear colored women in my arms and shouted and cried with them. Oh, the precious blood of Jesus makes all white in soul. Amen!

On Friday night we went to hear Brother Whitcomb preach. He is President of Greenville College, and a man of God. He preached a wonderful sermon. I spent Friday night with my precious Sister Barns. We talked until two o'clock concerning God and His goodness and leadings. Oh, none but God knows what she is to me. She too has suffered and let God break her life.

On Saturday we thought of several places to which we would like to go, but we tried to wait on God for His will. He



gave us a duty to perform right in the parlor of Sister Barns' home, with her unsaved daughter. Oh, what love He gave me for her, as I reasoned with her and warned her. I spent a part of the afternoon with Blanche and Sister Barns. Then I went to my dear unsaved sister's home and took supper with her. Afterward we went to the Home to see our girls, and then to the tent meeting. Brother Whitcomb's text was, "By grace are ye saved." He preached a wonderful sermon, but there were no visible results. I think this was because the Spirit of God was grieved, and His children were not free to obey the Holy Spirit.

On Sunday morning I had a sore foot and did not feel like walking to the tent, so Sister Barns and I stayed at home and then went to the Home for dinner and attended the girls' meeting there, which was fine. Brother Gilmore led the service, and God was there to bless. The message was from Hosea 2:23 and Romans 9:26, concerning the facts that God would extend mercy to her that had not obtained mercy. We asked the Lord to fill the house and beds with girls from the streets.

On Sunday night, at the tent, Brother Whitcomb preached from the text, "It is appointed unto man once to die, and after that the judgment." Several persons were at the altar. My dear little Lillian Wylie went to the altar and claimed to be blessed, but oh, how I wanted her to have clear victory. God gave me a soul to help, a precious young heart in awful bondage of secret sin, earnestly seeking after God but seemingly a constant failure. My Christ is able to break every chain and to give us the victory again and again. I spent last night and most of today at the Home. Our lesson this morning at family worship was the love chapter, 1 Corinthians 13. God came to us and refreshed us. We asked for special help for our Florence's ankle, Lucie's side, Mamie's financial need, Marguerite's need of clothing. Marguerite had lost her clothing in a wreck from which God had saved her. God

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wonderfully answered prayer for the needs of bodies, and we especially asked for a new baptism of love on our souls, which prayer also He answered.

God gave us, in answer to our prayer for more girls, a poor little fifteen-year-old girl whose head was alive with vermin. We loved her, and believe that she will learn to love our Jesus. Amen! I came home this evening to find my precious husband sitting on the back steps, but with no welcome for me. He is a little more tender again, but I still refuse to be satisfied with reformation, which does not last and can never take him through the pearly gates. "Nothing but the blood." "Oh the blood, the blood, is all my plea."

I found at home a letter from my mother and one from Mother Ferguson. Mother Ferguson's letter was such a good one and so precious to me. God alone knows what a blessing she is to me. I am still praying and trusting Jesus. All things are in His hands. Amen! His blood cleanses me now.

*July 18, 1905*

Another day has now gone into eternity, but praise God it has been a very sweet day to my soul. I have been very tired in body, but my soul is on the stretch for glory. I wrote Mother Ferguson and also wrote my mother in the flesh. I then washed and had supper, after which God seemed to say, "Sing." I sat down to the organ and played and sang the songs, "Beautiful Crown," "He's the One," and "Where Jesus Is 'Tis Heaven." I pray for special blessings on the songs for Jesus' sake, as the neighbors were out in their yards—their poor lost souls needing God. I am the Lord's tonight. I love Him so much. Praise His name!

*July 19, 1905*

Well, today I had a precious season with my Father through the name of Jesus and by the power of the Holy Spirit. I ironed and did some sewing. My sister came. She is under



deep conviction. I told her of a woman dying in an attic on a pile of rags, the devils in her room until her life was indeed a hell. May God keep this scene before my sister for Jesus' sake. She became very angry before she left, and cursed me terribly, but through it all I was sweetly kept by the power of God. I am so glad that the "sinner woman" of the Bible was saved through the blood. I expect to go to prayermeeting at the little church tonight, and take with me my little girl and her three playmates, God willing. May His blessings be upon our going for His name's sake. Amen!

We went to the service. Brother Spicer led, reading the wonderful twelfth chapter of Romans. However, he seemed to think it impossible to live in the experience of this chapter. He said, "If we only could live up to that standard." I was so glad that I was acquainted with Him whom to know aright is life eternal. As I gave my testimony, which was mostly the Word of God, telling of His wonderful grace and His power to keep each moment free from sin, I felt that God was indeed speaking to the hearts of the people. Bless His name! May these few prayermeetings be blessed of Him in the creating of a real hunger for the blessings of entire sanctification for Jesus' sake. Amen!

*July 20, 1905*

This has been a busy Thursday. I finished my ironing, sewed some, and read quite a little. I received a letter from my little Rosa Hyman, a little girl in Mt. Vernon, saved from a drunkard's home. Oh may the Lord bless her for Jesus' sake. I received a roll of papers from Mother Fergerson. I enjoyed them so much. Praise God, He never forgets His little children. I waited on God for future plans, and see nothing but the evangelistic field. Lord, lead me in Thy way for Jesus' sake. Just now the words of the motto given me by Sister Barns on or near April 7, 1905, as we were tearing up to come to St. Louis, came to me: "The light shall shine

upon thy ways." I believe Him. Oh I praise God for His opportunities. A Catholic family live at my left. They are a large family. I presume they are depending on the priest to pray them into heaven. I have prayed for them, asking God to give me a chance to give them a message from Him. They keep a store. Yesterday the Lord told me I could take them a little tract, "A brand from the burning," which is an account of the conversion of Sister Lowers' daughter Mabel. My neighbor took the tract. Today I had two of the little boys to cut the grass in the yard. I did not have money to pay them until the return of my husband, which would cause them an extra trip. I had told them this before they began the work, but afterwards I thought perhaps I could get the twenty-five cents in the little store, as it is next door and I do some trading there. So I went to the store and asked the lady for the money, but she refused. This was the first time in my life that I was treated that way. I left the store, telling her it was all right. When I got outside the store she said, "Don't be hurt at me." Then was my opportunity to tell her of the salvation that keeps us ready to meet God at any moment—yes, even without a priest. We have a High Priest. Bless His name! Well, Papa has just finished his supper, and I am finishing the day by writing. Praise God. I want His Spirit to lead me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

*July 22, 1905*

Yesterday, the 21st, was a blessed day. I cleaned the house in the forenoon, and waited on God in the afternoon. Oh, such a wonderful waiting as this was. He came and filled the house with His presence. I asked Him for a promise for me for my trip, and as I waited on my face before Him He said, "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." Oh what a blessed promise this is!

I am all packed up, my trunk has gone, and I expect, if the



Lord wills, to be in our home church tomorrow. Praise His name! O Lord, will you for Jesus' sake get glory out of my life while I am away from home? It pains my heart to leave my husband, but I feel that it best for souls that I go. Night before last I asked him if he cared, or if he thought it best for me to go into the evangelistic field. He gave his permission for me to go. Last night I asked him to let me have the tenth of the money to give to the Lord. He refused, but I still hold the money and wait. O Lord, for Thy wisdom I pray. This has been a day of preparation. I have been—as I want to be when Jesus comes—all ready to go when the time comes. Praise the Lord! My children (the three that play with Fannie every day) think that they cannot give us up. Oh how I praise God for the love of little children. God could not trust me with a family, but as I write the four children sit here just to be near me—or with Jesus, for it is certainly He that they love. Amen! May God bless our going. Lord, to have Thy presence with me is heaven indeed.

*Later*

We arrived in Mt. Vernon at about 6:50. The Lord really came with us and is here tonight. I have seen dear Sister Savage and Nora. I am in Uncle John's home. We had a nice supper and a good buggy ride; but best of all, I have had the opportunity of telling in some ways what Jesus can do for this family. The dear mother and father are taken up with the things of the world. The precious daughter has the love of her new husband, but oh, they do not know personally the One who can take the place of love and money. Bless His name! He is my Jesus. I love Him today. I am expecting to have a great day tomorrow if Jesus tarries.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### ENTERING THE WORK

*July 23, 1905*

How I praise God on this blessed Sunday evening because He has verified His promise to me, "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." I have such soul rest. I went to Sunday school at the Free Methodist church. The lesson was, "The Great Invitation." Brother Johnson preached a good sermon from Acts 10:44. I spent the dinner time with Sister Lawson. Dear Brother and Sister Huff were there, blessed children of God. I attended the holiness meetings at 2:30. Brother Crowder was appointed to lead the meeting, but when I came they would have me lead. I could get no special lesson excepting the lesson of Elijah and his wonderful victories through faith in the living God. We all had a blessed time. One soul sought and claimed the blessing of entire sanctification. One dear sister went away from the altar with her heart still hungry, but somewhere she has failed to yield to God. After service I went to my husband's brother's home, and as I witnessed to the keeping power of God I felt His blessing on each word. Oh that I might be able by His power to make these people see their need of God.

Tonight I went to church. Brother Johnson's text was Revelation 22:17. No souls were saved, but there was great victory. After I came home the young man here began asking questions concerning the kingdom of God. God wonderfully helped His little ignorant child. Now I am asking the Father by His Holy Spirit, the only one who can convict of sin, to help this family. For Aunt Susan, Octavia and Harry all heard the message.



The patience of our God is wonderful. He has especially laid on my heart an old sinful man. A year and a half ago God laid the burden for this soul on my heart, but I failed to get the message to him. I lacked courage to stop him on the street as I met him at different times. This afternoon God caused me to meet him again on the same street, and then said, "Now give him a tract." I did so, and now I ask God to bless the tract. I can only say, "Lord, Thou hast been very patient with me." Amen! And now, after committing all into the hands of the Lord, I go to bed.

*July 28, 1905*

Since I last wrote I have had a blessed visit with dear Mother Burger; it was last Monday morning. Brother and Sister Burger take the place of mother and father indeed to me. I had a visit with Mother and Father Fergerson from Monday until Wednesday. I went to Father Wells' on Wednesday morning and spent two hours there. Truly the ties of grace are stronger than the ties of nature. I came to my mother's on Wednesday evening and found her not at all well.

I had promised God that I would go into His work for souls at the first call; so I was home for only one night before the call came. My mother rebelled at this, but God said to me, "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me." In the midst of awful persecution I kissed my mother good-by and came. Last night I preached from Acts 2:38. Three persons asked for prayers. I do not see how I ever can try to preach as I am so ignorant and such a failure. I am in the home of Ena and Lura. I have written three letters, and must now get my message for this evening. O Lord, come and feed these dissatisfied souls.

*July 31, 1905*

Well, glory be unto our God. On Friday night I preached from Galatians 6:7. God was wonderfully with us and gave

victory, but no souls were saved. On Saturday morning I came to mother's and did her Saturday work, then rode back, making twelve miles in a wagon, but it was for Jesus' sake. It used to make me so sore to ride in a wagon, but now it is for Jesus' sake and He cares for me. On Saturday He sweetly took charge of a wild horse which we had to drive, and made even the owner of the horse—one who does not see God in everything—to see the power of God. Bless His name!

Well, Brother Johnson came back to the meeting on Saturday and preached. Then on Sabbath morning God gave His message through me, the least of His messengers. This was such a blessed Sabbath to my soul. Early in the morning God gave me the seventh chapter of Hebrews. I read it and read it again, not fully understanding why until God fastened my eyes on the twenty-fifth verse, when I knew that that was His message to souls. When Brother Johnson asked me to take charge of the service I felt very weak—as indeed I am—but He is strong. He blessed my soul in preaching and blessed the congregation in hearing.

In the afternoon and evening Brother Johnson preached. Three souls were at the altar in the evening service. God is working in our midst. Bless His name; I have been very busy today. I came to mother's this morning at about ten o'clock. I have made six quarts of jam with the little help that mother could give. I washed for Fannie and myself, picked nearly a bushel of peaches, and then went to see Mrs. Parmley, another dear friend who is like a mother to me. After coming back home I visited a sick woman who, I fear, is not wholly what God would have her to be. As I went into the home and saw at least three souls in need of God my heart went out to Him for help. The sick woman wanted me to sing—a thing which I dislike to do without help, knowing that my voice is a failure unless God by His Holy Spirit fills it. However, I sang "The Pathway to Heaven," and "In



That City." Then I asked her if I might pray. As I lifted my voice to God I felt His presence.

Now I am at home. The children have been kissed and are asleep. Mother is busy, and my poor consumptive brother-in-law is sitting on the porch coughing. He is right on the brink of the grave and of eternity. Oh may God save him for Jesus' sake before he is called hence. He seems unconcerned. Lord, give him concern, is my prayer. I am waiting the call of the Lord to return to the meeting.

"I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord,  
Over mountain or plain or sea.  
I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord;  
I'll be what you want me to be."

Amen!

*August 10, 1905*

Praise God from whom all blessings flow. I know God better than I ever have known Him before. I have waited for the girls to come after me, but they have not come. The people up there have literally been fighting demons in the form of men. Tonight they are having a lawsuit, having arrested some men for disturbing the peace, and perhaps they will be until midnight getting home. They wanted me to come tonight, but I did not feel that it was God's time. However, if they do not get someone to carry on the meeting I shall go tomorrow, God willing. Some have threatened to shoot me in the pulpit if I return; but if He leads me I go, live or die. I am His. Amen!

My mother is feeling ill. My sister is worse. My husband has written me only one letter in nearly three weeks, but I still praise God. He knoweth what things we have need of. Bless His name! To do His will I must go, and as I go I must preach or lose my soul. Lord, help me for Jesus' sake! His blood cleanseth just now.

*August 16, 1905*

Praise God for His sustaining grace. I wrote last when the dear ones were in the lawsuit. The Lord helped them through. They fined the man and set the girl at liberty. I believe at some times it is necessary for us to be definitely in court for preaching the old gospel, but I fail to find any place where Jesus ever tried to defend Himself. I believe Brother Johnson has made a line of mistakes in dealing with people as they deal with each other, instead of turning the other side when he is struck. But they all did the best they could in the place they were in. I believe they were in grace, but the command to us is to be filled with the Spirit. We are responsible for the amount of grace that we have when God has a sufficient supply to keep us sweet in every trial.

I went to the meeting on Saturday night, as the people wanted me to come and preach. Brother Johnson took down the tent, refusing to let us use it for fear the boys would cut it down. Therefore I went there with no one to lean upon but God. Mr. D— had been trying to keep order with his son helping him. Mr. D— was sick and his son was gone. Brother L— did not come. I found none on whom to lean but God. There was no tent to keep the eggs or stones from me, but as I went into the pulpit and kneeled down there came to my soul renewed strength. I felt that with the help of God I could face howling demons. Go stilled the people. The man who was going to shoot me in the pulpit was there, but the crowd was stilled and I had the attention of the people. Praise God, He can do things.

I learned from this meeting that it is useless to try to work unless the workers can get together for at least an hour of real prayer each day. We cannot work without prayer, mighty prevailing prayer. It is God that worketh in us, "both to will and to do of his good pleasure."

On Sunday I went to Brother Lemont's and there had another failure. Because of the lack of prayer there was a



spirit of frivolity on the children. The spirit was grieved. God called me to go apart with Him for all of us, but I failed to obey because the place was strange to me. Satan said that I could pray where I was, and had better not go away alone in a strange home. Being young myself I caught the touch of lightness through neglect of prayer, and I felt that that day and night were surely a failure. At night I went down before the Lord, and oh, how sorry I was that I had failed to get God's best.

Lost souls came into the services, and God gave the chapter, but I was powerless. We sang, prayed and read the Word, but failed to win a soul. On Monday morning we all went down before the Lord, and He came in mighty power and filled our souls.

I came back to mother's house and into suffering last evening. Last night Ena stayed with me, and tonight God sent Hildah, my little girl that I love so much. She stayed with me to do my work before I was sanctified, and was the first soul that God gave me afterwards. She is still suffering, but has not reached God's best for her. She is going through with God. I went to bed tonight, but could not sleep. God called me to the porch to talk with Him in the beautiful moonlight. It is now nearly two a. m. I have finished the day as He told me to do. Now I go to bed trusting Him.

## CHAPTER XIX

### ENTRANCE INTO THE WORK OF GOD

*August 24, 1905*

Glory be unto our God forever and forever. I am at Bonnie Camp. This Thursday night Brother H. C. Morrison is preaching so wonderfully on hell, while I sit here in my cottage with my little girl, just convalescing. Little Naomi Shipley, my niece, is in bed beside me. I am conscious that while the past year has been a failure in the sight of those looking on, to me it has been one long line of battles fought and victories won. Amen to all the orders of the Captain. I came to Bonnie Camp last Friday, the 18th. I was nearly sick when I came, and have been sick while here, but have been doing personal work. God has been using my life. My cottage has been full of people most of the time. Praise His name! The sorrows of the past year have been great, but the blessed grace of God is all sufficient. My name has been cast out as evil. People have said all manner of evil against me falsely for His sake. Yet I am rejoicing and am exceedingly glad, for great is my reward in heaven. Praise His name!

Fannie has been sick for three days, and yesterday Naomi came in with a high fever. I prayed earnestly, asking God to heal if it were His will. After I became willing to stay at home and nurse the sick He came and healed Naomi instantly and took charge of Fannie. She is now improving nicely, having no more fever, and not vomiting or suffering. I am led of God to give her medicine, which I am doing. While doing so I am trusting God. God healed Naomi without medicine that He might show to a little child His power. May the Spirit drive the lesson into her little heart to stay forever.

Tonight God has permitted me to see why He has kept me



in my cottage doing personal work. The reports concerning me were so very terrible that the interest of the people would have been divided. He has been making me a private witness for Him, and will certainly get glory to His name in all ways before He lets me go. I am glad that I accepted this trial and suffering without asking why, for it is working out the "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." I had to be judged first by sinners and then by my church. The people were like the friends of Jesus who could not watch with Him one hour. They were ashamed to give me evangelistic license because of the reproach connected with my name. I am trusting Jesus to use their mistakes to teach and bless them.

All through this day I have been giving testimony to the saving and keeping grace of God. Bless His name! Two sisters were here after church, and then I went to the tabernacle to try to help Sister Spencer. God gave her a hungering and thirsting after righteousness, causing her to cry out for His help while I witnessed to His saving power. While I was with her Sister Eyer's little Opal was saved and came to tell me about it. I was already shouting the victory, and the blessing was increased when I saw her shining face. The day ends with complete victory over the world, the flesh and the Devil. Amen!

*August 25, 1905*

Victory through the blood! Amen! Fannie is still sick, but has been feeling well enough that I have been able to leave her and attend three services, while I left her in good hands. Brother Harney is so sick that he has made his will and written (or had written) his requests, and has left the grounds with Mother Ferguson by his side. I received such a nice, kind letter from Papa. I sent for the doctor in order that I might know what to do about taking Fannie home, but I feel that I shall stay here until Monday. Many

are sick with an epidemic of bowel trouble which God is letting come for some purpose. May God help us not to fail to get His best out of this affliction, of which I am getting my part. Bless His name! I ask nothing better or higher than to walk with my God.

*August 29, 1905*

I am now at home in East St. Louis. I left the camp grounds Saturday night, coming by way of Mt. Vernon. God was wonderfully with me and helped me. I stayed at mother's until Monday, and then came home. I brought Aunt Mary with me. She certainly is a God-given friend. I expect to go soon to Sister Humphrey's to help in the work of the Lord. Praise His name! I received a letter from Pauline Henderman, and also one from dear Emma Kolb for which I thank God. I am still feeling bad physically, but rejoicing in spirit. Amen! I am all His whether sick or well.

*September 8, 1905*

Well, glory! We are in the battle at Lauder, Illinois. I came on the fourth of September, and have seen about fifty at the altar so far. God is stirring the town. Bless His name! Sister Humphrey is being used of God in a wonderful way. He is proving Himself mighty to save and strong to deliver.

*September 12, 1905*

Amen and amen! I have been here at Lauder for one week. The pastor of the church has been sanctified. Nearly one hundred have been at the altar, many of whom have been justified and sanctified. Souls have been praying through at home, on the road and at church. We are staying in Brother Hinchcliff's home, enjoying their hospitality. The text last night was Acts 2:38, the subject, Repentance. Nineteen persons came to the altar, and nine or ten of them were blessed. Praise His name! It pays to go through with Him. The



things that were gain to me I count but loss that I may gain the great treasure. Bless His name!

*September 15, 1905*

I am still at Lauder and in Brother Hinchcliff's home. I am preaching every night and suffering from sickness every day. I have some symptoms of typhoid fever; but, amen! His will be done. About sixty-five souls have been definitely blessed: justified or sanctified. Old quarrels have been fixed up and family altars have been erected. The people are breaking my heart with kindness. They love me much, but God is helping me to preach the truth to them regardless of their feelings. Praise His name, I am His.

*September 22, 1905*

Praise God from whom all blessings flow. I am still at Lauder. I have seen nearly eighty souls justified and sanctified during this meeting, and many others have been helped. Confessions have been made; God has been honored. God has used His little child here. I am so glad that I am all His. I have been tested with sickness, but have had to miss only one night of service. I have preached every night for nearly three weeks.

My mother is now sick and has sent for me, but I went to God and have received His command: "Turn neither to the right hand nor to the left." Let the dead bury their dead." It seemed hard to refuse to go to her when I have always gone in response to her need. However, I have put her completely into the hands of God. She must lean on Him. We are expecting great victory tonight and Sunday. We expect to close the meeting tomorrow night, God willing. These are the most blessed days of my life—spent in this dear home and living for Jesus. Bless His dear name! This is a hosanna experience, but we are ready for the crown of thorns.

*October 11, 1905*

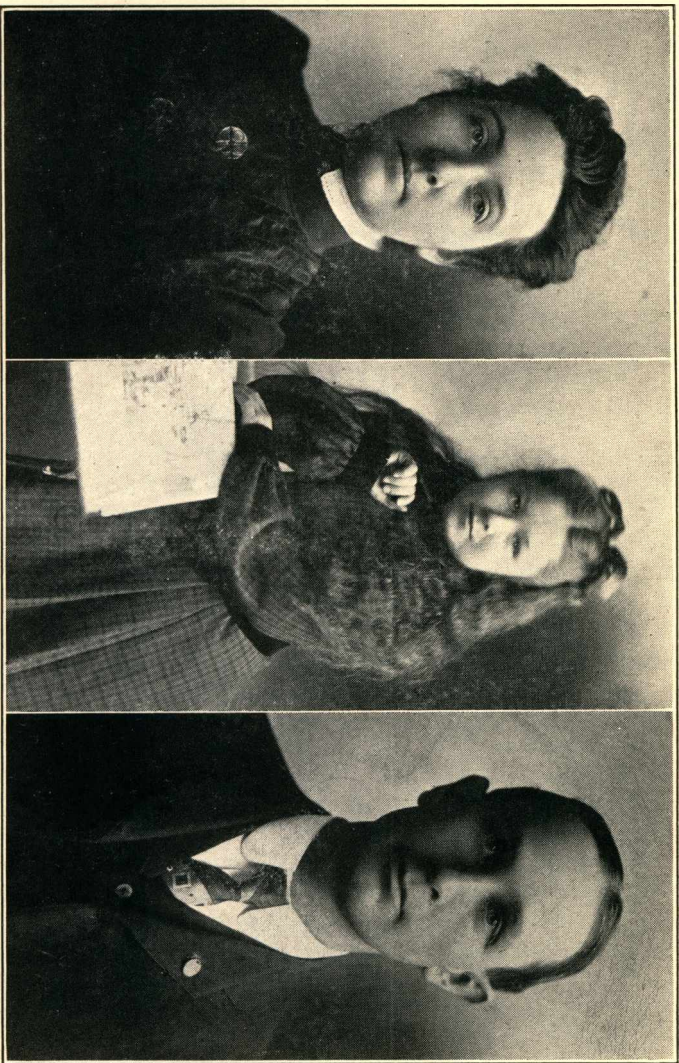
Amen and amen! I was called to my mother's sick bed two weeks ago last Wednesday. Today my sister was there, like one possessed with demons. God gave me grace to sit still and listen while she told terrible things on me. He did not permit me to explain or to say that these accusations were false. I prayed, "If I am not as wax molded, please make the fire so hot that I shall melt completely and run into this mold." I floundered for a time in the fire, as things do before they are dead, but after death I burned all right.

On Monday I was pressed in spirit to come home, though mother was begging me to stay. I left her, not knowing why I came home; but when I arrived I found my husband ready for the separation which he has so long desired. We had \$378 in money. He let me have \$100 and the furniture. I have my little thirteen year old girl and God. If He be for us who can be against us? Tomorrow I expect to go to Carterville, Illinois, to help in a meeting, if my mother's condition is no worse, and unless God directs differently. Our home will be torn up by the twenty-eighth of this month. I belong to God. Praise His name! The things that were gain to me I count but loss for His name's sake and for souls.

*November 8, 1905*

Praise His name for this day. The last time I wrote I was in East St. Louis, and I wrote with a broken heart. But God's ways are right. I came to Carterville, as I expected to do, and preached for one week; then I was called to my mother's side, where I remained caring for her for one week. She improved physically, so I returned to Carterville, where I found that in my absence they had organized a church and elected me pastor. God said I must come, so I preached for a few days more and closed the meeting in a blaze of victory, then went to St. Louis, packed my things, suffered the will of God to be done, then left for this place with the blessing of the





THE HAPPY ~~LITTLE~~ FAMILY THAT WAS WRECKED BY SIN, EDNA WELLS, D. H. WELLS,  
AND FANNIE MARIA WELLS, THE ADOPTED CHILD

Berachah upon me and upon my labors. God gave me a precious gift for this southern Illinois people.

Lura is with us and we have a nice little cottage where she, Fannie and I are happily situated. We had a very blessed prayer and business meeting here on Monday night. I have no salary, but live by the faith of the Son of God. He supplies every need. On last Sunday I went to Marion to the quarterly meeting, and preached Saturday night. On Sunday afternoon I held a rescue service and received orders for thirty-seven books. God wonderfully gave me the heart of the people. I received calls for meetings to a number of places, but am waiting on God. We are expecting to build a new church, but until that is done I may go to a few of the places for meetings, God willing.

Last night I preached at Lauder. I expect to do so each Tuesday night as long as I can. We had a wonderful time there. The dear ones are going on in a marvelous way. God is still saving souls. Lura and Fannie are in bed, where I also must go, committing all to His tender care. He says, "Thy Maker is thy husband." Yes, "Blessed Bridegroom of my soul." Wonderful! Wonderful Jesus, the fairest among ten thousand, the one altogether lovely, I love Thee. Thou art indeed my all in all tonight. It pays to let all go for Jesus.

*December 15, 1905*

Praise the Lord for these last three weeks. I went to Herrin, where I preached for one week, after which twenty-five stood up wanting a Free Baptist church organized there. I was called to my mother and went for a few days, Sister Humphreys continuing the meeting. I brought mother home with me on Saturday. She is getting better physically, but only as she confesses her sins and prays through is it possible to get her quieted. I know of only one source of help, and that is God. I know that I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me. Lura is still here. Florence is here as my



housekeeper. Little Naomi, Fannie, mother and I are here, besides other dear heart-broken souls whom He brings in. After seven weeks I can say that He does supply all our needs according to His riches in glory.

I have seen my precious sister powerfully saved. She is sitting in her chair with the awful disease of dropsy. I am glad that God gave me His faith so that I could indeed remove mountains of sin for my precious sister. She has been one of the vilest of fallen women, but God, in answer to prayer, has let her go to the very gates of hell, and then has drawn her back. She has yielded all to Him. As I see her in the Berachah Home—the place that she hated so much but the place in which later she was saved—and as I see her preaching of Jesus and His salvation, I feel that it pays to go through with Jesus that we may have faith in God.

My dear old mother has had a profession, but has possessed no spiritual life. She is getting to God, and I know that my dear sinful husband is coming. Praise the name of the Lord! Since God permitted my home and all that I had to go, I have seen multitudes of souls getting to God. I love my husband so much that at times I feel that taking the way with God has cost me much, but God is showing me the souls that He has already given and those whom He is giving me. I am receiving call after call to preach the Word. Souls are starving for the old-time gospel which tells of a hell and a judgment, and of the inheritance of the saints in light.

Glory to God, I am all His on this fifteenth day of December. Christmas is coming in a little over a week. I have no money for Christmas gifts, but I have the greatest gift that God has given to the lost world, which is Jesus, the Christ of Calvary (John 3:16). Amen and amen! I have a little flock at Herrin where I expect to preach tonight and every two weeks until the Lord changes this plan. God's promise is that if we leave all for Him we shall have a hundredfold in this life, and in the world to come life everlasting. This

promise He is fulfilling to me. He seems to be taking my sister, but He has given me my dear Bessie Barns. He is taking my mother, but has given me dear mothers Barns, Fergerson, Burger and many others. He refused to give me children of the flesh, but is giving me many spiritual children. He took husband, but says in Isaiah 54:5, "Thy Maker is thine husband." He took my nice little cottage home, but says that He has gone to prepare for me a mansion. Also He has given me many good homes here. Bless His name!



## CHAPTER XX

### HUSBAND SAVED

*January 19, 1906*

There hath not failed one word of all His good promises. Bless His name! I am now at Mother Ferguson's. After six weeks of caring for my mother I was led of God to take her to her home again. I am trusting God to come into her heart and give her peace. My sister went to heaven January 4, 1906. Her life, her going and her funeral were wonderful. Souls are being blessed through it all. She is dead, yet she speaketh. Praise His name! I am now facing the hospital and an operation, and even death. But I find that there is no fear in love, for perfect love casteth out fear. What time I am (or would be) afraid I will trust in Him. I find Him a very present help in time of trouble.

My dear husband, after trying in every way that he knew to find satisfaction, came home to us last Saturday night in despair and prayed through to salvation. Does the way seem dark and dreary? God will answer prayer. I have proved Him.

I am expecting to go this afternoon to the First Methodist Episcopal church, and then to the United Brethren church this evening. I expect to go home tomorrow, to St. Louis on Monday, to the hospital on Wednesday, and to heaven when God sees that I have been down here long enough. Amen and amen!

*January 27, 1906*

I am at the Deaconess Hospital, being fed six times a day for ten days to get my heart strong enough for the operation.

I came here Thursday the 25th. God has most wonderfully provided for His own little unworthy child. I am greatly blessed here. I have a little roommate, Emma Stretcher, twenty-two years of age. I asked God to give me just the one that I needed, and now I am asking God to save her. She is so sweet. My heart is overflowing tonight with His love. I am still in the fire, but He says,

"When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
My grace all sufficient shall be thy supply.  
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design  
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine."

I expect to go near to the gates of death in the operation which will be performed next week for His glory. He says that I shall not perish by the sword or the knife. Amen! My dear husband is on the verge of preaching. I trust that he will be doing so before long. I close at this time, resting in Him who says, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

*January 28, 1906*

Oh blessed Sabbath day spent in bed in the hospital. This has been the best day of my life, for I know Him better than ever before. I trust Him more. Mildred, Imogene and Sister Reed have been in to see me. Also I have had the privilege of testifying at a league meeting through a dear girl who called here today and asked me to send a message. I could say that I find Him a very present help in trouble, and that it pays to serve Him at any cost. Bless His name! I have just asked Jesus to get glory to Himself tonight in blessing His children and workers in saving souls. Amen!

*March 1, 1906*

February has gone into eternity. I have gone through the operation—under the knife for two and a half hours. Satan was able to disturb me only a few times when he dared to tell me that I was out of the will of the Lord. As I was



losing consciousness from the ether he came with his dark wing and tried to discourage me. However, I was enabled to turn all over to God. When I awoke I was in my room with the nurses standing over me, and I was thanking God that He had brought me through. My friends and my husband thought it was God's will to heal me without an operation; but I saw the way of the knife and accepted it as from His loving hand.

I was in the hospital for three weeks and three days, and came to Mother Barns' on Tuesday, February 20th, where I have been improving physically and waiting on God. I had expected to go home to my dear ones next Saturday, but the Lord has revealed His will for me to wait until next week, though I feel like shedding tears over the prolonged separation. I have been away from my little girl longer than I ever had been at one time before—five weeks last Monday.

Today I failed to let God do His best. I am here without enough money to take me home, and instead of waiting on God and telling Him alone I wrote to my husband that I had no money, and telling him that if he felt like doing so he might send it to me. This morning when I received the money I felt that I had displeased the Lord, so under the direction of God I sent it back to him with much love, confessing my mistake. Now I am in a place to trust the Lord and to see Him work. I praise Him for His goodness to me. He has supplied every need, giving me the operation with several hundreds of dollars paid by unknown persons without my asking anyone for help thus far, and I shall trust Him to the end. Amen!

*March 22, 1906*

I came home two weeks ago tonight. I had many tests in St. Louis, and failed in patience and thankfulness at each place, and was so anxious to get home, thinking it would be easier for me; but God was trying to give me more of His grace. When I got home I found things in a sad condition—



my people and my family needing help. And I was unable either physically or spiritually to help them. At the hospital, and at each place where I had been while away, I had an abundance to eat, and yet at each place I had found a spirit of dissatisfaction. Now the Lord has in His love and care for my soul let us come down to the place where we have very little in comparison to what we have been used to having. I find Him settling me into Himself more and more. I am trusting Him more and getting more out of this salvation than ever before. He knoweth the way that I take. I have many calls to hold meetings and to pastor churches, but I have no strength for the work. This day finds me settled to go through with God at any cost; perplexed but not cast down, dying daily, as Paul says. My heart aches, but He is the Healer divine. Bless His name!

Surely when the dear Lord has so wonderfully answered prayer in the salvation of my husband, He will take us through. To think that after I had been pushed out of home, and he had taken the poor little woman right into the house with him, my Father in heaven would not let him have any peace. So he stayed with her for only about two weeks. Then when I was to go to death's door in the operation, God brought him out to us. And though he did not seem to know where he was going, or what he was going to do, God caused him to stay awake all night and convicted him until he prayed through to God.

All that is wonderful, but no more so than the way God can sanctify and keep a soul as He has kept me through all the suffering He has had to take me through. For I can say to His glory that I have not once had a feeling of anything but love for the poor little woman that Satan used to give me such heart aches. I took her in my arms and pointed her to Jesus. And even when she told me that I was a good woman, and that it was all right for me to pray, but that she would have my husband, I felt no stirring. Nothing but



love, love, love. Glory to God, we do not have to just act sanctified, but can really have it; and it works.

I did not think when I told my precious husband (as he pushed little Fannie and me out of his life) that when he had gone to the bottom, and had neither money, friends nor health, he should come to me and I would pick him up, that he would come so soon. But God's ways are higher than ours; and he did not wait until all was gone, thank God!

I think of the way my human love used to fail. And though human love will compromise to please those whom we love, yet it fails so often when we see their faults. But divine love never faileth (1 Cor. 13:8). Oh, glory to God for the impartation of divine love! I found that it was such a pleasure to me to do for him that I wanted to get up at an early hour and make biscuits for him the morning he thought he was going away. And when he asked me to forgive him I somehow felt that though the sins he had committed were so awful, yet they were only against God, and that I had nothing to forgive. Oh, this grace wherein we stand is wonderful. Without it I might have committed some awful crime as I went through those trials. But He has kept that which I committed unto Him.

Now I do want to see my husband get sanctified, as that is the only way he will ever be able to stand.

## CHAPTER XXI

### OTHER TESTINGS

My testimony today of the goodness of God during the twenty years since the diary was written:

At that time with an invalid mother, husband saved only a few weeks coming up to the light of holiness very often and each time rebelling against giving up his practice of law; a baby church organized and then left for seven weeks without a teacher or preacher while I was in the hospital; an adopted daughter; a little orphan niece to look after; and a body so weakened by the operation that I was unable to do anything; no stipulated salary; trusting God every step of the way—my heart overflows with joy to know that He has proved that *He faileth not*. After I had been tested with living troubles and thrust out into the world alone and learning to trust God as the one who was to supply all my needs, then the Lord tested me with other trials.

In 1908 it was my privilege to attend the Bonnie (Illinois) Campmeeting—the camp where I had been on the committee and had attended for nine consecutive years—in this year to attend it with my husband and twenty-one of my spiritual children from Carterville. It was a great pleasure for me to attend it this year under such circumstances, for the last time that I had been there before I was misunderstood, and even my experience was doubted because of the false reports which had been circulated while I was going through the crucial time. Up to this later occasion my husband never had manifested any desire for holiness; and even in that meeting, when I went to him one night (a thing which I seldom did in public) and asked him to seek to be sanctified, telling him he was



standing in the way of men of the church who loved him, and warning him that he would backslide if he did not go on; he turned to me saying, "You help me to backslide all you can." I said, "No, dear, I am only trying to help you closer to God."

The following day I was asked to preach, and God gave me the text. I gave the message. At its close husband lifted his hand high for the prayers of the people that he might be sanctified. He had said that he was not going to the service that afternoon; he was so under conviction that things seemed very dry to him; so I did not cross him when he said that he was going upstairs to sleep, but gathered my people together for a special season of prayer. God answered. The following day he was sanctified wholly.

Then in the November following our little adopted daughter, who was her father's pet, became ill with what the doctor thought was malarial fever, but which soon developed into a bad case of typhoid. For thirty-two days we nursed her, hoping she would be spared to us. She had been saved when she was five years of age. Most of the time from that day on she had lived a Christian life, never having been away from God more than a few days at a time. On the twenty-second day of her illness she was mightily baptized with the Holy Ghost. Doctors said that she could not live for more than six hours, but God kept her with us for ten days, singing and shouting, praying and testifying to the grace of God. It was wonderful. Heaven seemed to fill the room. Skeptical doctors were made to weep and leave the room, for they could not stand the presence of God as manifested in her.

On December 31, 1908, she slipped away to be with Jesus, thus breaking her father's heart and causing her mother to feel for a little while as though there was nothing to live for. This child had stood by us through all of our trials. She had fasted with me for my husband's salvation. She had loved me constantly and said, "I want to be just like you." During all the days of her suffering, as I would pass through the room



she would say, "O Mamma, I love you so good." But soon after death, with my face buried in the carpet, as I prayed to God and told Him that I never could go any farther without her, He seemed to ask me, "If she had been drowning with others, and you had failed to be able to save her, would you let all the other girls go down because yours could not be saved?" I raised myself from the place of weeping and went forth to be a blessing to other girls, and opened my heart and home to them as God led. After this trial the little grave out in the cemetery was made a great blessing to my husband. Many times when things were pulling hard, after he was sanctified, he would become discouraged; and then a walk to the cemetery and a prayer over the grave. A stronger resolution to go through would enter his heart, and he would take up life's battles and burdens and go on.

The next direct trial that entered my life was the giving up of my precious mother. She had been a strong woman physically until seventy years old, at which time she fell under a stroke of apoplexy brought on by resisting God and carrying her own burdens and worrying over her troubles. I had had her in my home for more than two years. I had been unable to get alone and pray until the wee hours of the morning, after she was asleep, as she would stand at my door and cry and tell me that I loved others more than I did her, and would not let me have a moment of quiet. I would hold her in my arms and love her as one would a child, but nothing comforted her. I determined that she never should know a want that I could supply, but all this failed to make her happy because of her physical condition.

She tried to crowd into those three years or less the prayers that she should have been praying during a lifetime. Many times a day I would find her on her knees before God, crying to Him for help. She confessed many things that had taken place in her life of pride. One time, after I had tucked her in bed for her afternoon nap, and she had failed to go to



sleep, she came out of the room telling me she had a confession to make. And what do you suppose it was? That forty years before, when my father had fallen into the drink habit and had wrecked his life and needed God, he had received a letter from Mrs. Fergerson, the mother of E. A. Fergerson, in which she urged him to get to God. He went alone and prayed; and as mother said now, she knew that he was saved. He shouted and shouted, but she, being proud and formal, did not understand him, reproved him, and told him that people would think him crazy if they should hear him as they passed along the street. She said at this time—looking back forty years—that no doubt had she known God and how to help him he might have stayed saved from that time on. I then began to understand something of why my warm-hearted, affectionate father fell from his steadfastness and lived many years a sinner.

After months of caring for my mother—my nerves being completely torn up with the weight of the church, my family and my mother—the doctors advised that she be placed in a hospital for treatment, thinking that to get her among strangers and where she would have to get the right kind of treatment, she might improve. I followed the advice of the doctors and placed her in the hospital at Anna, Ill. I visited her every two weeks, doing everything I could for her, but to no avail. She grew worse physically. On May 31, 1909, after having been at home for four weeks, she left me. While her mental condition (not insanity but melancholy) kept her from enjoying the presence of God as she might otherwise have done, yet she fully met the conditions that God laid down, and many times enjoyed His presence and felt that He had accepted her. While it was as by fire, we feel sure that our precious mother is now in heaven. We remember very clearly one time when she said, "I would give everything in this world if I had the experience that you have." Then she thought of the many times she had said that she would be lost

before she would have sanctification, and said what I would not have dared to say to her: "You have heard me say many times that I would not have it." I answered her, "Yes, mother," Then she said, "I see what it has done for you." Thank God it is possible for us to live lives which cause those who oppose us to see, believe and declare that which we have received.



## CHAPTER XXII

### HUSBAND ENTERS THE MINISTRY BUT EXCHANGES THE CROSS FOR THE CROWN

After my husband was sanctified I resigned the pastorate of the little church at Carterville, and they elected him pastor. I was his assistant, and while out in evangelistic work most of the time, I often ran in so as not to neglect my family, and always preached for him when I was in. He became a very wonderful preacher, preaching the old-time rugged gospel, and standing for holiness even in his denomination that would not teach it clearly. He was pastor of Percy and Walnut Grove churches, then of Carterville, and re-elected in August, 1909. This church had grown from the small number of thirty-three to 144 in membership. They had a church building, and while husband was pastor that last year they built a seven-room parsonage, of which he was very proud and thankful.

I had not wanted to be a preacher; and when I saw him growing in grace and power and in favor with God and man, I thought surely my days of preaching would soon be over, especially as he was so strong in every way. He was dead to the world with its applause and money. While he had always made money in his practice of law and in his official positions, it had cost us everything to get into the will of God. But even in face of the fact that many times we did not have money to get the necessary things, he never asked his church what they would pay him. He never had a stipulated salary, and I have known him to refuse to go past the home of the treasurer, which was the custom, saying that he wanted to be sure he was dead to money.

With all these beautiful things, one would think that surely he would live many years. And on his fortieth birthday, in a prayermeeting in our home, he testified that as it had cost his loved ones so much to bring him to Christ he expected to stand and preach the gospel when he was eighty years of age. How I hoped this would be true.

God had blessed us in His work, both pastorate and evangelistic. We held special meetings together in the Light House Mission in St. Louis, and in Nashville, Tenn., and in some other places. But he was strictly a pastor, feeling that that was the greatest thing God could call anyone to do. His life was wonderful. I would have trusted him anywhere. He practiced law very little after he was saved, refusing many cases because he thought the cause was not righteous. Many times when people came to him to get a divorce he talked with them faithfully and brought them to see that it was better for them to go back and live together instead of tearing up the home. After working very hard through the summer, helping to build the parsonage, he began to fail in health, and in September he took his bed with what proved to be typhoid fever.

I was billed for a lecture on orphanage work in Nashville, Tenn., on the next Tuesday, and he was to have attended the Annual Conference of the Free Baptist Church at Tamaroa, Ill. Plans had to be changed, for he was a sick man. He urged me to go to Nashville, Tenn., saying that I would be gone for only a few days, and he would be all right. But no, not I; for as I told him, I might be mistaken in my call to go there, but never in my call to care for him when he was sick. I remember very distinctly when the doctor pronounced it typhoid fever Papa said to me, "Mamma, folks die with typhoid fever." I said, "Yes dear, sometimes, but not always." He said, "Well, bury me by little Fannie." We had bought a half lot in the cemetery when our little girl died, not buying a whole lot for two reasons: we had not the



money to spare, and we did not think we would need it while there. But he wanted to be buried by her in that half lot.

On Sunday night, the day before he took his bed, he said, "I want to see my people when they are gathered in the church." I insisted that he do not get up but stay off his feet. But God seemed to whisper to me and say, "If he does not see them tonight he never will see them." For three or four weeks I had carried a burden that I could not understand. Even while working and moving into the new parsonage it seemed that the burden grew heavier. I knew of no reason why I should have it, and often wondered what it could mean. But when I saw my dear one sick it increased, and as the Lord spoke to me I felt sure that I was going to have to give him up. The doctors thought that I could not nurse him through a siege of typhoid fever in my condition of health but I begged that I be allowed to do it, and was given the privilege.

I stood over him for thirty-two days, never going to bed but one time, and then for only five minutes. I could not rest away from him. What rest I got was by lying on a couch in the dining room, where I could get up when needed. Oh those long nights and days! But the Lord gave me some very dear friends during that time, who are still friends after these years: Brother and Sister Steele, of Carterville, and many others.

I went according to directions, bathing, feeding, and working to the best of my ability, and trying to get faith to believe that he would recover. But God did not inspire it, for He was going to take him. At the end of twenty days the doctors said he was out of danger, and would be able to be up in a few days. But that did not lift the load. The burden was still there. And when he began to absorb the poison from his own system, and his temperature began to run up and the attending physicians looked grave but still held out hope, I had none; for the muscles of my heart kept tightening and

the burden grew heavier every step of the way. In the midst of all the suffering and agony of soul God started the graphophone of my soul to playing the old song, "God will take care of you." While I could not sing it with my lips it was played over and over again in my heart.

Finally on the twenty-eighth day of his illness the case was discouraging. Medicine had no effect. On the morning of the twenty-eighth day the doctors said he was better, but still my heart said "No." In the evening the doctor came, noted the case, took me to another room and said, "If there is not a change in another hour he is gone." The change came, but it was for the worse; and for four days it took from four to six men to hold him on the bed, dying with convulsions from black typhoid fever.

On the thirty-second day of his illness, at 5:10 p. m., he left me alone in this world, a widow without father, mother, brother, sister or child—not even an uncle or an aunt; and, of course, without money to pay the four doctors and the funeral bills. No insurance, and no friend who was under the least obligation to help with the needs at that time. But I had a great God who had said, "I am a father to the fatherless and the widow's God." I did not leave the room one time for the last ten hours of my husband's life. But when I did leave it I left feeling that I never could look on his precious face again. I had done my best. I had hoped against hope, but he was gone. The undertaker, who had visited my home three times in twenty-two months, putting under the ground three of the dearest of earth to me, said to the folks, "I cannot see Mrs. Wells. I cannot go into the room where she is with this great sorrow after what she has gone through." But it had to be done. And with a great "Why" in my heart I entered into the preparation for the funeral. I loved the Lord. I had fasted and prayed until things had come to pass. Oh, I had waded through so much sorrow that had come to me. But this was the test of my



faith: "Why did God take this husband for whom I had prayed so many years? Why did He thus leave me alone to fight life's battles? Why had He left me, who seemed so unable to preach the gospel, and who did not want to preach? Why had He taken him who loved the ministry, and was able and glad to do the work?"

I could not retire that night, but took my place on the couch in the dining room. In my grief I dropped off to sleep, worn and tired. About midnight I was awakened by a conversation going on between two of the watchers. One was a backslider, the son of a preacher, who had refused to walk with God until he had become almost a skeptic. The other professed to be a Christian, but his chief interest was in the lodge. He was trying to get this backslider to join the lodge, and telling him the advantages of having someone to bury him and to take care of him.

God spoke to me, "Testify for me. Tell them what I have done for you without the lodge." As I arose from that couch and gave testimony to the glory of God and His faithfulness, the glory filled the house and flooded my soul. People who were sleeping upstairs were awakened, and testified afterward that they slept no more that night because of the presence of God in the home, it was so real. I had fought another battle and gained another victory. I could go to my husband's body and caress it and feel no question in my heart as to the will of God and His work.

That was on the 27th day of October, 1909. Two days later we had his funeral in the little church of which he had been pastor. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity, and about as many were on the outside. The funeral was one of glory—not so much like a funeral as like a revival. The crowd was so great that it took forty-five minutes for them to pass around the casket, going four and five abreast. It was said to be the largest funeral in that little city up to that time.



We laid him away, and I came through the gate of the cemetery to face the world alone. When I went to the banker, who was a member of our church and had charge of the buying, to ask him what the bill was at a certain place, he said, "Let that alone. We will take care of the bill." I said, "No, when my little girl died husband paid the bill. When my mother died I had saved enough money of hers to put her away, and now I shall pay my husband's bill; and the only way you can help me is to give in the offerings as the Lord shall lead you." I want to say to the glory of God that in less than two weeks every bill was met and God was glorified. Again I say, *He faileth not.*

Before my husband was laid away the little church came and asked me if I would again take the pastorate. I hoped I never would have to be pastor again, but how could I refuse when they were my spiritual children, the little church that my husband loved so much? He had prayed and shouted himself out to meet Jesus. Now I was to take up the burden and go on. We called Rev. H. L. Powers, of University Place, Nebr., for a meeting. I shall never forget that great meeting. It ran for two weeks, a hard pull, the hardest we ever had in that little church. But during a prayermeeting in the parsonage on Sunday afternoon, the closing day of the meeting, the Holy Ghost fell on about thirty young people. I never have witnessed anything to compare with it. Brother Powers said that in thirty-eight years of ministry he never had seen anything like it. One little girl jumped to her feet and began shouting, and with that every other one that was right with God began to praise Him. There was every kind of demonstration that was to the glory of God. Sinners fell under conviction until nine were converted in that house that afternoon.

From the child of ten years to persons of mature years were to be heard the shouts of victory. I watched very carefully until I felt sure that it was none other than the power of God;



for while the house was crowded with about thirty young people, nothing disorderly went on. Young men and women met and passed each other with shouts of victory. Brothers and sisters met and recognized each other and fell into one another's arms and brothers with brothers and sisters with sisters. But like all work of the Holy Ghost nothing occurred to cause one to doubt that it was He. I said in my heart, "I wish we could get this power over in the church." Just then one of the eldest of the girls came into the house with her hands raised and the tears streaming down her face and said, "I feel that we ought to go to the church." They had been shouting then for more than two hours. They had forgotten their suppers. They had forgotten to comb their hair or to look into a mirror or to powder their faces. They had no time to think of their personal appearance.

I entered the church. The young people were all over the church, shouting the praises of God. A number were at the altar praying through. Thus it continued for hours. The only change we had had that night was to take up an offering for the evangelist and to talk for about ten minutes, when the evangelist refused to take charge of the service, opening the altar. It filled until twenty-five souls prayed through to God. The house was crowded and packed. The people never had seen it on this wise before—neither had I.

Though the evangelist was leaving at an early hour on Monday morning, I felt that the meeting must continue. So I announced services for the next night and told the boys and girls, most of whom were in school, to come to the parsonage at four the next afternoon and we would have another prayer-meeting. When they came—and there were so many that they could not be seated on chairs but sat on the carpet, looking into my face and waiting for the message—I told them that we must not expect God to come in the same way every time, and must not get our eyes upon the manifestation, but upon God.

We went to prayer and again the Holy Ghost fell on us. We prayed for four hours and entered the church under the power of the Holy Ghost. That night twenty souls swept through to victory. For several nights we had meetings, each one being a night of victory; and from that meeting we started Bible readings twice a week with these young people. They were very happy in their new-found joy, and so enthusiastic and zealous for souls that they seemed almost irresistible. During the day they spotted souls for whom they would pray until God would bring them and save them.

The work continued thus until some who had stood out against holiness became hardened. And the next year, when we called Brother Bud Robinson to hold our winter meeting, it seemed that a great gulf was between those who believed in the old-fashioned way and those who refused to pay the price. Brother Robinson was a great blessing to Carterville, and did his best. About sixty prayed through in that meeting, but it was hard pulling because of the division in heart. The people were not together. We began to see very clearly that if we were going to have a holiness church we would have to have the backing of a denomination that stood for that blessed doctrine.

We were tired and worn out with the many burdens and losses we had had in the five years of work in that place, and we wanted to be free for the evangelistic field. Yet there was no one in that denomination on whom we could call to pastor a holiness church. They had given us every honor that could be given by any denomination. They had pushed us to the front and sought our services and opinions on all lines. They had complimented us on having the best church in the district, but they failed to recognize that that was because of the truth of holiness being preached there.

At the time of my husband's last illness the annual meeting of the Free Baptist Church, in session at Tamaroa, took a definite stand against the blessed doctrine of sanctification as



a baptism of the Holy Ghost cleansing the heart from sin. In the very last days of my husband's illness, when one of the leading preachers visited us, we asked him what special things had been done in that meeting. He answered that they had voted to discourage all the young preachers who were preaching holiness as we preached it. They were willing that they should preach it as a baptism of power for service, but not as a cleansing. They were willing that we should talk about a suppression, but unwilling that we should talk about the crucifixion of the old man.

We asked him then what he was going to do with the ordained ministers who thus preached holiness, husband and I being in that class. He said that they were to discourage them also. When we asked what they meant by discouragement he said, "To take the credentials from them and silence them." In a low tone, so that my husband would not hear it and be disturbed by it, but firmly, I told him that if he wanted our credentials he could have them without waiting a year as he had planned; for God had beat him to us with a message, and we would preach holiness or die. We proceeded to do it uncompromisingly. They never asked us for our credentials, but we saw that if we were going to have any liberty to build up a work that could and would be cared for we must move. Husband, before his death, had been reading the Manual of the Church of the Nazarene, and had said that if the time ever came when the Free Baptists took their stand against holiness, that would be the church of his choice.

We began corresponding with the late Rev. T. H. Agnew, District Superintendent of the Chicago Central District, and asked him to visit us and Carterville and look over the field and see what he thought about taking us in. We had 144 members in our little church. About forty of them were in question, some having openly sinned against God and others not moving on as they should. Some of them should have been dropped from the church, but we refused to do it until



we voted as to whether or not we should go into the Church of the Nazarene.

Brother Agnew came, and God surely sent the right man at the right time, for when the people heard us talking about a Nazarene church they confused the word Nazarene with "Nazarite," and told that the women would never do up their hair again, and that the men would never again have a shave or a hair cut. But God, who knew these things, sent Brother Agnew to us, immaculate in appearance, and, as we all know, a very wonderful man. His coming to our home was a blessing, for when he walked into the hall and hung up his hat on the rack and stepped into the parlor he said, "Let us pray." That was new to us. We never had been thrown with ministers who were deeply spiritual like that. It was certainly a blessing. He prayed earnestly that God would lead us by His Spirit, and that in that little city there might be a church of the Nazarene if it was in the will of the Lord. We had our meeting of the church.

They loved holiness, and begged that we organize a church of the women even if the men could not come in, as they thought, on account of the Miners' Union, and they would pray and pay. The non-holiness people did not want us to organize a church. And even though they were unwilling to pay the price for personal holiness they had been willing for years to help support a directly holiness church and pastor. They still loved me, and said that they never would vote against me as pastor as long as I would stay with them. But I felt that I must leave them for the evangelistic field.

I did not try to tell Brother Agnew what our work was or what we had been able to accomplish, but called a man who was a Presbyterian, Mr. Ed. Elles, a man who had thought for years that he was a Christian but had been really saved through our ministry in this little town. He was a business man of great ability, president of the Elles Sore Company of



Southern Illinois. We had Brother Agnew take him into a room alone and inquire of him concerning the work.

After deliberation and prayer we were organized with seventy-six members. The Free 1 Baptist church, with which we had been connected, refused to give us anything at all. We who now withdrew from them had, of course, paid the greater part of the money on the building and parsonage; but it meant for us to go without anything or have a lawsuit. The former we did, for the latter we would not do. We had our service the first Sunday in this church where we organized, then on the next week we were without a place to go. We had struggled and worked and sacrificed and paid for that litt'e church, and all but a thousand dollars on the seven-room parsonage beside it. Now to stand for the truth that saves men from sin we were without a place to worship.

Little children met me on the street and said, "Mrs. Wells, I am going to your Sunday school next Sunday," and I had none for them to go to. But, walking down the street a few days later, I saw a vacant building that had once been used for storing caskets. We were given that building with no expense except lights and fuel. On the next Sunday we opened Sunday school with eighty-four. We soon bought a lot and built a Church of the Nazarene. We chose for our place of building the heart of the town for two reasons: First, of course, because we wanted to reach all the people; and, Second, we put almost every saloon out of business by building within two hundred yards of them. Saloons had gone in answer to prayer and earnest work. When we went there five years before there were thirteen saloons, and though the town was thirty years old and had never been a day without them, God helped in the preaching of the truth. A standard had been lifted, and men were made to see that no Christian could give his voice of vote to sanction in any way the saloon business. So they were voted out. We did our best. We do not know how much reward we shall have for their going, but we do

know that saloon men and drunkards sat on the streets and cursed us and blamed us for it all. So as a last stroke we placed the church in the middle of the town so that if they ever did decide to put them in again they could not because of the church being too close, according to the laws of the State of Illinois.

Our first service in that church was on Easter Sunday morning—a sunrise prayermeeting. The church had neither windows nor doors in it, and not a seat, but we said we were glad to have one service where all had to get on their knees when we prayed. Thus started the Church of the Nazarene in Carterville, Ill., in their own building. We had spent many hours in prayer for the money for this building, and with every week money came—some from thousands of miles away—to pay the carpenters on the job.

I had sold off and given away almost all of my household goods, and in June I started for Nashville, Tenn., with my little niece, Naomi Shipley, who had come to us with my mother, having been left an orphan when she was eight years of age. She was born of tubercular parents and had no health. I decided to take her to Nashville and put her in Trevecca College, that she might get an education, hoping that the climate might be better for her.

Then came some wonderful years with the blessing of God on me in evangelistic work. I traveled throughout different states and was privileged to see many precious souls brought to God and sanctified wholly. That fall we were holding meetings in Southern Illinois, when there came into our services a young woman who had married out of the will of God while she was unsaved and had suffered much from it. Her heart was hungry for God. She was saved and sanctified in that meeting, and I took her with me in the work only two weeks later. She was very efficient in the work of God, and I recognized in her an instrument that would be for His glory. That was none other than Rev. Grace Edwards, now of the Edwards



Evangelistic Party. She went to school at Trevecca College to prepare for the work of God.

In the fall after Mrs. Edwards had entered school my health broke, and for weeks I preached when I was in such a dangerous condition that I never have been able to understand how I got through, except that I looked to the great God. I had many calls to the work, but it became necessary that I stop, so I went to the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Ogden, near Carterville, Illinois, for rest. I carried in my purse the directions for my funeral, and asked a friend if he would see to my burial and take the furniture that I had left to pay for it. He promised to do so.

While in a meeting at Caruthersville, Missouri, with no help, so nearly dead that I was unable to get myself a drink of water for hours at a time, trying to do light house-keeping at the same time, I was suffering intensely and wondering if anybody else in all the world had so many burdens, and wondering all the time how I could go through on that line, and how long I could preach in the physical condition I was in, when the Lord sweetly whispered to me in the language of a song written by Jas. Reed, "He'll take you through, however you're tried." I sang over and over again this chorus, which never had seemed to appeal to me before. And somehow I just knew that God had undertaken in some way, though I did not know how, and never dreamed of its being in the way that it was.

One day in reading my Scripture lesson (for it had been my custom to read at least two or three chapters each day, and often more) there stood out before me Isaiah 42:9: "Behold, the former things are come to pass, and new things do I declare: before they spring forth I tell you of them." It was so forcibly impressed upon my mind and stayed with me so that I could not think what God was going to do that was new. While I was asking Him about it I read chapter 43:19, which says, "Behold, I will do a new thing; now it shall spring

forth; shall ye not know it? I will even make a way in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert." I began to ask the Lord at once if He was going to send me back into pastoral work, and connected it wholly with the work of God, never for one moment dreaming what He meant.

I pulled through that meeting. God blessed and gave me souls and sent Miss Nettie Ogden, of Southern Illinois, one of my spiritual children, but at that time matron of the Pentecostal Training Home for girls in Nashville, Tenn., to help me in that meeting. I returned with her to Nashville on Saturday, December 23, 1911. I questioned again as to why I should go to that expense, when I had so many calls in Illinois to which I expected to go, but God who planned my way wanted to teach me some new lessons of faith in Him. My health continued to fail. I was shut in at Trevecca College for eight months, preaching and singing all over the city but unable to go out to meetings. Sometimes I sang as much as three times to eight hundred or a thousand people, the same song, "He'll Take You Through," and singing it by special request.

My physical condition grew worse and worse. I was unable to do anything to get support for my little girl and myself. I was welcomed at Trevecca College in that hour of need and told that if I would only stay I would be free anywhere in the school, and that they would be glad to have me there. How I thank God for such friends as Rev. J. O. McClurkan and others were made to me at that time.

During these months God was working out the further plan of my life. I had a very dear friend, a returned missionary from India, Miss Emily Gustafson, who sang a little Swedish song sometimes as she played the guitar. I had tried to play a guitar in my early life, but could not even run a chord; and there came such a desire in my heart to play for the glory of God that I called a friend of mine who had a guitar and asked her if she would loan it to me that I might see if I



could play. It was brought to my room when I was alone, and in the Spirit of God I sat down, took the guitar and played the air of the little Swedish song. There came a desire in my heart for religious words to this music. I expressed this desire to the Lord, and He gave me the five verses. I wrote them in about fifteen minutes.

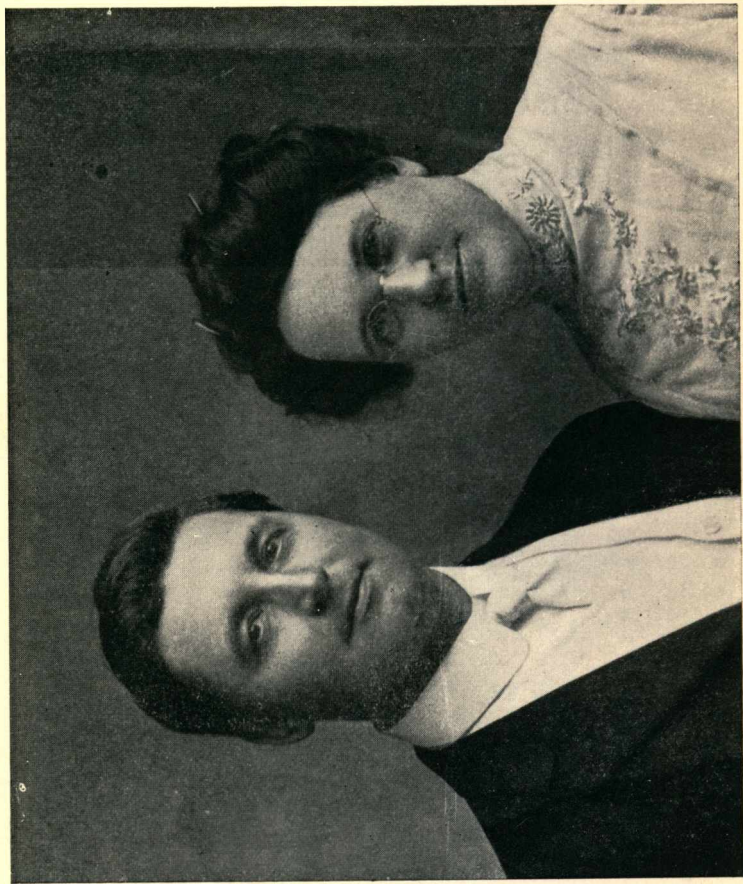
The words were made a great blessing to some suffering saints who were in the school; and then I was urged to have them published, which I did. The song was sung by the Trevecca College Quartet that year. With the little song God gave me the gift for playing the guitar, for I played it that morning and played it in the band that night, and used it for the singing in the meetings for years. Truly, God is a wonderful God. When He gave me that song (as I have said) I was without relatives, without money, and with my little niece depending on me for her all. I was also a subject for the hospital and an operation. How the Lord would comfort me with these few verses of song! He showed me again that He was able to take me through, and again impressed me with the truth of this book, "He Faileth Not."

When the school closed in the spring Mrs. Edwards and I took the field again. We had very precious victory, and God gave us many souls in Tennessee, Iowa, Arkansas, Illinois and Missouri.

While I was shut in at the school with my health so broken, God was teaching me new lessons of faith, and also brought into my life at that time the man who is now my husband, J. O. Hoke. He was in school, getting ready for the gospel work to which God had called him.

We sang together in a quartet for months with the special blessing of the Lord; and, after fourteen months of prayer to be sure of the will of God, we were married at the commencement of Trevecca College May 7, 1913, Rev. J. O. McClurkan officiating.

We expected that four of us would tour the state of Iowa



REVS. J. O. AND EDNA WELLS HOKE



# TRUSTING.

Mrs. EDNA WELLS.

EMILY GUSTAFSON.

J. A. DUNKUM.

*Andante.*

1. Thou art my I - shi, bride-groom of my soul;  
 2. My bur - dened soul at last finds rest in Thee,  
 3. I'll trust Thy hand to lead o'er drear - est ways;  
 4. Tho' clouds hang low and dark the bil - lows roll,  
 5. At last, when I shall come to cross death's stream,

Thou hast re - deemed me, cleansed and made me whole;  
 And all my needs I know sup - plied shall be,  
 I know that Thou wilt guide through all my days,  
 My I - shi will pro - tect and keep my soul;  
 Thy light a - cross its dark - ened waves shall gleam,

Thou art my Sav - iour ev - er dear to me;  
 For Thou hast prom - ised and can nev - er fail;  
 And Thou wilt nev - er leave me nor for - sake;  
 I hide in Thee, my Sav - iour, Guide and Friend,  
 A light for me and all Thy chil - dren dear,

*rit.*  
 For whom have I in heav'n or earth but Thee?  
 I do not ask to lift the fu - ture veil.  
 My Sav - iour know - eth well the way I take.  
 Thou wilt be with and love me to the end.  
 A light so bright the pil - grims' heart will cheer.

that year. I was led to change plans, for I had just cancelled a slate of three months in Missouri, and had given it to a young minister, because I thought Iowa was the place for us that season; so when we were married and then felt led to cancel the Iowa slate too, we were without a meeting, for we had cancelled both those slates, feeling clearly that it was the will of God to do so.

We went for our wedding trip to Mr. Hoke's home in West Virginia. On our way we stopped at Evansville, Ind., and preached for Rev. C. A. Brown, who was pastor of the Church of the Nazarene there. God was pleased to give us several souls the first Sunday after we were married. We went on to West Virginia and visited the dear old home and the precious old father and mother, who were old-time Methodists. To me it was a wonderful thing, not having a near relative in the world, to step into a family of brothers and sisters like that. Husband has ten brothers and sisters reared by a devoted father and mother and made to come around the family altar whether they wanted to do so or not. That is a home of discipline. And though the children are grown, they are all honorable.

When on our way to that home my husband told me that there would likely be a serenade. I said, "That is awful, we being Christian people to be treated like that." But he said they always did it when they had respect for anyone, so we must endure it in some way. I began to pray that God would help me to know what to do when they came to serenade us.

When they came with their circular saws and hammers and everything that they could find to make a noise, we stood it a little while, put on our wedding garments and stood on the porch and let them look at us until we said it was enough. They had been treated to cake and such things as Christians could use for a treat. Then we went into the house and began to play and sing gospel songs. They gathered into the room and around the windows, and husband stepped out and



said, "Now we shall have a chapter from the Bible and have prayer." We prayed and met God. And when we held a revival in the home church of Highland Park, two weeks later, we were privileged to see nearly every one of those young men saved, and many of them sanctified.

We were invited to go across a few miles and conduct a camp-meeting at what had been one of the largest camps in the state of West Virginia. Some of the greatest preachers in the country had graced the pulpit and been used of God to win souls. But at this time it was quite dead because of the erroneous teaching of unknown tongues. We held our meeting for eight days. We were true to God and souls on the old lines of the gospel. We refused from the beginning to let the tongues people mix in our meeting or propagate their doctrine. One of them came to the steps in our first service and started upon the platform, saying he had a message for the people. We told him that if he wanted to help get men and women saved and sanctified he was welcome in the meeting, but if he wanted to propagate the doctrine of tongues he would have to go out in the hills and woods to do it. God helped us to see some souls saved and some reclaimed, some sanctified and many encouraged during the eight days; and we were called back for the next year's camp, at which time we had 105 clear professions in ten days.

From there we went to Tennessee and held a number of meetings, one near the home of our beloved Bud Robinson. We had to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ.

When we came into Nashville that fall to put our niece Naomi in school (for she was traveling with us), we looked back over our first summer as husband and wife and found that we had not been able to fill one-third of the calls received. Again we were made to see that the Scripture was true, "He Faileth Not," for every need had been supplied. We had no money, of course, for we were both poor when we

married; but we had God and His Word. We had a call to a point in Pennsylvania, and started for it January 31, 1915.

Again Satan saw what was going to take place and attacked my body. Never being well at any time, and then taking cold on this trip by going out of a steam-heated house into one that was not modern, heavy snow on the ground for five weeks and sometimes the thermometer registering 26 degrees below zero, it seemed more than I could bear. Battling for nights and days, preaching every night and my husband helping me fight pneumonia all night after I had preached, the doctor told me I must not stay in that climate more than two weeks longer; for if I did I would have no help from a change, but would go into quick consumption. I promised him that after trying it a few nights longer, if I did not get the victory I would consider leaving. We battled day and night for six days, and God came and healed. We stayed eleven weeks, preaching every night but seven. Hundreds of souls were saved, and we left there in better condition than we came. Surely "He Faileth Not."

In August we again went into the same part of West Virginia where we had traveled before. In the midst of great victory in our meetings there when we were having crowds and souls and money, with plenty of calls to last us through the entire winter, the little church at Cartersville, Ill., which I had left four years prior to this, called us to pastor them again. They had called me every year for the five that I had been away, but I could not consider going for I was not so led of the Lord. And when this plea came with the names of both the old board and the new, we said that we could not go back to the town where I had suffered so much, had had so many losses and carried so many burdens.

But I felt the Lord would have me pray. While I was on my knees at one side of the bed and my husband at the other, we settled it that it was no longer a mere cry from the people but the call of God. So we went back to the little church



which I had left five years before with about eighty members, and found that they had lost about half of their number. It was all new to them in the Church of the Nazarene. They never had been used to its government. They had been without a pastor much of the time. Satan had crept in, and division and strife had arisen. We had spoiled them by never having a stipulated salary, so they did not know how to meet these things when they had to. We have since asked their forgiveness.

We remained with them for two years, and God helped us to build up the church, repairing, painting and redecorating the building. We bought a cheap house of our own, altered it and made it a pretty little home. But God again spoke to us, and at the request of our District Superintendent, Rev. W. G. Schurman, and the call of Decatur First Church, we accepted the pastorate of the same. For three years the Lord blessed and used us there, organizing the West Side Church and buying its first building, paying off a debt of \$1,300 on the First Church, and seeing hundreds of souls saved and sanctified.

If I remember correctly we had seventy in the West Side Sunday school the last Sunday we were there. And we had not lost a member during the year but had added some. We were called to pastor them for another year, with only three votes against us, but felt that God was leading us to Racine, Wis., so to Racine we went.

We found in Racine a beautiful church and some lovely people, but we felt that God alone was sufficient for the work. We started prayermeetings at 8:30 Sunday mornings, giving us an hour of prayer before the Sunday school began. A remark of the janitor, Brother Cook, suggested it to us. In his trip over the church one day he said, "Well, we have sent off for evangelists and for people, but I think we had better send and get God to come." This set me to thinking of our need in a new way, and I at once determined that if it cost

me my life in prayer and sacrifice I would *get God to come*.

So we had this season of prayer Sunday mornings, then we fasted and prayed one day of each week, and then on New Year's Day, while others were feasting we fasted and prayed at the church. Not many came, but those who did were fully repaid; and those who were not right were soon under the mighty power of God in conviction, and prayed their way to the cross. We followed that meeting with thirteen days of prayer, each evening giving one of the characters in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews. We sometimes prayed until two in the morning.

We had a crowd of boys coming to the church who failed to walk with God, and Satan had done his work in their lives. When we demanded order in the church they were quite angry, and came to the service one night to break up the meeting. But God broke them up, and several of them came to the altar and prayed through. The next evening at the band practice (for they had a band of about fourteen pieces) we heard them praying in the basement of the church and were called in to help them pray through to victory. Confessions and restitutions were made until fathers and mothers were surprised at the depths of sin to which the boys had been led. But, of course, victory came to them.

God gave us a Bible class of fourteen boys, ranging in ages from ten to twenty years. They prayed for hours, and felt that twice a week was not enough to study the Bible and pray, but night after night they came, asking questions and praying that they might walk with God.

After only a few months of this strenuous work of prayer-meetings nearly every night and other burdens I had a complete nervous breakdown. The doctor came, and with a serious look on his face began to make a fight for life. He was there three times in the morning, and could see no change. He went down stairs and told them that it was a matter of only a few hours, and that they should just keep things quiet.



In the meantime I had called for prayer. My husband had anointed me, and he with others had prayed for me, not asking specially that God heal me, but that His blessed will be done. And really, some of the sweetest moments of my life were when I was so near the other world.

But God heard, and spared my life; and at four p. m. I was pronounced better, and the doctor said there was some hope. God had given me a message especially for the following morning. I thought I must be mistaken, yet it kept coming to me with more force than ever. I was led to arise from my bed and go and deliver the message. I do not believe I ever delivered one that meant more to my precious people than that one.

I did that for weeks, missing only a few services, preaching when my face was spotted and it seemed that I could not live. Doctors had told me not to try the climate of Racine for another year; but the Lord was blessing and seemed to indicate that we should remain, so we took the work for another year.

On Christmas, though many of the men or our church were out of work, we decided to send out baskets to the poor of North Racine. In those baskets of food we put tracts and holiness papers, and it was not long until we began to see results. We saw Lutherans and some Catholics converted at our altars. The Sunday school was built up, and another one was started on the North side.

But with the many ordinary burdens and some special ones we felt that we could not live and carry the load; and the question all the time was as to whether or not we were in the will of God in trying to carry on in my condition of health. God made His will clear and we resigned, to take effect May first.

God blessed up to the very last day of our stay in Racine. At the last prayermeeting, when Brothers Hilker, Helling and others were giving us words of parting blessing, God came on the scene, and fifteen persons kneeled at the altar. We had

a wonderful time that night. On the last Sunday we baptized nine and took a good class into the church.

The load was lifted, and I never have doubted that we walked in the will of God. We loved the Racine people, and they gave us a lovely time the evening we left. But we were in the will of God, and in two weeks I had begun to get stronger.

After a meeting at Benton, Ill., we went to Carterville and bought us two lots. They looked more like a ditch than lots, but God helped us to wade the mud, work night and day and build up a little home again.

We had been away from Carterville five years. We left them with more than eighty members, and came back to find them reduced to fifteen and disheartened. The building was in bad condition, and everything was discouraging. We had calls to other places, but God said Carterville. So we were persuaded that my husband should take the work there, and I should help him when I was at home. The church could pay only \$15 a week. We borrowed money and began to build a house, living meanwhile for two months in a garage and wading mud in new-made ground. We went through many things that were not pleasant to the flesh; but through it all we felt that we were in the will of God, and we enjoyed His presence.

The following spring, after we had cleaned and papered and painted the church, we announced a meeting. As I was their choice for evangelist I consented to preach for them, though I had held many meetings in that church. Thus things began to move Godward again and heavenward. In May, 1924, while we were in a meeting with Rev. Stella B. Crook of Chicago as our evangelist, I was taken suddenly violently ill with gall stones and what seemed to be appendicitis. I had been dieting for some months and working very hard, and was run down. And though I had had gall stones for years and had been able to get relief after one or two attacks, this time



there seemed to be no help. I was unconscious most of the time for two days and nights, when suddenly I was awakened by the third doctor being in the room and hearing him say that I should go to the hospital at once. With that information came the mighty power of God, which seemed to lift me out of the whole situation, and I was made so happy even to go to a hospital in His will.

I was taken to the hospital at Carbondale on Thursday, and expected that I should be operated on the next day; but I soon learned that the doctors refused to operate, feeling that there was no hope. We could not hire a special nurse, so I was alone excepting when the nurse on duty could care for me. I battled between life and death for several days. The nurses in the hospital were very good and kind to me. Doctors who attended me, and were there four or five times a day, did all they could; but I decided I would be better at home, and the Lord seemed to be leading that way. With the doctor's permission I was carried home.

Day after day God spoke His precious messages to my heart, and when I left the hospital He said, "Fight the good fight of faith." All that day this precious message rang in my ears. On Tuesday morning the message that came to my heart was, "Know God, whom to know is life eternal." As the doctors, who were very kind, would come in and give me the hypodermic of strychnine for my heart, as soon as strength would come to me I would find myself preaching to them on knowing God and on other blessed truths of the Bible. For two of them I had been praying for twenty years.

At last there seemed nothing to do but to keep the heart beating as long as possible, so we settled down to one doctor who came every three hours, and sometimes as often as five times in nine hours, putting in the strychnine to keep the heart beating. I did not know whether God was going to spare my life or not. I was having such a wonderful time that I did not ask Him. It seemed that my bed was made of down, and



the hands of those who so kindly cared for me seemed like velvet. I seemed lost in the presence of God, even though my body was suffering excruciating pain.

On Saturday afternoon, May 17, 1924, a new disease took hold of my body, which caused such a terrible pain that I found myself clasping my hands and begging God for just a moment of rest. As I cried out in that agony I forgot to say, "As Thou wilt;" and then it was that Satan seemed to come into my presence and say, "You did not say 'The will of the Lord be done.'" I said, "I forgot to say it, but I mean it." Then it was that he seemed to antagonize me anew, saying, "Have you not had enough of the will of God?" It seemed that I could almost see him with his devilish grin as he taunted me and said, "Would you not rather have rest from pain than the will of God?" I said, "No, I will take the will of God if it means all this suffering over again, rather than to be for one moment out of His precious will."

It seemed then that Jesus appeared very precious to me. I was not asleep, nor in a trance, but oh I seemed to see Him. The vision was like the picture when He was ascending from the mount. I praised Him and praised Him and begged Him to let me wash His feet with my tears. I had not wept at any time throughout my sickness. When I was being carried out of my little home to the hospital, with my precious people standing around weeping, never expecting to see me return, I had whispered, "This is like heaven to me," and had them sing it. But now, when I felt that I had grieved Jesus by not saying "Thy will be done," I wept bitter tears. Then He gave me the assurance that He was going to raise me up.

On Sunday morning when I awoke—no, I had not slept—I was given these words: "Arise and shine, for thy light is come; and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." I wondered if God wanted me to dress and go to church; but I knew it was impossible unless He did speak, for I was in a cold, death-like sweat much of the time from weakness. I could



not even be rubbed with the towels, but had to have them heated and laid on my body to absorb the moisture. So I waited, not wanting to be presumptuous.

When the doctor came I told him what the Lord had said, and told him I had a notion to get up and trust God and go to church. He knew it would have to be of God if I went, but being a Christian man he made me to feel that he was expecting God to do something out of the ordinary. That was the eighteenth day of May. All through the night I had come near dying, but again the touch of God gave strength to suffer. On Monday afternoon, the nineteenth, after the doctor had made three calls, and I had been unconscious part of the time and was so weak that I could not lift my hands from the bed, I asked the doctor if there was any help for that weakness. He said, "No, we are doing all we can." I then told him to continue and be faithful, for God was coming. He said, "We will do our best."

We had not had our regular family worship. That morning I asked husband, Ethel, and Edna Smith (a neighbor girl) to kneel by my bed and pray. They did so, and God came so near that I asked them to sing, "He touched me, and thus made me whole." They sang that chorus a few times, and then I asked them to play it on the graphophone. It did not dawn on me that it would seem very strange to hear the graphophone when the neighbors were watching daily for the signs of death to be placed on the door. Several times already I had been reported dead, and people had made inquiries about the funeral. But God led, and the song was played and my faith was strengthened. Then I asked them to go to the piano and play that old song, "The Great Physician now is near." Oh how Satan taunted me then and told me that neighbors would think we were crazy, and that my family were being treated cruelly to be asked to sing under those conditions, but God was leading on. Ethel played the song, and my precious husband and the girls sang. When



they had finished one verse and were singing the chorus the Great Physician came and gave me strength to throw up my hands and praise Him. I thought I was shouting loudly enough to be heard at some distance; but the fact was that they could not hear me in the next room, I was so weak. Standing before the piano, they had their backs toward me and did not know what was going on in my room, but God whispered, "You are healed." Then I said, "Thank you, Jesus." He said, "Get up."

I rose from my bed with the mighty power of God upon me in a marvelous way. He had not only healed me instantly, but had given me a fresh anointing of His power divine, and an increased love for the whole world. I found myself hugging my family in a way that seemed impossible for me to do; and then I was standing before the picture of our General Assembly in Kansas City, with tears and shouting, and love abounding, rubbing my hands over the faces of my dear brothers and sisters in Christ and praying for each one of them. Oh, such ecstasy I never before had known, as to have Him come right into the room and perform such a miracle. It seemed like raising one from the dead. I shouted for three and a half hours, and was strong during that time.

Then I felt the weakness that I had felt in the past, but no pain. I asked the Lord why the weakness had returned. Of course I was nothing like as weak as I had been, for I was able to be up. And He showed me that I never would have realized my awful condition if He had not let the weakness continue for a while. Until ten at night I entertained crowds who had come to see the miracle of God. I then retired to sleep and rest in the Lord.

The next day it rained all day, and God kept me shut in writing letters and receiving company and testifying to the power of God. I had been announced for a meeting at Diagonal, Iowa, for the 22nd of the month, and though I had been so very near to death I never had wired them that I was not



coming. I had had some one to write them of the conditions, but they with us had held on to God that in some way He would bring it to pass. And now I was healed on the 19th, though still so weak that I could scarcely lift my feet off the floor to walk. After God had showed me that husband could go with me to care for me on the trip, we started on the 22nd. We traveled for twenty-four hours in a day coach, but God so blessed as we testified to His marvelous power that I was stronger at the end of the trip than at the beginning. We began our meeting and I preached every night, almost every day, and sometimes three times on Sunday. God spoke to me when He healed me and showed me that doctors give relief from gallstones, but that He was the Physician that could heal. I cannot say that God told me I never should have them again, but more than two years have passed and I have not had them, and I do not feel that I ever shall.

Oh what a wonderful thing it is to have Christian friends! I think of the dear ones who were gathered at the camp at Olivet, Ill., at that time. The people of Chicago First Church, my own dear people at Carterville, and many, many others up and down this land prayed for me; and I say from the depths of my heart, "Thank God for Christian friends and for a God who answers prayer."

Last year, 1925, we felt that God was through with us at Carterville again. We wanted to go south to Florida—not gold hunting but soul hunting. We had rented out our house, and had spoken for rooms in Florida, and were bringing things to a close to go to that climate. Our District Superintendent, Rev. E. O. Chalfant, had spoken to us about taking the pastorate in Peoria, but we said, "No, we want to go to Florida, and came to the assembly to bid good-by for at least a time." But Brother Chalfant said that he had prayed for months, and was satisfied that we were the ones for Peoria.



We went home on Saturday very unsettled in our plans. But after praying and waiting on the Lord we saw that it was God's will; and we knew that it was better to change our plans than to get out of the will of God. So about the second Sunday of September when we were called to Peoria to look over the field we hurriedly made the trip. As we drove into this city (as is usual when God is leading us) the flesh rebelled; and while our spirit was willing to go anywhere with Jesus, we felt that Peoria was the last place that we would choose. We pleaded with the Lord that we could not do without our car on account of our work, and that we could not drive in the traffic of a city of one hundred thousand people. But, behold, before we knew it we were in traffic and driving without the least fear or trouble.

We soon saw that God's plan for us was the pastorate in Peoria, and that all other plans must go. The church was unable to promise a living salary. In fact they were paying only \$10 a week, and did not tell us they would pay more. But the District Superintendent wanted us to come, and they voted for us to come, and God called us. We left a salary of \$74 a week and went to \$15. We could get no rooms for less than \$10 a week. I had been double tithing, giving twenty cents ov every dollar for years. Thus we had only \$2 a week on which to live. Husband hunted the city over for work. But God was testing us out to see if we meant it, so nothing could be found.

We did not choose the will of God because it was Peoria; but we chose Peoria because it was the will of God. God is giving us souls at the regular services. Membership is nearly three times what it was fifteen months ago, and we have bought a beautiful lot on which to build a church. God is still blessing us in this January, 1927, unworthy though we are. Forty were at the altar the last night of the recent meeting. I am in a meeting now where I have had forty-three



at the altar in five nights, so the God of battles lives and answers prayer.

I have been in constant service for twenty-one and a half years, with a vacation of one month that I can remember. I have mothered five girls in my own home, in ages from three to nineteen years. God has supplied my needs, and though it was sometimes with old clothes to be made over, yet it was good. None of the girls has brought disgrace on us. Most of them are now being used of God in His service, or have been.

I have had many other girls and some boys in my home for years at a time, and have done my best to help them. My part has seemingly been much of a failure. But His promise to me years ago, when I was refused little ones of my own, was Isaiah 54:13: "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children."

After the twenty-five years of sanctified experience and walk with God (He furnishing all the grace and I making all the mistakes that were made) I am delighted with Him and His ways. And I dare to make the statement which I have made many times, that if God chose to send one of His sanctified children to hell to show the devils His power, He could keep that one holy right in the midst of howling demons.

And another thing which I would impress upon my readers is that we may have our loved ones saved and sanctified if we will hold on to God and be willing to suffer and be made a stepping stone for them to get to Jesus.

Looking back over the years I see my handsome lawyer husband (the proudest man I ever knew), my proud mother; my poor fallen sister who had gone to the depths of sin, all saved in answer to prayer and now in heaven. Then my precious little girl, who was so wonderfully baptized with the Holy Ghost, shouted her way out to meet Jesus when she was fifteen years old.

His wonderful power has been manifested in saving and sanctifying and keeping me, one of His most unworthy children.

He has supplied and is still supplying our every need, has healed my body many times, and keeps me preaching the gospel and doing His will with a heart so weak that no doctor can understand how it keeps beating. One of them has told me that no one but the Divine could understand, for he had seen me at least three times when he knew my heart could not beat over six hours longer. Yet I am still able to do the will of God, and can say in the language of Zephaniah, "He Faileth Not."