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Apology

I have written this little book with the hope that it may be of value in years to come; that those who are struggling in God's great harvest field may find something in these pages to give them courage to press on. For small beginnings sometimes make great endings. As the little stone hewn out of the mountain without hands is to fill the whole earth. And you who sometimes go forth weeping, bearing precious seed will doubtless return again bringing your sheaves with you. Dan. 2.

Hoping those of my friends who are saved may find comfort and consolation. Also those who are dear to me, and not yet saved, may find something to remind them and draw them to the God who is mighty to save and deliver.

There are many things I should have liked to have embodied in these pages, but weak vision and poor health have hindered. The most of it was written by my own hand in my 70th year, and therefore, I know you will kindly overlook wherein I have fallen short.

Signed

Allie R. Fisher Allen

CHAPTER (1)

PERSONAL HISTORY AND ANCESTRY

My father was German and English from his father and French and English from his mother. His father died while my father was still in school. He was the oldest of a family of twelve, all girls except my father and the youngest, who was born a few weeks after his father's death. The care of the family fell upon my father's shoulders, so his school days were ended. Being ambitious he worked days continuing his study by the light of a fireplace until he obtained what was then considered a fairly common education. By this time some of his sisters were married and some working and helping to care for the younger children. My father went to study with a physician. He studied with him and practiced until he could practice by himself. He went from the state of New York to Ohio, met my mother in Knox County where she was teaching school. Later they married and had six children, five boys and me.

My mother was of Scotch-Irish descent. Her first ancestor we have any record of was Sir John Livingston. At the time of persecution of nobles when some were put to death, others driven from the country, he put on peasants clothes but kept his coat of arms, the badge of his rank, fastened to an

undergarment and fled into Ireland, hid for a while in the bogs only going out when needing a supply of food. On such occasions when asked his name he would tell them his name was John, so they got to calling him John of the bogs. Later it became John Boggs. He accepted it and since then all the Boggs people are from that ancestor. I have met people by the name of Boggs. I said, "So you're a Boggs; do you happen to know anything about your ancestry?" They would answer yes and go on and tell me the history as I've just related. We have our genealogy back to the root and our chart in the form of a tree.

When New York was just a small village three brothers of the Boggs family came to America and settled there. Later two of them went West, which meant going to Ohio. One settled there, then the other went to Pennsylvania. Later some of that family went to Virginia. The coat of arms of Sir John Livingston is now the the Virginia branch of the family. The remaining brother of the family, still a bachelor, leased his 320 acres of land for 99 years and started West, but was never heard of again.

About fifty years ago I saw an advertisement, I think in a Detroit paper, that the lease had expired. They were advertising for the heirs. I was the only one who saw it of our family and as it happened, the only one who knew nothing of our family history, so paid no attention to it. Later when I learned the history the record couldn't be found. My uncle T. J. Boggs, of Holland, Michigan, made some investigation, taking a trip to

Virginia. He found the Virginia branch of the family had suddenly become rich, but no one knew the source. He thought they'd received their portion and something for keeping quiet.

My parents remained in Ohio after they married in 1842 until they had six children, five boys and me, and my father wanted a large farm to bring us up on, so he moved to Michigan, bought a half section of land in the township of Brady in Saginaw County. He settled for a while in the pretty little village of Chesaning, three miles east on a bend of the Shiawassa River. This is an Indian name and means beautiful river, and it is a beautiful river indeed with its curves and sloping banks and its trees hanging over, sometimes dipping their branches in the clear pure water, while their tops were mirrored in its clearness. I was born in this little village on November 21, 1854. My father was the first doctor to settle in the place. When I was two years old my parents moved on the new place. Father had cleared it and had a house and other buildings put up. My oldest brother was 13 and not so very strong, and the younger ones were hardly able to do very much so put in their time in having a good time.

It was a long way to the nearest town where furniture could be bought – fifteen miles and very bad roads, so Father had a table made of pine boards and a bench for the back of it. My brother Charles wrote:

Memory goes back to the days of my childhood

Of a fond loving mother so kind and true

Who always was willing though sometimes not able
To do with her might what her hands found to do.

On a long pine bench sitting back by the wall,
Sat three hungry boys both large and small
And mother's warm biscuits were steaming in sight
How they tickled our palates with wondrous delight.

Talk of your dinners and banquets for kings,
We had no desire for any such things,
Our hearts were light and our spirits gay
And we went in for pleasure the whole livelong day.

The family now scattered; some have answered the call,
And have gone home to Jesus who has pardon for all,
And while I still linger memory recalls
That long pine bench sitting back by the wall.

Chapter (2)

My Mother

My mother reared her big family at a time when everything was done by hand. There were not sewing machines, so she cut and made everything by hand, sewing sometimes far into the night. Father would take our wool to the factory, have enough made into rolls for Mother to spin for stockings for the whole family and have the rest made into cloth for our dresses and skirts and shirts for the men for winter. Lovely garments they were, as the wool was of the soft morino kind. It was colored and woven into shepherd check, some black and red and some black and white. My invalid brother did most of the knitting for the men, but I had to knit my own stockings. Father raised flax and Mother would spin it on the little wheel and have some of it woven into heavy cloth for boys summer pants and some for shirts and house use.

There was plenty of work for all of us. I had the dishes to wash. I made my first dress when I was ten years old and learned to dress chickens at about the same time. We hardly ever dressed less than four. Mother did not want to bother teaching me at first but I told her if she would let me have one I would watch her to see how she did it and do the same, so after

I learned I helped her do them. Father's latch string – what we used to lock the door – always hung out so we often had lots of company. I have known poor tired Mother, after her day's cooking was done someone would come and she would perhaps be obligated to cook another supper, but she did it without a murmur. She was a very ingenious woman and as there were no hatmakers close by she made beautiful shirred silk and satin bonnets for the neighbors and fine hats for me. She would braid timothy or rye straw and make me very nice looking hats, bleach them until they were white as straw could be made and trim them up very nicely. She died on her fifty-fourth birthday. After I married she was sick about a year. She had gotten sick the winter before, which left her heart bad, and stayed with me that summer since I was alone. My house was quiet and I always nursed her when she was sick. She died in my arms. She liked to have me get up on the bed at her back. I would support her with my arms, her head on my shoulder. She passed away in this position. It was a great blow to me, as I thought I could not live without her.

I had learned before this to take my little everyday troubles to the Lord. I don't know how I learned this, since I wasn't taught to do it as I remember, and it wasn't a custom then, at least not so far as I knew, but I wanted to tell someone and didn't want to burden my mother with my troubles and they were many, as my husband was very quick-tempered and our matrimonial sea was sometimes rough. I kept it from mother as much as possible. She only knew what she saw herself. My

habit of taking my troubles to the Lord helped me over many rough places, as the Lord never failed me when I went to him in time of need.

My mother taught the first school in our district when was just two years old, taking me with her part of the time and sometimes leaving me with my Grandmother Smith, my father's mother, who lived with us. My mother was a Presbyterian and quite strict in her religious principles. She had all her children sprinkled except me. I was always thankful I had escaped that rite. By the time I was born her views had broadened somewhat and she thought it best to let me choose. When I was four years old my father became discouraged with his big farm that was clay land with hardly any ditches in the country and plenty of swales to breed mosquitoes, muddy roads when it rained and rough when dry. He sold out and bought a sandy farm, north of Chesaning, two miles near the banks of the Shiawassa River. Here I grew up and went to school in the little schoolhouse at the corner of my father's farm. When I was a little past four I persuaded my mother to let me go to school. When she was getting me ready for bed she said, "Well, Allie, did you learn anything today?" I said, "Yes, I learned to spell pig." She said, "Let me hear you spell it". I said "p-o pig" and when they all laughed I knew I'd made a mistake, and one I didn't have reason to forget soon, for when my brothers wanted to tease me all they had to do was to say "p-o pig" and it was a long time before I could laugh with them. My father had many patients who lived in the country and other towns who would write to

him for medicine. Sometimes he would take long trips lasting two weeks before he would return. On one of these times, my brother next to the oldest made a yoke for a young pair of steers he had and after other tasks were done father having not yet returned, he borrowed a wagon from a neighbor, took off the box to lighten the load, hitched the steers to it, and the five boys sat on a board reaching from one side to the other. They went to visit their cousins three miles west of Chesaning and stayed all night. The next day the man who owned the wagon came to see why they hadn't returned it. Mother, already uneasy at their long stay, started out to meet them. She dressed me in a light lawn dress with low neck and short sleeves and took me by the hand. We walked the whole five miles before finding the boys. It was quite a walk for me as I was just five and a half years old. The boys were just getting ready to start for home. We ate our supper and all got on the wagon to go home. There was a road running through the woods cutting off a corner which lessened the journey quite a bit coming out on the other road a mile beyond the corner. This road wound around through the woods. Here and there a tree had been cut down to straighten it a little. Some of them were very near the track. The steers, not yet broke to haw and gee, ran the front wheel over a stump about 16 inches high. Mother, thinking the wagon was about to turn over, leaped out between the wheels. I held to her dress long enough to be jerked from the board, falling in a pool of thin mud, the back wheel passing over me burying me nearly out of sight. Mother turned and exclaimed,

“O where is Allie?” Then she saw a piece of my dress, one arm and part of my head sticking out of the mud. She sprang to my rescue, pulled me out dripping with mud, but otherwise none the worse for my immersion in a mud hole. Near the end of the woods there lived a family who had a little girl about my age. Mother went in and borrowed an outfit, gave me a bath, put the clean clothes on me, and once more we started on our journey, reaching home about 9PM without any more mishaps.

When I was just a little child my mother had taught me to say, “Now I lay me down to sleep”, that little prayer that most civilized children learn, and though she taught me about God and Christ, heaven and hell and the consequences of good and evil, I did not understand it in its full meaning as I did when I was six or seven when the United Brethren held a meeting in our schoolhouse. Our family attended and took me. My father and mother got saved and started family worship. The meetings and family prayer at home made quite an impression on me. I overheard the preacher and my mother talking about the age of the knowledge of good and evil. Someway I gotten the idea that children who died under that age were saved. I had also gotten the idea that I had not yet reached that age. How sincerely I wished that I might die before I did so I would be sure of heaven. We had Sunday-school in our schoolhouse and I went, but it didn’t last long, so I began going to Chesaning, walking the two miles. This was the M. E. school. We had no lesson papers, but learned our lessons out of the Bible and each of us learned verses to quote. We started with the third chapter

of Matthew. I absorbed the idea that Jesus was immersed, though the teacher didn't teach it, and one Sunday the preacher said he was going to open the doors of the church and all who wished to join should come forward and kneel at the altar. A few came, and my eyes and ears were wide open to see how he did it. He picked up a bowl of water and after asking a few questions of each, he asked if they would be governed by the discipline of the M.E. church. When their answer was yes he dipped his fingers in the bowl of water and touched the tips of his fingers to their heads saying, "I baptize you in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." It gave me quite a shock. I reasoned, what does he call that baptism for? That is not the way Jesus was baptized. He went down into the water and came up out of it. No amount of reasoning on the subject would satisfy me. I stoutly affirmed if I was ever baptized it would be like Jesus was. I also formed this resolution, that if ever I got religion I would never join a church. These stayed with me and only because the thing we joined later called itself the Church of God was I persuaded to go into it.

My mother, when she thought I needed correction, would take me alone and talk to me trying to build a principle of right doing in me. Up to the time I was about nine years old she had never whipped me. She was talking to me one day and something she said struck me funny and I laughed. She said, "Well, if you have got to be such a bad girl that it doesn't do any good to talk to you anymore, I'll have to try some other means."

She stepped to the door, broke a switch off a peach tree, came in and switched me with it. That was the only whipping she ever gave me and I thought I was everlastingly disgraced. I ran out in the garden and crawled behind a row of currant bushes that ran along the back of the garden and laid there on the grass all afternoon. I wasn't pouting, but trying to think out some way to overcome it. I knew I could not stay there hid always, and I thought everyone who saw me would know I'd been whipped. I knew I must come out and face it so I crawled out and my brother next older than me had come to the house. I've thought since that Mother must have told him I'd been whipped but not to mention it to me but get my mind off it. I was walking around in the garden when he came to me and began trying to get my mind on the things in the garden and finally said, "Well, let us go in, I guess supper's about ready." So we went in but it was some time before I could look anyone squarely in the face. My oldest brother Eno had fallen on the ice while trying to learn to skate, hurting his back quite badly. My sister was teaching and he usually went after her at the weekend. Coming home one evening they were caught in the rain, he took a bad cold and had sciatica rheumatism. It drew his hip out of joint and formed an abscess. It finally took a tubercular form. He had three abscesses on his back near the spine and another just above his knee. None of these ever healed. It was my duty to get him up in the morning, dress all these with clean cloths, get him in his chair, draw him to the kitchen, get his washpan of water and towel, comb his hair and

get him to the table in time for breakfast. He didn't walk, so it was my duty to wait on him most of the time. I began this when I was about ten years old and in my play out of doors, if Mother called me I would run to the house to wait on him and I put him to bed at night. His care was always with me until he died at the age of 22. I was twelve years old.

My Childhood Days are Over

I will now pass over some time and come to the event in my life which forms a new page in my history and shaped and formed my career. I'm not longer a child; I've turned a corner. Unfortunately our family all matured young so our childhood days were short. When I was fourteen years old people would think I was about seventeen. When I should have still been a child and carefree, I was married to Joseph C. Fisher. On his knees before my mother he made solemn promises to care for me and consider my tender age. He seemed so desperately in earnest that my mother, fearing he might persuade me to elope, gave her consent. My father, having so much confidence in her judgement, consented also. Having obtained this consent, we were married the same day.

About the year 1875 we, with another family from Chesaning, located some land in Gratiot County a half mile from the main road. We had a road winding around through the woods on a ridge. The first winter we were there a lady and her husband came to the schoolhouse out on the road and held a meeting. She did the preaching. Mr. Fisher went and came back and told me he'd made a start to serve the Lord. I hadn't been there because going out and back was difficult as the road was wet and long. Mr. Fisher wanted me to go, so I went to the afternoon meetings when I could pick my way. The first meeting I attended, I went to the altar and gave my heart to the Lord

and went home happy. From my childhood I'd prayed when in need and had prayed much for my husband as well as myself. He had a quick temper. I hated to see him angry and hear his profanity. So when anything happened that I thought would make him angry I would ask the Lord to keep him from it and He always answered when I prayed. I was glad when he was saved and said unto me, "Come let us go unto the house of the Lord." The lady who held the meeting was undenominational. She did not ask us to join anything. This suited me as I still held to my childhood determination never to join a church.

When we were not asked to do so it suited me well. There was an old Winebrennarian preacher who lived in our neighborhood. He began talking about what he called the Church of God, wanting us to go in with him and some others he knew of that had been members of that persuasion, and organize the Church of God. They finally had it all arranged and when the appointed day came I saw the Church of God in the Bible but did not like the idea of joining something. However, for the sake of my husband I consented to go with the rest lest he might become discouraged if I held back. So the Michigan Eldership of the Church of God was born that day, but I will never forget my feeling. That day I felt like I was going against light and the feeling grew on me until the day we finally severed our connection. The organization was made in the spring following our conversion.

A year later we sold our place and stored our goods. Mr. Fisher went to South Whitley, Indiana, to work for his brother who had more business than he could well attend to. He had a store which needed his attention and also bought staves. Mr. Fisher took care of the stave business. While at South Whitley he heard of a holiness meeting not far away. He went to hear and there met Brother Warner who was doing the preaching. While there he consecrated for sanctification and invited Brother Warner to come to Michigan, which he did that fall. This was our first introduction to Brother Warner. We held a meeting in Carson City, trying to get our people to receive holiness, which they would not. One night after the meeting and we had returned to the place where we were staying, I was so deeply under conviction for holiness I felt I couldn't go to bed and sleep another night without it. I told Brother Warner my convictions. We knelt down there in that room. He began praying for me. Every word was like the dissector's knife sent forth by the power of God. It cut and divided and seemed to be separating every disposition contrary to the will of God. And as the traits of the carnal mind were

Chapter (5)

Evangelistic Work

In the fall of 1880 Brother Warner called us to Beaver Dam, Indiana, to help him in the Eldership Meeting. His aim was to persuade the elders to lay aside some of the workings of the eldership which seemed to be inconsistent to the Church of God, but he accomplished nothing. Every motion that was made and every thought advanced in that direction was laid on the table and never acted upon. We had thought to work a little different plan in Michigan, so had appointed a holiness meeting to start ten days before the Eldership meeting. We brought Brother Warner home with us and started in our meeting at the appointed time thinking if we could get our people to accept holiness their hearts would be open to receive the advanced light the Lord was showing us. We held two days' holiness meeting and started in the third morning when we were informed we could not have the church to preach any such doctrine. The eldership which rejected holiness never spread her sails very far abroad again but became a derelict.

Mr. Fisher was clerk of the Eldership. He took the books, erased our names, and we declared our freedom from the church and we withdrew from the little chapel. Seventeen of

the congregation followed us. At this time we were living at Carson City. We went to our cottage and continued the meeting there for two or three days. There was an old gentleman from Williamston who was a Free Methodist who withdrew with us from the chapel, coming to our home and stayed until the close of the meeting. He invited us to come to Williamston and hold a meeting. Brother Warner returned to his home at the close of the meeting and said he would do the same thing which we had done-forsake the eldership. We were not yet fully established in the thought of what the Church of God really consisted. Before he left we talked of getting together and forming plans to organize the real Bible Church of God in the near future.

A few weeks later we went to Williamston taking Brother and Sister John Lyons with us. On our way to Brother Lyons' home we had taken some books from the express office. One was the Early Church History and the Apostolic Fathers. We had no time to unwrap them, as they had to work until ten o'clock that night adjusting his harness on our horse. Then we retired, rising early in the morning to get an early start on our journey. We left our new books on the table at Brother Lyons', the wrappers still on. We held a successful meeting in and around Williamston, had several converts, some of whom are still standing strong for the Lord. We held this meeting about three weeks. The last night of the meeting we stayed with the old brother who attended our meeting at Carson City. At about five o'clock in the morning following, I came to semi-consciousness when I saw a vision, whether awake or asleep, I cannot tell. We

seemed to be building a tower. We didn't lay the foundation, for it was already there. We were polishing stones, fitting them in the body of the tower. When they were polished they were clear as crystal and when they were fitted in the tower they fit so perfectly together that a seam was hardly visible. People passing by where we were working would pause and ask what we were doing. I would answer, "We are building a tower." Then they would ask, "But where did you get those beautiful stones?" I had one in my hand polished on two sides. I held it up for them to look through it. They saw that the two sides were still rough; then I called their attention to the stones that were piled about us from which we were polishing stones for the tower. I said, "There is nothing unusual about these stones; they're just such as you see every day. We've gathered them from the wayside, the fields, and the brooks; the beauty is in the work that is put on them." Here the vision changed. I saw the tower completed with the headstone on, which was just like the rest with the exception of a bright red spot in the center. And the stone exactly fit the top of the tower. I suddenly came to full consciousness and said "Lord, what is it?" He answered me, "This is my church". I immediately saw the symbol, the stones being so perfectly joined together and Christ the head; the red spot that was in the center of the headstone seemed to have a light of its own which it shed down through the whole tower like streams of blood. The sight was so thrilling I shall always remember it distinctly. Immediately the Scriptures began coming to my mind, 1 Corinthians 3: "Ye are God's husbandry,

ye are God's building, other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, but let every man take heed how he build on it", and then in the second chapter of Ephesians beginning with the nineteenth verse, "Ye are no more strangers and foreigners but fellow citizens with the saints and of the household of God and are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief cornerstone, in whom all the building fitly framed together grows unto a holy temple in the Lord in whom ye, also, are built together for a habitation of God through the Spirit." Many other such scriptures came to my mind showing us clearly all we had to do was to work on the stones, fitting and polishing them; that we could lay no foundation, for as he told us in 1 Corinthians 3, "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid." I saw at once that the idea of organizing God's church on the Bible plan had been accomplished almost two thousand years ago. My mind went back to Zachariah 4 where it speaks of the lamp and the two olive trees standing on either side with the golden pipe emptying the golden oil from themselves into the bowl of the lamp and Zachariah could not understand the vision he said, "What be these, my Lord?" The answer was, "This is the word of the Lord unto Zerubbabel saying not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit...Then who are you great mountain before Zerubbabel, you shall become a plain, and He shall bring forth the headstone of it with shoutings, crying grace, grace, unto it. And the headstone alone is to be exalted, the hands of Zerubbabel have laid the foundation of this house; his hands

also shall finish it.” While we know this Scripture was written in reference to the building of the temple yet we know it, as many other scriptures, has a twofold meaning. I’d previously looked in the Bible Dictionary of Proper Names for the pronunciation of the name Zerubbabel and while looking for it I looked also for the definition, as most proper names mean something. I found it meant scattered to Babylon and born at Babylon. Then the thought came very clearly to my mind that the hands of those who’d laid the foundation back at the beginning of this gospel age had some of them been scattered to Babylon and those who were born in Babylon coming out in these last days bringing the headstone were the ones to finish the house. I told the vision and the interpretation at the breakfast table. The real church of God and what it consisted of was as clear to my mind that morning as it is today. The people accepted the idea. On our journey home that day such floods of glory and light swept over me as my mind would go back to the vision. When we got to Brother Lyons I went to the kitchen to help Sister Lyons. Mr. Fisher went in and unwrapped his books. The first one he opened was the Apostolic Fathers and he opened it at the vision of the Pastor Hermis who had the same almost two thousand years before that I’d had. Mr. Fisher called me from the kitchen and said, “Allie, did you ever see this book anywhere?” I said, “No.” He said, “Did you ever see a part of it?” I said, “No, I never even heard of it until just before we sent for it. Why do you ask?” He said, “Here is your vision”, and he read it to me. The Pastor Hermis was one of the passersby who saw young men

building a town and polishing stones. He asked one who he called the elect lady what the young men were doing. Her answer was, "They are building a tower." He asked what it represented. She said, "It represents the Church of God." Then he asked, "Where did they get these beautiful stones?" She said, "There's nothing unusual about these stones. They're such as you see every day." "We've gathered them from the waysides, fields, and brooks." I was amazed when I saw the same vision had been given to the Pastor Hermis almost two thousand years before. I soon wrote to Brother Warner telling him my vision and giving him the Scriptures which the Lord had given me. Nothing more was ever said about organizing the Church of God.

It may be a wonder to some why the Lord didn't reveal this to Bro. Warner instead of to me. Bro. Warner was a prominent man and the first to preach holiness to us, so had the Lord revealed this to him in his position the people would have been ready to set him on a pedestal and worship him as the head of this movement. Bro. Warner would have refused this honor, as Jesus did when the people would have made him King of Jerusalem. The Lord knew that revealing it to one as humble and obscure as myself there would be no danger of any such thing. It was God's plan that the Holy Spirit, by the Word, should be the head of the church and He alone. I shall never forget the sensation of the nearness of God and the gentleness of His Spirit to my soul when I realized the Lord had revealed to

me what He had revealed to Pastor Hermis nearly 2000 years ago.

Chapter (6)

The Events Which Led to the Reformation

We had held a meeting the previous winter near Maple Rapids on what was called "The Island" where about forty were converted. The fall of our withdrawal from the Church we quit keeping house. We stored our goods at old Father Nash's where we had made our home that winter. This was somewhat trying to me as I had always wanted a home, but when I consecrated I promised the Lord to forsake all things for Christ and this was one of the "all things". So we gave our time entirely to gospel work, traveling with a horse and buggy.

We had become acquainted with a Sister Smith who lived near Foroles. In the early fall her daughter died. Her sister-in-law came from Bangor, Michigan for the funeral. We talked with her some on the Bible church and doctrine. She invited us to come to Bangor and hold a meeting that winter in and around there. At the first meeting held there Samuel Speck and S. Michaels were converted and toward spring A. B. Palmer was converted. There were over a hundred converted that winter of 1881-82. The meeting we held in Brother Michaels' neighborhood was well attended. Elder Palmer drove eighteen miles to the meeting. I'll never forget how anxious some became for holiness. Brother Michaels had made an altar, bringing it with him to the schoolhouse where we held the meeting. When we got ready for altar service he went out and

brought it in and got down to it himself without an invitation having been given. The meeting was a success.

The following June we held our first campmeeting in Brother Harris's grove, a mile and a half north of Bangor. This meeting was largely attended and the power of the Spirit was poured out upon the people. It wasn't uncommon to hear people shouting and praising the Lord. This became an established campground and was continued for seven years. Sister Harris was the lady we'd met at her sister-in-law's home near Foroles at the funeral of her daughter who'd invited us to come to Bangor. Their house was always open to us as a home. It was while we were making our home there that Samuel Speck learned to read and write. I told him to get a little pocket Testament and learn to read out of that. So while he was learning to read he was also learning the New Testament. When we were getting ready to leave for other fields he said, "What am I going to do now? Who will teach me?" I told him to get a new dictionary which would give him the pronunciation of words and also the definition. Before I left I showed him how to find them. He followed up his studies diligently and in a year or two they called him the "walking concordance."

The Northern Indiana Eldership had bought a little paper called "The Herald of Gospel Freedom" and the office equipment, which was very meager, thinking the paper would be useful to them in advertising their meetings and other purposes, but the expense amounted to more than the benefits

so they gave it to Brother Warner just to get rid of it. He was poor and the paper wasn't always on time. He met at the holiness association a man by the name of Haines who was editor and publisher of a little paper called "The Pilgrim", who suggested to Bro Warner the idea of merging the papers and replenishing their equipment somewhat. They did and moved "The Herald" to Indianapolis. Bro. Warner didn't want to call it "The Pilgrim" and Bro. Haines didn't want to call it "The Herald" so Brother Warner went on his knees in his closet asking the Lord for a name for the new paper. The Lord told him to call it "The Gospel Trumpet". This was about 1879. At this time Bro. Warner had considerable light on the church question and publishing it in The Trumpet. Haines did not approve of the straight doctrine. He told Brother Warner if he was going to publish such things he must either buy him out or sell out. So Brother Warner bought him out. Later the paper was moved to Bucyrus, Ohio. Here was the scene of the great battle. There was a meeting appointed to be held at Bucyrus. Mr. Fisher and I attended it. This was a veritable pandemonium of hell. The devil certainly rallied all his hosts to capture the meeting and destroy what good might have been accomplished. There were "come-outers" who believed in the one work such as Lyman Johnson and his son and those of various other persuasions, all thinking that they were the Church of God and none of them agreeing. There were others who believed in three works, the doctrine of celibacy, those who believed in wearing no collars and no cuffs. The meeting was held in a fraternal hall. Three

men knelt with their heads under a table all the morning supposedly praying that things might be brought their way. Brother Warner referred to them as three unclean spirits like frogs. When we returned from dinner we found Lyman Johnson preaching in the opposite end of the hall from the one used in the morning. We withdrew from the house and let them have it. We had not yet learned our God-given authority to rebuke such as be of the contrary part, but we acted upon the Bible plan of taking forth the precious from the vile, and withdrew to a private home to continue the meeting. At the close of this meeting Sister Warner accepted the teachings of celibacy. It was after the close of this meeting that Brother Warner passed through that great trial related in *The Birth of a Reformation*, Chapter 15, *The Crisis*. Through trials and persecutions from his wife and others the paper was dead for about three months.

A man at Williamston who was one of the converts of our meeting held there had wanted us to come there and locate. In about 1881, seeing the necessity of something being done to get the paper on its feet, we purchased a building eighty feet long and thirty feet wide. We finished off the front half for a printing office on the main floor and a meeting hall above; the rear half of the building was made into living rooms below and sleeping rooms above. In the meantime Brother Horton, the merchant previously mentioned, went down to Bucyrus. He and Brother Warner packed the whole equipment into a box car and moved it to Williamston. It was set up in a small building until the other building was completed and prepared for the

receiving of the office equipment. While in our small quarters an amusing little incident took place. It was getting toward fall and was quite cool so we needed some fire. We put up a stove of the Vesuvius type such as they used to have in depots. We had been trying to make a fire in it. In this little room were crowded the type cases, two composing stones, galley racks and other things, and the room in front was the press room, but our fire would not burn. Someone, in shaking the grate, had left it open. The few live coals there were had fallen through into the ash pan. We had put in kindling and put on fresh coal trying to coax it to burn. My brother who was with us at the time got the kerosene can was just ready to pour in some oil when Mr. Fisher grabbed it out of his hands saying, "Here you will have us burned up." He found the lid of a baking powder can, filled it full and threw it in the stove. It smoked a little and ran down through into the coals in the ash pan. He threw in another and watched it a minute. All this time it was generating gas. He finally threw in a lighted match and as he did so bent over to see if it was going to light when Vesuvius broke loose, jumped off its foundation belching out fire, smoke and soot, burning the elbow of William Shields who always worked with sleeves rolled up, singed one side of Mr. Fisher's mustache, his eyebrow and his hair and burning his hand. The soot and ashes rained down over the type which we made haste to cover up. The city paper across the street had a big headline saying, "Great loss at the Trumpet office by fire. Mr. Fisher met with the loss of his

mustache, but there was not great harm done save the cleaning up of the dirt.”

A little later we moved the office into its new quarters where we had ample room for all things in a room thirty by forty feet. Mr. Fisher purchased a two-horse engine and a four-horse boiler. This was the first the paper ever published by other than man-power.

We were gone the following winter working in gospel work in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana. A few months before, Rhoda Keaggy came to live with us. She was about fifteen. She began typesetting. We left William N. and Jennie Smith in charge of the Home. While we were in Payne, Ohio, we met Celia Kilpatrick, who was an orphan girl. We brought her to the office. She learned to be a very rapid typesetter. She did most of the setting while Rhoda did most of the distributing.

That spring while it was raining I proposed we wash our bed quilts as we had no cistern to save the water. I became quite hot, standing by an open window, the cool damp air blowing on me. I got a severe cold resulting in inflammatory rheumatism. I suffered several days. My hands, arms, and limbs were swollen badly and were very painful, so it was very hard to get into my clothes without someone’s help. One morning Mr. Fisher said to me, “Don’t you believe the Lord can heal you?” I said I certainly believed He could, and he said, “Don’t you want to get up and come out to worship?” I said, “Yes, if you will help me dress.” So I got up and he helped me to dress and we went

out to worship. Brother Warner was at home at that time. Some way I managed to get down on my knees, and after two or three had prayed I looked up to the Lord and asked him to touch my body. The power of God came upon me as a warm shower sweeping over my whole body as if it were dripping off my fingers. I jumped to my feet and began clapping my hands and praising the Lord. I hadn't been able to have one finger crooked before. All pain was swept from my body.

Chapter (7)

Blazing the Trail Under Difficulties

We were driving a good deal with the horse and buggy. One spring previous to this we started out to go into Midland County. It had been raining a good deal that spring and we were driving over into Saginaw County. We drove up onto a bridge and hadn't discovered until on the bridge that the road wasn't visible beyond. I'd been having a severe attack of sciatica rheumatism but had taken my case to the Lord that morning and started on the journey. When we saw the water on the opposite side of the bridge covered the whole road we hardly knew what to do. We supposed the road went straight to the hill beyond where we saw it midway between the fences. We drove on and the horse plunged down into deep water. We stopped the horse. He climbed out into the water, waded to the fence and took some rails from it, resting one end of a rail on the fence and another on a little knoll and another rail from that onto the hub of the buggy wheel. Mr. Fisher led me to the fence and I worked my way along the fence until I got to the high ground. He did the same and went to a house at the top of the hill and borrowed a long rope. The people came out and helped us, directing us where the road was. Mr. Fisher got the horse loose from the buggy and, after tying the rope to the buggy, followed the road to the hill beyond, taking the horse

with him. Then he fastened the rope to the horse and dragged the buggy out and once more hitched the horse to the buggy, and again we started on our journey. Mr. Fisher was wet to the waist. He went until we came to a little woods, then went behind a bush in the fence corner, took off his clothes, wrung them out, put them on again, and we went on our way. We came to a place where there were no inhabitants for about ten miles and, as it was getting late in the afternoon, we thought it best to stop at the first house we came to. We came to a little settlement where there were a few families and a schoolhouse. Mr. Fisher stopped at the first house, which was painted white and had a good appearance. He asked if they could keep us all night. The woman refused, saying she had no room, so we went on to the next house, which was a log house. Mr. Fisher wanted me to try. I knocked on the door and heard a faint voice from within say "Come in". I went in and found the lady of the house sick in bed and her husband away trying to find someone to do the work and take care of her. I talked with her a few minutes, told her my errand, and asked her if she could direct me to some place where they would keep us overnight. She said she didn't know that she could, but if we could wait on ourselves we could stay there. I told her we'd gladly do that, since finding a place seemed impossible and it was growing late. We went in and got supper for ourselves and the rest when the husband returned with the girl. They treated us very nicely. We told them where we were going and why. We found as we went on we passed within about a half mile of the place we'd started for.

There was no road and no way to get there except through the fields skirted by a woods. It was several miles farther to go around by the road so we decided to drive through the woods and over the fields. There was plenty of water and some trees were down we had to drive over. Mr. Fisher would get out and take the horse by the bits and lead her gently over the log, then I would take the lines and talk to her and drive slowly while he lifted the back wheels over. We passed over several logs in this way and finally reached our destination before dark. Tired and wet, we found Sister Brown, who'd sent for us to come, not very well and needing help for both soul and body. She received her heart's desire. We held a few meetings at her house and had a seed-sowing time. The people where we'd stayed all night told us if we would let them know when we were coming back they'd have a meeting announced at the schoolhouse nearby. We had quite a little congregation where we also had a chance to sow a lot of seed. Then we returned home.

That same spring we took a trip into Gratiot County, and as we passed through a corner of Saginaw County seven miles along a wooded road where there were no inhabitants, sometimes lifting the buggy over fallen trees, we came to the end of the road which was only a trail through the woods. There was a road there going each way and we were not certain which way to turn. Mr. Fisher got out and ran ahead the way he thought we should go and was gone nearly half an hour when he had found the road which led along the river and decided it was the right one. I saw him coming through the woods on a

run. As soon as he was within hearing distance he said, "Well, I see you're still there." I said, "Yes, where should I be?" He said, "I didn't know but what the bears had got you by this time." I said, "Why, are there bears here?" He replied, "Look under the buggy in the mud." Sure enough there were fresh bear tracks which looked as though they'd been made very recently. We then drove on and reached our destination at dusk. We held a few meetings with the church at Hamilton leaving them refreshed and encouraged. These are only a sample of our many journeys through the wilds of Michigan.

While living at Williamston and Grand Junction we were often in great need of cash. Both office and home we had all things common and lived on the proceeds of the publishing work. The work was all done freely without hire; sometimes we would need new machinery or something at the office or something at the house must be supplied. Sometimes our need would run as high as a thousand dollars or more. We would meet together and all pray to that end for the Lord to supply it. He frequently would prove to us His promise by saying "It shall come to pass ; before you call I shall hear, for your Father knows that you have need of these things before you ask." And the money would begin to come in before the day was out, he previously having put it in the hearts of his children here and there, Himself knowing that we should ask for it. We had great reason to praise the Lord and trust in Him, for it is better to trust the Lord than to put confidence in man.

The Bangor camp-meeting had been well attended. Several healings had been done, a board tabernacle had been erected, several cottages built and the fame of the meetings spread abroad. So in June 1883 we assembled on the ground for another meeting. Sister Emma Miller came that year from Battle Creek, Michigan. She was blind and had to be led around on the ground. She brought along writing materials with a promise to write home as soon as she got her eyesight. She had been anointed in the morning of the third day for healing and the day set apart for fasting and prayer. We had no outside help. Not even Brother Warner could be with us. Nevertheless the Lord was present in healing power. Brother Michels, Speck and Palmer were present and lived close by and were now some help in preaching. Sister Miller was led up onto the rostrum where she would be in everybody's sight when the work was done. I happened to be kneeling at her side while all the camp were on their knees in silent prayer and all praying and believing for the same thing. She quietly looked me in the face saying "It is done," and immediately the power of God was on us all. Everybody was on their feet shouting with their hands up. It was a veritable Pentecost, while Sister Miller stood before them looking at the scene. She told me how it impressed her when we all began singing "She only touched the hem of his garment, as to His side she stole, amid the crowd that gathered around Him, and straightway she was whole." She said every word seemed so applicable. She thought the song was inspired then and there, and this was the first time it had ever been

sung as she had never heard it before, and as she looked upon the scene and saw the glory of God upon the people and shining on their faces she thought heaven had come down, and it truly was one of the “Heavenly places in Christ Jesus.”

A lady came from Denver, Co a year or two later to have the devil cast out. She knew she was possessed and came to the altar that she might be delivered and as soon as hands were laid on her she wiggled out from under their hands and went under the rostrum looking out with glaring eyes at them and darting out her tongue like a snake. The brethren had to take her by their superior strength and hold her down while they laid hands and rebuked the devil. He had to go, but left her limp. They carried her into one of the cottages, laid her on the bed and left some of the sisters to keep watch with her. She roused after a while, sat up and looked out of the window saying “Clothed and in my right mind.” It was in June 1884 that Sister Frankie Miller, a cousin of Emma’s, came to the assembly to get saved and healed. She wanted a blessing like Emma had received the year before, and like Emma’s sister Josie had got at the assembly the fall before, but the Lord did not see fit to let her have it just that way, so she had to take it by faith. The Lord does not always let us have our way. We must come to His way.

As circumstances were shaping, we were inclined to move to the vicinity of Bangor, as there were better railroad facilities and a very good building that could be had quite cheap. We disposed of the place at Williamston and bought the building at

Grand Junction, where the Trumpet was housed until it went to Moundsville, Virginia. We moved it all and took up our abode at Grand Junction on what is now the Pierre Marquette Railroad eight miles north of Bangor at the crossing of the Michigan Central. We found cheaper living expenses and the work increased. We sold our horse and buggy and traveled by rail. We had traveled through Missouri, Iowa, Indiana, Ohio, and Pennsylvania extensively.

While in Pennsylvania holding a camp-meeting at Sandy Lake, Brother Warner was with us. He, at that time, had been separated from his wife for some while. He received a post card from her saying, "Come and get Sidney." Brother Warner did not wait for the second invitation. He took the first train, got his boy and brought him home. When the child parted from his mother she waved her hand saying, "Write Mama a post card." We remained in Pennsylvania until about Christmas when we came to Indiana to Bro. E. E. Byrum's mother's home. He was then home on his vacation. His mother was very eager for him to understand and accept the truth. At the time he was attending the United Brethren College at Westerville. We did the best we could to give him the truth, and during the week his brother took us with his team to his uncle's, about eighteen miles distant, where the church had a chapel. We started the meeting in this chapel. E.E. Byrum and his sister drove out with the horse and cutter. He told me then he'd come to give it all up, which he did. He consecrated for sanctification and gave up sectism.

This was the last meeting that Mr. Fisher and I ever held together. This was a time in my life that I would like to pass over unmentioned. While in Pennsylvania several months previous to this I had had a vision. I saw the whole surface of the earth as far as I could see a melting and boiling mass, hills and mountains would tumble in, then it would heave up in another place. Houses would shake and fall and sink out of sight. I was standing alone upon a rock, the only place that seemed to be solid. I did not understand the vision until the Lord showed it to me. After we had come home in January Mr. Fisher had fallen and decided to get a bill of divorcement and marry again. I will not mention the trials through which I passed at this time. While all this was going on before my face I will let you imagine yourself in the same position domestically and on top of this the burden of what might be the outcome to the church, as so many people were simply wrapped up in him. After returning home they did all within their power to put the blame upon me, but the Lord gave me a special promise in the 64th Psalm, and also kept reminding me that He was led as a lamb dumb before his shearers and opened not his mouth. I left it all with the Lord, believing He could bring out the truth better than anything I could do or say.

I would sit evenings before going to bed, read my Bible or write until I would get sleepy enough to go to sleep when I went to bed.

One evening as I was sitting I had been writing and the Lord said to me, "This is your vision," and at once it began to come to me in verse. This is what I wrote:

I had a dream, a fearful sight,
Was spread before me in the night;
And while within that awful hour,
I there beheld God's mighty power.

The earth, it shook and houses fell,
And all around it seemed that hell
Had opened wide her awful mouth (Isa. 5:14)
To swallow all from North to South.

The thunder rolled, the earth did quake
And hills and mountains both did shake,
I saw them reel and tumble in (2 Pet. 3:10)
And naught was left but smoke and din.

While gazing on this awful scene
I felt so calm and quite serene;
Although alone I seemed to be

I knew that God would care for me.

Upon a rock I seemed to stand,
While all around was sinking sand;
The rock was firm, for ages past
Had stood secure through storm and blast.

It seemed the final end had come
And all around had now begun
To melt and boil with fervent heat,
Except the rock beneath my feet.

And on that rock my feet were firm;
I stood secure from all alarm;
I did not tremble at the sight
But felt while there that all was right.

And now this dream to understand,
You must with Christ join heart and hand,
He who the narrow way has trod,

For who is a rock? Save our God? (Psa. 18:31)

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Alone with Christ we all must be,
And kept by Him in purity,
Though friends forsake and prove untrue,
The Lord will keep and love you, too.
(Deut. 31:6)

Mr. Fisher was a man of very strong magnetic influence and the people were swayed by him until it was clearly manifest that he had gone wrong and even then it was hard for some to pull away from him, but finally things adjusted themselves once more and settled down but not without the loss of some whose faith was fastened to him. He applied for a divorce. Some thought I should fight it. The worldly people offered assistance. One lawyer offered his service free and a number of the saints went to the county seat the day it was to be heard thinking I would be there and they would be on hand to witness for me. But I knew it would mean the destruction of the Trumpet as he was its publisher and proprietor, and I knew he would sell it out to a worldly company for the means to accomplish the end he sought, so for the sake of saving it I suffered myself to be defrauded and my name cast out as evil, but I knew God would

take care of that. I would rather have suffered myself to be a castaway than to see the Trumpet office lost to the church. He afterwards sold the copyright of the "Songs of Victory" to the songwriter E.O. Excell of Oil City, PA for means to carry on his work of opposition. He was at the last campmeeting held on the Bangor campground that came after he had gotten his bill. Bro. Warner gave a public statement of things as they were and told the necessity of someone buying him out, and also renounced him as a fallen man. E.E. Byrum was at this meeting, it being the first one he had attended of the Church of God meetings or campmeetings. He had written me two or three weeks previous to get him a room for two as he expected to come and bring one of his roommates from Westerville where he was attending college. I knew the state of affairs and what to expect at the campmeeting and feared the effect it might have upon him as he had only come out this way the winter before. I took my paper and pen to write him not to come when the Lord said, "Don't you do it". I said, "Why?". He answered me, "I have a purpose in his coming." I said, "What purpose?" and immediately the whole plan was laid before me that he had the money and was the man to buy out Mr. Fisher and take charge of the publishing work, so I told him I would get the room for him. I kept all this shut up in my own heart and did not tell a soul, not even Brother Warner. I felt like standing still and seeing the glory of God. Bro. Byrum came to me and asked me concerning the duties of a publisher, and I was not surprised when twenty-four hours later he came to me again and said, "I

have decided.” I said, “Well, praise the Lord.” He said, “Don’t you want to know how?” I said, “I do know.” He said, “I haven’t told anyone.” I replied, “But I knew it three weeks ago.” He bought Mr. Fisher out and became publisher before he went home. When Bro. Warner died he became editor and served in that capacity a number of years.

Trials and Victory

We all had something to do when I was home. I did the most of the job work, putting up the forms and sometimes doing the printing of the jobs besides cutting or trimming tracts or songbooks. We did not have Wheeler Pollock yet, so if anything went wrong with the machinery we fixed it ourselves if we could. One day the big wheel ran off the press and fell onto the floor. I heard the thud but was busy and thought no more about it. They all took a hand in trying to get the wheel on where the type and paper would come together to print but they could not do so, so they came after me to see if I could figure it out. I was not a machinist, but could see into it quite easily. I went down and looked it over a few minutes, then as an experiment I told them to turn the cylinder until the paper was in position to print, then fasten the wheel in the place where it would work with the cylinder. They did so and went to printing all right. We were all glad to get out of it that easy. Some of the men were a little chagrined to think they had not thought of that before.

At our first Grand Junction campmeeting a man came with his family from Nebraska, drove through with a hack. He was found to be possessed with the devil. He was a preacher. He came to the altar to be relieved, and when the brethren gathered around him to lay hands on him he wriggled out from under their hands and went under the rostrum on all fours. He glared out at the brethren and would bark like a dog and grunt like a

pig. They laid hands on him, and by their united strength held him, rebuking the devil and commanding him to come out. Of course he had to come, but the man failed to get salvation, so the devil that had gone out “walketh through dry places seeking rest and finding none” said to himself, “I will go back to my house whence I came. He comes back and finds it empty, swept, and garnished. He goes in and takes with him seven other spirits worse than himself so the last state of that man is worse than the first.” So by the time he got to the New Pittsburg meeting he was found to be possessed. He again passed through the same experience of having the devil cast out and again he failed to get a complete salvation. I had been requested to come to the Nebraska campmeeting, and as he was intending to go there, Brothers Warner and Jeremiah Cole thought I had better go along with him in his hack. It was a three-seated one. He had his wife and two children and had added to his company Bro. William Fowler and Nannie Donald. The brethren thought I might help to keep him straight, but before the end of the second day he was manifesting such a carnal spirit that I could not do much with him. Nannie could not refrain from rebuking him frequently, so they were often in disputings. It finally came to a climax, and he declared one morning he would not take her another rod.

We had camped out for the first night of our journey the night before, so we were by the roadside. I took him up the road and talked to him trying to show him his faults, and in as much as he professed to be a preacher he should set a better

example and ask Nannie's forgiveness. I told him he could not leave her alone by the side of the road, and if he left her he would have to leave me. Then I took Nannie down the road and talked to her. I told her she had aggravated him unnecessarily by talking back to him and that she should ask his forgiveness. Finally I got them together and had a prayer meeting there by the side of the road. They asked each other's forgiveness, and all trouble was ended for a day. Then it began again as bad as ever. We had another day before we got to a place where I was acquainted. We crossed the Mississippi River at Hannibal, and driving about eight miles into Missouri to a Brother Myers, we stayed all night. I took all belongings out of the hack, and the next morning I told him I was going no farther. So the young people would not go, either, and he went on alone with his family, and we went to St. James, MO where Brother Warner and his company were to begin a campmeeting right away. We expected to join ourselves with other companies, but there was no opportunity to do so, as everyone had his company made up. Brother Warner laughed and said, "Here you are with a company all at hand. Why not go out in the name of the Lord and go to work? I've been wanting to cut your shorelines and push you out. Now here's the chance." Since I had been a "widow" I had always been in other companies, but it seemed we must strike out or go home. We heard of a place where they wanted a meeting about forty miles from St. James. Brother Myers, who lived near, offered to take us with his team. We went as far as Rolla that afternoon, when we arrived at the

brother's house where we expected to stay all night. We found Brother Bolds, Ott Bolds' father, and his company, which consisted of his wife and daughters. After supper I said, "It seems to bad to waste this whole evening. There are so many of us here together, and we are doing nothing. Why can't we go down on the street and have a meeting?" All were agreed, so we got the consent of a grocer to stand on his porch where his light shone out on us. We began singing, "The Hand of God on the Wall", and before we had finished the first verse the street was blockaded. I could not imagine where so many people came from and how they got there so quickly. We had a little meeting, a few testimonies and prayers, and when we were through they wanted us to sing the song we sang first. We sang it for them again. There was a man there who lived twenty miles away. He asked me to come to his town and hold a meeting. I told him if we ever got near enough we might.

We went on our journey the next morning and arrived that afternoon at a place where we had been told they wanted a meeting. They were not ready yet. We found a lady there who was staying all night who had been called home from a meeting she had been holding five miles from Rolls. She had not finished it and wanted us to go back and finish it. As we had nothing else to do we decided to. We came back to the little village of Edgar Springs. She came back with us to take the train to her home. This was Sunday morning. We stopped by the side of the road and were talking with her concerning the meeting. There was

quite a crowd gathered on the store porch across the street. A man from the crowd came out to the wagon looking up at me. He said, "Do you hold meetings?" I said, "Yes, that is our business." He said, "Will you stop and give us one this afternoon?" After thinking the matter over for a minute I said, "We'll stop and give you two provided you will keep us all night." He went back and reported. They said they would and asked us to drive in. The merchant who owned the store said, "You may put your team in our barn. Two of you can stay with us tonight," and a doctor in the crowd said the rest could stay with him. It was just about meeting time, and a congregation was gathering at the large school house which had been built also for meeting purposes. We went over to the meeting. We listened to the sermon delivered by a freewill Baptist man. He was very enthusiastic in his delivery, challenging anyone to prove anything else, except a Baptist church, by the Bible. When he closed he asked if there were any announcements to be made. After all were given out that they knew of, we arose to our feet and said, "There will be a meeting here this afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. They were gave out meeting again for the evening. The house was crowded. We took up the challenge given in the morning as I expected never to be there again. I gave them the truth on the church telling them I could find nothing of a Baptist church in the Bible, but sixteen times in the New Testament the church of God was mentioned. I showed them when it was built and by whom and that it was thoroughly equipped with officers and all things needful for a working

church. Our music was good as Nannie was one of the sweetest soprano singers we had ever heard, and a young man who had joined our company sang tenor and William Fowler the bass and I the alto. When we closed the meeting that night the people did not give us a chance to get out of the pulpit but came urging us to stay. We told them we couldn't then, as we had promised to finish a meeting between there and Rolla. We told them when we were through there we would let them know and if they still wanted us we would come back and hold a meeting for them, but they would have to come after us, as the man who was with us would return home with his team as soon as we got to the place where we were to hold the meeting. They said they would willingly do that if we would only let them know. We stayed two weeks at the place where we went to finish the meeting. Several were saved and seed sown, then we wrote back to Edgar Springs that we were ready to come. It was late in October and quite cool. We were sitting on the mountainside in the sunshine just above the road going into Rolla. A couple of teams passed as we were sitting on the side of the hill. They crossed the river close by and unhitched their teams and fed them. The older man came back looking up at us and said, "When are you coming back to Edgar Springs?" I said, "We will be through here tomorrow night, and I have already written for them to come get us. He said, "They are anxiously waiting for you." He said he was on his way to Rolla to meet his two daughters who were coming from Bangor. I said, "Bangor where? He said, "Bangor, Michigan." He said he used to

live about a mile from the campground and had heard my husband preach many times and heard me preach. I was not a little surprised. I supposed I had reached a part of the country where people knew nothing of me and my troubles.

We returned to Edgar Springs and began our meeting. The house was full every night. People would come on horseback ten miles. We gave them the straight truth on all points, and it was producing fruit. Some of the sectarian members were getting salvation and leaving their sects. The Methodist class leader became alarmed and sent for their pastor who lived in another village who sent word back saying he could not come as he was sick and told them to send for the Presiding Elder. What I am about to relate is to show you how God fulfills his promise unto those who trust in him. The Presiding Elder came, and was seated in the congregation when we reached the house. I did not know who he was and as I cast my eyes over the congregation I saw him and knew he was a preacher. A young man of our company was talking that night as he sometimes did on Saturday nights. He was preaching on the subject of sanctification as a second work of grace. The Presiding Elder kept interrupting him and when the boy told of the seventy coming back rejoicing that the devils were subject unto them, and Jesus saying, "Rejoice not because the devils are subject unto you, but rejoice because your names are written in heaven," he said, "What, had power over unclean spirits and to heal disease and yet were not sanctified." The boy said, "No, sir," and the man gave a wild whistle. I thought the

interruptions had gone far enough. I asked the boy to give me the floor a minute. I stepped to the pulpit and said, "We were very patient with you when you interrupted the first time. I thought you surely would not do so again as I was aware that you knew you were out of place, and when you interrupted the second time I thought you probably would not do it again. Now I want to say we will have no more interruption until the boy is through. Then, if you have anything to say you may come up here to the pulpit and say it like a man. You have put a question in the minds of the people which I wish to answer before I sit down", so I read a few verses to him from the 17th chapter of John where Jesus in praying for the disciples repeatedly said, 'They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world', and shortly after he said, 'Sanctify them through thy truth; they word is truth.' They surely were not sanctified or Jesus would not have been praying this prayer. Just a little more Scripture. I Tim. 6:3-5 says, 'If any man teach otherwise and consent not to wholesome words, even the words of our Lord Jesus Christ and to the doctrine which is according to godliness, he is proud, knowing nothing, but doting about questions and strifes of words whereof cometh envy, strife, railing, evil surmising and perverse disputings of them of corrupt minds and destitute of the truth, supposing that gain is godliness; from such withdraw yourselves.' When the boy is through, you shall have a chance." So when the boy was through we sang a hymn and offered him the pulpit. He came and on his way up he said, "I always like to

face the audience when I have anything to say, and I came up here expressly to put my foot on this mushroom. I am a Methodist, my father was a Methodist before me, and my grandfather before him, and I am a Methodist dyed in the wool." Then he went on to tell what wonderful things the Methodists were doing in building homes for the widows and orphans and schools and colleges to educate their ministers and were sending missionaries to the heathen. He turned and said, "What have these people ever done like that? I tell you, I don't believe in any of your narrow, contracted religion. I am on a broad gauge. The Methodists believe in holiness; they preached holiness long before this boy or the church he belongs to was thought of." He said further that the Methodists were the church of God visibly organized and a few other such remarks and sat down on the platform as the crowd was so dense it was hard to crowd through to his seat. I came to the pulpit and picked up the thread of his remarks where he told us about the great things the Methodists had done. I said, "I always rejoice in any good work, but I notice he gives all glory to the Methodists and leaves God out. He finished his remarks by telling us that he does not believe in any of our narrow contracted religion, but that he is on a broad gauge, but Jesus says, 'straight is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it, but broad is the way and wide is the gate that leadeth unto destruction and many there be that go in thereat', and he says that is the road he is on and I have no reason to doubt it. He told us the Methodists preached holiness long

before this boy or the church he belongs to was thought of, but I say, the church this boy belongs to preached holiness seventeen hundred years before the Methodists were thought of. I know the Methodists started out to preach holiness, but they drifted away from it until today it is hardly mentioned in their pulpits. He tells us the Methodist Church is the Church of God visibly organized. If that were true, what was God doing for a visible church seventeen hundred years before the Methodists came along to make it visible? That is too foolish to give it a second thought. Jesus told his disciples in Matt. 16:18 'Upon this rock I will build my church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.' The rock of Peter's confession while Peter was one of the foundation stones, it was Peter's confession from his heart that made him a member of the church, 'For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation,' and in 1 John 5:1, 'whosoever confesseth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God.' And Jesus did just as he said he would and for proof we gave him Acts the first and second chapter and 1 Cor. 12. The church was then organized and all members set in their proper places by God himself. 1 Cor. 12:18. That the church was visible on the day of Pentecost and has been ever since and no man or set of men could invent any plan to make it more so. It was visible because made of visible material, and Jesus told the truth when he said the gates of hell should not prevail against it. Therefore it was not necessary for the Methodists to build another." I turned to take my seat when he said, "You call us dumb dogs."

“Oh,” I said, “I just read the Bible.” He answered, “I never saw that in the Bible.” Then I said, “You could not have read your Bible much. I will read it for you.” So I turned again to the pulpit, picked up my Bible and turned to the 56th chapter of Isaiah, and as I did so I turned my back on the congregation and now facing him said, “This people have all heard this Scripture, so we will read it just for your benefit, but we don’t know that it will do you any good as you have already told us that you are a Methodist dyed in the wool, and perhaps the dye is so deep that no amount of Scripture can get it out. Nevertheless we will read it, so we read, ‘His watchmen are blind; they are all ignorant; they are all dumb dogs; they cannot bark, sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber. Yea, they are greedy dogs which can never have enough; they are shepherds that cannot understand, and they all look to their own way every one for his gain from his quarter.’” We sang a hymn and closed the meeting. Again the people rushed to the pulpit to shake hands with us, glad, I suppose, that the truth had prevailed. The next morning the preacher was present. Our subject was salvation, but before we began the subject we made four ciphers on the blackboard and asked the congregation what number it was. They said it was no number, that they were just ciphers. We told them they represented us four that were holding this meeting. Then we put a one over on the right side and said, “What number have we now?” Someone answered, “Just one.” We told them this represented the one who went forth with his theological education and wordly knowledge. He counted one

and amounted to something wherever he went. Then we rubbed out that one and made a figure one on the left hand side and asked what number this was. Someone answered, "Ten thousand." Then we told them this one was the Lord, and he stood at our head; though we were nothing but ciphers, with the Lord at our head we were ten thousand strong and would not be afraid to face a regiment of presiding elders when He went before us. That afternoon the elder gave a sermon, but said nothing about us until he was done, then he told the people that we that were holding the meeting were doing nothing but preaching the Word and that cannot be overthrown, and they would only hurt themselves if they fought against it, and that they had better quit their fighting and turn in and help.

Not so very long after this a Baptist preacher came on Wednesday night. He came to officiate at a wedding in the town and came to the meeting that evening. When the meeting closed that evening and the most of the people had left he addressed himself to one of my boys as he was passing out and told him he wanted a half hour every night that we might enter into a discussion over the doctrine which we were teaching. The boy told him he did not think I would do it. During his excited talk a piece of tobacco flew out of his mouth hitting the boy on the chin. The boy reproved him for using tobacco and he a preacher; of course this raised his ire as well as his excitement. The people were coming back in, and we went down to put a stop to the argument as it was 10 o'clock P.M., and some of the

people had ten miles to go. He asked me if I would discuss the matter with him. I told him I would not, that we did not think it wisdom to stop a meeting in the midst of a revival when souls were being saved to go into a discussion. He had a standing appointment for Friday night every four weeks, and this was his week, so he stayed and attended the meeting, but did not offer me his night. He took the pulpit. His text was, "The Lord saves to the uttermost all who come unto him," and he said it doesn't take two dips of grace, either. He tried to convince the people he was right, but did not venture to use much Scripture. He would quote his text and then say, "And it doesn't say a word about tobacco." When he took the pulpit, he said, "I came down here to clean out this platter if it takes two weeks." He told them the Bible said it was a shame for a woman to speak in the church, and they should go home and ask God to forgive them for coming and listening to something he was ashamed of. He went on with a great tirade against the doctrine and the one church. When he was through he offered me the pulpit, and the boy who was with me and preached sometimes took up the point of women preaching. He showed that there were a good many women in Bible times who preached. When the boy was through I took up the point of two works using the first five verses of the 5th chapter of Romans and other Scriptures to the point such as "He saved us by the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost" and thoroughly established the fact that it takes two distinct works of grace to complete salvation. Then I quoted his text and said, "and it doesn't say a

word about tobacco.” I said, “He is mistaken about that, too, for there is lots in the Bible about tobacco, but it is not spelled just as he spells it, so perhaps he has not noticed it. It is spelled this way f- i- l- t- h- i- n- e- s- s tobacco, and of course you will all agree that it is filthy, but if anyone doubts it, just come here where you can take a look up this aisle. It is floating in tobacco juice, and when we go out we will have to walk through it and hold up our skirts to keep them from trailing through the nasty stuff.” He said, “Well, the Lord made it.” We answered, “Yes, he made it, and we will read to you in a minute what he made it for, but first we want to tell you the effect of tobacco upon the blood and nerves and brain according to physiology, and there is enough nicotine in one puff of smoke to kill a cat and enough in one squirt from a chew of tobacco to kill a rattlesnake.” Then we turned to Gen. 1:29

“And God said, behold I have given you every herb bearing seed (such as wheat, barley, and rye) which is upon the face of the earth, and every tree in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed for you it shall be for meat, and to every beast of the earth and to every fowl of the air and to everything that creepeth upon the earth wherein there is life have I given every green herb for meat, and it was good.’ You know there are creeping things that feed upon tobacco, and they grow amazingly and get to be big fat fellows four or five inches long in a few weeks time.” He said, “Yes, that shows it is good.” I answered, “It surely is good for the purpose the Lord made it, but it is not good for you, or you would get fat, too, and the

worst of it is you do not want it for food. Your system in no way requires it unless you have first created the demand and then not until you have been made deathly sick by persistently trying to use it. This ought to be enough to teach anyone that the Lord did not intend it for you, and you should be willing to let the creeping things have it, but instead you kill him and steal his food for no purpose but to defile the pure air that God gives us or the soles of our shoes as we walk upon God's earth, and to satisfy a demand which you yourself have created." He said then, "What shall we do then, give up our wheat and vegetables to the bugs and worms?" We answered him, "No, not if you would obey the Lord." So we turned to Mal.3:8, "'Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say wherein have we robbed thee? in tithes and offerings. Bring all the tithes into the storehouse that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts and see if I will not open the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing that there will not be room enough to contain the blessing wherewith I will bless you, and I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes, and he shall not destroy the fruit of your ground, neither shall your vine cast her fruit in the field before its time, saith the Lord of hosts.' Now if you will do what the Lord tells you I have no doubt he will fulfill his promise, but you can't blame the Lord for letting these things loose on your food when you stole from them first."

I have related the foregoing incidents for the encouragement of the young workers that you may be assured

that God will do his part if you will do yours. We are supposed to study the word and have it in our hearts and minds, and He will give in that hour the things you should speak; he will bring to your remembrance the right thing in the right place.

There was one thing at this place which made me feel sorry. I want to tell you about it so you will be cautious. This is about a doctor who was there. He was so kind and interested in the meetings. He gave the boys a home all the time we were there. He was always at meeting and always in a front seat. One night he spoke to me and wanted us to go home with him, so the boys took our place and we went with him. We were not much more than in the house till he said, "I want to tell you why I don't get saved. It is because there is no salvation for me." Then he related his experience. When he was a young man he said he attended a revival meeting for six weeks and was under conviction and went to the altar night after night and was seeking all the time. He said he prayed in the fence corners and behind the stumps but never found any relief. The meeting closed and he still kept praying but never got anything. Then the Church of Christ came and started a meeting. They told him he would go crazy if he did not quit that, and that since he had repented now all he need to do was to believe and be baptized and he would be all right. He said he did that and soon found out he was the same old sinner he was before. Then he said he went to studying infidel books and he had supposed he was an infidel until we came and began our meeting. "Now," he said, "I believe there is such a thing as salvation, and I believe you folks

have it, and I would give everything in this world to get it, but it is not for me, not for me.” All this time he was walking the floor with his baby in his arms. I tried my best to persuade him to get down and let us pray for him. I quoted all the promises, but he would continually say, “It is not for me, not for me.” It was heart-rending, and I made up my mind I would never leave one at the altar to struggle along, but would pray with them and help them. He was no doubt lost for the want of proper help at the altar when he was young and trying so hard to struggle through.

Chapter 9

God shows himself true to His promise

We will leave the Ozarks and turn our face toward the North. We came as far as Albany, IL, and were at Father Byers' during the sickness and death of their oldest daughter Nancy. Later we came home, and the next fall Della Gardner and I went to Dora, a place about 16 miles north of Grand Rapids, and from there to a place called Wayland and had a meeting. It was at this place that we met Luella Todd, who was then a Salvation Army captain. She accepted the truth and walked in the light and preached it until her death in 1924. She had married some years ago at St. Louis, Michigan, so her name was M. L. Ringle. She was pastor of the little church.

Della Gardner (later she married Leroy Sheldon) and I traveled together three years. Brother and Sister Sheldon have been successful workers and have built up a good work in Flint, Michigan and Detroit. In our travels together Della and I were in the Northern part of Michigan. We spent a good deal of time in Emmitt County. We never asked for a collection, and I must confess I did not preach that part of the gospel, but trusted our needs all to the Lord who immediately supplied them. One rainy season I had spoiled two dresses for the want of a rain coat. I had not asked the Lord for one as I kept thinking it would not rain anymore, but finally I thought it best to get one. We had held our last meeting we expected to hold that spring and it was still raining. We had just held a meeting in Petosky and were expecting to go to the place where our trunks were, the

place we called home, to do a little sewing and get ready for the Grand Junction campmeeting, and as it continued to rain Della got her a raincoat from a pile that were on sale and were quite cheap, but I could not find any large enough but found one the higher priced ones for \$6.50. As I was not looking for any more money and had to save enough to take two of us nearly three hundred miles and back, I would not venture to use that much without asking the Lord if I had better get it, and he told me to get it. The next day before we left Petosky and were on our way to the depot we did a little shopping. I went after my raincoat. Della went to the post office. She handed me a letter but I did not open it.

A dentist who had attended the meeting had made a tooth for me. He had his parlors over the store. I went up to get it and have it adjusted. I knew he did not intend to charge me for it, and as I started to go I said, "May the Lord bless you and prosper you." He said, "That is all right, but wait a minute." I waited and he stepped back into another room, then came out and handed me a dollar. Again I thanked him and said, "The Lord bless you." He said, "That is all right. I always give some to the cause and I know of no one I could give it to that I believe would use it more to the glory of God than you." When I opened my letter I found a five-dollar bill in it, so the Lord gave me back the same day the price of my raincoat, all but 50 cents, for which I praised him, and as it turned out I needed it very much. This is just one experience, but it is one of many.

While in Petosky holding that meeting the weather was very damp and chilly. I would get quite warmed up talking, then going out in the cold, damp air I had taken a very bad cold so that I could only talk in a hoarse whisper during the day. A man who was in attendance at the meeting regularly dropped in and tried to talk with me, and when he saw the condition of my voice he said, "Will there be any meeting tonight?" We told him there would be. He said, "Who will talk?" We told him the Lord would take care of that and somebody would talk. He said, "I will be there." We were there; Della did the singing and praying while I was looking intently to God for help, but help did not come until I arose to my feet and looked up to the Lord with a short prayer asking him not to disappoint the congregation who had come to hear the Word and to give me my voice so I could talk, and immediately my voice was clear as usual and I talked with the same ease. This is just one of many such experiences, before and after, proving the Lord is a present help in every time of need. Why should we not praise him and love him more and more, for he says, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

It was while we were in Northern Michigan, in Emmet County, that we had an interesting experience. We had been holding a meeting in Harbor Springs. We were invited out to a schoolhouse where they wanted a meeting. I started in Sunday evening. The meeting had not been very well circulated, but we had a pretty good congregation and it kept increasing all week, and by the next Sunday the crowd was so large that we had to

go early, and when we got in sight of the schoolhouse and saw the teams hitched all around it we were surprised. I said, "What does this mean? It must be a funeral." I hadn't heard of any funeral but thought that they just hadn't told us about it, so we decided to go to the house near there and wait until after the funeral was over. We asked the lady whose funeral it was, and she said, "It's nobody's funeral." We then asked her what all that crowd meant and she said, "They have come to the meeting." So we went over and the house was jammed full. The Dunkards (this was a Dunkard neighborhood) had all turned out. One of the Dunkard men that was quite interested came to me and said, "Are you going to talk on baptism?" I said, "I probably will; I usually do." He said, "Will you let us know when you do?" I said, "Yes, if the Lord lets me know in time I will tell you." I announced when I was going to preach on baptism so they all came out. I had prepared myself. I copied an extract from Hinton's History and Hinton had copied from Tertullian, a historian of the second century, and so I had this extract in my book in my Emphatic Diaglott. I often used the Emphatic Diaglott when preaching on baptism. In the 3rd chapter of Matthew it says in the King James Version, "I indeed baptize you with water," and in the Emphatic Diaglott there is no word "with." It is taken from the Greek word "en" and the Greek word "en" is mentioned many times in the New Testament and is translated as "in" in every other place. I showed them in different places where that word appeared. Then I took other strong scriptures on the subject. In the King James version it

says “baptize”, but the Emphatic Diaglott calls it “immerse.” I said, “The word baptize doesn’t mean anything to you. It is an untranslated word, therefore you are left in the dark. If it would have been translated it would have been immerse.” Then I took the German Testament. I studied German because I had a great many Germans in my congregations. I read it to them from the German Testament and I read, “Johannes der taufer (John the dipper). I said, “If baptism means to dip, to plunge to immerse, let us read it that way, after I had proved that baptism meant immerse. Now, everybody that thinks and believes that baptism means to dip, to plunge, to immerse, please raise your hand”, and nearly everybody held up their hands. I said, “if it means dip, let us read it dip,” so I turned to the 4th chapter of Ephesians and read, “One Lord, one faith, and one dip.” That does not say “One Lord, one faith, and three dips.” The Dunkard pastor seemed to be struck as though I had struck him with a club. It amused me; I wanted to laugh, but did not dare to laugh then. Then I told them that I wanted to read for them an extract from Tertullian, and I said, “The first that was ever mentioned of three dips was in the second century and Tertullian speaks of it in this way”: “Our brethren are like snakes—water haters, but we, like fishes, are born in it, therefore we think it safe in continuing in it. We baptize three times, fulfilling somewhat more than the Lord decreed by the gospel.” So I said, “You are out of line with the gospel. It is just as bad to go beyond as it is to fall short. I don’t see any other way but that you will have to please the Lord and come to the Bible.” They were quite stirred

up. One came with us, but I never heard how many of the others took their stand for the truth.

There was a little place on the South Arm of Pine Lake in Charlevoix County, Michigan, where they wanted a meeting, and we found we could take that in on our way South and have three weeks or more to give them, so stopped and began a meeting in the schoolhouse. There were a lot of young people who were in the habit of going to meeting to have a good time. They were on hand and started in when we did, and they were talking and attracting considerable attention. I held my peace and looked at them, and when they noticed we were not talking they stopped and looked up. I said, "We can't make an interesting or successful talk when two are talking at once, so if you are going to talk I will stop, or you will have to wait." Then we told them what the meeting was for that they might be prepared to live or ready to die, and none of us had any assurance of life; the young die as well as the old, and we don't know but some of you will be dead before we leave this place." It was only a few days after this that one of the most forward of the young men was taken sick with typhoid pneumonia. They sent for me to come and pray for him. We did so and he gave his heart to the Lord. But the Lord did not see fit to heal him. He grew worse. We sang and prayed with him several times. He died and we preached his funeral sermon. It put a quietness on the young people of the neighborhood. To God be all the glory. We were very thankful that he was saved and went home to be with Christ.

It was a few years previous to this we were at Bowen City, a place on the main arm of Pine Lake. Brother and Sister Sheldon (his former wife) were with us there. A little girl was sick unto death and they sent for us. The doctors said she was dying and she had all the appearance of it. We anointed her and laid on hands. She revived and sat up and in a few minutes Brother Sheldon took her on his lap. She wanted to eat. Her mother got her something. She ate and was perfectly well. I saw her a few years ago. She is married, has two nice children and was then living in Jackson, Michigan.

While Della and I were holding meeting in Emmet County we were at a place called Canby. There were two denominations holding meeting in the same schoolhouse where we were. They had monthly appointments. I had been showing the people where we stayed how the electricity in the friction of wool on paper would cause it to adhere to wood sometimes for hours. To illustrate I took a strip of newspaper, held it by the fire a minute, then drew it quickly under my arm two or three times and laid it against the door and smoothed it out and let it hang for half a day. They thought it was in me and told the preacher about it afterwards. We had just closed a meeting in another place. This same minister had an appointment there the following Sunday. We needed a little rest, so stayed over and went to his meeting. He did not know we would be there and his sermon was prepared to whip us and when he saw us in the congregation he did not have time to prepare anything else, so had to preach it. He was making such

work misapplying the Scriptures. We asked the Lord to confound him. Della and I were not sitting together so could not communicate with each other, but we both prayed the same and the Lord completely confounded him so that he had to stop preaching. When he stopped he stared right at me. I wondered why he did it, but he told someone afterward that I was the most powerful mesmerist he had ever seen, that I had mesmerized him right in the midst of his sermon so he had to quit. The poor man did not know it was the Lord that confounded him. Well, he never did get to finish his sermon.

After Della was married and was alone again I had the old blue and white striped tabernacle that many will yet remember and took it to the upper Peninsula and held a meeting in Pickford. I had no help in preaching and but little in singing. The meetings were largely attended, many coming from the country for miles around. We had two meetings a day and on Sunday three. We had a question box and sometimes we would answer questions for half an hour. Sundays we would put in about seven hours talking besides answering questions. We continued the meetings at Pickford three weeks. We were very much worn and exhausted, and the country was infested with fleas, so I did not get my rest nights. We moved the tabernacle to the east shore fifty miles to Detour. They had gone about ten miles the day before so this shortened the journey a little. I was expecting a little rest that night, but found a meeting awaiting me. I got no rest that night, for fleas again troubled me. The next morning I started on the long journey of thirty-two miles and

when we drove into the yard that night where the young people lived who brought me their mother came out and said, "Now, Willie, put in the horses and feed them, for we will have to drive them to meeting tonight." I said, "Is there meeting tonight?" She said, "Yes, they found out you would be here tonight, so they wanted a meeting." I said, "Well, I am not able to go." "O", she said, "You must go. They would be dreadfully disappointed if you didn't." We had been riding all day cramped up on the big load with the tabernacle poles, stakes, pins, and a box of lights with no support for our backs or a place for our feet. We got down off the load so cramped we could hardly walk. We got into the house, and I asked my hostess for a place to lie down. She took me to the sitting room. I took off my hat and stretched myself out on the couch. I said, "I don't want any supper and if I get to sleep, please don't wake me." They ate their supper and got all ready for meeting, then came and woke me. I got up, washed and combed my hair, took my books and went out and got into the buggy. I had not one minute to look at my Bible or think of anything to talk about. When we got to the house it was full. I asked the Lord to speak to the people the best he could through the poor instrument he had at hand. After a song and prayer I arose to my feet, let my book fall open and went to talking from the 6th chapter of Romans for over an hour and did not know afterwards what I had said and was not as tired when I was through as when I began. We were expecting to go on to Detour the next day to put up the tabernacle, but the Lord took pity on me and sent an all day's rain, so I had a little rest. But

the day after, we put up the tabernacle and started our meeting. It was getting into the fall months, and as cold weather starts in early up there it soon got too cold for tabernacle meetings. They gave us the use of the Methodist church building, and we shipped the tabernacle South. The lightkeeper who had been keeping a light over on an island in Lake Michigan where he was so far from the shore that he could not go to the shore by himself and had no communication with the outside world had been removed to Fryingpan Island, which was near enough so he could board on shore. This was close to Detour in Lake Huron. They were afraid he would lose his mind if they left him in the other place, but he was not moved soon enough. He came to the meetings, and I soon noticed he was out of balance. I tried to talk to him, but he was too far gone. The sheriff, who was a friend of his and lived close to shore, brought him over to his house and tried to get him to eat, but he would not eat unless I would first taste it, so they sent for me. I sat down with him at the table and tasted everything he ate so he ate a good meal. They sent another man to take his place, but he would not quit, so they deputized me to manage him and take him to the Sioux Ste. Marie jail. He later was taken to Newburg. His sister went with me. For once in my life I acted as sheriff. The sheriff was on the boat but he had to keep out of sight. I was a little surprised when I received a check for \$5.00 from the state for the day's work.

My labors were so continuous summer and winter with but little rest between that I became so nervous I could not

sleep nights, but had nervous chills until I broke down under the strain and was sick for three months, not in bed, but drooping around without strength or appetite for food. I was in the Northern Peninsula of Michigan at the time. I came down from the North the first day of November in an awful wind storm on a little boat that was carrying the mail from the Sneaux, a village on the South Shore of the Upper Peninsula. This was a natural harbor sheltered by a group of islands called the Sneaux (Snow Islands). The harbor was quiet but we could see out here and there between the whitecaps rolling up Lake Huron. The people who had brought me down to the harbor from eight miles in the country lived behind a hill and there were woods between so we did not know the wind was so violent until we reached the harbor. They wanted to take me back but I said, "No, how can we tell out there any more about it than we did today? Sheltered as you are, we may make the same mistake again." Then they said, "Don't try to go today." I said, "If the boat goes I will go. They surely will not go if they think it is not safe." Well, the boat went and I went, too, but as soon as we left the shelter of the islands it tossed around like a peanut shell, would roll on its side until I thought it would almost dip water and creak and snap as though it would go to pieces. The chairs and everything would slide from one side to the other until they became tangled together and piled up on one side. I was the only lady on board. There were three men who stayed in the engine room and did not get the full sense of the roll of the boat. The engineer came up to see how I was. I

asked him if he thought we would make our journey through to the end. He said, "If we do not go to pieces before we reach the shelter of an island there ahead of us we will reach St. Ignas." I had already put myself in the Lord's hands and knew he would fulfill his will. If he took me through all right, or if we sank in the lake it was no farther to heaven from there than any other place, so I was perfectly calm. In due time we reached St. Ignas, but could not make fast. We were between two piers, a landing for big boats and the dock 8 to 10 feet above us. The captain came back and said, "Is not this where you want to get off? I told him it was, but I could not walk to the door. He gathered up my luggage and took my arm leading me to the door. "Now," he said, "Hang to the window sills and the posts and come to the bow of the boat." He set out the stool and said, "Step on that, then up on the railing. Hang to that post and when the next wave strikes us I will manage the wheel to bring you in stepping distance of the dock, but you must step instantly for it will recede instantly." An old man saw the situation. He braced his feet, reached out his hand. I took his hand and made the leap and am here to tell the tale and praise the Lord for the helping hand. May we always be ready in time of need to reach out a helping hand. They landed my baggage in the same way. The wind swept the dock so fiercely I could scarcely keep my feet. We crossed the straits on the big train ferry. It rocked also until it would cut off the view of the shore.

I came to my home at Chesaning. While there I got a letter from my brother, Milton W. Smith, who was at the time at the

head of the Grass Valley Schools in Grass Valley, California. His wife was lying at the point of death with cancer. He wanted me to come and take charge of the home. I prepared to do so, as I was not yet able to travel in gospel work. I thought the change of climate would do me good, so I went but did not reach there until she was dead and buried. I think the climate was a great benefit to me and the long rest from the mental strain and overwork was beneficial. I stayed almost two years until my brother was about to marry again. When I came back east my youngest brother Frank and I set up housekeeping in Chicago. We lived there through the winter and until the campmeeting at Grand Junction. We came to the campmeeting. He stayed in Michigan. I went back and packed our goods and shipped them to South Haven.

Chapter 10

The Lord's Protecting Hand Through Wind and Wave

TRIP TO CALIFORNIA

On the way to California I was taken to the train at St. John's, Michigan, in the beginning of Feb. 1898, and bid good-bye to my friends and began my trip to California. I left Chicago the following evening at 10:30. It was cold and snow was to be seen until we crossed the Rocky Mountains. While in the mountains the train stopped for 20 minutes to give all who cared to time to get out and look around. Just a little ways from where the train stood was a large granite rock on the very top of which had been chiseled Sherman's head and bust in bold relief. One morning I looked out of the car window. The sun was shining so brightly on us. I looked below and saw that we were above the clouds. They were very big and dense so we could only see the peaks of the mountains, as the clouds covered their base. During the day our train was hugging the mountain on what seemed to be a narrow shelf. I was looking out of the window and saw what I took to be another train crossing our track. It was not so far ahead of us, but I thought we would surely run into it, and I wondered why our engineer did not see it and slow up. All these thoughts ran through my mind in a flash, but in a minute more I saw it was our own train. I had not known until then the length of our train and shortness of the curves around which we were passing and the train leaning toward the chasm beneath you will get these thrills once in a while that will make you remember that your life is in the hands of the Lord. Along the way near the stations and towns were Indian villages composed of teepees, huts which were usually made of a few sticks tied together at the top and covered with

skins. When the trains came in the Indians would be there in crowds with buffalo and cattle horns made into hat racks, foot stools and other things. The horns were polished like glass. The women had moccasins, wall pockets, and little ornamental things which they had made covered with beads; all these were for sale. Both men and women were wrapped in blankets. Some of the men had headdresses of feathers. I took them to be real uncivilized Indians though perhaps not hostile. Further on were other villages composed of little hills; upon the top of each sat the master of the house ready to give the alarm in case of danger. There were very interesting little creatures, and were called prairie dogs.

In crossing the Sierra Nevada range we dodged one moonlight night unto utter darkness. I was looking out of the window just at the time the conductor came along and said, "Can you see anything?" "Well, you won't in a minute more." And sure enough all was dark only what light shown out from the train. I had never had any idea of what snow sheds were like before, that they must be so strongly built. They were made of square timbers about a foot through and laid close together on the top of the large bent braced and bolted stretch was 40 miles long. These were supposed to bear the rush of a snowslide and protect a train that was passing through at the time. They were a wonder to me.

DONNER LAKE

High up in the Sierra Nevada Mountains is a beautiful lake called Donner Lake, so called in memory of the Donner Party who nearly all perished there.

When the gold fever was at its height companies were formed who traveled overland in covered wagons, making the long journey from South, East, and Central states enduring the hardships of a more than tedious journey of hunger, thirst, and cold, and the risk of danger of being overtaken by the savage Indians all for the sake of the gold that perisheth. O that people would be as earnest in seeking the treasures that perish not and that thieves do not break through nor steal. The Donner company endured all these hardships only to perish almost in sight of their goal; winter overtook them on the top of the Sierra where it is cold at any time, where the snow can always be seen; here they perish with hunger and cold; their sufferings were intense; only enough survived to tell the terrible story. The U.P.R.R. now passes within easy distance of the lake so that parties who wish to visit the historic place can do so.

My brother, Prof. W. Smith, at this time, was in charge of the schools at Grass Valley, California. It is quite a city now.

There were 21 teachers under him, and it kept him pretty busy to look after so many schools. My health was broken so I was no longer able to bear the labors of field work. I thought the change would be good for me, and it was. Grass Valley was the sight of the great rush for gold in 1849. Here they had turned the surface of the earth upside down panning out the gold after which they did what was called hydraulic mining. They later washed down the hills with a force of water through hose, washing the dirt down a chute over a large pan. The dirt is washed away, and the gold settles to the bottom. After that came the quartz mining which brings up the gold from under the earth in the rock. The rock is crushed to powder and washed away, the gold settling to the bottom of the large washing pan and is gathered together with quicksilver. This, when heated, very readily separates. The water that runs away a half a mile or more below the mill looks like a river of milk. There were several of these mines in and around Grass Valley. One was only a quarter of a mile from where my brother lived, and we often went out to see the operations of the getting the gold from the rock. Sometimes they would take the discarded rock which was not supposed to contain gold and would haul it on the streets for paving. Once after a rain there was revealed quite an amount of gold in the street. One boy found a nugget worth about \$10.00. Many people were out in the streets hunting for this precious metal.

On our way we left the main line train running to San Francisco and took a narrow gauge running to Grass Valley. It

was stretched here and there over deep ravines like a spider web sometimes 50 feet in the air on high trestles. The cars were not as wide as our street cars but a little longer.

A VISIT TO CHINATOWN

While in San Francisco my nephew took me through Chinatown. We went at night, the best time to visit. Our first visit was at the market where were to be found the things delicious to the Chinese palate. There were many little pigs just the right size for a roasting pan. The thing that attracted my attention the most was the ducks already prepared for roasting. I suppose they were first pulled and then laid on a block and apparently pounded with a mallet or club until they were perfectly flat, bones and all. I confess I was not very hungry for duck at that time. We went next to the Chinese Theater. It was not necessary to go in because the front was all open. We could see all we cared to and hear what to them was music, but it sounded to us, who are accustomed to real music, like a shivasee, and we soon had enough of that. Our next visit was to the Jos house. My nephew took the lead up a flight of stairs. I did not see, until my nephew stepped into a door at the side of the landing at the top, the hideous thing in the corner of the landing was a god. With its hands stretched out upon its knees it made a startling picture indeed. It made the cold chills creep over me, and I certainly was glad I lived in a land of Bibles. I do not know how any artist could conceive and produce anything so ugly. It sat there in all the splendor of its sparkling decorations, a thing I suppose in their eyes greatly to be admired. We went in where two priests, clothed in scarlet, were reading aloud, not in unison, but independently. People came in and listened a little while and then went out. There were no seats, everyone standing. We soon left; the next place of

importance we visited was an opium den. I felt a little nervous as we went down into a dark alley, then through a door down a flight of steps and then through a door and into the most foul smelling of rooms. This place was dimly lighted, there being a bunk running around the entire room. This was filled with straw and had black greasy looking pillows in it. On this pallet of straw were stretched several dead drunk with opium. The proprietor of the place sat in one corner of the bunk near the door where he collected money from his customers and dealt out the drug. We stayed long enough to see a man who came in behind us take his dope, which was about the consistency of warm taffy, take a little stick, dip it into the gum, winding a bunch of it on the stick, light it and stick it into the bowl of a pipe and draw a few whiffs of the smoke and fall over only for a minute or so. Then he would repeat the performance. He kept this up until he had enough to last him for hours. When they revive they take more and keep themselves under the influence for 12 hours and more. We were glad to get out of the place and into better air. Truly the Chinese showed their good sense when they brought action in their country against this stuff, and I wish our Christian? And highly civilized America might be as wise and wipe out that which is almost as great a curse to our nation as the tobacco in its many forms. Yes, we do need consecrated workers to go to poor darkened China. Also, we need those with backbone and lots of the grace of God to go forth to those who are in our own country bound under the chains of habit that I believe is keeping as many souls from God

as whiskey ever did. Look at the wreck it makes of manhood, especially with the young, where it is carried to excess, robbing them of their will, weakening their nature, and inflaming their passions, making them unfit companions for our girls.

HOMeward BOUND

We spent a year and a half at Grass Valley. My brother then was about to remarry, and my affairs at home were needing attention so I began to think about turning my steps Eastward. While I was in San Francisco I visited Golden Gate Park. I sat at the cliff house and watched the sea lions. I also went through the large greenhouses where nearly kind of tree and plant from every corner of the earth is to be seen.

I visited the Sutro Baths, the largest in the world. I had two nephews just returned from the Philippine War on the battleship Oregon and were with the other soldiers at the Presidio. We hunted them up. They were situated on a beautiful encampment with the tents lining the streets. The officers' quarters were in handsome cottages with beautiful lawns and flowers such as California alone is capable of. My nieces and I went out that day on the street car the 13th of July, but it is always cold in San Francisco in the morning. Although it was in July I wore a heavy winter cape with the collar turned up around my neck and shivered with the cold. In the afternoon it is quite warm, however. On Sunday we had a high wind all day that stirred up the old Pacific from its depths. Monday I left San Francisco on the steamship Columbia for Portland, Oregon. The waves were still very high, and I was seasick as usual. I took my berth as soon as we got through the Golden Gate and out into the rough water. The waves were still rolling very high from the storm of the day before. A young lady teacher who had been to Los Angeles occupied the stateroom with me. We had an outside room which opened on the deck and could see the

big waves that looked as though they would certainly swallow us up, but instead our boat would ride to the top, and the wave would roll on only to be followed by another. All day and all night this lasted, like the severe trials of life that seemed to sometimes overwhelm us. But joy comes with the morning, and in this case the waves began to subside a little with the coming of morning. We realized the protecting hand of God, for it had been so foggy we had lost our bearing a little, and they were sounding all day and the next day until 3 P.M. This same boat there a year later on this same trip in the fog was rammed and broken in two. The passengers were in the sea. Most of them were rescued by lifeboats from the other boat. Again I was reminded of God's goodness to me. On Wednesday morning I got up bright and early, about 5 A.M. and went out on deck taking in the fresh ocean breeze. Looking off to the right I saw several whale taking their breakfast. They skim the water with their mouths open and take in the little sea bugs and little sea fish that happen to be on the surface of the water. When their mouth is full they then spout the water out through the top of their head. You may wonder why the little things they have gathered do not go, too, but you no doubt have seen what we call whalebone. This grows in the whale's mouth at the ends. It is all fringed out at the ends and acts as a strainer to hold that which they have gathered as they force the water out. It was all very interesting, and I was glad I had been early enough to behold it. I thought how wonderful are the works of God. When He made the whale He knew what He was going to eat so He

made his mouth and throat accordingly. His throat is too small to swallow large things. That is why God had to prepare a great fish to swallow Jonah.

During the day I was standing on the bow of the upper deck looking out ahead at the vast expanse of water which the Lord measured in the palm of his hand. There was no sight of land anywhere but as I looked ahead I saw what I took to be an overturned boat. I spoke of it, and the people who were on deck crowded up to the front to see, and someone said it was a dead whale. As soon as I saw which side we were going to pass it on, I went down along the side of the boat, which brought me much nearer to the water where I had a good view of it. It was a small one, being only about 30 feet long. Its head and tail were pretty nearly under water, and it was on its back. The skin looked like corduroy, black and white striped. We sailed into the mouth of the Columbia River a little before noon on Wednesday. We found out our boat was going to be there for an hour where it had docked at Astoria, where most of our red salmon is put up. We went ashore and went uptown. We experienced a little difficulty at first in walking, as the sidewalk did not rise to meet our feet. After making a few small purchases we returned to the ship and were soon on our way up the river. After an hour or so I remarked to one of the passengers that we ought soon to be able to see Mt. Hood. They looked around until they located it and pointed it out. I said, "Why, that's a cloud."

They said, "Yes, the cloud is lying around it but you watch it awhile, and you will see the lower part of the mountain when the cloud moves on."

I watched and soon saw the beautiful outline of Mt. Hood. I saw it the most of the afternoon. We landed at Portland about five o'clock. I stood on the deck looking down at the dock. I picked out my niece that I had not seen since she was a small girl. She was now married and had girls larger than she was when I saw her last. I waved my hand at her and she waved back. I was in Portland until the next Monday.

While in Portland my nephew took me all over the city. We visited the parks and took a streetcar to go as high as possible up Portland Heights. The car ran up a steep incline on a track of cogs for a half a mile, and they could go no higher as it became too steep. We left the car on that level and had a very good view of the city. My nephew was very anxious that I should go higher, but the long stairways looked impossible to me. Still he insisted that I should go up one flight, offering to help me. So I went up the first flight of about thirty steps to the first landing. We sat down on a bench and took in the view. I had no thought of going higher but Arthur began to urge me to go higher, just another flight. He kept on until we got to the top. It was like climbing the hill of difficulty. We were glad when we got to the top, for the view was great. You could see Mt. Ranier one hundred miles away, Mt. St. Helen forty miles and Mt. Hood sixty miles. All these great mountains God had weighed in his

balance. You can have so much better conception of God's great handiwork when you see his mighty creations. Owing to the clearness of the atmosphere which seems blue you could see a great distance. We could see Mt. Ranier with a naked eye, it being fourteen thousand-four hundred-forty-four ft. above sea level. A man kindly loaned us his binoculars which brought it out clearer. The coming down from the heights was nearly as tiresome as the going up, and we were tired enough when we reached home.

Monday noon I boarded the O.R.&N. train for the east. We passed through a number of tunnels and through the great alkali desert. We started in the afternoon and were in it about all night. In spite of the storm windows the white dust sifted through like snow and piled up on the window sills. When I went to the restroom in the morning I could not use soap until I had rinsed my face and hands several times. I had a camera and expected to take some pictures along the way, so when I came to the Needles I got my camera upon the window sill but was so taken up with taking in the view I forgot to snap it. When we came to the Snowquahma Falls which was a thread of silver coming down the side of the rocks almost perpendicular for nearly 200 feet I forgot my camera again so I put it away and bought a little folder of pictures and enjoyed the scenes as we came to them.

The horse tail was a beautiful thread of silver pouring down several feet until it strikes a rock and flirts out like a horsetail.

When coming through the Rocky Mountains I went to the vestibule and looked out on one side into the snow on the mountainside standing high above us. On the other side I saw far below us the glimmering lights of two villages. A year or so later I saw in the paper that a snowslide had swept down the mountainside taking the train and completely wiping out two villages. Again I was reminded of God's protecting hand watching over us. The same thing might have happened to the train I was on. Truly our life hangs, as it were, on a thread, but as long as God holds the other end in his hand it cannot be snapped until he wills it. So praise his name and may God keep his protecting hand over us until our life's work is ended and he shall say it is enough.

O Christ, I can but love thee,
What heart could e'er withhold,

A love that cost so dearly,
The offering of thy soul.
O king of kings immortal,
Reign in my heart alone,
And fill this earthen temple
With glory from thy throne.

Chapter 11

God's Healing Power

While in California I gave lessons in oil painting. Whether it was the perpetual sunshine, the strain on the eyes from watching my students, the fumes of the turpentine (perhaps all together) I do not know, but there I had my first attack of iritis. My eyes never were clear after that attack, but I sewed for the old ladies at the Old People's Home in South Haven until my eyes gave out and I had another severe attack. For six weeks my eyes looked like raw beef. I had five adhesions in my left eye and two in my right eye. I had been anointed and had hands laid on for healing, but received no benefit. At the end of six weeks they thought I had better call an oculist and see what he thought. He came and examined them and asked how long my eyes had been in that condition. I told him six weeks. He said nothing more until I asked him what he thought of them. Then he told me I had adhesions and that he never heard of a case of adhesions that were broken up after having been adhered over a week. He said, "However, I will leave you some drops if you want to try it." I said, "I will try it." I used them twice but the torture was so great and my eyes so much worse I quit using them. Two weeks longer I stayed mostly in a dark room. The whole eight weeks I did not have a light in my room, either at retiring or rising in the morning. On Sunday I went down to the chapel services with very dark glasses and a shade. I could

barely see enough to get around and had to sit facing a dark corner. During the sermon that morning a Scripture was read which seemed to have been written expressly for me. Though it was one with which I was very familiar it seemed new that day. I took it to my room and thought about it the rest of the day. That night when I retired I took my case to the Lord and got the witness my prayers were heard. I retired as usual without any light, but when I awoke in the morning I looked up and could see the figure in the wall paper. I arose, went to the window, pushed up the shade and looked out on the lake, something I had not been able to do for two months. I could see the boats and other objects. I took a magnifying glass and looked at my eyes. I had not seen them before. I saw the adhesions were broken up; the iris had contracted to its natural size and shape, and all the redness had disappeared. I thanked the Lord for his mercy and goodness and that I was not blind. For days it seemed the thankfulness would swell up in my heart and praises to God that I could see. I rented some rooms and went to keeping house by myself. At first I did baking, but I drifted into sewing until I had all I could do. Later in the fall I moved to Bangor and set up dressmaking. I kept three girls sewing and Sister Lena McFarland came and did my housework. I sewed until in January making suits mostly besides doing work for two stores when my eyes again began to give out. Then my brother and I moved to my own home in Chesaning where we lived until he went to California three years later. I expected to go also to California but I did not succeed in selling my place. For a whole

year my eyes had to have rest. When they improved I began to sew until they gave out again, then I canvassed, but the walk and the reflection from the sunshine on the white sidewalks brought on another spell of iritis, and again I was laid up with no support as my brother had gone. Though I rented half of my house, rent was so cheap it would hardly pay the taxes and keep the house in repair. I was isolated from the saints and did not have any opportunity of getting to their meetings and was almost completely discouraged. I listened to the advice of others and married again. I had been unable to find a buyer for my place although I had had it up for sale a year or more until the same week I was married I sold it for cash. We then moved to Jackson, Michigan. Great trouble – too awful to mention – came into my life. I lost flesh, went from two hundred and fifty pounds down to a living skeleton. I did not want a doctor and had none for a whole year. When the saints were having a meeting in Jackson they sometimes came to my house for prayer meeting, as I could not get out. One day in prayer meeting they were all praying for me. I knew they expected me to ask for healing, but I told them I did not feel any ambition in that direction and that I did not see the use, since my body was a total wreck, of getting well and perhaps having another such a sick spell. Brother Brooks, who was then our pastor, although he was a young man, reproved me, saying, “You must not talk like that. You can do lots of good yet. You have done lots of good since I have been here.” “Well,” I said, “If you feel that way, you may pray for me. I am willing to get well if it is the

Lord's will." They prayed for me from that on, but not with very much faith, I guess, because of the way I felt about it. In the next year my brother, Frank P. Smith, died in March in Portland, Oregon. His body was cremated, and a jar of his ashes sent to us. This was quite a shock to me. The same year in July my only sister, Mrs. E . J. Haynes, died. They all thought I would soon follow, and to all appearances it seemed impossible that I could live long. I was reduced to a skeleton; my own people did not know me, and there did not seem to be a familiar feature about me. I had no desire food except ice cream. Of this I ate a pint each day. I took Scott's Emulsion to try and keep up a little strength by its food value. I coughed all the time and sometimes could not lie down because of the coughing, wheezing and rattling in my throat, and in the beginning of September dropsy set in, and I was bloated nearly to my waist. My limbs were so full they were painful, and as I could not lie down I had put pillows and comforts on the head of the couch to build it up enough to put me almost in a sitting position. I had stretched myself on the couch to get my feet and limbs straightened, and I started to wheeze and rattle, cough and sneeze until I lost my breath. The sister who was with me came in just before with the first bunch of ripe grapes from our vines, but I could not eat them. She, with a neighbor lady who was passing, got me up and in the draft between two doors and each fanned me, but I did not seem able to get my breath. My head kept going back, and I was struggling hard for breath. They thought I would not breathe again, and the sister who stayed

with me (Sister White) began to cry. She said, "Is it not too bad to see her go like this when she is capable of so many things?" I heard what she said, and it struck me so ridiculous for them to be moaning my death and me hearing it I started to laugh. The exertion of laughing, which is an outward exertion, threw out of my throat a mouthful of froth like the beaten white of an egg. I spit it out and said, "O, I am not dead yet." Then we all laughed and praised the Lord. They called a doctor. He came and asked me what seemed to be the matter. I said, "Asthma, I guess." He said, "How long have you had it?" I said, "About two weeks." He said I must have had it before, but I told him I did not. He then asked me if I had ever had any hay fever. I said I had not. He told me I didn't have it now either. He took an instrument and listened to my heart and said, "You have leakage and valvular trouble. Your heart is also enlarged about two inches." These were the reasons why I coughed the way I did. He said there was nothing wrong with my lungs. He gave me three tablets and told me when to take them. I did and then went to bed and slept. Later in the fall I had a spell of vomiting for nearly a week. I could keep nothing, not even a drink of water, on my stomach. All the nourishment I had was a sort of milkshake. I took it through a straw a small sip at a time and let it soak down my throat. It took a long time to get rid of a glass full. They called the same doctor again. He came up and left me some little tablets which he thought would settle my stomach. I took them but they did me no good. When I got up in the morning I would have my same trouble again. The ice cream, Scotts Emulsion,

and olive oil I had taken had proved more than my stomach could take care of, and it had become coated with it, so when they called the doctor the next morning he told them there was only one thing to do and that was to wash my stomach out with warm soda water as hot as I could swallow it. Sister White turned from the phone and told me the doctor said I should take two teaspoons of soda in a cup of water as hot as I could swallow. I thought I could not take it or keep it down if I did. It seemed reasonable that my stomach needed the bath all night, so I took one, and in two hours took another and another in the morning. I did not throw it up but my stomach felt clean. Still there was that awful heart trouble and dropsy and my dreadful weakness. The doctor had told my brother after he was there the last time that I could not possibly live more than two weeks at the very best, that no power on earth could keep me, that the water had only two inches to go until I would stop breathing. I knew no power but God could stop it, so I was just waiting. Sister White thought she could not have it so. She was mending and went to her room for a button. While in there the Lord told her to pray for me. She threw herself across the bed and prayed earnestly for my healing. I did not know she was praying for me. When she came out of her room she came to me and handed me a little piece of sweetflag and said, "Chew this, it will make your mouth feel better" As I took it I looked up at her and said, "Why, I feel better." She said, "Do you?" I said, "Yes, I do." About ten minutes later I looked around at her and said, "I believe I am well. I can feel new life rushing through my

veins.” She came and threw her arms around me and said, “I have been praying for you.” I said, “Well, the Lord has heard you, and I am healed.” I was hungry, and I got up and went with her to the kitchen and helped get dinner, sat down and ate real food like other folks as though I had been in the habit of doing it. In three days the dropsy was gone. Before the two weeks the doctor had given me to live was up I went to his office. He was so astonished he could hardly speak. I said, “Doctor, I did not come for any medicine. I just came to let you see me.” He said, “Why! Why! Is the bloat all gone?” I said, “Yes.” He said, “Don’t you bloat at all any more?” I said, “No.” He said, “Well, you may live yet.” I said, “Of course I am going to live. The Lord has healed me. I don’t want to give you any of the credit for it.” He said, “You don’t need to.” He knew it was nothing he had done, for I was not taking any medicine. A few days later my brother saw him and asked him if he had seen me since I was healed. He said he had. Brother said, ‘What do you think of it?’ The doctor answered: “It is a miracle. That is all I have to say about it.”

I improved very rapidly and in two weeks time I was helping with the washing. Sister Morey, who lived in the city and had often come to see me during the two years which I was sick, heard I was healed and came to see me. I got supper all by myself, cooked potatoes, fried steak, made warm biscuits, and set the table. She kept wanting to help me. I told her I didn’t need any help. Her eyes would follow me from the dining room to the kitchen. She said, “I can hardly believe my eyes that it is

really you.” She and her family had talked it over while I was sick, saying, “When the leaves Allie will die,” thinking I had consumption (tuberculosis) because I coughed all the time. As soon as I was healed my cough was gone. Later on my husband, Mr. Allen, had gone to Lansing to work and we had sold our place to Mr. White’s people, and that fall we moved to Lansing. I did all the rest myself and went to the station and engaged a car and had our goods loaded in an interurban car and shipped. I did the moving after I got to Lansing and attended to all the business, and with my husband’s help evenings did the settling. My health was good. I felt better than I had for years. I went to Jackson the next spring to pay up a few little outstanding debts. I went first to the doctor. I owed him a little over five dollars. I had never paid him anything before so you see he had not made many trips. I asked him if he would take an order on some people who owed us. I sat down at his desk to write the order. He was looking at me so earnestly when I looked up. I said, “What do you think of me, doctor?” I then weighed about two hundred pounds. He said, “I never expected to see you look like this.” I said, “I know you thought I was going to die.” He said, “I was sure you were. In fact you were the sickest person I have ever seen to get well. I did not think you had a ghost of a chance to live.” I said, “The Lord healed me. I don’t give you any credit for it.” He said, “You don’t need to.”

I went to a store where I had bought my suits and coats. They had thought I was dead as they had not seen me for so long. My husband sometimes took me with him in a wheelchair

when he went downtown Saturday evenings, and he would take me in there until I was ready to go home. The last time I was in there I could hardly sit up until he was ready to go. They thought they would never see me again, and when I went walking in like anyone looking anything but a skeleton they were so surprised, and the lady who had waited on me usually arose to her feet looking the astonishment she felt. She wanted to know if I was healed by Christian Science. I said, "No," and she said, "God did it, for surely no doctor ever did." I said, "Yes, the Lord healed me last fall instantly." I went on to the office at the back of the store. The head clerk, a man, was there. He said, "What did it? Christian Science?" I said, "No", and he said "God must have healed you, for you were beyond the power of doctors." I told him that the Lord had healed me. These people were Jews. Everyone was astonished, and I had many opportunities to testify to the mighty healing power of God.

We bought a seven room house in Lansing, so I fitted up two rooms for light housekeeping, and going upstairs with my arms full and working as hard as I had to I overworked my body, and my heart gave out once more, and for three months I was again at death's door. I lost weight rapidly. I had been prayed for but received no help. I could hardly walk from one room to another. At last I called Brother Sisler on the phone. I told him if he did not pray earnestly I would die. He prayed, and the Lord heard. Then I took influenza before I got strong, and my heart, instead of leaping, skipping, and jumping as it usually did when out of order was so slow that sometimes it would act as though

it would quit entirely, and again I called Brother Sisley, and again the Lord delivered me out of my distress. "Blessed be the name of the Lord, for He is good and His mercy endureth forever."

M E D I T A T I O N S

(In prayer, by Allie R. Allen)

The way seems rough and thorny, Lord
But thy promises are sure;
A Crown is truly waiting,
For those who will endure.

I see thy blessed footprints
The thorns thy feet have trod.
Then let me press right onward,
Closer, closer, to my God.

Though the way is long and weary
And sometimes rough and steep,
Thy promise true and faithful is
The trusting ones to keep.

Then let me never murmur
Though the load seems hard to bear,
We never think of burdens
When we get over there.

'Tis by the hottest fire
The gold is purged from dross.
Then let me press right onward
And meekly bear the cross.

Chapter 12

The Breaking Up Of Our Home and Burning the Bridges Behind Me

Adverse circumstances overtook us with the World War. We lost our home, and for two winters I was in want. The last winter I was without a shelter, except as people opened their hearts and took me in. This was the winter of 1922-23. We wrote to Anderson for a place in the Old People's Home, but there was no vacancy. Our home church provided for me in eats and a ton of coal. I got a place to stay on the west side. My strength was failing, and I was steadily growing weaker, and in the spring my husband got work. He got some rooms and thought he would try housekeeping again. I thought I would grow stronger if I got settled down, and I grew worse. My flesh just seemed to vanish, and I went down to a little over 100 pounds while I had once weighed 294. Our pastor and the Jackson pastor took up my case with the brethren while at the Anderson campmeeting. They brought home a blank, and we filled it out and returned it. I was growing so weak that I could do nothing in the way of housekeeping, so we sold our goods and broke up, burning the bridges behind us. Mr. Allen was growing old and with only his hired hands to back him he thought he couldn't keep things going with rent where it was and with me sick. I went to the country to my niece's place. She would have liked to keep me but I could not stand the inconveniences of the country. This was in August 1923. I wrote for Mr. Allen to come and get me. He did, and we started for Lansing not knowing where I should find an open door, and not knowing yet if the Old People's Home would be open to me. I realized that as sick as I was I would not a desirable addition to

any home. Mr. Allen said, "Where are you going?" I said, "I do not know but somewhere where I won't have to climb stairs." On the way in I said, "Drive to Brother Green's." He did so. I called them out and asked if I might stay there a week or so. They said I could, and afterwards Mr. Allen made arrangements for me to stay, so I stayed until news came that I could come to the Old People's Home. I never received a more welcome invitation in my life. It seemed like a great load had been lifted from my shoulders—a load that was well nigh crushing me and one I could not have carried much longer. Brother and Sister Green were very kind to me and did all they could for my comfort. God bless them! They were growing old, though, and were not able to bear the burden, but never complained and tried to make it as pleasant for me as possible. I do not know if they ever received full pay or not, but if not, they will certainly hear that welcome summons "Come ye blessed of my Father....Forasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these ye have done it unto me." The load was lifted; I was no longer in suspense as to a home, with winter right at our door. I got ready as soon as I could and went to Jackson where my brother Charles W. Smith lived. I spent a week in Jackson with my people and the church, then my brother's daughter and husband kindly offered to bring me here to the Home as they would not take me on the train unless I had a doctor or nurse. So my niece Laura and her husband John Staddlemen brought me in their sedan. I never will forget my nephew's kindness on the way, what pains he took to make me comfortable, fixing me

a bed in the back of his car and helping me to shift my position whenever I was tired. They were pleased with the situation here.

I felt as though I had almost got to heaven when I arrived here, and I am more and more thankful every day for this home. The loving kindness with which I am surrounded, the fellowship of the dear saints, plenty of good things to eat, no burdens of housekeeping or any of the worries of poor folks, and the kind superintendent and matron and everything makes one appreciate a home like this, especially when you have had to be so long without those blessings.

I want to say in regard to the Old People's Home that it is the grandest place this side of heaven for old people to spend the remaining days of their lives. We have such wonderful privileges here—a good warm room which is your home, good kind loving nurses which seem to think it a pleasure to make you comfortable, and such pains are taken to provide a variety of good things to eat. Such loving kindness surpasses all my expectation, and is too wonderful for me. I certainly do not deserve it. Little did I think when traversing the wilds of Michigan over logs and through water that such a place as this would ever be possible in only forty-five years. It seems almost too wonderful to believe. Only we have seen the work grow from practically nothing to the size it is now. Nothing but God's own work could have forged ahead as it has. We have had such good superintendents and matrons. We dearly loved Brother

and Sister Bates and were so sorry when it became necessary for their health's sake for them to leave us. It seemed we might look the world over and never find another couple to fill the place so well, but the Lord knows his own business and will take care of it.

In a recent attack of appendicitis which I have been subject to for years, I had one of the hardest chills I ever had in my life. It was in the night. I had suffered all night with the pain. I sat up on the side of my bed and was massaging my side and calling on the Lord. I was suffering so intensely I could not concentrate my mind on anything but the pain. I did not even know I was getting cold until I got into bed when I began to shake from head to foot. My tooth chattered, and I could not help it. I called Sister Cole, whose room is directly opposite to mine, but as she is a little dull of hearing I could not get attention for over half an hour. She came to my door, which was open and said, "Were you calling me?" I told her I was. I asked her to get Sister Reed as I wanted them to pray for me. They came and covered me up and prayed, and the Lord stopped the chill and relieved my pain enough so I dropped to sleep, and the next day I had prayer for the appendicitis, and the Lord healed that, and the next I found I had neuralgia on the side of my head that was toward the cold wind the night I had the chill. My head had ached a little all the time, but now it began quite severely. Again I called for the sisters. They laid hands and the headache was gone.

The same day I began to cough so hard I could not lie down without coughing every minute, and I again called the sisters, and we took that to the Lord, and he healed that. Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all. I thought what would I have done if I had not been here where I had such good help and such kindness and care through it all. Truly the Lord is good to me.

In about 1917 during the war we had a very cold winter and coal was scarce. We then had a big house, and we could only get a half ton of coal at a time. We couldn't keep the house warm, and my husband picked up and went to his son's and left me there with the situation. I burned up what coal I had, sold off the vegetables and drained the water system, locked up the house and left. The winter was very severe and very hard on us. While I was in Kalamazoo a girl saw a collar I had and asked me to make one for her. My eyes were bad, and I knew I ought not to do it. She urged me so strongly that while I knew I shouldn't I finally was persuaded to do it. While I was working at it I knew I was hurting my eyes, but I wanted to get it done. By the time I got through the tears were streaming down my cheeks. I asked the Lord for healing, but he did not pay any attention to it. I suffered for eight weeks, and then I got down in earnest before the Lord and asked him if He thought I had suffered long enough to pay the penalty for my disobedience. I told him if He would heal my eyes I would never make any more tatting, and I have never made any since.

My glasses had metal frames and had scarred my face so they caught the tears. The tears running down my cheek caused a little bit of a scab that would come off and leave the place a little red underneath. It was there for five years or more until 1923. Sometimes it was large and sometimes small. At first it was half as large as a grain of wheat. One day Mr. Allen wanted to take me out for a ride so I could get some fresh air. While I was getting ready I washed and accidentally washed off the little scab. When it came off the sore ran and kept running down my face. I had some absorbent cotton and wiped it up. I took some peroxide and dipped the cotton in it and thought it would help, but it didn't. So I took a fresh piece of cotton and put it on and let it stay and went for a drive. When it came off it was a big sore and as large as my fingernail and had eaten into my face. Two years before this it became a sore and I went to a doctor and he said it was not a cancer but one couldn't tell when it would turn into one after it started eating down into my face so rapidly and getting larger all the time. Then I knew it was a cancer. I wrote to Anderson and other places for prayer and asked the people at Lansing to pray for me. It was then nearly as large as a dime and deep into my face. I asked them to pray for my heart, too. They prayed and the sore began to heal instantly. Everyone was astonished to see how quickly the flesh came in. But the Lord did not heal my heart. I don't know why. My heart has been helped since I came here. It is not entirely normal, but is improved. I have been hoping for it to be completely healed.

Chapter 13

Visions and Dreams

The Lord has been very gracious unto us and has led us by various means. He has given us visions and dreams, sometimes for comfort and consolation, and sometimes to spur us on to action. Once when I was seemingly forced to be inactive, which everyone knows is hard for one who has been in the harness, I was bemoaning my idleness. He gave me a vision that was so comforting. I was looking up at the clouds, and I saw a rift in the clouds and a light behind it which I took to be the moon, and as I looked it came through on the side facing me and came toward me and as it came nearer I saw it was an angel. It was just a little ways from me, and it bent over to give a little child a drink from soup which she had. While she did so she looked around and smiled at me. I understood that though I could do no more than give a cup of cold water to one of God's little ones I should not lose my reward.

Shortly after this I had another vision. I had gone out to try to help a brother who had become discouraged. I had stayed laboring with him, I thought, as long as I dared, and must hurry home as my husband would expect me to be there. I started out to go home and looked up and there was a thick network of branches and trees and vines hanging full of ripe fruit right within my reach. I wanted so much to pick it, but I thought I must hurry home. So I went on and left it. I got out into the highway, and it was a very high way and straight and had a hedge on either side. I noticed down below me on each side were crowds going in the opposite direction, but I hurried on, and yet I was just walking. I said, "Why am I walking when I can

fly?” So I arose off the ground and flew along so easily and was soon home. My husband was waiting for me. I put my arm around his neck and said, “I have come.” He said, “I think it is time.” This served to show me I was too wrapped up in household affairs and was not gathering the fruit within my reach. I went to giving Bible studies at my home, which were very successful. Some who came out in those meetings and Bible study classes are now standing firm for the truth and are members of the church at Lansing.

In 1921 I had a vision of the end of the world. I saw the earth opening up here and there and fire bursting out and shooting into air like sky rockets. I stood, and all at once I saw Jesus coming in the clouds. He had a long golden scepter in his hand. I commenced to shout, “Glory to God, hallelujah!” and awoke myself with the thrills of glory in my soul. In the morning my husband said, “What were you shouting about last night?” I said, “The world was coming to an end, I was shouting glory to God, hallelujah.” He said, “I don’t see anything in that to shout about.” I said, “I do. Would it not be nice to be done with this old world with all its trouble and sorrows?”

The Young People

Now to the young people who expect sometime to take up work as the older ones lay it down, I wish to be allowed to say, be diligent in the study of the Word. It is well to begin at Matthew and take it through by course, studying each subject as you go and try to remember where each important subject is located. Remember that the first chapter has, besides the genealogy of Christ, one important prophecy concerning Him, and the first and second chapters contain the fulfilling of six prophecies. Find out what they are, etc. In short, digest the word as you go all through the New Testament. Then take it by subjects. Be sure to be diligent in the study of doctrinal subjects. Earnestly solicit God's help in giving you a right understanding of each subject and the wisdom to apply it in the right place, and He will certainly write it in your minds and hearts, and He promised in Jeremiah 31:31 that He would make a new covenant, and He will bring to your remembrance the right thing at the right time. Paul told Timothy to study to show himself approved unto God, a workman that needs not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the Word of Truth. It is true some of you have the advantage of the Anderson Training School, which advantage we who blazed the way in the beginning did not have. You also have many good books on subjects all searched out for you, which are a great help in Bible study, but do not content yourself with having it in a good book. You must

have it in your mind and heart, and do not expect God to put it there without an effort on your part. Take an example from the Chinaman who never ceases to be a student in his religion, but goes on and on from one degree to another as long as he lives. This is why it is so hard to move him from it. But we see some of our ministers who have been preaching the Bible doctrine of the Church of God for several years now and then being switched or side-tracked through compromising with sectism. I am afraid some of these have been content with having the doctrine on their bookshelves instead of in their heart. I knew one good humble brother who was very emotional, and his preaching was mostly on the emotional line. He finally was lead into the Pentecostal Movement all because he did not know the doctrine, and there are other I might mention who have been side-tracked for the same reason.

Dear Brother Warner was a preacher of doctrine. He would reach a doctrinal sermon, and people would come flocking to the altar. Paul tells us in Ephesians 4:14 that "...henceforth we should be no more children tossed to and fro and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive, but...should grow up into Him..., which is the head, even Christ." Then if we be no more children the bright baubles which are the winds of doctrine juggled by the sleight and cunning craftiness of men who lie in wait to deceive will have no attraction for us, and we shall not be led astray like the one who follow the Igneas Fatues until we find ourselves off the upward leading road settling in

the quagmire and before us only the alluring elusive light, which will lead us deeper and deeper into the mire from which we will find it very difficult to be extracted. When one gets mixed in the doctrine and under a deception they are also under a false spirit, and it is very hard to convince them that they are not right and everyone else wrong, so keep on the highway and listen when you would turn to the right or left. Listen to the warning voice which says, "This is the way, walk ye in it."

Chapter 15

Bro. Warner

When we came out in 1880 and began publishing the truths the Lord was giving us, we found the movement was general. We got letters from here and there saying, "we thank

the Lord that he has a people that dare publish the whole truth.” They would say that there is a half a dozen, or ten or twelve, as the case might be, who are standing outside of all sects and taking the Bible for their guide. They had gotten hold of the Trumpet somehow, even before they were subscribers, and it was publishing the truth. Sometimes there were some of them that had been out longer than we had. There were some in the east, some in the west, and some in the south. Brother Jeremiah Cole got the light about the same time we did, so we saw God did not intend that anyone should be exalted as the head of this Reformation as had been the case in other reforms. This thing was not done in a corner, but the movement, spontaneous and simultaneous, and Christ the headstone. We are extolling as we came out of Babylon, bringing the headstone crying, “Grace, grace, unto it.” This is as it should be for Christ is the head of all things to the body, which is his church.

Bro. Warner was a very humble man and one who exemplified the life of Christ more perfectly than any person that I ever knew. He had so much patience and sympathy for the erring and those who were weak and vacillating, helping them unto their feet time and again and speaking encouraging words to those under trial. It seemed the church needed him so much. His place has really never been filled in that line, by any one person. He lived very close to the Lord. He started the day with an early morning walk, and somewhere on his walk he would find a place to pray. He would start out about four o’clock

if the weather would permit and return about five-thirty or six, in time for breakfast, strengthened and refreshed soul and body for the day's toil, for he always worked hard.

At the time of the changing the Gospel Trumpet Company changed into a trust company. I withdrew my little bit from the company, as I had found a house and lot that I could get for that amount, and have enough left to buy the material for an upright addition to the house. This was in my hometown Chesaning, Michigan. I was there at the time holding a meeting. I shall never forget the shock it was to me when I got the deed. I got a letter at the same time, but had not opened it. I took out the deed to sign and return, and when I saw Brother Warner's signature in such a trembly hand, I feared the worst. I hastily opened the other envelope, which contained my check, and read, "Brother Warner is dead." I thought, "How can we spare him; what will the church do without him?" But it was soon manifest that "Ye are God's building. Ye are God's husbandry, and God has given us Christ to be the head over all things to the body, which is his church." And things kept moving right on the same as before. I had not for one moment looked upon him as the head, but as a sort of father and counsel and advisor. Yes, we certainly did miss him, but we found God, Christ, and the Holy Ghost just as able to work through other instruments, so things kept moving on in the same pace without a halt. "Glory be to the Father and to his Son, our Saviour, and to the Holy Ghost, His executive agent.

Let us always be careful to remember that the Lord is the head in all things to the church, and we shall not make the mistake which brought about the apostasy in the beginning, by exalting man until finally the Holy Spirit and Word were entirely crowded out, and man took the reigns of government into his own hands, and the blessed precious privilege of looking to the Lord for all things became a thing of the past or unknown to the generations following. So let us exalt Jesus only, as Brother Warner wrote, "We are coming, Hallelujah, we are coming home to God. Jesus only we're beholding, who has washed us in his blood. In this building what a wonder, there's a dwelling place for me, and thy beauty, O my Savior, we shall here forever see." If we keep low down at his feet, he will exalt us in due season. When we hear his welcome voice saying, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world," surely we shall then be exalted.

May the Lord help us to do his will working in us to his glory, not in our own wisdom, but in the wisdom that cometh down from above, which is first pure, peaceable, and then gentle and easy to be intreated.

Who is this that cometh up out of the wilderness leaning on her Beloved? Why, she is the same one that went into the wilderness that we read about in Revelation 12 to be nourished for a thousand two hundred and three score days. Wilderness

or bewilderment of sectism with their many doctrines. Now as she is awakened, the same ones which form the Beloved are coming up out of the wilderness or bewilderment leaning on her Beloved, Jesus only.

At the last campmeeting 1925, looking over that vast audience from all parts of the earth, we were reminded of what the preacher said in Sunday School, "Who are you that looketh forth as the morning, clear as the sun, fair as the moon, and durable as an army with banners. My beloved is but one. She is the only one of her mother.

Yes, our ship was ready to sail; we were immersed and on board, took up our various stations of duty, as Commander at the helm and other posts, and we began to get out from shore some distance, old ministry sprang up on board, some asked fight our life pressures, and eased on board into God's great ocean of love, and soon found themselves on the old ship Zion. As we fully understood this situation, we were immersed, after rejecting holiness, again. The old Eldership didn't sail long but soon became derelict.