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JENNIE SMITH.

Incidents and Experiences Of a Railroad Evangelist

By
JENNIE SMITH

“In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths”

WASHINGTON, D. C.
319 E Street, N. E.

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P R E F A C E.

DEAR READER: You may not have seen my earlier books, "The Valley of Baca" and the sequel "From Baca to Beulah" (the first giving my invalid life and the sequel the wonderful deliverance from it), or the story of the work after my restoration to health in two volumes, entitled, "Ramblings in Beulah Land" Nos. 1 and 2. But if you have you will see the continuation of the Ramblings in the incidents given as a Railroad Evangelist.

My interest was awakened in railroad men when I was a helpless invalid, carried from one place to another for treatment. I traveled in the baggage cars. Wherever my couch was set down they would look for one of the police officers, who were *care-takers*. So I learned what noble hearts they and the railroad men had. Also, I had great opportunity to see with what they had to contend and how they were neglected spiritually.

After I was *healed* I was made the National Superintendent of the Railroad Department of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. This opened the way for special work along the railroads.

The best of my life has been spent among railroad people; but you will see as you go through

these pages how we have touched all phases of humanity. I trust hearts will be stirred to think of those serving the public, who have been neglected spiritually.

May we all come with many sheaves to lay at the Master's feet bye and bye, and meet to part no more.

Yours prayerfully,
JENNIE SMITH.

Incidents and Experiences of a Railroad Evangelist.

CHAPTER I.

HOW is it with Engineerman 86?" we asked as we entered Grafton, W. Va., for the first time and saw the old camel-back yard engine pass. Our friend said, "You could never reach him; he is an unbeliever and going to a drunkard's grave." That was sufficient to burden our hearts for that soul. We held our meetings in the Court House. We had workers from Washington and Baltimore. All agreed to pray for that soul.

One morning George Perine—the first convert on the Baltimore and Ohio road—came to us, saying, "What shall I do? I was singing that new song, 'I'm the Child of a King,' to a lot of fellows down in the caboose, when Engineerman 86 invited me to go to his house and make that my home while I stay here."

We said, "Why! that is in answer to our prayers; go and be faithful, God will save that soul."

That night he brought him to the meeting, but

he was so drunk they wanted to take him out. We said, "No, you go to praying more earnestly, our faith claims it—he is going to be saved."

The next night he came sober. A number of the railroad men gathered around him and said, "Joe, if you will go to that altar, we will," but they could not move him. He had a sleepless night. In the morning he asked Brother George to pray for him.

That night we had scarcely opened the inquiry room and called to the altar, when he rushed forward, grasping our hands, saying, "I have been an earnest servant of the devil. I have decided to be as earnest for the Lord. O, pray for me!" He knelt at the altar of prayer. What a struggle he had, but he came out into

THE CLEAR SUNLIGHT OF GOD'S LOVE.

From that hour until the day of his death, twenty-five years after, he was a power for God. From running a yard engine, he was promoted to the supervisor of engines on the Parkersburg division. He was a great help in our work over the road. I was in Cincinnati. They telegraphed me, "Home, Uncle Clayton wants to see you." As I entered his room, he clasped his hands, praising the Lord, saying, "You have come before I leave; but I am all packed up ready to shove off." He died as did Bro. Tom Ingram, a triumphant death.

"Win a soul to Jesus,
The greatest work in life;
Help some struggling sinner
From darkness and from strife."

Great changes have been wrought since I wrote No. 2 of *Ramblings in Beulah Land* in 1882. During that year—our first work on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad—1,276 souls professed conversion; out of that number came fourteen ministers of the Gospel.

In June, 1882, we had a reunion at Harper's Ferry, "Island Park." Through Mrs. Wister Morris we gave each convert a

"DAILY FOOD."

This little daily helper in the Word of God has kept many faithful. That gathering has been kept up for thirty-seven years (a picnic where souls were saved), from one to eight thousand attending. The B. & O. runs excursion trains from all directions, and the Y. M. C. A. managed the great meetings held. Many of the workers have gone to their reward, among them my co-worker, Miss Adelaide Sherman. When we closed the work in Grafton in the spring, we promised Parkersburg the first work in the fall, but something prevented each effort to go there. We were in Grafton at Mrs. Love's. After a precious season at family prayer, I said to Miss Sherman, "You go to Newburg, where so many

miners have lost their lives, and comfort the bereaved ones; I will go to Parkersburg and see what can be done. There is much to discourage, but the path of duty seems so clear." I walked to the table where there was a stack of Bibles for the cabooses. I threw open one—the first word I read was Isa. 52: 12:

"THE LORD WILL GO BEFORE YOU."

At the depot the agent said, "Why! Miss Jennie, which way this rainy morning?" I replied, "To Parkersburg. Do you know of a good stopping place?"

"Yes, go to the Rolland House. It is important, while the company have given you every facility for doing that work that you take it up soon. You will have a hard time to get a start, but when you do you will accomplish something."

On the train I asked the conductor where he would advise me to go. He replied, "Go to the Rolland House." I stepped up to a hackman, asking, "Do you know of a good hotel near the B. & O. works?" "O, yes, Madame, the Rolland House is a good place." I felt surely that is the place to go.

Only a colored man was in the hack. He said, "Do you remember talking at the Court House when that ministers' meeting was here?"

"I do; were you there?"

"Yes, and I have never taken a drink of whis-

key or a chew of tobacco since; but I am not a Christian. Oh, I do want to be a Christian; pray for me."

"Why, Uncle, the Lord can save you now. Ask him in *faith, believing*; He will pardon your sins."

How he prayed, the tears rolling down his cheeks! He cried out, "O, I do believe! I do take the Lord at His word. He does forgive my sins; the burden is gone."

HE WAS SAVED IN THE HACK.

As we came to the hotel, he said, "If I had the fifty cents, you should not pay it."

"If you are saved, that is enough."

"O, praise the Lord! I know I am converted!"

His life that followed, proved this, for he was a great blessing among his people.

I expected to go into the hotel and rest quietly over Sabbath, but many of our trainmen were there. Soon the request came to meet them in the parlor. All seemed anxious for a meeting. They said, "Why not hold a meeting in our shop? It will hold more than any church."

I asked, "Do you think they would permit?" The Master Mechanic came in. He answered the question, "Yes, indeed; we will fix up things for you. There are two stoves and, if necessary, we will put up four more."

Then I took out my papers from the head officials, which gave us the right of way in every particular. Before Sabbath closed, most of the ministers in the city called, encouraging us to go on, promising to co-operate. I had a meeting at a mission near by that night; several were converted. Monday I was alone with the Lord in fasting and prayer.

THE SHOP MEETING OPENED TUESDAY NIGHT.

They had a platform that would seat forty singers and speakers, and seats to accommodate over a thousand. The choir was made up from all the churches. Before I left Grafton, I received a letter from a lady, saying, "I do not believe it is a woman's place to do the work you are doing. I do not believe there are any open doors; and if you come to Parkersburg, you must come on your own responsibility—and pay your own way."

At the close of the first meeting she made herself known to me, saying, "O, do forgive me; I did not know what I was doing when I wrote you that cruel letter. Do pray for me." She was brought into a sweet experience and became a worker.

The ministers and their members took hold with us. The men would place the seats and take them up between times. Wonderful meetings were held each noon and night. It was a great

opportunity ; men would run in from their locomotives and work of every kind and give their hearts to Christ. I have met souls saved in that meeting in various parts of our land, and many have died in the triumphs of faith.

Many incidents occurred. One engineer hurried from his cab with overalls on and dirty face, saying, "I am in a hurry. O, do pray for me; I must be saved from this load of guilt."

We prayed with him ; he went out on his train. He was converted in his cab before he reached the end of his run. He was prepared for the terrible accident that occurred a few weeks after. He testified under the iron wheels to what Christ had done for his soul. How he begged all to take more interest in railroad men.

An unbeliever, who had almost defied God and man, came into the shop to make sport. He was leaning up against the wall. I shook hands, saying, "My friend, where do you stand, on the Rock or on the sand?" He made no reply, but walked out angrily, swearing outside. He could not sleep, and next day he said, "All I could hear, was, 'On the sand! on the sand!' and finally I felt it was sinking sand and I must get on the Rock, Christ Jesus." He was saved and became the means of saving others. One that ran from us was converted through the change he saw in others. He came to us, saying, "I have laid off. I will not report again until I am saved."

He was so earnest, he soon came into the light. He could say,

"My stubborn will at last hath yielded,
I would be Thine and Thine alone;
And this the prayer my lips are bringing,
Lord, let in me Thy will be done."

He brought most of his crew to Christ. Later they were all in a wreck; when dying, he admonished all to be faithful and be *live* Christians.

One said, "Don't talk to me; it's no use. I have disobeyed God until I cannot be saved."

We labored with him until he finally gained the victory in his engine-room—consecrated his life to the Lord and became a successful minister. He served God faithfully for several years, then went home to Heaven.

CHAPTER II.

WORK IN WEST VIRGINIA.

A WEEK AT CLARKSBURG, W. VA.

HERE a number united in prayer for their households and neighbors. Court was in session; several of the jury begged Judge Fleming to let them go to church. He did not dismiss them, but marched them all up into the "Amen Corner" of the church, which was reserved for them. One of the jury-men had been angry with the church and swore he would never enter a church again; now he was compelled to come. He, with several others, surrendered themselves to God. That man built a little chapel in a needy place as a token of gratitude for his salvation. He was the means of doing great good.

One man tried to be indifferent, but as we passed through his workshop we slipped into his pocket (without saying a word) a tract,

"WE ARE PRAYING FOR YOU."

The thought impressed him that others were more interested in his soul than he was himself; he became alarmed at his sinful condition, gave his heart to Christ, and finally entered the ministry.

THE FIRST VISIT TO MORGANTOWN, W. VA.

We drove twenty miles in a hack. I was entertained at Prof. Willey's. They gave me a reception that night. All the faculty of the university were there.

I was surprised that a meeting Sabbath afternoon was to be outside the court house with a brass band. Two ministers I dreaded to meet sat on each side of me. I said, "You had better talk. I am so hoarse." They replied, "No, indeed, we will pray that your voice will clear up, so they can hear you across the street."

It took courage to mount the store-box pulpit, but they played and sang,

"WHERE IS MY WANDERING BOY?"

A drunken man, with a stove-pipe hat all stove in, and all rags, leaned up against a tree in front of me. I soon forgot everything but Jesus and souls. At the close a man came from the hotel across the street and said to the ministers, "How strange; we heard every word that little woman said. Some of those fellows leaning back in their chairs did not want to hear, but they will not forget what she said."

Weeks after some of them were saved. Several who never went to church, came that night.

"Rescue the perishing, care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o'er the erring one, lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save."

This was sung effectively that afternoon.

I returned home the next day. Later I was praying about the call to Morgantown to hold a series of meetings, when the B. & O. officials sent for me to go over the road with them. One said, "Miss Jennie, you have the honor of being the first woman to go in a passenger car over the new road to Morgantown." It was a memorable trip.

Next night I opened a series of meetings. Almost every morning I attended chapel services at the University. We had services at the church every afternoon and night, and two all-day meetings. Many church members consecrated their lives more fully to Jesus. Some were awakened by the experience of one of their members, whom I was called to see when dying. She said, "O, I thought I was a Christian. I worked hard in all the societies but I only did what pleased me. I never worked for Jesus' sake. I often told my pastor I could not speak or pray. I never went to prayer meeting—preferred going to an entertainment. O, what a struggle I have had, but I have gained the victory. Praise the Lord! I am now ready to go. O, tell the church members to be more earnest in working for Jesus. I see now the good I might have done had I been more spiritual."

One day a young lawyer came in so excited, saying, "O, Miss Jennie, do see what you can do for P. and A.

I STARTED THEM ON THE WRONG ROAD.

They were good boys when they came to school; they have good parents. This hand gave them the first drink and the first cards they ever handled! O, do help to save them!"

The boys were discouraged. They felt no one would have confidence in them if they tried to be Christians; but they finally yielded and became useful men.

One man came into the meeting with the startling words, "Here stands a drunkard and a gambler. Is there any help for such a wreck as I am? Will you pray for me?"

Such cries one seldom hears from a sinner. It was hours before he found peace, but his life proved he had changed masters. Many souls were saved. At the close of one meeting, a Y. M. C. A. was organized. Testimonies were given by different ones, showing the need of more attention being given to strangers. So many students coming in and not being noticed at church—but always grasped by the hand by those ready to lead them astray. One said, "What an uplift has come to our town morally and spiritually!" Many expressions of love and appreciation were manifested.

THE BRASS BAND

gave a serenade. We invited them in, gave a talk, and had prayer. As we left, they played "Home, Sweet Home."

CAME TO FAIRMONT.

After one night's rest, opened a meeting at 10 A. M. I was strangely impressed and oppressed. I said, "There is something in the way; we must pray through whatever it is." I had not heard a word of the situation. Most of the hour was spent in prayer. Finally those who had not spoken to each other for years came together, and such a breaking up as we had in this peacemaking time! Even the choir became reconciled and returned to their places. What a work consecrated singers can do!

Miss Sherman came to my help from another field. Over one hundred professed before the meeting closed.

A STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

Some years after the Morgantown meeting, Major Alderson and wife drove me sixty miles away from a railroad. The mountain scenery was grand. The log-cabin hotels were crude, but what fried chicken and good eating they had! When we arrived at Logan Court House, the first man we met was the noted Hatfield. There was not a church in the town. The two young men, A. and P., who were converted at Morgantown, were practicing law there. They had started a Sabbath school in the school house. Court was held in the daytime, and we held meet-

ings in the court house at night. Great numbers signed the pledge, and some were converted.

We had some touching scenes. One day a young man drove me twelve miles to hold a meeting in a dooryard. People came twenty miles to that service. Sixty took the temperance pledge. The young man said, "Look at that farm; a man drank that all up. Also eight yoke of oxen; then whittled out one hundred axe handles and sold them for whiskey that killed him."

We stopped at a mill. Two urchins and a man were leaning over a rickety fence. I told them what a strange story I had heard. "Can it be true?"

He said, "Ah, lady, that is too true—that was my brother. Whiskey killed him, and his wife died of a broken heart."

Recently I made another visit to Logan Court House—went on the train. I found several churches built and great improvements in the morals of the town. Many had kept their pledges; but how sad! some that had refused to sign the pledge were perfect wrecks!

A WEEK AT HUNTINGTON, W. VA.,

was most profitable. One man who was saved became a worker for the Master. The closing service was the last night in their old church. They insisted upon having my experience.

"Before Sister speaks," said Brother Clouston,

"I have something to say. She has a desire to get a little home. I want an offering for that purpose."

I was overwhelmed—in a few minutes they had one hundred dollars for the *home fund*.

Since then their beautiful church has been built. After a few days of rest at Mountain Lake Park, we opened a meeting in the Fourth St. Church, Wheeling, W. Va. The crowds were so great we moved

TO THE ALHAMBRA RINK,

which accommodated three thousand people. Most of the ministers and their people united with us. Every morning the workers would meet for special prayer. Outdoor services were held at the market house, where hundreds heard the gospel who would not go to the meetings. The ministers—Hon. Atkinson, Mr. Clouston, Mr. Bailly, and others, talked from

A BUTCHER'S MEAT BLOCK.

Sinners would be convicted of sin, come to the rink and be saved. A mother's wandering boy was converted, who gave his first talk from that block. He became a successful minister. Many church members were revived and received valuable lessons in the meetings, in the shops, police court, engine houses, and many places they had never been.

The fire laddies took the horses out. The people were surprised to learn the horses knew when it is for fun or for a fire. Some did not know the men sleep there until we went up to their beautiful room where we had a meeting—the first ever held with them, but I hope not the last. How grateful they were—as everywhere. They felt there is so little interest shown in their souls.

“O, the good that might be wrought,
But for the want of thought.”

We called next door at a saloon, but they would not let us pray. We talked and gave tracts, which brought forth fruit afterwards.

From there we went to the market house, where hundreds were waiting. That meeting brought many penitents to the rink that night. Children gave us a beautiful bouquet of flowers, which we carried to the waterworks. This was the first meeting ever held there; how they appreciated our coming! Only think, not a minute day or night, but these men and the firemen are at their post of duty. What would we do without them? Let us pray more for them.

During these weeks several all-day meetings were held. Some wrecked homes were made happy. It is so interesting to hear children say, “O, we are so happy since papa don’t drink any more. Now he brings his money home; we have good things to eat and new shoes and clothes to wear.”

CHAPTER III.

MEETINGS IN OHIO AND PENNSYLVANIA.

“**H**OME, Sweet Home.” After a week with my precious mother, whose faith and prayers were always strength to us, we could sing together,

“Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just to take Him at His word,
Just to rest upon His promise,
Just to know thus saith the Lord.”

So we went forth stronger in the Lord to do our duty. We spent a month at Columbus, Zanesville, and Frazeysburg.

Several all-day meetings were held in each place. The people came from the surrounding country. We always have different leaders for each hour and, when possible, different subjects from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M., people coming and going. The last minutes of each hour are spent in silent prayer. If there is a bell on the church, it rings out the hour. This makes an impression. One place a saloon man sent word he would give \$5.00 to the basket if they would stop ringing that bell. We did not stop.

These services have been a great blessing to church members as well as the saving of sinners.

Over six hundred all-day meetings have been held. We started the shop meetings in Columbus, O. We encouraged them to organize a shop choir. This resulted in

A RAILROAD SHOP QUARTET

who became so famous that they were called to sing at several state and national conventions. Both the Panhandle and Hocking Valley shops quartet have done good work.

Chaplain Starr invited us to the penitentiary. About four hundred prisoners came in to the experience meeting. Many could give touching testimonies of what Jesus had done for them.

At the regular service, sixteen hundred marched into the chapel. I gave the message from John 3:16: "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." What a sight to see them in the dining room; and O, what it meant to see that electric room, where twenty had been electrocuted! One man converted in that prison years ago became one of the best missionaries Bishop Taylor had in Africa. We gave two thousand Scripture cards to the prisoners.

AT NEWARK, OHIO.

Our meeting was held in the Methodist Episcopal Church afternoon and night.

One day, after our noon shop meeting, Mr. Holman invited us to hold a meeting in his carriage factory in East Newark, where there was no church. All business houses and saloons closed. We had to stand at the door and talk; the crowd was as great outside as in. That meeting resulted in the organization that built the first chapel in East Newark.

One said, "It will take them years to build a church."

We replied, "You don't know the material there is among railroad men."

They made a success of this undertaking, and the little chapel soon gave way to the beautiful Methodist Episcopal Church, where I recently held a meeting with Rev. Walters. Other denominations have built churches since our first visit.

For years, every time we have services in the shops of Newark or Zanesville, they have a platform carpeted and seats for us.

A BLUE RIBBON REVIVAL

was held in a hall in McKeesport, Pa. Many families were made happy through the parents signing the temperance pledge and becoming Christians. Mr. Cairns was saved and became a useful worker.

AT GLENWOOD.

Services were held in the B. & O. shops. They had a platform for the singers and speakers, and seats for a large crowd. The men could run in from their cabs and cabooses and all kinds of work to spend a few moments at the noon and night meetings—a wonderful opportunity for reaching souls.

From here we went to the Hazelwood Church. The Blue Ribbon Club came and helped us.

From there we went to Washington, Penna., and spent a week at the Ladies' Seminary. How we enjoyed the chapel services every morning! Held services every night in a hall. During the day many ladies and business men went with us to the jail, police court, fire engine houses, water-works, shops of oil and gas men, mills, and all kinds of places.

At Waynesburg, Pa., R. E. Hudson was our singer. He and I were called to see a sick man; one of the Infidel Club who came into our meetings to make sport, was suddenly taken ill. As we entered, we heard the old leader say, "John, hold on to what you have believed."

"O, my God! there is nothing to hold on to; go out, you have misled me."

We tried to talk to him and pray, but he kept saying, "God has not shut the door; I have shut it myself. O, tell the people, tell them there is a heaven and a hell! to which I am going. God

tried to save me; I would not hear or heed. It is all my own fault that I am lost! lost!"

The last sentence was a whisper. O, how terrible to see a soul go into Eternity *unsaved*! Reader, are you prepared for that hour? "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God," Jesus says in John 3: 3.

Here I called on Miss Rogers, who had my wheeled couch. What memories it brought up to see my old friend! I could not describe what my feelings were, to think of the sixteen years of my helpless life and the twenty years of suffering. For a few minutes I seemed to live it over again.

From here we held meetings in Pittsburgh, Homestead, Claysville, Meyersdale, Confluence, Connellsville, and Rockwood. If space would allow, could give incidents from each place.

CHAPTER IV.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT AND RETURN.

AFTER ten days at home, we were
EN ROUTE TO CALIFORNIA.

We held meetings on the way at Cincinnati, St. Louis, Springfield, Sedalia, and Kansas City, Mo. At Portland, Oregon, we took the steamer for San Francisco. It was said we had the severest storm that had been on the Pacific for years. I was the last woman to get sick. I threw open the great Bible on the table. The only thing I could see, was, "The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters; yea, than the mighty waves of the seas." Psa. 93:4.

This brought such a blessing to my soul; I was happy even in sea-sickness—something that must be experienced to be known.

At Vallejo we had a visit with brother and family. I speak in *The Valley of Baca* of brother Dicky going, when a boy, to Kansas with a colony. For a long time we had not heard from him. One day mother was so distressed about him, she sent for a friend, who had great faith in prayer. They held on to God until the burden

was gone. That very day he was a prisoner with the Indians. Just as they were going to scalp him, from some source a bullet shot the Indian down, which frightened the squad so he made his escape. He knows he was saved in answer to prayer.

He went West, we came East. From some cause the P. O. lost our address, so we had not heard from each other for sixteen years.

The last week before President McKinley left Canton for Washington, after his first election, I held a meeting in his church. My brother read the account of it in the San Francisco papers. He wrote the pastor at Canton and President McKinley at Washington to see if it was his sister. We were soon in communication with each other. I wrote him how mother was failing, and he returned home. I met him in Chicago. We had not met for twenty-nine years, but we knew each other. Mother always had said she would see her boy again. She only lived a short time. Our mother and President McKinley's mother went to heaven the same week.

Brother still suffered from the Indian wounds. This climate did not agree with him; he had to return to California.

We had several meetings in San Francisco. When we talked of going to Chinatown, they said, "You must not go without a

POLICEMAN OR A DEACONESS."

What a compliment to the Deaconess work! We had services at different places, but spent most of our time in and around Los Angeles. We had an all-day meeting in

THE W. C. T. U. TEMPLE.

We returned by way of Salt Lake City. Here we had effectual temperance meetings among railroad men. We spent a week at Denver, Colo., where we enjoyed a rest at Bro. Jacky Brown's the gospel engineer. One day, at the noon meeting, Miss Sherman said, "Have those who run that locomotive been in for repairs?" The fireman replied, "No, indeed, I could not be a Christian with my engineer; but I would like to be a Christian—pray for me."

The next night he was starting to the altar when he was called. Sabbath night someone prevailed upon his engineer to attend services. The church being crowded, he was brought near the front. As they were dismissing, the fireman came running in from his engine, not even stopping to change his clothes, and knelt at the altar. His engineer knew how particular he was about his dress. When he saw him come so earnestly, it broke him up, and he was soon at his side. Before midnight the whole crew were "in for repairs." They all became useful men.

A GAMBLER'S MEETING.

During our meetings in Kansas City, we were invited by the Stock Commissioners to hold services at the great Stock Exchange. They requested the first to be held on the *side stairway*, where a thousand men could hear us—a scene that could not be described. We had sweet singers with us; as they sang, many stood with tears running down their cheeks. From our window at the Stock Hotel, where we were entertained, we would often see the men drive in their beautiful cattle, and when they received their money, go directly into

THE PALACE SALOON.

We said to them, would it not be better for such men to call the saloonkeeper out, give him the cattle, then jump on the train and go home sober? We gave them honest talks.

Before the two weeks' meeting closed, over forty stockmen were saved; seven professional gamblers gave their testimony on Sabbath afternoon at the

GREAT OPERA HOUSE MEETING.

One of these built a little chapel in a backwoods place as a token of gratitude to God for his salvation.

Our meetings at the Armour Plant were interesting and instructive. Mr. Armour so appre-

ciated our interest in his men, we were invited to his home

AT SPRINGFIELD, MO.

The "Gulf" and "Frisco" railroads had stopped *card playing* in their great shops. The men had organized glee-clubs; this was a big help to our noon meetings. Also they sang for us at the church. Sabbath afternoon and night the meetings were held in the opera house. In the afternoon the "Gulf Quartet" sang, and at night the "Frisco."

One day I met an engineer with his babies in a sled; I got into his heart through his pets. I soon found he was the one the men had placed on my prayer list, for they could not work with him and lead a Christian life, they thought.

He said to me that day, "You are doing a good work. I see a great change in some of my comrades."

I said, "Come to church this afternoon."

"I have not been in a church for years; I would not know how to act. But I do thank you for your kind words."

After the Bible reading, when the invitation was given, he arose in the back seat, saying, "You are all surprised to see me here. I was convinced by this lady that there is a better life for me. I don't know how to pray, but I want that which has made such a change in Crawford and others."

He knelt at the altar, saying, "O, do pray for me; help me." The next afternoon he was wonderfully converted. His testimony was, "I have been out and out for the devil; now I want to be as earnest on the Lord's side"—and he was a worker. The boys would say, "He is like his headlight."

A TELEGRAPH OPERATOR.

A mother's boy came into our meeting in St. Louis. They sang,

"There is life for a look
At the crucified One,"

then

"On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand."

The next afternoon he said, "I have been feeling all night at my work as though I was on sinking sand. O, tell me, is there any help for such a sinner as I am? Can it be 'there is a life for a look'?"

He had a terrible struggle, but when he *believed on the Lord Jesus with his heart*, his burden was gone. He cried out, "My mother's prayers are answered!"

He telegraphed his mother, "Your prayers are answered. I am saved through the blood of the Lamb. Praise God." Other operators along the line caught the influence. A work was done through that channel.

AT FLORA, ILL.,

a very profitable week was spent, the church was revived, and sinners saved. We were entertained by Mr. Chas. Shemerhorn. They and the friends gave me a great surprise—a complete suit of clothing. No word had I spoken, but our Father knew the needs and the gratitude of my heart, which I could not express to the kind friends. Some day they will understand the good they have done and get their reward.

We had one or two meetings at Vincennes, Washington, and Seymour, Ind., then Ludlow, Louisville, and Covington, Ky. Here we took a good rest at our good friend, Judge McLaughlin's.

CHAPTER V.

A TRIP THROUGH THE SOUTH.

AT CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

WE had a two weeks' union meeting at Dr. Riker's church. One night after the message, we said, "Sing 'God be with you till we meet again,' shake hands and speak to one another, then we will have our after-meeting."

A Presbyterian deacon arose, saying, "Before you sing, I want to tell you my experience. When quite young, I was grasped by the hand and invited to go to church. Through that handshake I was led to Christ. I went away from home. Many times I went to church, but no one said a word to me. Outside wicked ones extended the hand of friendship; being homesick, I was easily led astray. To my regret, many years of my life were lost. On my return here, through a shake of the hand and kind words, I am tonight back in the church and enjoy religion."

All over the house many testimonies were given of what a handshake and kind words had done for them.

MORALITY WILL NOT SAVE.

One day a man in the office of Mr. L. said, "Why! Mr. L. was just as good before he joined church.

Just then his wife came in. We said, "Mrs. Loomas, what do you think your husband's partner says—that he is no better than before he joined church."

"O, Charlie, how can you say such a thing?"

"You don't understand me. I mean he was so good before he joined church."

"How mistaken you are! He was a good, moral man, but morality will not take any one to heaven. Come to our house and see the difference. He was as good a husband as any man could be that is not a Christian—but what a contrast since we can have family prayers and blessing at the table together. Then look at the good he is doing; what a useful man he is in the church and community."

Every strictly moral man who is trying to go to heaven through his good deeds does not realize the *enormity* of his sins. His sins are the sins of *Omission—what he is leaving undone*.

Through the noon meetings at the railroad shops, engine houses, *coffin factory*, and other places, many were saved.

THE COFFIN FACTORY

was the most impressive place! To see the hundreds of large coffins, the thought came: If a body goes into each of these, where will the soul be? It was oppressive, the thought of any being lost. What a relief when we went into the

infant department to know the little ones are transplanted into the Garden of Paradise!

The railroad men had each of us a beautiful gold engine pin made.

We went on to our National W. C. T. U. convention at

ATLANTA, GA., IN 1890,

where we had a great meeting. The railroad gave 1,200 a free excursion to "Indian Springs," and the County Union gave the

BARBECUE.

The table was one mile around. Miss Willard sat at the head of the table, with a higher seat than the rest. We never could forget how they sang,

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word.
What more could He say, than to you He hath said,
Ye, who unto Jesus for refuge hath fled."

On our return, a box of beautiful flowers were carried through the twelve cars, then presented to Miss Sherman and me, from the railroad families.

Several years before this we came to Atlanta through a friend. No door was open. We spent a night in prayer. We were invited for Sabbath morning to a small church. I gave a brief Bible reading. At the close three railroad men came

up. One said, "I promised God if He would bring me from under my wrecked engine, I would serve Him. This is my first opportunity. Do pray for me." And down he knelt at the altar; the others followed. Two were saved; the other went home with the pastor and was saved there.

We were invited to the ministers' meeting Monday morning to lay before them our plan for a union *all-day* meeting. All seemed very cold until the secretary of the meeting told them of the service we had at his church, then what a change. All were ready to co-operate. All went over to the Baptist church to the Ministers' Union. Here we found our friend Dr Wharton, of Baltimore. He soon confirmed our work.

The all-day meeting was held in the largest church from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. Some minister took part in every hour.

As I went down to the door, one said, "Sister Jennie, this is Brother Jones." He grasped my hand, saying, "Yes, Jennie, this is your brother Sam." For two weeks we had three services a day; noon meetings in various places. A note came from

THE CHIEF OF POLICE.

"We see you are interested in all the callings of life. Please come over to our quarters and bring others with you. No one has ever been interested in our work." He was a Catholic, and one of the youngest chiefs in the United States.

Governor Colquit, Mr. Grady, Dr. Hawthorne, and a number went with us. We had a meeting none could forget. Several were saved in our meetings. From that time every city in which we worked would invite us to the police headquarters.

A messenger came one morning requesting us to hold a meeting in the Opera House Sabbath afternoon. We answered by the carrier, "Yes, so glad of the opportunity." Then we met the ladies. They said, "O, we never can fill that great hall." We replied, "Have faith in God. Go to work, and praying, see what can be done."

The house was crowded. One railroad official who was so opposed to us at first, came out fully on the Lord's side. He made his first speech that afternoon. He gave up a good position and became a general secretary of the Y. M. C. A.

AT BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA,

we had a good meeting, although we had many obstacles in the way; we prayed through them. On Sabbath we had an Opera House meeting, where all trades and professions were represented. One large group were *shoemakers*. My story for them was of the day when I put on shoes for the first time for over sixteen years.

Monday morning I was going to *Selma*. A man came rushing in and said, "I am one of the shoemakers. I want to make you a pair of

shoes like my wife's. Sit down quick, there is your hack."

"Brother, are you a Christian?"

"No, wife and I are not where we once were; we want you both to pray for us." Miss Sherman will go on with the meeting.

When I returned, he met me joyfully, exclaiming, "Well, the shoes are done, and the shoemaker and wife are both back in the fold again. Praise the Lord!"

CHAPTER VI.

MEETINGS IN THE CENTRAL STATES.

WE returned to Cincinnati. We had a ten days' meeting under the W. C. T. U., held in different places. An all-day meeting at Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church was held, as some time before this we had a protracted meeting there. The last night they had a surprise "pound party" at the parsonage. Mrs. Fuller said, "Why did the people leave so quickly; they never stopped to shake hands?"

When we arrived at the parsonage, everything was quiet. Dr. Fuller started up stairs. At the head of the stairway ten uniformed policemen and a big crowd greeted us. It was a delightful surprise and a profitable time.

After all were gone, Dr. Fuller presented me with the free-will offering—almost a hundred and fifty dollars. Just what I owed my publishers.

A MEETING AT MUSIC HALL.

As usual, policemen, railroad men, and all uniformed men occupied the front seats—over two thousand were present. We had testimonies from many trades and professions of what *personal work could do*. Hearts were made to feel the work that is left undone.

JUST FOR WANT OF THOUGHT.

Through this meeting the railroad men of Ludlow, Ky., arranged for one in a hall. They had been praying for a church; that night we started the project.

The next morning we had a little consecration service at Mrs. Venn's. She gave one hundred dollars for the church. Soon after this we were called back to the dedication of the new church in Ludlow, Ky., and the pastor at the time was one who had been converted in one of our meetings years before. A blessed revival followed the dedication.

After a rest at home, we went to

FORT WAYNE AND GARRETT, IND.

While waiting at the station, we heard a young man ask a commercial traveller to drink. He replied, "No, I shall not take another drink. I can let it alone now, but if I keep on I will get where I cannot, and be in the same fix you are."

"Then you are no friend of mine if you will not drink with me."

He turned and left him. We met him again; the words of the Gideon so impressed him, he finally said, "I must stop, for it is getting the best of me."

The example of that Gideon was not in vain; results followed at the Ft. Wayne meeting.

At Garrett, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, who entertained us, were great helpers in the noon, afternoon, and night meetings. Many souls were saved. For years this was my home when holding meetings in Garrett. Recently she followed her husband, son, and daughter. They have all gone to a rich reward. In Chicago we had an all-day meeting in

WILLARD HALL.

The Gideons had the best hour of the day. Some have asked, Who are they? Commercial travellers. But one must be a consecrated Christian to be a Gideon.

I was reminded of my first visit to Chicago years ago. We had an all-day meeting at Farwell Hall. At the close, Mrs. Carse said, "These gentlemen have waited so long." One said, "You don't remember Frank H., of Spring Hills, O.?"

"Yes, I do; I have not forgotten the bouquet he brought me."

"Bringing to you that bouquet of gimpson weeds made a man of me; your kind words, the prayer you offered with your hand on my head, made me resolve by God's help I would make a man of myself. I have kept that vow."

The next was one of the editors of the *Inter-Ocean*. He asked, "Do you remember Mrs. Busby, our mother? She has just gone to heaven."

"Yes, the first recollections of childhood are of your mother. She was sitting on the porch, cutting quilt pieces. Mother left me with her until father came from the store. She cut her pieces too small, so she gave them to me. Mother thought I had picked up the string of pieces. She punished me and sent me back. Your mother took me up in her arms and comforted me."

A WASHOUT.

On our way to Burlington and Monmouth, where we had one meeting in each place, the trains were held up for hours. Bishop Taylor and a number of ministers were on the train. We had a meeting; all talked from the train steps. It was a great opportunity for doing work for the passengers and railroad men.

After a visit to my sister at Council Bluffs, where several meetings were held, we went to

OMAHA, NEBRASKA,

where the conference was in session; met many old friends. I was glad to find those converted in our meetings several years ago still faithful. Many ministers went with us to the Union Pacific shop meeting, where they always had a platform and seats for us. Many had never been at such a meeting. Sabbath afternoon we had a great service at the Opera House. Many ministers were present. Railroad families filled the center of the house back of the uniformed men. After

the close, a man working on the platform was heard to say, "Yes, everybody can be remembered but us."

One said, "What do you do, my friend?"

"Why, I'm a frizer."

"What is that, Sister Jennie? Do you know?"

"Indeed, I do not. Do tell us what is your work."

"Why, I am one nobody ever prays for; *I am a cook.*"

We have called our dining-car cooks "The Frizers" ever since then.

As we were going out, a fine looking man said to me, "I have decided to be a Christian."

"When will you give your heart to God?"

He replied, "The first opportunity."

"Then it is right here."

He dropped on his knees, and what a season of prayer we had! He was converted. Being an influential business man, his life accomplished much for the cause of Christ. We attended

THE STATE EPWORTH LEAGUE CONVENTION

at Lincoln, Neb. Many of the delegates went with us to the engine house, where the chief wanted a meeting. The fire commissioner of New Orleans, La., whom we had met in his own city, was present. He told the people he was saved through our work in New Orleans, and how the public were influenced to take more interest in the firemen and those serving the public.

CHAPTER VII.

W. C. T. U. CONVENTION.

EN ROUTE TO FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

IN 1901 our national W. C. T. U. convention met at Fort Worth, Texas. A wrecked freight caused us to stand still for hours. I was knitting. A young man said, as I was trying to wind my yarn, "Madam, please let me help you. I used to hold the yarn for my grandmother; it will help to while away these lonely hours."

This opened a conversation which, with tracts and cards, resulted in his salvation—as he wrote me a year later.

I was crocheting the little crown cap; I had an order for a dozen. Two gentlemen were sitting back of us. One said, "O, there I forgot to get something for my little girl."

"So did I," said the other, "and she will expect something."

A lady at my side said, "Gentlemen, this lady has something which will please your little girls." One took a blue cap, and the other a pink one. This opened the way; they were soon all gone, and a new order had to be filled. This was not only a special Providence, but gave an opportunity which afterwards proved to be a blessing.

"A word fitly spoken
Is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

Our national convention was one of great interest. We had noon meetings at various places, which was a training to many of our women.

I remained several weeks after the convention closed and held meetings in different churches. Many were reached through outside services.

One railroad man who had not been in church for years, said, "O, pray for me. I must be saved before I take my train out." He went out on that trip with a new Master, to whom he introduced many others.

A fireman rescued from a burning building resolved to be a Christian, but had no opportunity to go to church or to go where he could be helped until we carried the message to the engine house. Then he could say,

"Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest."

Sabbath we had a mass meeting in a town hall. The chief of police put on extra men, and he marched with every one of his uniformed men to the front seats. Only recently we had a message from them, "Come back and arouse the public again, for they are forgetting us."

How often such a message comes from different directions!

I was at the home of Miss Bessie L., who was like a sunbeam everywhere. The day before Thanksgiving she was making a cake. She said, "O, I am so glad that I can beat this cake for Jesus' sake and ask a blessing on all that will eat it." Before retiring that night, she said, "O, I am so happy, heaven seems so near." Bessie was in heaven the next morning; she died of heart trouble. Her sudden death was a shock to all. At her funeral many testimonies were given of her influence among young people. What a power for good a consecrated young life can be!

We returned home. After some weeks we had a series of meetings at

KINGSLEY M. E. CHURCH, CUMBERLAND, MD.

Walking down the street one day, I was prompted to invite a gentleman and lady to services. He replied, "Lady, we have not been in a church for ten years. You are the first one to speak to us about this matter. Thank you, we will come."

They were so impressed with Captain French's experience, they both became Christians.

A drunken man was brought into the church and kept until he was sobered and saved. Several were praying for him. He was a man of means, but soon would have lost all if he had not given his heart to Christ.

WHAT A LITTLE WORD WILL DO.

Sometime before this I had talked to a group of neglected children. I told them never to pass me without speaking. One morning, passing a common where a lot of those little Arabs were playing, one called, "How do you do, Miss Jen-nie?"

"Good morning, boys; come over and give me a handshake. Which boy gave me that glad greet-ing?"

All pointed, saying, " "Twas him."

"Where do you go to Sabbath school?"

"I never goes anywhere. My pap and mam never goes to church." All could say the same.

"If you will bring your parents to church, I will give you a picture."

During the week several of those boys and their parents were saved, all because that boy called to me. He grew up to be a useful man.

One night I approached a man about his soul. He replied, "You invited me here; I am not a Christian. I would like to be, but I want to be more alive than most of the church members are. If religion is as good as you say it is, why don't they talk more about it to others and take more interest in souls?"

"Have you ever felt that you were not filling your place in life?"

"Yes, often; but you are almost the only one

who has talked to me on the subject. I never could tell who the Christians are by their conversation in social life. I seldom get a handshake when I go to church."

The loan of a pencil opened the way for a conversation which enabled Sister Addie to lead a soul to Christ. He entered the Master's work.

CHAPTER VIII.

WORK IN GEORGIA.

TESTINGS IN FAITH'S WAY.

A TELEGRAM called mother and me to a sick sister in Thomasville, Ga. The B. & O. gave us transportation.

As we came into Thomasville, the dear mother said, "My child, we are not coming here for our sick ones alone; the Lord has some purpose in this leading." We found my sister hovering between life and death. Her husband fell from a building and was in a critical condition, and the babe was not expected to live. For weeks our hands were full day and night, but we had the promise, "As thy day so shall thy strength be." His grace was sufficient.

When sister was so I could leave, I went to the Methodist Episcopal prayer meeting. That day several ladies had called. One said, "Miss Smith, what will you do here? The women never speak or pray, and the men seldom ever do."

Another said, "We were workers North. When we came here and attempted to do anything, we were so repulsed that now we are as cold and dead as all the rest."

I replied, "I do thank you ladies for the warning, but I shall be obedient, cost what it may."

But I did not realize all that meant. The prayer meeting was small. The minister gave a very helpful talk, then said, "If anyone feels led to speak or pray, be at liberty."

I waited and waited, but no response. It was a cross, but I said a few words and prayed. The next week there was no Methodist Episcopal meeting. I went to the Baptist church. A young man gave a good talk, then said, "Brethren, if any of you feel prompted, be at liberty to pray."

He did not say sisters, but oh, what a prompting came to me from the Holy Spirit! Such a cross as it was, but I took it up. It brought a blessing to my own soul and to others.

As we came out of the church my little nephew said, "Aunt Jennie, I don't want you to pray again in that church; a lady laughed at you."

Just then one of the ladies came up and, throwing her arms around me, said, "O, I am so glad you prayed tonight. The old blessing came back to my soul, I could hardly keep from laughing out loud, I was so happy."

Willie looked up. I said, "Is this the lady?" He replied, "Yesum."

Had it not been for taking up my cross in these little meetings, I would have gone into bondage as the rest were.

A few nights after this our neighbor, who was so blessed, had a prayer meeting in her home; a house full of people, but only two of us to pray.

A few days after this all the ministers were out of town.

A SALOONKEEPER'S BABY DIED.

They came after me to hold a little service; all the bums in town were there. I gave an honest talk and pictured what that beautiful child was taken from by being transplanted into the Garden of Paradise. I warned all to flee from the wrath to come, from the Word, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." John 3:3.

After that I could not go to market or store without the notice of these bums; one in particular, who had been a brilliant lawyer. They said he would have been the Governor of the State, but for drink.

One day two ladies called, who said, "We are uneasy for fear there will be remarks made; you are such a stranger, and they see what notice Col. Smith takes of you. Don't ever speak to him."

I replied, "I do appreciate this kind interest; but, dear ladies, when I consecrated my life to Jesus I laid my reputation, my all, upon the altar. I expect to see or hear of Col. Smith being saved."

"Why, Miss Smith, that drunkard!"

"Yes, indeed. I have seen many as bad as he made new creatures in Christ Jesus. Ladies, can you look upon the worst of sinners and make no effort to save them? Never give up a soul to be lost while life lasts."

We had a season of earnest prayer. I was so burdened for souls I spent one night in prayer.

Soon after a minister came after me to go to Bainbridge to assist in a meeting. He was in favor of woman's work, but there was much prejudice. One minister preached against me; he soon changed his mind and gave me a reception at his home.

I had to go to the sick ones every other day. It was not long until a real revival began among church members. It always brings sinners when Christians get into deeper experiences.

A Presbyterian evangelist was conducting meetings in the different churches in Thomasville. While at home one day, after talking business with a man, I asked, "Have you heard the evangelist?"

"No, I let the church alone and I want them to let me alone," he said sharply. We had quite a talk; then, as I shook hands, I said, "We will never do this again."

"O, I beg your pardon, I did not mean to offend you."

"Why, Mr. Luke, I am a Christian; you could not offend me. I mean we can never shake hands again for the first time. This is our first meeting; where will our last meeting be? Do promise me you will go and hear the evangelist."

"Yes, I will. If there is a Christian, my wife is one. I will go to please her."

Sister Mamie's baby died. I was at home over Sabbath. On Saturday after the funeral, I was going down the street. I met Mr. Luke. I asked if he made cracked hominy in his mill.

"Why, no; but I would like to try it."

"Not at all; I only wanted a little. Now you have taken me at my word about the hominy, won't you take the Lord at His word about your soul?"

"Indeed, I have been thinking seriously about it. I want you to pray for me."

A strange thing occurred on Sabbath morning. After the sermon the pastor called on me to pray. The house was full, the Governor of the State was present. I was so burdened for souls I forgot everything but Jesus and souls. That night Mr. Luke and a friend surrendered.

The next day a groceryman said to the pastor, "Who was that little woman who prayed yesterday morning?"

"Why, your friend, Mrs. Shipley's sister."

"Well, it took such a hold on me I could not sleep. Do you think she would be offended if I send some of that fine steak and some good things to her sister?"

"No, indeed, she will appreciate your interest in them."

The pastor said, "I thought if that prayer brings beefsteaks out of a man like you, I will give up my prejudice against woman's work."

That groceryman soon became a useful man in the church. Our work went on in Bainbridge until many souls were saved.

One morning the coach was full, many going to their business in Thomasville. A Jew said to some of the men, "I was at your meeting last night. I looked at you and said to myself, 'If I thought my *Messiah* had come, I would not look as long-faced as you do, and I would begin to speak and work for Him.'"

The next year Miss Sherman went back with me to hold a campmeeting at Bainbridge. One man said to me, "Do you remember what that Jew said in the train?"

"Yes, I have thought of it many times."

"He opened my eyes to see what a reproach it was to the cause of Christ the way I was living—a *drone in the church*. I had no rest until I came into the liberty of Christ, my Messiah; now I enjoy religion and love the Master's service."

And we formed a mission chapel, and Col. Smith was the pastor—*the saved drunkard*.

We had a successful meeting at Whigham. We visited almost every home in the village. I promised to stop for a night on my way to Bainbridge. One afternoon, several weeks after the meetings closed, I arrived. A number of the converts were invited to take tea with me. The bell rang an hour and a half before the night service, but a

terrific shower came up after the bell rang. When I first went South they told me they never had services rainy nights; I wondered what they would do, but said nothing. As it slacked a little, the man of the house (one of the converts) came in with gossamers, overshoes, and umbrellas, saying, "Come on, who is going to church?"

One said, "Why, man, it is eight o'clock, and the church is not lighted."

"Yes, but I have the matches, and we can

RING THAT BELL LOUD AND LONG FOR HEAVEN.

So they did; some were down praying for the bell to bring the people. About one hundred came.

Several souls were saved, among them a promising young lawyer and a leading business man, who afterwards went into the ministry.

One filled a vacancy in the Presbyterian church until his death. The last I heard of Rev. Oscar Chester he was pastor in Macon, Ga.

The next morning we had a six o'clock prayer-meeting. Over fifty were there; then they sang me out of town on the eight o'clock train.

When the sick were so I could leave them with mother, I responded to a call to

WAYCROSS, GA.

As I entered the hotel where I was entertained, the first thing I heard was an oath from the landlord. I had a glad welcome from the wife. She said at once, "You must agree with me to pray

for his salvation ; oh, what a power he would be if converted !”

This being a railroad town, the work soon begun among our men. Our prayers were answered for Mr. Austin. He was a power, for he was as earnest for the Lord as he had been for Satan. His influence was felt far and wide. Finally he went into the ministry, and the conference made him state evangelist.

The auditor of the S. F. and W. R. R. came to the hotel. He told me at once his object in coming was to settle the question of his soul's salvation. Before we opened the after-meeting, as he was very deaf, the pastor wrote him a note: “We are going to have requests and altar work; have you anything to say?”

He arose, saying, “I have come here for the purpose of giving my heart to God and my name to the church. Boys, come on and go with me; we all need this great question settled; we can be a help to each other. Pastor, I want you to sing my mother's old hymn,

“Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve.”

As they sang the chorus,

“I will go, I will go,
Yes, I will go to Jesus now;
To be saved, to be saved,
Before His cross I'll humbly bow,”

a number went with him to the altar of prayer, and through them many others were saved.

BLACKSHIRE, A LUMBER VILLAGE,

was our next engagement, where we had a great meeting. Mr. Austin came to our help. He preached his first sermon there. Mr. Ray, who was called the lumber king, was brought to Christ. Many of his men followed him, through our meetings in the lumber camps, which were full of interest and benefit. Some time after this meeting, Mr. Ray and a number of the converts were killed in the

BRIDGE DISASTER AT BLACKSHIRE.

From here I went to Jessup, where the meeting was a great blessing to the churches. Many who were aroused went to work in soul-winning.

We had a great treat. The railroad giving me special rates, we took a carload of citizens over to Blackshire and organized the W. C. T. U. for both Blackshire and Jessup. It was a great day.

Several letters and a telegram called me to

SAVANNAH.

When I arrived, Rev. Christian said, "Sister, you will think it strange that I have sent for you, when no visible door is open." When I heard that family all pray, I had the assurance they had.

The Lord was leading. That evening a note came requesting the notice to be read of the com-

ing W. C. T. U. convention. "There," said the pastor, "I have the key to open the door of opportunity."

Wife said, "Why, how can that be, my dear?"

"When I make that announcement after the sermon, I will say, 'We have one of the national officers here. Miss Smith will tell us about this convention, then lead us in prayer.'"

At the close of the service, several whom the pastor thought would be opposed to woman's work, said to him, "Can't you get that lady to stay a week with us?"

He replied, "Pray about it, and we will see."

At the next service a meeting was announced for Monday night. We had a real praise-meeting at the parsonage. Monday morning we started out to see some of his members. He drove a fine horse. He said, "There is one I must see." We stopped at the street corner. Nearby stood a group of railroad men. As soon as they saw us they came to the carriage. This attracted a crowd and, strange to say, we really had a street meeting in conservative Savannah.

The men said, "You must go to the shop."

One replied, "You will get a setback if you do."

"That will not make any difference; I must do my duty."

So we went for the noon hour. Dr. C. introduced me. "This is the little woman who has done so much good among your men."

He shook hands again, saying so kindly, "What can I do for you?"

"We want only a few minutes with your men."

He sent a messenger for all to meet in the

NEW ROUNDHOUSE.

As he came down the office steps, great numbers passing heard him say, "I am so deaf I will have to get on the right side to hear, but I have long since found the best thing a man can do is to keep on the right side of a good woman."

This helped to break down the prejudice of many.

WE STOOD ON A HANDCAR.

Dr. Christian was a good singer. How they sang,

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord."

The tears rolled down the cheeks of one man. He said, "O, my mother's hymn!"

That night this man, who never went to church, came and gave his heart to God, then stood up and gave a touching testimony. He was the means of bringing a number of his fellow-workmen into the fold of Christ.

One said, "My, if nobody was saved but Mr. P., that would pay for a week's work; he was so wicked."

Two weeks after the meeting closed, I went back for a Sabbath. On my way to service an

engineer, who had run from me during the meetings, called to me, "I do want to see you. One morning Father Pollard was working on my engine. As usual, I was swearing. He looked at me, saying, 'O, John, don't use the name of my dear Saviour like that. I do wish you could know

"WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS."'"

His words pierced my heart. I can hardly eat or sleep. I must be saved. Here is my house; come in just a moment." As we entered, he said, "Wife, here is Miss Jennie, a railroader's friend." She threw her arms around me and began to weep, saying, "O, I wish we could both be good!"

We had a prayer with them; that night both were converted. From that time he never went out on his run any hour of the night without having prayer with his family. One thing that kept so many faithful was family prayer and taking the Lord's Word with them. This we have always urged all converts to do.

CHAPTER IX.

AT HOME, MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK, MARYLAND.

After going over the road and encouraging all the converts, we started homeward via STEAMER FROM SAVANNAH TO BALTIMORE.

Sister Mamie and her invalid husband went with us to Mountain Lake Park, where they located in a cottage.

It was now time to prepare for the summer's work. I gave all the year to evangelistic work except two or three months in the summer—when I rested by *keeping boarders*. I enjoyed home work. As a rule I had students and others who needed the mountain air and were self-supporting as my help in this. During the season various gatherings come to this resort. The *camp meeting* was one of great interest. All denominations took part. It was almost a national meeting.

One day a man said, as he grasped my hand, "Sister, I have come here on business for the King. I have been a member of the church for years, but I am not what I ought to be. A Scotch miner works for me. I said to him, 'Why, Tom, you seem so happy picking coal.' " "Ah, that I

am happy, for I do this and everything for Jesus' sake.' He *enjoys* religion."

When I saw that man at the altar, I said, "O, that more would live so it would make souls hungry." That same hour Margaret Bottome, Rev. Cookman, Rev. Gardner, an Episcopal, a Covenanter, United Brethren, Presbyterian, and Baptist clergymen, with many others, were at that altar seeking for a greater power for service.

"He that weeping goeth forth to sow
In life's harvest field so wide,
Doubtless shall the joy of reaping know,
Joy that ever will abide."

A RAILROAD GATHERING.

We often had excursions. I worked up one. I knew I would have to feed at least one hundred, so I laid in a good supply and made arrangements with the butchers, bakers, etc., so I could call on them if needed. That morning I called my help together; after prayer, I said, "Now we must stand on the promise today,

"AS THY DAY SO SHALL THY STRENGTH BE."

I gave all their orders. A half hour afterwards a telegram, "Four hundred at Grace Hotel for dinner." I read it to the cook, saying, "Aunt Julia, what do you think of this?" She replied, "Well, the Lord will just have to make His promise good, and we will trust Him to do it."

We fed four hundred for dinner and three hundred for supper; could seat two hundred at once in the dining room. I advertised dinners for twenty-five cents.

We could hardly believe the amount that was consumed—eighty chickens, two sheep, fifty pounds of beef, fourteen hams, and everything else in accord. All went like clockwork with nineteen helpers, besides Mrs. Miller and girls. Mrs. Sheets and girls helped wait on table. It was fun for them. I entertained thirty-five band boys and the speakers. We had a great meeting, a memorable day.

GARRETT COUNTY SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNIC.

The last of the season we sent invitations to all the Sunday schools in Garrett County to gather up the children, barefooted and all. Those that were able, to bring their baskets; what a crowd we had! We set tables in the auditorium. We had two Christmas trees full of candy bags and treats; some of the children had never seen such things. At the meeting I gave a *doll-baby object lesson* with a doll that could say "Papa" and "Mama." At the close, an old gentleman said, "Our children never had such a treat as this." Another, "Well, I guess we didn't either; our folks don't go to Oakland so much to see the shows, as to hear the music. My, how we have enjoyed the *Brass Band* and all you have

done here today. God bless you for this day."

IN THE FIELD AGAIN.

We held meetings at Brunswick, Martinsburg, Rowlesburg, Grafton, and Parkersburg. Two days at Athens, O., where we had an *all-day* meeting, the B. & O. S. W. gave their employees and their families free transportation from Cincinnati, and the ladies gave free lunch. It was a great day.

We had a good ten days' meeting at Chillicothe, two days each at Midland City and Blanchester, Loveland, and Madisonville.

MY LAST WORK WITH MISS SHERMAN

was at Ludlow, Louisville, Frankfort, and Covington, Ky., with several services here and there. As she was not well, I left her with our friends, Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin, in Covington, and returned home. In ten days they brought her; she was partially paralyzed and almost unconscious. She lingered in a stupor for nearly six weeks, only a momentary consciousness now and then. She quietly fell asleep in Jesus and went to her reward. I remained with her during this time.

The funeral was most impressive, was almost like an experience meeting. The pallbearers were all railroad men whom she had led to Christ. They and others testified to what she had done

for them. Judge McLaughlin and wife came from Covington, Ky. For fourteen years we labored together, going from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the lakes to the Gulf. I have never found her equal in

PERSONAL SOUL-WINNING.

Since her death, we have laid away our precious mother and brother James.

I HAD A TESTING EXPERIENCE.

Miss Sherman was arranging to build a cottage on the lot adjoining mine which she intended to deed to me for the home she had with us all these years.

I had everything in my favor. I placed the matter in the hands of an attorney. But I was strangely exercised; the clouds gathered so I could not understand it. I prayed earnestly for light and the knowledge of the Lord's will.

I was getting the house ready to open, going from one bedroom to another. I had a Bible in each room. I threw open one. My eyes rested upon the words, "Ye are all partakers of my grace." Phil. 1:7.

I was called downstairs. When I returned to other rooms, I did the same; every time the Bible opened to the same chapter, Phil. 1. The second time it was this verse, "But I would ye should understand, brethren, that the things

which happened unto me have fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the gospel." Phil. 1:12.

After a season of prayer I went into another room, and never will I forget the light that came to me as I set my eyes upon the seventeenth verse of this same chapter. I saw it as never before. It was clear that I could not go on with my suit, "Knowing that I am set for the defense of the gospel." Phil. 1:17.

I ordered my carriage and went to my attorney. When I said, "I have come to withdraw my suit," he said, "Why, Miss Jennie, what do you mean? You have one of the best cases on the docket. Evidence is coming in every day."

Another said, "Are you losing your mind?"

"No, I think I'm just coming to my right mind. I would not give up my peace of mind, hope of heaven, and the joy of winning souls for all the money of Garrett County. I know under the circumstances I would be compromising with the enemy. Mr. H., suppose the missionary society to which she willed a portion, should gain their suit, would I not then be lawing with them?"

"Of course you would. You are right, Miss Jennie; it would seriously affect your work. But you are the first person I have met who would give up their money for their religion."

O, what a victory I gained! I organized a stock company, hoping that I could finish paying for my home. I had a sunstroke in Balti-

more, with heart trouble, and was carried home. For many weeks I was unconscious; they said my flesh looked like varnished mahogany. During this time my mortgage came due. Others lifted it, which gave them charge of the place. They changed the name from "Grace" to "*Chautauqua Hotel.*"

I could not meet the demands, so in the course of time I lost everything. Had any one told me I could give up my home and all I loved so dearly with such peace of mind and resignation, I could not have believed it. After a little struggle I had the victory; grace was sufficient.

The next winter, when I came home to my brother's, an unbeliever took dinner with us. He said, "Well, Jennie, you are here in answer to prayer."

"What," I said, "do you think so?"

"Yes, I believe it! When I was coming down the road, I met Dr. McComas. I asked after you. He said, 'Jennie cannot live.' I went down to the campmeeting; sat in the back seat of the auditorium. Word came they thought you were dying. Mr. Thompson stopped the preacher and said, 'Let us go to prayer; I do not believe Sister Jennie's work is done.' I never heard such prayers. I said, 'If Jennie lives, I know there is a God that hears and answers prayer.' Soon a telegram came from some prayermeeting up the road, 'We have the assurance Jennie will live.'

Yes, I have believed, and am a better man ever since."

That night they thought once I was gone, but I revived; so they sent word to the meeting that I had come back. All felt I was spared in answer to prayer. I was confined to my room two months. Not one prayed for my restoration until the Local Preachers' National Association met. Several came into family prayer and told how exercised they were about my helplessness; all prayed for my healing. Later in the day, while my pastor, Rev. Arbuthnot, was praying, the strength came into my helpless limbs and I was made whole.

"FAITH IN GOD IN ALL CIRCUMSTANCES."

This comes before me when, passing through the greatest trials of my life, I have found it true.

When a soul is enabled by grace to get rid of all creature expectations, then, and only then, it is prepared to let God act; and when He acts, all must be well. He will settle everything perfectly in behalf of those who simply put their trust in Him.

When unwavering wisdom, omnipotent power, and infinite love are combined, a trusting, confiding heart may enjoy unruffled peace. Unless we can find some circumstance too great or too small for the *Almighty God*, we have no ground upon which to base an anxious thought of distress.

If we could only look upon a difficult crisis as an occasion of bringing out, on our behalf, the sufferings of divine grace, it would enable us to preserve the balance of our souls and glorify God even in the deepest waters.

Unbelief ever leads us to interpret God in the presence of the difficulty instead of interpreting the difficulty in the presence of God. Faith gets behind the difficulty and there finds God in all His faithfulness, love, and power. When a cloud comes between us and the sun, it robs of His beams for the time, but does not prevent Him from shining behind the clouds. Exactly so is it when we allow trials, sorrows, and perplexities to hide from our souls the beams of our Father's countenance which ever shines in the face of Jesus. There is no difficulty too great for our God; the greater the difficulty the more room there is for Him to act in His proper character as the God of all power and grace."

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

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

A CLOSING EXPERIENCE IN THE OLD HOME.

Sabbath morning I led the experience meeting at the Auditorium. A dear mountain woman gave a little shout. She went out before the close of the service, thus to help others to come to the next service.

I said, "I could see by your looks many were not in sympathy with that little shout. The next time you hear her testify, ask the Lord to give you as much religion as she has; she can get happier over the wash tub than she dare to do here."

Monday morning's lesson came to me with peculiar force; it was Matthew, fifth chapter. "It giveth light to all that are *in the house*. Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father, who is in heaven."

I had a dishwasher sent to me for the sake of the mountain air. She had a most terrible temper. I went out to the kitchen and found her in a rage, and the cook in a bad mood. I lifted my heart for wisdom. Just then a huckster called me out; when through with him, I went to the wash house. Both women there were so happy and singing,

"WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS."

It brought a blessing to my own soul. I said to the cook, "Aunt Julia, that poor girl will not live long; she is a real heathen, don't know anything

about Jesus. Will we hide our lights from her?"

She said, "O, I am so sorry I let the bad temper come in."

I called in each helper; Joe, the waiter, the two washwomen, the chambermaid, the cook, and dishwasher composed that

KITCHEN PRAYERMEETING.

I was closing up my house for the last time. Years after this I was at campmeeting. The landlord of Chautauqua Hotel said, "I have your old cook. She wants to see you in the kitchen."

She led me to the spot where she knelt that morning, saying, "I have never had the trouble with my temper since that morning that I always had before. I have longed for you to know what a blessing that prayermeeting was to me."

At a general Southern conference in Baltimore a fine looking colored man said, "You don't know me; have you forgotten your old Joe? No, indeed, is it possible these years have made such a change? I heard you left the Park; I have longed to write and tell you the victory that came to my soul that morning in the kitchen. I there surrendered fully and became obedient. I am a local preacher and a professor in a Southern College."

I met the chambermaid in California. She married well. She said, "I am a happy wife and

housekeeper because of the lessons learned in your home of doing things for Jesus' sake and in His name; and that prayermeeting in the kitchen was such a blessing."

The colored dishwasher lived only a short time, but was saved. There is no respect of persons with God.

A little colored boy was dying. He looked up, saying, "Mrs. Wilson, there will be no colored folks in heaven."

"Why, Charley, you will soon be there."

"O, yes; but the Blood of Jesus washes them as white as snow."

CHAPTER X.

FLITTINGS.

BUCHANAN SEMINARY.

I SPENT several days in meetings here and in the church. Two students were so discouraged they were about to give up. I gave a talk on "Redeeming the Time," and told incidents where students had persevered through their difficulties. They took fresh courage, went on, and finally made their mark in the world.

My niece, Jennie Howell, was in the school after this. She was with Mrs. La Fetra several years, then she took training for a nurse in the Philadelphia hospital. When near graduating, she took the fever and died. She was a beautiful Christian character, twenty-three years of age. Her parents located in Washington, where I make my home and headquarters.

WORK IN INDIANA.

I spent from two days to two weeks in each of the following places: Hartsville, Hope, Burney, Newburn, Petersville, Nortonville, Martinsville, Greensburg, Edwin Ray Church and Tenth St. M. E. Church, Indianapolis; then Martinsville, Mooresville, and Morgantown. Many

all-day meetings, and everywhere outside meetings were held. One of the most interesting was at Mooresville in the

OLD HICKORY CHAIR FACTORY.

It was a sight to see the way they arranged the chairs to seat the people for our meeting. Everywhere interesting incidents occurred, but we cannot give space for them. One marked Providence was the gift from Mr. Lawrence of fifty dollars for the *Home Fund*. Many souls were saved. They paid me well at each place.

I spent a few days in Richmond, Earlham College, where many memories came up of the time I spent there on my couch when helpless. From here I went to my old home; was with Brother Fuller at Grace Church in Dayton, O., over Sabbath. From here to Columbus, Newark, McKeesport, and Wilmerding; a noon and night meeting in each place. Several days were spent in Pittsburgh, Cumberland, and Brunswick, and then I returned home for a rest.

At Beverly and Portsmouth, O., and Russell, Ky., we had good meetings. Secretaries Geer and Garrett, Rev. Dean, and others were effectual workers. Rev. Dean's people sent a donation of good things to my home from Beverly.

At Portsmouth our meetings were held in the Railroad Y. M. C. A. lobby, just the place for a meeting. We had great shop meetings. One man

had been placed on the prayer list, he was so profane. After a noon meeting in the tin shop, he came to me, saying, "I want you to pray for me. That little Scotchman that works next to me has not said a word; but every time I swear he just looks at me. That has taken such a hold upon me I cannot sleep. He is a true Christian; I want what he has."

When he was at the altar for prayer, I said, "That is the great need for people to live so they will make those around them hungry for a clean heart."

Miss Peebles lived here, who gave me the one hundred dollars that started my *Home Fund*.

The next revival was in the U. B. church, Martinsburg. Many were saved. One night an engineer signed the pledge. His little girl sang and played,

"MY PAPA WILL NEVER DRINK ANY MORE."

She brought tears to all eyes. We closed with a meeting at the depot. A saloon keeper sent us word, "You may crow over Turner, but we'll have him yet." Months after this they entrapped him. When he went home drunk, it dethroned his wife's reason. She shot herself and he hung himself in the smoke-house. They were buried together.

CHAPTER XI.

DIRECT ANSWERS TO PRAYER.

REV. GRUVER, the Elder, was anxious for me to go to Roanoke, Va. I did not want to go. He said, "You talk to the Lord about it to-night, and if you do not feel that He leads, I will say no more."

By morning I knew I must give them ten days. He said, "You will never see such crowds there as here; no one will have to go away because there is no more standing room."

We opened the meeting at the new U. B. church February 2, 1908, the Y. M. C. A. uniting with us. At the end of ten days the interest was such we could not close. I canceled other engagements. We were soon crowded out; the meeting was transferred to the railroad Y. M. C. A. Both secretaries taking hold made it a *union meeting*. The Baptist church, being near, was used for the overflow meeting. Many souls were saved.

From there we went to St. James Church, Rev. Blakemore, pastor, on the west side. They organized a boys' meeting, which was in one room, and the overflow in the lecture room. There was no standing room in either place; many went

away that could not get in. Twenty-one were converted that night.

So the work continued until we went to Grace Church on the east side. Some felt this was a mistake, but the Lord greatly blessed the work; the interest was such there would be a crowd sufficient to fill the church before the doors were opened. We would begin a half hour earlier than the set time.

From there we went to the South side, thus circling the city. Here the meetings were held in the Methodist and Baptist churches *vice versa*. Here we had the first

ALL-NIGHT MEETING.

Over three hundred stayed until nearly day-break; over one hundred until the close; not a sleepy one was seen. Thirty-seven souls were saved during the night. Every member of the choir could give a testimony for Christ. Meetings were held in the shops at noon and between the regular meetings; services were held in all kinds of places. Souls were brought in and saved through *personal work* and these outside meetings.

I was called home by the death of a little nephew. Just before I started for the train, Dr. Neighbors called and said, "You must not say no; I want you to come to Green Memorial. My church needs a revival; fourteen hundred mem-

bers, and many are not saved; if they should die tonight, they would be lost. I want the sinners inside the church converted."

I returned. We opened the work with fasting and prayer. The work began among the church members; many consecrated themselves to the Master as never before, and great numbers were saved. I went to the parsonage one night feeling a little discouraged because some had not come that I had expected, but the pastor and wife were so rejoiced because some of the officials and old members testified as never before, saying what a blessing they had received. He said, "For the church to get alive is more than for outside sinners to be saved."

Here we had our second ALL-NIGHT meeting—on the night North Carolina went dry. Railroad men who went home to vote sent a telegram at 2 A. M. of the victory. These all-night and all-day meetings will tell on the pages of Eternity.

We had good meetings as Lynchburg, Crew, Gladstone, Clifton Forge, and Richmond in connection with the railroad Y. M. C. A's. About one thousand professed conversion in these series of meetings.

In June I went back to Richmond for a tent-meeting. One day we had returned from a noon shop meeting. While we were waiting for lunch, a lady said, "I don't see how you ladies can go

down among the men and hold shop meetings. I would not do it."

I replied, "Could you have seen how glad the men were to have the meeting, you would change your mind. Sister, I must be obedient. I do love the work."

Brother Thomas, the secretary of the railroad Y. M. C. A., said, "Jennie, I have as much to hold me steady and make me obedient to the leadings of the Spirit as you have. After I went to railroading, I backslid. One day my foot was crushed in a wreck. The doctors were determined to take it off, but I would not let them. After they had dressed it and gone, I had a severe struggle, but soon felt the Lord had pardoned my sins—I was his once more. I asked for a new Bible which was laying on the table; I held it in my hands and prayed for the Lord to give me the assurance through His Word that He would spare my foot, and I would walk and work for Him the rest of my life. When I opened the book, the only thing I read was Proverbs 3:26: "For the Lord shall be thy confidence and shall keep thy foot from being taken."

What a direct answer! He has been a faithful worker ever since.

At Gladstone the secretary's wife was a great help. One day I gave a talk; she wrote these lines from it.

THE OPEN SWITCH.

The meeting had just ended, the people homeward went,
But the message of the evening its benediction lent.
Miss Jennie was the speaker, just at the close of day,
The Y. M. C. A. had been crowded to hear what she
had to say.

The "Open Switch" was her subject, and she pled with
all

That they leave no switch open to cause another's fall.
How many should take warning from the lessons that
she gave,
And extend the helping hand and save from the drunk-
ard's grave.

"If we never taste the liquor, or deal out the deadly
stuff,
Is that all we can do, my brother? Do you think we
have done enough?

O, let us clasp our brother's hand and give him a kindly
word,

Tell him to look to Jesus and take Him at His word."

How many you could point to the Master, if your tongue
were untied,

And you took each opportunity and for Christ's cause
testified.

O, Christian brothers, listen, and each one do your part,
And help the erring brother to get a better start.

Then from this time on may you all take your stand
And live for Jesus every day, till we're called to the
better land;

Then let this be your motto: "I'll do all the good I can
To help one and all to the Kingdom, and lift up the
railroad men."

These lines were the first Mrs. Reed had written since she was a school girl.

A STRANGE LEADING.

We had a blessed meeting at the U. B. church at Parkersburg. When I left they urged me to stop at West Union for *the sake of one soul*. As I was getting off the train, they said, "Why! the minister was telegraphed away; the meeting has closed."

I was about to go on, but a voice seemed to say, "See Mr. Bee! See Mr. Bee!"

The conductor said, "Are you going on with us?"

I replied, "No, go on; I will stay all night."

As I entered the hotel, Mrs. Bee said, "If ever the Lord sent a person to a soul, He has sent you to us." Through the night I was dreaming of holding meetings; awoke, then slept and dreamed the same thing over again.

Rev. Daugherty called. He said their meetings were all over, and they did not think it necessary to have an extra service. I said, "I do not understand why I have such agony for souls in this place. Brother, have you and the officials prayed about it?"

"No, I have not; and I am sure they did not."

"Do pray, for I must know the will of the Lord before the next train goes."

Two ladies were present. In the midst of his

prayer he broke down, and we all wept. He begged the Lord to forgive his lethargy. A great blessing came to each of us. He said, "You cannot go; I clearly see the Lord has sent you to be with us over Sabbath. We will get out dodgers for tonight, tomorrow night, and Sabbath."

Then he insisted on my going to the parsonage. At lunch he said, "I want you to go with me to the study and agree to pray for a new church."

We laid our hands on the plans and prayed believably, for when I looked at the lovely homes, then at my Father's house, I saw the necessity of a new church. We had very impressive services. Mr. Bee was saved.

As I could not leave until a late train on Monday, they had an afternoon meeting. The house was crowded. When singing the last verse before the Bible reading, a leading young lady said to her friend, "O, come and go with me; I cannot stand it any longer."

They came to the altar. They began to weep all over the house. Soon her sister and others came. Some one ran across the street and told the mother, who came and walked directly to the altar. There was no Bible reading. The pastor said, "You cannot leave; this meeting must go on."

That night several were converted. The interest increased in every meeting. We had wonder-

ful meetings in the glass factories, and many there were saved.

Judge Marr had me stay with them. Several impressive incidents occurred. A little boy said to me, "I made this twenty-five cents; I want you to have it, for we are so happy at our house since papa was saved."

I told the incident to the congregation and said, "Pastor, I want you to take this sacred piece to start a new church." He said, "Indeed, I will." But how they all laughed at the idea; nothing more was said about it until the last night. Coming out of the church one afternoon, Miss Dodson said, "Here is a dollar. Four of the girls were converted last night; each gave a quarter."

I said, "Miss Kate, please keep this for me; I want to put it into a coat that I must have."

Just then a little girl said some folks wanted to see me at Mrs. M's. I found the room filled with young people. In a few minutes two girls came in holding a new silk coat, and put it on me. Such a coat as it was! I felt it would be so serviceable; but it would have been impossible for me to have gotten it myself. I had talked to the Lord about a wrap, but not to a person. I was overcome; I could only say, "Let us pray," for He who gives every good gift knew the gratitude of my heart and would bless and reward each one. I could not express to them what I felt.

After the last Saturday afternoon meeting the pastor said some gentlemen in the parsonage wish to see you.

Here I found the leading business men of the town. Mr. Blair made quite a speech, then handed me a large envelope with a note, saying, "We, the undersigned citizens of West Union, desiring to express in a tangible way a little of our appreciation to Miss Smith for the good work done through her efforts in edifying the moral and religious conditions of our town, hereby freely give the following to assist her in her noble work." Then followed the twenty-six names of the donors, each of whom gave five dollars apiece.

I was so overcome, I was weak. I could only express the gratitude I felt to our Father who, by this special Providence, had set another seal of His approval to the steps I had taken. O, that I could express what I feel to the friends that are so kind! Here was almost the necessary amount to meet the second payment on the little home—and Mrs. Dodson made that up.

Monday night they gave a reception to all the converts. I entertained them until the pastor and the officials came in from their meeting. The pastor announced,

"WE HAVE LAUNCHED THE NEW CHURCH."

I have two thousand dollars and Jennie twenty-five cents with which to start it."

They gave three cheers and sang the Doxology and rejoiced generally. Mrs. Dodson said, "Brethren, just move this building across the street on to that lot, and worship there until the new church is ready."

It was soon over, and the new church began. One week from the laying of the corner-stone, Rev. Dougherty, the pastor, went to heaven; but he had everything arranged, so they went right on and soon had one of the most beautiful churches in the State.

"How blessed the righteous when he dies,
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast;
Life's labor done, as sinks the clay
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
How blessed the righteous when he dies."

I went from West Union to Smithton, then Salem. Mrs. Trainer, President of the W. C. T. U., had several effectual meetings.

UNITED PRAYER BRINGS VICTORY.

At Ryland Methodist Episcopal Church, Washington, D. C., we agreed to pray for all who could see the church lights and hear the singing; also all on the prayer roll.

One night after going into the parsonage we had a treat of oysters on the shell. I said, "This

brings to mind the old covenant of prayer for the oystermen at Keysport, N. J."

"Praise the Lord!" said Dr. Baldwin. "One of my burdens is for the oystermen who sent us this treat."

From my room I could look over the bay and to the monument and buildings that represented a number on our list. I spent hours in prayer. The next night a lady seeking Christ kept saying, "O, my husband; if he would only come!"

I asked, "Who is your husband?"

"He is the superintendent of the monument."

"Why! he is on our prayer list!"

Just then a young man knelt at her side, her husband's brother. Soon after the husband came; then came the father. The mother came miles to rejoice with her saved family. We believe they were all brought in through her *obedience*. When out in the country, they begged her to help hold a Sabbath school. She said, "Why! I never took any part in a public service." Her unsaved husband said, "Yes, but, wife, you are a Christian; you can help them."

She looked at him and her children, and replied, "I will, by the help of the Lord, do my best."

She did a great work; now she could rejoice that while she looked after others, someone was helping hers to be saved.

BETTIE'S PRAYERS ANSWERED.

One night during the after-meeting I was near the door talking to a soul. An old man in a yellow water suit came to the door. I said, "Come in, brother. Do you attend church here?"

"Why! lady, I have not been in a church for ten years, but I heard them singing a hymn *my mother used to sing.*"

"Is anyone praying for you?"

"Yes, my Bettie is praying for her wicked husband, one of the worst sinners in the district."

He burst into tears and fell on his knees. One of the church officials, seeing him, said, "O, Captain A., how did you get here?"

I replied, "Did any of you go after him?"

"Why! he is the last man we would think of getting into the church! Surely prayer brought him through the singing."

We labored with him until midnight, when he cried out, "O, I see the light! He saves me; my burden is gone! O, my Bettie, your prayers are answered!"

He only lived a few months.

A skeptic was present; but after this scene he was convinced of the reality of the religion of the Lord Jesus, and soon became a Christian.

CHAPTER XII. WORK IN THE EAST.

AT TYRONE, PA.

WE had good meetings in Armory Hall under the railroad Y. M. C. A. Many railroad men were earnest Christians and were good helpers. We had a great meeting at a watch-box; then they took a carload of ladies and business men to the noon shop meeting. From there they came to the tannery, where we had a big crowd. Each meeting brought unsaved ones to the meeting at night; of these many were saved. From here we went to

OSWEGO, NEW YORK,

where we had effectual meetings in the churches, and at noon in the railroad shops, starch and wall paper factories and the Orphan Asylum. What lessons we learned from all of these!

We went to New York to Mrs. Field's

HEPZIBAH HOME,

where we had a good rest and in various ways were much helped by Mrs. Fields in our work.

A VISIT TO THE FIRE LADDIES.

Several went from Mrs. Palmer's meeting to the engine house, where my interest in firemen

began the fall after I was healed from sixteen years of helplessness. At that time I was passing this house, where about twenty men were sitting. I was so impressed to stop and give them some cards. I made several attempts before I could have the courage to go back. I said, "Gentlemen, I have some cards I would like to give you."

I happened to give a railroad card. One said, "Why! lady; are you interested in railroad men?"

I replied, "Yes."

"Why is it no one is interested in us? As I kissed my wife and babies this morning and walked down here, I wondered why no one ever speaks to us about our souls. When we leave our families, we don't know what may happen before we see them again; when the gong calls us out, we don't know that we will come back again."

Just then another came. One said, "Why, Bill, this lady is interested in us."

After some conversation, I said, "Why! don't you suppose they *do* think about and pray for you?" A large man jumped to his feet, saying in a way I never could forget, "O, yes, Madam, they *do* think about us. *I doubt about the praying part*—they *do* think about us, but only when THE HOUSE IS ON FIRE."

That was my first introduction to firemen. Since that day several of those men and over sixty others that I have grasped by the hand have

perished in burning buildings—and how many others of whom I have no record!

*"When fire is cried, and danger is nigh,
God and the firemen are the people's cry;
But when the fire is out, and all things righted,
God is forgotten and the firemen slighted."*

A TEN DAYS' MEETING IN PHILADELPHIA.

While in the study of Dr. Adamson, arranging for the meetings, he passed over Saturday night. I said, "That is Satan's night; we must have a meeting."

"Why! we could not get anybody out! We never had a Saturday night meeting, but will try it if you wish."

Noon meetings were held every day at the Pennsylvania repair shops. They had a stand and seats for us and the many citizens who attended. Between this and the afternoon meeting we would go to some factory or engine house.

One fireman said, "I am so glad you came; we never have had any one come and sing and pray with us. I promised God that if He would help me out of that burning building on Arch Street I would serve Him. I have never had a chance to go to church since. Do pray for me."

We got the chief to let him off for a meeting. On our way to church we met a man on the bridge. I was so prompted to speak to him I went back. He looked so strange, I had hard work to arouse him. Then he said, "O, lady, you

have saved me from committing suicide." He told me a sad story. I gave him a card that would give some relief, then the invitation to the meeting that had on it:

**"IF YOU DIE TONIGHT, WHERE WOULD YOU SPEND
ETERNITY?"**

Saturday night we went to the police station. At first the lieutenant seemed cold, but when he found our object was to stir the hearts of the public in their behalf, he was greatly interested and begged us to meet his men who reported in a few minutes. After a short talk, all but two voted for us to come back and bring citizens with us. As we took the street car, one came from his beat. Dr. Adamson said, "You were not there?"

"No, but every one I have met told me of your visit." "Thank you, Sir," and the lady. "It is the first time we have ever had such interest taken in us."

"Sergeant, you are off duty tonight. Come to church."

"I am ashamed to tell you, I have not been in a church for five years. I was a Christian, but in this business we don't have a chance. And, Sir, of all the church people that have passed my beat in all these years, only two have said a word about my soul. Since you have been so good to come to us, I will come tonight."

When we arrived at the church, the house was crowded. I gave a brief talk, and opened the after-meeting. One of the shop boys sat before me, weeping; he said to me, "Miss Jennie, it is no use to talk to me; I am too great a sinner to be saved."

A shop mate, just converted, began to talk to him. He looked up and said, "Jack, if the Lord could save you, He can help me. Come with me."

In a few minutes the altar was filled with broad-shouldered men. I hardly recognized the firemen and policemen in their citizen's clothes.

The next was an *ice man* with whom we shook hands and gave the invitation card. Then came the man I caught on the bridge. He said, "O, lady, you saved me from hell; do pray I may be saved for service." He became very useful in the Breakfast Association.

One noon we had just *one minute's* meeting at the transfer platform, gave out tracts and went on our way. Here was a man seeking Christ that was converted through that "one minute meeting." He became a useful church worker. Notice, these were all brought in through *personal* work; not a man had been in a church (until this week) for from three to fifteen years. All were converted that night, and each one became a blessing in his own calling in life.

THE SATURDAY NIGHT MEETINGS

have been great blessings. We had an experience in Boston the first meeting that Miss Sherman was with me. They would not let us have a meeting Saturday night. An engineer's wife persuaded her husband to go with her to church. She had not seen him in a church for ten years. As is the case in many places, he only had Saturday night off. When they found the church doors locked, she said it nearly broke her heart, for he said, "You go home; I will go over to Pat's; he never shuts his doors."

Miss Sherman was so burdened for that soul; every day he was home she was there laboring for his salvation. He gave up; was saved on Wednesday, and was killed on Friday. From that time we never gave Satan Saturday night.

THE BREAKFAST ASSOCIATION.

For years, when I was in Philadelphia over Sabbath, I attended this meeting at eight o'clock, where from five to eight hundred men came for coffee and buns. The most of these lives were wrecked through drink and gambling.

One morning I noticed a man of fine build, but marked by dissipation. The tears were rolling down his cheeks while he was eating. When the invitation was given, he was one of sixty to come to the front seats. As I started to him, one said, "Be careful—don't get too near!" Only those in rescue work know what that means.

Years after I was holding a meeting in Nebraska in a large church there. I said, "I think all are strangers to me but two." Several hands went up, and one of the finest looking men raised both hands. At the close he said, "You don't know me? I don't wonder." Then he referred to that morning when I had labored with him in the Breakfast Association. "How I have praised the Lord for the salvation that came to my soul that hour!" Then he introduced me to his wife and daughter, saying, "We are one of the happiest families in this town, and I have my old business back. And how I do enjoy working for the Lord!" His pastor said, "He is one of the best helpers in my church."

Several in the congregation had been converted in our meetings elsewhere.

A RAILROAD RECEPTION.

The W. C. T. U. of Philadelphia—the County Union—gave an all-day reception for our railroad department, which includes all connected with railroads, streetcars, firemen, policemen, and postal employees.

Through Superintendent Bent, the B. & O. gave the use of their dining room, table cloths, dishes, kitchen, cooks, and everything needed. The W. C. T. U. furnished the good things to eat. A piano company furnished the instrument, Prof. J. T. Entwistle the music. We had a choir, quartet, solos, and speeches in variety.

They served lunches from morning until midnight, as the crews came in and out. Each had a handshake and literature given them.

The three Garrigues Brothers, my publishers, and many others who were there, are now in heaven.

“CAN A RAILROADER BE A CHRISTIAN?”

One day, going out from Philadelphia, one of our B. & O. men had penciled this poem on the train. He sat down by me, saying, “Pray this may do some good.”

Can I live and be a Christian,
On the railroad with its cares,
With its thousand frets and worries,
Aggravations here and there?

Can I live and be a Christian,
With so much to make me mad?
Can I keep my heart uncalloused,
With no Sabbath to be had?

Yes, though there be temptations,
Turn whatever way I will,
I can live and be a Christian,
Working on the railroad still.

If my purpose is to follow
Jesus, who was crucified,
I can live and still be faithful,
Though I may be sorely tried.

But 'tis hard to have no Sabbath,
God's appointed day of rest;
Yet He put me on the railroad,
And He knoweth what is best.

I can't tell you why He did it,
For His sake I'll suffer loss;
He will surely make me useful,
Leading comrades to the Cross.

And some day, mid awful crashing,
Some stout-hearted engineer
Or his worthy, faithful fireman
May just hear a word of cheer.

Or it may be a brave conductor,
Or a hero at the brake,
May just need my hurried whisper,
"Father, save for Jesus' sake."

At another time he said, "Unite with me in prayer for every one who will sing this hymn. You are the first person to see it."

"Is there any one can help us, One who understands our hearts,
When the thorns of life have pierced them till they bleed?
One who sympathizes with us, who in wondrous love imparts
Just the very, very blessing that we need?

Yes, there's One, only One, the blessed, blessed Jesus,
He's the One, when afflictions press the soul,
When waves of trouble roll, and you need a friend to help you,
He's the One."

This is now in most modern hymn books, and the author is no longer a railroad man but a pastor of a church. This hymn has been a blessing to many.

AT WILMINGTON, DEL.,

we had ten days of profitable meetings; one all-day meeting that benefited many. Spent several profitable days at Del Mar.

THE POWER OF PERSONAL INFLUENCE.

One day at Camden Station, I was introduced to an official by the Vice-President, who said, "Miss Jennie, don't let him go; he has run from you all over the road."

Just then the conductor called, "All aboard!" The president and all the head officials of the B. & O., except this one, were going out on their annual inspecting trip. I said, "General, how is it with you?" Without waiting for an answer, I told him of a conversation I had with Mr. Garrett, the president. We were sitting on his porch at Deer Park, Md. The freight trains were passing. I simply gave our signal—the uplifted hand—which means, "God bless you." He said, "Why! do you know them all? Was that you talking to the section men?"

"Yes; I am just as thankful that I can grasp the hand and encourage with tracts and cards those men who make the road safe for us to go over, as I am for the honor of talking with the president. I shall have to give an account at the judgment for honest work with souls. Our God is no respecter of persons."

With tears, Mr. Garrett grasped my hand, say-

ing, "God bless you; I think more of your work now than ever. Pray for me."

"General, how is it with you?"

He replied, "It is all wrong. I must confess a conviction that I have had since the wreck at —. I am sorry to say I have been profane; but, Miss Jennie, I nor any other could hold a candle to Capt. French on the swear. He could outswear anyone I ever heard. That day, as our train came to this wreck, I saw the Captain, as one of his men began to swear, tap him on the shoulder and say, 'Come, Charlie, if there is any swearing to be done here today, let me do it.' I watched with interest; bye and bye he struck that attitude as of old. I said to myself, 'Now we'll have it.' He said, 'Boys, it's too bad we cannot get this hornet's nest cleaned up before that express comes, but we'll do our best,' and such words of encouragement as he gave his men I shall never forget. I never heard a sermon that did me more good. He convinced me by the great change in his life that there is a reality in religion. I do want to be a better man. Pray for me."

We had a season of prayer in that office; he gave his heart to Christ. Capt. French became a local preacher. They are both in heaven now.

CHAPTER XIII.

W. C. T. U. CONVENTION IN CALIFORNIA.

EN ROUTE AND RETURN.

THE National Convention was to be held in Los Angeles, Cal., in 1905. My singer and co-worker, Miss Lela Reynolds, worked with me through to Denver. We held meetings at many places on the way. She sang with her harp, which charmed the people, and much good was done.

A STARTLING INCIDENT.

One night at the meeting in Denver an old friend gave a testimony that impressed all present. She stood where all could see her face that beamed with unearthly light, as she said, "Christ is all and in all to me. For three weeks I have known Him as never before. If I should die tonight I am better prepared than I have ever been. O, friends, think of what that home over there will be! Is it any wonder we are so anxious for everybody to be prepared for the *last hour*?"

They took the street car; and just as she was getting off near her home, she fell. Within an hour of her testimony she was in heaven.

The next day, as I entered the home, one of

the children said to the other, "I am so glad there is life for a look at the Crucified One."

"Yes; but, brother, mama did not have a chance for a look at Jesus. O, how glad we are she was ready!"

I stepped in. They threw their arms around me, saying, "What would we do, if we did not know mama was in heaven?"

At Denver we joined

THE WHITE RIBBON SPECIAL.

Mrs. Stevens and Miss Gordon had Miss Reynolds play on her harp and sing, then we had prayer in a number of coaches. They spent the day at Colorado Springs. In the evening a reception was given at the hotel. Then we had a great meeting at the "People's Mission." Miss Reynolds remained several weeks and held meetings. We left on the Special at midnight—ten sleepers, and not an empty berth. We had a happy crowd. We spent Sabbath in Salt Lake City. The agents had my pass ready for me. I met many old friends made in our work here twelve years ago; also in Ogden. We attended several services here and left at midnight Monday. All enjoyed the grand scenery. All along the way, at every stop cards and tracts were given.

At Riverside the W. C. T. U. gave a reception and a visit to the *Indian School*.

Arriving at Los Angeles, we received a glad

welcome and were soon assigned to our homes. At night a great reception was given at the

BOARD OF TRADE.

The next morning our hostess said, "Ladies, we want you to enjoy the flowers; help yourselves."

As I made button-hole bouquets for the street car boys, the ladies laughed at me, saying, "Why! Miss Jennie! They are so used to flowers they cannot appreciate them as we do."

They were surprised at the way they were received. One said, "Thank you, lady; we see lots of flowers, but seldom get any." Another, "I will wear this today, then send it to mother, and tell her one lady remembered her boy."

We had a number of excursions. We always gave the employees their bouquets; what expressions of appreciation we had! The superintendent said one day, "No one has ever taken so much interest in our men. We want you to go often. We will give you a pass and all expenses."

We had a great convention. I remained several weeks after it closed.

We had a great meeting at Simpson's Auditorium. One man said, "I was converted in a meeting you and Addie Sherman held in Denver fifteen years ago. I still have the cards you gave me."

Another gave a similar testimony who was

saved in the Parkersburg shop meetings, now a worker for the Master. Many such incidents came up of past seed sowing.

I had a profitable time at the Pacific Bible School. They helped in shop and other outside meetings to distribute bouquets and literature, also opened the way for me to go to see my brother.

Thanksgiving evening, before I took the train for San Francisco, we had a blessed meeting at the station. The most of the faculty and the students were there. A drunken man was saved for service in that one hour's meeting; this was proved by his future life. After the train started, a gentleman approached me, saying, "I want to thank you, lady, for that meeting; it has done me good. This has been a wonderful day to me."

I said, as he wiped the tears away, "Tell me about it."

"Three years ago today my little daughter climbed upon my knee, threw her arms around my neck, then drew back, saying, 'O, papa, I do want a sweet kiss so bad, but I can't get it for that old tobacco. Won't you give it up?' I replied, 'Why! daughter, I cannot work in the mines without it.' 'Then, papa, I will not get down until you promise me that every time you spend a penny for tobacco you will put that much in the purse you bought me.' I had to promise her, and I have kept my promise. Her mother

had asked for the gold to have something made for her brother, so I did not think anything of it when they would send for it. Every time I went home, I would give her the pocket-book to empty."

I inquired, "Did you count it?"

"No, I did not care to do it. Today, when I sat down to the Thanksgiving dinner, a little case was on my plate—this watch and chain."

It was beautiful, covered with California flowers. I asked, "Was this made from tobacco money?"

"Yes, every penny of it. They furnished the gold and paid \$150 for having the watch and chain made. This was an eye-opener to me of how much I had spent unconsciously. I don't believe in using cigarettes, but I must have tobacco in the mines."

MR. EDISON'S OFT-REPEATED VIEWS.

"Acrolein is one of the most terrible drugs in its effect on the human body. The burning of ordinary cigaret paper always produces acrolein. That is what makes the smoke so irritating. I believe that it often makes boys insane. We sometimes develop acrolein in this laboratory in our experiments with glycerin. One whiff of it from the oven drove one of my assistants out of the building. I can hardly exaggerate the dangerous nature of acrolein, and yet that is what a man

or a boy is dealing with every time he smokes an ordinary cigaret. I will not have in my employ any user of the cigaret."

After a pleasant visit to Vallejo, San Francisco, and Oakland, I went to Beulah Heights, the home of Mrs. Carrie Judd Montgomery, a restful place where prayer was answered in a remarkable way. I returned to Los Angeles, had services in Pasadena and a number of places.

At my farewell meeting I asked for flowers. I arranged with the baggage master to take charge of them. I made and distributed nearly seven hundred button-hole bouquets between Los Angeles and Salt Lake City. Many touching scenes occurred as we crossed the plains, deserts, and mountains, where they never see a flower. One man came into the car and said, "O, lady, please let me have another; my little girl never saw a rose bush grow."

When we stopped at the Indian Reservation, the old Indians wanted to kiss my hand for the flowers. One place the conductor told the passengers they would have twenty minutes for a promenade. He said, "Miss Jennie, get your flowers ready; you will see lots of your boys."

As I stepped down, I said to a railroader, "Brother, will you have one?"

He replied, "They are beautiful, lady, but I can't take one today."

At that the conductor called out, "Hello! rail-

road fellows, come this way! Here is your friend that has flowers—you don't have to pay for them, they are free!"

There was a rush. Gladly they received them. One out where all could hear, as he held up the flowers, said, "Boys, just look! We would have to pay fifty cents for a bunch of posies like that. But say! who ever heard of a railroader getting anything he did not have to pay for! Thanks to this good lady."

After the train started, a lady said, "I have watched you working so patiently all day, but I do not wonder at it now, when you have made so many happy."

She burst into tears and continued, "To think of my beautiful yard of flowers in Pasadena, and the many times I have come over the road, and it never occurred to me that such a work as this could be done and so many made happy."

I told her one day I had a beautiful box of flowers and could not go out with the excursion. My friend said, "What will you do with your bouquets?" I said, "Come, let us cheer those behind the counter." She was amazed to see how glad the clerks were to get them, and even the proprietors of the store came in for their share. Each one had a little Scripture card with their flowers. She said, "From this time my flowers will have a new mission."

We arrived at Salt Lake City at six in the

morning. Everything was covered with snow. I had a large box of flowers and gave a bunch to every man employed around the station, also hackmen and street car men. A man called across the street, "Where on earth did all those fellows get those beautiful flowers?"

Some had never had such a bouquet. I had just enough left for the crew that brought me on my journey. I was at Colorado Springs over Sabbath. After the meeting they gave me the flowers. I made sixty bouquets. Christmas morning I went back to Denver and gave all the railroad boys their floral greeting. I took dinner with Engineer Brown. He said no words could tell how they appreciated their flowers. I started eastward next morning.

MT. VERNON, ILL.

We had a three weeks' meeting here. A fight was on for temperance. They reduced the number of saloons from over thirty down to six; these were paying two thousand dollars a year license. One night we found over forty young men in a saloon, and the county judge with them. The condition of this town was alarming. Mrs. Watson and her women of the W. C. T. U. were untiring in their work. We held meetings in many places, but they would not let us hold meetings in the railroad shops; but we held them outside

in a lumber yard. One meeting was held in the Square in a big wagon.

Election day was one of great excitement, but they voted the saloons out. I returned two years after this; there was a great improvement in the town. All could testify to the benefit it was to the business and the homes that were made happy. One little boy said, "O, Miss Jennie, do come to our home and see how happy we are; we have new carpets and everything new; and we don't live on liver any more, but have good beefsteak since we have a new papa."

We had two days' meeting at Springfield, Ill. We enjoyed visiting Lincoln's home and his vault. We carried a momento from there to Mr. Pendle at the White House, the last man that shook hands with Lincoln and McKinley.

AT DECATUR, ILL.,

Mrs. Kriedler arranged for effectual meetings. Our shop meetings were great, so many Christian men to help in the work. After a good rest with my friend I went to

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

We had a good meeting at Roberts Park Church; one remarkable all-day meeting. Many came miles to attend this meeting. One said, "I have come a long distance to grasp this hand.

Do you remember any incident in your life connected with a pin?"

"Yes, the first time I was taken to church in a wheeled couch in Urbana, O., I noticed a little girl who remained after most had gone. I did not have the courage to say anything to her until I wanted a pin. She darted forward and gave me the *pin*. I had a little talk with her. Nine years after I was carried to the same church. A lovely young lady said to Mr. Wilson as he was wheeling my couch down the aisle, "I want to speak to Miss Jennie. Do you remember a little girl who gave you a pin in this church nine years and two months ago?"

"I remember Nettie Brown. I gave her the first tract I ever received."

She replied, "I am Nettie Brown, and through that tract and what you said to me I became a Christian, and all my family have been saved."

The minister said, "I married Nettie, and no one ever had a better helper in the ministry than I have. Her mother became one of the most effectual rescue workers in the city, but she has gone to her reward."

AT CLEVELAND, OHIO.

We had services at some of the churches, the Deaconess Home, and a visit to the training home of Walter Malone, with great profit.

An officer said, "We have a woman in our jail

that is so hardened no one could bring a tear from her eye."

Mrs. Edholm said, "I want to see her."

Several of us had a meeting at the jail. She stood on one side and I on the other of this vicious looking woman. They sang several hymns and had prayer. As they sang,

"Jesus loves me, this I know,"

Mrs. Edholm had her arm around her. She stooped down and kissed her forehead, saying, "He loves you." As they sang,

"Whosoever will, may come,"

she said, "That, my dear, means you."

What a pitiful look she gave and burst into tears. To make a long story short, she was saved, and finally became an effectual rescue worker with *lost women*.

CHAPTER XIV.

A WORD IN SEASON.

I TOOK a train one morning before daylight. I noticed two men opposite me; every now and then they would take a drink. I could not throw off the impression that I must give them the temperance cards. As I left the train, one said, "Thank you, lady; we have neither one of us been in the habit of drinking. But we have traveled so far and are so tired, we have indulged too much."

I replied, "Gentlemen, you have made a big beginning. I was so prompted to give you these cards. I beg of you to heed what they say."

The next day as I was getting off the train in P., they were getting on. One said, "Here is our friend."

The other said, "Yes, a *friend indeed*. My good woman, you don't know how thankful we are for your timely warning—we needed it. No doubt you have saved us both."

DRINK.

"At the goblet's brink,
Let us pause and think
What they say in Japan;"
"First the men take a drink,
Then the drink takes a drink—
Then the drink takes the man."

After a meeting at Jennettsville, Pa., I went to Pittsburgh and had a good rest at Dr. Shewalter's, where we had refreshing seasons of prayer and helpful conversations with some of God's saints. One said, "Jennie, how did you come to use the title, *Valley of Baca*, for your first book?"

"I wrote the book, expecting the title to be

PROVIDENCES OBSERVED.

This title brought out that feature of the experiences. When within a few days of the close, my pastor, Dr. Pearne, called. He was to send my manuscript to the publishers. I said, "Doctor, my title has gone from me; I cannot use it. Do pray I may have the right one given."

Two ladies were present. He read the 84th Psalm and prayed. I said, "Why! Doctor, something in that Psalm struck me as a good title."

"Well, I thought of something, too."

The ladies gave him pencil and paper, saying, "Write what you thought of and give it to us; then you read the Psalm again."

When he read, "who passing through the valley of Baca," I said, "That is it—The Valley of Baca."

They cried, "O, that is what Dr. Pearne has written!"

That decided the title.

I was determined on a dollar book; word came

back it must be condensed. I was too sick to do anything, but advised what to take out. When my proof-sheets came, I was heart-sick. When the first box of books came, I said to mother, "Let them open the box, then all leave me alone. I must have victory." I had a struggle, but I promised the Lord if He would let me meet souls in heaven through these blunders, I would be reconciled to be torn to pieces by the critics.

Nearly a year after it was published, I saw a little criticism on the title. (I was at Earlham College, Richmond, Ind.) A few days after, as they were wheeling my couch into the chapel, a gentleman came to me, saying, "I have come miles to grasp this hand. I was a very wicked man; had a mania for novels. One day in Cincinnati I was rushing along the street and I saw your book in the window, gave the man a dollar, saying, 'Don't wrap it up; I must make the train.' I was impatient to get out of the dark station. When I opened the book, I discovered I had a religious book. I swore an oath and felt like dashing it out of the window. Just then I happened to see my grandfather's name. I became interested, and I have come to tell you I am a saved man through the title of your book — 'The Valley of Baca.' "

Several have been converted through this book, which was written seven years before I could walk. The Holy Spirit did the work.

At Friendship Methodist Episcopal Church, Pittsburgh, Rev. Gilles, pastor, we had a good meeting. Miss Fannie Langdon, of Cincinnati, helped me here. We had several shop meetings. Through the invitation outside the church, a drunken man came into the meeting. Our faith at once claimed him for Christ. It was wonderful to see how quickly he was sobered and, after a severe struggle, he was saved. He had spent a fortune in drink and gambling. He became a prominent business man.

From here I spent two days at Rockwood. Mr. Walfensberger was saved in a meeting we held in the Lutheran church over twenty years ago. He never forgot to remember our work on his anniversary. I always had a resting place in his hotel. He has recently gone to a rich reward.

Went on to Cumberland, Md.; had two days' meeting at Rev. Richardson's church; also services at the B. & O. Y. M. C. A., and roundhouse. I have held many meetings with the United Brethren.

After campmeeting at Mountain Lake Park, Md., where we had a great spiritual blessing and the treat of meeting many old friends, Minnie Shay, the sweet singer, went with me over the B. & O. We had good meetings at Keyser, Cumberland, Martinsburg, Brunswick, and Washington.

A TRAINMEN'S CONVENTION

was held at Harrisburg, Pa. I spent ten profitable days; had services at Steelton and other places. Sabbath morning I talked at Rev. McLain's church; in the afternoon a great experience meeting was held at the Y. M. C. A. hall. Thrilling testimonies were given of what the grace of God could do for railroad men. At night, by special request, I gave my experience to a crowded church. Many uniformed men were present. Monday we distributed several hundred bouquets with cards to railroad men.

I was greatly surprised when they sent me a check for the "*Home Fund*" through the President of the Brotherhood, Mr. Lee, with the note, "Please accept a token of appreciation and gratitude for your long interest in railroad men. From the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen."

How my heart overflowed with praise and gratitude for this unexpected blessing; yet I was praying for the way to open the home—but they knew nothing of this. Another seal was set in answer to prayer.

The annual Sunday-school picnic at Taylor Town was a great gathering. We had many button-hole bouquets to give out with the tracts and cards. Sabbath morning we had a blessed meeting at the church. They drove me to Point of Rocks for a meeting at the Lutheran church that night.

A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.

I went over to Ijamsville to hold a meeting. While at breakfast at Mrs. Wolfe's, we heard the trouble whistle. In a few moments they called me to come quick; a short distance from the house was a terrible freight wreck. There lay Mr. Ekhart, the brakeman, one foot up the track, the other ready to come off. We got pillows and comforts and made him as comfortable as possible until they could take him to the Frederick Hospital. The crew were so surprised to see me. The poor fellow looked up, saying, "O, Miss Jennie, are you here?"

I knelt at his side and prayed for him. They soon came and took both of the injured men to the hospital. Such wrecks as this do stir our hearts and increase our interest in the salvation of souls that are always in so much danger.

An engineer would always let his family know he was coming by a certain whistle—but oh, how sad to hear the little ones cry, "Papa is killed! We will never hear his train come in again!"

We had one comfort—we knew he was prepared to go. But what a loss such a life as his was to the church and community, as well as his family!

ASBURY PARK AND OCEAN GROVE.

I spent two weeks here. Mrs. Phillips arranged for me to assist Mrs. Doty in her tem-

perance meetings. I was entertained at her hotel, The Ormand, a lovely place that overlooked the ocean. I was greatly benefited by the sea air. We had our meetings here in the afternoon, while the morning meetings were at Ocean Grove. The Bible readings of Col. Prindle were great helps. The experience meetings were full of interest.

One morning they called me out for a little testimony. As I turned around, several old friends greeted me, and there was Judge T. O. Lowe. I remember when he was Judge of the Supreme Court, in Dayton, O. Someone said to me then that he was going into the ministry. That day he called I asked him if this report was true. He replied, "No, indeed; the Bench needs preachers today as much as the pulpit. I want to prove to the world that a man can be a consecrated Christian and practice law. But when the Lord calls, I am ready to obey."

And here in the East he has been a Presbyterian minister for years.

I called to see Mrs. Lucy Drake Osborne, now afflicted. She visited me in Ohio when I was helpless; she gave me some of her books she had written that have done a great work.

Since then a great fire swept over Asbury Park. The Ormand perished with many other beautiful buildings. How little we know of what a day may bring forth! This reminds me of an experience we had near the close of the World's

Fair in Chicago. After the great fire in South Chicago, we held services in the Baptist church, and were entertained there where the relief rooms were. The day before the fire a lady took the pastor's wife in to show her the chest of linens and useful things she had just received from her home in England. She said they would last her while she lived. The next day everything was gone—even her hat. She had nothing to wear; yet she was so cheerful amidst it all. Her light shone as a Christian. Her husband had neglected to attend to their insurance. I begged him to see to it that day, but he replied, "Don't worry! I will attend to it in the morning."

That was too late—all was lost. Many such incidents occurred. One morning I was at the desk. A gentleman came in to see the parson; while waiting, he told me his story.

"I had a nice little home, but had neglected having it insured, although I was getting a good salary. Now all is gone, wife is sick; we are in a room with no fire. I must get some coal."

I asked, "Are you a Christian?"

"O, no; I wish I were!" and burst into tears.

"Come, Brother; let us talk to Jesus about your soul before you talk to the minister about the coal."

How he did plead for mercy! He made a complete surrender. When the pastor came in, he could praise the Lord that his sins were par-

doned, and now he had a refuge in the time of trouble. His wife was converted that day also.

**A VICTORY GAINED THROUGH A PAIR OF RUBBER
BOOTS AND AN OLD DRESS.**

This was given me on a train by a Pullman conductor. "At the age of twelve I was attending a revival every night; a schoolmate expressed a desire to go to one of the meetings. I asked his mother if he could go. She promptly said, 'No, he can't go; he has nothing to wear, has no shoes fit.' This sent me flying home. Rummaging through my stock of old shoes and clothes, I found a good pair of rubber boots and what was necessary to fix him for the meeting that night. In ten days, with God's help and my dear mother's, we had the two boys and that mother in the church—all converted. The elder one died soon after. I grew up and married. I gradually strayed away, only to be brought back to my senses through a Christian lady soliciting our neighborhood in Cincinnati for the children to attend the St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Sabbath school. She came to our flat and asked permission of my good wife to call for our little girl on the next Sabbath. The result of her work brought me back; now the whole family are in St. Paul's Church. Our daughter did not miss a Sabbath for two years; then, on account of

sickness; then did not miss for four years. She was a Christian.

Through a discarded dress that she repaired and other needed articles, she fixed up a little girl and took her to Sabbath school. Through her influence, in a little while the brothers, sister, and mother were coming to church, and finally all were saved.

If we aim to speak a little word or smile, spread a little sunshine each day, we are bound to reap a harvest. God does not overlook the smallest act of kindness; again and again have we realized this. Only a few weeks ago a minister, a constant traveler on the B. & O., said he wanted to thank me for the kind and courteous treatment given him. He appreciated it so much. Not knowing him, I did not think I had done anything unusual; I had not put myself out any for him. It was just the spirit in which I had done things that appealed to him. The result of my kindness was a beautiful letter sent to my company by this minister, which was greatly in my favor.

If we wake each morning with a prayer, a smile, and a determination that through this day some kind word or act must help somebody, this will grow; you will get into the habit before you know it.

CHAPTER XV.

THE WORLD'S CONVENTION

IN BROOKLYN, NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1913.

OUR ladies of D. C. gave a reception to the foreign delegates who represented England. These went in a special car. The railroad agent invited me to go with them. It was a rare privilege to grasp the hand of each one.

Lady Halden, of Sydenham, said she read my books in her own land through Lady Henry Somerset. We had a great convention; it was wonderful to hear what is being accomplished by the W. C. T. U. in all parts of the world.

After this, our National Convention opened at

ASBURY PARK, N. J.

The officers were all entertained at the Metropolitan Hotel. What a reunion we had as we came together from all parts of our land—a real foretaste of the meeting over Yonder.

Every day was full of interest. One day we had a meeting with the firemen at their engine house. Many had never been in such a meeting.

One afternoon, between meals, I met all the help of the hotel in the dining room; gave a talk, had prayer, and gave each one a card and button-

hole bouquet with a handshake. The manager was so pleased; he gave me a complimentary to the banquet.

Many of the delegates came on to Washington. A great massmeeting was held at the Columbia Theater in the interest of "*National Constitutional Prohibition*." Mrs. Armour and several speakers stirred that immense audience. The following Tuesday two thousand men and fifteen hundred women marched to the Capitol, where great speeches were made. Congress galleries were crowded to hear Hon. Hobson, also the opposite side—three whiskey men followed him.

It seemed terrible to see men in their position pleading for *liberty* to debauch humanity, the curse that would break hearts, blast hopes, and ruin homes.

ALL-DAY RAILROAD RECEPTION

at W. C. T. U. headquarters. Mrs. Williams and Mrs. La Fetra came early and made all arrangements, so everything went off grandly. Abundance of good things to eat were sent in. Railroad men, firemen, policemen, street car men, postal men, and many others were coming and going all day; each one was greeted with something to eat, besides the flowers, Scripture cards, and literature—and helpful words.

At night we had a meeting and entertainment. The great flashlight, "W. C. T. U.," was put on

top of the building that day, so it stands as a beacon light to all. Several hundreds enjoyed this treat day. How much enjoyment can be given with little effort when all do their little part!

BURIED TALENTS.

How impressed we were during these weeks to meet those who had become good workers, proving how much *buried talent* there is, and what can be accomplished when a complete surrender is made. I am going to give the experience of one in her own language, her testimony as given to a friend.

THE TESTIMONY OF MRS. AUGUSTA JONES.

“One cold, wet afternoon in the fall of the year, our children came home from school with the glad news that a woman was to speak that night at the Methodist Episcopal Church. At once we decided to attend. We found a good congregation and a little woman, Miss Jennie Smith, expounding a portion of the third chapter of Galatians.

“At the close she apologized to her audience for coming without any tracts or leaflets to distribute; and also, that she had not planned or prepared to come here. But three times her plans to pass the town had been frustrated; she felt surely God had a message for some one in the place.

"As soon as I had the opportunity, I told Miss Jennie of a whole box full of tracts in my home held as little prisoners; that in the morning we would be glad to give them to her to send them on their way to perform their mission.

"However, that night the Lord dealt with me and made it very clear that the tracts were not to be given to Miss Jennie.

"Early the next morning I wended my way to her place of entertainment to tell what God had revealed to me. She answered, 'That is exactly what He has revealed to me, that I was not to take them, but urge you to use them.'

"But I was not willing even to try. Miss Jennie prayed long and earnestly with me; and after further persuasion and Scriptural admonition, I consented to try. I made a complete surrender and promised to undertake the work under the supervision of God only. A new light flashed upon the subject, and a new vision of the simplicity and dignity of service for Him alone.

"God made very clear His approval by directing us to begin at Jerusalem, which we did by calling on our next-door neighbor, whom we found in despair and anguish of soul. After referring her to certain passages of Scripture and praying with her, we left, leaving a tract as tonic to strengthen and comfort her.

"The work continued to grow and develop, and God's blessing was on the undertaking. Before

many weeks, we were assisting Miss Jennie in a wonderful revival in a railroad town, Hyndman, Pa., singing, praying, and exhorting. Saints were blessed, and sinners were convicted and converted. The last night the services continued until 2 A. M., when Miss Jennie boarded a train for home."

That was the beginning of a life which later became prominent—holding the distinction of being the first woman recognized in her conference as an Evangelist. She also became State and National Lecturer of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Reader, have you consecrated your talents and using them for His glory?

AT WINCHESTER, VA.

I spent several days here. Had services at the U. B. church morning and evening. Afternoon a union experience meeting at the Methodist Episcopal church. Old memories were revived of our meetings in the past.

The old toll-keeper, now blind and afflicted, was a B. & O. engineer. During that meeting he told of the blessing that had come to him. There was a wreck on the road; two freight crews were there with no Sunday clothes. They were out in the vestibule on that Sabbath night. This engineer motioned for me to come to the door. I made them all come in. The people gave them a

welcome with a handshake, which was the means of several being saved. The people never forgot that night. They appreciated railroad men more than ever before. Several gave testimony of having been saved in that meeting.

A little boy came forward for prayer. I placed my hand upon his head and prayed. As I turned around, an old gentleman said, "Don't encourage a boy like that; he does not know what he is doing."

I replied, "Yes, he does; he is seeking the pardon of his sins as intelligently as the older ones."

Here, after twenty-five years have passed, the leader of the choir, a banker in the city, grasps my hand, saying, "How many times I have praised the Lord for the night when I was a little boy and came to the altar for prayer, you placed your hand on my head and prayed for me. I know I was converted that night, and I have tried to live a faithful Christian ever since."

Truly I can say, "Do encourage the boys and girls to give their hearts to Christ in youth; it saves from a thousand snares, to mind religion young."

One gave the testimony that she was convicted by our visit to the glove factory. Mr. Grechian gave me a pair of gloves. I remarked that when I wear them I will pray for the *maker* and the *giver*.

RICHWOOD, W. VA.

Here I was entertained where all the railroad men stopped, at the *Yew Pine Inn*.

This is a thriving town, but for miles beyond was a *dense* forest. We were interested to see them bring in deer and bear.

We had several interesting meetings here. Also at *Gassaway*, the terminal of another road. The noon shop meetings were of unusual interest. A number working here had helped me elsewhere. Bro. Staley, our singer, sang for us twenty years ago. Mrs. Johnson was a great help and proved a friend *indeed*.

FROM ORLANDO

we drove up into the country, where I had a visit with brother James' daughters and their mother, Mrs. Workman. We had a week's meeting here in the country. It was wonderful the way the people would come to church over these mountain roads at night. There were many hungry hearts. And to think of people living so near our churches in the city who do not appreciate their privileges or realize all must give an account at the Judgment for all neglected opportunities!

Several days were spent at Clarksburg, W. Va., at Mrs. Paxton's. A week's meeting in Parkersburg at St. Andrew's Church; each day noon meetings were held in the B. & O. or O. R. shops.

One night a converted thief gave a thrilling testimony of what Christ had done for him. One morning we had an *One Accord* meeting at Mrs. See's, which brought victory to a soul who was delivered from the power of drink.

AT POINT PLEASANT, W. VA.

We had a profitable meeting here with Rev. Pullen. Miss Fannie Langdon, of Cincinnati, came to our help. They would call on families in one direction and I in another. One man was converted for whom all had prayed, but we found he had no encouragement from his wife. How much harm a nagging wife or husband can do! How many homes are made unhappy by this habit!

We had meetings at the docks with the boatmen. On several evenings we had service at the park before going to the church.

One day we drove to the iron works, but the general manager would not admit us. He said, "I hear you want to talk on 'Temperance.' I will not allow it."

"Why, Sir! We did not think of that. Will you allow us to give the flowers?"

"No, I will not allow that. I want nothing to do with you."

I said, "My friend, you will see the day when you will regret taking the stand for the saloon.

Your influence would be the ruin of souls and cause many heartaches."

ON THE BOAT "GREENWOOD"

to Cincinnati we had opportunities for personal work that were not in vain. Nowhere we go, but there can be a work done for souls.

I greatly enjoyed a little rest and spiritual feast at Mother Langdon's.

CHAPTER XVI.

A RUN THROUGH WEST VIRGINIA.

ON my way home, I spent several days at Piedmont, W. Va., with Rev. Kilman. I was so impressed with the work of Mrs. Carrol with a class of Italian children. Every Sabbath morning she gave them their breakfast, then took them to Sabbath school. This work tells on the parents as well as the children.

At "Green Heights" we could look all over Westernport. Here we had a community meeting under the trees. Mr. Green had seats for over two hundred. Rev. Gilman led the service. It was a profitable one.

AT PAW PAW, W. VA.,

we had several services; each noon an interesting meeting in the tannery.

Mrs. Shaffer went with me to Little Capron, Magnolia, and Great Capron, and many other places where many Italians were working on the new works of the B. & O. Rev. Maden would interpret what we would say. Tears would roll down their cheeks. Some felt I was wasting this week, but months after, as I would go over the road and stand on the back of the train, throwing out tracts in their own language, it was cheer-

ing to see their demonstration and gratitude for the interest taken in them. How great the need of more interest being taken in the foreigners here—apart from the question of salvation! If more were done to Americanize them, the menace to our Government would be lessened.

AT SLEEPY CREEK

we had an all-day meeting, also a Sunday-school picnic—a wonderful day for the country. They came from all directions. Mr. Fulton and family made it most interesting.

AT BIG POOL

we had a two days' meeting, full of interest. One Saturday evening I was so impressed to go out to Rockville. I found one that had been saved from a drunkard's life who needed encouragement. The way opened for a Sabbath-night service. My friend consecrated his life fully to Christ, who is making him a *soul winner*. Bro. Waters is a witness to what salvation can do to save to the utmost. I visited his church at Deerwood several times. He has done a wonderful work at different places.

A DISTRICT CONFERENCE.

I went up in the country with him to his conference at Goshen. We had a rich spiritual feast in the meetings, and it was also a great treat to

see the loaded tables in the grove. We had a service at Taylorsville and one at the country home of Mrs. Plummer on the lawn, where a number gathered.

We had a week's meeting at Gaithersburg. Bro. Walker took the pastor and myself out for a day's visiting in the homes of the people. We prayed in twelve homes. We had an all-day meeting on Sabbath—a wonderful day for the community. Saints and sinners were benefited.

A HOME-COMING DAY.

It was to be held at my childhood home in Spring Hills, Ohio, so I went on to attend it. People came from many states; it was a great gathering. We met in the Presbyterian church yard. Many had never seen me walk. I gave the experience of my healing, standing in an automobile.

Many old memories were revived. They took me to see an invalid at the Wilson farm. Well do I remember, when a very little girl, I only wanted to go home with Mollie Wilson because her father had family prayer. He would not let a man work for him unless he would come in for worship. No one would think I had a hungry heart, I was so full of mischief. How I wanted someone to talk to me about Jesus!

As we passed where the old mill once stood,

I thought of my first answered prayer in catching a fish.

I held several meetings. People came for miles to these services, as they did at Degraff, Bellefontaine, and Urbana, O. Many things of interest occurred, but space will not permit of giving half we would love to give.

CHAPTER XVII.

OUR NATIONAL W. C. T. U. CONVENTION FOR 1916.

IT was held in Indianapolis, Ind., at Murat Temple. We were entertained at the Claypool Hotel. As usual, we had a wonderful convention.

Sabbath night I had a meeting at Edwin Ray Church. I found faithful ones who were converted in our meeting eleven years before; two engineers could give good reports from some of their comrades; also, one who was saved from a gambler's life, has been very useful. One meeting was held at Meridian Church. Rev. Clippinger, pastor, gave encouraging reports.

I remained for a ten days' meeting at King Ave. Methodist Episcopal Church, Rev. Butler, pastor. My old singer, Mrs. Martin, with her harp, assisted us. The engine house being near, the firemen were well remembered. People came from all directions to our all-day meeting. The bell rang every hour. Not only were sinners saved, but church members revived.

I spent several days visiting a cousin, then went for several days to Martinsville, staying

with Mrs. Thompson. I found those saved years ago still faithful. One who had been convicted in the Overalls Factory meeting in Indianapolis years ago, could here give a good report of that meeting held with over three hundred girls. Rev. Moore, with whom I labored in the past, could give good reports of lasting good done. I had several services there. Also at Mooresville old memories were revived. We had several services.

En route home, I spent Sabbath at Myersdale, met a number saved in our meeting over thirty years ago. Monday night I held my first meeting at Garrett, Pa., at the Lutheran church, Rev. Curney, pastor.

A TEN DAYS' MEETING AT SOMERSET.

Through Mrs. Wilson, President of the W. C. T. U., this was arranged. It was a Providence that a new pipe-organ was being put in the church, for there were some who came to the services at the Court House assembly room that would not have gone to the church, who were saved. We had impressive services at the High School, also at the railroad shops. Mrs. Shaffer sang for them. The all-day meeting brought many from the surrounding country.

A great surprise was given at the close, eighty-three dollars being presented to me. This helped pay for the new furnace in the home.

THE GOSPEL MISSION IN D. C.

I spent a week here. Every night souls were saved. It is marvelous what these missions accomplish in so many ways—the help and comfort they give to both soul and body. I was so impressed with the work Mrs. Cline was doing for the babies.

One celebrated his anniversary who went into the mission ten years ago this night in rags and so drunk he could not walk. He was sobered and saved. He now runs a business of his own and has a happy home with his family. Well may he say,

“Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.”

What a happy testimony his wife could give of answered prayer in giving back her husband and making their home so happy!

A STREET CAR ENTERTAINMENT.

For several years Presidents King and Harries and the officials of the Washington Railway and Electric Co. gave a Christmas entertainment, after which *each child of every employee* received a beautiful apple, orange, candy, and the choice of a book or toy. My nieces, Pansy and Mary, helped make and give a button-hole bouquet to

all the officers and committees, nearly two hundred. Never will the children forget these great treats.

WATCH NIGHT.

We had a great meeting at the Central Union mission. Souls were saved. The reception on New Year's Day was a great opportunity for work. At night the auditorium was crowded. One business man was saved who was convicted and brought into the Mission by the light on the building flashing out,

"THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD IS JESUS."

Scarcely a night but some one is saved in these missions. I have met those in various parts of our land who were saved here, also through the Gospel wagon work. I assisted a pastor of a 'big church recently, Rev. Billingsby, who was saved here. Every night in the year they have a meeting. O, that more would take an interest in lost souls and help in these missions!

A DRUNKARD'S ANNIVERSARY.

When I was an invalid, a minister and his wife knelt at the side of my couch in Ohio. We all prayed for their *wandering* boy. Years went by. One day he met his father here in Washington. He asked him for a dime. Just then they recognized each other. Here he was—a ragged tramp. He was led to the Mission and

saved. For twenty-two years he has lived a useful life in the Master's work. His mother believed he would be saved.

"Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to this alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, 'It must be done!'"

CHEVY CHASE, MD.

Several places were calling, but I could not throw off the pleading of Mrs. Earl to come to her home. I thought of what was offered me elsewhere, but as I prayed I felt I must be obedient and trust, not expecting anything. I was happily disappointed in this; the Lord set His seal to that *home meeting* in the salvation of souls. After all these years comes a testimony to the lasting fruit of that service, and the encouragement to work among the young.

WHAT A CHILD CAN DO.

Little Belle Coulter was anxious to take all she could to Sabbath school. She said to a little girl, "Won't you go to Sabbath school with me next Sabbath?"

As she glanced at her bare feet, she said, "I can't go. I hain't got any shoes."

"O, but if you will go I will give you a pair of mine. I have two pair."

Belle ran home to her mother and said, "O, I

am so glad! I've got a poor little girl; she's going to Sabbath school with me. She has no shoes, but I will give her my Sunday shoes."

"Why, child! What will you do?"

"Mama, I can wear my old ones, for it will make her so happy."

As her father entered, her mother said, "Father, what do you think Belle did? Gave her best shoes to a poor little girl."

"Well, I am glad my little girl wants to do good and is willing to make such a sacrifice."

Belle was very happy in her old shoes when she saw the enjoyment of the little girl with her in Sabbath school. The next Sabbath Belle had a nicer pair of shoes than those she gave away.

Eternity alone will tell the good accomplished by leading that child to the House of God. It was the beginning of a work for the whole family.

A little girl was taken from an Orphan Home into a family to wash dishes and help in the kitchen. Almost the first thing her mistress said, "Mind, don't you break a dish, or you might have some bones broken." She little dreamed these words were heard by a visitor. As the days went by, the poor child never heard a kind word of approval, no matter how well the work was done. A friend visiting the family incidentally heard the little girl say, "O, dear! I wish I was dead. I can't do anything right. I have tried and tried so hard!"

When bedtime came, the visitor requested to have prayer. All were present but the little girl. She asked for her. The mistress said, "O, it don't matter about her; she is at work."

"Yes," said the visitor, "*she must come in.*"

The look on the face of that child when she heard the Word of God read and heard herself included in the prayer for the family was sufficient to tell a hungry heart was reached.

After an honest interview with her mistress and a conversation and prayer with her and the little girl, the child soon found

"WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS."

A great change was brought about in that home. Mattie soon convinced all around her that a new life had dawned upon her; she was so patient and such a beam of sunshine in the home that she became a blessing to the family. She was the means of leading her mistress to Christ.

How much would have been lost if that friend had not taken up her cross in that prayerless family and looked after that little girl! She had to ask for grace to do her duty.

"HOW OFTEN."

*"How often we leave unsaid
The words that should be spoken,
And leave undone a thoughtful act
That would heal a heart that's broken.*

How often do we act as though
We were the only soul
Who lived upon this mighty earth
And should enjoy the whole?

O, why should the human race
Forget our needy brother,
And miss the blessings rich that come
By *helping one another?*"

CHAPTER XVIII.

MEETINGS IN MARYLAND AND PENNSYLVANIA.

AT Green Springs, Md., I remained several days. We attended Sabbath school on Sabbath, and had a morning service. In the afternoon the railroad quartet from the B. & O. shops in Cumberland came with others. We had a live, profitable meeting, after which there was quite a reunion at Mr. and Mrs. Alexander's for tea. We had a pleasant and profitable time.

Monday noon we had a big meeting at the

RAILROAD TIE PLANT.

We were surprised to see the great machinery and the number of men that worked here. To think every railroad tie must be taken through a process of curing before it can be used! Hundreds of thousands were in this yard. This is a great industry—only a few of such in the land, so they do work for all over the country. They have a nice reading room and a sleeping car and resting place.

ANOTHER MEETING IN CUMBERLAND.

We had a profitable meeting at Rev. Richardson's church. We had noon shop and B. & O.

Y. M. C. A. meetings. We shook hands with several hundred. Through this and the tracts and cards a number were saved. Noon meetings of special interest were held in *Footer's Dye Works*. Also in the silk mill, where we met in each place several hundred girls. We gave each one a card and a tract.

From here to *Pittsburgh*, where Billy Sunday's meetings were going on. We enjoyed them very much, especially the B. & O. railroad night. Five hundred marched in with band and banners. What a sermon he preached! How rejoiced we were to see so many of our railroad boys strike the

SAWDUST TRAIL,

and what a change it made in many of their lives!

I was there also for W. C. T. U. night. Several hundred came in a body. These meetings for all classes—making a specialty of it—accomplished a great work.

The day the Billy Sunday meetings closed, we opened a two weeks' meeting at the Eleventh United Presbyterian Church; Rev. Scott, the pastor. He promised Mr. Sunday we would go on with the meetings. At *Horn's Store* we had services at 8 A. M. for several mornings; over one hundred employees were present. We had services with the firemen, at the police station, miners' machine shops, foundry, tannery, street

car barns, and B. & O. shops. Several engineers, their wives, and others were brought into the church and saved through these meetings.

At the close of this engagement I went over to the *Christian Alliance Convention* at Carnegie Music Hall. I was entertained at Rev. Whiteside's home, where we met missionaries from India, Japan, Africa, and other lands. We had a great feast at this convention.

A number went with me to a "Clerk's" meeting, also to the Fort Wayne railroad shops—a new experience to some.

I spent a week at Hazelwood, at Mrs. Sparrow's home. Meetings were held at noon with the railroad men, then the firemen, and every night at the Baptist church. Many homes were visited and personal work done.

How wonderful the way the Lord will bless when you are obedient and *trust fully!* No one knew my pressing need. One evening several railroad men presented me with fifty-five dollars from their comrades. Next evening, at a tea party, I turned up my plate, and there were five silver dollars! This, with all I had received, made the EXACT AMOUNT to meet the demand for my home interest. How I could praise the Lord and ask His blessing on each giver! This was a *special Providence.*

OPERA-HOUSE MEETING AT CONNELLSVILLE.

Sabbath morning I talked for the Presbyterian church; in the afternoon we had a great memorial meeting. They came from Uniontown, Fairmont, Hazelwood, Jeanette, and other places. The engineers and the W. C. T. U. came in a body. They presented me with beautiful bouquets—the engineers with pink ribbon, the W. C. T. U. with white. We had a wonderful meeting. At night another at the Baptist church.

They made me promise to have one more meeting at Hazelwood. Mrs. Shaffer, Mrs. Sparrow, Mrs. Montgomery, and Mrs. Ray had a surprise for me. They made me a beautiful black satin dress, which they desired me to wear to our Temperance Rally—my last meeting. My prayer was that a rich reward will be given these sisters and a blessing rest upon all I shall meet in this dress.

I spent several days with Rev. Dawson in his work at West Alexander and Cannonsburg, Pa. We closed with a big W. C. T. U. rally. They gave me a shower of handkerchiefs.

I returned home for a few days, then went to Colonial Beach for over Sabbath. I did not remember that I had ever met Rev. Spencer, but he said, "Years ago you introduced me to the girl that is my wife; and a blessed helper she is."

A RAILROAD MEETING AT WESLEY CHURCH

was held on Sabbath night during the "Trainmen's Convention." The President, Mr. Fry, of the Brotherhood; Mr. Winslow, railroad Y. M. C. A. secretary, and many railroad men were present. We had an impressive meeting.

During the week we were invited to go down the river with their excursion. We had a beautiful ride and a profitable time. We gave all a button-hole bouquet and a Scripture card—railroaders are all fond of flowers.

The last thing before they closed the convention, they gave expression of thanks for my interest in railroad people by a gift for the *Home Fund*.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE NATIONAL RAILROAD Y. M. C. A. CONVENTION.

THIS convention, held in St. Louis, was a great gathering. Mr. Williams sent me a special invitation, then gave me a box ticket at "The Odeon" for myself and friends. This was a rare privilege.

I was entertained at the Deaconess Home, where we had seasons of refreshing worship every morning. Morning, afternoon, and night we were at the Odeon. Every meeting was instructive and inspiring.

We went down the river with their excursion—another opportunity for personal work. We had fine singing on the boat, and Tom Kennan and Jim Burwick gave stirring talks. Convention closed that night. The next morning many of us started eastward.

The delegates were filled with the Spirit, so we had services on the train. I remained in Cincinnati that night at the Martin's Hotel; next day went to Pittsburgh. On Sabbath attended a service at Rev. Pridgeon's church; that afternoon went to McKees Rocks for a big railroad meeting. One engineer was saved, who became a

worker. Then we had a meeting at police headquarters. Eighty were present; lasting good was done.

I spent the Sabbath in Cumberland at the Protestant M. E. church and the U. B. church; took the early train Monday for Parkersburg, where a calamity had occurred the day before by the breaking of the water tanks. The flood destroyed many homes; the wrecks were terrible to see. Some lost everything, but made a narrow escape with their lives, for which they were thankful. How uncertain things of this world are! From here we went to Waterford, then to Beverly; had a glad welcome at the home of Mrs. McCann, next to the church, where we held a week's meeting. Some one surrendered every meeting.

One beautiful conversion—a son caught his father around the neck, saying, "O, Father, Jesus saves me!" The father's testimony was, "I have been in the church for years, but I never was clearly converted until last night. I praise the Lord that my boy is saved, and I am, too!"

How sad, we find everywhere people in the churches that do not know they are saved! Yet we know they must be born again, if they get into heaven. And the day is coming when every man's character and work will be tried.

From here we went on to Ashland, Ky., then to Irvington. Remained at the Oliver Hotel over night. Mr. Garrett met me, went over to Rus-

sell; was so glad to meet them here again. We had a good meeting in the Southern M. E. church. I took for my subject,

“ROLLING AWAY THE STONES,”

then had a testimony meeting. Some confessed they had not rolled away the stone of neglect and a man-fearing spirit; another of enmity; another of temper and faultfinding; some of jealousy. One said, “I have not realized until now how the stone of selfishness has hindered my being useful; by God’s help this shall be overcome.”

Many such testimonies were given. We had a real pentecostal meeting—a *victory for everyday life*. At Portsmouth, O., the railroad Y. M. C. A. building is like a large hotel; their lobby was a great place for a meeting. An engineer, conductor, and brakeman saved there became workers for the Master. A great meeting was held at the shoe factory, where several hundred were employed. It resulted in several workers. Also the meeting in the shoestring factory was effectual in resurrecting buried talent.

VICTORY THROUGH FAITH.

After I returned home, we had our big B. & O. excursion at Harper’s Ferry, Island Park. About eight thousand in attendance; we had a good meeting; several souls made a start for heaven.

My hand was so lame for several days from shaking hands that I could not write.

I spent a week at my nephew's, Garrett and Ruth Howell's, Church Falls, Va. I had a severe attack of rheumatism; was laid aside for several weeks. Then they sent for me to come to Berkeley Springs. Mrs. Ham Phillips met me. I was exhausted when I arrived at her home. Saturday two ministers called; they prayed for me and wanted me to talk at the U. B. church Sabbath night. I said, "Why, I am so weak they could not hear me."

"Yes, but we have prayed that you will be strengthened; you don't have to walk any."

I felt I must be obedient. I had not talked five minutes until they could hear me all over the house. From that hour I improved.

The next Sabbath I talked at the Methodist Episcopal church, and in the afternoon at a

TEMPERANCE RALLY AT THE OPERA HOUSE.

The brass band came of their own accord to play. The house was crowded; my voice could be heard in all parts. At the close several doubtful ones came, saying, "You have won us; we will vote the temperance ticket." Weeks after this I went back to help Rev. Ely in his protracted meeting. Mrs. Jenkins, an old friend, a Quaker minister, came to our help. She had power in prayer and personal work as well as in proclaiming the Gospel. Many homes were visited and much personal work done; souls were saved and many

Christians brought into greater liberty in Christ. We had some opportunities at the Washington Hotel, where Mr. May entertained us. From here we went to Frostburgh, Md., a mining town. We had a wonderful *watch-night* service. A drunken man was sobered and saved; his life proved it. For several nights there seemed to be something in the way; we were burdened for the church. When the superintendent of the Sabbath school knelt at the altar, the pastor, Rev. Martin, said, "If Bro. H. needs to be there, so do you and I. Come!" The church came forward. How they prayed! Soon those that were at variance with one another made up; then we had victory.

O, how much harm is done the cause of Christ by professing Christians letting little grievances come between them! When they get where they cannot speak to each other, their light goes under a bushel; they stand in the way of sinners. No one is fully right with God who will not speak to an enemy.

Our meetings with the miners were effectual and instructive to us. A visit down in the mines to see how they are laid off in streets and blocks like a town, and the danger they are in, was sufficient to impress us what a miner's life was like, and the debt of gratitude the public owe them that risk their lives to dig our coal. We learn many things are produced from coal.

We had one meeting at Barton, one at Laocon-
ing, and one at Brunswick.

I met a minister, who said, "I was a little boy
when you had a meeting at Bethany Church in
Baltimore, that had much to do with leading me
into the ministry. Never pass a boy without
giving him a word of encouragement."

Sometime after this I met another. His tes-
timony was, "I was a tempted boy, had little en-
couragement to do right; was playing marbles.
A lady stopped me and invited me to go with
her to Union Square Church and hear a lady,
Jennie Smith. I went; and that was the turning
point in my life. All these years I have thanked
God for that kind lady's words and the influence
of that meeting, that made a man of me."

A LESSON FROM AN OLD CAR.

After fifteen years we see the result of one talk.
We spent several days in Elkins, W. Va. Had
services in the churches at night and in the shops
at noon. Mr. Beck made it very pleasant for us.

I stood on the back end of an old car that was
in for repairs. I said, "Just think, in a short time
how changed this old car will be—all made over
new so one would hardly recognize it as the same
car. I wonder how many of you men have been
in for repairs. You that have, I beg you to re-
new your covenant with God, be strong in the
Lord and in the power of His might; do your

duty. You that have not settled the great question, oh, think of what it means to change masters, to become new creatures in Christ Jesus. It makes as great a change in a man's life as will be made in this old car. He makes a better shopmate, and we 'have seen miserable homes made happy when father and mother become Christians."

One in that meeting resolved to go in for repairs before the old car was completed. Many miles from here he was found in the Master's work. Have seen shop-mates saved when they have seen the change in their comrades.

ONLY A TRACT.

"Yes, but those words marked with a pencil, '*Looking unto Jesus*,' convicted me. I had no rest until I gave my heart to Jesus. What a change it has made in my life! Why, my shopmates don't seem to be the same fellows to work with. I used to run from your meetings; now I am glad to see the notice that you are coming to Mt. Clare shops. Your meeting today has not been in vain. All seemed so eager to get the cards and tracts." After this testimony, we felt more encouraged to give out our *ammunition*.

From here I went over to the Methodist Episcopal Conference at Eutaw Church and met many of the ministers. One that has been a real success was saved through a tract given him in a

shop meeting the first year of our work on the B. & O.

Mrs. Murdock would have me go home with her. For twenty years this has been my headquarters in Baltimore. Mr. Murdock was a passenger conductor. Recently he went triumphantly to heaven. I was called to his funeral from dear Mrs. Cairnes' home in Cumberland. I went to comfort her after her husband had gone to his reward. That was my home in Cumberland for years.

A RAILROAD RECEPTION.

Miss Minnie Shay, the sweet singer, went with me to Camden, N. J., by invitation of Mr. Cox, the railroad Y. M. C. A. Secretary. Friday afternoon we had a big meeting at the shop; several ministers were with us.

At night they gave us a reception at their hall; had a large gathering. It was a profitable as well as an enjoyable time.

Saturday night we had a blessed meeting at the railroad rooms. Sabbath morning, after the Brotherhood meeting, we had a service at the State Street Methodist Episcopal Church; in the afternoon at the Central Y. M. C. A. By special request, I gave

THE OPEN SWITCH

at night at Grace Baptist Church. We had a real victory; eight souls were saved. Monday morn-

ing an engineer was saved at the rooms before we left.

I met two railroad men who helped to carry my couch when I was brought from Ocean Grove to the hospital in Philadelphia. One said he was made a better man by what I said to him at that time. What wonderful changes these years have wrought since then!

How all enjoyed Miss Shay's singing as well as her helpful testimonies! We had good music from the Railway Orchestra.

I went from here to Germantown, Philadelphia. Had a profitable visit with Mrs. Beck and Miss Hershy in their blessed "Home of Rest for Weary Workers." Several times Miss Hershy has helped me as we have crossed each other's pathway. Their tract depository, Mission, and "Gospel Auto Evangelistic" party have been a great blessing.

I went on to Baltimore. Friday night had a good meeting at Mr. Stacy's, B. & O. Y. M. C. A.; also on Sabbath afternoon. Saturday night had an unusual treat at the great meeting that has been held for years at Carolina Methodist Episcopal Church, an old-fashioned pentecostal experience meeting. A police officer gave a good shout.

Sabbath morning I held service at Fort Ave., where we had our first services in Baltimore, now a new church. How it brought up old memories

to hear some testify that they were saved in that meeting; but many have gone to heaven. One that was deeply convicted in that meeting, but put off the one thing needful; how he regrets it and feels these years have been lost; yet still defers the important step. What danger he is in of being lost eternally!

Sabbath night we had a service at Wallbrook Methodist Episcopal Church. Mr. C. W. Egan, the General Claim Agent of the B. & O., gave an inspiring talk. I followed. After this we had a refreshing time in Mr. Egan's home, where I spent the night. He has taken special interest in my work.

CHAPTER XX.

A RED LETTER DAY IN THE DISTRICT.

THIS was especially for the firemen. Many of our W. C. T. U. ladies took part. Flowers in abundance were sent to our W. C. T. U. headquarters. Machines were ready to carry us to all the engine houses. Mrs. Shelton and several of us went first to our city building to meet Chief Wagner and those in the office, and gave them flowers and cards; we had a cheerful greeting here, as elsewhere. We talked, sang, and prayed in each engine house, and gave flowers and literature to all.

A number of the houses have musical instruments, and many of our *fire-laddies* can sing and play. We had good music everywhere. It was a treat-day to our ladies as well as to the men.

Besides the hundreds of bouquets given out, boxes of the flowers were sent to the street car barns. Flowers have a wonderful mission in our work all these years. I would rather have the flowers to use now than have them on my grave after I am gone.

MOTHERS' NATIONAL DAY.

One dear boy remembered what this day had been, as his eyes fell upon the picture hanging

at the foot of his bed—his beautiful mother—a full-sized head done in water colors, so life-like that the blue eyes and lovely mouth seemed to smile down upon him. But, oh, the sorrow! He could not pin upon that breast this Mothers' Day that white rose! He cried out, "O, mother has gone on that long journey from whence there is no returning!"

We cannot help but think of how many boys will forget their mothers on this day. My nephew Garrett never forgets Mothers' Day, even when he is far away.

The Auxiliary of the Pennsylvania Railroad Y. M. C. A., of West Philadelphia, engaged Miss Minnie Shay and myself for an afternoon meeting on *Mothers' Day*. We had touching testimonies given of mother love. In the morning the service pertaining to *Mothers* was held in the Lutheran church, and at night in the Methodist Episcopal church. We trust some hearts were stirred to remember mother's prayers through Minnie's singing. Some will have salvation sung into them that will not have it talked into them.

AT WASHINGTON GROVE.

I spent several days at this summer resort—a quiet resting place between services. Mrs. Captain Ripley sold some of my work and books; and all gave me a good time at the hotel.

I returned home, went out in the work, but was overcome by the heat; the sun was too much for me. I was taken home very sick. For two weeks I knew very little of what was going on, then was just able to be up. I had promised our W. C. T. U. ladies some time before this I would be at home on their

RED LETTER DAY,

a day when three promoted leaders are honored and one living worker. I had no idea this would be on my birthday. When Mr. Ramsey came for me he had to lead me to the machine. I wondered how I could stand and talk, I was so weak and trembling; but I abandoned all into the hands of the Lord. The Holy Spirit took possession and gave unusual strength. His power was felt by all. I felt *well from that hour*.

At the close they presented me with a birthday gift, according to my natal year. What a surprise this was! How true,

“You are coming to a King,
Large petitions with you bring;
For His power and grace are such
You can never ask too much.”

Little did I dream prayer would be answered from this source to meet a pressing demand.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

"Lord, help us to pray,
As Thou hast taught us the way;
If we believe—Thou wilt relieve
Sorrows that come whence they may."

How I long for more power to help sorrowing ones to take the Lord at His word and trust Him more fully; so many come to me for help. I do praise the Lord for the refuge in faith's way—one soul I know was helped.

I took Miss Carrie Morrison to Cumberland, intending to return on the next train. Mr. T. C. Lindell came after me, saying, "Our pastor, Rev. C. E. Miller, of the Evangelical Church, is sick; he wants you to come to his help." He had begun a series of meetings; the interest was such, I felt I had to stay; was with them three weeks. Many souls were saved, and the church revived. Several meetings were held at the B. & O. Y. M. C. A. and shops.

I spent ten days at Keyser, W. Va. We had meetings at noon in the shops, ladies and ministers attending. Afternoon and night meetings brought results. Many incidents of interest occurred. We will never forget the kindness of the Keyser people.

At the close they took Mrs. Reese and myself ten miles in a machine over the mountain. People came miles to this meeting; one woman

walked five miles. All could not get into the house. How I longed to stay, but I had to return to Keyser that night.

Next morning I went on to Grafton; had a big noon shop meeting and a good meeting at the church at night. From there to Cameron for one meeting—met many railroad men at each place.

I took the train for Newark, O. Mrs. Clinton Howard had a full program for various meetings during the week. Mrs. Shaffer joined me. Then we had several meetings with Rev. Waters at Second Methodist Episcopal Church. Also a large meeting at the shops. They had a platform even carpeted. Some of the lady visitors had never been in such a meeting. They were as much benefited as the men were. We nearly always reap some results from noon meetings when we are having revival services in the church. It always pays to go after souls to carry the Gospel to those who would not go to church. There one was brought to Christ through a little card and a tract.

I returned to Pittsburgh with Mrs. Shaffer for the dedication of their new home at Hazelwood; we had a big crowd and a very helpful program.

SEBRING CAMPMEETING.

I was entertained at the W. C. T. U. cottage by Mrs. Westlake. Three years ago we prayed that they might have a tent; now they have a

cottage. Precious seasons of prayer were held here. At the sunset hour cottage meetings were held all around the Circle; shouts were heard in different directions. I met many old friends of years ago. All these days we had a spiritual feast. Nothing is so cheering as to see souls coming to Christ and church members getting out of bondage into liberty.

One day they took a party of us over to the "Sebring Potteries," where we had good meetings. Mr. Clift presented me with souvenir dishes. We were much interested, and this industry was very instructive.

"To the potter's house I went down one day,
And watched him while moulding the clay;
And many a wonderful lesson I drew,
As I noted the process the clay went through.
Trampled and broken, down-trodden and rolled,
To render more plastic and fit for the mould.
How like the clay that is human, I thought,
When in heavenly hands to perfection is brought;
For self must be cast as dust at His feet,
Before it is ready for service made meet,
All pride must be broken and self-will lost,
All laid at the altar, whatever the cost.
But lo! bye and bye a delicate vase
Of wonderful beauty and exquisite grace.
Was it once the vile clay? Ah, yes; yet how strange
The Potter has wrought so marvelous change!
Not a trace of the earth, nor marks of the clay,
The fires of the furnace have burned them away.
Wondrous skill of the Potter—the praise is His due,
In whose hands to perfection and beauty it grew.

Thus with souls lying still, content in God's hand,
That do not His power of working withstand;
They are moulded and fitted a treasure to hold,
Vile clay transformed into purest of gold."

"Reader, let us be as clay in the hands of the potter,
So let us be in the hands of our heavenly Father."

After the campmeeting I spent some days at my nephew's, Sherman Howell's, in Alliance, O. We had several services here at the churches, with the firemen at the engine houses, and others.

From here we went to Youngstown. Mr. Shepherd met me; we had several meetings. Then I started eastward.

I spent two days at Pittsburgh at the Boys' HOME. The matron, Mrs. Green, was an old friend. I was deeply interested in this work. Also at the *Yoder Hotel*, for only boys and men, where they had services in their chapel several times a week by the workers from Rev. C. H. Pridgeon's Bible Institute. How we have seen the good results of such work among homeless boys; they are exposed to so many temptations and have so little encouragement to resist them and to help them to be good. O, the good that might be wrought if parents and all would take more interest in the children and young people!

A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.

On Thursday, at Mt. Clare B. & O. shops, six men were scalded, two of whom died. I had

promised to have a noon meeting on Friday, the day the Band boys always practiced; this day the Company requested them to play only sacred music. After several pieces, the Rev. J. E. Kleffman prayed, then introduced me. I stepped near the edge of the platform—nearly a thousand men surged near. It was a solemn hour. I did not have cards for half of them. I shook hands with all the Band boys and many others.

Sabbath morning I had services at the Covenant Presbyterian Church. As we were going through the park, we met a cripple, talked with him, and gave him tracts. That night he came to the U. B. church, Rev. Kleffman's, and was saved.

I remained over night at the Methodist Episcopal Home for the Aged. Monday morning we had a lovely service in the chapel, also at the breakfast table. Then visited and prayed with all the sick; gave all cards and tracts.

What wonderful institutions these are for homeless ones! They appreciate any attention from people outside. How little gifts cheer them on their way!

OBEDIENCE IS BETTER THAN SACRIFICE.

I had given up going to Betterton, but the more I prayed the more I was convinced I must go. When I reached the wharf in Baltimore the boat was gone—changed time that day. My verse

that morning, "In all thy ways acknowledge Him and He shall direct thy paths" (Prov. 2:6), came to me. I lifted my heart in prayer. I said, I will get something out of this Providence.

Just then a number of the Mt. Clare boys came up and said, "O, you must go with us to *Tolchester*. They shut down the shops this afternoon in honor of our excursion."

It was a rare opportunity on the boat; and when we landed I met several old friends—ministers and others. One I had not met since he was a boy. We had a profitable time.

Some one heard they had expected me at Betterton. They soon found Mr. Harris, who offered to take me with them in their machine. We had a pleasant twenty-five mile ride.

The town was crowded with summer visitors. I had a warm welcome from Mrs. Crew, an old friend, in her beautiful home. They expected me for the morning service at *Still Pond* and at night at Betterton. I had not received the *last* letter of the pastor, who expected me to fill his place. We had a large crowd at the Methodist Episcopal church at night. I was surprised to meet many acquaintances from different parts of the country.

SOLDIER BOYS WELCOME.

President Wilson headed the most impressive parade ever held in this city. His Cabinet, Senators, and heads of all departments; then thou-

sands of soldiers and thousands of government employees; also business of every kind was represented.

All was most solemn; we could not help but think of that morning when we were startled with such a blowing of whistles and great excitement.

PRESIDENT WILSON HAD DECLARED WAR.

What a history these months had wrought from April, 1917, until the armistice was signed! It was evident many in the crowd had aching hearts for the loved ones who had not returned or had come back crippled.

Every time we meet one of our crippled soldiers on the street, we feel like stopping and grasping him by the hand. Many look so lonely and sad. Kind words do them good.

CHAPTER XXI.

NATIONAL W. C. T. U. CONVENTION IN 1917.

THIS convention was held in Washington, D. C. Sabbath morning we had a great experience meeting at the Metropolitan Church, led by Miss Gordon, our National President, and others.

Monday the convention opened at Polo Theater. Nine hundred delegates and many visitors were present. Every day was full of interest. We had a happy time with those entertained at our home. On account of the war, this was our last convention for two years. I have only missed *three Nationals* in *thirty-seven* years.

LEADING WOMEN OF THE NATION

met at the "*Interchurch World Conference*" here in the city. A movement to reach "every woman in the church" and get her to participate in the greatest program for Christian service ever presented, was the purpose back of the "*National Conference for Church Women*."

Mrs. Josephus Daniels gave the address of welcome. Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, Mrs. Thomas Marshall, Mrs. Robert Cannang, and Mrs. Daniels heading the Committee on Arrangements. The gathering was noteworthy from a social

point of view. There were present 280 delegates, representing twenty-one states; forty church boards and many national woman's organizations. O, for the power of the Holy Spirit to come upon such gatherings!

STATE W. C. T. U. CONVENTION

was held at Springfield, O. My journal says, "I cannot doubt but my coming here is of the Lord. I do thank dear Mrs. Meyers for writing me to come to her lovely home. They gave her pastor, Rev. Houston, a reception last night. I knew him and his wife before they were married. I met many old friends. I had a meeting in this church twenty years ago."

So many old friends from all parts of the state are at the convention.

The old Crusaders went out and held a memorial service at Mother Stewart's grave; we all loved her. Many incidents do we remember of the old comrade.

Mrs. Meyers took us out to Vienna, my birthplace. We had a service in the Methodist Episcopal church. Senator Busby and two others are all that are left of our childhood days. I was only six when we left here. I well remember the old National pike.

Another trip was to Xenia; we heard Governor Hanly, then had our meeting at the Friends' Church. A number of Christian railroad men

cheered us by their testimonies. We had a Gospel temperance meeting.

Mrs. Meyers made my visit a delightful one in various ways. She proved a friend *indeed*; she made a timely gift to the *Home Fund*.

I spent several days in Columbus, O., at Cousin Charley Barrett's.

THE GREAT TABERNACLE IN WASHINGTON, D. C., where on January 6, 1918, the "Billy Sunday" meetings were opened, was only three blocks from our home. Twenty-two thousand were in that congregation. The first sermon was, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" Most of the churches closed and gathered here. For ten days his appeals were principally to church members. Surely there was a shaking of dry bones; not one of us but was made to feel the need of the Lord's children getting into the deeper things of God and having more liberty in Christ Jesus in winning souls.

Over fifty half-hour prayer meetings were held in the homes every morning all over the District. One night over five hundred of the Baltimore converts of his meeting there marched in, led by the Firemen's Band, a number of them firemen, policemen, and railroad men. These were marvelous meetings; hundreds were saved. Eternity alone will tell the good work done. A choir of fifteen hundred made the music wonderful. At

the close, the Y. M. C. A. took charge of the tabernacle, now called "*Liberty Hut*," where great meetings are held.

WHAT A PROVIDENCE.

A woman was dying. She begged a friend of mine to take her baby, two weeks old. She felt she could not, for it would not be agreeable to her husband—they had no children.

The woman insisted, saying, "I cannot die unless you promise you will mother my child."

Finally my friend thought of the Children's Home near by and said to herself, "I can look after it there," so she promised her. She called her Dortheo. She looked after the babe faithfully—she loved it. Some of us were praying the way would open for her to have it in the home.

They were going to move the Children's Home; they went all around the neighborhood to get the people to keep the children while they moved. They sent Dortheo to my friend. She was a beautiful child and seemed at once devoted to her and her husband. The time came when they were all taken to the new Home, but something was not completed, and they all had to be taken back. The child was so delighted, and so were they; she never left them. They adopted her, and she has been a great blessing to their home.

When three years old, a canary was given

her. I said, "Dortheo, what do you call your bird?"

She answered, "Billy Sunday. Listen! do you hear what he is singing? 'Brighten the corner where you are!' and that's what he does."

She is a sweet little singer herself; now six years old, going to school.

RAILROAD MEETINGS.

At Rockwood, Pa., I met a number of railroad men; spent the night here. How I missed my old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Wolfersberger, but Miss Ella Yonkers made it as of old, home-like, at the Rockwood House.

At Pittsburgh Mrs. Shaffer joined me for Chicago Junction, now called "Willard." She went to her cousins and I to Mrs. Beelman's.

Sabbath morning we had services at Rev. Crabb's U. B. church. Mrs. Shaffer sang and talked to the Sabbath school, I to the eleven o'clock service. At three o'clock in the afternoon we had a good, cheering railroad meeting at the B. & O. Y. M. C. A. hall. At night a *union meeting* at the Methodist Episcopal church. All the ministers and Secretary Milburn, of the B. & O. Y. M. C. A., were present.

Monday night we had another interesting

RAILROAD MEETING.

Tuesday morning a dear old friend requested to see me. I talked and prayed with her. She was ready to go, and passed away that night.

O, how important for us all to live for that hour that must come to each one sooner or later! It is a glorious thing to die in the triumphs of a living faith; and if we live right there will be no trouble about the dying. One said, "I have plenty of time."

I said, "For what?"

"To get ready to die."

"Bless your heart, we want you to get ready to live; then you will be ready to die."

I left for Chicago. I knew all the crew; they made it a very pleasant journey. My cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Matthews, met me with their car. I went to cousin Anna Stoddard's for my first visit; then to Cousin Jennie's. We had not met each other for many years. The girls could run the car, and they gave me much pleasure. One of the great treats was attending the Tabernacle meetings of Billy Sunday. Met many old friends; some knew me in Ohio when I was an invalid.

I went with Cousins to their church, the Episcopal; heard a helpful sermon; and how I enjoyed hearing the boys' choir sing! The Sunday Company all sent greetings back to Washington, "in particular to the Brass Button Boys." (One of their good helpers was the chief, Major Pullman, who has just been laid away.)

GARRETT, INDIANA.

On my arrival Mr. Miller met me and took me to Mrs. Wright's, the next to Mrs. Jones—

my constant friend for so many years, who has gone to a rich reward. They said, "Through her we have our beautiful church." Sabbath, 11 A. M., I had much liberty. Rev. Tinkham, the pastor, sanctioned a talk on consecration and fruit-bearing.

At the evening service the Juniors met. Their president, Miss Pauline, made a little speech, and the little daughter of the pastor presented me with the most beautiful bouquet of flowers. I kissed little Ruth and held up the flowers, saying, "If the Heavenly Father did not want us to be happy, He would never have made anything so beautiful as that; He wants us to appreciate the beauties of nature."

We had a blessed service that night. We had a great meeting at the shop Monday noon. I shook hands with over two hundred; gave each a card; went from there to the train, where they had a song service. Some one introduced me to the sailor boys. After the train started they came into the coach. I shook hands and gave each a card. Then they entertained the passengers by singing for us. All enjoyed it.

Mr. Milburn met me at *Willard*. We had a big union meeting that night at the Presbyterian church—a temperance rally. All the ministers took part. How every one felt the importance of the temperance work, for the curse was doing much harm!

How we can praise the Lord for the victories that have been won in the temperance cause! We see the great change in individuals and communities everywhere we go. So many homes have been made happy.

EGG ROLLING AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

Monday after Easter is a great day for the children. Maiden ladies and bachelors can only get into the grounds by borrowing a boy or girl. A minister from a distance said, "I do want to get into the grounds."

Just then a little boy and his sister came along with their baskets of eggs. He said, "Sonny, can I go in with you?"

"Yes, Sir! Take my hand; I will take you in."

When he came out, he said, "My, what a treat! That was worth coming to Washington to see; eggs of every color and toys of every kind connected with Easter."

The President and family were on the porch for awhile; he gave them a salute. Fifteen hundred people were on the grounds. They had fine music.

After our district quarterly convention they gave us the flowers. Mrs. Willey, my assistant in the district work, went with me to several engine houses for a little meeting.

I went with her to the Marine Barracks for her meeting with the boys. It was a real treat.

For years she has kept up her work with the Marines.

A REUNION OF THE SOLDIERS OF MINERAL COUNTY

was held at Alaska, W. Va. It was a great gathering. After several addresses were made, they had the drill and parade with the Sabbath schools. Then all gathered round the tables set in the churchyard grove. That made a fine picture, and how they enjoyed the feast of good things! They also appreciated the cards and tracts given and our interest in them. We separated with a prayer that as they had been a blessing to our country, they would be prepared for that great Reunion above.

Sabbath we had service morning and night in the churches; afternoon a great meeting in the grove; an automobile was my pulpit.

Sometime before this Mrs. Lantze had me spend two days here and hold meetings on Sabbath at the churches and at a schoolhouse in the country. How I do enjoy getting out where people are so hungry for the Word! I was surprised to find Mr. Kauffman here who has been such a friend for years. They entertained me at their Tourist Hotel.

OLD TOWN.

We had several 'days' meeting here. Mrs. Shaffer joined me. I had heard some wanted

their new church on the old spot; I thought, as I entered their village, if the citizens could realize the impression made upon a visitor by their church edifice, they would rejoice that they had built it in the center of the town.

We had a good meeting; souls were saved and some of the church members brought into greater freedom.

The last meeting I noticed the children depositing little packages; bye and bye we discovered it was a *shower of potatoes*. We made up the barrel and was thankful we could ship them home.

I was reminded of two little boys that planted a few hills of potatoes for the missionary cause. When gathered, no one had such a crop as they had. Through them several dollars went into the missionary treasury.

When quite young, after I was afflicted, a hen was given me; I consecrated her and all the eggs and chickens hatched to the missionary cause; this was my only way of getting my missionary money. Mother taught her children to practice self-denial for Jesus' sake.

One mother taught her little ones to do without butter on their bread until the missionary money was paid—a lasting lesson for those children.

Some are following out such devices for the sake of such work as the

FLORENCE CRITTENTON HOPE AND HELP MISSION.

This is a blessed work. The purpose of the Mission is to care for unfortunate girls who need and desire help.

Before Mr. Crittenton went to heaven, I heard him tell when he lost his idol, little "Florence," he was awakened to see the need of a work being done for lost girls in New York. When he found one and there was no place to which to take her, he determined to start this work at once. I have been in these Homes from Boston to California; have been with him and some of his co-workers long after midnight rescuing lost ones. Many homeless, friendless, helpless, unfortunate girls have found a shelter and been saved through the religious influence of these homes. We have seen many sad sights. One said, "I was a pure, innocent girl; my first downward step was the *dance*. I became fascinated with it in a *mother's* parlor. I would not hear or heed the voice of warning, but was led on and away to ruin before I was aware of it. I came of a good family, but they do not know what has become of me. O, tell the girls to shun the *dance*, cards, and wine cup when offered to them!"

We have known a few cases where they have repented and been saved, but their parents would not forgive or take them back home. What a blessing the Crittenton homes have been to such!

Could mothers see and hear what I have of the result of dancing, they would certainly safeguard their daughters from that which has been the ruin of thousands. I have never found a SOUL READY TO DIE that indulges in the dance.

CHAPTER XXII.

MOUNDSVILLE, WEST VIRGINIA, CAMP. 1919.

I SPENT a delightful week at this campmeeting through the President, Mr. Hood. A congenial crowd of the Lord's children were at the hotel. Rev. L. J. Miller, "Tennessee Cyclone," Rev. Andrew Johnson, the Kentucky Orator, and Bishop W. F. Oldham, of Buenos Aires, South America, gave us the most wonderful messages. Prof. Chas. C. Connelly was the chorister; a sweet singer. The Superintendent, Rev. C. Fred Anderson, looked after the comfort of everybody.

We believe almost as much was accomplished in reviving church members as bringing sinners into the fold. It is so sad to find in the various churches members who know nothing about a *consecrated* life, or what it means to have liberty in Christ Jesus and be set free from the man-fearing and man-pleasing spirit. The Bishop and all made this so very clear that many returned to their homes to work for the Master as never before.

We must give just a crumb of the rich things we had.

“O, Man! O, Woman! know it well,
Nor seek elsewhere His place to find,
That God doth in His temple dwell—
The temple of the holy mind.”

“Ye are laborers together with God. Ye are God’s husbandry. Ye are God’s building.”

“The time is near when the workman will be called from labor to refreshment and reward. Each piece on which you have wrought, bearing the impress of your own private signature, will soon be carried to its place. Then the skilled workman will brush the dust from his garments and the wife the sweat from his brow and lay down forever the implements of his toil; and standing erect, run up the shining way with joy and join the multitude.”

“I pray that when you are there you may see the spiritual substance on which you have wrought for the whole period of your lives, radiant and lustrous with beauty in some *select niche* of the great Temple (see 1 Kings 6:7), when the great organ of Eternity shall peal forth its notes of praise and the garnered saints of all ages unite in the ‘Song of Moses and the Lamb,’ we may join in and fill perfectly the measure of His glory Who redeemed us with His own precious blood and saved you by the agency of the Holy Ghost.”

Memories were revived and results given of the seed-sowing of other years from McMechan, Wheeling, and Martin’s Ferry.

At Martin's Ferry I was entertained in the beautiful home of Mrs. Henderson. Our meetings were not as encouraging as we desired, but now comes the good news that the work was not in vain and the results lasting. One was convicted and saved through a little Scripture card and tract, who turned out to be a good worker in the church.

This is what we desire when a soul comes to Jesus that they will be faithful, make a worker, and enter heaven at last with sheaves to lay at the Master's feet.

May our language be,

“Make me to walk in thy command,
‘Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands,
Offend against my God.”

GOSPEL WAGON EXPERIENCE.

I spent a week in Cumberland, Md., at Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, South, the pastor being sick. We had a successful meeting, with sixty conversions, a number reclaimed, and ten baptized with the Holy Spirit.

I was much interested in the pastor's experience, as I well remember the beginning of his useful life. He became a drunkard when young—a prodigal. A sister's death convicted him of sin and aroused him to a consciousness of his condition. He repented, became a church mem-

ber; after some years went to another city. Because of associations, began to drink again—returned home backslidden. He heard Tod Hall; this brought conviction for sin. He began secret prayer, promising God if He would restore him again he would do anything He required. They lived in West Washington, D. C. He said, "One Sabbath the Central Union Mission wagon, with six big white horses, came on the corner. They began to play, sing, and preach. After quite a struggle with self and the devil, I went over where they were. Former associates asked in a jeering voice, 'Are you getting religion?' I replied, 'No, I have it' (not of what I feel but what I promised God). At this juncture they called from the wagon for testimonies. I stepped to the front, but could not utter a word. I thought of the promise, 'Open thy mouth, and I will fill it.' He poured upon me the Holy Spirit; there on that street corner began a life in mission work which later led into the ministry. Rev. J. H. Billingsby is a Spirit-filled pastor-evangelist."

Our National W. C. T. U. Convention in 1919 met in St. Louis. The executive had several days at the Statler Hotel. The convention was held in Oden Theater. As usual, we had a great gathering; every hour was full of interest. One incident was a telegram from the American Syrian Relief Committee. The W. C. T. U. gave five thousand dollars. An Armenian, Bogdasen

Baghdegian, was introduced ; she made touching remarks and thanked the convention for the gift to her suffering people. In Miss Gordon's speech, she said,

TOMORROW'S OBLIGATIONS.

"Today the Woman's Christian Temperance Union enters upon a new crusade. We are deeply stirred by the compelling challenge of a supreme and unfinished task. We exult in the high purpose and activities for purity, total abstinence, and prohibition. Joyfully we sing unto the Lord a new song. The following slogans for 1920 are suggested as embodying some of our obligations of tomorrow :

"Sound the Jubilee, Enforce the Law, Teach Total Abstinence, Safeguard the Young, Promote Health and Morality, Befriend the Foreigner, Be Just to Travelers, Donate Drinking Fountains, Establish Social Centers, Work for World Prohibition, and Pray without Ceasing."

Space will not allow us to give much that was full of interest.

I spent the Sabbath at Kirkwood, Mo., with old Ohio friends, Mr. and Mrs. Harbor. I had a meeting at the Baptist church. On my return I spent a few days at Flora, Ill., and Covington, Ky. At Covington I was entertained at Judge McLaughlin's, and had a blessed meeting at Shinkle Chapel, and in Cincinnati at the Misses

Langdon. How I miss the sainted mother who has gone to a rich reward!

THE SPIRITUAL RAILWAY.

"The line to Heaven by Christ was made;
With heavenly truths the rails are laid.
From Earth to Heaven the line extends,
To Life Eternal, where it ends.

Repentance is the Station House,
Where passengers are taken in;
No fee for them is there to pay,
For Jesus is Himself the Way.

The Bible is the engineer,
It points the way to Heaven so clear;
Through tunnels dark and dreary here,
It does the way to Glory steer.

God's love the fire, His truth the steam,
Which drives the engine and the train;
All you who would to Glory ride,
Must come to Christ, with Him abide.

Come, then, poor sinner; now's the time
At any station on the line;
If you repent and turn from sin,
The train will stop and take you in."

CHAPTER XXIII.

ANSWERS TO PRAYER AND LEADINGS REGARDING THE HOME.

IN 1906 we had to move. We looked in all directions; could find nothing we could take. After a season of prayer, while sitting at my desk, such a peace and faith gave assurance, *Thou wilt direct us.*

An hour after, sister and I were passing an empty house on North Capitol Street. The workmen in the yard said, "Yes, it is for rent by the druggist across the street." We went through the house and found it suited us, and the rent more reasonable than elsewhere. Now the furnishing was a question settled by prayer. Here came Dr. Kilroy, who wanted the back parlor and side room for a Doctor's office. He wanted to furnish them; also to put some pictures and several pieces of his furniture in the parlor. We felt this was a special Providence as well as the friend, a dealer, who offered to furnish the carpet for the parlor, hall, and stairway, which took ninety yards; also other necessary things, and gave us easy terms which we could meet.

Mrs. Upton, one of our roomers, said, "I must have two rooms; I will not leave you."

Soon all our rooms were taken. It was a cheerful, bright home. Our only difficulty was the heating of the house. We spent five years here.

Several years before this, Miss Mary Peebles, of Ohio, gave me one hundred dollars that started a *Home Fund*. I had such a longing for a home of our own. Mr. Laurance, of Indiana, gave fifty; Mr. Shuck twenty-five. A percent of all we received went into this fund; little by little it increased until there was a little over five hundred dollars in the bank that could be used for nothing but a home.

One day we saw an unusual advertisement of a house located to suit us, for \$3,750—five hundred down and twenty-five dollars monthly payments. This was less than half the rent we were paying. We found a well-built house of nine rooms, two toilets and bath; heated all through with hot water. And in the kitchen both gas and coal ranges, nice pantry and large cupboard; concrete cellar; back yard with garage, opening out into a fine paved alley; a small front yard, with iron fence and veranda. Front bay-windows on second and third floors. We could accommodate as many here as where we were.

I was at the agent's office, in his booth. I said, "Perhaps I had better wait until this afternoon."

He replied, "Indeed, Miss Jennie; you could not get another chance like this for such a house; a man has gone to see it with another agent; he

is determined to have it. Give me your check so I can hold it up when they come back. Then if you decide not to take it, I will give back your check."

They returned. As I stepped out, he said to me, "Do you want to make a hundred dollars easy?"

"Sir; I do not understand what you mean."

"Will you take one hundred dollars in cash and give me that house? You might not get it paid for."

"Sir, I believe in answer to prayer. I have been led to that house. I do not know just how; but I believe in some way I will be enabled to pay for it. No, Sir, you cannot have it. I will make the venture."

I closed the bargain before I left the office. In a short time we were moved to 319 E St. N. E. Within a month Mrs. Meachem and her sister, of Brooklyn, presented me with one hundred and twenty-five dollars for the *Home Fund*.

Mr. Howell and son Langdon had a restaurant with extra rooms near us—a much needed place in the neighborhood. But they had to be open so early and so late. Finally, first one took sick, then the other, and it seemed impossible to get reliable help that could be trusted to take charge. Just in their dilemma the house next to mine was vacated. They rented this and had a boarding house with regular meals, which they could man-

age with poor health, also look after the rooms of both houses; so I was free for my evangelistic work. For several years they succeeded with this. But they had so many Southern tourists stop with them; these all urged them to go South both for health and business' sake.

Finally a friend in St. Petersburg, Fla., prevailed upon them to take a house she could secure for them. They made the venture and moved down there. Now I was obliged to remain at home and look after my roomers. How I missed my precious sister Fannie, who has been more like a mother than a sister!

During the winter months I had an attack of the rheumatism; the cold weather affected me seriously. My friends insisted on my going South. Finally Mr. Ramsey secured passes. Mrs. Wolf offered to keep house for me, as it would be an advantage to her and her daughter to be in the city. The way opened so clearly I felt it was my duty to go. The railroad men did all in their power to give me a pleasant trip. Some had met me and been saved in our work years before. I think they were helped by our coming together again. When I arrived at St. Petersburg, what a meeting we had! How glad we were to see each other! I left snow in Washington, and here the flowers were blooming; yet it seemed so cold, we had fire most of the time—so unusual, they said, for that climate.

I found the dear ones had been seriously disappointed in the house secured for them; also in not being able to get good help, so they were overworking themselves; but their home cooking gave great satisfaction to the guests of

THE HOWELL HOUSE.

Some one reported the news of my arrival. Soon friends of other years from different parts of the country began to call. I knew Rev. Keen, of the beautiful Tourist Church; also his sainted father.

In a few weeks they had me holding services; but all wanted the experience of my healing. Finally I gave it at a union meeting to a crowded house; forty old acquaintances were present. Many knew me when I was an invalid. One was converted at the side of my couch, who could still testify for Christ.

O, what a meeting we will have when we get home to heaven! No wonder we are so anxious to see everybody saved—prepared for that glorious *reunion*.

I had two blessed services at the Baptist Temple, Rev. Harris' church; also services at the engine house with firemen and others.

Only eight weeks had passed when word came my housekeeper could not stay; one of us must go home. Sister Fannie was failing and so homesick, I felt it best for her to go. As I was im-

proving so much, all advised me to stay. She and Pansy went home and took charge of the house—a great relief to me.

Mrs. Bell and Mrs. Taggart took me out in their car often, which was a benefit and enabled me to see the country. I was interested in the jungles, they were so tropical. I went with a party across the Bay to Pass-Agrille, on the Gulf of Mexico, the most beautiful body of water I ever saw. I enjoyed gathering shells and seeing the great crowds bathing. By request, I went back to hold services on Sabbath. From my journal, April 24, 1915:

“He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
God is wisdom; God is love.”

How His handiwork in Nature convinces of this! I enjoyed the ride on the *Boat Gipsy*; met one hungry soul; was so glad I had some helpful tracts with me.

I am entertained at the “Buckeye Inn,” have a good view of the Gulf. This is a sweet, restful place, all so beautiful. But oh, so sad, no church of God in this place; our meeting will be in the schoolhouse. May the Holy Spirit carry home the truths and make souls realize “that it is not all of life to live, or all of death to die!” O, the work there is to do everywhere!

April 27, 1915.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." O, how I praise the Lord for His Word and the privilege of prayer! What a refuge we have under every circumstance in life! The sunrise on the Bay this morning was inspiring; and my faith was strengthened by the visit of Rev. Keen and Rev. Harris. Their prayers were so helpful, and their kindness we will never forget. I can take fresh courage for the homeward journey. Brother is failing, so we must get him home as soon as possible; he is discouraged.

May 1st.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

How true the old adage, "Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home." But I just read in today's calendar,

"A better home awaits me there,
When done with earth and all its care.
There I shall find a perfect rest,
While leaning on my Saviour's breast.
That better home is there for me,
'Tis there I want you all to be,
Where we can spend one endless day,
With every sorrow wiped away."

O, what a longing for greater power to win souls! I meet so many that are without God and hope. I praise the dear Lord sister's health

is better. She will be able to take charge and relieve me of all responsibility of the home, so I can respond to calls coming for service. I will be free to go and come as the Lord leads. Pansy will soon be in her own home.

I surely have much for which to praise the Lord. How He blessed our meeting last night at the Mission! One man saved will be very useful. He can use his sweet voice in the Mission instead of the saloon, as heretofore. O, what a work is accomplished through the Gospel missions, with meetings every night!

In "From Baca to Beulah," page 104, I give an account of the conversion of Wm. I. Steere. He has been an earnest Christian from that time. He now lives near our city at Mt. Reaner, where I have just had a meeting, and the ladies helped me on Decoration Day to make nearly three hundred button-hole bouquets for the street car boys.

Several years ago he became much exercised about the mortgage upon my home, and offered to give his time in an effort to collect funds from sympathizing friends, especially among B. & O. employees, to pay off the incumbrance. He took the matter to the general officials of the B. & O., and they kindly granted him a pass over all their lines and entrance into all their shops and offices for the purpose of presenting the matter. He spent several months on the road, working in

most towns from Baltimore to Pittsburgh. With the funds thus raised, the taxes and interest on the mortgage were paid for several years. That fund was about exhausted; the agents wanted to close the mortgage. But D. L. Burns, of Pittsburgh, came to our relief with six hundred dollars from the veterans of the B. & O. So they reduced the mortgage and renewed it, thus giving us *one more* chance to save it.

Now I am hoping and praying that I may get my book out, get it paid for, then finish paying for my home. Each one who buys or helps sell the books will aid me in this effort. My pastor and wife, Rev. Wm. Haggerdy, and Miss Kingsland, of Massachusetts, have helped with the book in their remembrance. Mr. J. G. Makinson also comes to my help; this in answer to prayer.

May each reader of these humble pages be strengthened in their faith. We send them forth with a single eye to God's glory and the salvation of souls. We know the Lord has often blessed "the simplest form of speech"; and out of what seemed to be failure has come blessing. So with faith we commit all into His dear hands. He will know every reader, even after I have gone to that glorious Home, where I want to meet you all.

Dear Reader, make sure of your soul's salvation. Present your body as a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God. (See Rom. 12:1.) Be free in Christ Jesus; live for heaven; then

by your influence you will make this world better and help to people Heaven.

Now we must separate; I must close. One sorrow has been that so much must be left out. I would that I could have mentioned each incident of every one that has ever conferred a favor of any kind that has helped me in my life work. Not having a salary, it has been a work of faith, "trusting as the days go by."

I have made and sold much work of my own hands. It has been a great comfort that I can mingle prayer with my work for every one who ever gets a piece. If an article is sold or a free-will offering given for service, I accept all as from Him Whom I am trusting.

It is marvelous how He will keep us from *worry* when we *trust fully*, and in His Providence opens our way before us.

"It may not be thy way, it may not be my way,
But in His own way the Lord will provide."

I am so glad there will be a reckoning day, when all will know what they have done. I never could express the gratitude felt, only to Him, who will bless and reward even a cup of cold water given in Jesus' name. The Word assures us all will be accounted for; nothing on the Lord's side will be lost. "For thine eyes are open upon all the ways of the sons of men to give every one according to the first fruit of his doings." Jer. 32: 19.

Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is pleasing in His sight, through Christ Jesus, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen. Heb. 13:20-21.

NOBODY TOLD ME OF JESUS.

Would you care if some friend you have met day by day,
Should never be told about Jesus?
Are you willing that he in the judgment day shall say,
"No one ever told me about Jesus?"

Care you not if one soul of the children of men
Should never be brought unto Jesus?
Or could say in that day when He cometh again,
"No one ever told me of Jesus."

Would you care if your crown should be starlessly dim,
Because you led no one to Jesus?
Make it true that some heart shall not answer to Him,
"No one ever told me of Jesus."

O, be silent no longer! but carry the news,
And tell of the crucified Jesus.
Tell it! Tell it so earnestly none can refuse
To accept this wonderful Jesus.

CHORUS—

Nobody told me of Jesus,
Nobody told me of Jesus;
So many I met—but they seemed to forget
That I wanted the story of Jesus.

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