

HIS
GUIDING
HAND

BY
MINNIE E.
LUDWIG

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MINNIE E. BRINK
*About the time of my
Sanctification*



MINNIE E. LUDWIG
As an Evangelist



MINNIE E. LUDWIG



THEODORE LUDWIG

In labors abundant—1941

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His Guiding Hand

An Autobiography

By

Minnie E. Ludwig

Author of

At the Cross Roads
The Call of the Pines
Living for Jesus

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DEDICATION

To our son, Sylvester Theodore, and to his wife, Clara, who were both converted in early childhood and have, by their consecrated lives and devotion to God's cause, brought constant joy to our hearts, this little volume is lovingly dedicated by

THE AUTHOR

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A GOODLY HERITAGE

*The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places;
yea, I have a goodly heritage (Psalm 16: 6).*

My baby eyes first saw the light of day in Washington County, Illinois. Not in a hospital, but in my own dear father's and mother's home that stood on a farm owned by my father before he and my mother were married.

I was born in the house that my father, as a contractor and builder, himself had built. It was furnished with beautiful furniture, made with his own hands from lumber cut from a grove of walnut trees growing on my grandfather's farm.

From this home, later, my father and mother went to their better home; Mother at the age of fifty-four and Father at the age of ninety-one. Here their thirteen children were born; nine of whom grew to maturity. This family would not have had any use for a modern trailer house; first, it would have taken too large a trailer, and again, they never had a moving day.

Father and Mother both have left us, but that dear old farm has never been sold, and two or three times a year we leave the hubbub of city life and the nerve taxing evangelistic field to spend a few days breathing God's pure fresh air with loved ones yet living there. This place is still "home" to us, though we many years ago left its sheltering roof.

“Home.” Yes, home is a beautiful word and I do not marvel that when a few years ago the question was asked over the radio for the ten most beautiful words, that “home” was at the head of the list.

However, it is not the wood and the stone from which the building is built that make it a magic word, but as Edgar Guest has said, “It takes a lot of living and a lot of loving,” to make a house a home.

What sweet memories and happy recollections crowd our minds regarding persons, things and happenings that cluster around that dear old place! The happy family circle; the loving and tender care of Father and Mother for their family; the devotion to each other of brothers and sisters. Then could one ever forget the meals prepared by Mother’s hands? The cookies she baked—the like of which, it seems to us, were never baked before nor since. The garments she sewed for us children on the old Florence sewing machine, which was the first one in the community and therefore quite a curiosity.

Nor could one erase from the mind Father’s tender love and concern in providing for his family the comforts and pleasure of life; or the hikes to the woods, in spring, that we children took with him gathering wild flowers to take home to Mother.

How delightful to call to memory when we youngsters roamed in the old apple, peach, pear and cherry orchards eating fruit to our hearts’ content. What fond recollections of the flower and vegetable garden, where to this day blooms the old American Beauty rose bush brought from Grandmother Krughoff’s home and planted by my own dear

mother's hands over sixty years ago. And it has not failed, for even one season, to gladden our hearts with its beautiful and fragrant roses.

There is also the good old well, which has furnished water for the family for over seventy years; and the memory of Major, the faithful family dog, who gave his life to give warning when the house was on fire.

Who could ever forget the large pond near our house, on which our parents kept a boat, where we children spent so many happy hours with our young friends. Had anyone suggested that Lake Michigan was larger than that pond, my young, imaginative mind would have seriously resented it. Yes, there was also that swing to which we children proudly pointed as the tallest one in the community. No, indeed, those ropes were not tied to the limb of a tree, but to two posts almost as tall as telephone poles, erected for that very purpose.

What memories regarding the two rows of large maple shade trees, leading from the house to the highway, where we children spent hours at play with the family and visitors were often refreshed beneath their cooling shade. And the good old mulberry tree in the garden near the house, planted by Father's hands about seventy years ago. It has weathered two cyclones and two fires, but is today as faithful in bearing fruit as it was in its younger days. Some of these towering maples and that mulberry tree remain to this day and are a part of our very lives. Should anyone suggest laying the ax to any of these trees we would, in defense, meet them in the spirit of Dean C. Sutton's striking poem:

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot,
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy ax shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown,
Is spread o'er land and sea,
And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke,
Cut not its earthbound ties;
O spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies.

When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy,
Here too my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here,
My father pressed my hand;
Forgive my foolish tears,
But let that old tree stand.

My heartstrings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend;
Here shall the wild birds sing,
And still their branches bend.
Old tree, the storm still brave,
And woodman, leave the spot,
While I've a hand to save,
Thy ax shall harm it not.

Memories! Yes, happy, happy memories. Memories of home, Father, Mother, brothers, sisters, trees, flowers, birds and a thousand other God-given blessings.

Both our paternal and maternal grandparents moved to Illinois when my mother and father were small children. In Washington County on the banks of the North Creek in about 1845, they built their homes. Here both families purchased large tracts of land which were later divided into many smaller farms. My mother's and father's childhood homes were scarce a half mile apart, the Brink home being located on the south side of the beautifully wooded stream and the Krughoff home on the north side.

My parent's ancestors, for generations back, were God-fearing people. Above the large front door of the old Brink home, built in 1798 in Eixen, Germany, the visitor may read today the names of the builders, carved there with their own hands in large letters; "Earnst F. W. Brink and Anna Marie Brink." Underneath the names is the following inscription, taken from the Psalms, "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it."

This beautiful and striking inscription has borne silent testimony to the faith of our fathers for nearly a century and a half. It would seem that God has honored that profession of faith in a special way; for a recent visitor at the home informed us that the spacious home is so well preserved that one would think it had been built thirty or forty years ago instead of a century and a half.

On my mother's side, also, there was deep devotion to God cause, as the following incident will show, recorded in the history of the church in Illinois, where my mother's parents were members.

"Father and Mother Krughoff's pastor was calling at their home one day. When he was about to leave these people handed him a bag of money, saying, 'This is the Lord's money to be used for the upbuilding of His kingdom.'" Then they designated where it was to be used.

When the money was counted there was one thousand dollars. The minister suggested that part of it might be used for purposes other than what they had designed.

"No, Reverend," Grandmother replied, "this must not be done. Fifty years ago, on our wedding day, my husband and I, on our way home from the church, made a solemn vow to God. It was this: if God would be pleased to permit us to live together for fifty years, and see fit to bless us financially, we would give a thousand dollars to this particular cause on our fiftieth wedding anniversary. We have now been married fifty years, and that vow must not be broken."

We humbly bow and give thanks to God for such a heritage as the faith of our fathers.

HEART HUNGER

I can distinctly remember a number of things that happened when I was only three years of age; but I cannot recall a time when my young heart was not yearning to know God. I do not remember when I did not try hard to be good in order that I might please Him of whom I knew so little.

Almost all of the environment of my early life was pleasant and conducive to happiness, for we had a good home. We lived on a farm and had kind parents and devoted brothers and sisters. Besides this, the people of the community with whom we associated, were good people who professed to be Christians. I had grown to young womanhood before I had seen anyone intoxicated or had heard anyone use profanity. There was never a dance or a card party in our immediate community during the years when I was growing up.

But regardless of all this, I remember from early childhood that there was an aching void in my young heart that I felt God only could satisfy. How to find Him I did not know.

I always believed that my precious mother was an ardent Christian. She prayed much and in later years, when we finally had a Bible in our home, she read its sacred pages by the hour. I recall during those years many times whenever she had occasion to go into a bedroom, I would hear her voice resound in prayer, doubtless pouring out her heart to

God for her nine children and for Father, who was yet unsaved. I am convinced it was in answer to those earnest prayers that later her four sons and five daughters were all converted.

There was, however, one dark cloud that overcast my otherwise bright horizon. It was the fact that Father, whom I loved dearly, was not a Christian. His life of kindness, honest dealing and good living was above reproach. I am convinced that he would have rather given a man five dollars than to have taken a penny that did not belong to him. He did not drink intoxicating liquors, did not use tobacco in any way, used no profanity and was clean in his speech and in his morals. For all this, I admired and respected him even as a child. His life was such that it would have put many a so-called Christian to shame.

Just why Father did not believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ I do not know. He never told us why. However, he held firmly to the fact that God is our heavenly Father and One who cares for His children. We never ate a meal but Father, with his family, bowed his head, thanking God for the food. But as for Jesus being the Son of God, and that His death was necessary to redeem man, this he did not believe. He declared that this false idea must have been conceived by man, for had Jesus been the Son of God it would not have been in the power of man to crucify Him. Consequently, Father refused to permit his children to attend Sunday school or any other religious services while they were growing up. He did not want his children to be taught what he believed to be untrue.

Father being a strong character, and Mother having heard the Scripture stressed much in her church that the husband is the head of the house, thought she must obey when Father told her not to teach the children regarding Jesus being the Son of God. However, while in this she was restrained, she made up for it in godly living and in her prayer life, beseeching the throne of grace for the salvation of her family. Also I remember that when the burden became too heavy, she disregarded Father's desires, and in his absence would gather her flock around her and fervently pray for their salvation. This always made a deep impression on my young heart.

When only six and seven years of age, though at that time we had no Bible in our home and never attended church or Sunday school, the longing in my young heart for God became so great that often I would slip away into the bedroom, lock the door and try to pray when I hardly knew to whom to pray. In my heart I felt there must be someone somewhere who would understand the longing of my soul.

I marvel how anyone could grow up to the age I was when converted, and not know more about God than I did, for we lived in a community where practically every one of our acquaintances attended a church that upheld the doctrine of definite conversion. Nearly every one claimed to have that experience. All the public schoolteachers, who taught while I was in the grades, professed to be Christians. Yet not a word was ever spoken to me by anyone regarding my soul's salvation during those years.

When a child, I spent several weeks at a time in the homes of relatives or friends who were Christians and who had family devotions, but I could not understand what it was all about. Not a person ever spoke to me about becoming a Christian until I was sixteen years of age, and even then not enough was said that I knew what was really referred to.

During this time I could have been led to a saving knowledge of Christ, had anyone taken a few moments to talk to a child whose heart was so hungry that it was near breaking. Little wonder, then, that I made a vow to God, if He would help me to ever get to a place where I would know that I was a Christian, I would help children to find Him. This vow I have tried faithfully to keep. And today we can hardly go to any part of the United States but what we are met by boys and girls, men and women, who tell us they were definitely saved or sanctified in our children's services. Many among them are preachers and preachers' wives, missionaries on foreign fields and other Christian workers. Of this we are glad and humbly bow and give God praise.

At the age of twelve I had an experience that wonderfully encouraged me to believe that God did love me. I had twin sisters, Anna and Lydia. Lydia died in infancy. All that I can remember about her is that I saw her lying in the casket and that she looked so sweet and beautiful. My father and mother were great lovers of flowers, and they had placed a wreath of flowers from our own garden

above her head and a pure, white flower in her little hand.

Anna remained with us for a number of years, but one day she, too, became ill. The doctor came and went. I saw Father walking back and forth in the pear orchard wringing his hands. I watched Mother tenderly hovering over Anna's bed. I heard Father tell my two older brothers as they went to the field some distance away, that, if they should see a sheet hung up on the west side of the barn, they should immediately come home. This would be a signal that sister was nearing the end. A few hours later I saw Father grab a sheet, run to the barn, climb into the hayloft and place the sheet. Hardly had he returned to her bedside than Anna was gone.

There were no telephones in our community then and Mother and Father ask me to run to the neighbors' and inform them of Anna's death. I ran with all my might, weeping loudly as I went. About a half a mile from the home I saw my brothers coming, for they had seen the signal. With a lumber wagon and four horses they were driving as fast as the horses could go. They stopped, weeping; I climbed into the wagon, saying, "Anna is dead." Immediately my brothers began to weep loudly. When we arrived at home one of my brothers threw himself across the bed, sobbing and giving utterance to something that sounded to Father as rebellion against God's dealings. I heard Father rebuke him sharply, saying, "The Lord knows best what is for our earthly good."

I was heartbroken over my sister's death. For several weeks I ate very little and lay awake nights grieving, not so much over Anna's leaving us, but in my childish mind I had conceived the idea that all people who attended church and Sunday school services would go to heaven at death and those who did not were lost. No one had told me this, but knowing that going to church was connected with becoming a Christian, my mind had reasoned it out that way. I knew that sister had never been to church or Sunday school, and therefore my grief. Why I did not open my heart to Mother I do not know. I am sure that she would have explained to me that since Anna had died in her innocency, the blood of Christ was applied unconditionally, and she was now safe in heaven.

My grief regarding Anna's death was deeper than anyone knew and deeper than I could form words to tell. When they lowered her precious form into the grave I thought my heart would break. All hope was gone. This grief continued for several weeks. I sat down at the table at mealtime, took a few bites and then would go away to weep alone. While the others slept I lay awake tossing on my bed.

One night, when my grief seemed too heavy to bear, Jesus came to me in a dream, comforting my breaking heart. I well know that God does not often speak through dreams, especially to those who have His Word to teach them. But I did not have this and I did not know where to go for help. That Jesus spoke to me in this dream, I have not had the slightest doubt from that day to this.

In my dream I saw Mother, my older sister and myself going to the cemetery. Anna's grave was not far from the gate. As we entered I saw the grave open and sister Anna came forth. She wore a beautiful, white flowing robe. The purity, the whiteness cannot possibly be described by earthly language. Immediately, when I saw her and looked into her heavenly shining countenance, I knew that I was looking upon one who was no more of this world but had returned from the Celestial City. I shall always believe that I saw her with her glorified body and that we shall look like her when we are glorified. I cannot conceive of anything more beautiful. In awe we stood and looked upon her. On her arm she carried a large, beautiful book, about the size of a large pulpit Bible. Now she was coming toward us. She did not seem to be walking but to be gliding along with her feet not quite touching the ground. Not a word was spoken, but when she met us she laid the book down and began to leaf through its pages as if looking for something. As she turned the pages I noticed the whole book contained names. When she came far to the back part of the book she stopped. I noticed that the rest of the book was blank. Then she placed her finger on a name, there were perhaps thirty other names farther down the line. Placing her finger there, without uttering a word, but with a heavenly smile she looked at us as if bidding us to read. We leaned forward to see and behold, there was her own name "Anna."

She gave us time to see and then gently closed the book, quietly turned and began to glide back to-

ward the grave. We stood in awe. Not a word had been spoken by anyone. Now Mother spoke, saying, "Oh, Anna, will you not stay with us?" She turned her head, looked back once more and with that undescrivable heavenly smile lingering on her face, shook her head. She did not utter a single word. Young as I was, I understood perfectly the message she was conveying to us. That beautiful smile and that shake of the head was an answer to the question Mother had asked, "Will you not stay with us?" She was saying, "Oh, no, I do not want to stay here; I have seen Jesus. I have seen inside the pearly gates. I have had a glimpse of the beauties of heaven and I do not wish to linger here."

Then Anna turned, took a few more steps toward the grave and was gone. Immediately I awoke. Needless to say, I did not grieve any longer. My heart was satisfied. I knew that sister Anna's name was written in the Book of Life and that she was safe in heaven with Jesus.

Yes, Jesus is touched with the feelings of our infirmities.

*Does Jesus care when I've said "goodby"
To the dearest on earth to me;
When my sad heart aches, till it almost breaks,
Is it aught to Him? Does He care?*

*O yes, He cares, I know He cares,
His heart is touched with my grief;
When the days are weary, the long night dreary,
I know my Savior cares.*

MY CONVERSION

I was now in my early teens. I became more and more concerned regarding the salvation of my soul. I desired above everything else to have the assurance in my heart that I was a Christian. I thought three things were absolutely essential to getting saved. First, going to church; next, that there be a revival in progress; and last, to kneel at an altar and pray.

I had never seen anyone get saved. I think this idea had taken form in my young mind from occasional remarks that I had heard my schoolmates make regarding people who got converted in the little Methodist church about two miles from our home. I had not the least idea that anyone could become a Christian in any other way.

By and by many of my young schoolmates professed having been converted. However, they said very little about it, other than that they had been to the altar during the revival. Not one said anything to me that would shed any light on how I might find God. I was too timid to inquire.

As I grew a little older the hunger in my heart increased and finally became so intense that I felt I must do something, at any cost, that would enable me to get saved.

During the summer vacation a girl friend, living in St. Louis, came out to visit her sister. They called at our home and I inquired of her as to

whether she could get employment for me in the city. Our home was at Huegely, Illinois, fifty miles from St. Louis. I had no desire to leave home, except that I might have opportunity to go to church and to a revival.

After some time a letter came from Tillie asking me to come at once. When I told my parents about it they objected seriously, saying that a large city was no place for a young girl unless her parents could accompany her. I did not tell Father the reason for wanting to go to the city for I was certain if he knew he would not give consent. However, I begged, I pleaded, I coaxed and I wept. All the time I prayed much in secret the best I knew how. Finally my parents relented, saying that I might go for awhile for they were certain that I would soon tire of it and come back home.

I confess that I was near homesick before I started, but the hunger for God in my heart urged me on. The "goodbys" at home and at the depot caused tears to flow. Though I knew it would mean hardships I never for one moment wavered in my purpose to go, what I believed to be the only way. I thought it would lead me to the church, to a revival, to an altar of prayer and then to God.

Tillie met me at the Union Station. Before we reached her home I said, "Tillie I want to go to church while here in the city. Will you take me next Sunday?" She seemed a bit surprised but agreed she would. The following Sunday morning Tillie called for me and soon I found myself on the way to church—and, oh, how happy I was.

That afternoon Tillie was called away from the city and I was left all alone, a young girl without a single acquaintance in the large city of St. Louis, a city that impressed me as being a wicked, unfriendly place.

The church where we had attended service that morning was a long way from where I roomed. I knew that at night I must go alone. What it meant for me to undertake this no one knows unless he has had like experience. I had never been very far away from home, and always among friends. I had never before been in a large city. Never had I seen a street car. However I resolved, since the Lord had thus far opened the way for me, I would go, trusting Him to go with me and protect me.

That Sunday afternoon I spent much time in prayer asking God to help me to get back to church safely and above all that the church might soon have a revival. I started early and made it without difficulty. I entered the church and slipped into one of the rear seats of the large auditorium. I was not much impressed with the service for I did not hear much of what was said. I was praying continually and thinking of my soul's condition. Suddenly something of interest caught my ear. Just before pronouncing the benediction the minister was making an announcement. "Remember," he was saying, "that tomorrow night we are beginning our revival meeting in this church."

Oh, what good news that announcement was to my hungry heart. I was not yet saved but I felt like shouting loudly for joy. I was convinced that God had once again answered my humble prayer.

At seven-thirty on Monday evening I was again in my place in the rear seat of the church close by the door. I was overjoyed with the thought that I was in a revival meeting. On the other hand I was about as miserable as a human could be. I was a young girl and I felt so "alone." Everyone in the church was a stranger to me. I was homesick and sinsick. Though I had lived a very sheltered life, I had always tried to be good and had never gone into outbroken sin. Yet I felt wretched. I knew somehow that I was not a Christian. Everything was so strange to me. I wondered just how a person would have to do to go to the altar and when to go. Again I heard little of the service for my mind was occupied with the thought of finding God.

Having concluded the sermon the minister made some kind of an invitation for those who wished to come forward. I wanted to go. The hour for which I long had prayed had arrived at last. This was my opportunity. The congregation arose and an invitation hymn was sung. I stood with the rest of the audience and made an attempt to go forward, but found that I could not move a muscle. My hands were as if glued to the back of the seat before me; my feet as if nailed to the floor. Several verses of the hymn were sung, yet I could not move. When no one responded to the minister's call, he said, "We will have a brief prayer and then be dismissed." The audience sat down, while a very few in the front seats kneeled.

Never will I be able to express in words the embarrassment of that moment. Not a person in

the audience was standing except myself. People from many parts of the building began to look my way, yet, had my life depended upon it, I could not have moved.

I have been asked why it was that I had lost my strength and was not able to go? I answered, I do not know. But I firmly believe that the Lord would not let me sit down and Satan would not let me go forward. Some may think this is a trivial expression, but not so. I sincerely believe that this was true in my case. I am convinced that there is a personal Savior who is marshaling the forces of heaven to save a seeking soul. On the other hand that there is a personal devil who has at his disposal the powers of hell and marshals them to defeat any soul that is seeking to find God. However, the Christ, who has defeated Satan on every battle field and who is the captain of the hosts of heaven, came to my rescue at just the right moment. Just when all seemed lost and Satan seemed to be victorious, the mighty Christ stepped into the arena to command the battle.

In one of the very front pews I had noticed an aged man with snowwhite flowing locks and a long white beard. He had knelt to pray. Suddenly, while I was standing there in the rear pew, I saw him lift his head turning his face heavenward in silent prayer. Then he opened his eyes and saw me. Immediately he arose and walked down the long aisle toward me. Jesus had whispered into his ear, "Go speak to that young girl," and he obeyed. He reached forth and took my hand in his wrinkled, trembling hand and with an entreating smile on

his face said pleadingly, "My dear young sister, would you not like to be a Christian?"

The Lord knew that a kind invitation and a warm handclasp from one of His own children would break the spell that Satan had cast over my soul, and therefore Jesus did not let me sit down. Quick as a flash I responded saying loudly, "That's just what I want!" at the same time, hardly realizing what I was doing, I pushed the aged man aside and the next moment I was kneeling at the altar. Thus this warrior of many battles, in obedience to the whispering of Captain Jesus, was the means of starting a soul for heaven. How important that we, His children, mind the leadings of the Holy Spirit.

No, Satan did not give up the fight and withdraw his forces in defeat. Instead, I think he marshaled a few more regiments from the lower regions. The minister, who I learned later was a good man, but perhaps had never witnessed a scene like this, was baffled and confused. He did not seem to know how to meet the situation and help a seeking soul to God. He had seen me, a perfect stranger, stand alone while the rest were seated. He heard me exclaim loudly in response to the invitation of that aged saint to come to Jesus, "That's just what I want!" He had seen me coming running to the altar, weeping loudly as I came. And all this in the first service of the revival. He seemed to be confused, but finally knelt down on the inside of the altar and prayed a short prayer.

After the brief prayer the minister asked me to arise and leave the altar. I was weeping loudly

and refused to go. When he insisted I finally arose and sat down on the front seat. He then quickly asked the audience to stand and pronounced the benediction.

Immediately I rushed forward, took his hand and with tears flowing freely begged him to help me, saying, "O preacher, won't you help me pray? I have been praying for a long time to become a Christian. I cannot leave this altar with this burden on my heart—please help me pray."

He quickly withdrew his hand, saying as he turned away, "Well, there is something the matter with you yet." Then he took his hat and coat and slipped out a side door. For some time I stood before that altar, alone, weeping; not knowing what to do next. Then with bowed head and gushing tears, I started down the aisle toward the door.

No, Satan had not surrendered the battle field. If I did not believe in a personal devil on any other ground I would believe in his existence because of what took place when I left that altar and began to walk toward the church door.

A hissing voice spoke into my ear—and when I say, a hissing voice, I mean that very thing, for it was a sharp, hissing voice that spoke these exact words, "You see, nobody cares whether you get saved or not, the preacher doesn't even care. If I were you I would go out of that door and never step inside another church."

These words were spoken the second time and with more emphasis. But, thank God, Jesus again intervened. Again the Lord was just in time. Half-way down the aisle sat a young man and his wife.

The young man stepped into the aisle before me, took my hand and with flowing tears said, "Sister do not let all this discourage you. We will help you pray. Jesus saved me and he will save you if you will continue to pray."

Oh, what words of comfort! This gave me hope. I looked at him saying, "Oh, surely He will; I need Him so much!"

When I stepped into the vestibule I saw a young woman leaning against the wall with face buried in her folded arms, sobbing. She saw me and quickly threw her arms around me. For some moments we stood, her head on my shoulder and mine on hers, strangers weeping together. Then she also spoke such comforting words, telling me that Jesus had saved her and she was confident that this same Christ would save me if I would continue to pray.

The following evening I went back to church, and though I did not know that I was at all welcome there, I went to the altar again. Things occurred about the same as the evening before. I rushed to the altar weeping. The pastor prayed a short prayer then insisted that I arise. After much insistence I finally arose reluctantly. Then he quickly pronounced the benediction and again left by the side door.

This time before I had gone many steps from the altar I said, "Lord, if no one in this world cares; if even the preacher does not care for my soul, I still believe that you care. I am now going home and I will kneel down by my bedside, never to get up until I know that I am saved. They will find

me dead on my knees if you do not save me, for I still believe that you care."

The substance of this prayer I prayed fully a dozen times from the time I left the church until I arrived at my room.

When I came home it was nine o'clock. I removed my hat and coat and dropped on my knees by my bedside. With both hands raised toward heaven, I repeated my vow to God that I would not get up until I knew I was a Christian. The clock struck ten. It struck eleven and I was still on my knees praying the best I knew how. I begged the Lord, I pleaded with Him to show me why I did not get saved. I told Him I would do anything, no matter what the price, if only He would save me.

I did not know at the time that no one can get saved without faith. I had no one to tell me, I had no Bible and knew of no Christian to whom I could go for help.

I thank the Lord that again He was on time to help me take that last step of faith. It brought me into the kingdom. While kneeling there alone by my bedside with lifted hands, imploring God to help me, suddenly I heard singing. It seemed far away up in the sky and yet I could hear every word distinctly as if it had been someone singing by my side in the room.

There were no other persons at home in the big house, if there had been they would not have sung religious songs. The neighbors were not Christians and there were no radios in those days.

I have heard beautiful singing in my life but never anything as heavenly as that, I am convinced

that I shall never again hear anything so beautiful until I hear the angel choir sing the praises of God in heaven. The song that I heard was the following:

*There is a gate stands open wide,
And through its portal gleaming;
A radiance from the cross afar,
The Savior's love revealing.*

*That gate stands open wide for all,
Who seek through it salvation;
The rich and poor, the great and small,
Of every tribe and nation.*

I listened, and that moment scales seemed to fall from my eyes. It seemed as if a heavenly sun in all its effulgent glory had broken forth in my tempest-tossed soul. It was as if all heaven had been emptied into my very being. The struggle was over. I knew beyond doubt that I was now a child of God, for the Holy Spirit was bearing witness with my spirit that I was born again.

With hands uplifted I arose and walking back and forth in the room gave expression to the new-found joy in my heart with audible praises to God. The first words that I uttered after arising were, "Why, of course, Lord—why, sure you save—oh, why didn't I trust you before? Of course you are forgiving my sins just now." I remember very distinctly that I was greatly surprised that I had not believed it before. It seemed so easy now to trust the Lord.

After walking the floor praising the Lord for some time I retired, and oh, what sweet rest. I now

had rest of soul and mind. Now my body could rest. The next morning when I awoke the sun was shining brightly. I walked to the window, looked out and it seemed to me I was looking into a new world. A gentle breeze was stirring in the trees. The thought came to me that the trees were clapping their hands. Later I found that I was not so far wrong for I read that the Bible makes mention of the trees clapping their hands.

I was now a Christian, and, of course, I wanted a Bible. All the Bibles that I remembered having seen were large pulpit Bibles, such as my aunt and uncle used at family devotions when I was at their home; also a few others that had peculiar hard board covers. I really did not know a Bible when I saw one. Two days after I was converted I walked in the city of St. Louis from store to store for a whole afternoon, trying to buy a Bible, but did not happen to find a store where they sold Bibles. A number of places they showed me some black books. I looked at them and asked, "Is this book what is called a Bible?"

"No, not exactly," he said, "but it is a prayer book."

"I do not want a prayer book," I replied, "I am looking for a book that is called The Bible." I was converted and could now pray without a prayer book.

I went to my room disappointed. But I learned that the Lord knew why this disappointment, for already a Bible was on the way. The following day the door bell rang and the mail carrier handed me

a package. When I unwrapped it there was my Bible!

My sister Mary, who lived in another state, and did not yet know that I was converted, had sent the precious Book to me. On the flyleaf she had written, "READ THIS BOOK, BELIEVE THIS BOOK, OBEY THIS BOOK AND IT WILL BE WELL WITH YOU."

Little did she realize what the gift of that Bible would mean to her sister in years to come. Her devoted Christian life also has meant much to me as the years have come and gone.

Yes, my Bible came just when I needed it. Again the Lord was on time—He always is, He is never late. I praise Him!

*While yet in the bloom of life's morning,
And all things around me seemed gay;
I heard the sweet call of the Savior,
But no one would show me the way.*

*I was left like a sheep on the mountain,
A lamb that was out in the cold;
But the Savior himself led me gently,
Gently home to the sheep of His fold.*

*Oh, the wonderful love of my Savior,
Can never, no never be told;
He mended my poor broken heartstrings,
His love is more precious than gold.*

MY SANCTIFICATION

I now had in my possession two things that I prized above everything on earth. I had salvation and I had a Bible, two things for which I had longed and prayed for many months and even years, and I was very happy.

My Bible seemed such a sacred treasure that I almost hesitated to handle it. For months I never read it seated in a chair, always on my knees. Usually I read it kneeling on the spot where Jesus had saved me. There I read its sacred pages, praying God to help me understand its teachings. Often my prayer was this, "Dear Jesus, Thou knowest that I have no one to teach me, be Thou my teacher that I may not go wrong."

I did not know how to read the Bible nor where to read. I did not even know that there was an Old and a New Testament in the Bible. Usually I let it fall open and wherever its pages chanced to separate there I read. I recall that at one time I thus opened it, soon after I was converted, my eyes fell on the words, "He that committeth sin is of the devil." I was surprised, for I had no idea that such words were in the Bible and I read and reread them. Though I knew that the Lord had saved me from sin and I felt that He was graciously keeping me day by day, yet I was troubled. I lifted my hands and prayed this prayer, "Lord, if you say in your Word that he who commits sin is of the

devil, then what about so many church members who do not even try to live above sin?"

Then a clear, gentle voice seemed to whisper into my ear, saying, "What is that to thee, follow thou me." I lifted my hands a bit higher and said, "O Lord, I will, I will follow only Thee, no matter what others may do."

From that day to this I have refused to get my eyes on people.

The church that I attended did not teach sanctification as a second work of grace for the believer. However, I had been converted only a few weeks when the Lord directed me to scriptures that taught this precious truth and immediately my heart began to hunger for the cleansing and infilling of the Holy Spirit.

I searched the Scriptures prayerfully, entreating the Lord not to let me go wrong, but for Him to be my Guide. Soon I was convinced the Bible taught there was another, deeper experience for the Christian.

For a time I was confused because of so many different terms used in the Bible regarding this work of God's grace wrought in the believer's heart. I read about it as cleansing, purifying, purging, sanctification, perfect love and the baptism with the Holy Spirit.

Because of these and many other terms used I could not discern just what it meant, therefore I did not know what to ask for. In my prayer I usually asked the Lord to give me that "something" that I felt so much in need of and for which my heart was hungering.

One morning I received a letter from home informing me of my mother's serious illness. I went home at once. For four months, with the rest of the family, I watched by her sick bed. She suffered much but was always patient. During all those months of extreme suffering not one word of complaint came from her lips. Often I heard her say, "Yes, I am suffering much but Jesus bore greater suffering for me."

We now had a Bible in our home. My brother had been converted and had purchased one. Frequently when Mother's suffering seemed beyond endurance she would ask that we read a portion to her. One midnight hour when suffering intensely she said to me, "Minnie, will you get the Bible and read to me?"

"Mother, what shall I read?" I asked.

"Read the seventeenth chapter of St. John," she replied, "There is nothing better in the Bible."

While I was reading she frequently said, as she lay with folded hands, "Thank the Lord; praise His precious name."

When I read verse seventeen, "Sanctify them through thy truth," she said, "Thank the Lord for that verse."

When I read the twentieth verse, "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also that shall believe on me through their word," she pressed her folded hands to her bosom and with tears glistening in her eyes, exclaimed, "Glory to God, that means me!"

One morning Mother slipped away to be with Jesus, whom she had loved and served so faithfully.

I am convinced that Mother had the experience of holiness. Her life proved it. I cannot recall that I ever saw Mother ruffled in spirit or that I ever heard her speak harshly. It is quite certain that Mother never heard a sermon preached on the subject of holiness, therefore she knew little about the doctrine. For this reason, I think, she was not able to help others as she might have, if she herself had been taught the doctrine.

One day during Mother's illness I was going out and with hat on I stepped into her bedroom. I was bedecked with such things as Mother did not approve of for a Christian. She looked at me with those loving eyes that were soon to close in death, and said, "Minnie, if you do not ask Jesus to take that pride out of your heart it will cause you to lose your soul."

I did not answer but left the room, went into my bedroom and wept bitterly. Though I was saved I was not yet sanctified. My transgressions were all forgiven, but I knew only too well there was an unholy pride in my heart. I learned a few months later that it took the baptism with the Holy Spirit to sanctify and make the heart clean. Even the tears that I wept when my mother so kindly rebuked me did not remove this carnal nature. After Mother had spoken to me about it, whenever I entered her room I first laid aside those outward manifestations of what was in my heart.

Some time after Mother had left us, sister Clara and I learned about a holiness camp meeting at Mount Vernon, Illinois. We decided to go if we could get Father's consent. We prayed and then I

went to Father, saying, "Father, there is a camp meeting at Mt. Vernon and Clara and I would like to attend."

I shall never forget how Father looked at me. It was a look of mingled anger and pity. "No, indeed," he replied, "I shall never give consent for my children to go to a place like that and mingle with the class of people who gather at such places. Speak no more to me about it."

Again, we resorted to prayer, and after a few days I once more approached Father, asking him to permit us to go.

"Minnie," he replied, "do you remember what I told you when you asked me before? Now do not say another word to me about this matter. No, you shall not go!"

This sounded very much as if it were final. But the Lord had already answered so many prayers, that I took courage, and after more earnest prayer, I approached Father with the same question. "Father," I said, "if you knew how badly we want to go, I am sure that you would permit us to go."

This time he looked at me in pity, saying, "Well, go if you feel you must. But remember that I would much prefer that you stay away. Civilized people should not mingle with people who attend such gatherings."

Two of my sisters, a few friends and I went to that camp meeting. Upon our arrival my sisters and I walked clear up to the front seat in the large tabernacle. We did not sit down in the rear, for we were there for business. They sang. They prayed. The preacher preached. When he had

finished his sermon I could not remember anything he had said. I was constantly praying for that "something" which I felt so desperately in need of.

At the close of his message the preacher made an altar call. Immediately my sister knelt down at the altar. I held back, but I think my face must have betrayed the hunger of my heart for the song leader reached across the altar, took my hand saying, "Come kneel at the altar and Jesus will help you."

I said, "No, not now, I want to learn all about the doctrine first, so I will know better how to pray."

"All right, sister," he replied. But scarcely had he left me than I also bowed at the altar by my sister's side. There were many other seekers kneeling at that long altar, I suppose not less than twenty-five. Soon some arose with victory and finally all had prayed through and left the altar, but I was still kneeling there not knowing just what to do. Most of the crowd had left to get their dinners. Some stayed with me to help pray. Just why I should have such a long, hard struggle I do not know. I am sure that I was not willfully refusing to meet any of God's requirements.

Finally the struggle became so intense that I suddenly lost my strength and fell backward to the floor. A little while after I had fallen, I realized what had happened and tried desperately to arise. Finding it impossible to move even so much as a finger, I gave up the attempt and began to worry over what Father would say when he heard about it. For I was certain that he would hear of it. I did not think that such a thing as this

had ever before happened, and that anything so unusual would surely come out in the daily papers. If it did I knew Father would read it. I struggled with the thought for some time. At last I came back to the issue of my soul's need. Then for perhaps an hour or longer I was as completely unconscious of my surroundings as if I had left this world. I was not aware there was a person around me, though by this time, as I was told later, the crowd had already begun gathering back.

Why the Lord at times permits a seeking soul to pass through such an experience as I passed through, I do not know, and it is not mine to question. In my case, however, I think that perhaps one reason was, that at this particular altar service, God was hindered by well meaning and wholly consecrated Christians from getting a message to my heart. While kneeling there and trying to pray, several people spoke loudly into my ears telling me what to do; while in front of me some were doing the same. Some were saying, "Lord, kill her out to sin," another said, "Lord, crucify the old nature—Lord, make her an empty vessel—Jesus, give her a clean heart; baptize her with the Holy Spirit and sanctify her now."

It was confusing to me when some said, "Lord, kill her," while others said, "Lord, fill her."

I would not say that any of these terms were unscriptural, I do not think they were. Yet to me, one who had not had any light on the teaching of holiness, it seemed not only contradictory but extremely confusing.

When first I knelt at the altar I had made a vow to the Lord that I would not get up until the Lord had satisfied the longing of my heart. The Lord knew that amidst this confusion He could not help me to get to a place where the condition of my heart and mind would be ready for the incoming of the Spirit.

I believe that for this reason He chose to withdraw me completely, for the time being, from my surroundings in order that He himself might have better opportunity to teach me.

I did not know that one of the requisites to sanctification was consecration. Had anyone tried to tell me this it would, doubtless, have been like a foreign language to me. After He had drawn me aside the Lord could speak to me in a language that I could understand.

For many years after my sanctification I did not tell anyone the following experience. It seemed too sacred to tell. But in recent years the Lord has rebuked me for not testifying to it. For that reason I am inscribing it here.

The next hour or more I saw no one save Jesus only. He stood by my side and asked questions in such a kind, understanding way that it did not seem hard to converse with Him. He asked, "Do you promise that from this time forth your life shall be wholly and continually yielded to me?"

To this question I unhesitatingly answered, "Yes." Then He asked would I use my time wholly to His glory? Should my ambition, henceforth, be only to glorify God and to be a blessing to mankind? Would I place what talents I had wholly at

His disposal? To all this there was a glad "yes" in my heart.

Many more definite questions were asked, such as, Would I use my hands continually to do His bidding, my eyes to look upon clean things only and read only those things that were helpful and upbuilding? Would I allow my feet to take me to none but such places where I could take Jesus with me? Would I always endeavor to dress in modest attire such as Christians should wear, and would I conscientiously use whatever earthly means might be entrusted to me as He directed and not for self-gratification?

Now came the hardest question, "Will you go back to your home and live the life there and witness that I have power to save, sanctify and keep?"

At this point I talked back to the Lord. I said, "Lord, you know that Father always said if I got converted I could not come back home. Now if I get sanctified he will never let me come home again."

I loved my father and loved my home and Satan made this look like a wide, turbulent stream to cross. I felt that I could do almost anything but this.

With a look of deep compassion the Savior stood before me in silence. He stood there as real as I have ever seen anyone. Yet I failed to trust Him. Then He bent low and slipped His loving arms underneath, lifted me up and carried me far up over the trees into the thickly wooded camp meeting grove. There He gently laid me down.

No, I do not say that my body was actually taken away, for it was in spirit only that I was taken away. However, to me it was as real as if I had been carried away in the body. Even now I can see the grass, the trees and the other surroundings where the Lord laid me down as gently as one would lay down a little child.

Then the Savior stepped back a little space and looked at me, saying, "You are going to die now."

His words seemed a very great surprise to me. Immediately, I cried, in great ecstasy of joy, "O Jesus, that will be wonderful, for as long as Thou art near me I am not afraid to die!"

I shall never forget the sad, reproving look on the Master's face as He replied, "Then you are not afraid to trust yourself, soul and body, into my care for eternity, yet unwilling to trust me to take care of you at home."

Without a moment's hesitation I fully trusted the Lord to go with me and take care of me at home.

Then in the twinkling of an eye I realized that I was back at the altar and I pleaded very earnestly for the Lord to show me if there was anything else in the way.

"Will you trust me and believe that I sanctify you now?" He asked so tenderly.

And here are the exact words that I gave in answer, "Yes, Lord, I will believe, just as soon as I feel that it is done."

The Lord was grieved and withdrew. I felt sad, but had not the least idea what I had done to grieve Him. I pleaded very earnestly for Him to

reveal to me why He had withdrawn. But there was silence.

I had so little light regarding spiritual things that I did not know I was asking contrary to the Word of God when I placed feeling before believing. When the Lord had saved me that midnight hour He had so wonderfully blessed me, but I did not now stop to think that the assurance of my conversion did not come until I first believed. I did not realize that faith, as it always must, had come before the Holy Spirit's witness that the work was done.

Finally I ceased praying and began to reason. I said to myself, "What was wrong with my words when I said, 'I will believe when I feel it'?" I studied and tried to analyze that sentence. I came to the following conclusion: The Lord has promised in His Word that He will sanctify. Now if I have met conditions and then refuse to believe that He does sanctify me until I first have the witness, then I am not believing His Word.

I began to pray, saying, "Lord, I do believe that Thou dost sanctify me now, and if I never have any witness I will yet believe."

I told the Lord that I would arise and testify publicly that He had sanctified me. Then I would go to my tent and eat—for I had been fasting—then I promised to testify at every opportunity, that my heart had been cleansed by the blood.

I was still lying motionless where I had fallen. After making this contract with the Lord I immediately arose without the least bit of difficulty. It was about time for the opening of the afternoon

service. The people had gathered, some close around me. Some were seated and many were standing on the benches looking over the crowd to see what I would do when I arose.

I arose as calm as I have ever been in my life and in a very moderate voice said, "Friends, the Lord has just now sanctified me."

I could see that many in the crowd were disappointed and doubted as to whether I had really been sanctified. They seemed to think that since I had such a long, hard struggle I should do or say something very spectacular.

I now started to go to my tent, calm and composed, but with a persistent faith. Such a faith always brings victory. Just before I stepped out from under the tabernacle I thought I would honor God by once more testifying. I turned, looked at the crowd and said with emphasis, "The Lord has sanctified me!"

Well, about this time I got more feeling than I knew what to do with. It seemed as if a cloud of liquid glory touched my head, and like a refining fire passed clear through my being from the crown of my head to the sole of my feet. And oh, I felt so clean!

My soul was now overflowing with the presence and the power of the Holy Spirit. I could not refrain from shouting aloud the praises of God and others joined me. The next thing I knew I was on the platform with Bible in hand testifying and exhorting the people. While standing there I felt something like two hands laid on my shoulders

gently pushing me forward, saying, "Now go and tell it, go and tell it."

Oh, what a happy hour when the Holy Spirit had come in all His fullness, cleansing my heart. From that hour He has been my constant Companion and unfailing Guide. Though many years have now passed He has never failed to stand by me when I stood in need of His help.

Many times since that day Satan has severely tempted me, even suggesting that I might have lost this glorious experience. But some things he has never attempted to do. He has not once suggested that at the midnight hour, kneeling alone by my bedside, in my room at 3705 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Missouri, I might have been mistaken about my conversion. Nor has he ever attempted to make me believe that after my complete consecration and trusting faith, while at the Bonnie camp meeting eighteen months after my conversion the Lord did not sanctify me.

*My poor hungry heart had been yearning,
For the fullness of God's perfect love;
For the gift of the blessed Holy Spirit,
He had promised to send from above.*

*When I made my complete consecration,
When my all on the altar I laid;
Then He answered with fire from heaven,
All my fears and my doubts were allayed.*

*Now I'm shouting a glad hallelujah!
For saving and cleansing my soul;
For His Spirit now sanctifies wholly,
His word makes me every whit whole.*

A CALL TO PREACH THE GOSPEL

From early childhood, long before my conversion, there was a constant impression in my heart that God's hand was on me to preach the gospel. It was vague, and at that time I hardly knew what it was all about; yet that feeling never left me. After my conversion that impression deepened, but not until after my sanctification did I give it much serious thought.

For two long years I had a battle. Not that I had any rebellion in my heart against any of God's leadings regarding my future, for that had been settled once for all. However, I had encountered a serious difficulty. It seemed to me that the leadings of the Holy Spirit in this case were contrary to the Word. I had read in the Bible, "Let your women keep silence in the churches," and I thought this was given in regard to preaching; consequently I could not reconcile the two.

At this point I might have consulted older Christians who could have helped me, but I kept it hidden in my own heart, feeling that if I should reveal to people that I even thought of such a thing as preaching, they would surely think it to be the height of folly.

Two years seemed a long, long time to have this struggle continue in my heart and mind. I spent many sleepless hours alone with God in prayer. On one occasion I had prayed until I could pray no

more. I had wept until there seemed no more tears to weep.

Satan now marshaled his forces to defeat me. For the next two days he almost overwhelmed me with arguments why I should not preach, often quoting the scripture, "Let your women keep silence in the churches."

In this state of mind I became almost desperate in my prayers. While on my knees, one midnight hour in earnest prayer for help, I reached for my Bible, laid it down before me, placed both hands on it, saying, "Lord, this is Thy Word and somewhere in this Book there surely must be an answer to this question that is troubling me, but I do not know where to find it. I am now going to let this Book fall open and whatever my eyes fall on I will assuredly take it as Thy will whether I should prepare myself to preach or not." I withdrew my hands, the Bible opened, and my eyes rested on Ezek. 33: 6, 7, "If the watchman see the sword come, and blow not the trumpet, and the people be not warned, if the sword come and take any person from among them, he is taken away in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at the watchman's hand. So thou, O son of man, I have set thee a watchman unto the house of Israel; therefore thou shalt hear the word at my mouth, and warn them from me."

I did not know that such words were in the Bible and it fairly stunned me. I had made a solemn covenant with God. Now what should I do? I was as much convinced as ever that I was not capable of preaching, yet I dared not say no in the face of this evidence.

Had I been a man it would not have seemed such an impossibility; but the Word declared that women should keep silence in the churches. Even before I knew this was in the Bible I did not believe in women preachers. From my early childhood I had heard my father speak against women doing public work of any kind. He had written several beautiful poems on the subject of a woman's beautiful sphere in the home, and I agreed with him. Truly I cannot say that I have yet, altogether, changed my mind. I think that the highest and holiest calling for a woman is to be a good Christian homemaker. I am yet at times made to wonder, whether, if all the men whom the Lord calls, would answer, "Yes," the dear Lord would not permit some of us women to stay at home and be real homemakers where we would like to be. I still think preaching is a man's job. I may be wrong in this, but if it is true that we women are God's second choice, we have this consolation that we will wear the stars in our crowns that the men who refused the call might have had.

Now I had promised God that I would be one of the watchmen on the walls to warn the people. I was yet young in the experience and I had not consulted any human being. I stood alone in regard to this matter and Satan made one more desperate onslaught. He again injected doubts into my mind, inferring that I should be very careful about my decision. If I tried to preach I would certainly make a failure of it and this would bring disgrace on the cause of Christ. Yes, suddenly Satan became very

much concerned about the welfare of the cause of Christ.

However I began to doubt, and a pall of darkness settled over me. But, as always, my refuge was prayer—prayer and more prayer. Again, my *Savior's guiding hand* clasped mine and, though I passed through a dark tunnel, He safely led me out.

All alone on my knees with my open Bible before me, I wrestled in the still hours of the night. Finally I said, "Dear Lord, thou knowest that I want to do Thy will above everything else, but there is a mistake somewhere and it is settled now that I cannot preach."

Immediately I got so weak in body that I fell backward to the floor completely helpless. I was in this condition for perhaps an hour. Then I repeated, "It is settled now, dear Lord, that I cannot preach."

At once my strength returned and I arose. I experienced a strange feeling of something missing. I could not sense the presence of the blessed Comforter. I retired and while lying there wide awake, thinking on these things, the Lord brought before my vision a large, wide plain, slightly declining to my left. On this plain there were thousands upon thousands of people moving forward toward a deep, abrupt abyss.

A few of this company looked serious and seemed troubled regarding the way they were going, but by far the large majority were a godless, defiant, motley looking crowd. They were drinking, cursing, smoking, laughing and jeering until the very moment their feet slipped down over the brink.

With awful screams and shrieks they fell down, down into the fearful dark abyss of eternity.

My eyes were wide open, yet the vision remained. I remember well how I pulled up the quilt and with my trembling fingers pressed the corners into my eyes, praying audibly, "Lord, these people are lost and are falling to eternal death into a dark eternity! Take this vision from me, dear Lord, it will kill me."

Instantly I heard a low, distinct voice, that overwhelmed me with fear and awe, saying, "Will you go forth and warn them?"

Like a flash I leaped from my bed and falling on my knees, with both hands raised to heaven and face uplifted, I said, "Lord, my precious Savior, I now promise Thee that I will go forth and preach Thy Word, providing Thou wilt go with me."

Needless to say that the Lord has faithfully kept His side of the contract. He always does. And may I humbly say, knowing that my Savior is listening in when I say it, that from that day to this I have not wavered one hair'sbreadth from what I believed the Lord would have me preach. No, I do not say that I have never made mistakes. I have doubtless made many, but I have always preached what I believed at the time was His divine will.

From that midnight hour to this day my call to preach has been settled. Yes, Satan has told me many times that I ought to quit preaching since I was such a failure, but he has never tempted me to think that God has not called me. Though it was hard to believe this sublime call could be for me, I have

trusted the Lord day by day to anoint me for my task.

*So nigh is grandeur to the dust,
So near is God to man;
When duty whispers, "Lo thou must,"
The soul replies, "I can."*

CITY MISSIONARY WORK

I was now receiving inquiries from churches and other organizations asking that I take up work with them. I declined, refusing to answer any call until I was certain the Lord was opening the door.

I was convinced my call was for evangelism, but realized some other line of religious work might be preparatory. However, when so many doors opened it brought confusion to my mind. Again I sought refuge in earnest prayer. After a few days of waiting on the Lord, while on my knees, the Lord and I made another contract. It was definitely understood that the Lord was not to permit any door to open except the one He would have me enter. From my side it was understood that I would enter the first door which opened.

I went about my work with a light and happy heart, confident that *His guiding hand* would lead me right. The very next day the superintendent of a mission called and ask that I take up work with their organization. Without any hesitation I accepted. God's blessing on my work bore testimony to the fact that I had made no mistake.

With my Bible in hand I went from house to house telling the story of Jesus and His love. Not a single home that I visited, Protestant or Catholic, failed to permit me to read the Bible and pray. Many immediately threw the door wide open and welcomed me in. At other homes I noticed a hesit-

ancy about inviting me in, and there would be a move to close the door. Then with a prayer in my heart I would place my foot carefully between the door and the sill. I knew that if the Lord had a few moments' time He would tender their hearts.

"Surely," I would say, "you would not object to a Christian coming into your home and talk to you a bit about Jesus." Invariably they would then bid me come in. Though sometimes quite reluctantly, they would permit me to pray. Immediately I would drop onto my knees and pour my heart out in earnest prayer. Soon I would hear them sobbing. Next they would slip down from their chair, drop on their knees by my side and weep. Then I had the happy privilege of pointing them to the Christ of Calvary.

A PENITENT WOMAN KNEELING ON THE SIDEWALK

I was looking for a Sunday school girl on Franklin Avenue. I found the number and there I saw a woman kneeling on the sidewalk scrubbing the front steps. Her face looked sad and there were tears in her eyes. I inquired regarding the Sunday school girl and mentioned that I was a Sunday school worker.

"The girl has moved away," she said, "but who did you say you are?"

"I am a Sunday school worker," I said, "I go from house to house working for Jesus."

"Then can you pray?" she inquired anxiously.

When I assured her that I knew how to pray she buried her face in her folded arms on the ce-

ment step before her and wept as if her heart would break.

When I inquired as to why the tears, she lifted her head saying, "Oh, my heart is so heavy. I am not a Christian. For several months I have been so sick of sin. But I do not know how to get saved. I have not prayed for years, but this morning my burden got so heavy that I felt I could not carry it through another day. I dropped on my knees and called on God to send someone this very day to help me pray and show me how to become a Christian." I saw hope beaming from her tear-dimmed eyes as she said, "The Lord has sent you in answer to that prayer."

How happy I was to help another soul pray through to Christ.

A YOUTH CONVERTED ON HIS DEATHBED

I rang a door bell on Twentieth Street. A middle-aged woman partly opened the door and ask me what I wanted. I told her my mission.

"I have no time and do not care to talk to you," she said.

"Is someone ill?" I inquired, seeing through the half-open door someone lying in bed.

"Yes," she replied, "my son is very sick."

"May I step in and speak a few words to him?" I asked.

"I do not think that he wishes to be disturbed," she snapped back, but finally relented.

I stepped to the young man's bedside and saw, at first glance, that the "white plague" had done its worst. The grim monster, death, was already feel-

ing for the cords of life. The young man was not able to speak above a whisper. When I tried to point him to Christ the sinner's friend, he deliberately turned his face to the wall saying that he did not want any of that stuff.

"May I read just a verse from the Bible to you?" I asked.

"No," he replied, "I tell you I do not want anything like that around me."

"That is all right," I said, "perhaps you are too weary to listen. I will pray a short prayer and ask Jesus to help and bless you." Saying this I knelt down and began to pray softly before he had opportunity to object.

When I arose he refused to talk to me. Not waiting for an invitation I told him I would call again soon and see how he was getting along. He did not answer me. A few days later I returned. As soon as I entered the room he asked that I read the Bible and pray with him.

I read a part of the twenty-first chapter of Revelation. His heart was touched and I knelt in prayer, asking the Lord to ease his pain and to save him. Heaven seemed to draw very near. Willie was too weak to say much, but he pressed my hand and asked me to come again.

I shall never forget my next visit. The scene that met my eyes beggars all description. When he saw me he lifted his thin white hands as high as his weakened condition would permit. His face looked like that of an angel.

"Oh," he exclaimed over and over, "I am so happy! I am so happy! I thank Jesus for saving me! He has forgiven all of my sins!"

Again and again, he asked me to help him praise the Lord.

"I am so glad you told me about Jesus." He said, "When you were here before and read to me about a place where there is no more sin, no more pain and sickness, and where Jesus will wipe all of our tears away, then I got a longing in my heart to go to that home. I prayed and Jesus has heard my prayer. My sins are forgiven and I am now ready for heaven. Before Jesus saved me I was cross to Mother. I was rebellious and was fighting death. But now I want to go home to heaven to that place which Jesus has gone to prepare for me."

When I left him he was still praising the Lord. The next time I came I found that he had slipped away to be with Jesus.

A POOR WEALTHY WOMAN

I entered a very wealthy woman's home and talked to her about the love of God. She asked me to eat lunch with her. While we were seated at the table I told her about my conversion and how precious Jesus was to me. She looked across the table at me, with such a hungry look. Then she dropped her beautiful silverware on the table, folded her soft white bejeweled hands and with tears coursing down her cheeks, said, "Oh, I wish I had what you have." But, alas, she did not surrender to Christ, as she thought the cost was too great. Oh how poor some rich people are.

ENTERING A GAMBLING DEN

Again I was looking for a Sunday school scholar. This was in a section among the poorer class of the city. I could not locate her on the first floor, nor on the second. There were thirty families living in this one building. I ascended to the third floor. A woman said likely the object of my search was in the north wing of the building. I saw a door, opened it and entered a long, narrow hall. At the other end I saw a very dim light. No daylight could enter for there was no window. Here the narrow, dark hall turned to my right. I continued groping my way in the semi-darkness. Finally I came to a door. Knowing the girl was from a very poor family I thought perhaps she lived here. I rapped on the door. I heard a commotion on the inside—there was a shuffling of feet. At last the door was slightly opened and I saw a sight that frightened me. I had encountered one of St. Louis' wicked gambling dens.

I beheld seated around a table about twelve of the most vicious looking men that I had ever seen. Money was stacked high before them. For a moment a deathly fear took possession of me and I felt an impulse to run for my life. Of course I realized my danger. Here I was a young girl, hid away so completely from the outside world, that had I screamed at the top of my voice no outsider could have heard me. I knew I was completely at their mercy. Then suddenly something like a sheet of the presence and glory of God completely enveloped me, and a voice said, "I am with you. Talk to these men about Jesus."

I stepped onto the doorsill saying calmly, "Men, I am a Christian and I was looking for a Sunday school scholar, but I realize I have come to the wrong door by mistake. But while I am here I would like to speak a few words to you about Jesus my Savior."

Soon everyone around that table pushed his cards back, pushed back the heaps of money and listened very attentively and respectfully. One by one these men, hardened in sin, drew forth their handkerchiefs and wiped tears from their eyes. After delivering my message I said, "I must be going now, but I shall pray for you, I want to meet you in heaven." Every man around that gambling table rose to his feet and all bowed and thanked me for the message I had given them. The man at the door bowed almost to the floor and thanked me heartily for my message.

I walked away from the door of that gambling den with the tread of a conqueror, feeling as safe as if I had been a child resting in its mother's arms. I realized again, my Savior's guiding hand had led and protected me and had given me the great privilege of bringing a message of saving grace to needy souls.

A GAMBLER'S LAST CALL

While on my knees in prayer one day, interceding for lost souls, a voice suddenly said, "Write Orin Worthen a letter and warn him to flee from the wrath to come."

Immediately I recognized it as the voice of God. But I was perplexed and said, "Lord, I do not know

whether this man is still living where he lived four years ago when I knew him."

Again the voice spoke, "Write Orin Worthen a letter and warn him to flee from the wrath to come."

At the time of my conversion this man, then about forty years of age, was rooming at the same place where I stayed. I often spoke to him regarding his soul's salvation, but always he found excuses for not yielding his life to Christ.

Immediately I arose from my knees and wrote the letter of warning, sending it to the former address. A few days later I got an answer. He expressed hearty appreciation of my interest in his soul's welfare, adding, "I have always had confidence in your religion, because, when you got saved you turned wholeheartedly from the world to the ways of the Christian life." Then he wrote, "But I am getting very deaf and could not hear a sermon if I did go to church. However, some day" (Yes, that "some day" has cost many a person his soul's salvation) "some day," he said, "I will get a Bible, read it and become a Christian and go to heaven when I die."

His landlady told me later that he had read the letter to her and it had deeply affected him. But, alas, he continued in his sinful ways.

Soon after this I saw a picture on the front page of the *Globe Democrat*. The face looked strangely familiar. I read the headlines, "Orin Worthen Murdered."

The mystery of that murder, the law was never able to unravel. From all indications, he had been at the gambling table until the early hours of the

morning, perhaps had won quite a sum of money. Someone had followed him to his door and about the time he placed his hand on the door knob had cut his throat from ear to ear with a razor. The next morning his body was found lying cold in his own life's blood. Though I have not any hope that Orin Worthen made it through to heaven, yet, when I see him at the judgment bar of God, I know that I shall be glad that I was living close enough to the Lord so He could intrust me with a message to deliver to this soul which was about to take a leap into the dark night of eternity.

*Go out in the highways and hedges,
Compelling the lost to come in;
Go with a prayer and invite them,
To turn from the pathways of sin.
Do not, as the priest and the Levite,
Draw aside your white robe and pass by,
If we who love Christ do not help them
Oh, where is their hope when they die?*

TESTS OF FAITH

"I want a thrill." Thus spoke a young woman when she was reprimanded by her mother for indulging in all manner of questionable amusements.

"A thrill!" Yes, young life delights in thrills. But I challenge any young man or young woman to get saved and win souls for Christ and see if they will not experience far greater thrills than in anything they have found in worldly pleasures.

I greatly enjoyed my work as city missionary for the Lord was blessing and my labors were fruitful. I visited in homes; attended eight services a week at the mission where I was pianist. I helped in jail and workhouse services, and was happy in my labors for the Master.

Yet, all this time I realized that my work here was only preparatory for the work to which the Lord had so definitely called me. One night alone in prayer the Lord whispered to me to resign. It came as a surprise. I saw no open door which I believed the Lord would have me enter. I prayed earnestly, asking the Lord what He would have me do. But there was no answer other than, "Resign."

I do not say that when the Lord spoke He always spoke in an audible voice, but I do know that if we live close enough to Him so He can get our ear, His Spirit speaks to our spirit in a way that we can understand. "Spiritual things are spiritually

discerned," therefore those who follow the Lord afar off cannot hear His voice. It would be a waste of words to try to explain to God's true children how the Lord speaks, for they already know from experience. On the other hand, one might write volumes trying to explain to one who is not a Christian how God speaks to us, yet he would not understand.

The church of which I was a member gave little heed to women preachers and made no effort to open doors for them. It seemed to me like folly to resign from a work in which the Lord was so signally blessing and to sit down, fold my hands and do nothing, as it seemed to me I would have to do. I told the Lord what I thought about the whole matter and felt that I had very good arguments. Surely the Lord would see it my way. But He would not be convinced. All the answer He gave was that I should resign my position.

Finally I began to recount the Lord's past dealings with me and came to the conclusion the Lord knew better than I did what was best for me. I handed in my resignation though I saw nothing but closed doors staring me in the face.

Several weeks passed by. One night while engaged in earnest prayer, the Lord and I came to a definite agreement, namely, that He would not permit a single door to be opened that I was not to enter. While my side of it was that the first door which opened I was to enter without question.

The following Sunday morning I attended a camp meeting in the city. The manager of the camp invited me to the platform where I took my place

among many other Christian workers. To my left sat a young woman who was a stranger to me. She was quite outstanding in appearance. When she led in prayer no one could doubt that she possessed talent and was deeply spiritual.

I had noticed that, as we sat there on the platform, she looked me over a number of times. I paid little attention to this until suddenly she turned to me, saying, "Pardon me, but have you ever had a call to preach?"

"Yes," I said, "I feel that the Lord has called me to preach His Word."

"I am an evangelist," she continued, "and have a meeting slated for two weeks from today. I would like to have a coworker. Will you pray with me during these two weeks in order to learn the will of the Lord as to whether you and I should labor together?"

I told her I would, but really felt no need of praying about it, for the Lord had opened a door and I had promised that I would enter without question.

Two weeks from that day Blanche Smith, a minister's daughter, and I entered the field of evangelism.

We were both young and inexperienced in this line of work, but were wholly consecrated to God and desired above all else to follow His leading. We prayed much and the Lord honored our faith and gave us the ears of the people. We usually had large crowds and God gave us wonderful altar services and many souls for our hire, for which we do praise Him.

I had not yet told my father that I had a call from God to preach the gospel. In one of our first campaigns I wrote a long letter telling him, again, all about my wonderful conversion and sanctification; about the definite and instantaneous healing of my body, and last of all about my call to preach and that I was now in a revival in obedience to the Lord's call. I said, "Father, I know that the step that I have taken will wound you deeply, for I well know your attitude regarding women doing any public work. It grieves me that I must do this contrary to your desires." I said, "You know, Father, that in the past I have always endeavored to be obedient and to respect your wishes whenever possible, but when it comes to the question of complying with your requests or obeying my heavenly Father, then I must obey Him."

It was not a light task for me to write this letter, for in my mind's vision I could see my father open my letter, read it and then bury his face in his folded arms on the table before him and weep. How anxiously I awaited an answer. After a few days a letter was handed to me and—yes, it was in Father's handwriting.

There were tearstains on the paper, and oh, what a pain this sent to my heart. The tone of Father's letter was very kind, but some of the contents hurt deeply. Among other things he said, "You have almost broken my heart. Remember you are the first one of my children who has ever disgraced our family name, in that you have become a woman preacher. If you are in that work to earn a living,

then please come home immediately for I will take care of you."

When I first opened the letter I had noticed a little slip of paper flutter to the floor. I had been so anxious to read the letter to learn its contents that I had paid no attention to the slip.

I read on. Father's letter continued, "I sincerely hope that you will immediately come home, but if you really feel that you must do that line of work let me help you along a little financially."

I hastily picked up the slip of paper and found it to be a check written out and signed by my own dear father's hand. It was a check for one hundred dollars.

I could see God's hand in it all and how glad I was that I had chosen to obey God rather than man. I was happy that I had refused to compromise.

The difficulties encountered by us two young, inexperienced evangelists were many. We seldom had a service without seekers and usually some would not get victory until near midnight. Frequently we would be obliged to pray with some until the early hours of the morning. During the day hungry souls would come to our room and want help and prayers. At times one of us would snatch a little sleep while the other would talk and pray with these seeking souls.

If our meeting was in a small town we were expected to canvass the whole village and pray in every home inviting the people to the services. Our physical strength was not always taken into consideration. The entertainment of the workers, also, was a problem in those early days of the holiness

movement. The local churches did not even consider paying for the entertainment of the evangelists, some family in the congregation would offer to keep them.

Since we were girls, certainly, we were expected to do our share of the housework. If our host and hostess were early risers, five o'clock or even earlier, we were to be right there on hand and help prepare breakfast, wash dishes and make up beds. On wash and scrubbing days, if we did not take hold then it was considered that we thought ourselves too good to do housework. If we had religion like we ought to have, they reasoned, we would not consider ourselves too good to work with our hands. However, to this there were grand exceptions.

The financial side was another problem. In many of the local churches they seemed to reason this way, "Our evangelists are just two young girls. They have no financial obligations, they get their room and board free, what more do they need?" Therefore our offerings were usually very small. Traveling from one meeting to another we always managed to have enough money saved for railroad fare. Our meetings were usually not very far apart and therefore we did not travel great distances. Before we started on our trip we would eat a hearty meal then fast until we reached our destination. Sometimes we had to wait for train connections all night in cold depots. We would sit up all night to save the price of a room in a hotel.

Upon one occasion we had a long wait and were so weary that it seemed impossible to endure waiting in the small, cold depot all night, so we walked

around a bit and saw a sign, "Rooming House." We inquired and found the price to be the big sum of twenty-five cents for a double bed. We searched clear down to the bottom of our purses and discovered the total sum in my possession was nineteen cents while Blanche had exactly six red pennies. Oh, but that rest was sweet, even though we did have empty stomachs and empty purses.

Under such circumstances the reader may imagine what a check for one hundred dollars from my father meant to me. Of course I could have gotten assistance from other sources, brothers and sisters and friends, had they known, but I was too independent to ask for it and I am glad now that I did not. In this way I got some valuable lessons in faith and trust that I could not have received any other way.

I have always believed that our young preachers who do not go through some financial struggles in their early ministry miss something of great value. A few years ago I heard a well known holiness minister make a statement that made quite an impression on me. He said, "The time must come in a young man's life when his parents and friends take the attitude, 'Root, hog or die,' and if he is not willing to root he ought to die." With this statement I perfectly agree.

Regardless of the hardships we encountered and the difficult problems we faced we were happy in the service of our Master. The Lord was blessing our labors. We preached to large audiences and God gave us many souls for our hire. After all,

that was what we were laboring for. Thus I spent several happy years in the evangelistic work.

Now, however, I was to have one of the severest tests of faith that I had yet encountered. The Lord spoke to me as the Lord only can and does speak to a consecrated heart. He whispered to me to tell Blanche Smith that I would not be her coworker the following year.

I knew that it was the Lord speaking, and in the face of my past experiences, I realized that I should not question His leading. However, we are so human, and have such constant contact with concrete and tangible things that some of us are slow to grasp, with our finite minds, when the Lord desires to lead us in spiritual matters.

This time I felt that I did have an argument so strong and convincing against quitting my evangelistic work that I thought the Lord should, at least, consider it seriously. I told Him that He well knew I was not a preacher because of my own choosing. He had called me. That I had not forced any door open but that He had opened every door that I had entered when beginning my evangelistic labors. Now He was demanding of me to lay it down with not another open door before me. I reminded Him that the two of us together had always had full slates, but if I was to travel alone I would, doubtless, not get many calls. Then I clinched my arguments with the fact that, since He had called me to preach to save souls, if now I did not preach, then those who might have been won under my preaching, would be lost and the responsibility would not be mine but His.

Regardless of all the arguments that I presented before the Lord no answer came except to tell Blanche that I would not be her coworker the following year. I had not the least idea why the Lord demanded this of me nor what He would have me do thereafter.

After a long, hard battle with the powers of darkness I finally concluded that the Lord knew what was best for me and I would trust myself to His guiding hand for my future. This brought a wonderful sense of rest and security to my heart. I felt like Baynard must have felt when he penned the following lines,

*I'd rather walk in the dark with God,
Than go alone in the light;
I'd rather walk with Him by faith,
Than walk alone by sight.*

We were conducting a tent meeting at Templeton, Indiana, when I informed Blanche that I would no longer continue my labors with her after the annual conference.

Our next meeting was to be at Pana, Illinois, where we were to conduct another tent campaign. On the closing day of our Indiana meeting we received a telegram informing us that the tent at Pana had been badly damaged by a storm and the meeting was postponed for two weeks.

We were at a loss to know what to do during the intervening time. We did not like to spend the money for a trip home and yet we had to stay somewhere. I had a cousin, whom I considered almost

like a brother, living near Pana. I had a standing invitation from him and his wife to pay them a visit any time I was near. I decided to accept this invitation and wrote them to that effect.

They lived on a beautiful farm in the rich corn belt of Illinois, fifteen miles northeast of Pana. They had a large home, beautiful lawn and shade trees. Oh, what a peaceful, restful, quiet place for a tired evangelist. I enjoyed it to the full and felt strengthened in body and soul. After two weeks we entered the battle for souls at Pana.

During my stay at cousin Henry's home I attended the Salem Methodist church. I was asked to speak at the Sunday morning service and the Lord blessed. They kindly passed the hat for an offering for me and gave me twenty-two dollars for a fifteen-minute talk. Needless to say it was gratefully accepted.

After the Pana meeting Blanche and I were both going home for a few days. Then on to the Bingham, Illinois, camp meeting where we were the engaged workers. I went to St. Louis where two of my sisters lived. Arriving in the city at the Union Station I walked across the street to wait for a street car. While standing there on Nineteenth and Market Streets I was greeted by a young lady. I said, "Why, Emma, where did you come from?"

The young lady was cousin Henry's sister-in-law. With her was a young man whom she introduced to me as her brother, a young Methodist minister, then pastor of the Methodist church at Cape Girardeau, Missouri. This young preacher's name was Theodore Ludwig.

A few months later it began to dawn on me why the Lord had insisted that I tell my coworker that I would not continue with her in evangelistic meetings. He knew that after my strenuous labors in that field I needed a period of rest before I took up my duties as a Methodist minister's wife.

From that day to this I have been convinced the Lord was right when he directed me to take the step of faith of leaving my coworker not knowing whither I was going. I soon learned, and know now that it was my precious Savior's guiding hand directing my path and leading me to a happy future life.

Why should I ask to walk by sight?

Why not trust my Guide?

Though I am led by faith alone,

He's always by my side;

The way may be rugged, rough and hard,

The hills be steep to climb;

If Jesus leads me by His hand,

Our walk will be sublime.

MY HUSBAND AND I

The wedding took place at my father's home. It was my desire to be married there. The presiding elder of the Methodist church performed the ceremony in the living room of the dear old home where I had spent my happy childhood. The home where my dear mother and father had begun their married life and where they lived the rest of their days. In this home and on this farm they reared their children, instilling into their hearts and minds the virtues of honesty, truthfulness and high ideals of life. The home from which my precious mother, a few years previously, had slipped away to be with Jesus in that better home in heaven.

My husband had been reared in a Christian home and rocked in a Methodist cradle. His parents were both beautifully converted in their youth. Two of their thirteen children died in infancy. The other eleven were all converted before they were sixteen years of age. Three of the six sons became ministers of the gospel, while Father Ludwig and two of the other boys were local preachers. One daughter married a minister, and all the rest were active Christian workers in the church.

When Father Ludwig died he could say that he had not been late to Sunday school for thirty years. It was at the beautiful, spacious Ludwig farm home, where a daughter and her husband, who was my cousin Henry Brink, lived, here the tired evangelist

had rested while the tent for the Pana meeting was being repaired.

Mr. Ludwig had been beautifully converted at the tender age of ten. He had endeavored to walk in the light and his labors in the Master's vineyard had been fruitful. However, he had not yet been sanctified. We exchanged religious books, before our marriage, and among those I lent him were some that dealt with sanctification as a definite work of God's grace for the believer. We had been married only a few weeks when he became an earnest seeker for the experience.

One Saturday night, after we had spent much time during the day in reading and praying, the desire of this young preacher for holiness became so intense that he slept little. Throughout the night I could hear him groaning and praying.

Later Mr. Ludwig said that when he was ordained and the bishop had asked the question, "Do you expect to be made perfect in love in this life?" he had answered in the affirmative; and to the question, "Are you groaning after it?" he had answered, "Yes." "But," he said, "I did not do much 'groaning' until that Saturday night."

After that night of prayer, on Sunday morning, Mr. Ludwig got up early. He shook the ashes off the live coals in the base burner to start the fire. There before him he beheld a heap of redhot coals and the Lord said, "If you will trust me I will stir the fire of holiness in your heart as you see these live coals before you now."

The next thing I knew my husband came rushing back into the bedroom flourishing the stove

poker in one hand and the coal shovel in the other, shouting loudly, "Hallelujah it's done."

Yes, it was done. Another Methodist preacher was sanctified. The Lord had been true to His work—as He always is—and had sanctified that young preacher just as soon as his "all" was laid on the altar of sacrifice and his consecration was complete.

Of course we were very happy in our labors together in the Master's vineyard. For a time we remained in the pastorate, but frequently conducted revivals in other churches. The Lord gave us souls for our hire. After some time we learned of the "Church of the Nazarene," and obtained a Manual. As we read it together Mr. Ludwig frequently remarked, "That is the doctrine we believe in and the experience we have received; this is the church in which we ought to labor."

Finally Mr. Ludwig attended the Chicago Central District Assembly at Marshalltown, Iowa, and when he returned home he was fully convinced that this was the church of his choice. A year later in 1912, we united with the Church of the Nazarene where we have been happy to labor for these thirty years. In 1914 I was ordained elder by Doctor P. F. Bresee.

For several more years we continued in the pastorate doing our best to lead souls to Christ and to rear our son, Sylvester Theodore, and train him in the way he should go, that his life might count for God, and that he might make heaven his eternal home.

When Sylvester was five years of age we had the happy privilege of seeing him beautifully converted. He was just half as old as his father was when he was saved. Sylvester and I were visiting with my sister in St. Louis, Missouri, while his father was at home. That day he had been quite unruly so that I had to correct him a number of times. After we had retired, and I was almost asleep, I felt his little hand on my cheek saying, "Mama, are you asleep?"

"No," I said, "I am not asleep. What is it? Why don't you go to sleep?"

"I just can't sleep," he said but turned over and made another attempt. I could not coax him to tell me what troubled him.

The second time and the third time I felt his little hand on my face asking me if I were asleep. Even then it was quite a while before I could persuade him to tell me what was troubling him. But suddenly he threw his arms around my neck, and weeping bitterly said, "Mama, I am sorry I was so naughty today, will you forgive me?"

I assured him that he was forgiven, then dried his tears, kissed him and told him that everything was all right now and he should go to sleep.

After a few moments I felt his hand on my cheek again. "Are you asleep, Mama?" he said.

Again I tried to get him to open his heart to me, but all that he would say was, "I just can't sleep yet."

I began to realize that perhaps the Lord was speaking to him, and I did not want to press him too hard for a confession, lest I interfere with the Lord's dealings with his young heart.

Again he turned over and tried to go to sleep, and again turned back and placed his hand upon my cheek asking if I were asleep.

Then I pressed him a bit more for an answer, and soon he burst into tears saying, "Mama, I want to pray and tell Jesus that I am sorry I was naughty and I want to ask Jesus to save me."

I got up and quickly he tumbled out of bed and together we prayed. I shall never forget the simple, childlike, trusting spirit in which he approached the Lord. He told the Lord how sorry he was for being naughty, then added, "If you will forgive me, I won't do it any more." Then he closed his prayer with, "I ask it all in Jesus' name."

Soon he lifted his head and smiling through his tears said, "Why, Mama, He has done it."

Would it not be wonderful if grown-up "children" would come to Jesus in this childlike faith and be willing to take the steps that this five year old child did. If they did they would soon find pardon.

The first step was, he felt he had wronged Mother, and he asked her forgiveness. If we have wronged our fellowman, we should right it as far as possible. Second, he said, "Jesus, if you will forgive me, I won't do it any more." A sinner seeking the Savior's pardon must turn from sin and not do it any more. And last he said, "I ask it in Jesus' name." None of us merit salvation, but it is ours if we ask it in His name.

During the years we were in the pastorate we had many calls for evangelistic labors, but felt that we should remain in the pastorate for the time being in order to keep a home for our son that he might

not have to be shifted from place to place in other people's homes. This we did until he was nearly ready for high school, when we re-entered the evangelistic field having secured my sister as governess and companion for him until he entered Bresee Academy at Hutchinson, Kansas.

From that day until now my husband and I have labored together in the evangelistic field, except for the time when he was District Superintendent on the Nebraska District and later on the Southeast Atlantic District.

During this period there was a time when for about twenty years, we did not have our trunk and suitcases unpacked. Oh yes, we went home once in a while, but not long enough to really unpack. One day in a homesick mood I wrote the following little verses:

AN EVANGELIST'S PRAYER

*Dear Lord, give me a little home,
That I might come to when I roam;
Oh, just a little quiet spot,
Where city noise disturbs me not.
Perhaps an acre of God's soil,
Wherein at times my hands may toil,
Planting flowers here and there,
Training each with tender care.
Yes, just a little garden spot,
With daisy and forget-me-not.*

*Oh, how I'd like a little home,
That I could call my very own;
A murmuring brook, or trickling spring,
Some trees where little birds would sing.*

*I'd like to have some little nooks,
Where I could keep my precious books;
A kitchen, living room and hall,
Not very many things at all;
But, Lord, I'd like a little home,
That I could call my very own.*

*I've traveled East, and traveled West,
But I'd like a little home the best;
Yet, if dear Lord, this cannot be,
If I should labor on for Thee,
I'll gladly be content to roam,
Until I reach my heavenly home.
But if it please Thee, Lord, I pray,
Give me a home while here I stay.
I'd like to have a little home,
That I might come to when I roam.*

The dear Lord has graciously opened doors for us so that at one time for twenty-five years—a quarter of a century—we were not a single time without calls for meetings. But we have usually chosen to take brief vacations once or twice a year.

In accepting calls, we have, to the best of our ability, tried to discern the will of the Lord and have never chosen from among the calls that came, the “big” meetings in preference to smaller ones. In dollars and cents, perhaps we have lost, but in rich heart experiences and in favor with God we feel that we have gained much.

We have had many and varied experiences over the wide range of years in our evangelistic labors, as all evangelists have. When we cast our lot with

the Church of the Nazarene it was yet in its infancy and not so well organized as it is now. Therefore both pastors and evangelists, as well as the laity, had to sacrifice much to build the kingdom of Christ.

We have entered new fields and started revivals where we were not wanted. We have slept in churches; have eaten lunches when we had no dishes to eat from and no stove to cook on. But the Lord heard and answered our humble prayers and touched the hearts of the people to open their doors. Many were saved and we were enabled to establish new churches that are, to this day, lifting the banner of holiness high.

While Mr. Ludwig was district superintendent and I was district evangelist I entered more than one field all alone. The first part of the meetings, before others got interested, I was preacher, song leader and pianist. I had to do all my own praying, singing and shouting, as well as serving as janitor, sign painter and reporter. But what matter? Churches came forth that are standing as lighthouses today.

Our travels for the Master have taken us into all the states of the Union except one, and into Canada and Mexico. Many thousands of souls have sought and found God, for we have not had a single revival, in these forty years, that seekers have not been saved and sanctified. In some meetings but few; in many others from a hundred to three hundred and more have sought and found God.

For the little corner in which the Lord has given us the privilege to labor; for the physical strength

that he has given; for traveling mercies extended; for the faithful pastors and people with whom we have been privileged to associate and labor in the whitened harvest field; and for every soul that God has helped us to win, we praise our blessed Redeemer.

In His name we go forward to tell the wonderful story of Jesus and His love, endeavoring to garner a few more sheaves to lay as trophies at Jesus' feet before we sail into port on the other shore.

*The pitiless ocean was dashing and foaming,
No bright guiding star could I see;
My little frail bark, it was hopelessly tossing,
Far, far from the sheltering lee.*

*But why should I tremble and fear the long journey,
My Pilot is steadfast and true;
Yes, Jesus is guiding my ship o'er the waters,
With always the home port in view.*

*The waves and the tempest obey His commanding,
He's Master of billow's dark foam;
While watching the compass, the helm and the
rudder,
My Pilot will lead me safe home.*

REMINISCENCES

A JAR OF CREAM AND A HEAD OF BLOND HAIR

Father and Mother had gone to town leaving "big brother" Fred, about ten years of age, at home to supervise us younger children. While brother's attention was demanded elsewhere, I indulged in one of my coveted climbing stunts. I lost my balance and fell, head first, into a large jar of cream. While I like good rich cream in its place, it was very evident that a head of long blond hair and thick cream did not mix very well.

And now imagine a ten-year-old boy attempting, with cold water and homemade soap, to wash thick cream out of a four-year-old girl's hair.

AN EARLY MORNING SURPRISE

One August morning, when I was about four years of age, Father led my sisters and myself into Mother's bedroom. With beaming eyes he drew the covers back and showed us two little bundles.

"How do you like your little twin sisters?" he said.

Of course we thought they were about the most precious little creatures we had ever seen. After breakfast I went with Father to feed the stock, and lo, he showed me twelve little pigs with their mother, which had also made their appearance during the night.

A little later, looking down the road we saw a familiar white horse coming. We knew that Aunt

Louisa was in that buggy. Down the path toward the road, sister and I started as fast as our little feet would carry us. I outran sister and was the first to tell the good news.

"Oh, Auntie! I shouted, "we have two little babies and a whole lot of little pigs."

I think I hardly knew which brought the greater joy, the little girls or the little pigs. The girl babies were bigger and sweeter, but there were only two of them, but the piggies—well, there were at least a dozen and that, of course, made some difference.

"PA"

Father and Uncle Fred, "Senator Brink" as everybody called him, were out under the shade trees visiting and talking politics. Mother and Aunt Caroline were visiting in the living room. I was only a little girl, but always delighted in listening to older people's conversation. I was sitting on the floor, tailor fashion, listening while Mother and Auntie were conversing on various subjects. Then they drifted into talking politics. I noticed that when they got into deep water regarding national affairs, Auntie would say, "Just wait, Elizabeth, I'll ask Pa, he knows."

This asking "Pa" about everything did not appeal to me at all. I had always believed that my father knew just about everything that was worth knowing. He looked like quite a "big" man to me, especially when he was dressed up in his long, Prince Albert coat, his fancy velvet vest and black derby hat. But here was Uncle Fred. He not only wore a long coat and a velvet vest but he wore a

tall silk hat and had been senator for twelve years. I conceded that it could be possible that he knew more than Father did. Nevertheless, I did not like the idea that so frequently Aunt Caroline would say, "I'll ask Pa, he knows."

When I heard Auntie make this statement for about the third time, I walked out in disgust, saying to myself, "If ever I have a 'Pa' of my own I still want to know some things myself."

OPENING A BEAUTY PARLOR

Nearly all of our little girl friends had their hair cut in bangs. My younger sister and I desired greatly to keep up with the fashion of the day. We pleaded and coaxed for Mother and Father to permit us to have our hair cut. But Father, always being very proud of his little daughter's long hair, would not give consent.

One day I said, "Elizabeth, let us cut our hair. When it is once off then Mother and Father cannot put it on again."

We sneaked out with the scissors and comb. A little later when we were called in for dinner we had bangs. Father and Mother reprimanded us but not very seriously. After dinner I overheard them talking and laughing about their little daughters playing such pranks.

About this time we saw Aunt Louisa coming. I did not run out to meet her as I usually did. In a very serious mood I took Elizabeth by the hand, led her out of the back door into the pear orchard behind the smokehouse for an important consultation. I told her what I had overheard. "No," I said,

"Auntie is coming and they will tell her what we did and they will all laugh at us. If we had water we might wet our hair and smooth our bangs back and they would not think of telling Auntie about our cutting our hair." But we had no water. If we ventured into the house they would see us. Now "necessity became the mother of invention." As fortune would have it, there had been a light shower and the horses had stomped around in the barnyard leaving puddles in their tracks. True, the water was muddy, very muddy, but then, perhaps that would serve the purpose all the better. Quickly we set up a beauty parlor in the middle of the barnyard, wetting our hair with the water from the horses' tracks. Very skilfully, we pasted our bangs back. It worked! Not a word was said about our bangs while Auntie was there. I think Mother sensed the situation and spared her little daughters the humiliation of being laughed at.

AN IRONCLAD RESOLUTION

When about twelve or thirteen years of age, some girls and I were talking about our plans and ambitions for the future, just as girls will talk at times. After they had divulged their secret ambitions I told them of a resolution that I had made regarding some things for my future life.

"If ever I marry," I said, "the man whom I marry will have to come up to certain standards." Though I was not yet saved I told them, "The young man who becomes my husband will have to be a real Christian. Not only that, but the record of his past life will have to be just as clean as mine

—no drinking, no smoking, no profanity—and there must have been absolutely clean living. Then, even if he can quality in all this, before I marry him the Lord will have to let me know, some way, that that particular man is the one whom He wants me to have. If I cannot have a man with that kind of a character, and cannot have a Christian home, then I will live and die an old maid.”

Of course the girls all laughed, but I was sincere. Then I added humorously—for the following was not part of the above ironclad resolution.—“I would like for the man whom I marry to be a preacher and since I am a blond I would like for him to be dark complexioned and have dark hair. He should be several inches taller than I am and at least three or four years older than I.”

Several years slipped away and I held faithfully to my resolve. The young men who did not come up to my standard held no attraction for me. My father had always held to these high ideals. I had four brothers but there were no drinking, smoking or swearing at our home. I knew that young men could live that way if they chose to do so.

In my late teens I repeated my resolve to a young woman about my own age. She seemed to think that it was quite a joke, threw her head back and laughed, saying, “You need not look for anyone like that, all the young men who are old enough to get married have had their fling.”

“All right,” I said, “then let them look for a girl who has had her fling, for they need not look my way.”

"You never will find one like that," she repeated.

"Then," I said, "it will be honorable to live and die a bachelor girl."

But did I find one? Well, I'm married!

"YOU ARE WORLDLY"

We had closed a very successful revival and on Monday morning when we were about ready to leave for our next meeting, there was a telephone call. We answered and a woman's shrill voice came over the line:

"Mrs. Ludwig," she said, "I have attended your meetings and I feel that the Lord wants me to talk to you before you leave."

"We are about ready to go," I said, "but if there is anything we can do for you we shall be very glad to do it."

"No, not that; the Lord wants me to tell you that you are too worldly," she said excitedly.

"Oh!" I said, "along what line is it, sister, that you think I am too worldly? I do not indulge in any worldly things I am sure."

"No, your dress is too worldly—that dress you wore is just like what the world wears," and she referred to a certain one of my dresses.

"That dress is made of good material," I said, "I made it myself and I find it much more economical to pay a little more than to buy the cheaper materials. However, it is made about as plain as a dress could possibly be made."

"But you look worldly!" she insisted.

"Is there anything else besides the dress that you think is worldly?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, your hair—you dress your hair just like the world, the very latest fashion."

"Why, sister, don't you know that the latest fashion is to bob the hair?" I said, for it was at the time when the fashion of bobbed hair was at its height.

"Oh yes—I guess so—but the way you comb it, looks so worldly."

"Now is there anything else you would like to speak to me about?" I asked.

"Yes, your shoes, how can you wear the shoes you wear and profess to be a Christian?"

"Why, sister, if you refer to those black satin pumps that I wear, I got those from a bargain counter and paid seventy-five cents for them. I confess they do look nice," I said, "but the heels are not too high and they are perfectly plain. I do not think there is any harm in wearing pretty things, do you? Now, is there anything else?"

"Yes, one thing more, you even wear a hair net."

That ended our conversation. She hung up and so did I.

A NEW COAT

I was badly in need of a new winter coat—a warm coat, one that would prevent me from taking cold after having preached in warm auditoriums. All the coats that I had priced which seemed at all suitable were higher in price than I felt a holiness woman should pay for any garment.

I had had some experience in dressmaking. That is, one time before I was married I had decided that no woman's life was well rounded unless she could sew. I had never attempted to make even the simplest garment. Very foolishly I purchased an expensive piece of material and set to work making it. I had no pattern and was guided only by measurements I took from my other dresses. I planned, I worked, I "sweat." Finally it was finished and "believe it or not" it was almost a perfect fit. From that day to this I have made almost all of my own dresses.

Now I wondered if I could not make a coat also. I sent for samples of heavy silk plush material which was being worn that season.

One morning when in prayer I thought of my coat and prayed a short, earnest prayer. "Lord," I said, "I feel that I need a new coat and if you want me to have one then let someone give money for it aside from the offering. And in order that I may be doubly sure it is for my coat let it be given to me and not to Mr. Ludwig."

No, we had not come down to the last dollar that we possessed but could not get hold of any of our money just then. Out of the offering we expected from the meeting we were in, we wanted to pay a one hundred dollar pledge we had made for missions.

Just then the mail carrier brought a letter. Here were my samples. I was amazed to find that I could get a beautiful piece of heavy silk plush and lining, all for twenty-five dollars. I was not accustomed to getting a good coat quite that reasonable.

No one but Mr. Ludwig knew that I needed a new coat. While I was still looking at my samples the door bell rang. Mr. Ludwig answered. There stood a man, a stranger. Immediately he walked toward me saying, "Hold out both of your hands."

I held out my hands and quickly he dropped a roll of bills into my hands.

"Thank you, brother," I said, "but what is this for?"

"Oh, for you," he replied. "The Lord told me to give it to you, but I must be going now. Goodby." And he was gone.

I counted my money and there was exactly twenty-five dollars.

Did I like my coat?

I certainly did—the Lord had given it to me.

"YOU WOULD BETTER STAY"

In our early evangelistic work a meeting had been slated for months. We arrived on the ten o'clock train at night and the pastor took us to our place of entertainment.

"Your room is not quite ready," our hostess informed us. Weary and worn we waited and waited. At almost midnight the pastor said, "Would you like to go over and see the church?"

We assured him that we would—anything—we thought to pass the time. When we returned we were told that the room would be ready soon. Finally—finally we were led upstairs. The first thing that greeted us on the stairway were two large open ratholes staring at us. A glance around the room convinced us that we would not care to lay our

wraps down on the old, dust covered furniture. We looked into a cubby hole—a clothes closet, they called it. A few old rusty nails had been driven into the wall and the floor was covered with fully a half inch litter of every description, mixed with old papers gnawed to bits by mice in which they had made their nests and raised their young.

Mr. Ludwig and I stood in silence staring at each other. Of course we would pick up our suit-cases and walk out, but the Lord whispered, "You would better stay."

We threw the bed covers back and—what joy!—it was spotlessly clean. We learned later that the bed furnishings had been borrowed. Fortunately we had a newspaper which we spread on the table and laid our wraps down. That closet door was not again opened.

The next day was Sunday. Mr. Ludwig preached with liberty to a good crowd. During the sermon I noticed that our hostess seemed to be in agony over something. She would glance up at the preacher but immediately her head would go down with a groan. She shifted, twisted, turned and groaned all through the service. Later we learned that it was because she mistook the preacher's little silver watch chain for a gold one. "Oh, consistency thou art a jewel." Dirt, filth and untidiness did not matter but a little gold watch chain would have caused her to backslide.

The more we prayed the clearer the voice, "You would better stay."

On Monday morning we asked our hostess for a bucket of boiling water and a bar of soap. She

asked no questions and gave us our desire. We took down the scrim curtains, which were almost too filthy to touch, dropped them into the boiling soap-suds and with a stick soused them up and down. Then we asked for another supply and washed them a second time. We cleaned the few pieces of furniture and the floor around the rug. The rug, fortunately, was clean—it also had been borrowed.

The weather was cool and we asked for a stove. But, horror of horrors! When the room got warm we discovered that the old wooden bedstead was harboring an army of living creatures.

Now we knew that we would be justified in leaving. But again that still small voice, "You would better stay."

We knew of an excellent remedy which Mr. Ludwig applied freely and that trouble was ended and we had a fairly clean and quite comfortable room.

The next morning our hostess informed us she had decided that we should move into another room. We told her no, that we were quite comfortable where we were. She was very insistent that we move but we were quite as insistent that we would not move. We stayed, for we felt that we would hardly relish cleaning another room.

That was one side of the story. The other is that God came on the scene and gave us a wonderful revival. We had overflowing crowds. About one hundred and fifty people were saved and twenty-three united with the church, one of whom is preaching the gospel today.

LIBRARY

The place was considered a very hard field. In a revival conducted a few months previously they had not succeeded in getting even one hand raised for prayer.

We were glad that we heeded the still small voice that had so persistently whispered, "You would better stay," for with existing conditions in the church, had we moved the people would have taken sides and this would have caused hard feelings. The Holy Spirit would have been grieved and the work of God hindered.