WHIT
BV
3765
.C72
.A3
1923

The Story of My Life

BY

Mattie Crawford

LOS ANGELES CALIFORNIA

3573 Shurtleff Court

Billy Graham Center Library
Wheaton College
Wheaton, IL 60187-5593

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Foreword 3

My Mother 6

The Baby 11

My Marriage 26

My Wonderful Conversion and Healing 29

Opening of a Mission in which Hundreds were Saved and Healed 39

Attempting My First Tent Meeting after Going Forth the Second Time 46

Central Pentecostal Mission where I was Baptized in the Holy Spirit 55

Arrival of My Husband 59

Yours in the Master's Service,
Mattie Crawford.

FOREWORD TO REVISED EDITION

VERFLOWING with praises unto my blessed Saviour—the Lord Jesus Christ who loved me and washed my heart in His own precious blood some years ago while busily engaged in missionary work in a foreign field, I wrote a simple and condensed testimony of the Lord's dealings in my life. When this testimony was written, sitting by the wayside on the mountains of Nicaragua, Central America, where we were preaching to the dear brown-faced Indians, thousands of whom found Jesus as their Saviour and Healer, little did I dream of the world-wide distribution of these booklets. So increasing has been the demand for them that edition after edition has been printed, and they have sped out and on to the ends of the earth, bringing blessing and comfort to many weary, discouraged souls, who have discovered that Jesus Christ, the dear loving compassionate Lamb of God, would do for them just what He did for the writer, when in her great sorrow and distress.

Before going to press with this new edition the author has taken time to revise and add to this little story a few of the more detailed accounts, earnestly praying that the readers may not notice the errors in composition but may find this blessed Saviour precious to their hearts; may see beyond all that is human, and catch a glimpse of the One who has so sweetly led the writer along life's weary way, bringing her out eventually into the pure sunlight of His own great love, where she is giving her life that others may come to know and love Him who has done so much for her.

During the dark hours of her life, when in sorrow and sickness, she lived in the midst of people calling themselves

Christians, but who neglected to tell the dying girl of the power of God to save her from her sins and heal her afflicted body. But she, knowing now of Him, has a deep determination in her heart to ring the message throughout the land, that sick and suffering ones may hear, and be saved and healed.

"Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe if Thou art nigh."

MATTIE CRAWFORD

July, 1923

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

CHAPTER ONE

My Mother

"He will keep the feet of His saints, and the wicked shall be silent in darkness; for by strength shall no man prevail. The adversaries of the Lord shall be broken to pieces; out of heaven shall He thunder upon them." 1 Samuel 2:9, 10.

I was born on a little farm near Hillsboro, Mo., Feb. 18th, 1886. We lived on this farm until I was about three years old. We then moved to St. Louis, Mo., where we lived until I was about six years old. There my father followed the trade of contracting, painting, and the practice of law. During this time he began to take up horse racing and dancing, and was away from home a great deal of the time. My mother's parents were good religious people of considerable wealth. Her grandfathers on both sides were Baptist ministers. Her grandfather on her mother's side began preaching when he was seventeen years old, walking through the country from one little log house to another, telling the people of Jesus, and undergoing many hardships.

The people were poor, and not able to support him very well, but he went right on preaching the Gospel. He built brush arbors in the country and had camp

meetings in which hundreds of people were converted. He preached with such power that people would fall from their seats all over the place and lie sometimes all day and night, having visions of heaven and hell. In one of his meetings an invalid woman, who had never walked in her life, arose from her seat and ran over the place, telling how wonderfully God had saved her from sin and healed her body.

An Indian, the leader of a band of infidels, who was known to break up religious meetings wherever he came in contact with them, came to one of my grandfather's meetings. He and his band began jumping outside to see which one could jump the farthest. The one who could jump the farthest was to be the one to fire the first shot through the meeting. The people, knowing these men, became frightened and began to leave, telling my grandfather it would be impossible to carry the meeting on any longer. He told them not to fear, but to pray, and have faith in God, and he would go out and talk to the men and try and persuade them not to do anything against the work of the Lord. As he approached the men they began to laugh, saying, "You are just the fellow we want to get hold of." Grandfather said, "And you are just the fellows I have been wanting to get hold of." He then told them that they had been boasting how far they could jump, but that he could out-jump any of them. They laughed and told

him that if he could do that they would come in and listen to him preach that afternoon.

The bargain was made, and he began to jump with each of them until he had out-jumped all nine of them, then he told them to come in and be seated, as it was time to commence the meeting. They came in and took the rear seats, but he invited them up front, saying, "Gentlemen, the Lord has given me a special sermon for you today." He began to preach, using for his text, **"Behold, I give you power over all the power of the enemy."** As he continued to speak the Spirit of the Lord began to fall like rain upon the people, until many were slain under the power, and among the number were all nine of the infidels who had come to break up the meeting. When grandfather saw the last one of the nine fall off his seat onto the ground he stopped preaching and told the people the battle was won. They prayed with the seekers all night. About noon the next day the Indians arose and began to jump. One of them jumped until his head at times went through the roof of the brush arbor. All nine of these men were brought to Jesus and became workers for God. The Indian went with my grandfather and assisted him in his meetings, and great revivals swept over the country for many miles in which hundreds were saved from sin and healed of diseases.

It was in such a meeting as this that my mother was converted when a very young girl. Being a tal-

ented musician and worker she went out into meetings with her father and grandfather, singing and testifying, leading many souls to Jesus. As she grew older she felt the call of God in her soul to go forth into His dear service as an evangelist, but there were many things to hinder. As she was the oldest child, and her father and mother lived on a farm, there was much work to be done, and she must help. She milked the cows, fed the chickens, carried water from the spring under the hill and took care of the younger children. Much of her time during the intervals of attending a nearby country school was taken up in this way, but, Oh! how she longed to be free from every care and to go out into the great harvest field and win souls for Jesus. But no one seemed to be interested enough to help her, as she was only a girl, and no one thought that girls could do very much in the line of preaching the gospel, their place being the home. After graduating from the common school she was sent to college and to a music conservatory, where she became an accomplished musician, and a soprano singer of no small note. Mother always looked forward to the day when she could be free from the cares of life and go forth in the Master's service. But the enemy of our souls is always laying traps for our inexperienced feet to hinder our progress. It was just at this time, when she was getting old enough to be allowed to begin to think for herself, that at one of her concerts—for at this time she had

opened a studio and was teaching music—she met a very handsome young man with winning ways, who also was a musician and singer of some talent. He won her heart, and they were married.

My father was a Roman Catholic, and knew nothing of the great love and power of God to change the life from sin and sorrow to perfect peace and happiness.

A few days after the wedding had been performed by a Catholic priest the young couple went to live on a little farm, not far away, but as my father was inexperienced in farming, and was unaccustomed to hard work, as he had been brought up very tenderly, had been educated to be a Catholic priest, and, up to the age of fifteen, had never polished his own shoes, mother had to take the lead in everything. She had not been married long before she awoke to the fact that she had missed God and was caught in the Devil's trap. Oh! the many long weary years that were to follow, years during which she was to grind in the prison house. Many times she took her Bible and stole away to read a few verses for encouragement and comfort to her poor aching heart, that she might bear her sorrow, for she was forbidden to attend the Protestant Church where she had been accustomed to go every Sunday to sing the sweet songs and to hear the sermons she loved so well. How she would pray that the dear little baby that was soon to be born to her

would love and serve the God she loved but whom she had failed to follow, as far as active service was concerned.

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

CHAPTER TWO

The Baby

"Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless His holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits: who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies." Psalm 103:1-4.

The time arrived when a baby was ushered into the home, but what a poor little, insignificant thing it was! good for nothing much, but to cry and suck its thumb, but, Oh! how mother did love the little bundle that she folded to her breast, dressed in the dainty clothing and wrapped in the beautifully embroidered shawl she had made, or rocked it in the old-fashioned chair. She sang to it the sweet songs that she had learned in her childhood, in her grandfather's meetings far away under the beautiful green brush arbor, and she longed that this child would grow up to know the old-time power of God. But there were great mountains of difficulty to climb before that poor little innocent babe could be free to follow the voice of the Lord that had evidently called it before its birth into this world. My father was bitterly opposed to my being carried to the little country church, for I seemed to be the baby that had arrived.

When I was about twelve months old I used to follow mother when she went to feed the chickens and milk the big red cow. When I was about two and a half years old we went to visit my grandmother, and as I was very anxious to see everything around the place, I wandered outside the gate and across the road to a high cliff that reached out over a river about one hundred feet below. Leaning over to see the pretty silver stream and the green trees below, I fell about fifty feet over the cliff. I was caught between a rock and a tree, receiving a number of bruises on my body, with a large gash on my head, but I held on to one of the small limbs of the tree and by my cries and the barking of my faithful little dog, who had jumped over the cliff after me when he saw me fall, we were able to attract the attention of mother, who had missed me from the yard and had run to see what had happened.

As mother looked over the cliff and saw me hanging in the tree, covered with blood, she began to cry and call for help. I called to her and said: "Mother, I will hold on and not fall any further." My uncle, attracted by mother's cries, ran over, climbed down the cliff to where I was and tied a rope under my arms, and mother drew me up. In a few days I was fully recovered from the effects of my experience, but I have never forgotten that accident; it left a deep impression on my mind, warning me that I must be careful about

looking down on the things of this world, as there is great danger of one tumbling over the precipice into eternity without God.

I praise the Lord that although when I grew into young womanhood, and fell into worldliness and infidelity, Jesus did not leave me to die there, but came to my rescue and with His strong rope (SALVATION) drew me up to His loving breast where, ever since, I have been comforted and shielded from the awful onslaughts of Satan, who has tried so many times to destroy my soul.

When I was about three years old, after my father and mother had moved to St. Louis, I went out of the yard one day, walked down the street and, crossing a small bridge over a river, I went into a greenhouse to look at the many beautiful flowers that were there. The man who kept the place began talking to me, asking me where I was going. I told him I was going to see my grandmother in the country, as I did not like the city. I asked him for a bouquet of flowers to take to her. He gave me some flowers then picked me up in his arms and started out the door, and there was mother looking for me, as she had missed me from the yard where she had sent me to play. It has always been a mystery to mother, and to all who are acquainted with the incident, how I succeeded in getting across that bridge without falling to the river below, as there were no rails on either side of the bridge and nothing for one

to grasp were they to lose their balance. It must have been another of the times when the dear Lord Jesus reached down and saved me from falling over, as He has done so many times while I have traveled this narrow path through life.

When I was six years old we moved again to the country, where we had a small farm. Mother raised garden truck and chickens to support the family, for father was away from home most of the time.

While living at this place, sometimes there would be weeks at a time when we would have almost nothing to eat. Occasionally grandmother would come and take us to visit her for a few days. Then we would get good biscuits and nice things to eat, and, Oh! how we would dread to go back to our squalid home, where we had no carpets on the floors, no pretty pictures on the walls, no curtains to the windows, and no good things to eat. Mother's face would always be stained with tears, and I could often hear her deep sighs as she went about attending to the many duties of the lonely little home. When Christmas came we would hang up our stockings, hoping that Santa Claus would come and bring us pretty toys and good things to eat, as he did the other little children about us, but we would rise in the morning to find only a rag doll apiece that mother had stolen away and made, that we might not be left without anything. We would cry and say we did not understand how it was that

all the other little girls and boys around us could have so many nice things and we only get a rag doll!

Mother would wipe her and our tears away and tell us not to cry so much, but to pray to God that He would save our papa and cause him to bring his money home, that we might have pretty things as other children had.

Up to this time I had never gone to school because we lived so far in the country, and I was very much afflicted in my body, having heart trouble and diabetes until for weeks I would be confined to my bed.

But mother bought me books and taught me to read and write, but, Oh! how I did long to go to school, that I might learn and be able to do something to help mother educate the other children, so that we might not all grow up in ignorance. Mother would tell us stories of the great people of the world and of the many things she had learned in school and college, and that put the desire into my heart that I, too, might be educated and be a blessing to others in the world. As time passed there seemed to be no hope of my ever being able to go to school. Finally grandmother came and said she would take me home with her, and that I could go with my aunts and uncles to school. I had no suitable dress or shoes of my own to wear.

The first day I went to school I wore a dress much too long for me, and shoes so big I could hardly walk in them. I felt ashamed to go dressed

as I was, but my longing for school forced me to go before dresses could be made and shoes could be bought for me. Mother had once read to me of Abraham Lincoln's childhood and the determination with which he endured great hardships and overcame great difficulties in his effort to obtain an education, his desire for it being so great that obstacles in his way seemed as nothing compared with the knowledge he sought. And I, having similar desires, was strengthened by my remembrance of our great President. I, too, dreamed that perhaps I should overcome, as did he. So the little girl, dressed in the ridiculously long dress and the awkward, heavy shoes, trudged her way to the school grounds.

When I walked, Oh! so timidly, up to the crowd of happy, noisy boys and girls assembled before the door of the school building, they laughed at my dress and made fun of my shoes, and I, shocked and ashamed, walked away crying. But when the bell rang, my ambitions were stronger than my shame for my clothes and shoes, and I entered the school room with the rest of the crowding children, who nudged one another, pointed their fingers in my direction, and whispered: "She has on her aunt's dress and shoes."

At lunch time, ignoring all jibes and whispered scoffings, I would go away by myself into some ob-

scure corner and eat my meagre lunch, crying until the bell again rang and studies were resumed.

But I studied hard and learned very fast, always standing at the head of my class, with my heavy, copper-toed shoes and red worsted dress.

We had to walk two miles to the school from grandmother's house, crossing a river in a skiff. My uncle, who was three years older than I, did the rowing. One day he and I went alone. We crossed the river safely and spent the day at school, but returning in the evening my uncle lost one of the oars, and we were swept down stream and over a sand bar. The boat capsized, and we fell into deep water. But there again was seen the saving hand of the great God who never slumbers or sleeps, but who is ever watching over His little ones. The swift current carried us down to a shallow riffle, where we waded out. We were a mile from home and the weather was very cold, so we were almost frozen when we reached the house. But grandmother made a big fire in the fire-place of the old farm house, our clothes were changed, and we were soon warmed up. But this accident ended my school days, except at a later date, when I went to another school for a few weeks.

Falling into the water and becoming so chilled made me sick, and I went home to mother, where I was confined to my bed for several months. First I had pneumonia fever. This developed into typhoid,

and the doctors gave me up to die. My body was so thin that I was scarcely more than a skeleton, but while others lost hope for my life, there was in my heart a desire to live, obtain an education, and be a worker for the Lord, and thus see the answer to my grandfather's prayer, for, laying his hands on my golden curly head, he had prayed that I would grow up to preach the gospel.

The fever settled in my limbs, and for three months I was unable to walk. One day my sister tried to carry me from one room to another, but let me fall. My head struck against the door post, which cut a deep gash, and left me unconscious for several hours.

Soon after this I became sick with measles, which affected my lungs and left me with a very bad cough. Many were the long, dreary days that passed while I was longing to go to school, and to take music lessons, but I was too sick and weak to do anything but lie on my bed and weep.

One day, while I sat alone with my mother, crying because I could not be at school and run and play like the other children, there came to the door an old lady, clad in a plain, old-fashioned calico dress, with a sun-bonnet on her head. She looked at me and remarked how sad it was for me to be so afflicted. She said if I would take the Bible and read it, and learn to love it, and would sleep with it under my pillow, I would get well. There was no

chance for me to do that, then, but, glory be to God! I now know that her words were true. When I did read the Bible, and learned to love it, I did get deliverance from all my afflictions. No one knew this old lady, for she came and went very mysteriously, but I have always believed that she was an angel sent from God to tell me what to do at that time.

Soon after this the death angel visited our home, taking our sweet little baby sister, one year old. She was my father's delight, and was sick only a few hours before she passed away. There was the little white casket in the barren front room, and there was dear mother weeping over it. Father came in and, as he took mother in his arms, I heard him cry, "Oh God, forgive me for the way I have lived!" and he wept all that day. My father was a good man, but he had been influenced and led astray by others. The next morning we were to carry the little one to lay her to rest in the country cemetery up on top of a beautiful hill, near mother's birthplace and her childhood's happy home. None of we children, or mother, had clothes to wear suitable for the occasion, but kind neighbors loaned us theirs until we were all dressed and off. I went aside to pray, and to thank God that my father was going to change, and that now we would have a happy home, with nice furniture, and good things to eat and nice clothes to wear, but a few days after the funeral, all was as before, for we were again left alone with no one to comfort our aching

hearts. I was then about twelve years of age and was stronger in body, so I went to work for some people who were to pay me 50c per week and give me some clothes, and I knew I would get enough to eat, which was what I greatly needed. I had one blue calico dress and a pair of very heavy shoes, and as I was ashamed to walk on the street to and from the place where I worked, I would go through the alley.

One day this woman made me a dress from one of hers, and bought me some slippers, and, Oh! I was so proud of them. I wondered if now, perhaps, I could go to the M. E. Church Sunday School near my home. One day when I was passing the church I stood aside and looked upon the many fashionably dressed men, women, and children who passed out of the doors of that magnificent building and on through the streets, and I thought how unkind and un-Christlike they all seemed as I stood so near them in such great need yet none seemed to care. Upon a later occasion as I passed that same church and stood looking upon the many people passing in, all looking so happy, while I was so sad, it seemed a great mockery to me, and the question arose in my mind if after all there was any reality in the religion they professed. Some kind children gave me a leaflet which told of the Lord and of how He loves every one. On this leaflet was a picture of Jesus holding a little lamb in His arms, which ap-

pealed to me very much, for I longed to have some one to love and comfort me.

Oh, if I could but go to that Sunday School and learn if there was anything real about God and the Bible! But I was denied that privilege, so another deep wound was made in my child-heart. But I must not give up hoping, for some day I would grow up to womanhood, and then I could investigate for myself. The ceremonies and idols of the Catholic church were all so empty and meaningless to me, and I longed so to know if there was anything real in religion.

Day after day I worked for this rich woman. The work was very hard. I swept and scrubbed the floors of the house and porches, washed dishes, and cared for the three children. One day I went home with a bad headache and fever. Mother put me to bed and I was very sick for many weeks with the typhoid fever again, leaving me weaker than ever before, and I lost all my hair. The doctors said I could not possibly live, for my entire constitution was too weak from over-work and the many afflictions.

One day the family was gathered around my bed, crying because they had to give me up. The kind doctor—mother's brother—was there, also, but although I was not able to open my eyes or to speak, in my heart I was praying that if there was a God that He would let me live to glorify His great name on the earth, and I got the assurance that I would not

die. I opened my eyes and whispered to mother not to cry, for I would soon be well again. I was on the road to recovery in a few days, and was able to sit in a chair, although I was very weak and thin in body.

In a few months I was well enough to go to a different place to work. This place was in the country—we were then living in town—and in the coldest weather and deepest snows I carried in wood for the fires, washed the clothes and hung them up outside where they would almost instantly freeze stiff and flap grotesquely, while my fingers would feel like sticks of ice. But my work was done cheerfully, for soon I would have some clothes and go to school again. I dreamed of playing the piano and singing hymns as I had heard mother sing with her sweet voice.

One day I was called home and, after a long tiresome trip, I arrived to find everyone busy. My father informed me we were going to move to Granite City, Illinois. How my heart leaped for joy, for we were really going to a new place to start life all over again.

Father would make good money, he said, and we would have a nice home with pretty carpets on the floors, pictures on the walls, new furniture, and plenty of good things to eat. We children did not sleep that night, but were talking about the great change—the new home and the many pretty things we were to have. I was taken to the shoe store and a pair of lovely patent leather slippers were bought

for me. Also a new dress, ready made, was purchased, for I had worked long enough to pay for them.

The morning came when father and I (for we were going first) left for the station where we were to take the train for our new home. I felt so fine, walking along with my pretty new clothes. I was sure that now I could go to school and take those longed-for music lessons, for things were to be different now.

We boarded the train and, as we hurried through the towns and fields, I thought happily that soon we would all be together in our new home and everything so nice. I could hardly wait. It was night when we arrived, so we went to a hotel, where I slept peacefully—dreaming of all the happiness that was soon to come. I was very tired, and had been greatly excited during the day, for I had not been on a train for years, in fact, not since, when I was a very small child, we had moved to St. Louis, so everything was wonderful to me. Next morning I was left in the hotel while father went to look for a house to which mother and the other children could come. While he was away I delightedly read some books which I found on a library table in the hotel lobby, among them a history of the United States. As I had never studied history I was much interested in this book.

When father returned he said he had secured a large contract to build and paint houses, but

suggested that I go to work to pay my way. As the people in the hotel needed help, I was engaged, and day after day I worked hard until bed time; always longing for a way to open for me to go to school, but it never came.

Mother came with the other children and a small three-room flat was rented upstairs over a grocery store. A few chairs, some beds, a table, and a cook stove were the meagre furnishings. Poor mother wept day after day for she saw her mistake in believing father's many promises to make a good home for the family, for now we were far away from grandmother who always came to our rescue when things became serious.

My sister and I went to work in a factory. We washed tinware as it came from the pickling room. The large tanks in which the washing was done were filled with acid water. Wearing rubber boots we stood all day in water almost to our knees. The steam from the hot water dampened our clothing, and after walking home at night in winter, mother would put us by the fire and thaw our clothes from our bodies. Our hands and arms were chapped and bleeding from the hot acid water. We would cry with pain and dread the coming of the cold morning, for then the dreary routine would begin again. But there was no way out, so we must be brave and not complain, for matters could not be helped.

At the factory I met some girls who told me they were Christians and that they attended the Methodist Church, the Sunday School, and the Epworth League. They invited me to accompany them, saying I would become acquainted with the nicer young people of the city. But I couldn't think of going, for all my money went to help support mother and the younger children, and I had no suitable clothing. Four years passed. Long, weary years they were, but they were brightened by the hope of a better day coming for one who desired so much from life.

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

CHAPTER THREE

My Marriage

One afternoon while sitting on our porch—we had moved to another place—a young man passed, inquiring the whereabouts of some people living in the neighborhood. I gave him all the information I could and, thanking me, he went away. A few days later I learned he was boarding next door. Each morning he went to work at the same time I went. We soon became acquainted. In a few months, my parents giving their consent, we were married.

Before we were married I told him how ignorant I was of housekeeping and cooking, and *laughingly* informed him that mother had dedicated me to God when a baby, and that some day I might be called to preach the Gospel. Of course, he knew how very young I was—just past my sixteenth birthday. He assured me that he knew all about cooking, as he had always helped his mother and sister in the house work, and that if ever I were to become a Christian and were called to preach the Gospel it would be all right with him. But little did we dream that this latter would ever happen.

We rented a new flat and furnished it with a nice parlor suite, bed room furniture, and the necessary

furniture for the kitchen and dining room. It was all very beautiful, and my darling husband was so kind and pleasant to me. Was this the end of all my sorrows?

Husband talked of how soon we would go to church and read the Bible, for he had been reared to go to Church and Sunday School, but all the time I was seriously questioning whether there was anything real to Christianity, if there was a God, or if the Bible was true. Infidelity was fast stamping itself upon my heart, for there were so many creeds and doctrines, and none seemed to have anything real in them.

We were very busy those first few months, furnishing our home, and in making bed clothing to keep us warm in the winter, and new curtains for all the windows. There were many things to be done that newlyweds never think of at first, so all our time was taken, and only a few days had been spent in visiting my husband's relatives.

We had been married a little more than a year, but the months had flown so swiftly. Oh, but they had been so sweet to my heart! memories that shall never be effaced. The many acts of love and appreciation shown by my dear husband, who knew I had known so much sickness and sorrow, can never be forgotten.

We were making plans for our summer vacation when suddenly I became very ill, and was again confined to my bed. I became very weak, and a com-

plication of diseases set in. I suffered much, but my husband always cheered me by saying I would not always be sick, but must look for a better day, when I would again be well. Weeks passed, and I steadily grew worse, until I despaired of life itself. In addition to having two leaking valves of the heart, I suffered from nervous prostration and diabetes, and was paralyzed from the waist down. There was my dear little baby girl, with her pink cheeks, big blue eyes, and golden curls all over her downy little head. I was unable to care for her, but Daddy took care of her as best he could, and how she laughed and cooed as he trotted her on his knees.

She grew older and was creeping on the floor. Daddy had to go to work, and mother was too sick to care for her, so all day long the little darling would be cold and hungry until Daddy came home, after his long day's work, to feed and care for us. Baby would be listening for his step, and she would crawl to the door ready to be taken up when he entered.

Kind neighbors sometimes came in and carried her off for a while to give me rest, but most of the time she was left neglected, with her mother sick on the bed.

Two years passed in this manner, and my health was no better, but grew worse and worse. Always when my husband arrived there was a kind word and a caress. Although he was burdened with many cares, was working all day long, coming home in

the evening to cook and wash dishes and care for an invalid wife and the baby, he invariably declared a better day was coming.

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

CHAPTER FOUR

My Wonderful Conversion and Healing

"For He looked down from the height of His sanctuary; from Heaven did the Lord behold the earth; to hear the groaning of the prisoner; to loose those that are appointed to death." Psalm 102:19, 20.

One day I sat by the window looking at the people passing on the street. Many of them were professing Christians, and all seemed happy and free, but none were interested in me, whose life was so full of suffering and sorrow. I longed to be happy and free also, but there seemed to be no prospect of a better day, so I sat there and cried some more, for crying seemed to be a part of my life. My eyes were always red and swollen from much crying. A friend who lived near came in and said she had been attending some revival meetings in a little M. E. church not far away. Laughingly she said, "I wish you could go, for they shout and praise the Lord until almost every one in the house gets down on their knees to seek the Lord for salvation." This appealed to me, and I began to think about going. When my husband came home I told him I wanted to go to the meeting, but he said I was too sick to go,

as my nerves were very bad and I could not stand exertion of any kind. Besides, he said, it was not customary to take sick people to church. But I insisted on going, even if I had to be carried on a cot, so my friend, who had told me of the meeting, came with another friend and took me that night. As I was paralyzed in both limbs, and they did not want to take me on a cot or a stretcher, as they felt it was not the proper thing to carry the sick to church, they had to drag me through the streets, and in going over the curbings and up the steps of the church my limbs were bruised and bleeding in several places. When we arrived the church was full and we could only get seated at the rear. The singing seemed so sweet that my heart was melted. The dear little minister arose and began to preach on the love of God, taking for his text, **"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."** John 3:16. I listened intently and conviction seized my heart.

We left as soon as the sermon was ended, but I was so convicted of sin that I could not sleep, but prayed and cried all night. My husband said it made me worse to go there, so I must not go again. However, on the following day I was feeling so much better that I was able to be up, and sit in a chair, but I could not walk alone. When my husband came home I was dressed and ready to go to church. He protested,

saying that the excitement would make me worse, and I would cry all night. I begged him to consent, and when my friends came—for they also were becoming interested—I was again taken to the meeting.

Everything was wonderful that night, and we were seated near the front where we could see. The entire front of the church was filled with people seeking God. This was the first Protestant church and the second Protestant meeting I had ever attended, so all was new and strange. I noticed the converts giving in their names, and supposed they were joining the church. That alone prevented my going forward, for I was uncertain which church I preferred, for I had often wondered why there were so many different churches in the world, all supposed to be serving the same God. Again we went home early, and the following day I was feeling so much better that when my dear, tired husband came home I was able to meet him at the door and tell him I was going to the meeting again, for on the second night, as I sat on my seat, the power of God had flowed thru my paralyzed limbs until from then I could walk alone. He declared that the meeting was all excitement, and there was no necessity in being so enthusiastic over religion. But I could not believe that it was excitement, so I again went with my friends.

When I came home I knelt by the bed and prayed, asking God to save us both, and give us a Christian home, that we might raise up our baby to love and

serve Him. My husband turned over and groaned, and said that he wished I would not pray like that, for it made him feel bad, and he did not believe that God caused any one to feel bad. My husband was a good man. He never drank or used tobacco, so he did not have to be forgiven for anything he had ever done, he said. Oh, how ignorant we are of having sinned against God! of having rejected His Son, and of being born again. My dear one did not understand, although he had attended church almost all his life. He had never read the Bible much, or heard much teaching along the lines of a real born-again experience.

For two weeks I attended the services, and I felt like a different person. During this time I had a great desire to read the Bible, for I had never looked inside one. I knew a woman who had a large family Bible on her center table, so I asked her to lend it to me. Knowing how weak and nervous I usually was, she said that reading the Bible would cause my condition to become worse, and that she was afraid to let me have it. Imagine a poor hungry soul starving for the Bread of Life in the midst of people calling themselves Christians, but who never told them the way to Jesus, and were afraid to let them read the Bible.

I begged her for the Bible, for I knew it would help me, but she demurred, saying I ought to join her church; that I need not bother about the Bible,

for I could not understand it. But I believed if the Bible was the Word of God, He would not give us a book which we could not understand. Praise the Lord! I have never found the Bible hard to understand. Always it has been sweet and simple to me. After much persuasion my friend allowed me to have her Bible and I, weak and sick, managed to carry that big, heavy family Bible up the street to my home. I believe it was the largest Bible I have ever seen. I met several of my acquaintances, who knew of my great interest in the revival, and they, seeing me carrying such a large Bible, stopped and asked if I were becoming religious? I answered I was taking the Bible home to read, as I had never read one; that I felt I should give my heart to God, but I wanted to know something of the Bible before doing so.

I was exhausted when I arrived home, but my heart hungered to know the truth! I had to lie down a while before reading the precious Book, but when I felt rested I opened, accidentally, at the fourteenth chapter of John, and my eyes fell upon these words, which seemed to stand out in letters of fire, "Let not your heart be troubled." Oh, what a soothing balm to my troubled heart, to my sick and trembling body! I read that entire chapter, the words falling as rain upon my thirsty soul. I re-read it many times, and was sitting with the large Bible in my arms when my husband entered the room. I had

been crying and praying, and he, looking at my tear-stained face, declared that there was no need for so much crying and praying; that it was all nonsense, and most emphatically declared that he would not allow me to go to any more of those meetings, for they were having too much effect on my mind. Somehow I could not listen to his words very much, and when time came to go to church, I was ready. But this time I asked him to come with me and bring the baby. But he answered that he was perfectly all right, had no sins to be forgiven, and he was not going around to that church; so I went alone. My feet, which before felt so heavy, were now so light.

I seated myself as near the front as possible, and heard every word the minister said. His sermon was wonderful to me, for when he arose he began reading my fourteenth chapter of John, and took for his text "Let not your heart be troubled." He spoke of there being so many troubled hearts; hearts full of sin, he said, and that so long as sin existed in the heart there would be sorrow in one's life. At the close of his talk he looked straight at me and, reaching out his hand toward me, said, "Sister, rise up, and come, and settle it all with God tonight."

Many rose and, making their way to the altar, sought salvation for their souls. But I thought that if we went to the front we would be obliged to join this particular church, so I did not go forward. But after the service I went to the minister and asked

him to call upon us the following afternoon, for I wanted to talk to him. He said he would gladly come, and he did so. I asked him many questions concerning the Bible, and about joining the church. He explained that I was free to join any church after my conversion.

The first thing he said to my husband was: "Brother, you must be born again." He opened his Bible and had my husband read the third chapter of John, and invited him to the meeting. After kneeling down and having prayer, he left, telling Mr. Crawford that he expected him to meeting that evening.

We dressed baby Alma, and we all went to the meeting. I was so happy I could hardly sit still, but wanted to tell every one how happy I was. We sat very quietly all through the service, but when the altar call was given my husband placed the baby on my lap and went forward. The baby did not stay on my lap but a very few seconds, for I put her on the bench and followed. Suddenly I felt tiny arms encircling my neck and heard a lisping baby voice say, "I want to shout, too," and she was down between her father and me. Poor little darling, she had never been anywhere in her two short years of life, except when carried up town by her father, or over to a kind neighbor's house for a few hours. We three were there, asking God to save and bless us. There came over me, in a few

moments, a joy indescribable. I felt I was being lifted up to heaven. I could hear the sweet songs of heavenly beings, and the undertone beats of the Heavenly orchestra as it played the celestial melodies, and I seemed to be far away from all that was earthly. Truly I passed from death unto life that night. I can hardly write now for praising the Lord, for the glory fills my soul. Hallelujah!

When I came to myself I was on the rostrum preaching, telling people Jesus had saved and healed me. It was morning, the sun just beginning to shine through the stained glass windows. The night had passed away and a new day had dawned. Spiritually, my long night of sin and sorrow had passed, and I was now living in a new day; a glorious day of God's light and sunshine. The church was still filled with people, some leaping and shouting for joy, others prostrate on the floor. I looked for my husband and baby, and there they were, but they seemed new creatures to me. Their faces lit up with smiles as they began to tell me of their happiness, and how they had stayed all night to seek the Lord. The night was very cold, but the love and power of God had kept us warm, and I had lain for hours before the chancel rail "under the power", seeing a vision of heaven and hearing the voice of the Lord calling me to go and preach the Gospel to all nations, and to heal the sick.

I realized then that I was healed of all my afflictions, and that my body had undergone a wonderful change. From that time I have been healed of all those afflictions. I weighed one hundred and three pounds then, and from that time I began to gain in weight until I weighed from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and sixty pounds. Praise the Lord! He can change both soul and body.

That revival continued six months. Day and night people sought the Lord. Sometimes hundreds were standing out in the snow and ice, unable to get inside. Some would kneel on the sidewalk and pray to God to save them. We started out in bands to hold cottage meetings among the poor and sick, and many of these were brought to the Lord and healed.

One man who had lock-jaw had been given up by the doctors to die. He was prayed for, and was instantly healed. He went to church that night and testified. A woman, supposedly dead, was raised up, dressed herself, and went to the meeting, telling how wonderfully God touched her. A young man, born deaf and dumb, was instantly healed, so that he could both hear and speak. A woman, an invalid for twenty-five years, was brought to the meeting in a wheel chair, and as she was anointed with oil and taken by the hand and commanded to rise and walk in the name of Jesus Christ, she rose up, walked, then ran, and from that moment was completely healed. Oh the mighty miracles of God's

power that we witnessed in those days of our simple, childlike faith! To God be all the glory.

CHAPTER FIVE

The Opening of a Mission
In Which Hundreds Were Saved and Healed

After the revival some in our midst who did not believe in Divine Healing, and who declared the days of miracles had passed, were very much opposed to our teaching healing for the body. As they forbade our saying anything about it in the church, and as many of the people who had been healed wanted to have a place of worship where such things might be taught, my husband and I opened a mission farther down town.

The hungry souls began to come in until the place would be packed and the sidewalk in front would be filled with people desiring to be saved and healed who could not get inside. One night a man entered who had an impediment in his speech. When he tried to speak the words could not be distinguished. He was wonderfully saved, and said he believed the Lord would heal him of his affliction. We prayed, and he was healed instantaneously, and today he is still healed.

Many were the cases of Divine Healing in that little mission. Marvelous miracles of God's power

to heal were manifested until the walls all around the large platform were lined with crutches, braces, shoes, casts, eye-glasses, and walking canes; trophies of faith left by those delivered as a testimony of the power of the Lord to heal the body as well as the soul. In five months over five hundred people testified to having been blessed by the Lord, either in soul or in body, or both. Our Sunday School consisted mostly of children gathered in from the streets, whom we taught about Jesus. We furnished the poor with clothing to enable them to come.

There was one very poor family. The four small boys in this family were given clothing that they might come to Sunday School. They had bright, shining faces and good voices to sing, so they sang in our Christmas programs. At other times they sang special songs. They were always ready to help in the work of the Master. These boys have grown into manhood, and two of them are now in the ministry. Last winter these two boys came into a meeting we were conducting, and glad we were to see them; and to know they were going on with Jesus.

Of the fifty boys in my Sunday School class, fifteen, to my knowledge, are now preaching the gospel. Some of them have gone to foreign fields as missionaries.

While in this mission I received light on the baptism of the Spirit, as the early disciples received it on the day of Pentecost. A brother came from Oregon

who had received the experience. He came to see us, and gave his testimony of how God had filled him with His Spirit as in days of old in the upper room. I became hungry, and began asking the Lord for this blessed experience, for I had read much about it in the Word of God.

I went from city to city holding meetings, but still carrying on the work in the mission. I felt that the Lord was calling me to a wider field of labor, but my dear husband could not believe that we were ever to give up our home and go forth in the work all together. So he would stay at home, care for the home and work in the factory, where he was foreman, while I, feeling the call of God so strongly upon my soul, went from place to place; and as I preached God blessed and gave me many souls for my hire. Sometimes hundreds were saved and healed in a few days meeting. There were many times when the enemy tempted me, and I thought it impossible that I should be able to continue to preach the gospel. My education being very limited, why not stay at home and help others who were more capable? My husband declared it was the very thing! For us to stay at home, and have a place for preachers and missionaries to rest who might come that way.

Finally we settled down, and put the mission in charge of some brothers. Occasionally, I went out into other meetings, but I felt I was leaking out in my soul. However, I would say to myself, "That is

not true, for am I not in the will of the Lord?" We had more need of a home than ever, for there was another baby in the family, so we must stay settled in order that the little girl might go to school and continue her music lessons. We had everything so nice and comfortable, we could not possibly think of breaking up and going out in the world possessing nothing.

Soon my health began to break. I became pale and lost weight, but attributed it all to caring so much for the baby, and thought I would soon be well again. My soul was hungry for more of the love and power of the Lord, and I prayed and read the Bible a great deal, but steadily grew weaker in body.

One day, alone in my room praying, the Lord spoke very plainly to me, and showed me that I must go and preach the gospel. I began to think of the many difficulties in the way, and that ministers should be well educated. "Dear Lord," I cried, "I am not eloquent. Won't you let me stay at home and care for my babies, and always keep a place for your children to come and rest?" I opened the Bible at Exodus 4:10-12:

"And Moses said unto the Lord, O my Lord, I am not eloquent, neither heretofore nor since Thou hast spoken unto Thy servant; but I am slow of speech, and of a slow tongue. And the Lord said unto him, Who hath made man's mouth? . . . Have not I,

the Lord? Now, therefore, go, and I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say."

I closed the book and, after praying a short time, opened it again, this time at Jeremiah 1:4-9:

"Then the word of the Lord came unto me, saying, Before I formed thee . . . I knew thee; and before thou camest forth . . . I sanctified thee, and I ordained thee a prophet unto the nations. Then said I, Ah, Lord God, behold, I cannot speak; for I am a child. But the Lord said unto me, Say not, I am a child: for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee, thou shalt speak. Be not afraid of their faces: for I am with thee to deliver thee, saith the Lord. Then the Lord put forth His hand and touched my mouth. And the Lord said unto me, Behold, I have put My words in thy mouth."

I meditated upon these scriptures. Could it be that I, a poor little country girl, that had played Church, setting up rocks and sticks and corn stalks for my audience, and preaching to them as though I was my preacher grandfather having a meeting, was to leave all and go forth, carrying this glorious gospel to the nations of the earth? At that time, I little thought I would ever be called to preach to people whose hearts were as hard as stones and dry as corn stalks, but I have found God's power can melt the stony hearts and His Spirit can water the dry and thirsty ground. I felt the time had come when

I should launch out fully for my Master. But how was I to start, and where was I to go? There was no door open to me, and what was I to do with my children—one of them a six-weeks-old baby?

There were mountains of difficulty to overcome. How was all this to happen? Again I opened my Bible for some scriptures to strengthen and comfort me, and found this:

"My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways My ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are My ways higher than your ways, and My thoughts than your thoughts. For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater; so shall My word be that goeth forth out of My mouth: it shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it. For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree: and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off." Isaiah 55:8-13.

Turning the page, my eyes fell upon these words: **"Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not, and nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee, because of the Lord thy God."** Isaiah 55:5.

With that the Spirit of the Lord came upon me, and I rejoiced. Into my soul came the assurance that the way would be opened, and all would be well.

After I had spoken to Mr. Crawford about it, he opposed the idea, said it was one of my own, and that we were to stay at home, attend and help in the mission, and live true to the Lord, for we had a family and could not think of going out to preach. I continued praying, and waiting for the open door, that I might get out into the Lord's dear service; for I had received the call, and it was settled in my mind that I was to go.

CHAPTER SIX

Attempting My First Tent Meeting After Going Forth the Second Time

A few days later a friend came and, after telling me of how they needed some one to help in a certain meeting, invited me to come and assist with the singing and preach for them. Could this be an opening from God into the white harvest field, of which I had dreamed so often?

As I prayed, I felt I ought to go; but what about the children? I gained my husband's reluctant consent to go for a few days, but I must not go very far away. The same conditions that Pharaoh imposed upon the children of Israel—they should not go far away. I wrapped my baby in his big wool shawl and, taking the little girl, started for my meeting, feeling that if I could get that far, I could go farther.

My dear husband stayed at home and cared for the little nest. Oh it was so cozy and nice, but what about earth's millions that were dying without the Gospel? I arrived at the tent on a cold, rainy day. "Yes," said old Satan, "this cold, damp place will cause your baby to take cold and die. All this is utter foolishness, coming here thinking

you can preach the gospel. Your place is at home, with your hard-working husband." The enemy was right on the spot to discourage one so weak and helpless. The weather continued rainy and cold for several days, the attendance was not very encouraging, and all was darkness for me, spiritually.

I laid the baby on a quilt on the platform while I led the singing and preached. The first time we started singing the dear familiar hymns the baby began to kick his chubby feet and wave his dimpled hands. The eyes of all were upon him. I looked over to see how my little daughter was behaving. She had climbed up on the high platform and was clapping her little hands and shouting with all her might, calling to me to sing on, for Jesus was there, and we would have a blessed meeting, and many souls would be saved. Bless their dear little hearts, I saw that the two little ones had more faith than I, and I remembered the Master's words: **"Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."** I saw that these little ones were so simple as not to notice the many difficulties to be overcome. They merely looked up, and praised the Lord. I took the above scripture for my text, and preached my first message there. Numbers came forward for prayer, and in service after service many testified that they were saved and healed.

When we went into the services the two children were always filled with joy, and many times baby Carl's little fat feet would kick out from under his blanket, and he would beat time with the music.

Baby Carl at the Age of Three
How He Did Love to Be With His Mamma
In the Meetings

The weather cleared up, and the sunshine came down upon the tent and warmed us up. Also the

fire of God fell upon our hearts, and we had a blessed time.

I was asked to come from there to another tent meeting. It was farther away, but I went, feeling that it was the will of the Lord.

Oh, the days of blessing that followed! There were large crowds, and a good interest manifested. The children kept well; I saw I was gaining strength, and I knew I was in the will of God; but what about my precious husband, who had been so kind to and patient with me when I was so sick and could not help myself? He was writing for me to come home, saying he was so home-sick to see me and the children. I wrote and asked him to come where we were, that we were having a blessed meeting, but he answered it would be impossible for him to leave his work and the home, so I must hurry, finish my visit, and come back. I felt it was not a mere visit, but was for all the time. However, after a while, I went home, but only for a few days, as many calls were coming for meetings, and there were so many souls everywhere to be saved. I could not stay at home to settle down and keep house, for I had heard the call of the Lord to go and preach the gospel to earth's suffering millions.

Every time I prayed there came before me the picture of great white fields filled with golden grain, and one time I saw Jesus come and put a large sickle in my hand and motion for me to go and reap. So

I went out again and again in meetings in different parts of the country, but there was always a "pulling back" towards my darling husband who was working so hard, and so faithfully caring for the little home. But the desire for souls and to do the Lord's will came more and more into my heart, and when I took the children home they would cry much of the time we were there. Alma would get a song book, climb up to the piano and play and sing the hymns we loved so well. When we sang baby Carl would start his two feet to kicking, and our singing and the baby's cooing would bring the neighbors in to see what was happening. Sometimes my husband would come in and find me packing our clothes in the suitcase, and the children both happy at the thought of going to another meeting, and, with tears in his eyes, he would turn his head away and go out. Then my own heart would feel sorry for him, and I would sadly wonder how I could possibly continue without my dear husband, but I knew God had called me, and that He would work out everything in His own dear way and time.

Time passed, the children were older, and we were having blessed and glorious revivals, hundreds were being saved and healed of every kind of disease. The Lord had shown beyond all question that I was in His will, and assured me that soon my dear one would be by my side; that I need only believe and continue working for Him.

Eventually there came a call from Los Angeles, Calif. But that was so far away to go to have a meeting. If it only were nearer home! But I was

Alma and Carl at the Ages of 12 and 6
They both sang, and Alma played the organ
In the Meetings

made to know that I should go. How could I tell my husband that I was to go so far away? Perhaps he might decide to accompany me, for he was not well, and needed a rest.

One day I timidly asked him if he would not enjoy spending the winter in California. Oh, no; he could not leave his work or the home. My suggestion that the furniture be stored and the house rented met with another refusal. However I was sure that I was to go, so I continued to pray and wait. One day husband told me that if I felt led to go, I might do so, but he would stay at work and look after the home. He mentioned the loneliness, and rather wistfully wondered how long the children and I would be gone. I could not say definitely, for I did not, altogether, know why the Lord was sending me to California.

The next day I began packing my trunk. Tears fell upon every garment, but my heart was comforted by the assurance that God was leading, and that I was obeying Him. My husband carried the luggage to the depot, bought our tickets, helped us on the train, and kissed us goodbye, expressing the hope that we would not be gone long, for it would be rather lonesome all by himself. We waved him farewell and, as we sped out of sight, and my own poor heart sank within me, the children turned to me, saying, "Mother, we did not like to leave Daddy, but we must obey the Lord. Don't cry, mother dear, for Jesus will make Daddy see that he must come and help us carry the gospel to all the world, and he will be with us soon."

We spent our time on the train reading and praying. In three days we arrived in the picturesque city of Los Angeles. The flowers were blooming and all was so beautiful there it seemed to tell of God and

The Family
Taken the day I left for California

His wonders for all who would come and partake of them, while in the east all was desolate and cold. We went to live in a small apartment where we were alone, and I had plenty of time to meditate

upon the scriptures and for prayer. One night, after preaching in one of the down-town assemblies, to which I had been invited, a tall stranger came up to the pulpit and handed me a slip of paper, saying: "This is the address of a mission where one feels free, and in which you will receive a hearty welcome."

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

CHAPTER SEVEN

The Central Pentecostal Mission Where I Was Baptized in the Holy Spirit

"And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance." Acts 2:4.

"For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call." Acts 2:39.

Without volunteering any further information as to the teaching at this new mission, or waiting to answer questions, the brother left, and I walked home that night to locate the hall. On a large sign in front of the mission I read, "CENTRAL PENTECOSTAL MISSION". As the meeting was still in progress, I mounted the stairs and witnessed a scene I shall never forget.

The place was crowded. Many were seeking the Lord at the altar, others were singing and praising God. It sounded like a real old-fashioned revival, and it seemed to be like the ones mother had told of, which grandfather held, and like the one in which I was saved. As I was meditating upon all I was seeing, and wondering if, at last I had actually found

that for which I had hungered so long, someone touched my shoulder, and a brother asked me if I had received the baptism of the Holy Ghost. I said I believed I had, for I was a Christian worker, had been converted about eight years, and the Lord had wonderfully led and blessed me. The brother replied that he, too, once believed that he had received the baptism of the Holy Ghost, but had learned otherwise, but now he really knew he had received it. He told me what the Lord was doing there and how, in these last days, showers of latter rain were falling upon the people. As it was then quite late, I went home, but the following night, on my way home I again stopped at the hall.

That night was more wonderful than before. All over the house people were kneeling, seeking the Lord, some falling prostrate under His mighty power. I was favorably impressed, but what would my friends, who had helped and encouraged me, say, if I were actually to join these peculiar people who shouted so loud and prayed so much? My precious husband at home, and I, out preaching so far away from him, becoming one of these people was not to be thought of, so determinedly I walked out of the hall and to my little apartment. As I entered the two little ones raised up from their beds and announced, "Mother dear, we have been waiting for you to come home to tell you something. You need not worry any more about Daddy, for we feel that

God will send him to us soon, and then we can all be in the Lord's work together." I felt my need of prayer, for after a hungry soul has come in contact with God's power, it will always feel the need of more prayer. And I felt that more of God's power was necessary in my life.

I did not sleep well that night, and next day I spent my time in prayer and reading the Bible, looking up every passage referring to the baptism of the Holy Spirit, and was surprised to find so much about it.

While reading the second chapter of Acts, Peter's answer to the Jews on the day of Pentecost deeply impressed itself on my heart. The multitude asked: "What shall we do?" And Peter answered, **"Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost."** Acts 2:37. I am so glad that God has made that text real in my experience, and revealed to me that we were to be buried with Christ in baptism, for it was He who died for us, and immediately I saw the truth of being baptised in His name.

We find that on the day of Pentecost when the Holy Spirit came the NAME of Jesus Christ was revealed, for Jesus had said, in John 16:12-15, "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now. Howbeit when He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth:

for He shall not speak of Himself; but whatsoever He shall hear, that shall He speak: and He will show you things to come. **He shall glorify Me." So the Name of Jesus was revealed, and He was glorified.** "Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." Acts 4:12. And we were to be buried with Christ in baptism, Col. 2:12; Rom. 6:4, 5, for it was He who died for us, and it was through His death we were saved.

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

CHAPTER EIGHT

The Arrival of My Husband

The next evening, after my service downtown, I again went to the Pentecostal Assembly. This time I went toward the front that I might see more of the proceedings. As I reached the front row of chairs I fell to the floor, shaking from head to feet—lost to the world. I lay prostrate under the power for five hours. Hurrying home about four in the morning, I was still praising the Lord. I was unable to sleep, but lay there rejoicing, filled with the mighty power of God, which was sweeping in waves over my being, at times lifting me up in the bed. I began singing a sweet melody and was completely filled with the wonderful presence of the heavenly world, lost to all around me. As the dawn light was coming through the window, I was startled by a loud knock on the door. I had to wait a moment before answering, for my lips could not frame my own words. When I answered, some one bade me open the door. It was the voice of my husband, but his being there was almost unbelievable to me. Both the children jumped up and called, "Daddy! Daddy!" I managed to open the door and let him in,

but I could hardly speak to him. He saw that I was shaking from head to feet, and anxiously inquired the trouble. Was I sick? No, I was not sick, only happy in the Lord. Then he asked me, suspiciously, about the meetings and where I had gone during my stay in the city. I told him of the invitation to the Pentecostal mission, and how, when I had gone there, the power had fallen upon me so that I knew neither of us had received the baptism of the Holy Spirit, therefore we must seek until we received it.

I told him of my longing to meet people who had such an experience, and called to his remembrance the brother filled with the great power and glory of God, who had attended our meetings some years before, and how I believed then he had something we didn't. I did not tell him of my falling and lying so long under the power, and that I had only been in bed a short time when he came. When I seemed to have finished, my husband said: "Well, I have suffered a great deal through you and your religion, but I will never stand for you to go to those meetings." He said the home had been sold, the furniture stored, and he had come to California for the winter, but he would not go to those meetings where people claimed to be filled with the Spirit as were the disciples on the day of Pentecost. Little did he know how God had planned, and that when he again went East he would go filled with the Holy Spirit, and preaching the Gospel with his wife and children.

Except for going to Church where I had been preaching, our time was spent at home for the next two months, but I felt that all would be well, that I must have patience with my darling husband, who had suffered so much with his wife and her religion.

We read the Bible and prayed with the little ones. Daddy wondered why he had ever come to California, for he had not wanted to. He worried about having sold the home, and about being so long away from his work, but Jesus was working it all out in an unseen way, and soon our lives were to be changed into a new realm—launched fully into the work of the master.

One lovely Sunday afternoon we started for a walk to a nearby park. Going down the street we heard the songs coming from the Pentecostal mission. O Glory! It fills my soul now, when I think of it. The music and the singing was so wonderful that we turned into the hall, getting standing room just inside the door. A brother was preaching on the baptism of the Holy Ghost. After the sermon we went home, and dear husband took his Bible and read all the Scriptures he had heard that afternoon. He was immediately convinced of the truth, and told me that if I sought the baptism and received it, he, too, would seek it. That night I almost ran to the mission. Instead of entering the auditorium I went into the prayer-room and knelt down. The power fell on me again, and I sang in the Spirit for

about two hours. I laughed in the Spirit all night, which so alarmed my husband that he was almost frantic. Before my conversion I had cried and prayed, causing him to feel badly, and now that I was laughing and singing, he was also alarmed, because he could not understand, but finally concluded that his wife was beyond his control, and he would have to let her continue in the way she had started.

All day I was filled with the presence and joy of the Lord. It was so glorious as to be indescribable. That night I asked my husband to go to the mission and see for himself. We took the children and went. The large auditorium was crowded as usual, but we managed to get seated near the front. When the wonderful sermon was ended I knelt down by my chair and in a few moments was filled with the Spirit. To me I seemed to be far away from earth, up in the heavens. My entire body seemed to have melted away, I was feeling so light. I spoke in about fifteen different languages that night. Some of these were understood by people present, Hebrew, Spanish, Swedish, and others. Since then, on several occasions, I have been understood by people who said that I spoke in German, French and Latin. I spoke and preached in Spanish, before acquiring the language.

At one time, while in Central America, I preached on the Second Coming of Christ, describing in cultured Spanish the clouds of glory and of Jesus appearing to catch away His own people.

An American who spoke Spanish fluently heard me and naturally supposed I thoroughly understood the language, and was very much surprised when later he found that I could not speak to him in Spanish. He could not understand that I had spoken under the power of the Spirit, for he was an unsaved man.

At another time, during a meeting, I gave a message in the Spirit and interpreted. A Jew in the audience arose and said that the message was for him, for he had attended the meeting through curiosity. He said God had spoken to him in his own tongue, telling him Jesus Christ was the Messiah, that He was soon coming again. This man was led to Jesus, and also filled with the Spirit.

After I received the baptism my husband sought earnestly, and received it, but before he did so, he was asked this question by the Lord: "Will you be willing to sell everything, and, leaving all, go and preach My gospel to all the world?" So hungry was he for the baptism that soon he was able to sacrifice everything, and say, "Yes, Lord."

When he received the Spirit, he was eager to be out in the work, but there was this to be settled with me: We had known for several years that God had called us to Palestine, but it was to be later, I thought, when the children were older. But husband felt we were to go then, so there was a battle with my own self. I cried to the Lord, tell-

WHEATON COLLEGE

ing Him I feared to go so far away into a foreign and heathen land with my children, as there would be so many hardships for them to undergo there, and they might die from disease.

One night I had tucked them in their little white bed. Taking my Bible I read from it for a while, then knelt to pray. Suddenly I felt the Lord was speaking to me concerning our going to the mission field, and about taking the children. My soul began to draw back. Then it came to my mind how the children of Israel failed to go into Canaan because they feared for their little ones, and how, because of their unbelief, their carcasses fell in the wilderness, and their children went in and possessed the land. I saw that if I failed to go with my children I would fall in unbelief, and my children would go in and possess the land. I cried to the Lord to help me and give me grace and faith and promised I would go, and would trust my babies in His loving hands. Just as I uttered these words, I saw Jesus come to where my children were in bed. He picked them up in His arms, folded them to His breast, then turned to me and said, "I have them now. You go, for they are Mine, and I will take care of them." From that time I have never feared to take them anywhere we felt God calling us, for I knew He would take care of them. When in Mexico and Central America, in the midst of yellow fever and many other diseases, He protected and kept

them. While making the trip through the mountains of Nicaragua on mule back, although they were young, and inexperienced in riding, no accident befell them. They drank water from the dirty streams and ate unclean native food by the wayside, yet they were not sick a day, for He kept them. In all our traveling, with its changing climates, food, and water, they have never been sick, and their every need has been supplied. When they prayed for drums and a cornet, so they could play in the meetings, they were given. Their shoes and clothing have always come when they were needed. Many times and in glorious ways God has supplied our every need according to His riches in glory.

Immediately after I had that beautiful vision we began to make arrangements to go to Jerusalem. But the terrible world war began, and we were unable to secure passage. We were then living near a Mexican settlement in Los Angeles, into which thousands of Mexican refugees were coming to escape the troubles then in their own country. We started work among them with some dear sisters who had a Spanish school and a mission. They knew the language and interpreted for us. We gave clothing to the poor and prayed for the sick, and numbers of them were brought to Jesus through having been healed. One woman, dying of blood poison, was healed and received the Holy Spirit, and she

attended the meetings, bringing many others with her.

How we did love the work! We did not attempt to learn the language, as the other sisters helped and interpreted for us, and we were so very busy. Several calls came for us to go to Central America on an evangelistic trip, distributing Bibles and tracts, and, as we journeyed through, to learn the needs of the country so that we might put the facts before the people in the homeland in order that the people of God might receive more of a missionary spirit for those needy countries. After much prayer and meditation we answered the call, God opening the door in a very remarkable way.

Read my book, "On Mule Back Through Central America With the Gospel", which tells of our trip across the United States, our evangelistic meetings held in the numerous states, in which hundreds were saved and healed, of our sailing from San Pedro, California, to Nicaragua, Central America, and of our preaching the gospel enroute to natives in various parts of Mexico and Central America. Learn of the eagerness with which the down-trodden slaves received the Word of God, and of the wonderful way in which our fare was paid and our every need supplied.

We are now contemplating a missionary tour to Jerusalem to carry this message to the thousands of Jews returning to their own land. We ask your

prayers that we will be faithful to the end. My precious husband and two children, Alma and Carl, are by my side in the service of our beloved Master, and what a happy little family we are, praising the dear Lord that He has called us in this glorious way and for the privilege of carrying this Gospel to foreign lands. We are so happy that Jesus saved us and led us on into the truth of being baptised with the Holy Spirit.

Since returning from the mission field we have been traveling in evangelistic work all over the United States and Canada and have seen thousands repent of their sins and receive the Holy Spirit, as on the day of Pentecost. Our ministry has been blessed of God as never before since taking our stand for the truth. We have seen the approval of the Lord upon His message, for thousands have not only been filled with the Spirit, but also have been healed of all their diseases. Deaf ears have been unstopped, dumb tongues have been loosed to speak and sing the praises of the Lord, the lame have left their crutches and chairs and walked, leaped, and shouted for joy; cancers, tumors and goiters have passed away, as the people believed the Word and were prayed for. We feel the time is near at hand when we should depart for our mission in Palestine, to which we were first called. As we go forth may the prayers of all God's saints go before and follow after us. We have been tested and tried many times, but

the way has always been opened, and the answer has always come just in time.

Oh, depth of mercy! can it be,
That gate was left ajar for me?
Oh, depth of mercy! can it be,
That at last I am saved, and safe in Thee?