

Life and Experience of Maria B. Woodworth



Written by
herself

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LIFE AND EXPERIENCE OF

MARIA B. WOODWORTH

Written by herself

1885

Maria Woodworth

The Revival Library, King's Christian Centre,

High Street, Bishop's Waltham, Hants, SO32 1AA, UK

Telephone: 01489 894734 Email: librarian@revival-library.org

About This Book

Maria Woodworth-Etter was an outstanding preacher of the Gospel who saw amazing signs and wonders attending her ministry. By the time the Pentecostal movement was born in 1906 Maria, in her early sixties already had two-and-a-half decades of Pentecostal ministry under her belt!

She was an itinerant evangelist who travelled coast-to-coast across the United States holding meetings in church halls, Gospel tents and public buildings. Though simply evangelistic in the early days it was in 1813 that supernatural signs began to accompany her service. People fell into trances, experienced visions of heaven and hell, collapsed on the floor as if they'd been shot or had died. Thousands were healed of a wide variety of sicknesses and diseases and many believers, even ministers, received mighty baptisms of the Holy Spirit.

This small book records the early beginnings of this powerful ministry – before she married for the second time, adding Etter to her first married name of Woodworth.

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PREFACE

This book contains the recollections of the most eventful periods of my life, written in a condensed form. It is not made up of simple and foolish narrations, which take place in the life of almost every person, in order to fill up space, and make a large and expensive hook, but is made up of an experience such as I believe not many are called upon to pass through. It is within the reach of every one; and with the alternation of peace and trouble, encouragement and discouragement, hope and fear, prosperity and adversity, joy and misery, I cannot help but think that it will be interesting and beneficial to those who may read it.

My object in putting this little work before the public is to show to its readers that it is useless to fight against God, but that they should lead sinners to the cross and to repentance, and induce those whom God has called to stand upon the walls of Zion to proclaim his truths to a dying world, and not to put off doing what God designs them to do because they feel weak and unworthy, but to trust him and go forward in the discharge of duty. This work is not designed to excite the mind, or lead it where it should not go, but to instil into the mind—especially of the young—something that will do them good in time and fit them for eternity.

And if this record of trials and triumphs, struggles and successes, shall stimulate any to the exercise of that energy, industry, and courage in their calling, which will surely lead to their happiness, and to the prosperity of the cause in which they are engaged, the mission whereunto this was sent will have been accomplished.

MARIA B. WOODWORTH.

WILLSHIRE, VAN WERT COUNTY, OHIO.

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LIFE-AND EXPERIENCE

of

MARIA B. WOODWORTH

CHAPTER I.

My childhood—My father's Death—Commencement of life's battles—My longings for an education—My desire for religious teaching and religious influence—My conversion—The voice of God calling me to go out and work .

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I WAS born in New Lisbon, Columbiana County, Ohio, July 22, 1845, and was the fourth daughter of quite a large family of children. My parents were not Christians; therefore I was left without the religious teachings

and influence with which so many homes are blessed. My father and mother joined the Disciple Church one year before my father's death, which occurred in July, 1850. The death of my father was the first great sorrow of my life. He had gone away to harvest in usual health; and I will never forget the night he was

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brought home cold and dead. Some neighbor children and I were out watching a terrible storm raging when we saw two strangers approaching the house. They came to bring the sad intelligence of what had happened; and as we looked out we saw the conveyance approaching, bringing the remains of our dear father. It was a terrible blow to our young hearts to see our father carried into the house cold and stilt in death, and my mother fainting as fast as they could bring her to. We children were screaming and the storm was raging in all its fury. But I must pass over this sad event. My mother was left with eight children to provide for, and almost destitute. Then began the battle of life with us all. Mother was obliged to seek work in various ways. My oldest sisters and myself had to leave home and work by the week. We had not only ourselves to clothe, but also to provide for our brothers and sisters at home. It was very hard for my sensitive nature to go among strangers. I was discontented and homesick. I wanted to go to school where I could learn, for I longed for an education; and I often cried myself to sleep over this matter. I would have my books in the kitchen, where I could read a verse and commit it to memory, then read another, and so on,

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thus improving every opportunity while at my work. I had no opportunity of going to church from my earliest recollection. My heart went out in strong desires to know of God when eight years old. Two of my sisters were converted in a Methodist meeting. I went once or twice. My heart was melted with the Savior's love; but they seemed to think children had no need of salvation, and I was kept back. At the age of thirteen I attended a meeting of the Disciple Church. My family were all

Disciples at this time. Dr. Belding was holding the meeting, and I believe he was full of the Holy Ghost. When I heard the story of the cross my heart filled with the love of Jesus. My eyes seemed to be fountains of tears. Then began my new life of peace and joy in a Savior's love. Then I was contented and happy, singing and praising God all the day long. I never went to any place of amusement, I attended four meetings on Sabbath and three or four during the week. I did not stay away from meeting once a year unless I was sick. I was more anxious now than ever for an education, for I wanted to work for Jesus and be useful in the vineyard of Christ. Soon after I was converted I heard the voice of Jesus calling me to go out in highways and hedges, and gather in the lost

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sheep of the house of Israel. Like Mary I pondered these things in my heart, for I had no one to hold counsel with. The Disciples did not believe that women had any right to work for Jesus. Had I told them my impressions they would have made sport of me. I had never heard of a woman working in public except as missionaries, so I could see no opening—except, as I thought, if I ever married my choice would be an earnest Christian, and then we would enter upon the mission-work.

CHAPTER II.

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The trials and discouragements of the first part of my married life—The angel of Death at our home—A second call by the angel of Death—Conversion of our little daughter Georgie—Georgie's sickness and death—Birth and death of little Girtie.

WE settled in the country, and thought by industry and honest toil to gain a little of this world's goods to sustain these physical bodies; but my health failed, and everything we undertook seemed to be a failure. I was away from all Christian influence and could not often attend to the house of God. Often when hearing the church-bells ringing, which had been the signal for me to repair to the house of worship, and knowing that I could not go, I would cry myself to sleep. My husband's health and mind were

impaired while in the army, and now they both began to give way so much so that he was not capable of doing business a good part of the time. I had one trial after another, and temptations and discouragements besetting me on every side. The angel of Death came to our home, and after hovering around for a few days he bore away our only lit-

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the boy, a bright, blue-eyed darling. As he was passing away he looked up and smiled. He looked like an angel, and seemed to say, "Mamma, do not weep for me; I am going to a better world." It almost broke my heart to lay him away in the cold grave; but I could see the loving hand of God calling us to build up higher, to set our affections on heavenly things and not on the things of the earth. One year had hardly passed by when the angel of Death came again to our home and took away our baby Freddy, and at the same time I lay for weeks between life and death. In all this I could see the hand of the loving Father call me to leave all and follow him. About this time our little daughter Georgie was converted. She was about seven years old. She was a great comfort to me. She loved to talk of the goodness of God and our Redeemer. Many happy times we enjoyed together talking of the beautiful home over the river, where her brothers had gone. I did not think she would leave me so soon to join their ranks and raise her voice with theirs in singing salvation to our God, who sitteth upon the throne, and the Lamb forever. She was taken sick with scrofula, that dreadful disease, and lingered about, eight months. Her suf-

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ferings were great; yet she never murmured or complained, but only said it was for her good. She loved to read about Jesus, and the beautiful mansions he was preparing, and the robe and crown that were waiting for her. She would talk to all who came to see her of Jesus and his love, and tell them to meet her in heaven. She sent messages to her Sabbath school teacher and scholars, and to her friends far and near, to meet her in heaven. For weeks before she died her face was all lighted up with the glory of God. The angels seemed to be hovering about her bed. She could

hear them singing. Her body was with its, but her spirit seemed to be above the earth communing with God. She was willing to go and be with Jesus; but it seemed hard for her to leave me. She would say, "O mamma, if you could go with me I would be so happy. I hate to leave you; but oh, say you will meet me in heaven." I said, "Georgie, I will try!" But that would not do. She said, "O mamma, say you will; I can not die unless you promise to meet me in heaven." I said, "Georgie, by the grace of God I will meet you in heaven." She said, "Now I am ready; I know you will come, mamma.; I shall always be looking for you, and when you die I am coming for you."

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The Sabbath before she died, she called me to her bedside and said, "Mamma, I am going to leave you this week; "and she to set her house in order. She talked of dying as we would talk of going to visit a dear friend. She gave away all or her earthly possessions. To me she gave her Testament; said she would like to see all her friends once more. She selected her burial robe and place to be buried, and requested us to leave room for me to be buried by her side. She stayed with us until the last of the week, and was frequently heard to say,

"I am coming, Lord,

Coming now to thee;

Wash me, cleanse me in that blood

Which flowed on Calvary."

And also these beautiful words:

"Joyful, joyful will the meeting be,

When from sin our hearts are pure and free,

And we shall gather, Savior, with thee

In that eternal home," etc.

She kept inviting every one to come to Jesus and be saved, her sufferings were intense toward the last. When she could not speak, and we would ask her if she was happy, and if Jesus was with her, she would smile and shake her head. She thought she was going. She put up her mouth to kiss

each one and gasped goodbye

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between her struggles; but she rallied and lived two hours. She caught her papa around the neck and said, “O papa, be a good man and meet me in heaven.” In this way she talked on till the last, and her face shone with the glory of heaven. Looking up she said, “O mamma, I see Jesus and the angels. I see my little brothers; they have come for me; and they bore her away in triumph to the heavenly land. It seemed to me that I could see them as they went sweeping through the gates into the new Jerusalem.

This was her favorite hymn, and was sung at her funeral:

I am now a child of God,
For I'm washed in Jesus' blood,
I am waiting, and I'm longing while I wait;
Soon on wings of love I fly,
To my home beyond the sky,
To my welcome as I'm sweeping through the gate.

CHORUS—

In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Washed from every stain I am;
Robed in whiteness, clad in brightness,
I am sweeping through the gate.
Oh, the blessed Lord of light,
He upholds me by his might,
And his arms infold and comfort while I wait,
I am leaning on his breast.—

Hallelujah, I am sweeping through the gate.

CHORUS—

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I am sweeping through the gate,
Where the blessed for me wait,
Where the weary workers rest for evermore;
Where the strife of earth is done,

And the crown of life is won;
Oh! the glory of the city just before.

CHORUS—

Burst all my prison-bars,
And I soar beyond the stars,
To my Father's house—'the bright and blest estate'—
Lo! the morn eternal breaks,
And the song immortal wakes;
Robed in whiteness I am sweeping through the gate.

CHORUS—

It was like death to part with my darling. But Jesus was very precious to my soul. Heaven was nearer; Christ was dearer than ever before, I had one more treasure in glory. My health had been very poor all through her sickness. Three weeks before her death little Girtie was born. She was the picture of Georgie, and seemed to have her sweet disposition, and I thought as she grew older she would take her place; but the precious bud was not permitted to bloom in this world of sin. At the age of four months the angels gently bore her away where the flowers never fade nor die, there to join her sister and brothers, who were waiting to welcome her at the golden gates. I could say with David, they

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can not come back to me, but I will go to them. Praise the Lord for the Christian's hope. These beautiful lines of the poet express my thoughts—I did not expect to be long behind my darlings:

We are waiting by the river,
We are waiting on the shore,
Only waiting for the boatman;
Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.
Though the mist hangs o'er the river,
And the billows loudly roar;
Yet we hear the song of angels,
Wafted from the other shore.

And the bright Celestial City,
We have caught such radiant gleams,
Of its towers like dazzling sunlight,
With its sweet and peaceful streams.
He has called for many a loved one,
We have seen them leave our side;
With our Savior we shall meet them
When we too have crossed the tide.
When we've passed the vale of shadows,
With its dark and chilly tide,
In that bright and glorious city,
We shall evermore abide.

CHAPTER III.

My severe illness and my glorious visions of Jesus and the beautiful city—Words of encouragement to mothers—Trials and difficulties—Prostrated again on a bed of affliction—Prayer of God's people for my recovery—Another call to work for Jesus—I promise to enter upon the work—Restored to health and attempt the work—A vision of the bottomless pit—My opposition in undertaking the work.

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FROM the time of the sad occurrences which have just been narrated in the previous chapter, my health was very poor for a year, and many times I was brought near the brink of the grave. Every one who saw me thought I would die. But the work that the Lord was calling me to do came up before me so plainly that I thought he would raise me up and open the way; and at these times, when I seemed to be hovering between life and death, I would have such glorious visions. At one time I was praying for the salvation of sinners; and the Savior appeared on the cross by me, and talked with me; and I laid my hand on his mangled body, and looked up in his smiling face. Another time I was meditating upon the love of God, in giving his only Son to die for sinners, and

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of the beautiful home he was preparing for those who love him; and I seemed to float away, and was set down in the beautiful city. Oh, the glorious sight that met my view can never be expressed by mortal tongue. Heaven is located. It is it a real city. Its inhabitants are real and not imaginary. If mothers could see their children as I saw them, in all their shining glory, they would never weep for them, but would leave all and follow Jesus. They would let nothing keep them from meeting their children in heaven, where they are shining in dazzling beauty around God's throne, and are watching to give welcome to the beautiful city. I never think of my children as being in the grave. Oh, no. The loved form that we laid away in the cold grave is nothing but the casket that contained the jewel which is now shining in the Savior's crown. Often now, when I am pleading with sinners to come to Jesus, and telling them of the love of God, the beautiful home in heaven, of the mansions bright and of the robe and crown, and of the great multitude who have been washed in the Blood of the Lamb, the veil seems to be taken away, and I feel lost in the love and glory of Christ. I feel as though the congregation was left behind, and I was floating upward in a cloud of glory. Oh,

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the wonderful love of God. The half has never been told. It never can be told. It will take all eternity to tell of the redeeming love, in the wonderful plan of redemption to a dying world. Dear reader, will you not give up all and follow Jesus, and meet me in that beautiful land where sorrow will never come?

About this time my husband was converted in the Methodist Church, where my little girl had been converted. He was very bright and seemed to speak with other tongues. God had answered my prayer. We had a happy home for awhile; but when trials came he became discouraged. At times he was on the mountain-top, and then again he would be down in the valley in his religious experience. I made a great deal of allowance for him, as everything affected his mind. This made it very hard for me, as I had everything to see to. I had to work very hard. With the disease I had,

my nervous system became prostrated, and I lay for three months so that doctor and friends thought I would die. I do praise God for his loving-kindness to me in always raising up the best of Christian friends in my behalf. In all my sickness and trouble the ministers and people came from the different churches in the town and had prayermeeting in my room.

They prayed

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in the churches for my recovery. I was willing to die and leave my little girl and boy, feeling that God would care for them; but the work God was calling me to do loomed up before me. All these years God had been preparing me—for I was not willing. I felt like a worm in his sight. It seemed impossible, for me to undertake the work for the salvation of souls; that the time had come to promise or die. I promised God that if he would restore my health and prepare me and show me the work I would try to do it. I began to get better immediately. We then moved to a Friends' settlement, and they came and took me to church. They had glorious meetings. God was there in wonderful power. God seemed to say to me, "I brought you here; go to work." Now the struggle commenced. I was very timid, and bound as with chains in a man-fearing spirit. When I arose to testify I trembled like a leaf, and began to make excuses—O God, send someone else. Then the Lord in a vision or dream caused me to see the bottomless pit open in all its horror and woe. There was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. It was surrounded by a great multitude of people who seemed unconscious of their danger, and without a moment's warning would tumble into this awful place. I

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was above the people on a narrow plank-walk, which wound up toward heaven; I was exhorting and pleading with the people to come upon the plank and escape that awful place. Several started. There was a beautiful bright light above me, and I was encouraging them to follow that light and they would go straight to heaven.

This vision left quite an impression on my mind. When the Spirit of God

was striving with me to talk or pray in meeting, I would resist as long as I could. Then this awful vision would rise before me, and I would see souls sinking into eternal woe. The yoke of Jesus would whisper, "I am with you, be not afraid," Then I would be on my feet or knees in a moment. I would forget, everything but the love of God and dying souls. God seemed to speak through me to the people. But I had so much opposition to contend with. My people were opposed, my husband and daughter fought against it, and my whole nature shrunk from going to stand as a gazing-stock for the people. But the Lord was showing in many ways that I must go and perform the work he had for me to do.

CHAPTER IV.

Again I began to make excuses – Little Willie taken out of the way – Willie's sickness and death – The effect of this sad bereavement – Again prompted to duty by the providence of God – Satan tries to persuade me not to go – Seeking a better experience – Filled with the power of God – My desire to enter the work.

SEVERAL ministers whom I had never seen before told me, at different times, that God was calling me to the ministry and that I would have to go. I said, "If I were a man I would love to work for Jesus." They told me I had a work to do which no man could do; the Lord was calling me to the West to labor for lost souls. I said, "O Lord! I cannot take Willie with me, nor can I leave him behind." Then the Lord saw fit to take him out of the way; so he laid his hand on my darling little boy, and in a few days took him home to heaven. He was the joy of my life. He was nearly seven years old. He was very bright for one of his age—in fact, far beyond his years. He was the pet of the whole neighborhood. He seemed to know when taken sick that he would not get well, he talk-

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ed of dying and going to see Georgie, who had been dead three years that month. He said he would have to die sometime and that he would rather go now if we could go with him, that he would never be sick any more, nor have to take any more medicine. He bid us all good-by and

said he was going to be with Jesus. He died very happy. He had talked and fretted much about his little sister, and said he could not live without her. By faith I could see her meeting him at the beautiful gates and welcoming him into the golden city of God. This sad bereavement nearly took my life. The dear Savior was never so near and real to me before. He was by my side and seemed to bear me up in his loving arms. I could say, the Lord gave and the Lord has taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord. When alone, I missed my darling so much that I wept as though my heart would break. Then I would always pray; and as I prayed I would forget everything earthly and soar away by faith to the Golden City, and there see my darlings all together shining in glory, and looking at me and singing, "Mamma, do not weep for us, but come this way." I would always end in praising and giving glory to God for taking them to such a happy

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place. My husband sunk beneath the stroke and was deranged for some time. He would go about hunting for Willie. He said some one had taken him away. Living trouble is worse than the trouble of those who are dead. He has never been well since. Lizzie, my oldest child, sixteen years old, was all that I had left of six sweet children. In all these trials God was preparing me and opening the way for the great battle against the enemy of souls; and now the great desire of my heart was to work for Jesus. I longed to win a star for the Savior's crown. But when I thought of my weakness I shrunk from the work. Sometimes when the Spirit of God was striving and calling so plainly I would yield and say, "Yes, Lord, I will go." The glory of God came upon me like a cloud, and I seemed to be carried away hundreds of miles and set down in a field of wheat, where the sheaves were falling all around me. I was filled with zeal and power, and felt as if I could stand before the whole world and plead with dying sinners. It seemed to me that I must leave all and go at once. Then Satan would come in like a flood and would say, "You would look nice preaching, being a gazing-stock for the people to make sport of. You

know you could not do it.”

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Then I would think of my weakness and say, “No, of course I can not do it.” Then I would be in darkness and despair.

I wanted to run away from God, or I wished I could die; but when I began to look at the matter in this way, that God knew all about me, and was able and willing to qualify me for the work, then I began to seek a better experience, and pray for an anointing of power. I made a full conversion and asked for a baptism of fire to take everything out of my heart and cleanse it with the blood of Christ, and fill it with the Holy Ghost.

I promised to let nothing but sickness or death come between me, and the work. God accepted the offering, and the blessing and power came, and I went about praising God from morning till night. My heart was full of his love and praise. It was as natural for me to say, “Praise God,” as it was to breathe. The Bible was a new book. All desires to sin were gone. I dropped into the arms of Jesus by faith and trusted him to keep me each moment. When I saw a temptation coming I would tell Jesus, and a verse, or promise, like the following would present itself “Lo, I am with you alway,” “Do not afraid,” or, “Cast all your care on Jesus; he cares for you.”

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With these words would come such power that I gained the victory every time. I lost all desire for the things of the world. I longed to get ready to enter the work of gathering in the lost sheep of the house of Israel.

Friends wanted me to travel a year with a minister and his wife and work in revivals, and they would pay all expenses. But my husband was not willing for me to go, or to engage in the work any place.

CHAPTER V.

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I endeavored to prepare myself for the work—I talk face to face with the Savior in a dream—What I saw in that vision—Secret impressions of the

importance of obeying the call at once—How I faltered—My condemnation—I search the Bible for teaching and example—The chosen of the Lord—What we are commanded to do—The book of remembrance—What we learnt from the prophet Joel —Bible references to prove the prophecies—Argument and scripture to prove that women are called to preach

I THOUGHT I would go through a course of study and prepare for the work, thinking the Lord would make my husband willing in some way to let me go out and work. But I could not get my mind fixed on my study. Everything seemed empty and vacant, and I was restless and uneasy. The dear Savior stood by me one night in a vision or dream and talked face to face with me, and asked what I was doing on earth. I felt condemned, and said, “Lord, I am going to work in thy vineyard!” The Lord said, “When?” And I answered, “When I get prepared for the work.” Then the Lord said to me, “Don’t you know that while you are getting ready souls are

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perishing? Go now, and I will be with you,” I told him that I could not talk to the people; I did not know what to say, and they would not listen to me. Jesus said, “You can tell the people what the Lord has done for your soul; tell the glory of Lamb and the love of Jesus; tell sinners to repent and prepare for death and the judgment, and I will be with you.” Still I made one excuse after another, and Jesus would answer, “Go, and I will be with you.”

I told him I wanted to study the Bible; that I did not understand it well enough. Then there appeared upon the wall a large open Bible, and the verses stood out; in raised letters. The glory of God shone around and upon the book. I looked, and I could understand it all.

Then Jesus said again, “Go, and I will be with you.” I cried, “Lord, I will go! ‘Where shall I go?’” And Jesus said, “Go here, go there, wherever souls are perishing.

Praise the Lord for his wonderful goodness in revealing his word and

will in such a wonderful way, to such a poor weak worm of the dust. I saw more in that vision than I could have learned in years of hard study. Praise his holy name. I saw that I must not depend on anything that I could do, but to look to him for strength and wis-

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dom. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit," saith the Lord. I was to be the vessel of clay God, was going to use to his own glory, I was to be God's mouth-piece. I must trust God to speak through me to the people the words of eternal life. There was all this time a secret monitor within telling me that I should be calling sinners to repentance, I could not get clear of that reflection by day or by night. Walking or dreaming, I seemed to have a large congregation before me, all in tear's, as I told them the story of the cross. Thus for months and years did I debate; and yet did I falter and hesitate, and, like Jonah, trim my sail for Tarshish. I thought if I were a man it would be a pleasure for me, but for me, a woman, to preach, if I could, would subject me to ridicule and contempt among my friends and kindred, and bring reproach upon our glorious cause.

Always when I had trouble I would flee to the stronghold of faith and grace and prayer. But when I went in secret to pray the words seemed to come to me, "You deny me before men and I will deny you before my Father and the holy angels." Then I would go to my Bible and search for teachings and examples. Then who made sport of Miriam when the poet said,

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An elder sister led the band,
With sounding timbrels in her hand,
And virgins moved in order grand,
And after her they shouting danced.

Again, the Lord put his erring people in remembrance of his great blessing to Israel when he said, "Did I not send thee Moses and Aaron and Miriam to be your leaders?" And again the prophets were ordained

of God. And when there was trouble on hand Barak dare not meet the enemy unless Deborah led the van. And the noble woman, always ready to work for God and his cause, said, "I will surely go. God's people must not be a prey to the enemy." "Oh, no," call out the men of Israel, "Sisera's mighty hosts are gathering."

As I continued to read My Bible I saw that in all ages of the world the Lord raised up of his own choosing, men, women, and children—Miriam, Deborah, Hannah, Hulda, Anna, Phœbe, Narcissus, Tryphena, Persis, and the Marys, and the sisters who were co-workers with Paul in the gospel, whose names were in the Book of Life, and many other women whose labors are mentioned with praise. Even the children were made the instruments of his praise and glory, See Romans ii. 6; I. Samuel iii. 4; Jeremiah i. 6; Numbers xxii. 28.

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The more I investigated the more I found to condemn me. There was the Master giving one, two, and five talents, and the moral obligation of each person receiving them and their several rewards. I had one talent, which was hidden away.

The Lord, through the Apostle Paul, commanded us not to forsake "the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is; but exhorting one another: and so much the more as ye see the day approaching." And again, "They that feared the Lord spoke oft one to another." And again, "They that feared the Lord spoke often one to another: and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."

By the Prophet Joel we learn that one special feature of the gospel dispensation shall be, "Your sons and daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions: and also upon the servants and handmaids in those days will I pour out my Spirit."

Hence it seems by the Prophet Joel that the last days were to be particularly conspicuous for

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this kind of prophesying. We can not rebuke God's decree, for it is said, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but the word of God shall endure forever."

By reference to Acts ii. 16, it is determined that this prophecy by Joel was verified on the Day of Pentecost. And it was fully warranted as of divine origin, and that the gift of prophecy was not confined to either sex; for they all began to preach and to prophesy; as the Spirit gave them utterance—both men and women.

Paul in his first letter to the church at Corinth (xiv. 18) defines prophesying, exhorting, speaking, edification, and comfort. If we are able to answer the important questions, First, Whose Spirit was poured out? Second, on whom was it poured? Third, When and for what purpose? then we shall also be able to decide somewhat as to what extent women are required to work for the advancement of Christ's cause upon the earth.

I maintain that by the prophecy of Joel women were to participate in this work with their brethren. Now, as the kingdom, or new dispensation, was set up by our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, their work was not only recognized at that time in a miraculous manner, but was acknowledged by the apostles, as in fulfillment of said prophecies.

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Now, to those who are sensitive upon this point I propose the inquiry:

First, Is there not as much to sustain the position that women are called to preach as there is that men are called? If you deny that there is such a call to the ministry, then whence the authority for making the work exclusively for the male sex? What would have been the work of those women who laboured with Paul? (Paul's letter to the church at Philippi iv. 3) Second, How could they obey God and not prophesy? (Acts ii. 18.) Philip had four daughters who did prophesy. (Acts xxi. 9.) Was that by

divine authority, although about thirty-five years after the setting up of the gospel kingdom of dispensation? And is it less becoming for women to labor in Christ's kingdom or vineyard now than it was then?

If you determine that there is no acceptable preaching only through a called ministry, who will arrogate to himself the power to determine the calling, seeing that more are invested with miraculous power?

But should you deny that there is any divine authority by which the word is preached, why not offer the most encouragement to those who may labor the most successfully? There will be time when all good works will meet a just recom-

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pense; for it is said, "Every valley shall he exalted, and every mountain and hill shall he made low: and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain: and the glory of the Lord will be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

But without controversy, I am willing to trust in whom I have believed for my justification. I cling to the cross and trust my Redeemer.

CHAPTER VI.

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My first meeting—Trying to work and preach at the same time—A few days' meeting where I was raised—The results by placing entire confidence in God—The devil's den— I conclude to go there and hold a meeting—A curious crowd—The effects of the preaching of God's word upon them—The glorious results —Encouragement for the Christian

THE first meeting that I undertook to hold was in it little town where we had lived some years before, right among my husband's people. It was a cross for me to talk to those people; but I said, In the name of God and by his sustaining grace I will try, and leave the result with him. As I rose to speak, this text came to my mind. "Set thy house in order, for thou shalt die, and not live."

When I began to talk upon the subject the man-fearing spirit left me, and the words came to me faster than I could give them utterance. My sister-

in-law broke down and left the house. We continued the meeting a few days, and twenty claimed to be converted. People were converted all through the neighborhood. One who came to this meeting afterward became my son-in-law.

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I thought I would keep house and spend as much time in holding meetings as I could, to give my husband a chance to attend his work. I was anxious to raise money for us to go west. I would ride seven miles and hold meeting on Saturday evening, and three meetings on Sabbath,—sometimes in different churches,—and then ride home over a hilly and rough road. By this time I would be nearly exhausted and hardly able to walk around to do my work. But the last of the week I would go again; and often through the week I had to hold meetings in the towns around where I was born and raised, where we had lived since we were married. It was a cross for me to speak before my own folks, and the people whom I had always known. But God wonderfully blessed my labors in every place. Wherever I went the house was crowded. I did not write my sermons or have sketches of sermons. I would take a text and trust God to lead me in his own way. I was holding meeting for a few days where I was raised, and the house was crowded every night. One night I could not get a text. The people came pouring in until the house was packed. I began to get frightened. A brother said to me, “The Disciples are turning out to-night.” There I was, with several hundred

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people before me and no text—nothing to talk about. Everything was empty. I began to plead with Jesus. I told him he had called me to preach; that here was this starving multitude and I had no bread to give them. To verify his promise and to glorify himself in manifesting his power to this people, the words came to me, “What are you going to do with Jesus, that is called the Christ,” and also the place to find the text. Jesus seemed to whisper in my ear, “I am with you, be not afraid.” I opened the meeting and repeated the text. As I did so the power came, and it seemed that all I

had to do was to open my mouth. The people all through the house began to weep. I talked one hour and a quarter. The power came as it did when I received the anointing. It seemed as if the house was full of the glory of God. I felt as if I was drawn up over the people. Glory to God for helping a worm of the dust; for the glory of God and the encouragement of these who are engaged in working for lost souls, to prove that no place is too hard for God, if we only trust him.

There was a place called "The Devil's Den." It was distinguished for infidelity and skepticism. There was an old free church in which no one was ever known to be converted. Some of our

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best ministers had tried to hold meetings here, but had gone away in disgust. This place was six miles from home. I had several times refused to go to this place, but at last concluded to go believing God would shake the foundation of infidelity, and that there would be a shaking among the dry bones. A large crowd met me. They had come through more curiosity, expecting to see me back out. I had to do all the talking, all the praying, and all the singing. But God was there in mighty power. Some of those infidels turned pale and trembled in their seats. For a few days I could hardly find a place to stay. I appointed day-meetings; but they said, "Oh, you can not have meeting in day-time; no one will come." I told them if no one else came I would go and pray for God to pour out his power upon the people. About the fourth day some were brightly converted. They came to the pulpit and went to work. The news spread like fire, and the Christians, and singers, and ministers came for miles around. There were hundreds who could not get into the house. The doors and windows were open, and the order was so good that I think nearly all people outside could hear. I held the meeting two weeks, and seventy-five came out on the Lord's side, One

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old man and his wife, about seventy-five years old, and nine of their children, were converted. Nearly all who came out were over twenty

years old. Some of the hardest sinners in the whole country were converted. They had to confess that God was there in wonderful power. I organised a Sabbath-school of one hundred and fifty scholars, and put in a man for. superintendent who had been a noted drunkard, appointed two prayer-meetings for each week, and established meetings every Sabbath. Different ministers promised to furnish them with preaching. The people said it was a glorious work, but that it could not last; that when I left it would go down. It is one year and a half since I left there, and I have heard of only one that went back to the world.

Praise God, the work is going on, and the wilderness of sin has been made to blossom as the rose. Where, there was cursing and blaspheming there is singing and praising God. Let us never be discouraged, but lean hard on God, and he will give us victory every time if we only trust him and give him the glory. Praise God for victory through faith in his promise and through the efficiency of the blood of the Lamb.

Let me say for the encouragement of those

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who are starting in the work of the Lord, God has promised to be with us always, even to the end. We are nothing but the clay God speaks through. It is “not by might, nor by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.” If the Holy Spirit is dwelling in our hearts and shining out through our lives and actions; if we, by faith, take God at his word, we will find at all time and places that his grace is sufficient, and he will give us victory every time. We must claim the victory by faith before the walls fall.

CHAPTER VII.

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A short visit in Columbiana—A glorious meeting—My condition and situation—The power of God manifested

ON the way home from a revival-meeting I took a severe cold, which settled in my throat. We stopped in Columbiana, ten miles from home. While there a Methodist class-leader requested me to take charge of the prayer-meeting, and preach for them. As it was too late to announce a

meeting, I told him I would go if able, and we would have a praise-meeting, as I could only speak in a whisper. The church had gone out after style, and pride, and festivals, etc., until they had lost their power. They were in a lifeless condition. I went, and to my surprise the people were coming in crowds. They continued to come until the house was crowded—and they said the house would hold a thousand people. There I was, barely able to sit up, so hoarse I could hardly speak, with no minister or any one to help me. I never had stood before such a congregation, or so much style. I trembled in my seat; but oh, how I clung to God. In silent prayer I asked

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him to take away the cold and hoarseness, and man-fearing spirit, and everything, and give me a message for that dying people. I thought if I could get up into the pulpit I would tell the people it was a mistake, that I had not promised to speak. It seemed so far away, but I went, and stood up to make an apology for the first time since I had started to work for the Lord. As I did so this text came to my mind, “I am doing a great work, so that I can not come.” I trusted God to take away my cold. The first five minutes they could hardly understand a word. Then my voice got clear and strong, and they could hear distinctly all over the house; and the words just seemed to roll out. I talked for one hour, and the power of God was wonderfully manifested. All over the house people wept; and a death-like solemnity settled over the congregation. They wanted me to go on with a revival, but I could not. Whenever I think of that meeting it strengthens my faith, and I feel like praising God for victory through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. To him be glory, and power, and praise forever and ever, Amen!

CHAPTER VIII.

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Offer of charges in different churches—My mission—Uniting with the church—Leaving all to work for Jesus—My trust in God—God provides home and friends—A condensed statement of the work accomplished—

Exhortation to the Christian

I HAD various calls to take a stationary work where I could have done well. The United Brethren wanted me to take charge of the “Woman’s Missionary Society, or take a circuit; the Bible Christians wanted me to unite with them, and take charge of three large churches; and the Methodists wanted me to take charge of one church. These were all within ten miles of home, and I would have received a good salary. But I felt that my mission was that of an evangelist. I felt that my work was not confined to one charge or place, but wherever the Lord was leading me. I joined with the United Brethren Church and got permission to preach and organize churches. I felt that the time had come when I must break up house-keeping and leave home and friends, and our only child, to travel through the West. It was a sore trial. I

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had to flee to the Rock that is higher than I before I could say,
Lord, obediently I’ll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou my leader be,
And I still will follow thee.

It required strong faith, for I had to start without purse or scrip, like the disciples, trusting the Lord to supply my wants, and to care for my husband also, for his health and mind had been so much impaired that he had not been able to work very much; and I had to trust the Lord to keep his mind in a condition that he would not hurt the meetings, to go before, and prepare the way, and provide for all my temporal wants. As we travelled from place to place without a home we could call our own, I could sing,

A tent or a cottage, why should I care?
They are building a palace for me over there;
Tho’ exiled from home, yet still I may sing,
All glory to God, I’m a child of a King,
My Father is rich in homes and in lands,

He holdeth the wealth of the world in his hands;
Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold,
His coffers are full, he has riches untold.

I find the promise of Jesus verified. If we leave all for his sake we shall
have houses and

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lands, sisters and brothers, and a home in heaven. I find dear mothers
and fathers, sisters and brothers, and dear little children born into the
kingdom wherever I go, who are as dear to me as my own.

Oh, it is a glorious work to rally sinners to the cross a Christ, and to say,
Behold the dying Lamb. May God keep me low at the cross of Christ, and
keep me ever pure and holy—a vessel fit for the Master's use—is my
daily prayer. Oh, that all would praise the Lord for his goodness to the
children of men.

Up to this time, or previous to my going west, I had held four revivals,
organized two churches,—one of them with about seventy members—
and a Sabbath-school organized of about one hundred scholars, and
appointed a prayer-meeting at the same place; had preached in twenty-
two meeting-houses and four school-houses, for eight different
denominations, and had delivered two hundred sermons. This work was
accomplished in about one year and a half. God blessed my labors in this
short time with more glorious results than I had expected to see in years,
or perhaps in a lifetime of labor. Praise his holy name. God has promised
that they who go sowing the precious seed weeping shall come rejoicing,
bringing in the sheaves. Dear reader, God has assigned

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a work for you and for me. Are we doing that work? God has given us
salvation; let us work it out with fear and trembling. We do not want a
starless crown. The day is far spent and the night of death is fast
approaching, when no man can work. Male and female are one in Christ
Jesus

YOUR MISSION.

Hark! the voice of Jesus crying,
Who will go and work to-day,
Fields are whitened, harvests waiting,
Who wilt bear the sheaves away?
Loud and strong the Master calleth,
Rich reward he offers thee;
Who will answer gladly singing,
“Here am I, send me, send me?”
If you can not speak like angels,
If you can not preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say he died for all.
If you can not rouse the wicked,
With the judgment’s dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Savior’s waiting arms.
If among the older people
You may not be apt to teach,
“Feed my lambs,” said Christ, our Shepherd,
Place the food within their reach;
And, may be, the little children
You have led with trembling hands,
Will be found among your jewels,
When you reach the better land.
Let none you hear idly saying,
There is nothing I can do,
While the souls of men are dying,
And the master calls for you.
Take the task he gives you gladly,
Let the work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when he calleth,
“Here am I, send me, send me.”

CHAPTER IX.

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Beginning of my pilgrimage in the West—Going from place to place preaching the gospel—My first protracted effort—The glorious results—Instruction and encouragement to the Christian—Meeting at Bethel Chapel—Condition of the class—Glorious results of these meetings—Condition of things during the meeting—The two young men who would not yield—God's warning to the people—Warning to parents

WHEN I went west to engage in the work which God was calling me to do, the first place at which I stopped was at the town of Van Wert, the county-seat of Van Wert County. There I preached twice in the Friends' church. From there I went to Willshire and preached in the M. E. Church the same evening, and the next day I went to Fairview. Here Bro. Shienk and Bro. Thomas were just closing a series of meetings. The class requested me to continue the meetings, which I did for sixteen days. I never saw the power of God so wonderfully manifested as at those meetings. There had been trouble in the church for a number of years. Some of the best members had left and the church had lost its power. I felt impressed that God was going to restore love and

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harmony in the church. I visited those families, and the third day of the meeting the trouble was all settled. All that were present came to the altar and made a full consecration and prayer for a baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire, and that night it came. Fifteen came to the altar searching for mercy. Men and women fell and lay like dead. Seventy-five came out upon the Lord's side, and forty-one have been received into the church up to this time. Several ministers were present during the meetings. God can work and no one can hinder. How I realized this: It is "not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." Oh, how precious these words of our loving Father, "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it," and, "Be not afraid of their faces, for I am with thee to deliver thee, saith the Lord." "Thou, therefore, gird up thy loins, and arise and speak unto

them all that I command you,” “Be not dismayed at their faces, lest I come and confound you before them.” “Go, and I shall be with you.” “Be strong and courageous,” etc, When I would feel my responsible position, and look over the crowded house, I, like Peter, would begin to sink, and cry, “Lord, help;” “Lord, use the clay to thy glory, and give me a message for this dying people.”

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Some of those promises would come rolling in, accompanied with the Holy Ghost, until I could feel lost in Christ and see nothing but the multitude of dying people rushing on to judgment.

Oh, praise the Lord for his tender care over us, and for his wonderful salvation that fills our souls with glory, that takes away the fear of persecution, the fear of man and the fear of devils, and makes us rejoice in the midst of trials, remembering that “all things work together for good to those that love the Lord,” etc.; that takes away the fear of death, and, as we look at the grave, we hear a shout coming from Calvary, saying, “I am the resurrection and the life,” Death is the gate to glory. The saint can shout, “Victory,” over death, hell, and the grave. Jesus says, “though we walk through the valley of the shadow of death,” he will be with us. Jesus will carry us safely over. There will only be a little brook to cross.

My next work was at Bethel Chapel, St. Mary’s Circuit, where I held a revival-meeting which lasted eleven days. The class was in bad condition. There had been trouble in the church for nine years, Sixteen members or more had left the church; but harmony and love were restored to the class, and nearly all that had left

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came back. Father Lenhart Dull, who had been standing out of the church all of his life, came out and joined the church, and eleven of his family followed. One brother consecrated himself to the ministry, and is now preaching the glorious gospel. An infidel became convicted and converted, and is now studying for the ministry. One hundred and thirty-

five came out to the altar; thirty-nine have united with the class; Christian' workers and ministers came in from all around, and we had a glorious time. The house was filled to overflowing, and half the people could not get into the house. The seekers were trampled upon. We could not get room for the mourners. The altar and side seats were full, and the night I closed the meeting there were thirty-two at the altar. It seemed that all who came fell under conviction. Two young men attended the meeting all through, and were deeply convicted. I labored with them day and night. I felt impressed that was their last chance, and if they did not come to Jesus then their doom would be sealed. I told them that I believed Death was on their track. They turned pale but did not yield. A short time after the meeting closed they both took sick about the same time, and both were unconscious to the last, going into

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eternity without a ray of hope. People remembered how I had labored with them, and they thought it was a warning from God for others to flee to a Savior's arms and escape the vengeance of a just God. Oh, it is a fearful thing to die without Christ; to take a leap in the dark and go down into the dark waters of Jordan without Christ to lighten it with his glory. Think of the awful day of judgment, when the great day of his wrath will come,—who will be able to stand? —when we will cry for the rocks and the mountains to fall on us and hide us from his awful presence.

Oh, how will parents tremble there,
Who have raised their children without prayer.

Methinks I hear their children say,
“I never heard my parents pray.”

Good Lord, what awful groans, what bitter cries
What awful rumblings through the skies.

Poor sinners sink in dark despair,
While saints go shouting through the air,

CHAPTER X.

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Condition of the church at Pleasant Mills, Indiana—The mighty conqueror—Exhortation of the church—A lack of faith—Happy results—No message for the people—Message to preach a funeral sermon—The parents of the dead child—Effect of sermon upon the people—The sick man—Words of encouragement to all

I WENT to Pleasant Mills, Indiana, to hold a series of meetings, and there found the class nearly broken up. I could only find six who had any experience, and they were discouraged. Even the minister had no hope of it being built up again. The Baptists were strong there, and there was contention between the churches. A good many of the brethren advised me not to go, but I thought if it was such a hard place, work was needed there worse than anywhere else. No place is too hard for the God of Israel. I expected the mighty God of Jacob to fight for me. Jesus is a mighty conqueror. He has never lost a battle. I claimed victory before the walls fell. The night I commenced there were two members present, though the house was crowded. I spoke from the text,

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“I am doing a great work, I can not come down.” I talked principally to the church, I told them that we were brothers and sisters in Christ; and all were engaged in putting up a building for the Lord, and that each one had a part in the building. I invited them to come out and help; that it was not only their privilege, but God commanded them to come up the help of the Lord against the mighty; for we had a great battle to fight and needed every soldier. God has said, “Cursed are ye that come not up to the help of the Lord against the mighty.” The churches all came out, and we could not tell a Baptist from a Brethren. Brother Becord, the Baptist minister, came out and offered to do all he could. We made our home with him part of the time. Many of them came out in a good experience. Two came to the altar and were converted, and we were all bound together in bonds of love which I hope will last through eternity. No one seemed to think the church could be built up. They would say, “If any good is done here it is more than I expect,” They had no faith; I could not

depend upon them at all.

The third day two old men about sixty years old came to the altar for the first time in their lives, and were converted, and one young man

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came out, and they went right to work. Seeing is believing. This fired up the members, and we had a glorious time. Brothers Shienk, Mahon, Coates, Heller, Thomas, and others, and a number from other churches, assisted at the meeting. The house was filled to overflowing every night. The meeting lasted sixteen days. Fifty-five came to the altar, and I think nearly all were brightly converted. Twenty-six united with the class, and others expect to come in. Some joined the M. E. Church.

On Sabbath morning I could not find a message. When I got to the church the house was full, and still I had no text. As I stepped on the porch a brother asked me if I would preach a funeral sermon at the hour for preaching, and if so the procession would be there in a little while. I studied a moment. I thought it was all for the Lord, and I said I would, But I had never preached a funeral sermon. Oh, how I looked to God to guide me to his glory. I knew if God did not speak through me I would be confounded. This text came to my mind, "He can not come back to me but I can go to him." I turned to the passage in the Bible, and the light of God seemed to shine on the text. It was a child that was dead, and its parents were not saved. They

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were both convicted, and promised me not to stop until they found the pearl of great price. As I stood up and read the text it unfolded, and the Spirit of God came down in wonderful power. The people were weeping all over the house. Oh, praise the Lord for his ever-present help when we trust him.

While holding the meeting I visited a man who was sick and unsaved. I talked and prayed with him, and he was sweetly saved. I left him rejoicing in a Savior's love, He was taken into the church but died in a few weeks. He was very happy and resigned. I went to bid him good-by.

He said he was going soon, but would meet us in the beautiful city above. During his last hours his friends and neighbors gathered in, and he talked and exhorted them to seek Christ and meet him in heaven. He said the angels and his little child that had passed over were in the room. He shouted and praised God until the last breath was gone. His triumphant death convinced some of the hardest sinners of the reality of religion. Oh, let me die the death of the righteous, that my last end be like his. Our loving Father is calling his children home one by one. Some of us have more loved ones over on the golden shore than we have here. They are watching and waiting

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for us. Shall they watch in vain, or will we by the grace of God meet them at the pearly gates, and with them sing the redemption song through the endless ages of eternity? We will soon all be gone. All will have passed over. Jesus will soon call us to the marriage supper of the Lamb, where we will crown him Lord of all.

GATHERING HOME

We'll all gather home in the morning,
On the banks of the bright jasper sea;
We will meet all the good and the faithful;
What a gathering that will be.
We'll all gather home in the morning,
At the sound of the great jubilee;
Well will gather home in the morning;
What a gathering that will be
We'll all gather home in the morning,
Our blessed Redeemer to see;
We will meet with the friends gone before us;
What a gathering that will be.

CHAPTER XI.

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The women's missionary convention—Work done by the women—The

surprise party—Meeting at Zion—Progress and success of the meeting—

A man thrown from his horse and killed—Warning to the people

ON April 26th, 1888, I was called to Lima, Ohio, to take part in the missionary work. The sisters came in from different parts of the state as delegates, bringing glorious reports of their success. A sister from Dayton gave an account of the success of the women's mission in foreign lands. The wilderness was made to bloom as the rose. Men and women are turning away from giving their children to crocodiles, and worshipping idols, to the living God. Schools are springing up. The women are being taught to be useful, and make home pleasant, etc.

Elder Bay preached 11 sermon on woman's mission. I preached from Joel ii. 28, "And your daughters shall prophesy," Elder, Counselor, Bro.

Miller, from Iowa, and several other ministers were present, who encouraged us in the good work. Sister Bay, president of the missionary

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society, made some very stimulating remarks. We closed the session feeling encouraged, and determined by the grace of God to do more the coming year. God is calling women to rise and shine. Male and female are one in Christ Jesus. Women preached the first resurrection sermon; women carried the first gospel tidings to Samaria, a heathen nation; and the wave of salvation has been going on until millions have been brought into the ark of safety. It was a woman that started the glorious temperance movement, which has grown into a mighty army and will go on until the accursed liquor-traffic will be banished from our land. We shall have a temperance union in every church, and use our united influence to fight this mighty giant that is stalking through our land, sweeping thousands yearly into a drunkard's grave.

I attended a surprise party on Father Proutner's eighty-third birthday. About one hundred and sixty took dinner in a beautiful grove near the house. Several of the oldest settlers in the county were present. After loading the old gentleman with presents, I opened the meeting with singing. Father Robuck, the first settler in Van Wert County, led in

prayer. I preached from the text, "We are pilgrims, and strangers," after

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which we had praise-meeting. Nine rose for the prayers of God's people. We closed by singing, "Oh, think of a home over there," and shaking hands. We felt that we would never meet again in that glorious gathering; but if faithful we will all meet on the golden shore, where we never more shall say good-by.

At Bro. Bay's request I went to Zion, Olive Branch Circuit, in May, and commenced a meeting which continued two weeks. I found a few names on the class-book, but they were scattered. Only two or three faithful ones could be found. They, with their pastor, were discouraged. They had so much opposition to contend with that they thought Zion would never rise and shine. But we held on by faith and the walls began to go up. Although it was in corn-planting time, we had meeting day and night. The meetings were well attended, On Sabbath the house was full, and in the evening they could not all get into the house. God's people were very much revived. Backsliders were reclaimed. Twenty came to the altar. Six united with the class, and others intended to unite.

The power of conviction rested all over the neighborhood. Lydia Sexton was holding meetings two miles from Zion at the same time. She

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sent for me to bring the congregation and preach for her one evening, and then she would come and preach for me the next. I went, and we had a glorious time. Two came to the altar. She is the dearest, old lady I ever met. She was in her eighty-fifth year, but had the use of all her senses. Her Home was in Topeka, Kansas. She was visiting the places where she had held meetings thirty years before. Bro. George Miller from Iowa, Elder Bay, Bro. Ogle, and several other ministers were present during the meeting. A brother who had stopped preaching and gone farming reconsecrated himself to the ministry. We organized a Sabbath-school of seventy scholars; appointed class-meeting every Sabbath, and prayer-meeting for Thursday evenings. I left the meeting in charge of Sister Bay.

I have had several letters from there since, with cheering reports. God bless the people of Zion. May she shine as a city on a hill, that sinners may be attracted and drawn into the fold, is my prayer.

A few days after the meeting closed a man was thrown from his horse near the church and killed. I believe it was a warning from God to those who were fighting conviction. He was out of Christ, and no doubt took a leap in the dark. Dear reader, how is it with you? If the pale messenger

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of Death should come for you to-day, would you take a leap into eternity, and hear the Judge say, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting punishment, where there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth, or would you go shouting home to glory? God help you to make heaven your home.

CHAPTER XII.

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Visit to Dayton, Ohio—Whittle, the evangelist—The United Brethren Printing Establishment—The Orphans' Home—The Soldiers' Home—Sudden death of a young man—The effect upon the neighborhood—Meeting at the school-house—The result—Twenty baptized—God working in the hearts of the people—Calls for help in the ministry—My birthday surprise—Three days' meeting at the riverside—Words of comfort and encouragement to the reader

WHEN Major Whittle, the evangelist, was in Dayton I went to hear him. He is a splendid theological teacher. I think he sowed seed from which the ministers will gather a rich harvest of precious souls. We visited the United Brethren Printing Establishment. Bro. W. J. Shuey has charge of this building, and is doing at grand work for the spread of the gospel. We next visited the Orphans' Home. Mr. Caswell had charge of this institution, and Sister Caswell was matron. They seemed to be the proper persons for that place. The spirit of love and harmony ran through the whole building. Sister Caswell had a kind word and a smile for every one. She insisted upon us remaining for dinner and holding a meeting.

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table was well filled with nicely-prepared food. The little ones came in by twos, nicely washed and dressed, and took their places at the table. Then at the tap of the bell over one hundred little voices raised to give thanks. It was a beautiful sight to see so many little motherless children together and so well cared for. After they had all done justice to what was set before them, the whole family was called together and we had a children's meeting. They enjoyed it very much. Their eyes sparkled as they joined in singing the beautiful songs of Zion. I shall always remember that meeting with pleasure. We next visited the Soldiers' Home, one of the grandest places in the United States. Eleven hundred soldiers sat down to supper at one time. The tables were spread with the best of eatables, got up in the nicest order. They have a fine church-meeting every Sabbath. They have a hospital, where the sick have the best of care, and a large library of choicest selections. About seven hundred are provided for in the hospital. They have one of the finest cemeteries in the state. The grounds are laid off in bowers, with lake and fish-ponds, alligator-ponds surrounded by iron fences, and fountains. The parks are filled with animals and birds, from the large cattle of Palestine down to

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the guinea-pig. There were four thousand soldiers enrolled—but they are dying very fast. They have everything to make them happy; but they say nothing can make up for their families, who are separated hundreds of miles from them. Some are alone in the world and have no one to care for or to love them.

After our visits to those places I held meeting a few days in a school-house, and fifteen arose for prayers. Six of one family came out upon the Lord's side. A young man with whom I had labored hard and tried to induce to come to Christ, died very suddenly. He died without leaving any evidence of being saved. His death cast a gloom over the whole neighbourhood. His father and the whole family, except his mother, were

unsaved. I was wonderfully interested in this family; but they never came to meeting. Some of the brethren said I could get the schoolhouse near where they lived. We held one meeting, and they attended. We had services once a week for a month. The mother came out in a very bright experience, and the father and five of the children were happily converted, except one son. He was not satisfied yet. They all united with the class at Fairview, and are very earnest workers. I think they will be a great help to the

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Church. Bro. Counselor preached at Fairview, and opened the doors of the church. Ten were taken in—this family among the number. We then went to the river, where twenty were baptized. I never saw such a beautiful sight. The Holy Spirit came down in great power, and nearly every one came out, of the water shouting and praising the Lord. A very large crowd witnessed the scene, and all seemed to feel the power of God. We then went to the school-house and had preaching in the evening. We are still having meeting, and the Lord is working mightily in the hearts of the people.

The way is upon for a glorious revival. The fields are white; souls are perishing. Where are the reapers to gather the harvest in? The Macedonian cry is coming from every side, Come over and help us. Oh, who will answer gladly, saying, “Her am I, send me.”

The first verses of this beautiful hymn was our experience, and should be now:

I was once far away from the Savior,
And as vile as a sinner could be,
I wondered if Christ the Redeemer,
Could save a poor sinner like.
I wandered on in the darkness,
Not a ray of light could I see,

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And the thought filled my heart with sadness,

There is no hope for a sinner like me.
I listened, and lo 'twas the Savior
That was speaking so kindly to me.
I cried "I am the chief of sinners,
Thou can'st save a poor sinner like me."
No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is now shining on me,
And now unto others I'm telling
How he saved a poor sinner like me.
And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Savior shall see,
I'll praise him forever and ever,
For saving a sinner like me.

I had been holding a few meetings at Bethel, and on coming home was surprised to see buggies and wagons and people approaching the house from all directions. The dear brothers and sisters and friends were gathering on that day to celebrate my thirty-eighth anniversary. They all brought their baskets well filled, and the table was burdened with good things. After we had all done justice to the good things with which the table was so bountifully spread, I received Quite a number of presents. We then collected in the grove near by, where we spent the rest of the day in religious services. The exercises were opened by Rev. Mr. Thomas and prayer was offered by Bro. W. Walters. Bro. Heller

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made some very appropriate remarks, and excellent addresses were delivered by Bros. Peoples, Endsworth, Walters, and others, after which remark were made by sisters Chilcote, Peoples, Eler, Heller, and others. The power of God was wonderfully manifested. I then thanked the people for their kindness, and talked of the glorious reunion awaiting us by and by over the river. We then rose and sung, "Oh, think of a home over there." I said we would shake hands while singing, and all think of our home and loved ones over there. The whole congregation wept; and

we all felt that if we never meet on earth again we will meet in heaven,
where there is no parting, no sorrow.

I sit and think when the evening shade
Is deepening o'er forest, hill, and glade,
Of that beautiful land by the gates of light—
Our Father's home, where there is no night—
And my heart thrills to the joyous sound;
The land of rest—we are homeward bound.
I think each night, when the day is o'er,
I am nearer home than the day before;
And I softly say my evening prayer,
I am nearer the land where the ransomed are;
And upon my heart comes a holy spell—
We are homeward bound where the dead ones dwell.

We haste away from the lovely earth,
With its holy friendship of priceless worth,

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From its joys and sorrows, its hope and fear,
It's beaming smile, or its gathering tear,
For the pearly gates now opening wide—
We are homeward bound on the ebbing tide.

I held a basket meeting commencing July 22nd and continuing three days, in the beautiful grove by the side of the river. There was a large attendance and the best of order prevailed. On Sabbath about two thousand people assembled in the grove. We had a praise-meeting in the morning. It was a glorious sight to see the children of God from all denominations, and hear them raise their voices telling their hopes of heaven. At the close of this heavenly manna I preached from the text, "Behold, the lion of the tribe of Juda, the Root of David, hath prevailed to open the book, and to loose the seven seals thereof." The power of God was wonderfully present. A death-like stillness rested over the people, and many of the saints and sinners wept. In the afternoon Bro. Mahan

preached on “The early dawn of the church; its moonlight, and the sunlight of to-day.” At the close we went to the river near by, and a number were baptized by Bro. Mahan. As I looked over the multitude crowding the river-bank, my mind went back to the scene at Jordan. In the evening I preached from the text, “Behold, the bridegroom cometh;

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go ye out to meet him.” I talked upon the theme of Christ coming to open the last seal, and the final triumph of the church. We closed feeling that we would never all meet again until that awful day when he shall come in his wrath; then who shall be able to stand?

May God help all who may read these lines with the writer, to have a part in the first resurrection. Upon such the second death hath no power. Dear reader, let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not. “Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.” “As the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it to 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 it shall prosper in the thing whereto I send it.” “Bring ye all the tithes into the store-house, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the window’s of heaven, and pour

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you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.” “They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.” God will honor and reward those who labor for him. In whatever station, one soweth and another reapeth; at last both will rejoice together.

Soldier of God, well done,
Rest be thy loved employ,
And while eternal ages run,

Rest in thy Master's joy.
Now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.