



REV. J. B. CULPEPPER.

SOME WOMEN I HAVE KNOWN

BY

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*“Men Only,” “Backsliders,” “The Black Horse,” “Just For
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Enthroned,” “Malice,” Etc.*



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AUTHOR'S STATEMENT.

DEAR READERS: This little book is just what it claims to be—a talk about some women I have known. It has been prayed over. If it hurts you, let me know—I owe you an apology. If it does you good, you owe me a word of encouragement. You can reach me through the mails at Louisville, Ky. I am a woman's boy, a woman's husband, a woman's father, and a woman's friend.

AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTORY.—“SOME WOMEN.”

The world has felt the influence of woman. From the time Mother Eve sold us out for a bite of fruit to the present, she has been the world's bane or blessing. A true, noble, Godly woman has a pull for the upper world that draws mightily at the heartstrings of man. She has about her a tenderness of spirit, a mildness of manner, a frame of devotion, an influence of general character, that is foreign to man, and at a premium in every good circle. While in the Bible, angels are all represented in the masculine gender, pure, consecrated, sanctified womanhood, somehow, reminds us more of the angels than ordinary manhood.

When, however, a woman becomes coarse, neglects culture, develops frowardness, and sacrifices virtue, we instinctively turn from her. A noisy, reckless, immodest or prudish woman is an offense to good taste and repulsive to all. Let our girls learn to make most of life's opportunities, to be modest, patient, meek, Christly, to make their own homes happy and to be no meddlers with the homes of others. Let them seek true culture, and strive to develop both soul and body.

Bro. Culpepper has chosen a good subject and illustrated it by some beautiful characters. His tribute to “mother” is a masterpiece. His “First-Circuit mother”

is a beautiful tribute to true Christian womanhood. When he comes to "wife" he makes at least one Methodist preacher think of the partner of his joys, the sharer of his sorrows. It will make many a preacher recall his first circuit with its light and shade, its joys and sorrows, its successes and failures. I hope this book will be popular with all preachers and will command a second reading at many hands among the people as well as the clergy.

L. L. PICKETT.

Wilmore, Ky.



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❁ ❁ CONTENTS: ❁ ❁



CHAPTER	PAGE
“ I. Mother	7
“ II. Sister Annie Bagley	27
“ III. Sister McDonald,	37
“ IV. Sister Cullen	40
“ V. Miss Lalla Jordan.	49
“ VI. The Up-To Date Woman. ..	51
“ VII. Aunt Ann.	56
“ VIII. Aunt Charity Backslider.....	59
“ IX. Waycross, Ga.—Sister Mollie	62
“ X. A Bottle of Tears.....	73
“ XI. The Heroine of Manila.. ..	81
“ XII. A Praying Woman	83
“ XIII. Mrs. Fisher	85
“ XIV. Mrs. Mary Mathews.	89
“ XV. Aunt Zilpie.....	92
“ XVI. Sister Ann.....	94
“ XVII. Two Women—An Earthquake.	96
“ XVIII. If I Were to Die Tonight.....	100
“ XIX. The Horrible Price.	108
“ XX. Guilty or Not Guilty	111
“ XXI. The Heroine of Memphis....	114
“ XXII. Mrs. A.—A Convert From Romanism	117
“ XXIII. O, Spare! O, Save!—The Better Prayer... ..	121
“ XXIV. A Short Coffin;not the deepest sorrow	123
“ XXV. Two Women Canning Krupp Guns of Prayer.. ..	126
“ XXVI. The Kingliest Warrior Born. ..	129
“ XXVII. Grace Versus Law	130
“ XXVIII. True to the Church.....	134
“ XXIX. Catherine	145
“ XXX. Leonora—The Testing.	149
“ XXXI. Empty Arms	152
“ XXXII. The Comfort of Jesus... ..	154
“ XXXIII. Woman	160
“ XXXIV. Without Guile.. ..	167
“ XXXV. Misplaced Confidence... ..	170
“ XXXVI. She Saw Him Off.	175
“ XXXVII. Don't Laugh Too Quick.	178
“ XXXVIII. Starved Him In.	181
“ XXXIX. He Got It	183
“ XL. Healed By His Stripes.....	185
“ XLI. Blocked By Prayer	190
“ XLII. A Word to Mother's Boy.. ..	193
“ XLIII. Esther.....	195
“ XLIV. Wife.....	197

SOME WOMEN I HAVE KNOWN.

CHAPTER I.

MOTHER.

'Twas she, my friend, who gave you birth,
And brought you to this glorious earth!
Upon her heart before the hearth
 She cooed and cuddled you.
She wrapped you in your long white gown,
She brushed and kissed your fuzzy crown,
And never deigned to lay you down
 Till drink had fuddled you.

In night robe, kneeling by her chair,
Her hand upon your silken hair,
You learned to lisp that first sweet prayer
 To childhood known:
"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep"—
Why should you hold that soul so cheap
 When you are grown?

You toddled off to school one day;
"I'll have a rest!" she tried to say,
Until the tears got in the way;
 For ten times thrice
She watched your coming at the door!
Imagine how her heart gets sore

When you are gone forevermore
To schools of vice.

You left your home in early years;
In with your clothes she packed her fears;
You'd think, to see her sprinkling tears,
'Twas ironing day.
For every kiss she gave you ten!
How many, many times since then,
She's wished and wished you back again—
Back at your play.

If you would watch your steps to-day
As she did in your childish play,
You'd never go in paths astray
Where vices lead!
Could you but feel the joy that came
To her, when first you lisped her name,
You'd never cover it with shame
By one misdeed.

Had her breast been one-half as cold
As yours to her, now she is old,
Your tale of life were easy told,
And out of mind.
You are not worth, e'en at your best,
One-half you cost of sad unrest;
Yet in the temple of her breast
You are enshrined.

No love like hers when all is said:
She'd sell her shoes to buy you bread,

And choke her hunger while you fed—
Would any other?

Forgive you ninety times and nine,
And for your sake her life resign;
If there's one thing on earth divine,
'Tis your good mother.

Though much the human breast may bear;
Some mothers get more than their share
Of broken heart and whitened hair;
Can you deny it?

The greatest debt that you can owe
Is to that mother—you may go
And pay it with a kiss or so;—
Suppose you try it.

EARLY IMPRESSIONS—MOTHER, JESUS.

I have heard all of my life that I was peculiar. My schoolmates and playfellows even said so. If it is so, I deny that it is the product of personal effort, or due to an overcharge of hereditary bias. On the contrary, I stood, as it were, in childhood, and watched my life crystalize about certain centers, which I did not create or suggest. In some things my sainted father led. In others, my mother. Both impressed me with the beautiful life of Jesus. My early childhood was planted and *flourished* in a garden where personal piety, family prayers, with singing, amens, audible shouts, class-meetings, love-feasts, Sabbath *keeping*, sure enough preaching, and many other sweets hung upon every branch. As a result,

I was converted at the age of seven, and never got over it. This was preceded by caldrons of convictions, as hot and preparatory as any I have heard of or felt since. At six, I was so alarmed about my soul, as to send a runner after my father to come and pray for me.

Mother had but little of what the world calls education. Yet I now see she was well versed in theology (correctly called); that is, she had an "ology" about God and Christ, and duty, which was simple and satisfying. When she took me into the (fruit) closet, shut the door, kneeled down and, placing one hand on my head, while with the other she reached up and touched the button of prayer, I heard the bell ring in heaven. It was not far away. My! what days they were! Then, when she came out and "was set" (in the big arm rocking-chair) "and taught" what she gave, as her opinion, my soul knew as a divine reality. What she saw, in dim perspective, I reveled in with meridian assurance.

My mother "taught." She said I must remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. She showed me where it was written, and told me who said it. That settled the matter forever. The wood was cut, the kindling prepared, coffee ground, chicken killed—everything done on Saturday for Sunday, just as if we were looking for Jesus. We were. I can't say He did not come. Something happened to those Sabbaths which make them as sweet as heaven in memory. I wish I could throw one of my old country home Sabbaths in view of my friends. I have found no trouble in keeping off railroad trains, electric and mule cars on the holy day. True, I have had to run the gauntlet of the spectators, commenta-

tors, imitators, agitators, dictators, and *stringy taters*, but my mother had “taught,” and it stayed with me.

Once, while in company with a group of brethren who were not blest with such a mother as mine, I took a Sunday high-buck-a-lo-ram street-car ride. But early impressions asserted themselves, and I took a low-buck-a-hi-ram conveyance back, and felt better. I will not be pulled into Sabbath desecration. I teach the same to my children. When I am gone from earthly view, if they ride on Sunday trains, or go on “gospel excursions,” it will be as stench in the nostrils of my tongueless dust, and from zenithal skies, my escaped spirit will look down with burning disapproval.

My mother “taught.” She said it was wrong to quarrel, or fight, as between two or many. She “taught” that war was wrong. Her proof proved her position to me. She said that if two boys quarreled and fought, then, if an amicable adjustment were reached, a sober appeal must be made to reason; that if families quarreled, that never settled the matter at issue. This line of reasoning she applied to nations, “saying” that after armies had been raised, countries overrun, thousands butchered, thousands more hopelessly maimed, mothers robbed of their children, wives made widows, and the public conscience seared—then reason must convene a court and settle the point in dispute. She “taught” further and said that Jesus was a model, after which each individual must shape his or her life; that He was the Prince of Peace; that if He forbade individual strife, as individuals grew into families, communities and nations, the rule continued in force.

My mother "taught, and said," furthermore, that what Jesus was in His nature, what He taught by example, He commanded His disciples to set before the whole world. This she proved from the highest code in the universe.

My mother "taught" and so expounded that beatitude about the "Peacemaker" that I took its holy aroma with me into school life, and out among the settlement boys. I was in for any amount of fun until somebody wanted to fight—then I wanted to go home, though I was not connected with it.

The civil (?) war came on. I stood around the church doors and on the village squares, and looked at the young men who had enrolled for "the front." It looked to me that they had started for the back. I was only a bare-footed school boy, but the gray suit, big buttons, peculiar cap, cute fife, resounding drum, new gun, hurrahing boys, applauding girls, emphasized by the speeches of the recruiting officers—up to the inflammatory call to arms by the inimitable Bob Toombs, all failed to stir the martial spirit in my breast. I looked on all that was said and done as a lie. A little later I was in a hotel where Jeff Davis was. By opening a door, I could have seen him in the office. Somehow, I had him coupled up with the widows and orphans of the land. So I kept my seat. It was to me an *inexcusable* war. I am not a Quaker, but I am a *Christian*, after the manner that my mother "taught."

In our recent spasm of charity, in which we raised thousands of men and money to "take bread to the hungry Cubans," I looked on through my mother's way of

trying the "spirits." In spite of myself, I don't think that war was necessary from any standpoint, and I don't think we tried to feed the hungry. O, I heard, in Texas, Arkansas, Missouri, Mississippi, Georgia, about the "best war because of best motives, best State, best boys," etc. I looked on as the same boys came back from their ennobling, (?) uplifting (?) mission. I verily believe three-fourths of them came back drinkers, if not drunkards. I was in a western city when hundreds of them were "paid off" and "mustered out." As I saw the leading gamblers of the country embuzzarded in the hotels of the town, ready to swoop down (they came down, too, that night and the next day—so that most of the boys left penniless and drunk), I said, This is no victor's tread I hear; these are not the palms of a conqueror I see! Why, in these men I see the Confederates after Gettysburg, Napoleon's fragments after Waterloo, Hannibal's intrepids after a luxuriant winter in Padna. Again, I felt that all war is wrong, and that my mother was right when she "taught." These are conquered men. I looked at them by the thousands in my own empire State of the South. I stood and counted as high as 150 emerge from a group of shameless houses. I saw hundreds at a time pouring into the bar-rooms. They were from "the front," so called. I saw them paid off—saw them take the cars for their thousands of homes, to spread idleness, profanity, small-pox, drunkenness, through the land. I sat me down and thought: "Not one throb of the hero have I felt during all this contact with all these men, in all these States! Am I hopelessly peculiar? Am I wrong? Shall I sue for a

change of feeling?" I thought again, and then I sprang to my feet and said "NO! My convictions have their root in the teaching of Him who said, 'Resist not evil.' I feel thus because my mother 'taught.'"

So deeply imbedded in my very soul are these "sayings," that today I had rather see my two grown sons stick a chicken rooster under their arms and start out to get a living and gain notoriety by seeing them peck each other, than shoulder a gun and start in quest of bread or fame by shooting down their brothers in the Philippines or elsewhere.

I believe our policy in these isles is as civil as piracy, as refined as marauding, as fraternal as despotism, as honest as stealing, as open as the covered grave, and as intentional of good to the natives as the devil's war in heaven. I believe that Dewey and Otis ought to be voted failures, because they have failed to either pacify or liberate those people. They have only made a couple more heroes to worship, which is idolatry. I don't believe Mr. McKinley had any more right to send soldiers to the East, than I have, Mr. Editor, to take gun and come into your office and murder you. England ought to be put down before the world as a thief and a murderer. What else can her conduct with the Boers spell out? You may call me soulless. You may say I am incapable of being moved. It looks like it. And yet, I remember when my mother "was set," and I came unto her, and she read the beatitude about mercifulness, and expounded, and applied it, my heart grew tender, and I went out to practice on the sick chicken, and crippled calf. The wren was permitted to nest in the barn. The

mocking-bird received no stone for beautiful song. I didn't throw the dog on the cat that morning. Then I felt noble, and know it was because my mother had "taught."

When she gathered choice vegetables from the garden, and took cake and butter from the cupboard, called me in "and taught" about the "laborer being worthy of his hire"—then sent me round to the parsonage, I felt *religious*. As I returned, the happy bearer of pastoral "thank yous" and "God bless yous," I felt every inch a hero, under maternal guidance and divine sanction. In my evening prayer, I felt the angels touch me and knew it was because my mother had "*taught*."

When my mother "was set," she called me unto her "and said," he that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord.

Then I have seen a blubbering boy, suspiciously clad, run up to our gate, and call for my father (a physician) to hurry to his dying mother or baby sister. I knew greed, covetousness, the Confederacy, Jeff Davis, the devil, had made his mother a widow and shrouded him in those rags. My breast heaved a ton mixture of pity and resentment, as I ran to harness the horse. I stood and saw my father hurry out with his medicine-chest, get in and take the boy by his side. As he caught up the whip, tightened the lines, and set the horse afire from tail to nose, I heard him say, "Don't cry; I will save your mamma." I looked until the horse's legs turned to wings, the bespoke wheels solid spinning blocks; I saw the boy draw his ragged sleeve assuringly across his eyes, as the branches of a Georgia vernal forest dipped

their approving plumes, and shut them from view. Then all was over. No, not all. True I had done but little. I had only hitched up the horse, and remembered the poor. But my inmost being billowed in chivalry. Then I remembered that my mother had "taught."

Don't call me unnatural because my soul has gone on an irrecoverable revolt against blood from childhood. From then until this day, "Am I a soldier of the Cross?" or "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," puts my heart a-thrilling, and my feet burn to kiss those mountain perpendiculars, or blister on those "coral strands," or find that "vile" brother.

When I was eleven years old, I heard my father speak like raising a military company to assist the "Southern cause." I despised the very idea. At that very time I would have turned my back on home and all that a boy's heart held dear, and gone alone to the very jungles of Africa as a missionary. Fear did not deter me. A lack of interest did not detain me, for I became an "expansionist" under every appeal for the lost.

At the age of fifty, so imbued am I with what my mother "taught" that I believe the Christian act would be for this nation to turn every "man of war" into a "merchantman"; to announce to the world that our navies had been turned into "reparatory docks," "lock-ins" and loading and landing wharves. If it be said, we would soon be overrun by the oppressor, I answer, Then God is not Father, and prayer is not heard in heaven. It was not true when Daniel prayed and Joseph submitted. If the swords are ever to be made into pruning hooks; if the cannons are ever to quit spitting death and begin

to furrow the grateful soil, how is it to begin? Who will start it? I believe the solution will be found in the principles my mother unfolded and the line of conduct she elaborated when she opened the Bible, sat under the cross and "taught."

Who of us ever left the haunts of childhood, roved over many longitudes and latitudes, returned again to childhood's scenes to meet only disappointments in distances and magnitudes? The school-house, instead of being fifty yards long, sitting on a ten-acre square, is forty feet long, domained by about seventy yards square.

The church, instead of seating four or five thousand, would be taxed to care for one hundred and fifty. The mill and creek, instead of being a mile off, have encroached until they are but a little distance from the gate.

With such confusing revelations, I have visited those early scenes, compared their portrait with what then lay before me, only to feel disgust and disappointment.

From this I have turned and walked into the house, to compare pictures with realities. I listened again to mother's voice, heard her sing, saw the kindling love in her eyes as I related my "ups and downs" (mostly downs), listened to her carefully distributed advice, heard her voice in family prayer, ate of the food she had prepared with her own hands, joined my amens to her shouts of triumph, then have gone to my old bed for thought—not always sleep. No shrinkage of values inside this old home. A grander father, nobler brothers and sweeter sisters than when I went away. As for mother, she is tenderer, younger, sweeter, more a mother. How

is all this? What makes the difference? Why has everything outside *degenerated*, while everything inside has *regenerated*? What will explain this smallness without—this largeness within? I turn upon my side, and in the friendly light from the old fireplace, I see, on the centre table, the old Book from which my mother “taught.” Then I remembered that within there were *soul values*, and that one of my mother’s “sayings” was that they were instinct with Jesus’ life, and must ever grow.

Then my heart was satisfied, and I said, “Now I lay me down to sleep”—just as mother had “taught.”

Such sleep! Such dreams! When I first awake, I am a boy again. No—Yes, I am! No, I am just back home again. How natural to lie there and take invoice. Have I been true to the doctrines inculcated, the principles “taught” under these old shingles?

I now recall my father’s request when I was a little boy, never to take a drink unless a doctor should prescribe it. I had promised. It was after my mother had “taught” and “said” that her own father had fallen a victim to the demon of strong drink; that his brother went the same way; that it cost her an education, all the comforts of girlhood, besides many sorrows and the loss of an otherwise noble father. I then remembered that there are enough orphan children in the world made such by whisky, yet under ten years of age—should they join hands to make a line of sad-hearted *childhood 75,000 miles long*, or enough to go three times around this world. I remembered that it would take nearly twenty miles of standing track to hold the money, in silver, expended in one year for this brain-

muddling, disease-breeding, soul-destroying stuff. I then remembered that at the end of each hour of the day and night you may record thirteen deaths through drink, and this the year around and a lifetime through. I then recalled the many sad children, broken-hearted wives and mothers I had met since I slept under this roof. Glancing again at the old Bible, I said, "No wonder it says 'Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it sheweth its color in the cup;' and no wonder my mother and father were so much in earnest when they "taught." And again I vowed to never cease hostilities to the domination of liquor, which hovers like piratical ships about the shores of every country, the franchise of every city, the entailed rights of every household, the duties of every citizen, and the noble destiny of every immortal soul. I resolved to train my boys and girls to hate liquor—to fight it and all that leads to it. According to the principles in which I had been "taught," if it is wrong to drink, it is wrong to sell it; if it is wrong to sell it, it is wrong to license it; if it is wrong to license it, it is wrong to send men to Legislature and Congress upon a platform which legalizes it. Then, every license party is contrary to what I have been "taught" from yonder Book, which "said," "Do all for the glory of God," "Do all in the name of Jesus," "Do all heartily, to the Lord," "Love thy neighbor as thyself." From that hour I have looked upon "Democracy," "Republicanism," "Populism," as the self-appointed henchmen of the liquor traffic. Others will do as they please. As for me and mine, we will

stand by what my precious mother and noble father pointed to when they *taught and "said."*

I never went very far into sin. The reason is plain to me now. My mother, when she "taught," "said" always keep good company. She did not urge this with the argument that it would please her or father, or that bad company would lead me astray, so much, as that God wanted it. "To the law and the testimony" she leaned in all that she "said." I could get out of sight of my parents, but I could not wander from under the *zenith*, just above which God sat, and where the recording angel wrote. This all developed me *one-sidedly*. It made me a cringing coward when I was doing wrong. I was certain that they heard me think in heaven. But these "sayings" made me a moral hero when I was doing right. To this day, I have no conscious sense of bravery or fortitude, until I know I am right. Then I have no conscious fear. Under the system my parents "taught," the *Bible out-meant*, and *out-weighed*, and *out-demanded*, and *out-enlightened*, and *out-saved* all the libraries of the earth. Under this same system I was "taught" to believe the house of God was *better*, and *safer*, and *diviner* than Nabob's *mansion*, or king's *palace*.

THE PREACHER—OUR PASTOR—ME.

These men had visited our house from my earliest childhood. I once thought they came direct from heaven, horse and all. Was I mistaken? How much? I mean those old-time, sure-enough men of God. My! How they *awed* me, *thrilled* me, *stirred* me, "taught" me. From the

age of seven, I was feed boy. I never gave the preacher's horse a *nubbin* in my life. No, sir—he got big, sound corn, and good fodder. I had a sort of undefined, but deeply imbedded, notion that I was laying up treasures in heaven. Then I remembered that my mother “said,” when she “taught,” that a cup of cold water, rightly given, had a reward.

Well, those days and those grand men are gone. I find myself a preacher, called to fill the place of one of them. How am I succeeding? Do I pray as they once did around this old altar, as if the world was coming to an end, and as if sinners were really being lost? Do I ever take fire at morning prayer, so that I scorch my way through breakfast and out into the rising day? Do I often send the children out, glancing up to see if Jesus was not escaping back, in bodily shape, as these old heaven-openers did me? Do I send the mothers and wives out from morning prayers, as my mother used to go, singing

“Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die”—

all because a new star of hope has risen concerning the unsaved members of the home?

My!! How wet I have made this pillow. What makes my eyes swim so? What makes my conscience so tender this morning? It must be because I am back amid the old scenes where my mother “taught.”

MOTHER—HIGH IDEALS.

When the thought of mother came to God, He must

have recognized it as the brightest jewel of creative love, and hastened to give it its setting, lest a thing so delicately beautiful and rare, should escape even Him.

A Roman said—"Empire is at the fireside." Napoleon said—"France needs mothers." Mahomet said "Paradise is at the feet of mothers." Jesus, in dying, didn't forget to say, "Behold thy mother."

We all feel, somehow, that comfort which comes to us in trouble is a very divine thing. God says, "As one whom his mother comforteth, will I comfort thee." My father protected me. So did the house. The Holy Ghost comforteth me. So did my mother. My father was grand and noble and exemplary. My mother was sweet and simple and companionable and shielding. So is the Holy Spirit.

My father came and went, and enlightened and commanded me. So did Jesus. My mother carried me, and bore me, and lived with me, and moulded me. So did the Holy Ghost.

My mother took the will of father and explained it, and simplified it, and beautified it; and helped me do it. So does the Holy Ghost for Jesus and me.

Through simple, pure mother, I came to understand father and wanted to be like him. Through her I came to recognize great thoughts and great things—to love them and wish to project my life upon them. From her, before I was ten years old, I learned about all I know about heaven and the way to it.

Mother! What a conception! What a teacher! If the best scribe among the angels should pen all the prayers, tears, hopes, faith, fear, love of her for one wayward

boy, it would be one hundred times bigger than the old family Bible, from which mother “taught.”

LEAVING HOME—GOING HOME—MOTHER.

Thirty years ago, next December, I said “good-bye” to precious father at the fire-side. He broke down there. I told brothers and sisters “good-bye” on the door steps. They broke down there. Mother, with a “conqueror’s tread,” and an eagle’s eye, went with me to the gate—went outside with me, and up to the horse. She there put her brown, bare arms around my neck, and “said,” “My boy, I wish I had a thousand dollars to give you, but I haven’t a cent. But be brave and remember you have been “taught.” Put your trust in Jesus, and write me the run of your appointments, and about fifteen minutes before your hour to preach, think of mother in her place of prayer, trying to help you.” I said, “Thank you, Ma—Good-bye,” with a sort of blinding, bewitching sense that it would help me more than Klondykes and Alaskas. I flung into the saddle, rode one hundred and fifty yards, looked back to see mother standing in the tracks where I left her, with shaded eyes, watching. Just before getting out of sight, I glanced back again to see father at the window, children on the steps, and mother, with hands shading her eyes—looking—looking—looking. I have traveled and preached, averaging over two sermons a day for all these years—preaching over the territory lying between Columbia, S. C., to Corpus Christi, Tex., and from Northern Virginia to Key West, Fla. I have seen nearly 300,000 people

brought to God or back to God. I have taken the hands of 70,000 people to join some church. I have heard over five hundred men and women declare for the pulpit or the mission field. All of this which God has allowed me to witness, and much more, I have always coupled with my mother's promise that morning, when she "said," "I will pray for you—remember what you have been 'taught.'"

The little settlement road of religion, on which I was raised, led out into the King's highway of holiness, heading for home. All that the old preachers had said from hearth-stone and pulpit had been repeated in my hearing when mother "taught," till I longed to press those heights on which I heard that no lion had ever made a track. I heard that holiness was a "hobby," but I watched some people who had mounted this steed, and I compared their life with what mother "taught," until I said I have seen him ridden in winter and summer; in plenty and want; in youth and age; to weddings and funerals; by the single and married; in blooming prosperity and grinding adversity. I have never heard that he ever stumbled or flung the rider, or showed unwillingness to go anywhere at any time. Then I said, This is the horse for me. I must ride him over the hills and across the plains of this life—then charge him over death's river, and ride him into the New Jerusalem—according to the way my mother "taught."

HOME.

Well, this long, dangerous journey is at last ended. I feared sometimes my strength would fail me. This, my

guardian angel says, is Culpepper Block, and my home. The fence around the yard is jasper. The gate is a solid pearl. The dirt in the yard is fine gold. I see apples fall from the tree of life over my fence. I notice a branchlet from the river of life deflects through the yard. And this is heaven; this is home! This is my home, is it? You need not tell me. I see father and mother, young again, coming out to meet me. There are some of my brothers and sisters, and some of my own children.

“Then I’ll run through every shining street,
And ask each blissful saint I meet—
Where is He whose praise I sing—
Lead me, Gabriel, to your King.”

Then I will run up to Him and say, “Well, Jesus, I have found you at last, through the way that mother ‘taught.’”

NOBODY KNOWS—BUT MOTHER.

Nobody knows of the work it makes
To keep the home together;
Nobody knows of the steps it takes,
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody listens to childish woes,
Which kisses only smother,
Nobody’s pained by naughty blows,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the sleepless ears
 Bestowed on baby brother ;
Nobody knows of the tender prayers,
 Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the lessons taught
 Of loving one another ;
Nobody knows of the patience sought
 Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears
 Lest darlings may not weather
The storms of life in after years,
 Nobody—only mother.

Nobody kneels at the throne above,
 To thank the heavenly Father,
For that sweetest gift—a mother's love
 Nobody can—but mother.

CHAPTER II.

SISTER ANNIE BAGLEY.

It was in the year 1881, and while I was pastor of a church in South Macon, Ga., that my old friend, D. J. Weems, invited me to hold a meeting for him in Clinton, Ga. Obeying an inwrought impulse, I went. My mother had told me much of Jones county in general, and Clinton in particular. My poor grandfather had swallowed a large plantation and several grown negroes over whisky counters here. Every hour, to me, was full of interest, and suggested much unwritten history. Bro. Weems took me at once to the parsonage, where a friendship sprang up which has grown with the years. It was in this home that I first met Miss Annie Bagley, of Milledgeville, Ga., in several respects a wonderful woman. It is of her I now ask wisdom to write. Her utter inability to refrain from talking first impressed me. She, all unconscious to herself, was the center of all eyes and ears. No one I ever met could say more words to the minute, or hour, or day, than she. It was all full of startling intelligence, and about a religious experience she had become the wonder-struck possessor of, within the past eight weeks. There was not one moment in which she hesitated for a word, but in language most select, and in sentences ready for the critic or press, she recited volume after volume of most thrilling experience, punctuated by two large eyes which billowed in

seas of joy, and which had entered into conspiracy with a liberated tongue and an emancipated heart, *to tell you all.*

While wondering at both the depth and sprightliness of the girl, I found some apprehension among her friends for her mental security. While there was to me no just ground for this, I studied her closely, while she detailed to me the leadings of God.

She heard Rev. Geo. H. Patillo preach from "He that is born of God doth not commit sin." The conception was entirely new to her. Having been a member of the Baptist church since she was ten years old, she was wholly unacquainted with the views of divine love and the depths of saving grace set forth by the fire-baptized Patillo. This one sermon was epochal. The young graduate from Lucy Cobb left the Methodist church that morning, having fully resolved to try to live one week without committing a *conscious* sin. This she proceeded to do by following closely the teachings of God's Word, and the leadings of the Holy Spirit. This she did punctiliously, when at the end of a week, while searching the Scriptures, light so broke in upon her as to make all former claims of regeneration count for nothing. She exclaimed, "This is conversion," and immediately ran up stairs to test it in the holy exercise of prayer. The ease with which she found the mercy seat, with its high delights, astonished her and confirmed her in the belief that, for the first time, her heart had really cried, *Father!* While reveling in her new relationship, I have often heard her say that she felt that a "process" was going on in her soul. She described it as a rock lying in a

rolling stream, singing, "The water cleanses me—cleanses me now."

There was an inwrought desire to see the end of this "*process.*" There was a holy restlessness within. She finally said, "I have followed the Word of God and the Holy Spirit, and have come into this great joy. I will follow these same guides till I feel satisfied."

Here begins some very remarkable incidents in the life of this girl,—as much led of the Lord as was Hester Ann Rogers, or C. G. Finney—some of which I here relate from memory:

The morning after the second entrance upon a way in which the word and Spirit were soul-guides, as she was crossing the floor, something suggested, "*tie your shoe.*" Her alert mind noticed it and brought forth the thought, "God don't care for such a little thing as that." Dwelling upon it, however, she remembered that before she went away to college, she was tidy, but since her return she had abandoned herself to literary tastes, and had become almost slouchy. She at once tied her shoe, put her person generally to rights, and stepped forth the same neat girl she once was. Was not God in it, and is not a hint to the wise sufficient?

On the second morning, that *something* which we too often dub the Holy Spirit, awoke her quite early and suggested, "Get up and greet your mother, and help Lula and the cook about breakfast." Again she said, "I feel sure the Lord don't care whether I get up early or not." Again she remembered that before going away to school she gave her invalid mother the morning kiss and bath, and helped in all the household duties. Since her return,

she would lie and read until very late, then frequently remain in bed till after the first breakfast. Remembering her covenant to follow this internal *voice*, she arose, dressed, arranged her room, gave mother the old-time kiss and bath, swept the dining-room, set the table and stepped out, the same helpful, industrious girl she once was. Was not God in it, and is not a hint to the wise sufficient?

On the third morning after she began this second time to follow her new-found companions, while she was sweeping the floor *something* said: "Sit down on the doorstep and sing a certain song." Here she rebelled for a minute, saying, "I must be losing my mind; God can't want me to make a spectacle of myself here on the streets."

Reasoning further, she said, "After all, it can't do any harm, and since I promised, I will go forward." She sang. That afternoon (I quote from memory) a man from across the street came over and asked to see her who sang in the morning. Miss Annie came timidly forward. A young Englishman (I think) confronted her and told how he buried his little boy a short time before; how he buried his wife two or three days since; how dark this old world had grown, and how he had decided upon a suicide's death, and had seated himself on the back steps, figuring on the easiest way of exit, when the song his wife sang when dying came floating to him. At first he thought wife had come back, so ran in to find the room empty as when death bore his loved ones out. Looking out, he saw the source of the song in the embroomed girl on the steps. But to him, the song did

not emanate from Annie on the steps, but from "Mary" up beyond zenithal heights, where the trees of life lift fronded palms above celestial choirs. This stroke of the Holy Ghost won. The dear man turned and buried his face in the bed which his wife a few hours before exchanged for Abraham's bosom, and angel's wing, and street of gold and throne of Jesus.

When he arose, Jesus and his wife had sent him from the throne a parchment of pardon for all transgressions, for thought of suicide, and for spirit of murmuring. Was not God in all this, and is not a hint to the wise sufficient? For six weeks, God thus minutely and marvelously led our sister. Just after the above occurrence, she ran over to see her pastor, and for five hours related, without intermission, the Lord's leadings, when the Baptist pastor exclaimed with excitement: "Why, Miss Annie, you are a Methodist!" "No," she said, "I am not, but bless God, I am a Christian."

Her pastor read from his library Wesley's views on sanctification, which was her first intimation of Methodist doctrine, or the name for this rich grace which now possessed her.

The Holy Spirit now led her to go out into a rural district, where she had recently taught a three-months' school. It was composed almost entirely of Hardshell Baptists. She now yearned over their souls and longed to see a family altar established under the roof of each patron. After a joyous tramp of about a week, she was entirely successful, so that where there was no grace at the table or voice of prayer, now holy fire glowed upon every newly-erected altar.

Fresh from this first, but victorious effort for home and individual, she came to Clinton to attend my meeting, as above mentioned.

By an effort, I appeared to be without much interest in her for the first day at the parsonage. This she noticed, and at the table she asked: "Bro. Culpepper, do you think a person can talk too much about religion?" I coolly remarked: "No, Miss Annie, if you don't take the fidgets; but some people can talk all day on this subject, but can't cook a hoe cake and turn it without tearing it up." She told me afterwards that she slipped off in the kitchen, made down a hoe cake, and was much rejoiced to find that her great heart-joy had not destroyed her common sense. She said she did not know but that she had gone entirely crazy, but was so happy that she could not have been induced to swap back.

God impressed me that all she needed was work. I had her lead a children's service. Pentecostal demonstrations followed. I wanted wife and sister, now Rev. Mrs. Brewton, to hear her experience, and so invited her to visit my home in Macon. When she came, my family was taking the cars for my father's and our new work. Being detained personally, a week, I determined Miss Annie should lead my last prayer-meeting as pastor here. I had placed her with my old friend, Bro. Clark Wilder.

She returned to her home in Milledgeville. I went to Blakely, Ga., she having promised us a visit. When ready for her to come a few weeks later, she obeyed the call, as from God, and not having much more than money enough to reach Bro. Wilder's, in Macon, only 27 miles from her home. That night, while she was leading

in family prayer, the good Spirit said: "Give her ten dollars." He was ashamed that such a thought came, and said nothing about it. Next morning, at family prayer, again the Holy Ghost said: "Give her ten dollars." He was annoyed by the constant suggestion as he took her down to the cars that morning. Sister Annie's need was not known to him. She was as happy and talkative as if she owned the road she was about to embark over. On arriving at the depot, Bro. Wilder went alone to the ticket office, took ten dollars, bought the ticket, wrapped it in what remained, handed it to the Lord's child and left, uncertain as to whether he did an imprudent thing or not. I think it was three months after this before he knew that she had less than a dollar on which to go three hundred miles.

She reached us early in the year—full of the Spirit, and full of talk about Him. We are told not to fill up on wine, but to be full of the Spirit. They are alike in that both put a talk within us, and a move upon us.

Wife and sister were charmed with our guest. They *saw* the blessing she had, *heard* the blessing she had, *felt* the blessing she had, and, thank God, *got it*, too. We were all young, but grew suddenly younger. All three of them were good singers. They sang. Such singing. They sang through breakfast-getting, out into the day, through the day and up to supper. After supper they got together and challenged the angels, a banter I never knew accepted. Between songs came experiences, testimonies, reminiscence. Then a windup song, and each to his room—singing—singing. My! I never knew before that the Holy Ghost bored artesian wells,

just for song. Don't think he ever got three as good ones that close together anywhere else. Well, it got out in the town, and the women came in to see and hear and think. They went away to cry and pray and bring somebody back. The parsonage became a "licklog"—a prayer-meeting—a classroom, a thoroughfare—a very camp-meeting. The days got too short; the weeks took wings; the women caught fire. They said, "Why, our husbands and children must have some of this." Modest simple sister Annie, who didn't seem to know she had had much to do with the matter, had an experience which must be transferred to larger and mixed audiences. The sisters asked that she talk at prayer-meeting. She assented. This was a new thing in South Georgia. The house was packed. "A girl was going to preach." She stood for one hour and a half, without one gesture and related her travels, as the old saints would say. That hour and thirty minutes became the mother of whole days and weeks and months. That prayer-meeting gave birth to protracted meetings, camp-meetings, campaigns, sieges. The Main was blown up in a dozen harbors. I saw the whole Spanish fleet sunk more than once. Cornwallis surrendered that year. Thousands heard, saw, felt and signed the Declaration of Independence.

The fire broke out. The alarm spread. The hose was lengthened till it reached all over Early and Miller counties—and to Dawson, Cuthbert, Camilla, over into Alabama, up to my old home in Macon county, two hundred miles away. Sister Annie, wife and sister Mattie sang and talked, and sang and prayed, and sang and gave

their testimony, and sang and visited, and sang all over that country. And I—well I went along. The marvelous dropped down into the matter of course, so that the common run of things was to see people fall under conviction, stagger into justification, bask in regeneration, shout into sanctification, give from their pockets, elbow deep, and wade out to their chins in Christian work. I had charge of four little towns—was away from them eight months out of the twenty-two that I was pastor. If two hundred miles away, I could wire one of several at each church—“Can’t get home—great meeting here—conduct services.” It was done. A house full of folks would meet, and talk and pray. Such praying. As soon as the pumps began to work at their end the spigots began to flow at ours. When I would write or wire on Monday what had happened where I was preaching, the word generally came back—we got the answer for victory while on our knees Sunday and shouted over it. *Infidels* turned to *Fidels* that year. *Sceptics* fell off from the church and community like cowticks fall off from fat cattle. You don’t have to pull ticks from a cow. Just fatten the animal and the parasite will disappear.

Preachers were made that year who have stood the shock of war, and are still wielding long, keen blades.

Some wicked men, who had been led to Christ through Sister Annie, and several good men who had come into a rich experience, felt impressed to have a little matrimonial conference with her. They were much clearer than she that the Lord wanted her to take them unto her as husband. The growing numbers confused her at first, then alarmed her, and at last was a source of pardonable amusement. Among her suitors was

Rev. T. D. Strong, who had been converted in a meeting I held in Bluffton, Ga. She always insisted that the Holy Spirit must give her love now for any man he might want her to marry, as she was weaned off from such matters. One night while sitting with him, she felt that she loved him and that it was from the Lord. This she frankly told him. They were married during the year of her stay with us. Many said that if she should marry and assume the burdens incident thereto, she would lose her rich experience. The contrary has been abundantly demonstrated. She is today the mother of six or seven boys and a girl or two, has gone with her husband on the poorest of Georgia circuits, has shouted and shined her way through duty on cornbread and onions, for herself and children, rather than have her husband go in debt. She has made a good wife, mother, citizen. I never saw her angry, disconsolate, peevish, afraid or doubtful.

I was talking with one of our strong preachers, on the firing line in the west the other day, when incidentally, it came up that I was a Georgian. He said in substance, that he owed much to a trip he took once through Emmanuel county, Ga. He said he was at a country church one day, heard the pastor's wife sing, "What a gathering that will be." She then talked a little. It stirred him. He was not a Christian. He went away, but returned the next week and found that parsonage and talked a day with that woman. He will go to heaven, glad of that day. I asked him the name of the woman. He said she was the wife of a Rev. Mr. Strong. Then I knew he was another beneficiary of her who gave herself clean away to God.

CHAPTER III.

SISTER MCDONALD.

She was a Free-will Baptist, lived out a short distance from town, was in the prayer-meeting referred to above—went through our first great revival—got washed out into water forty feet deep, and never got over it. After she took the Word and the Spirit as her guide, only a few days went by before the testing came. On Sunday morning, while preparing breakfast, *something* said to her “pray in public after preaching to-day.” She looked upon the thought as from herself or Satan, and therefore foolish. She accordingly banished it. But all through the morning, and on the way to church *something* would say: “You must pray to-day.” She said: I never have prayed aloud, my pastor won’t call on me today, and if he did I could not respond—what makes me have such foolish thoughts? All through the sermon *something* would say: “Pray,” “don’t fail to pray.” “You must pray.” To her consternation, when her pastor stopped preaching, he looked at her and said, “Sister McDonald, lead in prayer.” Before she knew it, she refused. She left the grounds miserable. On reaching home, she went to her usual place for secret prayer. For the first time since the dedication of that spot, she did not find Jesus there. After dinner she went again, but Jesus had not come. After supper she went again, but Jesus had not yet returned. She grew anxious—went again and

waited long but had to retire without the usual good-night blessing of her elder Brother. In the morning she ran to the sweet meeting place, but found it barren of the presence of him whom she sought. She passed through an awful week, not once meeting Jesus, or holding communion with him. Three such weeks dragged by, when she went to this hallowed spot, fell on her face and said: "O my Lord, if you will credit me with my old-time peace and your old-time confidence and presence, I will pray next Sunday, if it kills me." The screen parted and there stood Jesus with an arm full of what she yearned for.

Sunday came; she journeyed to church, preferring to make a dozen failures before men, to one more such mistake before her Lord. She sat ready all through the sermon to pray or fail trying. To her surprise when the preacher closed, he turned and called on a brother to pray. Like a cyclone, the possibilities of another whole Lunar death swept over her. She sprang to her feet, asked to speak, got audience, related the above, and said, "Now I am driven to the mortification of having to ask you to let me pray, or try."

The pastor said: "Sister, before you lead us, let me make a statement. A month ago, as I went out to feed my horse, *something* said, 'Call on Sister McDonald to pray, after preaching. I said, Why do I have such foolish thoughts? Of course I should not. She never did. It haunted me all the morning and all the way to church. While preaching, that urgent *something* bothered me. Every time my eyes would fall on you, 'Call on her'—'Call on her,' would peal forth through my soul. In a

gale of confusion, I did it. When you refused, old Satan stepped up into the pulpit and said, 'See there, now; you claim to be closer to the Lord of late, but see what a blunder you made. That was the Devil trying to get you to call on that woman.' Sister, I am glad he was in you that time instead of me. Let us follow her in prayer."

When that prayer—much or little, long or short, good or bad—was over, and the audience was seated, Sister M. suddenly stood up and said, "The same Spirit which commanded me to pray, now calls my attention to the fact that sister——over yonder in the corner, and I have not been on the most Christly terms in the past." Whereupon, that sister arose and said, "It is the Lord, and he has spoken the truth, but from now on we will be." No doubt, the angels kodaked a scene of reconciliation, tears, joy, as these women embraced in the aisle amid the shout of the audience.

The pastor took the hint and announced a protracted meeting to start that night. It swept at once into a revival, reaching nearly three hundred souls for Christ, and at the end resulted in a beautiful frame church to take the place of the one of logs, in which these apostolic scenes had been enacted.

CHAPTER IV.

SISTER CULLEN.

Reader, it will pay you to span thirty checkered years, back to old Georgia, over to Washington county, and out on Buffalo creek, just to look at dear Sister Cullen.

The circumstances under which I met her might interest you. After my conversion I did not confer long with flesh and blood before taking out license as a local preacher; preached one time, and in a few brief, trying weeks, was on my way to my first circuit, two hundred miles away, with only eleven dollars in my pocket, very few clothes in my possession, a millstone-feeling at my heart, a rush of confusing, conflicting thoughts to my head, with a woe is me, if I preach not, and a woe unto the people if I do. I spent my first night in the home of Major Frederick, of Marshalville. My evident ignorance and embarrassment must have stirred his noble pity. His kindness I cherish. He heard me preach in that town eight years afterward, spoke a word of encouragement, and told me he came near, on the next morning of the night alluded to, "advising me to go back to my mammy." I replied, "I am glad you did not, Major, I might have gone; I was very *mammy-struck*, for I cried most of the night away."

Without seeing a pretty bird, horse, house, woman, or anything else on the way; without admiring a hill, valley, creek, river or farm; without knowing why I did

not turn my horse towards home at some of the dozen or more times I stopped and looked tearfully in that direction. I pressed on to meet a few men and women who had braved the weather to hear the "new preacher."

Without much knowledge of myself, my Bible, my discipline, my church or my business—there I was. Thinking that preachers got their sermons from books, as boys do their speeches (I have since found that most of them do), I looked through my father's library, and found an old sermon book, and had preached my only sermon from it—text, "As Moses Lifted up the Serpent," etc. I had also memorized one from the text, "God is Love." Thus, armed with two sermons in my head, and the book of them in my saddle-bags, I had gone forth.

I announced that cold Sabbath morning my text, "God is Love." Several things conspired to make it an epochal hour. First, I did not look to be a day over 17, as I stood before them, with a face as smooth as a girl's, and as capable of a blush. Second, they had never heard of me, and were not expecting much. Third, I preached the best sermon of my life, couched in language the most perfect, it taking me over an hour to deliver it. Fourth, the consciousness of a large supply, just like that one, in my book, gave me an atmosphere of confidence, which was very assuring to my astonished audience.

Everybody wanted me home with them to dinner—and I surely wanted to go. Many were their questions, and great was their praise. It was a wonder to me that I had come to such great eminence in an hour, thus passing many of the toilers of years. This I innocently at-

tributed to my good fortune, in finding the right sermon book. It could not have been bought. It was my purpose to preach this sermon on the love of God to each of my four churches, on the Sabbath, holding a class and prayer-meeting on Saturday. Then I would preach my sermon from "Moses and the Serpent," all round.

This, you see, gave me gospel bread for my hungry people for two months. By this time, with a good verbal memory, the best sermon book in the world at hand (Samuel Davis' Discourses), I would learn others. But this well-laid plan was broken into on the second Sabbath, at Deepstep church, when I found all who had heard me on the previous Sabbath, and all who heard of me through the week, were out. As I had my other sermon pretty well in mind, by a hurried glance at it, which I did there in the pulpit, drawing it from my saddle-bags, the hour was nicely filled, and I was still "a preaching prodigy."

Foreseeing, or forefeeling what might happen, I enquired the distance to my third Sabbath appointment. I was told that the near way was blocked; that it was eighteen miles by the turnpike, if I remember. This brought the desired relief.

The third Sabbath was a lovely day. A thickly-populated community had poured out to see and hear. We had sung, prayed and sung. I was ready to announce my text, "God is Love," when, horrors! A score or two of people dashed around the corner, up and in, trying to find a seat. It took but a glance to discover that they were about equally divided between the churches at which I had preached and which had already drunk

my fountain dry. My mind was blankness, "gone daft." I knew nothing—could think of but one song, therefore said, sing "How Firm a Foundation." Its length suited me just then. Memory recalls the getting down on the pulpit floor, with the Bible. The next thing registered on the mind was the preacher standing up, beating the air with both hands, and crying. The people were crying, too. What either were crying about was never asked or learned. Self-consciousness brought an abrupt call for the benediction. I didn't want dinner; I didn't want to talk; really, didn't want to see anybody; didn't much want my horse along. In thorough disgust and despair, I rode out of the community.

My readers can imagine the depth to which I sank, as a preacher, when I reached these churches the next round, having resolved to be more original. It was easy to read their disappointment. It seemed that they were hardly kind. I was driven to the greater embarrassment, because my money had given out. My circuit had been bracketed with a little station, and we were ordered to join them in the quarterly meetings. My people would not go, and no money was raised for me, and no one thought to ask me if I was in want. Timid, conscious that I was a failure as a preacher, I had not asked for board and no one had offered it to me. My trunk was yet in the warehouse at the railroad. I would go down occasionally and pull off dirty garments and leave them in the trunk, until my clean ware was exhausted. I would take dinner in one place, supper in another, then ride or walk over and stay all night in a third, lest I might cost the people beyond my real worth.

But I reached an extremity; I must take my trunk somewhere. So, spending a half day in Buffalo swamp, under a friendly sycamore tree, asking the Lord to give me favor, I went up to Bro. Cullen's, determined to ask for board. We had a good supper, but I did not enjoy it much, in view of the trying ordeal before me. The usual fireside chat, such as gossip about the church, reminiscence of various preachers who had preceded me, sprinkled with caution and advice to the new incumbent, we now approached the important moment in a pastoral visit—family prayer.

The writer is sorry that he has forgotten the Psalm read; but it moved his own heart, as he read aloud to that family group, composed of father, mother, five boys, a daughter-in-law, and a young lady. When we kneeled it was easy for one in the group to shed tears. A great sense of orphanage possessed him. Before arising, joy, like the sun from behind the clouds, broke upon us. Some of us were happy; several of us shed tears. When we arose, Sister Cullen remained on her knees, shouting. She said she had "been long under a cloud, but had swung out into"—here she gave away to "Hallelujahs" and "Glories," which brought fresh tears to her devoted sons. It occurred to me that this was my best time to ask for board, so I said: "Bro. Cullen,—er—my trunk is down here—er, the stewards have not,—er—the quarterly meeting—er—" Said he, "Brother, I know what you want—just bring your trunk along here and let it stay as long as you want to." "Yes," said his precious wife, "It shan't cost you a cent—I want you with my boys." I went to breathing again; my lips and tongue grew

moist enough for me to swallow once more, and my heart went to beating again, and has not stopped since.

That hour stands out in my mind like a mountain against the horizon—a mountain, the top of which I had, after much effort, reached. This was one of many happy nights I spent at that table and round that fireside. I had found my first “mother,” after unclasping from my own mother over in Mason county. Of all the women who have mothered me since, none have quite equalled this great woman. She was a good cook; she gave me a good bed; she, herself, washed my clothes; she doctored me when I was sick. I chewed cane, jumped, hunted “possums” with the boys; they went with me to my protracted meetings; “Wat,” “Allie,” “Ben,” “Jim”—why, they were my brothers. My first circuit mother was always glad to see me come, and sorry for me to go. If I stuck on a steep pulpit grade, my first circuit mother could always pray, sing and shout me out. She always saw something good in me—always encouraged me.

These two godly people are in heaven; the family is scattered; the place is in the hands of strangers—but I have the photograph of it all, and also especially of my first circuit mother, in my mind, and in my heart. Both pictures are as good as if taken yesterday.

CHAPTER V.

MISS LALLA JORDAN.

Is the faculty of *selection* well developed within you? Have you not walked out among the flowers, and found the rose department at a glance—the Marcial Neil and a particular one, at a second?

What restless eye never wandered over the green fields of Kentucky, where geese, sheep, hogs, cows fed, until he spied a lovely group of horses and his vision feasted upon one noble specimen? Who has not found a favorite among the hills, the bank-wooded streams, the birds who sing from fronded canopy? Who has not met a few choice spirits in life, who just walked in and made themselves at home, all unintentional upon their part, and unbidden upon yours?

I held a tent meeting in the historic town of Washington, Ga. This was the home of Bob Toombs, a sort of rallying center for the Hills, Adams, Pierce, Stephens, and other lights of whom the State is justly recollective. From the start, we felt that God was in our work. One morning I received a note to call to see a Miss Lalla Jordan. It was three days later and after I had received one or two more pressing invitations before I felt impelled to approach an old mansion-like residence. Miss Lalla introduced herself, took me into the parlor, and at once, in a very impressive way, stated that she had attended a few of the services, and was concerned for her

soul—that she wanted to be converted and become a consistent member of the church before she left home, which was to be in the near future. She also stated that for seven years she had been preparing herself with all possible assiduity for the stage. But some passing remarks of mine had distressed her—hence her desire for an interview relative to the stage. The subject thus open, I proceeded to point out to this beautiful spirit, the evils of the modern theatre. Miss Lalla listened, with manifest wonder, and at times with painful concern. She eventually exclaimed—“But, sir, you speak only of the ordinary theatre. I don’t mean that. I will go at once to New York and engage with Daly.” When I told her the level to which such women generally sank—where many of them were found during the dull season—how wine, coarseness, Sabbath desecration, familiarity with men and irreverence for God soon possessed them, her youthful face was a mixture of doubt and astonishment and trouble. She was not disposed to argue the matter with me, but several times said—“Oh, arn’t you mistaken? How can I give it up?”

We kneeled in prayer, during which she sobbed audibly. When we arose she exclaimed “O, I can’t give it up—I know I will be safe—I can’t.” I had gotten up to go, and said, “Well, then Miss Lalla, I would not attempt to be a Christian on that plane. Remain in the world—don’t mock your Savior.” “O, sir,” she said, “is there not some way out of this? Why, it is the ambition of my life; must it be blasted in a moment? Besides, I want to help my little brother and sister. I need the money with which to do good.” I could but shed

tears myself over her cross and battle. I dared not yield but said, "I will not expect you at the penitential form until you renounce the theatre, and I will not hope for your eternal life until Jesus out-weighs and outdraws everything else."

As I left the parlor, I distinctly heard her head strike against the wall and could hear her weeping. Of course I prayed. That afternoon wife joined me in the meeting and was on the platform at night. When the call was made for penitents, Miss Lalla came forward. Briefly stating the case to wife, she went down and dealt with her. The next night she took her seat considerably back in the tent. As soon as I saw her I knew what had happened. Just then wife came upon the platform. I said to her, "Find Lalla Jordan." When she did, she threw up her hands and said—"O! she is converted, isn't she?" She spoke so loud that it attracted the choir, who at once began to gaze. Some began to cry. I thought then and have thought ever since that there was a real light about her face and head. She never appeared to know that she was watched. She was entirely occupied with her own thoughts. Through the entire sermon she sat in a sort of holy bewilderment, occasionally seeming to touch the earth, or in other words, realize herself and surroundings. When I made the call for penitents Lalla stood through two verses, not seeming to be thinking about sinners. All of a sudden she made a quick movement of the body, as if some one had unexpectedly called her name. She turned and walked rapidly across to the east side of the tent, and approached an old lady, who stood between two younger women who

were her daughters. They were from the country. All three of them burst into tears and followed her as closely to the altar as if they could not help it. How penitent they were! Lalla went back to her place, and appeared not to be conscious of what was passing for a moment—then with that same jerky movement, she turned, as if commanded, and walked about half way to the east side of the tent—looked at and said something to a young man and two young ladies, standing on either side. There was a simultaneous gush of tears, and a close following of the girl to the altar, as if powerless to even want to resist. As they fell weeping, Lalla turned and went back to her place, repeated her inattentive mood—then suddenly turned westward and said something to a leading citizen, who would doubtless have followed her forward but he sank weeping in his seat, unable to go. The power was now falling on all sides. For some minutes I missed Lalla—when looking to my extreme left, there she came followed by seven laboring men, without coats, holding their wool hats in one hand while flinging torrents of tears with the other. She had been sent 30 steps from the tent, to a pile of lumber, where these fellows sat, listening to the sermon. That memorable night passed and that wonderful meeting closed. Not long after this I received a letter from Lalla, enclosing two others. One was from a young lady in Atlanta, thanking her for leading her brother to Jesus. The other by this young lady's brother, written from a lower Georgia county—telling his sister how he and his six chums were in Washington that night, to take the train for their new field—rafting timber, or such work—how they sat on

the pile of lumber in the shadows, because of their laboring clothes and soiled hands and faces—how a girl tripped out to them and looked or said something which broke their hearts, and how they followed her without counting the cost, in under the tent, and how all of them were converted, and how now they read their Bibles, sang and prayed around the camp-fire, instead of drinking, swearing and gambling. He learned the name of Lalla and asked his sister to write her and tell her how happy and grateful they were. Well, it was these two letters which Lalla sent me with hers. One line in hers to me, I will remember while memory holds sway—“O, Bro. Culpepper, that one night was worth ten thousand Daly’s to me.” Wife and I received several letters from her before Jesus sent the family carriage from heaven for her, a few happy months later. I have carried through these succeeding years a shaving case, given me by her, and which she wanted to be a reminder of what a good, and satisfying and glorious fortune she became heiress to when she exchanged the theatre for Jesus.

Adieu, our brave sister soldier for the present. You gave up all for Jesus, but found Jesus all and in all to you. Your beautiful garments hardly fanned the tallest trees of earth after that night—and yet how you attracted all who saw your lovely flight towards your transforming Lord. If you think of us, we know it is for good.

CHAPTER VI.

THE UP-TO-DATE WOMAN.

Back in those early days, I had much to learn, which I was supposed already to know. Then I had to learn much, which one is supposed never to know.

NOT IN.

I remember knocking at a respectable door in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and seventy-two (and I thought the year of the devil, several thousand more), when a little boy came running around the corner of the house and said, "Mamma told me to run round here and tell you she *ain't in*." I said to myself, I "*ain't*" going to be, either, in a few minutes. But as I passed out I stumbled over a pile of thoughts which came near tripping me, as I looked back at the boy, whose face was a mixture of question points and exclamation points, stationed as if to keep down a riot between *comedy*, *tragedy* and *farce*.

Following his glance, could be seen the face of his mother at a back window, peeping out to see if her virus had "taken." It had. I was already broken out (into the street). I was anxious for Sunday to come; I had a good (pre)text for a sermon—yes, a series. That poor boy's face appealed to me. It reminded me of the man who said his horse was perfectly gentle, until he chanced to sneeze. But when he did, he would be sure to cough.

If he ever coughed, he was dead sure to kick. The more he coughed, the worse he kicked—and the worse he kicked, the more he coughed—and that at such times, it was a question with him whether he was coughing at the kick, or kicking at the cough.

Poor boy! I could not tell whether those commingled facial expressions of pity, sympathy, disgust, were for me, or the mother, or both, or neither. But I knew he was going to a *lying school*, with *mother* for teacher. Ahead of that boy I saw lies, theft, deception, fraud, violent death—hell. Over these portals I saw written *Mother-damned*.

After a public recital of this experience, several years ago, a lady said to me, "Bro. Culpepper, I differed from you, when you said that woman had been guilty of lying, and was teaching her boy the same; so far as you were concerned, she was not at home, but if one should call, whom she wished to see, the matter would be different." Whereupon I said: "Well, sister, I guess when you get to hell, you will not be there, so far as your preference is concerned, but all the rest of you will be there."

MOUTH WENT OFF.

Let me give you an instance of lying without malice, aforethought, as in the above case.

During the same year above named, Sister Jones asked me to take dinner with them on Saturday, a month hence. I rode by, on my way to church, and asked her to come out, reminding her that I had not forgotten my promise. The recollection was mutual, but she could

not go. I suspected that, as is often the case, she wished to remain to make unnecessarily elaborate preparations for her pastor's dinner. Being detained at church, I rode in sight of Bro. Jones' just as he passed out through the lane, beyond his home, being compelled to meet a surveying party at a set time.

I threw my saddle on the fence, turned my faithful horse in the lot and fed her, walked on to the piazza, and was proceeding to make myself at home generally, when little Lizzie, ten years old, came out, with a sort of shy, quizzical look in her face (any old circuit rider knows what I mean). I gave her my hand with a hearty "How do you do?" She timidly said, "Howdy—Ma says she wishes to God you hadn't-er come poking here today." Well, I did, too, all in a minute. But I was in—and I feared, *in for it*.

Sister Jones—God bless her—she never knew that thoughtless Lizzie had caused that unaimed shot to strike the drum of my ear. She had "fixed a fine dinner, but Mr. Jones could not wait, so things had been cut in two." That was all. There was enough left for several men, and it was good. The table was not as presentable as her artistic eye and deft hand had planned for, but it was forgotten in two minutes—only I never did quite forget that Lizzie and I knew at least one thing more than Sister Jones.

My dear sisters, James says (Chap. 1, verse 19), Set the triggers of your ear and mouth, so that your ear will be easily sprung, while your mouth is hard to pull down. So many well-meaning women have mouths that are

MULE-MOUNTED.

Such, going off any time, anywhere, will often cause you regret, if not irreparable loss, to say nothing of the embarrassment and grief into which it may bring your home and your neighbors.

MULE MOUNTED.

Some kindly hearted women's mouths remind me of an old confederate mule, during the siege of Vicksburg. The Rebels heard that a Yankee gunboat was going to attempt to pass up the river. They determined it should not go by unchallenged, so tried to bring a small cannon into place, in order to fire on it. The brush preventing the passage of the gun carriage, they lashed the loaded piece to a large old mule, and led him down and pointed his head out and the mouth of the gun in, towards the river, and waited the enemy. This was not long. Taking aim at a given point over the water, and calculating the time it would take the boat to come within range, they touched a watch to the fuse, and all hidden by the underbrush, about fifty soldiers got ready to see the Yankee gunboat go down before their Baalam-balanced discharge. But the fuse proved to be damp, and, instead of burning off as they had planned for, it began to sizz and splutter, till the frightened mule jerked loose, and, mule like, began to turn around rapidly, with an occasional stand upon his rear legs, thus pointing the gun at the ground. Next he would kick as high as possible, thus likely to discharge into the heavens above. All this time he kept up a rapid circular motion. Who on earth could tell

where that mule would finally shoot? In fact, by this time half of them were not on the earth; they had taken to the saplings, to find themselves still within the danger circle. Some had gone into holes, some had run off, without any place in view. About a dozen were trying to get hold of the mule, or stay so close to him as to be between his head and the mouth of the gun, if it should ever go off. It finally discharged while the mule had his head nearly on the ground, and towards the river, and his rear parts high in the air, sending the death missiles (intended for the Federal soldiers) inland, flying harmlessly over the tallest trees. The gunboat had long gone by. Nobody was hurt, but the annoyance and suspense was fearful.

Let us all pray to be delivered from these *mule-mounted, wet-fused, revolving* tongues.

CHAPTER VII.

AUNT ANN.

I first met Aunt Ann at the home of Sister Smith, on my first circuit. She cooked for this family, and was among the best. She was also a member of the (colored) Methodist church, and was known as a shouting Methodist. Few hoped to reach the saintly altitude attained by her. Sister Smith, herself, by no means overcredulous, considered her profession genuine, until she made a discovery during a quarterly conference among the colored people, which was held in one of the churches I served, the blacks worshiping there once a month. Sister Ann loved her church and her pastor, and loved to help bear her part of the entertainment on such occasions. So, being short of suitable meat, she made the mistake of killing three of Sister Smith's geese on Friday night, which she cooked between supper and breakfast, placed in a box and slipped under her bed. She had already gained a leave of absence to attend the "Conference" Saturday and Sunday. On Saturday, the presiding elder preached a soul-stirring sermon, which took hold on all. Aunt Ann seemed to forget all about the geese, and giving away to her feelings, grew very happy. In fact, she continued to shout after the services were over, and she and six preachers were on the way to her house to dinner, where they had been previously invited. To Aunt Ann's loud shouts along the road, the preach-

ers responded with "Amen," "that's right," and "praise Him," until they passed in at the "big" gate on the Smith premises, leading by the main dwelling, around to where our happy colored hostess lived.

While Aunt Ann was off at meeting, Sister Smith, who had missed her three geese, had thrown the searchlight of her keen black eyes into all plans probable and improbable. While looking through the latter, she took a peep under her cook's bed, when a sack of feathers and three brown-winged carcasses ended her mission. Leaving the property where she found it, she took a seat on her own front porch to rest, think, realize, plan, cool, collect. About this time, six preachers came by from the aforesaid gate, led by Aunt Ann, who was still happy to overflowing.

This was too much for poor, injured, wounded, wronged Sister Smith. Her indignation boiled over, and stepping out, she confronted Aunt Ann, with her innocent, clerical constituency, and said: "Ann, how do you dare to come shouting along here at that rate, bringing that gang of preachers home with you to dinner, when you have nothing to feed them on but my geese?" This brought the pious procession to a dead halt. It was only temporary, however, for, looking her accuser in the face a minute, Aunt Ann, suddenly stretching up to her full height, and veering a little to the right, exclaimed: "Pshaw! I *ain't-er* gwine ter let dem three geese get 'tween me an' my 'ligin dis 'time er day." And she didn't, either; but took the Lord's anointed in and feasted them. Aunt Ann was a good cook, and if the eighth com-

mandment could have been eliminated from the decalogue, she would have been a consistent Christian.

I have seen, under the influence of the gospel, and the leadings of the Holy Spirit, the conscience of the colored people bring the soul under arrest, to noble confession, restitution and repentance, as among the more favored whites. A case in point was Aunt Charity, in a Georgia town a number of years ago. She had kept a collar for *one* wear, after laundering it. This is something of a habit with many of our southern washwomen. The preacher's eyes, fingers, and words, with Aunt Charity's memory and conscience, all junctured on the "borrowed collar" that night. Here is the way my friend, Mrs. Gertrude Jones, worded Aunt Charity's experience:

CHAPTER VIII.

AUNT CHARITY BACKSLIDES.

When I heered de great Culpepper
Wuz er gwine ter preach dat night,
I set my head to heer 'im,
Ef my way I had to fight;
So I falls in wid de people
An' jes' foller whar dey went,
Until I finds er scrougin' place
Outside de big white tent.
I thought I'd see er preacher
'Bout eight er ten feet high,
Wid er breastplate on his bosom
An' er headlight fer an eye;
But instid of dat Goliar
What I 'spected fer ter see,
Dar walked upon de platform
Little David—"to a T."
He looked so brave an' sassy,
Lak he knows he's in de right,
An' can easy whup the devil
In er even-handed fight
Den when he got his sling-shot out
He set de rocks er flyin',
An' kept the Philistins right an' left,
Er laughin' an' den cryin'
When he lam de stingy people,

I looks over at Miss A——,
 What gives me jes a quarter
 When I'se washed fer her all day;
 An' I seed she looked oneasy
 (Fer dis nigger ain't er dunce),
 An' I laughed to think she's heerin'
 De whole Gospel truf, fer once;
 An' when he blip de tattler,
 I looks over at Miss Mack,—
 What purrs an' flatters ter yore face,
 An' claws you in de back;—
 When she begin ter figit,
 Lak de bench ain't right, somehow,
 I says: "Dat's business, David,
 Let her have it all right now!"
 Den de preacher's voice growed quiet,
 An' de sacred trufs he tole,
 Seemed ter burn dere way lak fire
 Right into de people's soul,
 An' de silence wuz so solemn
 'Neath dat big ole canvas ark,
 You could hear de water drippin'
 At de fountain in de park;
 An' de katydid's quit singin'
 'Way up in de trees erbove,
 An' listened while de preacher
 Tole of Jesus and His love.
 Den, his restless eyes er flashin',
 Swept clean down de outside aisle,
 Until dey seemed er restin'
 On dis pore ole trimblin' chile.

“You fraud out dar, er coverin’
Some meanness dat you’s done!
You ’spects ter fool yore conscience,
An’ de Lawd an’ His dear Son?”
Den my teeth begun ter rattle,
An’ hit look lak I must holler,
Caze I seed he’s lookin’ stiddy
At my new turn-over coller;
Dat coller what I borrowed
Off er neighbor’s ironin’ rack,
An’ den clean forgot I had it,
An’ never took it back.
Of de balance of dat sermon,
Not er blessed word I heered;
I felt so mean an’ restless,
An’ I wuz so hacked an’ skeered,
Dat I fell down ’side de benches
Wid trimblin’, sobbin’ breath,
(While dat ’blame ole turn-down coller
Choked me mighty nigh ter death),
An’ I axed de Lawd’s fergiveness
Fer my sins, an’ got it, too,
But I’ll never git done wonderin’
How dat John Culpepper *knew*.
Dat he conjurs wid de spirits,
I believe is shorely so,
Else, how comes dat man er knowin’
What de common folks don’t know?
Ef you’s plannin’ any mischief,
Better watch what yore erbout,
Fur dat John Culpepper preacher
Will be shore ter find you out.

CHAPTER IX.

WAYCROSS, GA.—SISTER MOLLIE.

Reader, were you ever in the beautiful little city of Waycross, Ga.? It nestles coquettishly under the great water oaks, whose percolated canopy, after thirty years of rapid growth, almost shut out the winking stars from Italian skies. The winding and variable Saltillo river brings large quantities of fish to the professional or recreative angler, while her gently heaving bosom bears many tons of Georgia pine to the numerous sawmills which bulwark her shores—even down to the sequestered St. Marys and to the lumber ports of the world. The jolly “raftsmen,” siding upon these acres of pines, which they have pinned together and steer with their long-armed, broad-leaved oars, wake the echoes with repartee, oath and song—sell their “ship,” and return to build such beautiful cities as this very queen of Southern towns.

I wish to digress from the text of this book long enough to speak of what has really made Waycross. Having known the place from the time the first house went up, about thirty years ago, and when there was not a shade tree, and having been close enough to watch her growth and study the philosophy there, I speak with certainty. In 1873, when I was read out to the Waresboro circuit, it consisted of all of Ware county, and half of Coffee, while I had one church in Appling, one in Pierce, and one in Clinch. I preached from twenty-eight to

thirty times each month. My first year there, I took the hands of about two hundred for membership. While I dropped some of those churches the next year, my circuit was still large, and we had numerous accessions. A few years later, when Waycross began to build, the people began to move to town from all over those sparsely settled sections, so that hundreds of my converts went to make up the Methodism of the place. I have recently helped in a meeting at First Church there (two Methodist churches now, with a membership of about 1,200), and am confident that, after nearly three decades, there are fully one hundred who took their start back there in those days, and in those woods.

But what has made Waycross? The railroads have helped, but accidentally, rather than otherwise. The timber and turpentine industries have been great feeders. The town has not been an educational center. Then we must look elsewhere in accounting for her steady growth and her sterling worth.

First, they (leading men and women) have taken a firm stand for religion, and have stood for a high order of salvation. For twenty years, perhaps, more people have professed the blessing of sanctification here, than in any town of its size in America. Business men, men with large property, have not hesitated to profess and live the Spirit-filled life. Sawmills, involving scores of thousands of dollars, have opened with prayer and closed with the doxology. Grand juries, in the interim of business, have dropped into prayer or billowed into a red-hot experience meeting. Numbers of their lawyers, today, are on a legal standing with the best, but if you hear

them talk in church, or lead in prayer, or share their ready and rich fireside chat, you will find, to them, "Christ is all."

In the second place, they have consistently, persistently, continuously, theoretically, dogmatically, practically, and every other way-ly, stood for prohibition. I doubt if there is another town in the world, with 8,000 people, and as little drinking. This in lower Georgia, too, where a few years ago, nearly all drank, and this among a people, the bulk of whose ancestors drank often to intoxication. I have recently spent three weeks there, and mingled freely with all classes, without hearing profanity from the lips of a single citizen, and I smelt whisky on the breath of but one man, and he was a visitor, got religion, and quit drinking. Why, under local option laws, a man would have to give \$30,000 for license to sell whisky, and they hunt for "blind tigers" as they would for his name-sake, or a vile rapist. Leading business men stand ready to spill money or blood to keep their people from the temptations and ravages of the intoxicating cup. Holiness and prohibition have made Waycross. Twenty men and women, dated back for as many years, are like great foundation pillars in some vast building.

In this paper, I wish to speak of one woman—Mrs. Mollie Buchanan, wife of "Chris" Buchanan, who for many years has been one of the leading business men of that country, and who, for several years has been a lay evangelist, leading many sinners to Christ, and many believers to richer experiences of grace.

"Mollie," as this heroine of the cross is called, was

the recipient of a sunlit conversion in the little town of Blackshear, Ga., under peculiar and thrilling circumstances. A protracted meeting was running in the Methodist church. The town was awakened, and souls were being converted. Judge Harper, her father, was a worldly and wicked man. Hearing that his little girl had gone to the altar, he forbade the repetition, under penalty of a "whipping." But after the sermon the Holy Ghost made a mighty draw for eternity. She, among others, fell at the altar. Her sinful and exasperated father started down the aisle to make good his threat to "take her out," etc. But before he could reach her, Jesus did. She arose, shouting the praises of God. Her father raised his strong arm to knock her down, but this once frightened, now fearless, child of heaven, saw him and sprang, with a look and shout of innocent, daughterly love, right under where the blow would have fallen. But when he saw that face and looked into the pitying eyes of Christ, in those of his Mary Ann, his arm literally fell to his side, and with a grunt of surprise and awe, he turned to flee. (He told me years afterwards, "Since God made me, I never saw such a face on mortal shoulders.") She clung to him, telling, in ringing accents, of her love for him, for Jesus, and for everybody. They passed out at the door. He would gladly have left her, but she would not be left. His load of guilt became all the more intolerable, punctuated as it was at every step by the ringing shouts of "Glory!" "Hallelujah!" "Bless God!" and "Save my papa!" until they reached home. The happy girl was soon in her sick mother's arms, trying to tell the "wonderful story of love." The father

walked the piazza. Several of the ministers hurried over, lest the mad father might do violence to his child. They did not know the Holy Ghost had him in tow. The preachers were in the room rejoicing with the mother and daughter, when Judge Harper stopped in the doorway and exclaimed, "See here, if any of you men have any influence at a throne of grace, you had better pray for me, for I am about to go under." He resumed his fruitless walk, while songs went on within. Again he stopped and uttered about the same words. Seeing his sincerity and earnestness, too, they went to God in fervent prayer. There was no answer that sleepless night, except to increase the gnawings of an aroused conscience, and the looking for of sudden damnation. With dawn, darkness of soul increased, until he put on his hat, went down town and into every whisky house and said: "I'll never cross your threshold again, unless it is to collect a bill, or do you a needed favor." He entered every place where cards or billiards were played, and exclaimed: "Men, I'm done!" He then went home and said: "Sallie, I will spend the balance of my nights at home with you and the children." That meant much, still the clouds hung lower, and the raging storm swept on. He attended all the services, only to have emphasized his inexpressible condemnation of soul. He joined the church only to be tempted to believe it was rank hypocrisy. After three or four days of agony—barbed soul-storm—he walked out into the field, fell down between two cotton rows, and swept the keys of prayer and repentance, from *rigid* to *limp*, till the news of his acceptance at heaven's court reached him. This was what he **wanted**.

He hastened to tell his family, the church, the town. Through the vicissitudes of the closing years of the war; during the trying ordeal of reconstruction times; amid the claims of a large and growing family; under the weight of a financial storm that swept him clean of every dollar; in the presence of death in his family of a most shocking character; during a long sickness in age and poverty, he never forgot that morning in the cotton field. During those awful days and nights of conviction, he leaned on the prayers of "Mollie," and when saved, he called for her, whose joy at her dear father's conversion knew no bounds.

She married an industrious business man, but whose heart was emphatically in the world. But she took the contract of living and praying him to God. Amid all the makes and breaks, the ups and downs of farm life, mercantile life, sawmill life, she vigorously plead the promises. When, one at a time, covering a lapse of years, six white little coffins, with muffled tread, had been borne from her home, through glistening tears, she would look up and say, "Blessed Jesus, it is all right, only let it lead dear Chris to Thy feet." With a Job's patience, a Joshua's defiance of natural surroundings, a Nehemiah's in-wrought courage, an Elijah's appeal to the fires of heaven, a Moses' vision of things unseen, coupled with the martial swing of a Deborah and the girlish modesty of a Ruth, she won, with a great *deck-sweep*. It was on this wise (I quote from her husband, soon after his triumphant conversion. He met me at the train in Waycross, about sun-up, and could not wait till we got to the house to tell it; nor I to hear it.) A great revival had

been planned for and prayed for. Sister Mollie (she is my wife's sister) was among those who were asking largely of the Lord. Her husband was full of business, and as indifferent as usual to the meeting, which had been in progress a few days. One night, after retiring, he said: "Mollie, I am going fishing in the morning." After a few words about the meeting, she said, "I'll get up early and fix you some breakfast." "No, I will go too soon, and won't want breakfast." He told me, that down in his heart, he wanted to get back about 10 o'clock, find his wife off at church, while he leaned up against the cupboard, ate cold breakfast, and felt neglected. He did it, too.

That afternoon he changed his business clothes for a Sunday suit. His wife, noticing it, said: "Are you going to church tonight, Chris?" "No." "Where are you going?" "To the lodge." He was Worshipful Master. She said: "Chris, don't let that Masonic horn be blown tonight, so close to our meeting." "I guess she will blow." "Well, I hope there won't be anybody there but you and Jesus." "Guess we will have a crowd." He knew several were to be "raised."

That night, while the men were gathering, he took cognizance of the furniture of the room. The ringing of the churchbell across the street; its intonations through his soul drifted him into a mental, soliloquial comparison. He said, "This is something of a church itself. There is the chandelier—that's church furniture. There's the Bible—that's church furniture. There's the altar—that's church furniture. Here's the pulpit—it's church furniture." Here, it dawned on him, and with

all the emphasis of an electric shock, he said: "Yes, and I am the *preacher*—and I swear, and am wicked." He at once called the Warden and said, "I want these services conducted with all the decorum and reverence becoming this order." He told me that when the candidate kneeled at the altar and he propounded the obligation, that he, for the first time in his life, read into it, something of its real and deep significance.

Church out, the lodge adjourned, the husband and wife returned home and retired. After several hours of fruitless effort at sleep, sister said: "Chris, what's the matter? Why can't you sleep?" He replied, "O, nothing." She said, "Chris, I believe there is, and I believe you are miserable about your soul." Without any concessions on his part, but with much prayer on her's, the night was spent. The next morning, at a testimony meeting, some one, Bro. Murphy, I believe, was saying, "We are doing but little; look at how few of our business men are here," at the same time calling over the names of men who were related to the church by marriage, among them Mr. Buchanan. About this time he walked in, followed by some twenty others, whom he had gotten to close their places of business. They took seats in the church. After prayer, to the surprise of all, Mr. Buchanan arose and said: "Good people, I want you to sing 'Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy.' We are here, Sinners is our name, and we are very needy. I want to go to that altar for prayer, and I wish my friends, who have so kindly come out at my request, would go with me." I am told the scene was indescribable. Attraction turned the other way that morning. The town changed

front. A new Waycross almanac was edited from heaven. Henceforth the town was to be known in the religious annals of the country. Over one hundred of the adults of that small town went into the Methodist church. I believe the records will show that "Mollie" offered more prayer, shed more tears, made more visits, engaged the angel of the covenant in more hand-to-hand tussels, shoved the buzzards off the waiting sacrifice oftener, knocked the devil out with a ten-strike of faith more times, and registered on the firing line more frequently than any one person that enlisted in that campaign.

During a holiness meeting a little later on, her soul went out after God's fulness. She was in a highly justified state, and therefore could hunger after and appreciate the Spirit-filled experience.

During the usual indoctrination stages of the meeting, she saw but two things—her need, and Jesus' willing ability. One day, after a younger member had criticised her prominence in the meeting, and had lightly spoken of the experience itself, she retired to her closet to ask the dear Lord to make it unmistakably plain, both as to the fact and her eligibility to this great blessing. Jesus became so real to her that to this day, in referring to it, she says he was right in there with me. She just talked to Him, and He just talked back to her, until He said: "My child, I now cleanse you, and will keep you." She believed it, and ran over with joy. Emerging from that closet, she bore the image of Christ in her face, and His praises on her lips, and with great rejoicing, went out into the lot, where her little boys were. They were startled, and asked what was the matter. She told

them that she had seen Jesus yonder in the house, and that he had sanctified her and told her so. So it turned out that she first preached complete deliverance to her own boys. Shortly after, her son-in-law come in, when she hurried to him, and with tears of gladness and shouts of victory, told of her meeting with Jesus. There was a something in all this which disarmed prejudice and left a depositum of conviction as to the genuineness of her high claims. She has swung far out into Holy Ghost *know-sos*. This living witness to Jesus' power to save has had many testings. On one occasion, her oldest son and a neighbor boy were playing with a pistol, when it discharged into his body. Some thought he could not live, even through the night. In addition to this trial, the next morning two physicians came to pronounce finally upon her breasts, both of which had been giving her much pain. They told her she had cancer, and that there **no** remedy but to remove them both. She went to meet Jesus, with whom she is so well acquainted, and who had so often given her his kiss of affection and comfort. She told him that if he would save Clint (her shot boy) from death, and would heal her, she would never fail to testify to His saving love and keeping power, and that she would always kneel down and pray on entering God's house. Her boy was soon pronounced better, and has often been pronounced the finest-looking man in Waycross. As to herself—the pain subsided, and to this day there has been no operation. This was preceded by the usual baptism of assurance, which so many of God's children have had.

Her husband was sanctified several years ago, and,

as has been already stated, is a very useful man. Her two daughters are Christians. Her youngest son is an honorable Christian man. She has one wayward son, for whom she clings to God with a faith which must win or break the continuity of the Divine promise.

I expect to speak, in future, concerning some other women in Waycross, but none have lived longer and stood more, and *stood*, than my precious sister. It is worth a trip to this lovely town to see her and hear her tell, in her simple, sweet way, what Jesus has done for her, and what He is to her.



CHAPTER X.

A BOTTLE OF TEARS.

Many years ago, I heard this sad, sickening, shocking story of a bottle of tears, while I was holding a meeting, just over the Virginia line. Afterwards I met a man who knew the parties and confirmed it in all of its features.

One moon-bathed evening in October, a sweet girl, of thirteen singing summers, stood by the baptismal font and answered the questions which stood for fidelity to the church and her Lord, forever.

Only two brief years later, attractively attired in lovely orange, she stood by those same altars, with her hand resting, with poetic confidence, upon the arm of a strong, noble man—an F. F. V.—and while æolian music vaped through the crowded auditorium, she, with womanly becoming, answered the questions which stood for loyalty to him, “so long as skies and waves are blue.” Everybody and everything was prophetic of conjugal happiness and prosperity. As they passed under the “wedding arch,” rice rained upon them; roses rolled at their feet; glances from congratulatory eyes greefed them on either hand; mothers murmured approval of the match; maidens merrily monopolized the passage to the doors; electric jets jumped from jeweled hands, as they gesticulated, in gleesome gladness, the hearty, happy be ye’s, which withered mere words. The liveried loung-

ers about the doorway, thrilled by the outpouring throng, sprang to their perches, and with one hand drew reins over stamping steeds, while with the other they touched a chord which threw wide the welcome, waiting doorways of the roof-wreathed, spoke-bestudded, gear-garlanded, lamp-lighted carriages, by which, amid pealing organ, laughter of boys, bark of dogs, whinny of horses, light of stars, with Lunar queen on her Zenithal throne, they were enwheeled on through the short, pretty streets, to the station, when they soon left all other lovers, and were sweeping through strange scenery—on their way to the family homestead of the groom, to which he had fallen heir, and to which he was now taking his young, beautiful bride.

Two mornings later, as they alighted at *her* gate, two hedge-bordered miles from the railway station, she said, surely nothing is wanting but an assurance of immortality, to make this place perfect. Can anything but Heaven be more replete with bliss? Could aught invade this angel-eryed place, to bring breath of poison? Poor woman! we shall see.

Between this lovely mansion and the large well-kept farm, three miles away, there was a dirty doggerly, the gathering-place of the toughs of that section. The noble owner of the farm had never crossed its thievish, murderous threshold. But one evening he did turn in, with a friend (?) Later, he visited the place alone. He sipped, he treated, he drank, he got drunk, he gambled, he was murdered, in that place and carried home, and buried in the family garden. This brief recital measures

an immeasurable change in that beautiful home, and covers a term of ten or twelve years.

The morning after the broken-hearted woman had laid her husband away, she and the two older girls had eaten a very scant breakfast; the baby, a girl of two years, had gotten out of bed and stood by the mother and eaten her breakfast, saved in a saucer. She had just devoured the entire contents of the saucer, when there was handed to the dazed, sleepless woman a note, from the bar-keeper. It ran something like this: Dear Madam. (Dear!!!) This will inform you that I hold a mortgage over your late husband's mule and farm, also the farm implements, also the household and kitchen furniture, also your household goods, including trunks, wardrobe and wearing apparel. As I wish possession, you will do me the kindness to vacate at once. I herewith send a man to take charge of the premises, the keys, etc., and to represent me in all things.

This was unlooked-for news to the poor woman. While the farm had gradually shrunk from twenty-six mules to one, and everything else had shriveled in like manner, she thought the few acres, house and contents, were hers. She had wept for the past few years, until she thought there was not a tear left to shed, except those burning, blinding dry tears, left to so many soul-anguished women. In this she was mistaken, for the contents of the note broke loose a fresh sack, which trickled into the saucer, as she rested her aching head on her palms. She had not spoken—only cried; had not thought—only cried; had not resented the contents of the infernally avaricious note—only cried. Reason

again spoke; she became conscious of her sad surroundings. Looking down, she saw her tears had rained into the saucer, and with a woman's intuition, she poured them through a spoon into a phial. This she took and placed in the folds of her wedding dress, in her wardrobe. She then wrote the following letter to the man who had sold her husband the liquor which had ruined him, her and them.

“Sir, you demand the keys. I send them herewith. The one with a red string unlocks my wardrobe. In the right side you will find my wedding dress. I never wore it but once. It is yours now, by action of my husband, whom I never disobeyed. In the folds of that dress, you will find a small phial, with a few tears in it, the last I had to shed, but they are historic. They stand for the birth of a little girl born under a happy roof—of fifteen joyous, girlhood, schoolday years, of a short, sweet courtship and marriage, to the bravest, best man I ever knew, but for whisky, of the day we moved into this, then palatial and well-kept home, of the—alas! so short, honeymoon spent here. You will find all of these sweet, sacred pleasures in the bottle of tears. A change, sharp and sudden came. You may read it, sir, in the tears I bequeath you. They will tell you of the first time my husband crossed your villainous threshold; of the first time I detected liquor on his breath, and of how he put me gently aside with a shower of assuring kisses, saying that for my sake, he would never be brought under the baneful effects of strong drink; of how he became a constant tipler; of the first time his step was unsteady; of his rapid decline in home-keeping and home-love; of the

ease with which he would misunderstand me; of the first time he spoke a cross word to me; of his first oath in my presence. You will find it all in the bottle of tears, sir. You will find there, too, one rainy, wind-shaken, thunder-boomed, lightning-torched night, in which it looked as if the building would be demolished. It was that storm-shocked night that our first-born, little Mary, came into this old whisky-soaked world. You will also find, in the bottle of tears, the greed-gored part you played in my house that night—for while one physician attended me, another, in an adjoining room, stood over my poor drunken husband, who was the victim of imaginary serpents, gorillas, and devils. In reality, he was only your victim. But you will find it, sir, in the bottle of tears. I saw in the lightning's glare the storm as it toyed with the shade trees, I heard the rain dashing in fury, against the windows; the room was jarred by angry thunder; I was for the first time in the throes of puration. But, louder than thunder, to me, were the groans and screams and oaths of my erstwhile noble and manly, but now fallen and cowardly, husband.

You will find it all, sir, in the bottle of tears. I heard the low, strange cry—the advent cry, of the baby—a cry, which ordinarily fills a mother with joy but which filled me with a new anguish, as I thought of such a *fit beginning*, to a career, destined to be one of piercing shame. I at first prayed that we all three might meet death in the storm, which now seemed to be urged forward by all the furies of Pandemonium. Then I asked that the little one might live and win papa back to the path of sobriety, from which, you for gain, had led him.

The next morning, he came and stood uneasily upon his feet, looked from bloated eyes upon us, stooped and kissed me and baby, and vowed he would never drink again. I believed him. The peach came back to my cheek; a girlish lustre kindled in my eye; a wife's and mother's pride began to lay plans for life and home—but they were soon dashed and broken, for before I was up from that bed, he came home drunk again. My sun went out in sudden, irretrievable midnight; my heavens, if heavens they could be called, became starless; I grew old; my heart petrified. But, sir, you will find it all, and much more, in the bottle of tears. I need not tell you of the next few, sorrow-laden years, and the coming of the second girl; of the flight of luxury, of the desertion of friends; of the absence of visitors; of the curtailing of expenses and enforced economy, in order to meet your liquor claims; of the loss of my health; of other efforts to keep the wolf from the door; of the times I have fled, by night, with frightened children, from a rum-crazed husband and father; of a cheerless hearthstone; of a bare table, and the birth of the third child, in the midst of the squallor, to which only a drunkard's home is familiar; of my vain efforts to keep the children clothed and fed; of the deeper depths into which you pulled my, now helpless, husband. One night there was such a pain at my heart, that I cried out. It awoke Mary, who came to me and asked what the matter was. I told her that I was in so much pain, that I must be dying—that she would have to take mamma's place and care for papa and little sisters—that papa was a hopeless drunkard, and that she would soon be the only

bread winner. You will find in the bottle of tears, how we spent that night, Mary and I, in praying and planning; how little Mary took her seat at dawn, in the doorway, and watched for her papa's return; how, with the rising of the sun, he came staggering up the once flower-bordered, now weed-infested, road; how Mary ran down, threw her arms about her father and said—O my papa! Our mamma came near to death last night. She said I would have to care for you and little sister, too. 'O my sweet papa, you won't drink any more, will you?' With an oath, which might become a demon, he raised his strong arm, and slapped the child—a blow that sent her to the gravelled walk, and left her bleeding and weeping, while he came on to curse and beat me. But you can read it all, sir, in the bottle of tears, the only thing I had, in my own name and right, to leave you, as a reminder of what these possessions have cost.

Only three mornings ago four of your obedient henchmen bore my precious husband home to me, at break of day, and laid him dead on the floor, and hurried back, I suppose, to the gambling table, over which your victim had just been shot. I found some friendly negroes to dig the grave—in what I thought was my garden, and we laid him down, under his favorite apple tree. I thought to put flowers there in the summer and shells in winter, and teach my girls of how noble he was before he fell into your clutches. But it seems I buried him in your garden, and under your apple tree! Indeed, he was laid on your floor. It is marked with your victim's blood. After some kind colored friends helped me to shroud him, and while sitting up with his precious re-

mains that night, I tried to wash out the stain of blood, thinking I could not bear to look at it and walk over it. But it turns out that it is your floor, on which he who gave you his vast property, his manhood, his family, his very soul, found a cooling board. You will find it all, sir, in the bottle of tears. You order me to vacate. I obey. When you read this I will be on my way, down the road, east. I take that route, only because it leads me away from you and your den of destruction. I don't know where I, with my three girls, will spend the night. But one thing I promise you. Whatever there is in a widow's wail, or an orphan's cry, if there really be a God, we will meet you at his judgement bar—there to tell, and the truth to say, as to how you came by this home, which we now leave. You will find it all, sir, in the bottle of tears."

But what cared the potty whisky dealer? He set in to get that property, at any cost, and succeeded. Had a collection been taken for the widow, I suppose he would have contributed five dollars. And some people would have esteemed him liberal, would have called him *charitable*—when he then reveled in sixty-five thousand dollars, stolen from that woman and children, to say nothing of the trouble he had brought, the insults he had heaped upon them, together with the murder of his duped patron, and the damnation of his soul. After relating the above incident in a Virginia town, a gentleman told me that he knew this woman and her girls, and that they were being helped by a lodge to which the dead man had belonged.

But all of this is another reason for waging relentless war upon whiskey-drinking and selling.

CHAPTER XI.

THE HEROINE OF MANILA.

I want to see George Dewey, not so much because he sank the Spanish fleet; in fact, that is now doubted. But on that eventful morning, when he gave orders for the men to strip for action, little "Jimmie's" coat had fallen over into the water. He started down the ladder to get it. An officer ordered him back, and to some work. Little Jimmie said, "But my coat is in the water and I must have it." "Back!" thundered the officer. After a moment's hesitation, the little fellow ran down the ladder, swam out, recovered his coat, and crawled dripping back, and reported for duty. The outwitted and angered officer ordered him put in chains and locked up. The battle ended after a short, sharp struggle, with the issues as you know them. When the roll was called, Jimmie was missed, the officer reported his disobedience and present whereabouts. He was ordered out and before Mr. Dewey, who said, "Jimmie, what made you disobey the man?" "Sir," said the lad, "my coat had fallen into the water and I had to get it." "But you could have gotten another coat." "But, sir, no other coat would have done." "Jimmie, did you not know the officer would punish you?" "Yes, sir, I thought he would, but I just had to get my coat." "Well, my lad, you are sorry you disobeyed, are you not?" "Yes, sir, I am sorry my coat fell in." "Well, but you won't do it any more,

will you?" "No, sir; if my coat doesn't go and blow into the water again." "But, Jimmie, why shouldn't some other coat do you as well?" "Why, sir, because it was the only one that had Ma's picture in it, and, sir, I was just obliged to get it." As he said it, he stood at his full height, and looked the Commodore full in the eyes. Mr. Dewey sprang to his feet and shouted, "Take the irons off that boy in a minute. No one can wear shackles about me, who loves his mother that way. Charge every disobedient act to me."

Point.—While that mother had a boy in whom she could take pardonable pride, that boy had a MOTHER, I venture to say, whose tender, careful training many would do well to imitate.

CHAPTER XII.

A PRAYING WOMAN.

I met "Vance" Price, a Methodist preacher, in Live Oak, Fla. He impressed me. I said: "Tell me something of yourself." He, with pardonable pride, referred to Col. Vance, of North Carolina, as his uncle. I remarked, "That, to me is not sufficient to explain something I see in you. Tell me something else." "I quote from memory" he said. "My great-great-grandmother (I think), when a girl of sixteen, being of a religious turn of mind, one morning entered into the singular covenant with Jesus, that each day of her future life, at six, nine and twelve in the morning, and at three, six and nine in the evening, she would retire and pray, if possible. If not, she would engage her own heart in devotion—inner prayer. When Mr. Price addressed her, she asked if he would interfere with this sacred covenant. He gladly answered in the negative. When this ancestress lay dying, at the holy age of 87 years, she had about her great-great-grandchildren, great-grandchildren, grandchildren; and children. To these she said, 'I made a covenant of prayer when an innocent girl. I have been a mother several times; I have had my share of hardships; I have shared the life of a pioneer Methodist preacher, with all of its incidents and vicissitudes; I have been sick, at home and away from home; but I want to say to the glory of God, that at six and nine in

the morning; noon, three, six and nine in the afternoon and evening, I have never failed once in the run of these long and eventful years, to meet my Lord at the appointed time, and that all these years His grace has never failed me.' ”

I could but say, “I thank you for the incident. It explains you and your worth. It also explains your large family and the many preachers and Christian workers who have blessed Tennessee and the whole South.” I commend to every young woman the habit of this Price girl—which habit is above all price.



CHAPTER XIII.

MRS. FISHER.

Let me tell you a beautiful story of a woman by the above name, who came to this country from Liverpool. She brought along her little daughter, Annie. The mother was a staunch and devout Catholic. There fell into the hands of the little girl a tract from a Protestant pen. It led her to the holy Jesus. Shortly after the sweetness of pardon came into her young heart, her mother moved to Charleston, S. C. Here, in a neighbor's house, little Annie chanced to see these words: "I, the chief of sinners am, but Jesus died for me." She exclaimed "I'll join the church of whoever wrote that." Of course that decided her for the Methodists. A few weeks later, she met and married Dr. Moore, of Abbeville, S. C., to which point they at once went. On the next Sabbath, mounted behind her husband, they rode out six miles to hear the unique "Uncle Jim Donnelly" preach. As was the custom in those primitive and better days, the door of the church was opened, as part of the day's service. Mrs. Moore, the bride of a few days, joined. She and her worldly, and unprofessing husband rode back to town, while a growing hunger filled her soul for a preaching place in her newly adopted home. After much prayer, she set about the work alone, by going from house to house, till she begged enough to put up a small meeting place, with unplanned lumber, building in

cottage style to economize material and labor, and placing it amid the gullies, back of the old jail in that then small and unattractive place. With faith, fear and perseverance, she watched and superintended till it was completed. She then called a prayer-meeting. Six persons—all men—responded. That night was eventful. Little Annie, a shrinking bride, was the only professor of religion, as well as the only woman present. She had to lead—a thing almost unknown then. After singing a hymn, almost alone, she read the Word, and, without attempting a comment, led in prayer. She then, in simple story, recounted the steps by which their little church had come to be, and why she had called them together. She next called them to prayer, asking her husband to lead. They, out of deference, had knelt. The astonished doctor kindly, but firmly refused. His wife prayed, then sang a hymn, and again called to prayer. But, as at the first, it fell upon her. This she repeated, taking them as they sat, until the row of kind but worldly men was exhausted. During the last prayer, the dear woman was quite overcome at the thought of failure, and began to cry to God to help her. One of the men blurted out to Dr. Moore, “Doc, if that was my wife, I’d pray, if it killed me.” To this Dr. Moore replied, “O, I know I ought; but, my Lord! how can a man like me pray?” But before he knew it, he was praying, and God heard every word and saved him. He turned and asked one of the others to pray. They all began, and in about the time it takes to tell it, they had everyone surrendered to God, and the house was turned into a scene of indescribable joy. Little Annie took wings, so to speak.

Listen: One of the men converted, as you know, was Dr. Moore, Annie's husband. He made a great and useful local preacher, and was the father of the present and good Dr. H. D. Moore, of the Alabama Conference. I know him well, having helped him in meetings in Court Street church, Montgomery; also in Knoxville, Tenn. He has won many souls. Another of the men was Mr. Branch, who became a great preacher, and was the father of Dr. J. O. Branch, and F. A. Branch; also grandfather of Orson and Charlie Branch—all preachers in South Georgia. These Branches have been rivers, too. Four of them yet live. Another of the six was Mr. Huckabee, who also became a preacher, and was, no doubt, the ancestor of the present Bro. Huckabee, of South Georgia Conference, a man of marked usefulness. Still another was the Rev. Mr. Davis, a blind preacher, the most eloquent of them all, who died a few years ago in Mississippi. I have also met men whom he won to Christ. I forget the name and history of the sixth man, saved in that first prayer-meeting—only he became a preacher, and was also distinguished for soul-winning.

But, reader, think of that night! From it there burst the cloudless day of spiritual disenthralment upon many thousands who have reached a nightless heaven, and many thousands more on their way. That night, little Annie, with more than a Deborah's faith, a Deborah's prowess, and without a Deborah's Barak, she led forth a grander army, which have marched and are still marching, to more than a Deborah's victory, without the assistance of rushing Kedrons, fighting stars, or neighboring kings.

Bro. Moore told me, when with him in Montgomery, that when a very small boy, he had a group of little negroes in an old ante-bellum wagon body, playing church. He was the preacher. After the sermon he made the usual call for penitents, but none responded. Failing with words, he crawled out of the wagon, went to a stump and took up a rope, came back and flogged all the congregation, and made them go to the altar. Just as he got them down, he glanced up and there stood his mother (little Annie) at the window, looking down upon him, and she was crying. He shrank away. There was no allusion made to the matter by either mother or boy. Both remembered the hour though, supposing the other did not. In after years, the boy ran from God and duty. When he surrendered, he hastened to communicate the fact to her. She wrote that she had been expecting to hear of his conversion and call to the holy ministry—that she knew, too, he would succeed, for she found while watching him, when a little fellow, hold services with the darkies, that he was both persevering and resourceful. So he has proved to be.

I trust that the history of Annie Fisher, as I gleaned it from the Autobiography of Joseph Travis and the Memoirs of the Moore Family, will incite many young women to strong faith and noble effort.

CHAPTER XIV.

MRS. MARY MATHEWS.

I met this woman first in Verbena, Ala. She was young and beautiful, but not a Christian. Her children were small—Mary, a namesake, I think, was about eleven.

After much earnest seeking, she was converted, as was her husband. Little Mary was converted after midnight, and they sent for us to rejoin with them and take her into the church.

This now religious family moved to Mathews Station, on the Southwestern Railroad, and were living there when I, broken down in health, went to aid Dr. H. D. Moore in a meeting in Court Street Church, Montgomery, Ala. While every attention was bestowed upon me in the home of Hon. and Christian Mr. Clopton and family, at the end of nine days, and in the midst of a great work, I was completely prostrated and was literally put on the cars to go home and die. Sister Mathews, who had been attending the meeting, took the same train for her home. I was lying on a seat, when she came over and said: "Bro Culpepper, I have had a prayer on my lips and heart for the last four days, which I would like to speak about, if you won't laugh at me." I replied, "My dear sister, it is easy not to laugh today." "Well," she said, "I am not much—just a very ordinary woman. There are plenty of women who would make

my husband a better wife than I. There are numbers of women who could do more for the souls of my children than I am likely to do. Plenty of women could be a greater help to my pastor, and a greater blessing in the community than I. I am only a very ordinary woman. If I live, nothing is likely to happen on account of it. But if you live, something will happen. I have, therefore, for four days been begging God to take ten years off my life and put it on to yours."

Except the entrance of the Spirit of Jesus into my soul the day I was converted, nothing ever thrilled me more. My very soul caught hold on God for life. I said: "Sister Mathews, I don't think God will answer that prayer literally. But if you are close enough to the cross to offer a prayer that free from selfishness; if you stand ready to die on such short notice as that; if you love Jesus and souls more than you do husband and children and home and life and self—if you are putting all that into your prayer, I won't die."

Reaching home, I said to my family physician, "Doctor, I must not die now; I ought not. Science should reach my case." "Why," said he. "What new developments?" "Much indeed," I replied; "there is a woman over here in Alabama, praying four days at a clip that God take ten years off her life and put them on mine, that the more souls may be won. Pull me out, doctor, and let me go to my work."

Well, reader, the time has gone by, and a little more. I don't know whose time I am on; but it will be a joy to me to lay one hundred thousand souls at the feet of Jesus and say, "Blessed Master, credit thy handmaiden,

Mary Mathews, with ten years of the most faithful work of my life.”

I needed some money for my orphan children after this, and asked her if she could help me any. She wrote back that they were not so well off as they had been, but she would take my call to God. She felt impressed to write to a man she had never seen, enclosing my letter to her. The response brought a check for nearly three hundred dollars. O, what would the world do, but for the few choice souls who find where God lives, and who know how to touch the button of prayer? May their number increase. I learn that Sister Mathews' health is bad now. Join me in prayer for her.

CHAPTER XV

AUNT ZILPIE.

She was a colored sister, who, like many of the ebony-hued daughters of Ham, had outran the crowd, beaten back ignorance, and had caught up with her Savior and walked with him until she was not more familiar with any earthly person than with Him. Aunt Zilpie sold ginger cakes through the town for a living, leaving her bread occasionally through the day, to make what she was pleased to call her missionary "towers," from house to house, in which she talked much of Jesus' dealings with her soul.

The people had deep respect for her, and believed in her profession, as the following shows:

When the earthquake on that memorable Sunday-night shook the country, the Methodist church in Aunt Zilpie's town was full. When the first wave or shock came, she chanced to be walking in front of it. She stopped, looked around, then up—then exclaimed, "Dat's Marse Jesus! Dat's who dat is. I tole you all so," looking in at the church door, which now presented a wilderness of people and a bedlam of voices. "I tole you white folks you get shaked up de berry fuss thing you know. Now, dar it is, and whur is you? Shake, good Marse Jesus; I'se been telling 'em dey better look out." Many had rushed to the doors and windows, and would have gone out, but were afraid. The first wave subsided, and

the people were a little quiet, when a more sensible rumble and a stronger shock gripped the house and the people, shaking the fences and making every dish and window pane to vibrate.

This set Aunt Zilpie, who seemed as much at home in the throes of an earthquake, as at her ginger cake stand, on fire. She shouted, "Dat's it, shake 'em, good Marse Jesus. Dey is hard-headed and won't listen to no ordinary step. Step hard, Marse Jesus, and shake 'em good, fur de berry las' one uv 'em need it. Shake 'em agin, dear Jesus."

This was more than the frightened ladies and *all*, could stand, so they got some young men to go out to the old woman and ask her, for their sake and God's sake, not to ask Marse Jesus to shake them any more.

Moral: 1. They had more confidence in that godly old Negress than in themselves or each other.

Moral: 2. They thought she in some way was tangled up with the judgments, then coming on them.

Moral: 3. Those who fear God, have nothing else to fear, and will be glad to see Jesus.

CHAPTER XVI.

SISTER ANN.

Reader, were you ever in the South, where the ivy twines, the wood-pecker drums, the owl hoots, the donkey brays, the long-armed levers creak, the crow caws, the mocking-bird ensouls the passerby, the pebble-bottomed streams play "find me" amid the sage leaves, the whortle-berry clusters, and bamboo climbers? Were you ever there, either among her blushing hills, or her sombre plains, by her branches, or on the moss-scalloped banks of her spindle-whistling rivers; in her "goober" patches, or her fleece-flecked cotton fields? If so, you have heard, I trust, some of my friends in ebony or bronze preach, or sing or shout, or "holler a corn song." The Negro is funny, is humorous, is often witty, and very apt at illustration.

A colored preacher was once sympathizing with me in my work, and said: "Brother, I 'spec' it is sorter like it's been wid me. I once had a woman in my church who was very much like a heap more. Her name was Sister Ann. I tole her right out one Sunday night in my sermon, dat she 'minded me of six tame turkey eggs and six wild turkey eggs I got once and sot under de same hen. Dey all hatch out in due course of time. But I soon notice dat de turkeys from de six wild eggs, as I sposed, wus kinder shy. Dey shoot off behind de hen when dey see me 'bout; den dey roos' off down by de well,

den dey took up at de lot, den dey roos' off back of de turnup patch, den dey take up in a piece o' woods and go plum clean wild, and I never see dem turkeys agin. Sister Ann keep lookin' at me, and listen. When I fuss become your pasture, you wus a roosin' right slap up on de front bench, den you roos' a little furder back—den a little furder back—den still furder back, till dar you is cowhop on de very back seat. Now I sees which way you'se headed; you'le soon be er roosin' at a theater, den at a dance, den a circus. Den, Sister Ann, some time, when you is away out dar away 'from de res' ob God's chickens, some ole owl of Hell will flop down and git you. Den de only question leff to be answered will be, Whar am pious Sister Ann, anyhow?"

It has been twenty years since the sympathizing brother told me that his trouble was the low roosting place of his members, but it is the trouble with the pulpit and the pew today everywhere that I go. We roost too low and too far off. A man will put his wife and children to roost without family prayer, and expect to find the roost unrifled by mink or owl. How can he? O, let's put our homes to roost within the lids of God's Word, under the roof of the sanctuary; let's floor them under with good literature, ceil them over with God's conscious nearness, and wall them in with the beams and boards of a family altar.

CHAPTER XVII.

TWO WOMEN—AN EARTHQUAKE.

It was in Brunswick, Ga., the city of large water oaks, and other attractions of nature. In fact, this old dame was partial to the place. One would have selected this as the site of a large city, and yet, after many years of diversified progress, she can boast of only a few thousand inhabitants. In other days, the town was cursed by having her business interests largely in the hands of men noted for selfishness. But all along, she has had some choice spirits of both sexes. Among the men, I recall Bro. Dart, who founded the Methodist church, and largely blazed the way, by prayerful industry and religious *prominence*, for her present position on the moral firing line.

But I am writing of women. It was while conducting a meeting in the Methodist church, and on that memorable Sunday night of the earthquake, which none who heard or felt, will ever forget. A Bro. Gilmore was preaching for me when the shock came. It shook the church, shook the houses, shook the town, shook our nerves; I think it scared me, for I found I had walked, or run (or flew) across the room, back of where the preacher stood, to where a flight of stairs reached the yard below, and was descending them before a conscious thought overtook me. Even thoughts get pokey sometimes. I turned back and loudly called on a brother to

play some song. He beat the instrument, getting as much music as I did when a boy, by banging on the jawbone of a dead horse, while the loose and rattling teeth stood for keys. Without a call the altar had filled with penitents. I led in prayer, and noticed that my voice did not tremble, and that I could compose a sentence. During the prayer, the second shock came, which broke up the altar service. I found Bro. Gilmore in a side room, looking in vain for a way out. I don't remember now why I was in there—possibly on the same mission. The next day I heard a man say he was not scared, but was very uneasy about his wife. I forgot, for the time being, that I was married. I also heard a man say he was not to say scared, but did have a very earnest feeling on him.

A colored preacher in his part of the town was eloquently pleading with his congregation to be ready for death, or the Lord. He was telling them how long he had been waiting and how anxious he was for the event, when his remarks were brought to a sudden estopal by that low, long growl, followed by that quick, jerky, sickening sensation, which announced the merciless presence of a thunder-shod earthquake. The preacher pointed down from his hamanic pulpit, to where his hat lay on a table, and in tones which showed that a newly-discovered volcano was in eruption, shouted: "Bro. Jake, for de Lawd's sake, han' me my hat da, and don't be er nibling about it, for goodness knows dis sermont is done through wid." Getting his hat, he turned and disappeared through the window back of the pulpit. He, however, got back in time to fill his appointment the

next Sabbath. But I insist that this chapter will be about women.

The two women mentioned in the heading of this chapter were both in the Methodist church that Sabbath night. One, a Sister M. of the Presbyterian church, when the noise was first heard, thought it betokened an unusual presence of the Holy Ghost. When the house began to tremble, she turned and said to her husband, "Husband, this is a wonderful hour; the very house is moving; it seems to me, as in Ezekiel's vision." There were many widows in the days of Elijah, but he was sent to only one. There were many women in the days of Elisha, but only one thought to build him a room. There were ten men healed of leprosy, but only one returned to give thanks. There were many women in Brunswick at the time of the earthquake, but only one thought the moving of the house was a *spiritual impulse*, thrilling the very timbers. Fortunate victim of a rare illusion! Why did so few of us forget to think it was a *Pentecostal* rushing and shaking?

The other woman was Sister A., who, with the first shock, sprang up and began to shout, her voice lead the confusion of tongues, screams of frightened women, bang of organ, voice of prayer, quiver of earth, tramp of penitents, and rumble of distant thunder. Her shouts took words like these: "It is Jesus! It is Jesus! It is my Lord! I will be understood now; my husband and children will believe in me now! O, thank God, my deliverance is at hand!" Dear woman, she had been under the tongue of evil report, but, as I verily believe, unjustly. When the first wave subsided, she grew quiet,

but with the audible oncoming of the second, she again sprang up and shouted, "It is Jesus! It is my Lord! He has come, and I will be understood!"

An hour or two later she sat in the corner of the house sobbing. She said, "Oh, I just thought *my* time had come. I am so disappointed!" Then looking up, she smiled and said, "But, blessed Jesus, it is all right. You will come, and it will be just as sweet. Give me thy grace and I will tough it out a little while longer!"

I have forgotten many things which happened while I was in that meeting, but the picture of these two women, carrying their devotion and fidelity in their Spirit-sheened faces, I have kept as two luminous stars in the radiant galaxy of Georgia women.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IF I WERE TO DIE TONIGHT.

The iron voice 'from yonder spire
Has hushed its hollow tone,
And midnight finds me lying here,
In silence and alone.

The still moon through my window
Sheds its soft light on the floor
With a melancholy paleness
I have never seen before ;

And the summer wind comes to me
With its sad Aeolian lay,
As if burthened with the sorrows
Of a weary, weary day.

But the moonlight can not soothe me
Of the sickness here within,
And the sad wind takes no portion
From my bosom's weight of sin.

Yet my heart and all its pulses
Seem so quietly to rest,
That I scarce can feel them beating
In my arms, or in my breast.

These rounded limbs are resting now
So still upon the bed,
That one would think, to see me here,
That I was lying dead.

What if 'twere so? What if I died
As I am lying now,
With something like to virtue's calm
Upon this pallid brow?

What if I died tonight? Ah, now
This heart begins to beat—
A fallen wretch like me to pass
From earth, so sadly sweet!

Yet am I calm!—as calm as clouds
That slowly float and form,
To give their burthen-tears in some
Unpitying winter storm;

As calm as great Sahara
E'er the simoon sweeps its waste—
As the ocean, e'er the billows
All its miles of beach have laced.

Still, still, I have no tears to shed;
These eyelids have no store—
The fountain once within me,
A fountain is no more.

The moon alone looks on me now,
The pale and dreamful moon;

She smiles upon my wretchedness
Though all the nights seem noon!

What if I died tonight, within
These gilded, wretched walls,
Upon whose crimson tapestry
No eye of virtue falls.

What would the soulless inmates do
When they had found me here,
With cheeks too white for passion's smile,
Too cold for passion's tear?

Ah! one would come, and from these arms
Unclasp the bauble bands;
Another wrench the jewels from
My fairer, whiter hands.

This splendid robe another's form
Would grace, Ah, long before
The tender moonbeam shed again
Its silver on the floor.

And when they'd laid me down in earth,
Where pauper graves are made,
Beneath no drooping willow-tree,
In angel-haunted shade,

Who'd come and plant a living vine
Upon a wretched grave?
Who'd trim the tangled grasses wild,
No summer wind could wave?

Who would raise a stone to mark it
From ruder graves around,
That the footfall of the stranger
Might be soft upon the ground?

No stone would stand above me there—
No sadly-bending tree;
No hand would plant a myrtle vine
Above a wretch like me.

What if I died tonight! And when
Tomorrow's sun had crept
Where late the softer moonlight,
In its virgin beauty slept

They'd come and find me here—oh, who
Would weep to see me dead?
Who'd bend the knee of sorrow
By a pulseless wanton's bed?

There's one who'd come—my mother—
God bless the angel band
That bore her, ere her daughter fell,
To yonder quiet land!

Thank God for all the anthem songs
That gladdened angels sung,
When my mother went to heaven,
And I was pure and young!

And there's another, too, would come—
A man upon whose brow

My shame hath brought the winter snow
To rest so heavy now.

Ah! he would come with bitter tears,
All burning down his cheek—
Had reason's kingdom stronger been
When virtue grew so weak!

My sister and my brothers all,
Thank God, are far away!
They'll never know how died the one
That mingled in their play;

They'll never know how wretchedly
Their darling sister died—
The one who smiled whene'er they smiled;
Who cried whene'er they cried.

For him that sought a spotless hand,
And lives to know my shame
In such a place I'd tear the tongue
That dared to speak his name.

The cold sea-waves run up the sound
In undulating swells,
And backward to the ocean turn
When they have kissed the shells;

So, there's a torrent in my breast,
And I can feel its flow
Rush up in crimson billows
On a beach as fair as snow;

And backward, backward, to my heart,
The ocean takes its tide,
My cheeks and lips left bloodless all,
And cold, as if I died!

I'm all alone to night! How strange
That I should be alone!
This splendid chamber seems to want
Some *roue's* passion-tone.

Yon soulless mirror, with its smoothe
And all untarnished face,
Sees not these jeweled arms tonight
In their unchaste embrace—

Oh, I have fled the fever
At that heated, crowded hall,
Where I might claim the highest-born
And noblest of them all;

Where I might smile upon them now,
With easy, wanton grace,
Which stays the blood of virtue
That would struggle in my face.

I hate them all—I scorn them
As they scorn me in the street;
I could spurn away the pressure
That my lips too often meet;

I could trample on the lucre
That their passion never spares;

They robbed me of a heritage
Of greater price than theirs.

They can never give me back again
What I have thrown away—
The brightest jewel woman wears
Throughout her little day!

The brightest, and the only one
That from the cluster given,
Shuts out forever, woman's heart,
From all its hopes of heaven!

What if I died to night!—and died
As I am lying here!
There's many a green leaf withered
E'er autumn comes to sear;

There's many a dewdrop shaken down,
E'er yet the sunlight came,
And many a spark hath died before
It wakened into flame.

What if I died tonight, and left
These wretched bonds of clay
To seek beyond this hollow sphere
A brighter, better day?

What if my soul passed out, and sought
That haven of the blest,
“Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest”?

Would angels call me from above,
And beckon me to come,
And join them in their holy songs
In that eternal home?

Would they clap their hands in joy
When they saw my soul set free,
And point, beside my mother's,
To a place reserved for me?

Would they meet me as a sister;
As one of precious worth,
Who had gained a place in heaven
By holiness on earth?

O, God! I would not have my soul
Go out upon the air
With its weight of wretchedness,
To wander where?—Oh, where?

—*Anon.*

CHAPTER XIX.

THE HORRIBLE PRICE.

There was a bright young lawyer who lived in West Point, Miss., who was a graduate of one of our leading institutions, and had won for himself, in the practice of law, an enviable name and position. He married a lovely Christian woman, a graduate of one of the leading schools of Alabama. He accumulated a good deal of property, but became addicted, like many public speakers, to drink. Soon his home, office and fine library were mortgaged. He went from bad to worse reaching the point where he would beg his friends for a nickel to buy a drink. One day the poor, wretched fellow staggered into a drunkard's grave. Friendless and homeless his wife became insane and was in an asylum at the time of his death. After his demise she, in one of her hours of delirium, wrote this poem and dedicated it to the barkeepers of West Point, and soon died of a broken heart. George Inge recited the poem at one time during a meeting in West Point, and the people rose up almost instanter and put every barroom out of the city, and they have remained out ever since.

Saloon-keeper, you have given my husband drink,
Until, as I sit here alone and think,
I feel that you have given it also to me,
For I am not as sober as I used to be.

Oh, my poor brain is drunk—it whirls, it reels,
Delirium tremens into it steals,
I rave, I shriek, I beseech and implore,
For God's sake, don't sell him even one drop more!

Saloon-keeper, you have had silver and gold,
But, oh saloon-keeper, have you been told,
What else has gone into your coffers full,
Where nickels have jingled with scarcely a lull?

Oh listen, I pray, and I will count it all up,
And see if it is enough to pay for the cup,
That has broken my heart and blighted my life,
As I grope on through earth a poor drunkard's wife.

He has paid you the roof from over my head,
And has given you not only my meat, but my bread,
He has given you the hours for which I have waited,
Till the night grew so dark, the cold world I hated,
Add peace, and happiness, and joys of home,
The awful past, no future to come.

There is sickness and sorrow, poverty, death,
That seem to be lurking in every breath,
Just look into your coffers—they are all there,
And with them the pain too great to bear.

There's my rest, my hours of sleep,
The bitterest tears my eyes could weep,
There's my pride that forms part of the heart of woman,

The spirit, the life, all that is human,
Is gone, is irrevocably lost,
This, saloon-keeper, is part of the cost.

Call this raving, I told you I was drunk,
And into the depths of sorrow was sunk,
I beg, I ask, I command you to think,
Of the horrible price you are paid for your drink,

Whenever my husband enters your store,
For God's sake, don't sell him even one drop more.
I rave, I shriek, I beseech and implore,
For God's sake, don't sell him even one drop more.



CHAPTER XX.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY.

She stood at the bar of justice,
A creature wan and wild,
In form too small for a woman,
In features too old for a child,
For a look so worn and pathetic
Was stamped on her pale young face,
It seemed long years of suffering
Must have left that silent trace.

“Your name?” said the judge, as he eyed her
With kindly look yet keen.

“Is Mary McGuire, if you please, sir.”

“And your age?” “I am turned fifteen.”

“Well, Mary,” and then from a paper

He slowly and gravely read,

“You are charged here—I’m sorry to say it

With stealing three loaves of bread.

“You look not like an offender,

And I hope that you can show

The charge to be false. Now, tell me,

Are you guilty of this or no?”

A passionate burst of weeping

Was at first her sole reply,

But she dried her eyes in a moment,

And looked in the judge’s eye.

“I will tell you just how it was, sir.
My father and mother are dead,
And my little brother and sisters
Were hungry and asked me for bread.
At first I earned it for them
By working hard all day;
But somehow times were bad, sir,
And the work all fell away.

“I could get no more employment;
The weather was bitter cold,
The young ones cried and shivered
(Little Johnny’s but four years old);
So what was I to do, sir?
I am guilty, but do not condemn;
I took—O was it stealing?—
The bread to give to them.”

Every man in the court-room—
Gray beard and thoughtless youth—
Knew, as he looked upon her,
That the prisoner spoke the truth;
Out from their pockets came kerchiefs,
Out from their eyes sprang tears,
And out from old faded wallets
Treasures hoarded for years.

The judge’s face was a study,
The strangest you ever saw
As he cleared his throat and murmured
Something about—the law.

For one so learned in such matters,
So wise in dealing with men,
He seemed, on a simple question,
Surely puzzled just then.

But no one blamed him or wondered,
When at last these words they heard:
“The sentence of this young prisoner
Is, for the present, deferred.”
And no one blamed him or wondered,
When he went to her and smiled,
And tenderly led from the court-room
Himself the “guilty” child.

—*Selected.*

CHAPTER XXI.

THE HEROINE OF MEMPHIS.

Dear reader, were you ever in a fever stricken city; one held in the merciless grip of an epidemic? I have twice been caught in one, or had to make my way into and out of such. Streets dark, deserted, noiseless, except the muffled rumble of the hearse, and the garbage wagon, or the slow jog of the faithful doctor's jaded steed. Everything spells out disease, danger, death. The moon looks troubled. The stars are shy and strange. Nothing seems natural. Everybody wants to get away. Even children have quit laughing. As night comes on, and the atmosphere grows damp and heavy, you know the death rate is quickening his pace, and that every one's chance for life is dropping towards the minimum. You know, too, that up every bank, out of every hole, around every corner, from every pond and well and pool; from every flower garden, and horse-lot, and sewerage pile, and sick-room, microbes are pouring, each one marching under the black flag, each one capable of multiplying its species several thousand times in a few hours, and every one of them bent on your death. Such was the city of Memphis, during the yellow fever scourge, when Miss Mattie Stephens dropped into the plague-ridden city. All who could leave had gone, it is true, but they were scarcely missed, among the thousands who were too poor or too sick to escape. Miss Mattie was at first a

valuable employee of the Howard association, which stood for the alleviation of suffering. But she finally shook loose from all restraint, and, like the angel of mercy she was, she refused all offers of money for service, and went among the most destitute. She flew about, day and night for several weeks—weeks of unprecedented and unwritten suffering, sorrow, death. In the sear leaf, and among the last to succumb, dear Miss Mattie fell.

With the return of frost thousands of refugees returned and began to rebuild their homes and fortunes. The cemeteries were glutted, beyond recognition. It was noticed that on each day, appointed to arrange and beautify the graves, that many of the poorer classes would stand around a certain unmarked mound, and shed their tears. One day, it was asked—who is that? What is the cause of this large gathering over this particular grave? Why, this is dear Miss Mattie Stephens! “Why,” said one, “she kept me from dying.” Said another, “She buried my precious baby, when I was sick abed.” “Why, she nursed my husband back to life.” “But for her, my mother would have died.” Thus they talked, until some one said, “Let’s put a monument over her.” When you visit the May-Queen of the Mississippi, you should go to the leading cemetery. When you enter veer gently to the left, and you will soon stand before a chaste spire. You would suppose a woman rests under it. Two simple lines complete my story. You will find them traced there, “Miss Mattie Stephens. She died for us.”

As I have, on several occasions, stood and looked at

these words, my eyes have wandered upward to the great day to come, when Jesus shall make up his Jewels. Won't Mattie be beautiful and popular, when thousands of the grateful poor, whom she helped, gather about her and repeat before all men and angels, again—She died for us.

CHAPTER XXII.

MRS. A.—A CONVERT FROM ROMANISM.

We met her in Louisville, Ky., in February of 1901, while assisting Dr. Lloyd at 5th and Walnut.

She is one of those strong women, made such by contact with the business world. For years, she was the subject of strong convictions, especially along doctrinal lines. Not finding soul-rest in the Romish church, in which she had been taught to confide, she began to look in other directions. Having charge of a number of young women, in a business, through which she sought a living for her family, she longed and looked, in vain for a place and time of quiet, in which she might think and pray. She at last thought of an unfrequented room in a corner of the basement of the building. To this she repaired, but had scarcely seated herself on the steps which led into that gloomy place, when she felt as if there was a serpent near. The feeling grew on her, until she left in fear and disappointment. It was after the lapse of several days, when her growing hunger for solitude and God, led her again into this cellar. As soon as seated, she again became conscious of the presence of a snake. Unwilling to leave, she trained her eyes, as they became accustomed to the room, upon its corners and darker places—when she distinctly saw a long, large serpent slowly coming her way. As he was some distance off, and moving slowly, she waited, until he reached a

small post, which he wrapped himself around, looking at her, with serpentine sparkle and venom. At first she thought of finding safety in flight; then addressed the thing in about these words: I believe you are the Devil, and are trying to cheat me out of a blessing, and I just don't aim to go. She looked at him until he slowly unwound his coil and disappeared in the deeper gloom, never again to molest this woman, who, like Nicodemus, was seeking to know the mysteries of the kingdom of Christ, and the deep meaning of His visit to her heart. She had been a member of the Methodist church, and an intelligent follower of Jesus, but four or five months, when our meeting opened. She threw herself into it with a holy wrecklessness that was to me refreshing in this era of conservatism and death. She obeyed orders, with the fidelity of a Catholic, the promptness of a soldier and the simplicity of a child. I was struck with the spirit in which she sought the counsel of her pastor and the eagerness with which she carried out his suggestions. God loved and trusted her, too. One Sabbath afternoon, her son asked not to go to church to hear Burke preach, as he would hear him through the coming week. He wanted to meet the members of his club. This club was composed of boys from ten to sixteen years, and met in a room fixed up by a mother who meant well. Sister A. sent her son on to church. She was then suddenly seized by a call to see that room. So putting on her hat, she entered the neighbor's yard, and seeing the steps which her son told her led to it, she mounted them and gently opened the door. There she found a dozen or two lads playing cards, throwing dice, cursing, and drink-

ing beer. This zealous disciple of Jesus told the pastor and writer that evening of her startling discovery, and said God had laid it on her heart to visit each mother on the following day, and inform them of the ruin upon which their precious boys had been projected, asking our prayers that she might have strength and be successful.

On another evening she told us of a letter she had written to a notorious matron of a shameless house, in which she announced that she would call in person in the morning. An innocent country girl got off the cars, seeking money, through honest work, to aid her in reaching her sister in Chicago. Hundreds of such girls come to town, expecting to find virtuous and remunerative labor awaiting them. They often find themselves in the snare of the fowler in a few hours, as did this poor creature. She approached a policeman and innocently stated her case. Like the majority of these billeted beer-guzzlers, he was the Devil's own. He feigned sympathy and gave her a card, directing her to this same house.

The matron, seeing revenue in the pretty, ruddy face and beautiful form of her victim, with trained heartlessness, decoyed her into staying over with her until the morrow before looking for work—at the same time instructing one of the other girls to arrange her toilet and have her well prepared for the parlor that night. While the girl was mistaking garlanding for the slaughter for kindness and sweet helpfulness, the letter above referred to reached the matron. It was written with a pen of holy fire. It was charged with the explosive power of

prayer. It was barbed with the faith of new found zeal, love, pity. When this poor Magdalene began to read, her heart beat again, with the strokes of the old womanhood. She felt, she trembled. She touched a button, ordered a servant, called down her new found victim, talked with her, was touched by her honest, simple recital, sent her back to replace her own clothing. She then took her to the station, bought her a ticket to her sister and sent her gladly and innocently on. On leaving for the depot, she left word for the author of the letter, should she call, not to leave, under any circumstances, until she returned. Mrs. A., armed with pity of love, crossed the threshold of this gate of hell, to receive the urgent request to wait, by the mouth of a young woman, herself a victim of former intrigue. When the matron returned from this, perhaps the only real kind act for years, she found the young woman on the floor and in the agonizing throes of conviction. She, too, was convulsed with the pangs of memory and the voice of an awakened conscience. Her confession was deep and her penitence seemed genuine. Even while they were thus talking, praying, repenting, a policeman came by, whom she hailed and ordered to announce that she had gone out of this woman-wrecking business.

Sister A. extended her labors to house to house, and tenement visitation, and prayer-meetings, during the revival. Dr. Lloyd told me recently that she is forging right ahead and that she is now one of the city missionaries. Here is another proof of what one woman can do—when she yields herself to the Holy Ghost.

CHAPTER XXIII.

O, SPARE! O, SAVE!—THE BETTER PRAYER.

In a home, among the better classes, amid the red hills of upper Georgia, an agonizing mother knelt by the crib, in which lay her dying baby boy—a little one of a short, sweet year. The stern father had given up hopes and walked out in the back yard to give vent to tears. The faithful doctor had stood all night and hurled stimulating lotions at the head of the icy monster, who persisted in feeling of the cooling heart of “Mamma’s jewel,” but reluctantly admitting that death had manacled science, he brushed aside more than a professional tear, gently folded his medicine chest and quietly left the battle-field. The mother—mother like, was not yet conquered. She had heard much of, and knew something concerning, the skill of a “Great Physician.” To Him she cried piteously and without ceasing—until a new object struck her sight. Her first-born drove recklessly up into the grove in front of the house, got out, flung the lines on the back of the young, half-broke horse, who at once dashed off, upsetting and demolishing the buggy, while this young man, without a seeming care, staggered through the gate into the house, and stopped, swaying, slobbering over the low crib, in which his little brother lay, and by which his mother knelt, and prayed—so intent on the life of the darling of her bosom, that she had not heard the noise of the runaway

horse, the heavy footfall, nor the unsteady steps of her first-born. Glancing up as she cried, "Spare my baby! *Spare my baby!*" she saw her poor boy, who was too drunk to understand or appreciate the scene upon which, with maudlin stare, he looked. The mother forgot she wanted her baby to get well, forgot it was sick, forgot she had a baby, then raised her hands and lifted her voice to Heaven and, with emphasis of agony enough to close every saloon, and drive the Devil out of business, she cried—O Lord, save my poor, drunken boy! O God at any cost save my boy from the curse of rum! O, how many women there are in America to-night, who had better quit crying *spare*, and begin to cry *save, save, save!*



CHAPTER XXIV.

A SHORT COFFIN; NOT THE DEEPEST SORROW.

Recently, a Kentucky editor was passing through the cars, when a lady acquaintance, recognizing him, pointed to an insane woman (being taken to the asylum) and said, "Colonel, did you ever see a sadder sight?" He replied, "Madam, I have just seen something much sadder in the baggage car." "Why, what on earth can it be?" "A fine looking young man, of a good family, with handcuffs on, being taken to the penitentiary."

So it was in a case I met in O—, Alabama.

One day, after preaching from the text, "Ye ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss," a sister went with wife and me to our room and related an incident which proves the correctness of the statement, "A short coffin is not the deepest sorrow."

She told us of a fond mother, whose bright little Charlie died at the early and interesting age of four. They put his little form in a white coffin and placed that on the table in the "Altar." The house was well filled with sympathizing friends. The empty-armed mother wept continuously and aloud. A mother, equally fond, had taken a seat by her, who did not shed a tear, but looked like a crushed, odorless flower. She had a son, a grown young man, who at that time lay in a dungeon in a Western city, under sentence of death, for murder. His name was Willie. Suddenly Willie's

mother turned to Charlie's, saying, "Let's go kneel by your little boy's body and thank God for taking him while little." "Never! Never!" she exclaimed. "My poor broken heart is in hopeless rebellion." "Then come with me," said Willie's mother, "and let me ask God to show you wherein you are wrong, and ask Him to give you needed grace." To this she readily assented. They knelt, side by side by the white, flower-canopied casket, while Willie's mother led the prayer.

Some of the old citizens recall, with a shudder, that prayer. As quoted to me, it ran like this: "O, my Father, before coming to Charlie's funeral, I went into a sacred little trunk and took out and kissed again a pair of run-down slippers my Willie wore when he was about four years old; I pressed to my aching bosom, a little gown he wore, while sick, at about four years of age. He was so sick one night! I told Thee, then, that it would kill me if he died. It is now killing me that he did not die. I looked again, and have for a hundred times of late, at a little black, velvet-tasseled cap that my darling Willie wore when in those tender years. In my dreams I often see those tassels flying, as my rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed boy, with tangled curls, comes running to tell 'mamma' something. But, O, my God! it is a vain dream! It is worse than a dream. It is a cruel reminder of what was, of what now is, of what might have been, but now can never be. O, Thou good God, do come and show this mother how foolish her tears look to me. If I had her place I would shout all over this town. Do show this woman how much better off she is, as she kneels by this little angel-rifled body—rifled for Heav-

en—safe in glory and safe forever, than I am, with my poor Willie lying yonder in a Western city in a murderer's cell, waiting for the henchman's knife next Friday, and I too poor, and too sick, and too humiliated, and too crushed to go and see him die—die, not the innocent out-breathing of a four years' old little boy that the angels were sent for, but death by dissipation; death by an accusing memory; death by a stinging conscience; death of retribution, death by law, death as penalty, death by strangulation, and all of this to launch my precious Willie over fiery billows of damnation, with death eternal."

During this prayer, which the woman could not have made ordinarily, many women wept all over the church, and numbers of strong men got off their knees and hurried from the building—saying it would make their blood run cold, and their heart stand still, to hear more of such soul-wrenching words. Charlie's mother had ceased to sob, and was never known to murmur again. In fact, she seemed more than reconciled.

My dear mother, you who refuse to be comforted for the loss of a child—could it not be worse? Again, let me insist that a short coffin is not the deepest sorrow.

CHAPTER XXV.

TWO WOMEN MANNING KRUPP GUNS OF PRAYER.

On the night of the 24th of Nov. 1898, a man walked up and down in front of the Bethel Mission in Ft. Worth, Texas, the pitiable victim of a protracted spree. Bro. Byron, the converted circus manager, was conducting the service of song and exhortation, in his own inimitable way. The poor drunkard, on the outside, would stop occasionally and look in. He was now joined by another, in the same brain-bewildering, muscle-tangling state. Eventually they came in and took seats near the door, both too drunk to fully understand the nature of the meeting. But many soul-winners have observed how soon a man will sober up, under the instillation of song, the percolation of gospel bullets and the pressing claims of a half-drowned conscience.

By the close of the sermon, these men were sober, and knelt at the penitent form, thoroughly convinced of sin. Their cries were overheard, where angels' wings rustle, and where shouting never ceases. Two saved men sought their different lodging places that night to wonder and praise. Although they were on the sidewalk together, and entered the church about the same time, and sat in the same pew, and knelt side by side in contrition and prayer, and received the cup of conscious pardon in the same hour, and were adopted into the glorious family of the saved together, and were now more than broth-

ers in the flesh, they had not spoken, did not know each other, and neither one was conscious of the other, until four or five nights later, in a burning testimony meeting in this same room, the first man arose and spoke in the following strain: "My dear and new found friends, let me talk a bit—yet I scarcely know what to say; it is all so new to me. Why, until I got this letter to-day from a precious sister in Kentucky, I did not know why I came to Ft. Worth, how I came to be on this street, or why it was I was passing in front of this blessed building; I could scarcely realize that I, the worst of men, was saved! O, it is all so strange! But this letter from my precious sister makes the matter plain. Let me read you a portion of it. It ran as follows: "My darling brother, I don't know that you will receive this letter. You said you might go to Ft. Worth, so I address you there. But, O, brother, I have something wonderful to tell you, which you already know. You are converted; I know you are. Your precious soul has been lying so heavy on my heart since you left, that this morning I told the family I did not wish breakfast; that I wanted to be alone in my room. I asked not to be called for dinner or supper, if I chose to remain in. The day has passed and I have been on my knees, with God's Word for my shield and counsellor, and with your precious soul upon every breath. It has been a day and night of unheard-of conflict, but, O bless God forever, victory has come. It is now after midnight, and I have the assurance that you are converted. I don't want to eat now. I am only hungry to see you and hear you tell how it all

has happened.” This letter, friends, shows why I am here and how I came to be saved.”

The long metre doxology was sung, when the other man—the one who was converted, kneeling by him, sprang up and, with excitement, drew from his pocket a letter from a sister out in a Texas town. He said: “My brethren and sisters, I, too, have a devoted, praying sister. She wrote me to-day. Here are one or two clauses which I dare say will interest you. “My dear brother, I have spent the whole afternoon in praying for you, and I feel so strange—so calm—so restful—so happy, that I just know you are saved, or soon will be.”

No comment is needed here. These women only furnish us with another proof, that it does make a difference whether we pray or not—makes a difference with us, with God, with our friends. O, may the Holy Ghost inspire us to pray.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE KINGLIEST WARRIOR BORN.

“Down deep in a walled-up woman’s heart,
A woman that would not yield;
But bravely, silently bore her part,
Lo, there is the battle field.

“No marshalling troop, no bivouac song,
No banner to gleam and wave;
But, oh! these battles they last so long
From babyhood to the grave.

“Yet faithful still as a bridge of stars
She fights in her walled-up town;
Fights on and on in the endless wars,
Then silent, unseen goes down.

“Oh, ye with banners and battle shots,
And soldiers to shout and praise
I tell you the kingliest victories fought,
Are fought in these silent ways.

“O spotless woman! in a world of shame,
With splendid and silent scorn,
Go back to God as white as you came
The kingliest warrior born.”

CHAPTER XXVII.

GRACE VERSUS LAW.

In Montague county, Texas, a few years ago, one woman appealed her case, argued it before the throne of Heaven, and won it over judge, jury, evidence, shrewd lawyers and the prejudice of the community.

She was a widow, the mother of one child, a son of eighteen summers. A murder was committed. The suspicion rested upon this young man—reluctantly so, for he bore a good name, having lived a most exemplary life. Though the facts were all circumstantial, they led to his arrest. The mother, though annoyed by her son's molestation, had no doubt of his innocence and no fears for his safety. As court was about to convene, the grand jury found a true bill, and the boy was soon in the prisoner's dock, before twelve men, with one of the ablest lawyers in the state as prosecutioner. The dead man's standing and large circle of friends, together with the character of the accused, made the case extraordinarily attractive, so that the court-room was overrun with spectators, on the morning the case was called. The mother, pale but calm, sat by her son's side. She was studying the faces of the judge and jury when she silently reproved herself, saying, my boy is not guilty, and is in no danger.

The witnesses each testified clearly, and each one left less room to doubt but that the real assassin was before

the court. The evidence grew stronger to the last. The observing mother saw its effect on the jury. Then that shrewd, trained attorney took thread after thread, and drew it out and, in an impassioned speech, began to construct a cable of facts which would have hung an elephant. The poor woman saw the judge and jury were already convinced, that already the verdict of guilty could be read in palloring and flushing letters on their faces. She knew one Friend in whom she confided all things, and to whom she had often gone since her child was accused. O, how she did want to get away from the people that she might tell God her fears. She said to herself, I have always heard that man's *extremity* is God's *opportunity*. If this is so, He will never have a better chance to strike than now, and I must get to Him. So she glided past the pale prisoner, hurried down the aisle to the door, and seeing a sort of cove, or niche in the corner of the room, she turned into that and began to pray. At first she whispered out her heart-sobs, but she could hear that lawyer hammering away with that evidence, as if he was driving the nails in her dead boy's coffin lid. She unconsciously drifted from whispering waves into billowing undertones. But as she remembered the crisis of which she and her boy were the victims, her words became great catapults, and were hurled with all the desperation of faith, with all the vehement eloquence of maternal love against the throne. The sound of her voice pervaded the room. The people were wondering what and where it was. The jurymen were slightly, but visibly distracted by it. The judge, noticing it, said: "Mr. Sheriff, there is talking back there

by the door—stop it.” He walked back, but was arrested by the sight of a woman, with two toil-shod hands lifted and spread; with a face from which conflict and concern, urged on by confidence, had driven every drop of blood; with eyes which were wide open, and seemed to look from a gallows, right into Heaven. He turned and walked back towards the judge. The woman’s voice grew louder, the lawyer’s weaker. The judge spoke abruptly, “Mr. Sheriff, stop that noise.” The sheriff said, “Judge, please your honor, it is the boy’s mother praying.” The judge said: “I don’t care what it is, stop it.” The sheriff thought he would, and turned to walk back. By this time the jury was listening to the other lawyer, the one on her knees. The attorney stopped. The judge rose up and said, “Mr. Sheriff, can’t you stop that noise.” The sheriff looked from the woman’s face to the judge and very nervously said: “No, Judge, I can’t. You will have to do it yourself.” Just here the mother stopped her prayer, and said: “O, my Father, accept thy handmaiden’s thanks. I knew my boy was not guilty, and I knew Thou wouldst hear me. It is just like Thy sweet word to answer the prayer of thy poor unworthy child.”

She calmly arose, and not knowing that she had disturbed the court proceedings, went meekly down and resumed her seat. The lawyer, who had stood silently for several minutes, turned and said: “Judge, please your honor, I don’t think this jury is qualified for trying this case.” It went over, and before it could be brought before the jury again, the evidence was abundant to establish beyond all doubt, the innocence of the accused. But

until this day, the citizens of that country refer to that legal conflict, and point to that little niche in the corner, where an invisible jury sat empannelled; where an invisible, but tender and impartial judge sat on the throne; where an invisible, but able Advocate, represented an honest, but impecunious widow; where the *right* won over the *might*; where angels filled the corridors; where truth only was sought after; where one woman and Christ were the majority; where grace triumphed over law; *where prayer prevailed.*



CHAPTER XXVIII.

TRUE TO THE CHURCH.

When I lived in Fort Valley, Ga., and was pastor of the Crawford circuit, one night Miss Sue —— was seeking Christ. After the fifth prayer, she found Him. Her struggle was to give up the dance. She had been educated to it. Her father had spent much money in that direction, and did not want her to join any church, especially the Methodist. She much dreaded to meet him after applying for membership, which she did that night. He, however, only said: "Well, I am glad I have a daughter who feels good enough to join the church."

But her trials were not over. She went to spend some days at her grand-father's, and the young people who knew of her ball-room grace, wanted her at a "one-ox-shindig," which was to come off on Wednesday night. They accordingly wrote a complimentary note and sent a young man for her. This would have brought the average young lady to-day. My heroine, however, turned the note over, and wrote:—"I belong to the church. Respectfully, Sue———."

Disappointed, but not conquered, they wrote a nicer note, and sent a *duder dude* for her. She returned this message:—"You could offer me no higher insult than to ask me to break fealty with the only institution on earth, which proposes to lift me to the highest altitudes of Christian woman-hood here, and furnish me a lifeboat

in the dying hour. Sue———” She did not even say “respectfully.”

I met this Christian girl when she was married and was the mother of three children, to whom she introduced me on the cars. I referred to her bright conversation and her former fidelity, and then asked, “How is it now?” She said; “I am glad to say, I feel no diminution of love or loyalty to my blessed Christ.”

I am now going to give you the voice of the churches. I hear some of you say: “Well, my church is not opposed to dancing.” Your church is. You may have a little cock-sparrow pastor, (with his hair parted in the middle to keep his little head from tilting over to one side), who says it is no harm; and you may hold membership in a society, which, in order to keep up, panders to anything that will give it members or influence. Your little organization may be a leak-pan, to slip under other churches, just to catch their drippings. For such, I have no word, not even of censure. It is wrong to jump on an idiot. It is the voice of the churches I beg you to hear.

* * * *

YOUR CHURCH IS OPPOSED TO IT.

When I was in Huntsville, Ala., an unusually bright girl, after hearing me “fling” at the dance, said, “Sir, I wish you would give me one good sensible reason for your condemnation of the dance.” This, I thought she said with a twinkle of assurance that I could not. I said: “Miss ——, I don’t care just now to talk, but, if you will promise me to abandon the ball-room forever if

I give one good argument against it, I'll undertake the case." She agreed. I then slowly repeated these simple words: "Miss—— YOUR CHURCH IS OPPOSED TO IT." I rarely speak of a particular woman's beauty, but I will be pardoned, when I say I thought her real beautiful, as she held her eyes full-orbed, in mine for a minute, then dropped them to the floor quite as long while her cheeks flushed and pallored; then raising her eyes, she said: "Sir, candor compels me to call that a good reason. Here is my hand to dance no more forever."

* * * *

CHAPTER OF INCIDENTS.

When in T—ville, Fla., I saw the library beautifully draped, and asked for what. "Why," they said, "Lula Dixon, the sweetest girl in all the world is dead. She was librarian." "Was she a Christian?" I asked. "She did not belong to the church but was so good and kind that all loved her. She was so young and the circumstances of her death were so heart-rending."

"What were they?" I eagerly inquired. "Why she was in attendance upon a bag dance, and becoming very warm, she hurriedly tore the sack from her face and stepped to a window and faced a stiff sea breeze, which thoroughly chilled her, and from which she contracted pneumonia, dying in less than a week. Her death bed was so sad." "Tell me about it," I said. "O, it is soon told. We visited her much—in fact, stayed by her all the time. The morning she died one of us said, 'Lula, old girl, hurry up and get well; we can't run that New

Year's ball without you.' With such a look of disgust and despair on her sad face, she said: 'Girls, that is what is the matter now. Had I not loved the dance I would have been a Christian. For the sake of this pleasure I have come to my death-bed unprepared to meet God. I won't get well, girls, but if I did, I'd never dance again. I beg you not to.' "Indeed, that is a sad story, Miss ——." You have made me cry by this recital. I guess you did not have the New Year's ball?" "Yes, we did, but if we had had hearts within us instead of rocks, we would not." "Miss——," I said, "don't you think that a very dangerous practice whose infatuation will kill off all decent respect for the dead and all regard for their last warning?" "I certainly do," she slowly said. The next day I drove out to where they had laid Lula and thought, "Dear girl, you sold out more cheaply than Esau, for if his beans and bread were put in one scale and the dude you danced with in the other, foolish Esau's poor dinner would flip that wasp-waisted, spider-legged dude over the tallest trees in this land of pines."

Reader, don't pass lightly over this true recital. Don't say there is no harm in the dance. There is ONLY harm.

* * * *

When in St. ——, Mo., last year, a sad story came to my ears through Bro. ——, my associate in work. A young lady had a profession of love which she warmly reciprocated. Tho very frequent in his visits and quite intimate, this young man said nothing of marriage day. One beautiful night, while out boating on the lake, and far from land, he asked her to entrust her virtue to his keeping. With a true woman's vehemence, she refused.

When he threatened to upset the boat if she did not yield, she quickly bade him as between the two alternatives to do his worst—that such a death were far preferable. He then feigned a test of her character by all he had said and professed a deeper love than ever. She believed him.

Having failed to crush this flower in heated and lonely parlors, in narrow-seated buggies, and on moon-flashed waters, he invited her to a dance. She eventually went. She went again. Here where contact was no crime, he stole from her—"the first approach of sin, to feel some danger nigh." The descent was rapid now. I will not detain you, kind reader, with a story which this sad girl, her only brother, and the doctor could tell better than I.

This villian kept the best of company and married one of the pure girls of that city. He attended my meeting. He heard my sermon on malice. This girl heard it. She hated her destroyer. The fact alarmed her. So when the chance was afforded, she approached him and proposed to take half of the blame on herself if he would forgive her—that she was seeking God's forgiveness and was trying to forgive as she would be forgiven. With the songs of Zion pealing in his ears; with scores before him kneeling at the altar, he, standing on holy ground, insulted her with a vile proposal. Almost crazed she left him and daring not tell her brother, she poured her sorrow into our ears. To ask her if there is any harm in the dance, is to jerk a girl out of the fire, and as she stands blistered from head to feet, with hair and eyebrows all gone, ask her if she thinks fire will burn.

Again I beg you to heed my warning. Don't call me vulgar young ladies, as you read these lines; I am not vulgar, I never did a thing I would not tell my mother, I am pure and have always been; and to-day I place your purity ahead of straight hair or fair complexion. God help me to help you.

After preaching to men only in——, a very respectable young man sought me and after saying much that was complimentary about my plain talk, said: "But, Mr. Culpepper, I must take issue with you on the dance question." "What feature of it?" said I. "As a sure developer of the lower or animal nature over the intellectual, moral, and spiritual?" "Yes,—as for my part," he continued, "I never have an impure thought when dancing with a pure girl." "Suppose," said I, "you are in doubt." "O well," said he, "a fellow can soon tell." "You mean," said I, "by liberties which the dance permits him to take—such as harder squeezes of the waist, or pressure of the hand?" "Well, yes," said my bright-eyed visitor. "Then," said I, "your dance has a language in which any pure girl is liable to be asked, at any time, the question—Are you pure." He looked puzzled. I then said: "My friend, suppose it is your fifteen-year-old sister on the floor who is being questioned through this new tongue, to her, and suppose she, failing to read aright, takes it as a part of every dance, and suppose her partner is a villain, bent on knowinig if your sister is what he hopes. He can only press and squeeze a little harder. If she submits, as so many do, he will at least advertise her to the boys as a "go-easy," or as

“the fruit hangs low.” Don’t forget that it is your sister, said I.

Manifesting some impatience he said:—“I flatly give up my position. I see it now. To put it mildly, it is a villian’s best, and often his last and only chance.” “That’s it,” said I. “However pure the girl, the exposure is almost certain, sooner or later; and however honorable the young man, the temptation is more than most young men can resist.” He arose and reached for his hat. I said: “Stay a minute. Just on the line of the last words—A young man who is now trying to live right told me he had destroyed the virtue of three young ladies, and had used the ball-room each time as the surest, if not the only, means of securing familiarity. I could detain you with many recitals such as this; suffice to say—the ball-room is the only wide open gate from putrid lechery to the presence of our sweet and pure girls, but this gate is so wide open that none are too rotten but they can enter, provided they can make a decent appearance.” “I believe it, sir,” said my interesting visitor. “Good-night.” “Good-night.”

* * * *

In Kansas City, in one of the beautiful gin-palaces, there hangs a picture which should swing for once in view of every young lady in our fair land. Stay while I attempt a description. The occasion was a “grand Masquerade ball,” the place, one of the palatial homes of that opulent city; the company was of the elite of the land; the scenery was perfect, the music simply entrancing, Terpsichore was at her loveliest; time flew by as if cruelly deaf to the cry of every intoxicated devotee to

stay! stay! stay! The clock rings out, "two, and all is well." All is well! did I say? See that young man and woman leaving the giddy circle in that brilliantly lighted parlor. She is leaning upon him for support, which he freely gives, almost carrying her. She goes willingly, for she is now under the influence of wine, and swayed by what, until this night, she never knew the meaning of—PASSION* *See! In the shadow of yonder tree, upon the altar of lust they have, together, offered up the nobility of man and the purity of woman. As these gifts of God consume away in the fires of bestial affinity, there is naught left of a father's engrafted honor and a holy mother's en-kissed modesty, but—two vile fornicators. Two good angels may have been seen flying away, but they are weeping. The violets at their feet have shed their petals. The moon ran behind a merciful cloud. An ugly owl hooted lustfully to his mate in yonder tree. A hen crew in the barnyard. The clock struck three. Seized with desire to know with whom he had "spent such a splendid evening," he tore the mask from her face and his, at the same moment, only recklessly thinking to tease her. Just here the moon came from her hiding. Looking into each other's faces a moment, he exclaimed: "My God! sister are you at this infernal ball?" She shrieked as she flew from his relaxed embrace—saying: "O brother! What would our mother—" but her words had died out!

What though she leaped over the barriers of life from a morphine bottle and he from the muzzle of a pistol—they met again. "In that land of midnight woe" do

you suppose she tossed her head and asked, "What harm can there be in dancing?"

* * *

WHY NOT DANCE?

REV. E. P. MARTIN, PRESBYTERIAN.

1. I cannot dance with a clean conscience before God, and therefore I should abstain.

2. All branches of the church have condemned dancing as carnal and immoral, inconsistent with the Christian profession.

3. Even the sacred books of the Pagans declared it an immoral amusement.

4. Pagan moralists, like Cicero, called it indecent, voluptuous.

5. Dancing was one great means by which Nero corrupted Rome.

6. It has a bad name for professing Christians, and it dishonors the cause.

7. The best and most devout Christians do not want to dance.

8. None but slide-backers and unconverted persons are found dancing.

9. It is not a favorite amusement even with conscientious worldlings.

10. It is one of the most favorite amusements with the vile everywhere.

11. The world has no confidence in the piety of church members who dance.

12. It is a distinct badge in all places for worldliness and worldly conformity.

13. It destroys a professing Christian's testimony, influence and usefulness everywhere.

14. The dancing of sexes together, as in modern times, was never practiced by the virtuous in Bible times.

15. Dancing grieves and offends all faithful pastors and devout Christians

16. It is a companion vice with drinking and many other sins.

17. It dissipates the mind, corrupts the heart, and sears the conscience.

18. The décolleté dress of the dance is an immoral invention of harlots.

19. The "Germans" and other round dances are favorites in brothels.

20. The liberties indulged in dancing are no where else allowed in decent society, and under other circumstances they furnish ground for divorce.

21. It brings virtue into close connection with vice at late hours, and under excitement in which virtue is well-nigh powerless.

22. Men do not choose to dance with themselves, not even with their own wives and sisters.

23. Beyond the thrill of music and poetry of motion, it seems to have a sex reference.

24. Indeed it is so allied to licentiousness that the vilest places in our cities are called "Dance houses."

25. The police report shows that a very large pro-

portion of abandoned women are ruined in connection with the dance.

26. I can not dance in modern society to the glory of God, nor can anyone.

27. If Jesus Christ were here, I am sure He would not go with me to a dancing party, and I cannot ask or obtain His blessing upon it.

28. I would not like to meet death at a dance and in a ball dress.

29. I would not like to be found in a ball-room when the Lord comes.

30. And finally: I have no desire to dance, because my soul is filled with the joy of God's salvation, and my life with the privilege of His service.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CATHERINE.

Every Salvation Army laddie and lassie has a heart-flutter at the mention of that name. When God would bring in the Savior of the world, and sent John the Baptist to prepare the way, the professors of that day—the *orthodoxy* of the times—said, You can't blaze the way on the church pillars; so he had to prepare a new way for his Lord, through the wilderness. When the Christian church had backslid—had established a membership on *works*, God stirred up Martin Luther to preach the great doctrine of salvation by FAITH. Again the authorities objected, interposed, and thrust out the reformer. God had to purge his people from *without*.

Then, later on, the church lost the doctrine and experience of the "witness of the Holy Spirit." Wesley was raised up, trained and commissioned to recall the weak and wandering fold. Again, self-inflated, self-centered, self-fed orthodoxy rose up and said, "None of that—away with this fellow." Mr. Wesley and his faithful followers had to go to the woods and fields to preach; and to the dwellings for churches. Methodism came from without.

When, in turn, the followers of Mr. Wesley neglected the masses and courted the classes, the Lord impressed William and Catherine Booth with their needs. It grew upon them until they asked for slum work. It was de-

nied, on the ground of Mr. Booth's superior talents. After some fruitless efforts at being sent, they decided that it would be right to locate and go. His location was hotly contested on the conference floor. During the speeches, Catherine arose in the gallery to try and explain that they had fasted and prayed much over it, and felt sure of God's leadings, when a clergyman shouted: "Fire that woman!"

They located and went without the approval or sympathy of their brethren, but went to find God's lost sheep. They have found folds of them, herded on all shores, for the Devil's slaughter pens.

Mr. Booth is now called the "Bishop of the Established Church of the Poor." The Mayor of London says one feature of their work in London has been to reduce the number of policemen by four thousand. Think of what it must be in all countries, and in all cities. Think of what lessons they have taught, and what wonders they have achieved in saving up and contributing nickels and pennies to the work of reformation and salvation.

But for Catherine, this great work could not have gone forward. She it was who organized the "Slum Sister" work. She drew tenderly-reared young women from luxurious homes and took them down into the most defiled streets and houses, and, with them, sewed, scrubbed, prayed, taught till districts of darkness beamed with light, and acres of corruption were transformed into *homes filled with heaven.*

As this woman and her work is so well known, I conclude this sketch with two pictures.

FIRST PICTURE.

It is nine o'clock in the morning. A poor man is being carried through the streets by four billeted policemen. A large crowd of men follow, press about and curse him, and cry for his life. His face burns with anger and shame. He has no friend. Just then a little maid of twelve summers sees the crowd and hears their oaths and abuse. She climbs up to where she can see who it is they have in custody. Her heart is touched, she leaps to the ground, presses through the angry mass of men, up to the prisoner and exclaims: "Please, sir, I am so sorry for you, and I am going to walk along with you as far as I can." The astonished prisoner dashed a tear aside and said: "Little one, God bless you; but you can't do me any good; go back, I can get on better now, that you are sorry—go back." The touched officers also ordered her back, but she persisted in taking the long tramp to the lock-up, and turned back only when she saw the jail door closing on the culprit, at whom she threw a kiss, then turned and went crying home.

This was the beginning of a life of tramp, tramp, cry, cry, help help. This was the advance-guard of one of God's largest crusading armies, who have marched on the lowest levels of sin and crime, with a word of cheer and a hand of help for all.

SECOND PICTURE.

When John Fletcher lay dead, it is said that 37,000 people came and looked upon him, many of whom said, "He helped me." When Catherine Booth lay dead,

TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND filed by and looked at her, most of whom said, "*That is our dear Mother.*"

A strong man bends weeping over the casket. "Hurry along, hurry along," shouts a policeman. "Wait a minute, sir; this is the woman who found me in prison, and secured me a pardon. Then she presented my case to God and got me a pardon there—let me lay my hand just once more on this sweet face."

An old woman and two grown girls stand weeping and kissing those cold lips. "Move on!" shouts the policeman—"look at the thousands behind you." With imploring looks they say: "Sir, this dear woman found us in the slums, making merchandise of our bodies, made to be temples for the Holy Ghost. We are saved and happy now; but do let us kiss her one more time."

Thus it was until 200,000 grateful poor had filed by, after which the chronicler says her shroud, from head to foot, was about as wet as if she had been dipped in the Thames. O fortunate corpse! to be drenched in the tears of thousands of rescued outcasts.

In the final day, I had rather be Catherine Booth and wear that old tear-starched shroud at the coronation of Jesus, than to rustle in angel's feathers. O, for her mantle to fall on a million of American daughters!

CHAPTER XXX.

LEONORA—THE TESTING.

My fourth circuit in the South Georgia Conference lay in Crawford and Houston counties. Wife and I love to talk over those days, and the many friends we there made, some of whom were the best and most abiding.

We kept a good horse, enjoyed good health, were among a good people, and we visited much. We soon learned to love to go to Bro. Sam Jones. He was a timid man—a little close in his beneficences, but a good man, and was our fast friend. They had several grown children at home, most of whom became active in the church, though none were at first. Leonora had been worldly, but becoming afflicted, she soon felt the necessity of surrendering fully to Christ. She soon swam out into deep water. Just after she had committed herself to me for a thoroughly religious life, while I was preaching at old Wesley Chapel, the Holy Spirit said, call on Leonora to pray. I was confused by the rather strong impression, but failed, after repeated efforts, to shake it off. So, at the conclusion of the sermon, I did call on her. She responded, although she sat with a dashing young man of the world, who was waiting on her, and who brought her to church. The prayer did us all good.

After church, as soon as he had her in the buggy, the young suitor expressed himself very decidedly against a

woman praying in public, and expressed himself as angry at me. The dear girl felt much inclined to agree with him. She said but little, but wondered if she did not make more than an ordinary failure, in this, her first effort. Mentally she resolved never to respond again, if called on.

Later in the evening she determined to remonstrate with me, on sight. She suddenly felt that God was withdrawing from her. This painful absence lasted after she had retired, until, becoming alarmed, she cried to the Lord—saying, “If thou wilt bless me *now* and clearly, I will take it as an evidence that my pastor was right, and that I was right in praying.” I have often heard her attempt to describe the wonderful uplift or rather down pour of that hour. She slept but little that night.

On the next Sabbath, she and her father drove a long distance to hear me preach at old Shiloh, where I was taking back a thrown-away church, and had started a meeting. I was over half through my sermon when they walked down and took a seat. At once I was seized with the unshakable impression that I must call on her. I knew nothing of the young man’s criticisms, or of her struggles and victory, not having spoken to her since I asked her to lead the prayer a week before. I doubted the propriety, in both instances, of asking a timid girl to pray in public; but from fear of grieving God, I again said, Sister Leonora, lead us in prayer. Her first sentence struck a victorious note. I saw and felt that she was on higher ground. She prayed through to God and carried us. Seven men, heard from, were

converted while she was praying. The revival broke out and swept about one hundred into that country church. This girl had passed the ordeal. If she ever faltered after that, I never knew it. I knew her well. Wife and I had much talk with her about her marriage to Rev. C. E. Boland, with whom she has served many charges in Georgia. I see from the papers this week, that she went to heaven the other day, leaving five or six children, and her husband to work without her good help.

Two thoughts. (1) The preacher should keep close to God, then follow his impression. (2) A member, **man or woman**, has no right to refuse to pray, when called **on**.



CHAPTER XXXI.

EMPTY ARMS.

Once, when holding a tent meeting in a Georgia town, where I had been pastor in the county some years previous, I received notice to repair to the town cemetery, where I was wanted to officiate at a funeral. On reaching the place, I found the sad procession had just arrived. A beautiful white coffin had just been taken from the lap and arms of a grief-crazed mother. She recognized me at once across the lapse of several years, and made the most touching appeal I ever heard. She did not shed a tear, as she looked at me, and pointed to the coffin. She had waded out to where burning sorrow is unrelieved by a shower of tears, or where the fever of anguish is ever cooled by a gentle perspiration.

She said, "Bro. Culpepper, that's my baby there in that coffin. You never saw him. He is the darlinest thing in the world. Those men there are fixing to put him in that hole. I am so glad you got here in time to stop 'em. They must not put my baby in that cold, dark hole. Bro. Culpepper, you won't let them, will you? I know you won't, for you are my friend and you know I love my baby, and O! how he does love me. Bring him here to me, Bro. Culpepper, I held him in my arms all night, after they said he was dead; then I held the coffin all the time till just now; they took it away."

With my own heart harrowed and my own eyes bleed-

ing I tried, O, I tried to comfort her. I told her it would be better off with the angels. She said, "No, Bro. Culpepper, I love my baby better than the angels do, and he loves me. He don't know the angels, but he knows and loves me." I said, "But Sister, you can soon go to heaven and be with him." "Well, just hand him back to me and let me keep him until I go. I can beat all the angels keeping him, because he is mine, and he will cry for his mamma. Give him to me."

I said, "But, sister,"—she held up her hands and with a look I cannot outline, said, "O, Bro. Culpepper, see here! look at my arms—see how empty they are! If they put my baby in that hole, I won't have anything to hold in my arms. O, Bro. Culpepper, my empty arms pain me now, do give me my baby!"

I involuntarily burst into tears and walked off, and could but say, "My Lord, I am as helpless to help this full-hearted, empty-handed woman, as I am to re-soul that baby."

Dear reader, one day, that treasure you hold in your arms will fall out. Think about it now, and be ready for the sure coming experience of—*Empty Arms.*

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE COMFORT OF JESUS.

MRS. M. W. KNAPP.

I insert these letters of dear Sister Knapp, editor of *The Revivalist*, to show what grace can do today for its possessor. The letters are self-explaining. The first was written just before the death of her husband, the other was her first editorial after he passed up to glory. They breathe the spirit of Christ. J. B. C.

All around us are hearts aching over the loss of some loved one whom God has called home—perhaps a husband, wife, son, daughter, or the pet of the household: the baby. There is only One who at such a time can fully enter in and sympathize in the crushing sorrow that comes.

With what pitying tenderness He seeks to comfort the bowed hearts and to draw them into perfect submission and rest in Himself!

How many have been lifted above the awful burden and felt the everlasting arms around them, and found sweet rest on His bosom!

“There’s not a friend like the lowly Jesus;
No, not one! no, not one!”

Some time ago a letter was received from a heart-

broken soul whose husband was taken from her by accident, and whose only child died later. She writes:

“I am sad and lonely, and my heart-anguish no tongue can tell. They tell me God did it; but I just can not believe He could treat me so cruelly, take all of mine, and leave others. It does seem to me the grave has the victory, and contains all my happiness. I feel like I have strength to move heaven and earth to get back my darling husband and happy home. I can not help feeling that my entire life is blighted.”

From another mother, who is without God:

“I cry every day over my darling angel (her baby), one whom I idolized. My heart is riven, my hopes are gone. It seems to me my life is blasted. Pray for us.”

O how Jesus wants to come into these bleeding, broken hearts, with His comfort, and more than make up for the loss of loved ones gone before!

When He sees the heart clinging too closely around earthly ties, He gently loosens their grasp, that they may learn to love the Giver more than the gifts.

If He is welcomed, Jesus will come into every saddened heart and home, and brighten and satisfy with His own glorious presence.

May they be open to receive Him!

TO EVERY MEMBER OF THE REVIVALIST FAMILY.

(Just after Bro. Knapp's death.)

Dear Friends,—With a full heart I come to you, knowing I have your love, sympathy, and prayers. God, who never makes any mistakes, whose wisdom no one can

question, has taken your friend and my dear husband to live with Himself.

He has assured our hearts over and over again that his work here was finished, and that He wanted him in heaven. Were it not for this sweet thought, our hearts would be almost crushed.

As we look back, we see how God, in a wonderful way, worked to get everything ready for his translation, arranging for every detail of the great work. We haven't a murmur, but only an "Amen" to God's will.

"He doeth all things well,
We say it now with tears;
But we shall sing it with those we love,
Trough the bright, eternal years."

Some weeks ago, He led me to write an article on "The Comfort of Jesus" for any who might be passing through sorrow and bereavement. Little did I dream I was writing it for myself! I want to tell you, I have found it true; for Jesus only can give the real comfort in such an hour.

For days He gave such wonderful peace and rest, no burden to pray, that we thought God was going to heal him, but now we see He was only preparing us for the change. As he slipped into heaven so quietly on Saturday night, God came very near, and carried the heavy burden from our hearts; and ever since we have felt borne on the prayers of the people, and lifted up above everything, so that we can only see the glory side.

On returning from the funeral in the carriage, I whispered to God I was coming home alone with Him,

and would trust Him; and with the sweetest peace He assured me He would be with me, and that I need not look at all the great responsibilities piled up, but simply take one hour and one day at a time, and He would be right at my side for help, counsel, and wisdom, and that I need not have a fear or a care.

That night I wanted to be alone with Him. I locked myself in my room, and, as I walked back and forth, with folded arms, I promised Him that we, upon whom had been laid the responsibility of carrying on the work, would be true to the trust He had given, and carry it forward on the same lines and in the same way; that there should be no change, that it should be pushed on full gospel lines; and then the *strength of God* came into my soul. On Thursday after the funeral I was waiting in a lawyer's office for an hour or more. Leaning my head back on the chair, I closed my eyes, and my thoughts went up to the Mount of Blessings on the hill. I had had a burden over the sick ones there and one or two other things.

Almost instantly I felt God bending over my chair, and O, how He *comforted* me! Then I felt He was brooding right over the Bible-school, and letting His blessing fall. Words can not express the sweetness of that hour; and the blessing still lingers. I told my companion of His blessing, and said, "I believe God has been doing something up there while we have been gone."

On arriving at the house, the one to open the door was one of the girls who had been sick. I expressed surprise at seeing her, but, with her face beaming, she said, "The Lord has healed me."

Passing in, I met two others who were rejoicing that God had touched their bodies, and they were perfectly well.

We feel this is God's own work, of His own planting and watering, and that He is going to carry it forward and bless it as He never has.

He has put dear Bessie in, and as clearly called her to the work as ever man was called to preach. She longs to pour out her life for God and souls. She will be associated very closely in all of the work.

Under God the work will go on just as before.

We crave your prayers above all, and your co-operation as in the past. All we want to know is God's will, and we will spring to do it. We are leaning only on Him. He is our Refuge and Strength.

I also want to tell you of the love the Editor had for every member of the large family of subscribers. Every one was upon his heart, and he loved them as he did his people when a pastor. Knowing it was impossible to answer every one of the thousands of letters received by hand, and give each the spiritual help desired, for years he had a letter printed, changing it as time demanded; and his main thought was, The message to the soul must be first and all-important. It has been my pleasant duty for years to open and read all the mail; and one of his usual questions has been, as he would come in, "Anything special to-day?" and when I would tell him of the kind words of appreciation of the books, papers, tracts, of financial help given and promised, of words of cheer, of blessings that had come, of souls converted, sanctified, and healed, answers to prayer received, his face

would brighten, and he would often laugh, shout, or cry, and thank God for the people. When pressed on every side by those who opposed the work, his heart was constantly cheered and lightened by your letters of encouragement; and now I want to thank you in his name, and ask for your continued help and co-operation.

Pray for the three children—Anna, John and little Lucy—that they may be a blessing, and meet their father in heaven.

Pray for the aged mother, whom he loved so tenderly, and revered for her holy life and walk.

Pray for the dear missionaries in India, Japan, and Africa, that God may precede the news, and prepare and comfort their hearts.

Pray that God's plan and thoughts for the Bible-school, God's Revivalist, and all the work connected with it may be fully carried out.

“My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from Him.”

Yours in the blessed hope, MRS. M. W. KNAPP.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WOMAN.

“And the rib, which the Lord God had taken from man, made he a woman, and *brought her unto the man.*” God made the woman—of man—for man—brought her unto man. This clearly defines her origin, her nature, her sphere and her work.

Adam’s first companions were uncongenial animals. Eve’s first associate, Adam. High moral ground is here indicated.

Woman is still brought to man, whether he is found in our asylums, or our prisons; in the ditches of vulgarity and drunkenness, or in the gambling hells of our land. In all these places, she seems as much at home and as consciously adapted as her Lord, who himself, went about doing good. In fact, it is only in the gospels that we find woman’s sphere, clearly mapped out.

Among the numerous kingdoms of ancient paganism, woman’s sphere was one of deep degradation.

“Ortolan’s Roman Law” says women were under the power of their fathers or husbands—were under perpetual guardianship.

Cicero said:—“All women, on account of the infirmity of their judgment, our ancestors determined should be under the power of tutors.”

Gains’s Institute:—When a brother and a sister have a testamentary guardian, on reaching the age of puberty,

the brother ceases to be a ward, but the sister continues.

The Voconian Law prohibited a man from making a woman, even an only daughter, his heir.—Augustine.

Woman was ever, and irrevocably, under the autocratic rule of father, husband, brother or son. No voice as to whom or when she married; she had no legal claim on the body her spirit inhabited, the clothes she wore or the life she lived, for that a father or husband might dispatch at will. Such was Roman law, at Rome's best, concerning woman.

The Greeks were worse if possible. Their women were chattels and menials. None but the fallen were admitted to lectures, or the society of poets, etc. A woman could not legally buy herself a pair of shoes. The liberty to think, or believe, or worship, was prescribed by her "boss," Conlange says.

At marriage, the girl abandons her religion, gives up the gods of her infancy, and has thereafter the same deities as her husband.

Plutarch said: A wife should have no gods but those whom her husband adores.

The Hindoos were no more reasonable or merciful. A woman was not allowed to sit at meat with a man, and a man was considered polluted if a woman overheard him reading the Veda or sacred books.

The reason for such wide-spread ostracisation, according to Gains, was "their levity of mind." Cicero said, "The infirmity of their judgment." Seneca declares "She is an inconsiderate animal."

The moral effect of all this was what one might look for. Society tended downward, until divorce was the

rule, and a woman counted her years by the number of husbands she had claimed. Lust was deified, and temple rites were but the carryings on of the brothel. Corinth boasted that her temple, Venus, alone, had more than one thousand prostitutes.

To be a wife was indescribably worse than to be a courtesan. All regard for chastity was lost. The best became prostitutes, without the loss of social standing.

The Bible and the Gospel have opened men's eyes, quickened their conscience, and largely emancipated woman, until Deborahs sat upon thrones and generated armies: Sarahs laughed and spake; Rebeccas dictated their life policy; Rachael's triumphed; Miriam's led forth singing brigades; Ruths made their own homes; women shouted after the Davids of victorious war.

Both Moses in the law and Jesus in the gospel, conferred on woman the right to think, to feel, to worship and to act.

Paganism, however, instilled tyrannical notions into the pure Hebrew mind, until the "traditions of the fathers"—the teachings of the Talmud and other sources of authority, hastened the decline of Hebrew women towards the level of their Pagan sisters.

All this Jesus set his face against in his dealings with every woman he came in contact with.

WOMAN AS OFFICE BEARER.

Jesus helped woman—used her in laying the foundation of his church. There were Deaconesses at a very early day. The dedicatory prayer ran thus—"Eternal God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Creator of man

and of woman, Thou who didst fill with thy Spirit, Miriam, Deborah, Hannah, and Huldah, thou who didst vouchsafe to a woman the birth of the only begotten Son, thou who didst in the tabernacle and in the temple place female keepers of the holy gates, look down now also upon this, thy handmaid, and bestow on her the Holy Ghost, that she may worthily perform the work committed to her, to thy honor and to the glory of Christ."

This ceremony is very ancient. The office of deaconess was abolished in the eleventh century. But history abundantly proves that woman held office in the early church. Paul shows that. See also McClintock and Strong's Biblical Cyclopaedia.

Peter's interpretation of Joel's prophecy, together with the descent of the Holy Ghost on men and women alike, as well as the large place accorded her in New Testament writings, shows that woman's "*New Era*" was ushered in with Pentecost. In fact, for many years the church was organized and kept in private houses. If the church had furniture, belongings, woman kept it. If only a room, a meeting place, it was kept by woman.

THE CHANGE.

It came "When Paganism crept into the church. It sought at once to create a sentiment that should put a padlock upon woman's lips. This movement was long resisted with tremendous vigor by the Montanists, but they were finally overpowered. The Miriams, the Dehorahs, the Huldahs, the Mary Magdalenes, the

Priscillas, the Philips daughters, were all gagged.” (Black, in *Christian Womanhood*.)

It soon came to pass that women were thought unworthy of a place in the same sanctuary with men; hence they were fenced off by high walls into separate inclosures. After a time churches were built with lofts, or galleries, and the women were put into them. It is humiliating to think that a salient feature of modern church architecture had its origin in a conception of womanhood so ignoble, and so utterly Paganic!

Woman's star of hope began to rise again with Luther's Reformation. But her legal status did not improve much, either in England, Europe or America, until a comparatively recent date.

Mrs. Livermore says, "I was in a court-room when a witness was brought forward to prove a charge of cruelty on the part of her husband, and began to give evidence that the husband came home one night in February, when the thermometer was ten degrees below zero, and turned the wife, her little children, and the aged mother out of the house. The wife ill, and the mother 80 years of age, and hardly able to walk, were turned out in the night, in a city where they had no claim on any one, no relative, or very dear friend.

"When this witness went on to make her statement, even then suffering from hemorrhage of the lungs, she was halted by the Judge, who said the husband had a right to do it. There was a quarrel between the husband and wife, and he had a legal right to turn her out and take possession of the house. That was not cruelty. I could not believe that I had heard correctly. I enquired

of an eminent lawyer, and he said such an act would not be construed as cruelty.”

As to her education, liberty has been equally tardy. I am fifty-two years old, but remember well when the first “school marm” made her appearance in our little town. There was not much known of her, except that she came from the North, and *actually wanted to teach school*. In view of how the women drew their skirts aside, and whispered about her, until she was frightened away, it is marvellous whereunto we have attained. The first degree ever conferred on a woman, was by Wesleyan Female College, Macon, Ga. That was only a few years ago. I know this woman well—was her pastor three years. She was living a short time since, and may be now. Just think of the thousands of educated women of today, and that by far the larger portion of our teachers are women. Her fitness for teaching is now acknowledged by all. I remember, when to take a position in a dry goods store was to be a suspect, if one had committed the previous blunder of being born a woman. Now such places, with telephone, telegraphic offices, and even the professions are open to, and occupied by, her.

She largely makes the prayer-meeting, runs the Sunday-school, is the inspiration of the Epworth League, the Union, the Y. P. S. C. E., etc. She is, if anything, more ready to leave her hearthstone, and native shores and spend her labors and life for the heathen than her brother. She is peculiarly adapted to rescue work among her sisters, to hospital service, and anything requiring tact and large sympathy.

Ability and opportunity bring responsibility. This makes woman responsible, in a peculiar sense, for the sins of men. The whole world awaits her prayers and her coming. God has spoken from his throne and thrown open every door. Woman must enter.



CHAPTER XXXIV

WITHOUT GUILE.

I mean Lilly Murchison. Her friends in affection called her Lil. She lived in Arlington, Ga., and was about seventeen when wife and I went to the Blakely Circuit. If I remember aright, she had been convicted, and converted, but having backslidden was gloriously reclaimed, and at once became an active worker in the first revival meeting we conducted in that little town. Miss Annie Bagley and precious wife told their experience of "perfect love," to which big-eyed, even-tempered "Lil" listened with Lydia's open heart. You remember who opened Lydia's heart, that she attended to the things the apostle preached. Thus it is. It is useless to talk the deeper things of God to those who are not very clear in the shallow things. Given a galling conviction, you may talk conviction, regeneration, with hope. Given a regeneration, such as the Holy Ghost means, and produces—one that is packed and at the depot for Africa or India—one that can work or wait, is ready for (prayer or persecution—one that shouts all the way through a know-so kingdom—one that quits cards, the dance, the theatre, from sick stomach at the bare thought of them—such an one will listen when you have anything further to say. Such an one is always on hand when Paul comes 'round with his "second benefit." So it was with

this girl. She was as clearly sanctified as any one I ever knew. She lived it, sang it, prayed it, took it with her into the ministry and pastorate when she became the wife of my old friend, J. S. Lewis. Here is one person of whose profession, or life, or experience I never heard a criticism. With a holy intuition, she knew how to meet everything, and to win every victory and never seemed to know it. An amusing incident transpired at her father's home, soon after she "floated out into a sea of love."

Sister M., a neighbor, a woman of the church, pretty good, after a low standard, came across to talk to Sister Lilly on the higher life. She was playing softly on the piano. Mrs. M. came onto the back piazza, and seeing a bowl of fresh butter on the water shelf, said, "Where did the doctor get all that nice butter?" addressing the overgrown negro girl, of about sixteen.

"Got it from de gittin' place."

Sister M. had just dipped her warm hands into a bowl of cool water. Irritated at the girl's insolence, she slung the water from her fingers into her face, saying, "Don't you talk to me that way."

The negress grabbed the bowl and emptied its contents into the visitor's face, saying, "An' don't you do dat agin, never."

Sister Lil, hearing the commotion, tipped to the door to see Mrs. M. empty a dipper full of water into the face of the mad servant, saying, "Take that, you huzzy!"

The scene became more militant as the girl emptied the bucket full into her antagonist's face and bosom, saying, "Yes, an you take dat, too, you bigger nuther'n dan I is."

Sister M., as mad as wet, flew at the negress, clinched her in the hair, bumped her heavily against the wall, saying, "You little ——, I'll tear all the wool out of your head."

The fully equal and thoroughly aroused girl, quick as thought, wound her hands in her heavy suit of hair, and while pins and tucking combs flew, she swapped places with her and while giving her a few heavy bumps against the same wall, she said, "Yes, an' when I is frew wid you, your head will 'mind you of a peeled ingern."

They had enough by this time. Sister M., turning around, saw the ever quiet Lilly serenely looking on. Burning with shame, choking back her rage, she began to gather up belts, pins, combs, hair—but Lilly said, "Never mind, Sister, just come in, I'll have the girl bring your things to you. I am so glad to see you; walk in here."

It all ended in much contrition, confession and prayer, and I always thought God overruled it for good.

This old world will never regret or get over having entertained sweet Lilly Murchison a few bright years. She was an angel in undisguise.

CHAPTER XXXV

MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.

The same good book which teaches us not to lean to our own understanding, tells us that a horse is a vain thing for safety, and that the friendship of the world is false, and when not, it is weak, short-lived and selfish. Two girls went to the same school in Tennessee, attended the same college, and were long time friends. One of them married, reared children; the other figured in society. Their friendship continued. The single one drifted away from the home of her girlhood, and was caught in the swirl of Knoxville society, figured much on Gay street, and soon drifted down into Central, the vilest in America. She became a procuress of the shrewdest type. Her old country friend knew nothing of this, but wrote her a friendly letter and referred to her own daughter, who was now seventeen, and wanted to take some business position, and asked her if she knew an opening.

The devil always has openings. Just back your cart up on his garbage pile, and he will give you all the team will pull. Just appear, unclothed, before one of his millinery establishments, and he will dress you after the most suggestive styles. Just loiter a few hours in his market place, and he will offer you remunerative work. So it was in this case. The mails brought a prompt reply, full of old-time appreciation, and of deep, sisterly

interest in her schoolmate's daughter. She had an easy berth for her, where, without exposure to the weather, she could make ten to twelve dollars a week, if she could come at once. There was much chat about that happy, country hearthstone, from which, as yet, no nestling had flown. They were very happy with each other, but many young people nowadays leave home and "make their way." Then there is the twelve dollars a week—a net yield of more than father, the hired man and two brothers make at home. Then followed a round of rustic and playful banter and spar between brothers and sister—she playfully proposing to loan money to her good but poverty-ground brothers. She ran across and kissed them, and promised not to be ashamed of them when they should drive into town "with a load of truck" for market. The old folks listened, faintly smiled, but seemed much interested in something that was going on in the log fire, before which they sat together, maybe for the last time.

The family conference opened again, after this, the several in recess, by the mother saying, "I could not give my consent for Ruth to go, but I am putting her with a friend. She has often said she owed her good standing in her classes to my ready help. I never felt that way about it, and certainly did not expect it to be so largely appreciated and handsomely remunerated."

Before that group broke up, it had been arranged that a telegram should go early in the morning, and that Ruth should follow the next day.

A bright young man of twenty-five had become an expert at social cards, grew tired of the monotony of

home life, felt uncomfortable at family prayers, left home, wandered, drifted, landed in Knoxville a sport. He spent easily-made money freely, frequented one of the thirty-five assignation houses of the place, over which the woman above referred to often presided. One afternoon he received a 'phone message to come over. When he walked in and asked, "What's up?" she said, "O, nothing, only I have been trapping, and have caught the prettiest bird you ever saw." A little later he opened a door, to find a beautiful girl lying across the bed sobbing. He asked why she cried. In a few broken sentences, she told him how she came there that morning; how she had been brought into that room, and told how she would have to live; how she tried to go back home, but her clothing had been taken from her and "this thing" put on me. "She says if I were to get out on the streets with this, the police would arrest me."

The young man asked her name. "Ruth ——."

"Do you want to go home?"

"O! yes, sir—can you send me? Will you help me? O! if you will, my brothers and father will reward you, and I will never cease to revere you."

He said, "Ruth, I am not honorable, but I swear, in the name of my own sisters, you shall go home today." He walked out and demanded the clothing of the girl. With the first stammering words of hesitancy, he said: "In fifteen minutes, I'll have you in 'Black Mariah' if —— ——"

That night witnessed another long conference under the old home roof, which I will not attempt to describe.

MORAL—Your friend today may be her own friend

tomorrow. A good, quiet, country home is hard to beat. A girl's best friend is her mother. Watch a friend who makes a loud profession. Better let a new doctor first practice on your dog, if he is a cure-all.

When my precious sons and I were in —— in a great meeting, a reliable gentleman authenticated this story, which had occurred the Friday night before. The train came in from the South, bringing, among other passengers, a neatly dressed woman, of about thirty-five years, who sat apart, and who seemed interested in a couple of country girls in their short dresses, and not a day over fourteen, beautiful and well grown. Doubtless they were from farm life and had never seen a city, or even ridden on the cars before. The gentleman who observed them had his suspicions aroused, and so watched. It was dark when the train came to a standstill in the beautiful new depot. Sure enough, the little woman took charge of the girls, put them into a closed hack, and ordered them driven to a certain number. Hearing the number confirmed his fears more fully. The woman then stepped up to a man whom she seemed to know quite well, and said, "I have been out foraging—way out in the country. Those girls cost me over \$150. I will give you your choice for a sum we will agree on: come over."

My friend lost no time in getting to the police lieutenant, and laid the case before him. This official put on a serious, knowing look and said: "O, we can't do anything; it is too late by this time."

"Too late! Not if it were my daughter, and I were

a thousand miles away, one hundred miles from the railroad, and it was raining grind-stones, mixed up with pitchforks. Too late! Not if they were my sisters, who had been promised big pay, good society, light work, then turned over like lambs to a cruel butcher.”

COUNTRY MORAL: Set the dogs on these hogs, who come into your quiet country home to find servants, employees, companions, from your children, whom you have reared as tenderly as a violet, and as pure as an angel.

CITY MORAL: More policemen will go to hell than any other class. I don't believe one in ten can be trusted too far with anything he wants or can find a market for. I had just as soon turn the average city over to a kicking donkey, a hooking bull, and a striking rattlesnake, as leave them where they are. I believe, I repeat, more city officials will go to hell than any other class. I say this, too, after a wide range of observation. I would say to all mothers, that the average policeman cares nothing for the morals of your boy, or the safety of your girl.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

SHE SAW HIM OFF.

There are sorrows enough woven into this world's history to embitter the heart of every inhabitant of every world—to turn frigid every zone; to frost every flower, and hang every door with crepe, and put a droop in the wing of every angel in the universe.

In Houston, Texas, a few years ago, the morning after a Texas court adjourned, the sheriff marched down to the depot with eighteen men handcuffed and chained. They were there to take the train for the penitentiary, to serve terms, ranging from one to ninety-nine years. Suddenly an old, neatly clad woman appeared in the doorway, having gotten off a passing train. She closely scanned the line of prisoners seated on the opposite side of the small room. A gleam of sad recognition flitted over her face, she approached a man, about thirty-seven years of age, with heavy beard and bowed head. She laid her hand on his shoulder and said, "Jimmie." He jumped, at the sound of that very familiar voice, and with an expression of surprise and sorrow, looked up, exclaiming, "Mother! O, mother! what on earth brought you here?" She said, "Why, Jimmie, I came to see you off. I didn't know how not to. When you were a little fellow, I used to put you outside our happy village door and see you off to your little innocent plays. When you were a little bigger, you wanted to go to the store where

your papa was. I went with you to the gate and watched you till your chubby feet disappeared through the doorway, and I knew you were safe with your father. When you started to school, I always saw you off, and watched you till you were there. When your uncle came to see us you were ten years old. He wanted you to spend a few days with them. I went to the depot and saw you off. When you were sixteen, and wanted to go to St. Louis to visit your aunt and see about some work, I went with you to the station to see you off. When you were going to marry and wrote me about it, I saved up a little money and went, you know. I wanted to see you off, into holy wedlock, and into the safe keeping of dear Mary. Poor thing, I reckon—" "Oh, mother—do—don't." "I won't Jimmie. But I'm your mother, you know; and when I heard you had got into trouble out here, I wrote you, but guess you didn't get it. I wrote the preacher, and he inquired 'round and told me what it was. He told me you were to be tried. I got the paper from a friend every day, and watched the trial. As soon as I found you were guilty and they were going to send you away, I thought maybe you and me would both feel better if I'd come and see you off. But I hear the train coming. Get up and kiss me, Jimmie. I love you just like I always did, but it seems I can't do much now, only kiss you and see you off."

Poor man! He rose, trying to hide the shackles on his hands, but in vain. The train was standing; the conductor had walked in and been riveted by what he heard and saw. The sheriff and every prisoner stood crying. One poor fellow bellowed out: "That makes me

think of my old mother I ran away from, and who has not heard from me in six years." Another one said, "I had rather serve out that man's twenty years and let him go back with his mother; I have done broken my mother's heart and she is gone."

This caused the dear woman to look around. She said to the sheriff, "Excuse me, I did not notice you were waiting." She then turned to the conductor and said, "Sir, this is Jimmie; he will go with you, at least part of the way; please be kind to him, as I can't go. I just came to see him off." She shook hands with each one, saying: "This is for your mother," kissed Jimmie again and stepped out of the way.

Sob, sob, sob—clank, clank, clank, they filed out and walked back and boarded the train. She took her stand on the platform and watched the moving train until she saw her boy no more, when she said, "Be a good boy"—this from habit, more than otherwise. She said to the agent, "I forgot to tell him, as I always do, to come to see me as soon as he can—guess it don't matter, as he is gone for twenty years. I'll not be here when he comes; but I'm glad it was so I could see him off. Maybe he feels better by it."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

DON'T LAUGH TOO QUICK.

So did Miss Read, when young Franklin landed in Philadelphia, and walked past her door, with a loaf of bread under either arm, gnawing at a third. He had just given away his last shilling to a poor woman and hungry children. Just after passing the light-hearted girl, he gave the loaves to a hungry child. He was poor in purse and prospect then, but Deborah Read was glad to call the intrepid lightning-tamer her husband a few years later.

Don't laugh too soon.

So did Queen Victoria's Prime Minister, just after her ascension to the throne, while yet a girl, but with a Christian woman's convictions about the Sabbath. He reached Windsor Saturday evening, and wrote her a note that he must see her early Sunday morning on important state business. She simply invited him by return note to meet her at church next day, and lunch with her afterward. She then wrote her pastor a note to preach a strong sermon on Sabbath observance, which he did. She asked his opinion at lunch of the sermon. He said but little of it. She then asked him to dine with her, which he did, but did not mention business. On retiring, she said, "I can see you as early as you say in the morning—say five o'clock."

"O, no," said the astonished statesman, "I won't call

you so early; it is not that important. Nine o'clock will do."

Such fidelity made the queen, made England, and causes her name to be poured forth as perfume, after her slack-twisted visitor is forgotten.

Don't laugh too soon.

So did a couple of young ladies in Jackson, Tenn., who thought it awfully funny that they had persuaded their brother to dance, then asked his name taken from the church roll. Three weeks before my arrival to hold a meeting, he lay dying. When told of his hopeless state, he became alarmed, told them he would not die, urged that they send for the preacher, begged them to wrap him in warm blankets, put hot bricks to his feet, and fight back that chill of death until he could regain his lost faith. When he turned on his weeping sisters and charged them with his destruction, the laugh was gone, and gone forever. The boy died, and the girls shrouded their hearts in the habiliments of eternal winter.

Don't laugh too soon.

So did a mother in ——, when I interested myself for her bright boy, whom she thought too young at sixteen, to concern herself about. He shunned me and the meeting, made a very bad boy, broke her heart, and committed suicide in early manhood.

Dare be serious—earnest. A preacher in Arkansas told me this year of how he held cottage prayer-meetings during a revival in his town—how he tried to reach a certain young man through his mother. He appointed a prayer-meeting for her home. The boy was present. He called on the mother to pray. She was low, weak,

vague, apologetic. All felt it. The boy, of course, was not saved. A few weeks later, while out hunting, he received a blow which rendered him unconscious, in which state he was taken home. It was in order to send for the preacher. He said as he approached he heard that mother praying very loud, and with the deepest of emotion, for her delirious and dying, but unsaved boy. He could but say to himself, Had you prayed thus and felt thus six weeks ago, that precious boy would have been saved.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

STARVED HIM IN.

You have heard of starving out. My heroine starved him *in*. It was on this wise: I was in a sweeping work of grace in Ocala, Fla. As usual, I preached against whiskey and its evils. On one occasion, I asked, "What have you women put against the nefarious traffic?" On returning to our home with Sister ——, she said to wife and myself, "I want to tell you what I put against it. Not many months ago, I spent some time in my Kentucky home. On returning we passed out from dinner, at our own hotel, to go down to our home. In passing a beautiful building which my husband was erecting when I went away, I thought I noticed whiskey. I said, 'Mr. A——, have you sold your house?' 'No.' 'Why, have you rented it?' 'Yes.' 'Why, did I not see whiskey in there?' He began, man like, to make excuse, saying, "if I don't sell it, some one will, etc." She said, "I felt my face burn with resentment. I said, 'Mr. A—, I have eight dollars a month in my own name. This will support me. You can take your meals at the hotel, or I will have you well served at our table, but I promise you now that you will not put one thread around my body woven from the heart-shreds of my neighbor women, or one crumb down my throat, made up in the tears of fatherless children. No, sir, I will be your wife or servant, but your partner in liquor never'."

This took the war into Africa. That night, at the supper table, he ate from a rich waiter; she sat at the other end and ate soda crackers and drank water, and kept sweet. Twenty-four hours went by—two days, three days, four days. He argued and explained; she kept sweet on crackers. Five days, six days, supper came. He looked at her face, as full of victory as Wellington's after Waterloo. He looked at what she was keeping *up* on, and at what he was going *down* on. He said, "Hattie, if you will come around here and kiss me, and sit down here and help me eat this nice supper, I'll get out of that thing if I have to burn it down."

She said, "Bro. Culpepper, you ought to have seen me getting around there, though. I don't think anybody ever got more kissing to the square inch than I gave that fellow, and I ate so much supper I had the colic all night." *But he got out.* And this is the way she starved him in.

This reminds me of the irate husband, who said, "Wife, you seem to forget that I am the *head* of things." "Yes, husband, and you seem to forget that I am the *neck* of things, and the neck always turns the head."

I hope you women will neck 'em round and starve them in, till every husband in this land will rise up and vote whiskey *out*.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

HE'S GOT IT.

I read an amusing story of an over-indulgent mother, who was traveling with her over-petted, much-spoilt little boy. The nurse occupied the seat in front of the mother, who tried to compose herself for a nap, while the child kept yelling at the nurse, to the discomfiture of the over-taxed passengers. The mother placed the blame on the patient, attentive nurse. "Let him have whatever he wants," cried the mother—"don't care what it is." It was the basket of fruit that was passing. The mother settled down again, saying, "Now, give him what he wants and keep him quiet, so I can rest." "Yes'um," said the nurse. Just then a well-loaded wasp flew in at the door and alighted on the window-glass. The child reached for it. With a quick movement, the girl drew him out of reach, saying, "Musn't have it, baby; sweet baby." He yelled, looking over at his mother. She shrieked out, "Let him have whatever it is." "Ma'am, it's ——" "I don't care what it is—give it to him." Just then he made a lunge and caught the wasp in his tender hand and shut down on it. He cried out so much more terrifically, that the woman opened her eyes and said, "I tell you to give that child whatever he wants." "He's got it, ma'am," quickly stated the girl." "Well, why don't he hush, then?" "Guess it ain't what he thought it was, ma'am." "Well, what is it?" "The wasp, ma'am."

Though the child was in agony, and the mother greatly and justly exercised, the passengers all laughed and showed their sympathies with the nurse, rather than the mother or boy. We meet many mothers who are bent on letting their children have what they want. They usually get it, but the sting with it.



CHAPTER XL.

HEALED BY HIS STRIPES.

We should not put a premium on sin, or make it a little thing by making pardon to cost too little. It will always have cost Christ everything; it always costs the transgressor deep sorrow, somewhere.

In Maryland, eight miles from the city of —, in the back yard of a farm home, is a grave, which has a story of deep import. The farm was inherited by an only son, who came suddenly into its possession, after the death of the father and mother, within a few days of each other. He soon brought home a simple, sweet bride. They were happy, as they tended the land, cared for the cattle, and pruned the vines and fruit trees. They were happiest when God gave them a beautiful, healthy little girl, who grew up in that attractive innocence, found only in the country, and only where the child has no associate, except mother and father. So it was with Jeane. None purer, none ever made home heavenlier, till one day a designing young man visited their home. I will not tell you of the ways by which he led the girl to trust him, of how home lost its charm for her, of how she became unhappy, until she left the house one dark night and was met and taken, she thought, to the marriage altar and a beautiful home. When it was too late, her eyes were opened. Down grade, with such a girl, is sudden and short. The shock was so great, the conscous-

ness of ruin so overwhelming, that she did not even try to break her fall, but plunged into the wildest and most unwomanly excesses.

Four years wore by. They seemed like centuries out on the old farm. They rolled like unending nightmares before Jeane. One cold January evening, the poor, consumptive girl, looking full thirty-five, instead of twenty, pulled into the doctor's office and asked for medical assistance. A glance was all he cared to give—in fact, it was enough. He said, "Nothing can help you; you can't get well; you are dying now."

She walked out, looked up the street, which led out towards "home." She said, "If I must die, I'll look at the house once more, and die with it and its precious memories in view." She drew a thin shawl closer about her shivering frame, and as the sun was setting in a bank of black clouds, she walked out of the city which had been a very hell to her. Four miles out, she came in sight of the little church she was christened in, and where she went with father and mother to Sunday-school. A light told her that it was prayer-meeting night. She crept near, peeped in and saw the same man reading God's word, who was pastor when she ran away from home. How strange it all seemed. She heard these words: "By His stripes we are healed." They seemed to her strangely beautiful. She needed healing in her body, in her mind, in her character, in her life, in her spirit, in her reputation. She turned, and giving vent to the hacking cough, suppressed while by this window, she walked on towards "home." O, how conscious now, of her need of healing! She at last came to the

branch in which she had often played, while mother sat under yonder tree and sewed or read. She passed the apple orchard, leaned against the stone wall—even picked out her tree, which she first set out, then later, ate from. She walked up to the front gate, leaned on it and remembered that she had swung on it in the days of innocent glee, and that it had swung to and fro upon all the happy hours she had ever seen. She remembered the night she opened it to meet her doom.

How familiar the trees! “Yonder is my swing. It seems as if I might go and see my tracks made the last day I spent in this yard. I wonder if any one has used it? How still everything is! I have never inquired or heard from here since that awful night. I must know if they are dead, if I can tell without arousing them.”

She lifted the latch and, with her frame shivering, she slowly approached the doorway. She was startled at a dog, which ran from the shadow on the piazza, and rushed right up to her, rearing upon her. “Get down, Watch.” He knew her. They were playmates. He had helped the old folks hunt her; he had deeply mourned her loss, often howling much of the night away, adding to the excruciating grief of the parents. She caressed the dog, and said, “Watch, I wish I was you, only I love you too well to sink you to my level, if I could. No doubt you have guarded my forsaken home faithfully.” She stepped out of the cold moonlight up to the door; placing her hand on the knob, without aiming to, she turned it, and to her surprise, it opened, revealing a large bed of live coals in the old fireplace, such as she had seen so many times. Gently closing the door, she

crept near the fire and crouched down. As the numbness left her, her old home feeling began to ooze in. There lay her old father, in four feet of her, with mother behind. Then, in the corner, on the other side, is her own bed, looking just as she made it up. Then, under it, she sees a pair of her slippers, just where she left them. All of this was too much for her. She felt that her heart would break if she did not know if there was a place in her parents' heart, as she now felt she had in Jesus' heart, since she appropriated His healing stripes. Old Watch began to claw at the door and whine. It awoke the precious woman on the back of the bed, who rose up, and in the dim light, met a sad, inquiring face, upturned towards hers. "Mother!" It was enough. She sprang over her husband and caught the girl in her arms. The father awoke, saying, "What is it? What is it?" "O, it's Jeane—Jeane!"

There was no more sleep that night. The prodigal girl was back—how could they sleep. They told how they had hunted for her—she told how she yearned for home in less than a week, but how shame kept her from returning. The mother gave her medicine, even made her a cup of "home coffee" but, ere day broke, they had to tell their penitent daughter goodbye. She asked to die lying on the floor, where she had so often fallen when an innocent child. She wanted no softer pillow than father's forgiving lap. Just before the break of day she said, "Father, by His stripes I am healed." They rejoiced together. She then said, "Father, I saw my swing around the corner of the house. It looked like it did—" "No one has touched it daughter, except Watch, who

lies there much of the time, and often smells of it, and rubs against it, thinking, we are sure, of you."

Just then the dog came back to the door and tried to get in. "Let him in, mother." He came quickly and licked the dying girl's hand, lay down and rested his head on her. She, with effort returned the caress. Jeane said, "Father, I want to ask one favor of you, unworthy as I am."

"We will do anything on earth, daughter. You have made us so happy by coming home, and you have just told us that this night you have come home to your precious Savior. What do you want?" "Father, I want you to bury me out there under that tree, where my swing hangs, and where I spent so many happy hours, and heard you read so often from its shade of Jesus and His love."

The old swing blows to and fro over two graves. At the head of one is a neat tablet on which is inscribed, "By His stripes we are healed." By the other is a plain board with these words: "Our Jeane's dog."

CHAPTER XLI.

BLOCKED BY PRAYER.

Last autumn, while aiding Bro. Tom Christian, in Waycross, Ga., in a gracious meeting, I was walking down the aisle to open the morning service, when I found my way completely hedged up. Sister Mollie Buchanan, of whom I have already spoken, had kneeled at the head of the pew, before entering. Sister Georgia Lott, of whom I now wish to speak, knelt by the pew on the other side, cutting off all progress. I stood for some time, gladly waiting on their visit to God and the angels. Arising about the same time, they turned to apologize. I checked them and told them it was a positive luxury to have my way blocked up by the fervent, effectual prayer of the righteous.

Walter Lott, the "sanctified saw-mill man," proved over again, that a man could run free labor, or any labor, and dispense with drinking and swearing. For years, he opened his mill in the morning with prayer, and closed it with the doxology or benediction.

His wife, Sister Georgia, had not heard more than one or two sermons when she was ten years of age. But her mother was a praying woman, and the day of her mother's marriage, her godly grandfather was seen and heard in the woods talking to God.

Sister Georgia joined the Methodist church when she was sixteen, being converted soon after, mainly through

the prayers of that great and good old man of God, who flew from Waycross to glory, not long since—Uncle Thomas.

Her conversion was of the unmistakable sort. Everybody saw it. It so affected the life of her sister, that she sought and obtained the deeper knowledge of God.

She tells me that she lived the ordinary Christian life for about twelve years, when “there came a holiness meeting to Waycross.” Her hunger to know more of God drove her to the altar every day for a week. Bros. Geo. Mathews, B. Carradine and W. A. Dodge did most of the preaching. Where could be found three more veritable Johns or Fitchers?

Sister Lott says that in that never-to-be-forgotten consecration, her husband and home came last. We shall see the reason. I have heard her shout over the grace that enabled her to make the consecration which brought the deep and abiding peace. She said *yes* to God with an *emphasis* unknown to many.

Dear Bro. Walter lay ill for many months before Jesus got his other house ready. Sister Georgia says, “I waited on my sick husband with the joy of God in my heart, to a depth I cannot express.

After Jesus sent for him, a sister one day said, I sympathize with you in your trouble. She answered, “It is not *trouble*, but through *sorrow*, I’m pressing on the upward way.”

During a more recent meeting in Waycross, she says, “The Lord gave me this, ‘He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come

again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.' ”

My precious sister has certainly gone forth. Although only forty-one years of age, her name is a household word with many.

Look her up when you pass through that beautiful little city of southern Georgia. She is well acquainted with all the nigh-cuts to the throne of grace. Long may she live, and may hundreds rise up to live as she does.



CHAPTER XLII.

A WORD TO MOTHER'S BOY.

Boys! Precious boys!

I love you, for your mother's sake. You have already cost her more than you can ever repay. What I want you to do and be is couched in a little incident.

I was reared near the famous, or infamous, "Andersonville Stockade," where soldiers were imprisoned, and died by the hundreds daily. There were two brothers there from the distant North, the younger of whom was almost in the last stages of a fearful epidemic, which had already claimed thousands.

By taking the oath of allegiance, or the noncombatant oath, he could go home. He sat looking at the gateway, when a short ceremony and signature would set him free and send him home. The home feeling overcame. He arose, walked slowly by the elder brother's tent, and was approaching the gate of exit, when his brother, divining his purpose, stepped to the door, and when the sick soldier looked back, he waved the old flag. The magical effect was visible. Turning slowly around—around from home; around from hope, around from life, around to death and an unmarked grave, in an enemy's land, he slowly retraced his steps, saying as he passed, "Brother, tell our mother that I died true to the old flag."

Boys, I call your look to another, and a more pro-

ious banner. I want you to look again at the old home flag. Think who fought under it for you. Maybe she fell fighting for you, and her last cry was, who will lift again the home standard? I want you to think again of the lessons inculcated under its folds, of the doctrines and examples it stands for—of how much you owe to it, and then I want you to get ready to take her by the hand in heaven and say, “Mother, I was true to the old flag.”

CHAPTER XLIII.

ESTHER.

About twenty-seven years ago, an angel I had never seen before stopped at our house and left a little budget of sunshine. We named her Esther. She at once ran the figure "2" through my time, and everything else, even changing the form of my prayer from "Lord, bless my precious wife," to "Lord, help me to manage this cute little denizen of two worlds."

In this notice, it might be out of *taste* to say much. I would consider it out of *place* to say nothing. She is our firstborn, and we have watched her longest and think her worthy. She was converted at the age of eight, under my preaching. She went home and broke the news to her mother. Her life showed the change. In Talbotton, Ga., at the age of ten, she clearly and distinctly professed sanctification, calling it, in private and public, during the day—*Sanctification, second blessing, clean heart*, showing a degree of intelligence on the subject, which impressed us. We moved to Macon, Ga., and put her in the preparatory school. She afterwards went through Wesleyan Female College, took a good stand, and did not backslide.

After she was through school, while prepared to occupy a position as a teacher at paying figures, she declined, but did take a mission school, at the request of the ladies of Vineville, asking only enough to defray ex-

penses. When off with me in evangelistic work, I never knew her to accept the company of a young gentleman, though she was sought after, and I (appeared) favorable. The reply uniformly was: "No, papa, I am here to help win souls, and a thing like this would hinder me. She has never worn a ring, or asked to go to a card party, theater or dance. She was the seamstress of our home from the age of fifteen. She made all or nearly all of her graduating, and much of her marriage outfit. She always told me her secrets, and when she met the man she admired, she candidly broke the news to me, and asked me to fish up his pedigree. Until recently, she has lived under our roof, since marriage. Two children have been born unto her. She, too, lost all her goods in our college fire. She has had her share of affliction. But as daughter, sister, teacher, soul-winner, wife, mother, we have never had cause to doubt that she was both regenerated and sanctified.

Then, kind reader, you will excuse "Mamma" and "Papa" if we choose to dedicate this little volume to Mrs. Esther Shannon—the girl who has never wrung from us a tear, or received from us a sharp word.

CHAPTER XLIV.

WIFE.

“She is a woman; one in whom
The springtime of her childish years
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,
Though knowing well that life hath room
For many blights and many tears.
“She doth little kindnesses,
Which most leave undone or despise;
For naught that sets one heart at ease,
Or giveth happiness or peace
Is low esteemed in her eyes.”

* * * * *

“A man can build a mansion,
And furnish it throughout;
A man can build a palace,
With lofty walls and stout;
A man can build a palace,
With high and spacious dome;
But no man in the world can build
That precious thing called home.”

MELLIE.

That's the name of the woman I call wife. She came to me as a Christmas present in 1873, when she was in innocent, guileless sixteen. From then till now she has

been a lovely dream, a choice flower, a perfect song, the departure of my sorrows, an Italian sky, an Aeolian harp, a sleepless sentry, an angel of God, the mother of my children—Mellie. In her eyes I have been worth the while of grace, God, Heaven. Through her my children have come to the beauty of paternal reverence and obedience. The fact that she always sees something good in me has beguiled me into hoping that God and the angels will. In twenty-nine years I have not heard her say a word I'd blush to see in print, or hate to hear in the parlor. When our children were smaller, I said to one of them one day, "Who is the best woman you know?" The older boy said, "Sister Dewy, my Sunday-school teacher." I asked the other boy. "Sister Heath, my Sunday-school teacher." I asked Blanche. "Why, Mamma," said the little tot. Burke exclaimed: "Why, of course, Mamma is; she is the best woman in the world. Everybody knows that. But papa ain't talking about her; he's speaking about common women, ain't you, papa?" I slipped away and sought the seclusion of my closet and said, "O, my good Father, if Thou wilt help me to live that way—so that my children will rule me out of the count, just as a horse is ruled off the turf who has repeatedly distanced everything in the land—I'll here and now agree to be a boot-black in Heaven, and never be caught out the front way at all. Only let me stand equal to this woman in the eyes of these children."

It is she who has given me great views of wifehood, motherhood, womanhood. After becoming well acquainted with her, I found it easy to believe that God and a good woman could redeem a world.

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