

Grace Much More  
Abounding

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S. N. Fitch

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# Grace Much More Abounding

A Story of the Triumphs of Redeeming Grace  
During Two Score Years in the  
Master's Service

JH 5354

By

Reverend S. N. Fitkin

"But where sin abounded, Grace did much more abound."

Romans 5:20

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This little volume is affectionately dedicated  
to the friend of my youth, and companion in the  
Master's Vineyard

Rev. M. Emily Ellyson,  
whose beautiful life of faith and devotion to Jesus  
has been a constant source of inspiration to me, as  
well as to thousands of others, down through the  
years.



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## INTRODUCTION

The purpose of this little book is to call the reader's attention to the possibility of having abounding grace in all emergencies of life. By narrating some of the experiences, not uncommon to most Christians, through which the author has passed, and in which "abounding grace" has always triumphed, she would inspire others to a fuller trust in Him who "giveth more grace" for the more difficult problems of life. There is "abounding grace" for every step of the onward way. It fits into the busy hours of life. It is the panacea for sickness, for sorrow, and it defies the rider of the pale horse. Poverty cannot vex, nor can prosperity hinder, where grace abounds. In the hour of home-sickness, it enables one to endure "as seeing Him who is invisible." The splendor of a palace is beautified by "abounding grace," and the humble home of a poor man's cottage is restful and sweet where grace abounds within its walls. The spirit is enlarged by it, the church is glorified by it, and Heaven is enriched because of "abounding grace." Thus the author would magnify the "grace of our Lord Jesus Christ" by witnessing to its sufficiency in every need.

M. EMILY ELLYSON.



# Grace Much More Abounding

## CHAPTER I

### GRACE REACHED ME

Back to the yesterdays of my life I often retreat, visualizing again the loving parents, and jolly brothers and sisters in the happy home of my youth. I was a pleasure-loving, joyous girl of seventeen, without a care in the world, when suddenly, without warning, a shadow darkened my young life. My health seemed to be unaccountably slipping away, and even my interest in the pleasant world about me waned. Doctors were consulted, but to the anxious inquiries of my mother they returned no reassurance of my recovery, whispering instead the dreaded word "cancer." In fact, they agreed that a year or two, at most, was all I could expect to live. My appearance, too, confirmed their diagnoses, as I had grown steadily thinner and weaker, until I weighed less than one hundred pounds.

Just as everything in my life, from the human standpoint, looked blackest, a new interest was



suddenly awakened. A traveling Quaker preacher held some cottage meetings in our town. I attended and began to realize that even though I was a consistent church member, I was not a Bible Christian. I did not know then, but I learned later, that a dear lady minister of the Friends Society (or Quakers) had been definitely praying for my salvation for nearly six months. I went to the altar seeking God, but was ignorant of the way of faith and did not get through to victory, but continued to pray and search the Scriptures for light and blessing.

I began now with new interest to attend the Quaker meetings in the old Meeting House, which was up on a hill almost directly across the highway from my home. My grandparents had been consistent members here all their lives. Many aged saints still gathered there and gave wonderful testimonies about knowing their sins were all forgiven and their names written in the Lamb's Book of Life. The Grace of conviction deepened in my heart. I found only warnings as I read my Bible. I became very miserable and knew I was a lost soul and on my way to hell. Finally I found some comfort in the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, and began to realize a little of God's gracious provision



for lost souls in the tragedy of the cross, portrayed by the prophet, and the goodness of God led me to repentance. I was not only sorry for the past, but gladly forsook all worldliness and sin, and continued earnestly to seek God. I had not yet learned the way of faith, but one day, when turning the pages of my Bible and praying for a message, these words seemed to stand out in raised letters: "I have blotted out thy sins as a thick cloud, and will remember them no more forever." I wondered if it could really mean me, or how I could make it mine, when suddenly another verse in the New Testament seemed to be emphasized in the same manner. As I read "He that *believeth* on the Son *hath* eternal life," I said: "Oh, if I just believe, I shall have it," and as my faith looked up to God and I trusted His word, the burden rolled away and heavenly light flooded my soul.

I was a new creature; everything seemed new,—the sun, the trees, the green fields, the birds,—all seemed new. Old things had passed away. My heart was filled with joy and gladness. God in His great love and mercy had given me a sky-blue conversion, which the devil was never able to make me doubt. What a marvellous Grace that brings



us into the family of God, and gives us victory over the world, the flesh and the devil!

Of course, all was not blessing and clear sailing for the young convert. Relatives and friends were displeased because I now attended services in the Union Chapel in the village instead of the aristocratic English Church. But the weekly prayer-meeting was my delight; there I prayed, testified, exhorted, and got encouragement and strength for my daily trials. Many times I had to hitch up my own horse and drive to the village to prayermeeting, and come back again alone on the dark country road. God gave needed strength, however, and I discovered that "grace did much more abound."

Later in the summer of this same year I was stricken with typhoid fever, and went down almost to the pearly gates, but God was with me, and gave me such a sweet experience the very night the watchers thought I was dying. I had a vision of what I thought was the dark valley of death, but at the end was a gate, a beautiful heavenly light streaming through, and lighting up the entire valley. Oh, I was so happy! I said, "It is not dark at all; death is only a shadow." Then the Lord whispered to me, and asked if I wanted to go in. I replied, "Whatever is Thy will; I



would not turn my hand over to decide!" Soon I fell asleep, and awoke in the morning greatly refreshed, and told them I was going to get well.

That memorable night one of my brothers had gone three miles to get the doctor to come to see me, but he refused, saying he could do nothing more, and it was no use to come. The next day he came around to see if I was still alive, and was surprised at the marked change for the better. I told him about going down to the gate and that the Lord had let me come back, but he did not believe even then that I could get well. Later he said I had dropsy and then tuberculosis, but I continued to improve and was soon up and about again, praising the Lord for daily Grace to meet every need!

## CHAPTER II

### CALLED TO SERVICE

In the late fall I was strong enough to take a trip to visit my oldest brother who lived forty miles away, and I stayed several weeks. It was while there that, one night in December, God came and spoke very definitely to me about my life work.

I had been reading and thinking a great deal about the second coming of Christ, and this particular night I dreamed about it. It seemed as if I was in a little chapel with many of my friends and relatives, when Jesus suddenly appeared. I heard the trumpet sound and the sky was lighted with a radiant glory. I ran to the door in ecstasy to meet Him, when I was startled with loud wailing cries, and looking back, saw most of the people on their faces, crying out in fear and anguish. I awoke trembling and greatly moved, and was wondering what it all meant, when I became conscious of the Divine Presence. It was like a person standing beside my bed, and in an audible voice



saying solemnly: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature!"

I was astonished, for I was still an invalid, with no hope of living more than two or three years, but the memory of my dream, and all those people begging for mercy when it was *too late*, had so stirred my heart that I at once replied, "Oh, Lord, I will go, but you know how frail I am; you will have to take all the responsibility." He assured me that He would, and a great peace filled my soul.

This was such a clear, definite call that I never doubted it, and as the months went by I often wondered when and how God would open the door, and where my work was to be. I thought it must be to a foreign field, and made application to the Headquarters of the China Inland Mission in Toronto. That great work was just opening up and the first missionaries from Canada had been sent out. My acceptance was postponed, however, because I could not furnish a suitable medical certificate.

In the meantime I was holding meetings with the young people, and God was blessing. About this time I met a young theological student who was pastor of a small country church. He declared



himself a searcher after truth, and I was forced to believe it, as I often saw him on his round of pastoral calls, his old horse "Bobby" plodding along faithfully, carrying his master with his great stack of ponderous books piled up beside him on the seat of the buggy. His people said he gave wonderful lectures each Sabbath evening on "The Good Use of Bad Animals," and "The Difference Between Joy and Happiness" and other kindred subjects, but he seemed really distressed because nobody seemed to get blessed when, on Sunday morning, he attempted to give them a message from the Bible. He could not seem to understand how it was that the young people were getting blessed through the simple messages I was giving them.

I gladly witnessed to Saving Grace, and tried to explain that it was not the human but the Divine in us that really brought blessing to souls. But this simple truth seemed harder for him to understand than the profound books with which he surrounded himself, and I realized anew the meaning of the grand old hymn, "Oh, to Grace, how great a debtor, daily I'm constrained to be."

After my return home, Mother would often take me to hold meetings with young people in



different churches. She called me her little missionary. In many places Christian Endeavor Societies had just been organized, and the young people were beginning to feel a new responsibility in the Master's service. On one occasion we were returning home late at night through a very dark wood, when suddenly the pony shied and then plunged forward with all possible speed. We just sat tight and let her run, for Mother said no doubt she had detected a bear close at hand, and we were not sorry when we finally emerged from the dense wood and saw the light of home in the distance. It was another instance of God's Grace, protecting us from dangers, seen and unseen.

But sometimes even in the midst of this service my heart would grow restless and I kept wondering about my call. Finally I became so concerned because I could not go to the foreign field, that one day while reading the Word, I asked God to please give me something very definite concerning it. Suddenly my eyes were riveted on these words, which I did not know were in the Book—"I have not called thee to a people of a strange tongue and of a hard language." What a thunderbolt out of a blue sky! How my air castles fell, but through His Grace I looked up amid my tears, and said, "It



is all right, Lord, I only want thy will; I will be patient and trust thee to reveal it," and so I found peace.

A few weeks later some English evangelists came to our village, and Mother gave me permission to invite them to the home. They were deeply spiritual and we had a precious time together. They gave me a list of Bible references on consecration, which I not only studied but endeavored to put into practice. I wrote these words on the fly leaf of my Bible, and they helped and steadied me many times through the coming years:

*"My Consecration*

"I am willing—

"To take what Thou givest;

"To lack what Thou withholdest;

"To relinquish what Thou takest;

"To go where Thou commandest;

"To be what Thou requirest;

"I am, O Lord, wholly and forever Thine."

And the dear Lord whispered very sweetly from His precious word, "I will betroth thee unto me for ever; yea, I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in lovingkindness,



and in mercies. I will even betroth thee unto me in faithfulness: and thou shalt know the Lord."

They also told me about being made holy. We prayed together and I claimed the blessing by faith, but did not at this time receive a definite and satisfactory experience, although I saw it was in the Bible, and later preached it as definitely as I could.

I was also much blessed in reading Frances Ridley Havergal's "Kept for the Master's Use," and other books of a similar nature, but there was still a hunger in my heart, and I often prayed that little prayer—

"Lord Jesus, make Thyself to me,  
A living, bright reality;  
More dear, more infinitely nigh,  
Than e'en the dearest earthly tie;  
More vivid to faith's vision keen,  
Than any outward object seen."

The dear Lord answered prayer, and kept me constantly growing in Grace and in His knowledge.



## CHAPTER III

### DIVINE GUIDANCE

In the summer of 1892, the first World Convention of the Christian Endeavor Society was held in New York City, and when our Society received word that we might send a delegate, I was appointed, but reluctantly declined, feeling that it would be impossible for me to attend on account of my health. But they refused to release me, saying no one else could go, and perhaps the Lord would make it possible for me. I thought no more about it for several days; then, about a week before the time to go, the Lord very definitely spoke to me, telling me it was His will, and assuring me that while there He would reveal His plan for my life work. How I rejoiced; my feet seemed to have wings as I sped about making the necessary preparations. I told my Mother about it, and while she reminded me that my strength seemed insufficient, yet, if it was the Lord's will, she was sure it would be all right to go. I had planned to go in company with some delegates from Montreal, but through a



misunderstanding in time of trains, I missed them, so made the journey alone.

I had never been so far from my home, my longest trip before being to Montreal as a delegate to a Sunday school convention, but the Lord was with me, and my heart was full of joy. Because of His assurance about my future, the journey did not seem long, and I was no more tired than I would have been at home. Truly, "the joy of the Lord" was my "strength."

The convention was wonderful; such an immense congregation, nearly filling the great Madison Square Garden, and such splendid, enthusiastic young people, several hundred in delegations from some states, and large numbers from all over the world. I enjoyed the delightful services, but was always wondering how and when I was to get the message God had promised. The days slipped by and the convention was drawing to a close, with still no message, but I kept expecting and the Lord did not disappoint me. On Friday afternoon the program called for denominational rallies, and as I was not a member of any church at that time, I was wondering what I should do, when Rev. Seneca Stevens, an elderly Quaker minister, and a cousin of my Mother, came and invited me to go



with him to the rally at the Friends Church. I went, and presently found myself in a wonderful missionary meeting. The songs were inspiring, the prayers unctuous; truly the Spirit of the Lord seemed to pervade the place. When the speaker was announced, I saw a small, saintly looking man rise from among many who were sitting upon the "high seat," and as he began to speak my heart was strangely stirred. As he proceeded I almost held my breath at times, for I had never heard such a wonderful message before in all my life. As he finished, the Lord whispered, "This is the man I sent you to New York to see; he will open the door that will lead to the work I have called you to do."

How thankful I was, for an interview revealed the fact that this man was Rev. J. W. Malone, from Cleveland, Ohio, and that he and his wife were just opening a Missionary and Bible Training Institute the coming fall, for young people who were called to the Lord's work. I was thoroughly convinced that was where God wanted me to go, and I returned home with a heart overflowing with joy and thankfulness.

When my plans became known, my Mother did not oppose, but felt it was a long distance from



home for one so frail. My brothers and sisters thought it a foolhardy venture, and, while I was visiting one brother in the country, to prove their point, they called in a physician, to whom I was a stranger, asking him for a statement concerning my health, telling him I was planning to go away to school and that they did not think I was able. After an examination, he solemnly shook his head, saying, "No, she must not think of doing anything like that, but if she keeps quiet and takes proper care of herself, she may live a year or two."

From a medical standpoint he may have been right, but he did not know my God, who could do "exceeding abundantly above all we ask or think." I had the assurance that I was in His will, and so all was well.

I had still one more test of faith before leaving. When Mr. Malone returned home, he was so occupied with plans in opening the Institute that he neglected to send me the catalogue and directions about coming, as he had promised. The time for the opening passed and no message, but I kept my faith in God and waited, and presently the message came. I was soon on the way, arriving just a little late, but, oh, so happy.



## CHAPTER IV

### MISSIONARY BIBLE INSTITUTE

The Institute was all I had anticipated, and more. There was the "Quiet Hour" every morning, from 8 to 9, when we learned to worship and to be still, and listen for His voice, truly waiting upon Him and having our strength renewed, as well as making our requests known to Him. The memory of the blessings there received has proved a great stimulus to faith again and again along life's pathway. Then there were the wonderful lessons our dear teachers, Mr. and Mrs. Malone, brought us daily from the Word. These were always an inspiration. The Bible took on new beauty as these precious consecrated ones explained to us its deeper meanings. No Institute was ever blessed with more devoted spiritual teachers; their self-sacrificing lives and heavenly teaching have been bearing a rich harvest down the years in hundreds of young lives who have gone forth in service for the Master. Dr. and Mrs. Ellyson, Rev. E. J. Lord, and many others well-



known in the Church of the Nazarene are among this number.

I had been there about a week when I was given a text to prepare for class from a little question found in the 5th chapter of John, the 6th verse—"Wilt thou be made whole?" I prayed and studied and prepared an outline, never once thinking about the message being especially for me, when lo, as I knelt to pray, just before going to class, the Lord whispered to my heart the words of the little text, "Wilt thou be made whole?" and I knew He meant it to be a personal message. I quickly replied, "Yes, Lord," while joy and blessing flooded my soul.

I was busy the rest of the day and never even thought of the incident until after I had retired for the night. Then suddenly I realized that I was lying on my side, and it did not hurt. (I had not been able to lie on either side to sleep for a couple of years.) "Oh," I shouted, "the cancer is gone! I am healed!" and it was indeed true,—another marvel of Grace, how wonderful! From this time I gained strength rapidly, and was able all through the year to carry my school work and assist the students in Gospel services.



One of the plans of the Institute was to alternate study with practical mission work. A building in the downtown section was secured, fitted up, and named "The Whosoever Will Mission." Here evangelistic services were held every night, the students taking turns in leading the meetings. Many were saved, who would never think of going into a church, for it was a real mission field.

Many and varied were the experiences of the students in their first attempts at soul winning. Sometimes drunken men and women staggered in, and some prayed through to victory. Sometimes there were amusing incidents too. I must tell you about a band of boys ranging from twelve to sixteen years of age, bootblacks from the street, who were a real problem for many months. One night, when a student who had been rather severe with them, was to lead the meeting, they all came trooping in, about a dozen of them, and settled themselves around the old stove for comfort. They looked innocent enough and joined heartily in the singing, but when the young man began to give the message, they all arose and started down the aisle toward the door in single file and when about half way, each took from under his coat a long tin horn, and they blew a mighty blast as they made their



exit! This student had threatened to have them put out for disturbing a previous meeting, and they were just playing a little joke on him.

These same boys attended the Mission Sunday School, which was held every Sunday afternoon, and I made their acquaintance soon after my arrival at the Institute. I had been told before going down to the Sunday School how these boys seemed to be planning to break up the school. But we learned that they were just mischievous. Different young men had been assigned to teach them, and, meeting with little success, had resigned. Finally the Superintendent had declared that he feared they must turn them back again into the street.

I shall never forget my first glimpse of them as they marched in on that memorable Sabbath afternoon. A tall Jewish boy, about sixteen, was evidently the leader, and all were faithful followers. They took their seats, and as no teacher appeared, they stared about and, noting some new students, began to point them out, seeming much interested. The Superintendent went over and told them that as they behaved so badly, their teacher had resigned, and he feared they could not remain longer. They all were excited, and declared they would be good if they could have another teacher. They



asked permission to choose one, and, rising to their feet, they began pointing to the new arrivals, who were mostly girls, and finally agreed on a choice, shouting, "We want that one with the black, curly fur coat," which happened to be the writer. The Superintendent was dubious and feared the result; since if husky young men could not handle them, what chance would there be for the little slip of a girl they had chosen? But they insisted and promised to be good (they were expecting more fun), and I was apprised of their choice.

At first I refused, but the Superintendent said it was their last chance and that if I did not take them he must turn them out. I could not bear that, for was not our Mission for just such needy ones? So I consented. Space will not permit me to record the battles that followed, but God very graciously helped and gave me the victory.

That first Sunday they tried spitting tobacco juice just as near to my feet as possible without hitting them, but apparently I did not notice it. I remember I talked incessantly, not daring to ask a question, for I knew there would be strange answers. They were bright boys and really heard what I said, as I learned later, but the first few Sundays were very trying and I was exhausted at



the close of each lesson. However, we soon became acquainted. I never scolded or threatened them, but my grief was apparent when they were not good, and I often stopped and prayed silently. Soon one after another became ashamed and began to take a greater interest in the lesson. A change was now apparent; hands and faces were cleaner, and hair combed, and when I kindly requested them not to chew tobacco while in class, they desisted. I learned that the leader was fond of poetry, and brought him some choice selections from time to time, and so won his favor.

I now called them my friends, and to try to make them understand that I was really interested in them, invited them to come up to the Institute one evening.

One of the students who was also interested in them promised to help me entertain them if they came. That was a grave question. They were very suspicious and would not promise to come; they seemed to be wondering if we really meant it, or if there was some trap. We assured them we only wanted to get better acquainted, and that we would have a little music, and urged them all to come. We then waited doubtfully as to the result. About half of them summoned cour-



age enough to venture, but they were very shy and realized they were out of their native environment. Presently we persuaded them to sing some of the Gospel songs they knew, and they felt more at home, but when the refreshments were served, ice cream and cake, their astonishment was apparent. Finally they began to nudge each other and one after another burst out laughing. Inquiring the cause, they blurted out, "Oh, we were just thinking how mad Reddy and Pete and Jake and the others will be when they hear about this." It was a real success, and we were hopeful that it meant another step towards gaining their confidence, that we might win them to Jesus. Week after week we noted a decided improvement in our boys. God was talking to their hearts. They no longer disturbed the school. But it was only the beginning. Others became interested and were helping me to win my boys, and soon one after another was at the altar, laying his young life at the Master's feet. Grace, wonderful Grace, was transforming these lives, and my heart was overflowing.



## CHAPTER V

### INITIAL WORK IN A LARGER FIELD

During the winter, in the midst of the busy school work, came a call for evangelistic meetings from some young people of the Friends Churches in Indiana, and I was chosen to assist one of the students, a talented young lady evangelist, in these meetings, but I did not expect to preach. However, the Lord so graciously blessed in the first meeting, and so many were seeking and finding salvation, that they did not feel it best to close, as had been planned. Accordingly, it was arranged that the evangelist go on to the next appointment, while I remained another week.

The revival continued without much preaching. I gave some little messages and invited the burdened ones to the altar, and we had a wonderful week. On the Sabbath I prepared to go to morning worship. In the early morning the Lord had met me and refreshed my soul with a very sweet message from His word, but I had no intimation that I was to pass it on to others. That morning the large old fashioned Friends Meeting House



was crowded to the doors, and several were standing about the entrance. The women were seated on one side and the men on the other. On the "High Seat," running across the entire back of the building, were seated the Elders, two aged men on one side and two elderly women on the other. I entered alone and found a seat well up towards the front, but had no more than settled down for quiet meditation, when one of the women Elders came and insisted that I come up and sit with her. It was useless to refuse, so I went. A hymn was sung and one of the Elders offered a short prayer. Then my friend leaned over to me and said, "Feel perfectly free, dear, thee go ahead now and give the message the Lord has given thee," and I did. This was my first real sermon, and the Lord so blessed the simple message that at the close the people crowded around, praising the Lord for the blessings they had received. It was all so wonderful, and I was thankful and happy in the assurance that the Lord had indeed chosen me to preach the glorious gospel, even though I was not to be a personal messenger to foreign lands.

After completing the course at the Institute, I spent an interesting and profitable summer in North Michigan as Assistant Pastor, and helper in



a special missionary effort in connection with a new town which was just being built up. The new town had been laid out, streets made, reservations for public buildings planned, and a map sent out, and people began to pour in from distant parts of the country.

My special work, besides helping the young people in the church up in a little settlement a mile away, was to call on the new arrivals as a sort of welcoming committee, invite them to come to church, pray in the home, and visit the sick. I had many interesting experiences in this connection, and the Lord very graciously blessed and led me. I will mention only one experience that was so marked that I want to give Him all the glory for it.

I have always felt that if this had been the only instance where God was pleased to use me that entire summer, it would have been well worth the time and effort expended.

A new family had just arrived. There were several small children and a sick mother. The Pastor called and learned that the woman was in the last stages of tuberculosis. He also learned that she had once been a Christian, but was now a backslider, and was very bitter against religion,



refusing even to permit him to offer prayer in the home. He returned with a burdened heart and asked me to take up the case, promising to pray that God would use me to win this needy soul.

Day after day I would run in just for a few moments, bringing in a bit of cheer and sunshine, stopping to play a little with the children, till I had won her confidence. Then, after much prayer, one day I took my Bible along, for by this time she was very weak and I feared she might slip away any day. As I sat by her bedside, holding her thin hand in mine, without mentioning religion or even asking her permission, I began to read passages that the Lord had given me about backsliders returning, and the welcome God had promised.

As I read on, tears filled her eyes and trickled down her thin cheeks unheeded, and when I had finished reading I knelt and poured out my heart in behalf of her perishing soul. When I had ceased, she began to confess her sins and plead for mercy, and God sweetly saved her and restored to her the joy of His salvation. Oh, how happy she was! Later we prayed together and asked God to heal her, for her little family needed her so badly. He wonderfully answered and raised her up, and soon



she was ministering again to her loved ones. It was a delight to visit them after that. When I came, she would gather the little ones about her, and such blessed seasons of prayer and times of rejoicing I have seldom witnessed. This is but another miracle of "Grace Abounding."

In the late fall I was called home on account of sickness in the family, but after a few weeks received an urgent invitation to assist in evangelistic meetings in Vermont, and at the close of the meetings was called to remain as Pastor. As I had been made a Minister by the Friends Society and this was a Friends Church, I felt I was in Divine order in accepting, and so I spent a blessed and profitable year with this dear people.

The following year I accepted another pastorate on the same district, but up in a health resort in the Green Mountains, where I grew well and strong. The blessing of the Lord was also manifested here, not only in building up the church, but in school house meetings, and especially among the young people.

While here, I boarded with one of the members who had a little boy about seven years old. The young lady preacher was quite a curiosity, and, with him, an unsolved problem. One day he came



in, and finding me wiping the dishes for his mother, exclaimed in astonishment, "Can you preach and wipe dishes too?" I laughingly assured him that I could.

Toward the close of this year, when God was signally blessing and a real spirit of revival was upon the church, we were visited by the Chairman of the Evangelistic Committee of New York District, who decided that I was needed down on his district in evangelistic work. I was sorry to leave my dear people and my mountain home, for I loved pastoral work, but after much prayer I felt it was God's leading, and went forth again into this new field of service, trusting in Him alone. It seemed a great undertaking, but I did not then know that I was to have a companion in this work, and that God was leading me on to a richer experience in Grace. How wondrous are His leadings and how marvelous His unchanging love!



## CHAPTER VI

### SANCTIFIED WHOLLY

I was in the midst of my first evangelistic meeting; about thirty had been definitely converted and many others were under conviction, and God was blessing and answering prayer.

A Holiness Convention was in progress a few miles away, and I planned to go to the day meetings, for although I had sought the blessing at different times, and claimed it by faith, my heart was not fully satisfied. At the very first service I attended, the message seemed meant for me. How well I remember the text, "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven and whose sin is covered. Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile" (Psa. 32: 1, 2). It was a real old-fashioned first and second blessing sermon. I knew I had the first, but when in a holiness meeting, there was a question in my mind about the second. As the preacher continued, I decided first that I did not have it, and second, determined to have it, and could scarcely wait for him to finish. But I was



having a real battle with the enemy, who did not hesitate to remind me that I was a preacher, and that I was myself holding a revival meeting and having souls converted, and so of course I was all right. But the Holy Spirit was faithful, and I knew that I did not have all He had for me. Then the enemy told me that people would misunderstand and think I was backslidden if I went to the altar. He also reminded me that I was a Friends Minister, and that the convention was being held in a Methodist Church, which was not as spiritual as the Friends Church; that the Pastor was a worldly man and not in sympathy with holiness; that I was supposed to have it anyway,—and what would my own church people think? But I kept saying, “I am going to the altar. I must have a real experience!” and oh, it seemed that the sermon would never end.

At last it was over, and I was one of the first to respond to the invitation to come forward and seek God for a definite second work of Grace. After pouring out my heart in definite asking, using all the Bible terms I could think of, telling God I wanted to be sanctified wholly, cleansed from inherited sin, the old man cast out, the carnal nature destroyed, and to be baptized with the



Holy Ghost and fire, I waited expectantly. Some one suggested it was time to believe, but I hesitated, for had I not sought before and taken it by faith, but had not been fully satisfied?

I was reminded that we were sanctified by faith, that there was no other route, and I remembered that I instructed seekers for pardon to believe after they had repented and confessed their sins. Yet I did want some feeling, some evidence, although God had declared that real faith is the evidence, and I well knew that God's order was, first, fact; second, faith; and then feeling would surely follow.

Deciding to go God's way at any cost, I arose and testified that I believed the blood of Jesus cleansed me just then from all sin, and that I was sanctified wholly. What a battle followed! The enemy protested, ridiculed, declared I was no different and would soon find it out as before, but I had only one reply to all his arguments, "I believe the blood cleanses me now from all sin."

When the gong sounded for supper, I begged to be excused, and left a little later to return to my own revival service, feeling so exhausted that I invited one of the evangelists attending the convention to accompany me and preach that evening.



I had not anticipated the unusual service we were to have. We arrived a little late and found the chapel crowded and the people singing. All the way over I had been fighting the "good fight of faith," and just before reaching the chapel I had grown desperate, and declared in the very face of the foe, "If I never get a bit of feeling from now till I die, I shall keep believing that the Blood cleanseth me now from all sin"! After that definite decision the enemy withdrew, and I entered the chapel with a sweet peace and holy calm pervading my soul.

As the service went on, I seemed almost unconscious of my surroundings. I was so lost in wonder, love and praise. I remember the evangelist read his text from Romans, fifth chapter, the first and second verses, and that he seemed to be repeating it over and over, to get the attention of the people. Then suddenly the chapel roof seemed to be cleft asunder; the heavens were rent; and shafts of heavenly light like sunbeams shot down directly into my heart, filling and thrilling my soul. I shouted and laughed, trying to control the avalanche so as not to disconcert the Preacher, for I was conscious that he was floundering around and still repeating his text, but it was little use. I



glanced about me and saw that two sanctified laymen sitting near the platform were shouting and laughing until they nearly fell off their seats, and the congregation was gazing at me in wonder and astonishment. No wonder, for had I not always prided myself on being a demure little Quaker maiden, and had I not almost lost my religion at a camp meeting when a Minister got blessed and actually laughed and shouted during an altar service? What did it all mean? Oh, I knew so well, and it was so wonderful; the Holy Spirit had come to abide! I could not but praise Him.

The Preacher finally stopped and looked around at me inquiringly and I arose and told the people how I had been seeking for entire sanctification in the afternoon over at the Holiness Convention, and had believed and believed and determined to go on believing, and now God had sent the witness. The blessed Holy Spirit had come.

Then I explained to the new converts about this wonderful second work of Grace, telling them it was for them too, and the altar was soon filled with earnest seekers, and a wonderful revival followed. Arrangements were made for me to continue in revival work over the entire district, and a



very gifted young evangelist, who enjoyed the blessing of holiness and preached it very clearly and definitely, was also engaged to labor with me.

I was so thankful for this, for the blessing was all so new and wonderful to me. He lent me helpful books explaining about the experience; and these I eagerly devoured.

The dear Lord gave us many blessed revivals during the next six months and I grew in Grace and in His knowledge as never before in all my Christian life.



## CHAPTER VII

### A REVIVAL IN A BLACKSMITH SHOP

Perhaps you will not be surprised if I now record that at the close of this campaign these two young evangelists were loath to part, and, feeling very definitely that it was the Lord's will for us to continue to labor together, we were married in the early summer, and continued in revival and home missionary work for several years, visiting most of the eastern states. The Lord worked through us and permitted us to see hundreds of precious souls definitely converted, and many sanctified wholly. I can give you only a little glimpse here and there of the wonderful Grace of God which abounded more and more as the years went by.

One of the first God-given appointments was to a little railroad town in New York State. There was no evangelical church in the town or surrounding country for many miles, but there were two flourishing saloons. On our arrival we learned that there was no suitable building, not even a store to



rent, and not a Christian in the town, to our knowledge. However, we were sure God had sent us, so we waited upon Him for directions and were presently led to a new building which the owner was willing to rent. It proved to be a new blacksmith shop and had been used only a few weeks, but the owner would not consent to rent it for less than a year because the forge and other equipment would have to be taken out at considerable expense.

This was evidently God's place for us, so by faith we signed a lease for a year, and when we had paid the first instalment on rent and a deposit on a few chairs, a stove, lamps and necessary advertising, our funds were sadly depleted. We were among strangers—where should we stay? It is true there was a hotel, but we decided that was too expensive. A few people seemed friendly, and many had watched in astonishment to see a young Dominie with his coat off transporting armfuls of chairs over from the railroad station to the blacksmith shop, but no one had offered to assist. Some had lingered around and asked questions about the meetings, but no one had invited us to his home.

Of course we could tell no one but the dear Lord about our needs. We were not anxious, for



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had He not promised to supply all our need? Never yet had His promise failed. After eating our frugal meal which Husband had purchased from the grocery store, and committing ourselves and the work to Him, as the shades of evening gathered, we prepared to lie down to rest upon the chairs, praising the dear Lord for the shelter He had provided, and believing soon to see many precious souls praying through to God and finding salvation in this place which we had dedicated to His service.

But a surprise awaited us. A loud knocking sounded on our big barn door (for that had not yet been changed), and to Husband's inquiry as to who came, he received the reply "Friends," which was indeed a welcome note. When we had opened the door, a gentleman and his wife entered, and looked about, astonished that we had planned to spend the night here. We soon learned that they had been members of a Methodist Church before moving here, and there were actually tears in their eyes as they told us how the Lord had made them uneasy about the young evangelists, and they could not go to rest until they had investigated. They insisted that we should return with them to their home and remain there during



the proposed revival campaign. How we rejoiced and praised our loving heavenly Father for thus opening a home for us, and these dear people stood loyally by this new work while they remained in the town.

Did we have a revival, do you ask? Yes, indeed, it was truly wonderful how God answered prayer, sending old fashioned conviction not only in the town, but for miles around. The people came again and again to listen to the simple Gospel story, and many remained to pray and get "old-time religion."

The first convert was the bar tender in one of the saloons. His wife was about to leave him, for he was drunk most of the time and had threatened her life. A cousin who lived with them and who was dying from the effects of hard drinking, was next saved. These two men became deacons in the new church and labored faithfully for the Master until they were called Home.

Scores of others were subsequently converted, and a church was organized with sixty redeemed souls who but a few weeks before were living in sin, and hastening on down the broad road that leads to everlasting destruction. Here again was evidence of "Grace Much More Abounding."



I must pause here to record an event of great moment in my life which took place shortly after the organization of this new church. We were both Ministers in the Friends Church,—what should we do with this stirring, evangelistic church? It did not seem to belong to the rather conservative type of Quaker churches on this district. Husband, who had been converted and sanctified in Holiness meetings, naturally felt that this church should belong to the Association of Holiness Churches. He had been a Friend only a few months, but they had been my people for several years, and I did not wish to make a change in my church relations. But here was a problem,—our new church.

I prayed and wept before God for days, seeking for light and guidance, and when the Lord made it plain to me that it was His will, I responded gladly, and not only the new church but its Pastors as well joined the little band of despised, struggling, but victorious Holiness people. About this time, while on our annual visit to my Mother in Canada, I was stricken down with a very acute attack of appendicitis. I had been troubled with similar attacks before, though not so severe, which the doctor had diagnosed as recur-



rent appendicitis. Now the doctor declared an operation was imperative, but we were in the country, miles away from any hospital. The situation was critical; the doctor gave little hope—"But God"—He came to our rescue, always a present help in trouble, and completely delivered so that the old periodic attacks have never recurred. We give Him all the glory.



## CHAPTER VIII

### SUNSHINE AND SHADOWS

Nearly ten years had slipped away since I had first heard the voice of my Lord saying, "Go ye into all the world," and I still sometimes wondered if it had meant more than the work I was then doing in the homeland. In 1900, at our Annual Church Assembly, the foreign work was especially stressed. Dr. and Mrs. H. F. Reynolds had carried a heavy burden for years for those who had never heard the "Glad Tidings," which angels declared should be "to all people." Now they proposed a Woman's Missionary Society, which was duly organized, Sister Reynolds and myself and a few other women present being charter members. The following year I was chosen president of this little band, and God began to stir my heart anew with interest and real concern for the millions in dark heathen lands. In those early years we helped to send out the first missionaries to India from our branch of the Holiness Church, which later became a part of the Church of the Nazarene,



and helped to build the first chapel in Brava, Cape Verde Islands. However, this missionary effort was only the beginning of the great work the Lord was to do later through this organization in the Church of the Nazarene.

After the union of the eastern and western branches of the Holiness Churches, forming the Church of the Nazarene, husband and I united and I was ordained an elder in the new church, Dr. Bresee officiating. This was a memorable occasion but was only the human sanction to God's work. For years before He had definitely spoken these precious words to my heart, "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit," and had He not verified it again and again? After a few more years of evangelism our precious children came and we established a home to properly care for our little family.

These were wonderful years, with young lives to train for God. I was also permitted frequently to preach on Sundays and assist in other service for the Master, but I will attempt only to record one or two special manifestations of His Grace abounding during this season of my partial retirement.



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One Saturday afternoon, when we were living in Brooklyn, N. Y., one of the deacons of our church called to tell me that they had been disappointed in their preacher for the morrow and asked if I would bring them a message in the morning service. I then had two little ones, and it was rather short notice, but as I paused to consider it, the Spirit reminded me of a message He had given me a few days before that had especially blessed my soul. So I said I would try to give a little message, but could not promise them a real sermon, and he was satisfied.

With my other cares, I had only time to prepare a little outline, but went to the service trusting God to bless it to others as He had to me. The text was, "And they bound the scarlet line in the window." I was conscious of God's blessing in the service but thought no more about it at the time. Some years later, I returned to find a nice new church in place of the little hall where I had preached, and, meeting the same deacon, he asked me if I remembered that particular morning's message. Pointing to the new stained glass windows, he called my attention to a scarlet line about an inch wide around each one of them, and said, "That message was surely from the Lord; it gripped our



hearts so we never forgot it, until when we were planning these windows we said, 'Let us put a scarlet line in our windows to commemorate that heaven-sent message,' and we did."

While living in Hollis, L. I., we became acquainted with the Pastor of the Methodist Church there. He was a godly man and very fond of my husband. He often came to our home to talk of the things of the Kingdom. He longed for a revival in his church but said many of his members were not converted and he feared he would drive them away if he preached the old-fashioned Gospel of repentance and restitution that was needed to awaken sinners. He asked what we would do if in his place, and we could but assure him that we would preach faithfully and trust God with results. We often prayed together about the work, since there was no Nazarene Church in the town.

One day he came hurriedly to tell us that his aged father was very ill and he must hasten to his bedside, and as there was little hope of his father's recovery, it was possible he might be away two or three weeks. Then he requested that Husband and I take charge of the work in his absence. He assured us that he wanted us to feel free to give revival or Holiness messages as the Lord directed.



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We agreed, and on the following Sabbath, Husband preached on the gift of the Holy Ghost, and while he offered the opening prayer, the Lord touched hearts so that nearly the entire congregation were in tears, and the clear definite message that followed on second blessing Holiness was kindly received by most of those present.

As Husband was obliged to go away shortly after this on an extended business trip, the burden of the work fell to my lot, but with the blessing of the Lord upon the regular meetings, we were soon in a real revival. After the first couple of weeks we gave definite altar calls and seekers came eagerly, without urging. The Catholic janitor was converted, and the leader of the choir, considered the best member in the church, was the first to pray through and receive a definite experience of holiness. She went to Heaven soon after, and we have always felt that if she had been the only fruit of that meeting, we would have been abundantly repaid. The Pastor was away for five weeks, and I have seldom seen any one more surprised and delighted than he was on his return, to realize what God's Grace had accomplished during his absence.



But our lives were not all sunshine. Storm clouds were gathering, and we were to prove ere long that "Grace doth much more abound" in sorrow as well as in joyful seasons.

Our oldest son, Raleigh, was now ten years old, a beautiful boy, who had been converted when only six years of age. He had occasionally had attacks that resembled appendicitis, but doctors thought they were not serious. One day in August, 1914, he was returning with his father from a fishing trip, and when nearly home, the front axle of the car broke and he was thrown out of the seat. They were badly frightened, but apparently uninjured. The next day, however, Son had another attack, with very severe pain that did not pass off as formerly, and the doctor advised an operation. This was delayed for a couple of weeks, and when finally performed, Raleigh's spirit left us for the Heavenly Home.

That was our first great sorrow, but how wonderfully our Heavenly Father sustained us. A few days before He took him away, as I waited upon Him in prayer, He told me that He was going to take him, that it was for the best, and while I bowed in submission to His will, for days and weeks after he had gone, my heart longed for my



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beautiful boy, my first-born, who had always seemed almost like an angel sent down to us from the skies. I nearly forgot to be thankful for the other precious ones, until little Willis, about five, put his arms around my neck one day and said, "Mama, please don't cry, you have me, and Sister, and Baby Ralph left," and I realized that they were possibly feeling that I did not love them as much as the dear one who had gone.

I then made a special effort to devote myself to them and to Husband, who was so heartbroken, and the dear Lord who saw how hard it was for me to rise above my grief, came to my aid. One night he gave me a vision of my beloved that brought real lasting comfort to me. It was "Grace much more abounding" in my time of special need. It seemed to me that I awoke in the night and saw my Raleigh standing at the foot of the bed. He wore a bathing suit and was all tanned brown from the sun, but it was his lovely face that held my gaze; he looked just the same, only so happy; his face was beaming with joy. I was reaching out my arms for him, when I seemed to remember that he had gone; the old sorrow returned and I bowed my head and wept. When I opened my eyes again, he was no longer there.



I awoke trembling and tearful, and the Lord whispered, "He is with me, and so happy; you must learn to rejoice in his joy." Peace and comfort filled my heart and I was able, as I had not been before, to see him there and think of him as happy and blest, safely sheltered, and waiting to welcome me Home some glad, happy day.



## CHAPTER IX

### THE WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY

And now, after nearly twenty-five years of service for the Master in the homeland the foreign call rang again, loud and clear. "Grace, marvelous Grace" was still more to abound through the united prayers and efforts of the precious women in the Church of the Nazarene. My own heart, too, was to find healing and comfort in ministering to the millions who had never heard that a Saviour had died for them.

At the third General Assembly of the Church of the Nazarene, the work of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was formally accepted. It was evidently the Lord's time, for the vote was unanimous, and several prominent women from the West and the South as well as the East, became intensely interested, and joined glad hands with us in this blessed service to which God had definitely called us.

During the next four years beginnings were made on several districts. The Lord was putting a real heart burden on many dear women for the



ten million heathen for whom we as a church were responsible, and they gladly gave of their time and talents as well as extra money in this effort to get the blessed Gospel out a little faster. At the next General Assembly, though many reports were incomplete, the treasurer was able to report that there had been gathered in from dues and special offerings the sum of \$5,724.00.

This was only a beginning, but even this small report stirred many hearts, and at this second quadrennial meeting, a council of women was elected. The officers were: President, Rev. S. N. Fitkin; Vice-President, Mrs. Paul Bresee; Secretary, Mrs. R. G. Coddington; Treasurer, Mrs. J. T. Benson; and Superintendent of Study and Publicity, Miss Fanny Claypool.

Aggressive plans were now laid to carry on the work of the W. F. M. S. in other districts. Constitutions were sent out; special study leaflets were prepared; Junior work was encouraged; and a Quarterly Bulletin was issued to give information about the plans of the General Council.

Organized districts were advised to accept special objects which were a part of the general budget, for their finances, such as support of missionaries, native workers or orphans, or other



needs approved by the General Board. The W. F. M. S. of Southern California provided for the women's half of the splendid new hospital to be built in China. Pittsburgh and Washington-Philadelphia made it possible to extend our borders in Africa and take in the gold-mining section. Many official boxes were sent out, supplying actual needs of missionaries on the different fields. Several splendid conventions were held on various districts, and also local public meetings, all of which helped to keep the foreign interests before the churches.

During this quadrennium Mrs. Reynolds accompanied her husband, Rev. H. F. Reynolds, our Senior General Superintendent, and General Missionary Secretary, to China and Japan, where she organized our first foreign districts in W. F. M. S. work. Many interesting and inspiring reports have come from these foreign societies.

God was surely blessing in a marvelous way, and at the 1923 General Assembly the W. F. M. S. reported that the interest was still increasing; twenty-seven new districts were organized, and over \$60,000 had been raised. Great enthusiasm was manifested when this splendid report was given. Six thousand, six hundred women had now



enlisted under the banner of the W. F. M. S. and were joyfully working together, uniting their faith, prayers and efforts to get the blessed Gospel out to the "regions beyond."

The next quadrennium was a busy one, and marked a steady advance. The Prayer and Fasting League was now introduced, and helped to increase the prayer burden on many hearts, as well as to increase the finances. An Annual Day of Prayer was also established. Western Oklahoma now came to the front and provided money for a much needed Publishing House in Coban, Guatemala. New England secured funds for medical work in India, and other districts made it possible for missionaries to be returned to their fields, chapels to be built, and many needs supplied.

We suffered a sad interruption in the work of study and publicity, when our precious Sister Fanny Claypool left us, and slipped away to Heaven. It was hard to fill her place, and we still mourn her loss. Finally our great need was supplied by a study committee, who prepared and arranged for publication the first study booklets, containing material for monthly study, as well as maps and suggestions to leaders of W. F. M. S. groups.



A new hospital was needed in Africa, and to the W. F. M. S. was committed the task of securing extra money for this purpose.

The Relief and Retirement Fund is a branch of W. F. M. S. activity which has brought timely aid to many disabled missionaries while on furlough. The little "Junior Light Bearers," a picture sheet for children, has been enthusiastically read by thousands of Juniors now enlisted, and this department has also made definite progress under the efficient leadership of the General Second Vice-President, Rev. Bertha Lillenas.

In 1926 the General President visited Europe, and while there had the privilege of becoming acquainted with many of our splendid Nazarenes in the British Isles District. Arriving in Scotland we found that their district camp was in session down on the sea shore at beautiful Ardrossan.

We were given a hearty welcome and enjoyed sweet fellowship with these earnest, zealous, self-sacrificing brothers and sisters, as they labored to bring lost souls to the Master.

An afternoon and evening at this camp were given to foreign missions, and God's blessing came down upon us all as we prayed and planned together for the neglected ones in distant lands. We



found not only the church with a real burden for the missionary work, but many of the dear women there were making earnest efforts to co-operate with their sisters across the water in America in the great work of the W. F. M. S. to which the Lord had so definitely called us.

During these four years the remaining districts of the church in America have been organized; also districts in Africa and Mexico, besides several local societies in Peru, British West Indies and on other foreign districts. The total membership increased to over 17,000, and as a result of much prayer and sacrifice and God's special blessing, the sum of over \$237,000 was gathered in. When reports were read at the 1928 General Assembly, many joined in praise for what this foreign child of the church had been able to accomplish. Truly Grace had been "much more abounding."

Two outstanding characteristics of the next quadrennium were divine inspiration and human co-operation. Both of these were especially needed to carry us through the prolonged, serious financial depression, as well as a number of other distressing trials which seriously burdened our General Council. One of these was the home-going of our precious Sister McConnell, who was our ef-



ficient General Superintendent of Publicity. She was greatly beloved by all, and is sadly missed. Her work has been efficiently carried on, however, by members of her committee. Then there was the serious illness of several of the officers of the General Council, myself included. Many times we were driven to prevailing prayer as one after another went down to the very borderland.

But in all these emergencies God did not fail our faithful women as they encouraged themselves in their God, and Grace truly did abound more and more as difficulties multiplied. The battles were fierce, but the victories larger than before.

As time went on, a greater co-operation was manifested in all the departments of our work. Splendid study books were prepared annually by the General Superintendent of Study, Rev. Mary E. Cove, and her faithful committee. Thousands of these were eagerly studied each year, and some districts became one hundred per cent, every society co-operating.

The Young Women's Work received more attention, and reports of this branch of the work showed that there were nearly one hundred societies, scattered over thirty-one districts.

The Juniors had become a real army, over six



thousand strong, and were furnishing support for several orphans and children of missionaries, having their own mite boxes and life membership rolls.

Several districts were now planning regularly for an Annual Campaign with a returned missionary, and one or more conventions beside their Annual Meetings, evincing the steadily growing interest in the work of the W. F. M. S.

The list of Prayer and Fasting members increased steadily, under the leadership of the General Secretary of the Prayer and Fasting League, Mrs. H. F. Reynolds, and a special campaign was launched with its goal set to secure fifty per cent of the church membership as members of the League.

A special Missionary and Prayer Calendar was a new feature of this quadrennium and it proved a real blessing in helping to keep our needs and our progress on the foreign fields before the people, as well as to increase the finances.

The Tennessee District led the way for a new campaign in the Life Membership Department during this quadrennium, to offset the serious financial depression. This increased the total receipts from this department to over seven thousand dollars.



The Indian Head Fund had also greatly increased in response to the earnest efforts and prayers of our General Secretary of the Indian Work, Mrs. R. T. Williams. The total amount has now reached over thirty thousand dollars.

A united effort was launched to secure an extra \$5,000 to assist the General Church in making up a special deficit. The little Sunshine Bags used in this campaign kept the glory on and the joybells ringing in all hearts until the goal was reached.

Several districts became one hundred per cent in organization; 1150 societies were now recorded; the membership increased to over 25,000, and the finances for the quadrennium went over the \$450,000 mark. We gave God all the glory and again rejoiced in what His abounding Grace had wrought.



## CHAPTER X

### A MISSIONARY JOURNEY TO AFRICA

As many have read the little book, "A Trip to Africa," I will here briefly recount only two or three interesting incidents of the wonderful missionary journey which the Lord gave me.

In the summer of 1927, we left the shores of our native land, on this long anticipated visit. Mrs. Bresee, of Southern California, went with me. After a very pleasant journey of four short weeks we arrived in Cape Town, South Africa. We were still about fifteen hundred miles from our missions, but a splendid express train soon landed us near the border of Swaziland. Here we were met by the late Rev. H. F. Schmelzenbach, who was then the loved district superintendent of the work in Africa. On the cover of the extra tire on the back of his car, we saw our first Zulu text, printed in white letters: "Pendukane ngokuba umbuso wezulu u sondale," — "Repent ye, for the kingdom of Heaven is at hand."

Our first vision of Swaziland was by moonlight, and such a wonderful moon, and myriads of bright



stars! How near the heavens seemed, and how beautiful the Southern Cross!

Leaving Breyton at five-thirty p. m., we were hurried along over mountains and hills in a real automobile instead of on mule-back or by ox wagon as our predecessors had gone, making the one-hundred-ten-mile trip in seven hours instead of several weary days, and reaching our Hospital Station a little after midnight.

Here, at our beautiful new Raleigh Fitkin Memorial Hospital, the missionaries were already assembled in their Annual Council Meeting. As we had come especially to be present at the dedication of this new hospital, I will give you a brief outline of that impressive ceremony.

Great preparations had been made. Many lovely cakes had been sent in by the white people from the village, to be added to the refreshments prepared by our people. The program was rendered from the Hospital Piazza, and fifteen or twenty white friends were present, among them the Resident Magistrate, the Archbishop of the Episcopal Church, and other officials. Those taking part were seated on the piazza, and a white ribbon was strung across the entrance of the hospital. Standing on the right were the missionaries



and nurses in costume; on the left were the white friends.

Farther away to the left was a little group of students,—fifty girls from our Swaziland Girls' School who had walked seventy miles, and thirty boys from the Boys' Bible Training School, who had walked eighty-five miles to be there.

Beyond them was a group of about two hundred native Christians and heathen. Brother Schmelzenbach, the district superintendent, was in charge. Our boys and girls sang "Africa, Dark Africa"; then the Archbishop offered prayer; and I spoke in behalf of our Nazarene Church in the homeland, and their heart interest in Africa. I especially mentioned the part which our women had in helping to make the hospital possible, and told them of the missionary spirit of my departed son, Raleigh. I also showed one of the little boxes, like those in which much of the money had been gathered to help make the hospital possible. Then Dr. Hynd gave a financial report, and the magistrate cut the white ribbon, and declared the Hospital to be formally opened. The white people were then conducted through the Hospital and church, after which refreshments were served to them.



A native service followed. In the audience at the dedication service there had been three native visiting preachers, one a Presbyterian, and two Wesleyan. At the close of the program they had requested the privilege of expressing the appreciation of the natives for the Hospital. So after tea and cake had been served to the white people, the natives were invited into the new church, which they quickly filled. They then stood for one and a half hours while these preachers gave splendid addresses. The Presbyterian was a finely educated and cultured Christian gentleman. Even the missionaries were astonished, for they had not realized that education and salvation could so change the African. He spoke in English, and it was translated into Zulu in order that the great company of natives could understand. The other two spoke in Zulu and it was translated into English.

They talked with much feeling of the appreciation of the natives who are so destitute and helpless, and who in their sickness are left to the mercy of the witch doctors, from whom they can expect no relief. One spoke in behalf of the Swazi King, who would have been present, had he not been away on a hunting trip. The part that the American mothers had in sacrificing to secure money to



build this hospital was especially presented, as this was a great surprise to them, and gave them a new viewpoint of mothers. They mentioned very tenderly the mother whose little boy had been interested in them, and said this mother should not feel bad because he had gone to Heaven, for now she had many sons and daughters in Africa. They wanted to give her an African name, so they called her "U-no-ban-tu," which means "Mother of nations," but they wanted it to especially mean "Mother of the Bantu People."

Responding to these sentiments, at the close of these addresses, Brother Schmelzenbach interpreting, I tried to express my appreciation of my new name and of all the kind words spoken, but my heart was almost too full for utterance, and my eyes overflowed with tears of joy. I assured them that I had rather be "Unobantu" than to be the Queen of England. I then told them that I had seen the Queen while in England, which was a pleasure and a privilege, but that meeting the Queen of Swaziland had brought still greater joy and blessing to my heart. This pleased them very much. I tried to tell them why we had come to Africa, and built the Hospital, and why the missionaries came and toiled—that it was because of



the love of Jesus in our hearts, and that we longed for all to know and love Him, too.

Dr. Hynd then explained more in detail about the Hospital, after which we hurried down to the door to help the missionaries pass the little cakes to them all, as they went out. Such a procession! I which I could help you to see it. Many women were there who had only a few skins for a skirt, and an old piece of blanket or shawl to tie their babies on their backs. All had bare feet. Men and boys with a rag or skin about their loins, and long hair, sometimes hanging over their faces, looked, some of them, like troubled, frightened children. They were surprised and delighted with the little cakes, and how thankful we were that a ray of light and hope had reached their darkened lives, and we trust, penetrated into their darkened hearts.

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We were reluctant to leave this beautiful spot, where our hearts had been so stirred, but we were anxious to visit the Camp Meeting, to be held at our oldest station, Peniel, now Schmelzenbach Memorial. This gave us an opportunity to become acquainted with many of our African Christians from the various out-stations.



We arrived at this station late Friday afternoon, and the next day the Christians from the out-stations began to arrive. It was a sight long to be remembered. First we would hear singing, then, as we rushed out, we could see a company of native Christians, forty or fifty to a hundred, coming over the mountain. Sometimes, while gazing at one company, we would hear music from another direction, and behold! another congregation could be seen outlined against the sky, coming in, footsore and weary, some having traveled forty or fifty miles, but all rejoicing in the Lord! As these companies came in sight, a few women would seize a flag (an old piece of cloth tied to a long stick) and run to welcome them.

The tabernacle in which the Camp Meeting was to be held was truly remarkable. It was very large, seating about 600, and was made of corn-stalks and grass, held up by a few heavy poles. It sagged in places, and even leaked, as we found out before the camp closed.

A great question constantly faced me,—how were they going to feed this great crowd? Ah! yonder I saw a big vat being carried up the hill by sixteen strong men. They placed it up on stones; in that the mealies, or chief African food, were to



be cooked. A little later I saw a number of girls going miles over the mountain to get wood. This was to place under the immense vat, to cook the food.

Sunday dawned clear and beautiful, and even then voices could be heard in prayer and thanksgiving at the early meeting, which was in charge of different native preachers each morning. At nine o'clock, I had the privilege of speaking to the native preachers, and God blessed the message, for Philip, a Sabie boy, who had long been seeking, was sanctified wholly, and with a shining face, testified, prayed and shouted, and helped many seekers at the altar during the rest of the Camp.

While these meetings were held chiefly for the native Christians, yet several heathen attended in the day time. (They are afraid to go out at night.) A group of young men in very fancy costumes attracted much attention. I suppose they were really Swazi dudes. In addition to the usual dress they wore elaborate earrings, and many chains and necklaces about their necks, as well as rings and bracelets on wrists, arms and legs. Strings of beads crossed from shoulder to waist, on which were tied little bunches of fur. Some wore wide bead girdles, and others had little square mirrors, into



which they gazed so frequently that it was quite evident that they understood perfectly just what fine-looking fellows they were. They carried the usual club — “Knob Kerry” it is called — and walked about very proudly. They came inside the tent to most of the services, and were very respectful.

The other services of that first Sunday were especially blessed seasons. God’s presence and power were manifest, and He poured out His Spirit upon the people.

The altar services were wonderful, with thirty or forty souls at the altar both morning and evening. Such praying, groaning and weeping I had never witnessed before, but God came and brought peace and deliverance to the seeking hearts.

The following days were rich in blessing. The native preachers in their sunrise meetings, often opened the services for testimony, and it was wonderfully interesting to hear these precious African converts graphically describe God’s wondrous Grace in conversion, making them all new, and then His sanctifying power purifying their hearts by the baptism with the Holy Spirit.

I am sure you will be interested to “listen in” on some of these. The wife of Enoch the Evangel-



ist, who is also a preacher, sought the baptism with the Holy Spirit for nearly a year. She was unstable before, but now is a power. She shouted and praised God for the blessed experience He had given her, and exhorted the other preachers' wives to get sanctified and help their husbands in their work, while tears streamed down her face. She got so blessed that, clapping her hands, she exclaimed, "I can't understand how anybody can be so full, but it is the Holy Spirit in my heart. If I was sick in my heart I could not help others to find Jesus, but now God has made my heart well." How her face shone; it was positively beautiful! She was dressed in white, with a black kerchief tied over her hair and looked like a veritable African saint. Through her, the blessing of the Lord fell upon the entire congregation.

Zephaniah was saved recently down in the Bushveldt, and was baptized the day before. He said in part, "The light came into my heart like the dawn comes at the crying of the cocks, crowing of the fowls." Another convert said that he used to worship demons and smoke hemp, but Jesus had delivered him. Another, a slender lad, told with a shining face, of his love for Jesus. He has heart trouble, but had walked forty miles to this



meeting. We were told that often while traveling many miles over the mountains visiting kraals, he suddenly falls by the way, sometimes remaining unconscious for hours at a time. But as soon as he recovers, he gets up and goes on rejoicing in the wonderful love of Jesus, and has no thought of giving up the battle.

The offering for the expense of the Camp Meeting was unique and inspiring. I had wondered if it would mean begging and urging as in the homeland. But no! wonder of wonders! Look down upon that congregation with me a few minutes. You must see it all at a little closer range. The need is first clearly stated, and then the people are permitted to make their offering to the Lord.

See, several are on their feet at once, and some are holding up small bills (ten shillings—\$2.50). They have saved for weeks to give this above all their other offerings. Now the entire congregation rises as we sing, "We're Marching to Zion," and the march begins. Bills and silver pile on the open Bible. Do you notice? Bills and silver, no coppers. Some one tells me that these African Christians do not give the Lord any pennies at the Camp Meeting.



But, look, here comes a very old woman, and she looks so destitute; what can she be bringing? She is laying a threepence (six cents) reverently on the Bible, and turning away with such a happy face. I know it is like the widow's mite, and I simply can't stand it. I slip a shilling into Sister Pelley's hand, and tell her to give it to the dear old lady. How astonished she is! She can hardly believe it is true. She shows it to the other women, but they shake their heads, and make motions toward the altar. Oh, dear, she is coming back; they have told her it is not for her; she must put it on the Bible. But Miss Pelley rescues it again, and restores it to the bewildered little soul, and assures her it is for food; that the white lady has sent it to her. Again joy and gladness beam from her dear old wrinkled face.

Now our girls are coming. They have been making and selling baskets and other grass things, and saving up for this joyful occasion. But who is this dropping such a handful of silver on the Bible? Oh, that is Lillian, who has given, not one-tenth, but one-half of the money given to her as a graduation present, besides what she has earned. God alone knows the sacrifices this offering means to all these precious Christians, both missionaries



and natives. You are anxious to know the result of such devoted, hilarious giving. It is counted, and, praise the Lord! it is \$125.00, enough for all expenses. Seventy-five of this has been given by the natives.

These are only a few of the intensely interesting incidents of that never to be forgotten visit to our precious Nazarenes in dark Africa. Above everything else was the evidence of "Grace much more abounding" in that far-away outpost of our missionary work.

After we had left Africa behind, another real pleasure still awaited us. On our return we had planned to spend a few days renewing our acquaintance with our brothers and sisters in the British Isles, and the Lord gave us a blessed time together. Upon our arrival in Scotland we were met and royally entertained by the district superintendent, Dr. George Sharpe, and his good wife. They had arranged meetings for us in several of their splendid churches, and God gave us wonderfully inspirational services with the dear people. We found their hearts aglow with missionary zeal, and not without a reason, for they have given some of their finest and most talented young people to carry the glad tidings to dark Africa. Our



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hearts were drawn very closely together as we told them of the wonderful services at the dedication of the Fitkin Memorial Hospital, where their own Dr. and Mrs. Hynd were laboring, and of the many other remarkable victories God was giving. We also had some splendid services with our dear women, sometimes overcrowding the prayer rooms where we were gathered together. The women eagerly planned to co-operate in the Prayer and Fasting League, as well as the other departments of the W. F. M. S. work. When the time came for us to go, we were reluctant to leave our dear people of the British Isles, but we still had before us one more short ocean trip before we should again reach our native land, and take up the many duties awaiting us there.



## CHAPTER XI

### A BRIEF VISIT TO OLD MEXICO

Our visit to Old Mexico was my second missionary journey. The Assembly was soon to convene there, and our Mexican Nazarenes had cordially invited us to be present. My daughter, Mrs. E. F. Salsbury, and Rev. and Mrs. E. Y. Davis accompanied me this time, and we enjoyed the trip on a splendid train that carried us without mishap over the many miles of new country. There were many interesting scenes, especially of Indians at the various stations.

At the close of the second day we arrived safely in beautiful Mexico City. During our stay in this fascinating country, the great Fiesta de Guadalupe was held, and we had the privilege of attending this noted religious festival. Guadalupe is the patron saint of all Mexico, but the festival is predominantly Indian. The Indians and Mexicans gather for miles around into a little town about five miles from Mexico City, for this celebration. The legend states that Saint Guadalupe was let down from heaven in a sheet and was first seen by



a drunken Indian. The Indians built a small chapel on the spot on the hilltop where she is believed to have landed, and later a large cathedral was erected at the foot of the hill. Both churches are still standing. Great crowds gather here on this festival day to pray to the saint, and burn candles, believing that if they do this they will be blessed all the year, and if they do not do it, they will be cursed.

Now of course we were anxious to learn all we could about the religion of the people of Mexico, so we started out with the crowd, even though it was very early in the morning. We passed many street cars packed to the doors, and hundreds of Indians and Mexicans on foot. Occasionally we noticed a nice, well dressed woman who was walking barefoot. This seemed strange, but on inquiring we learned that they often walk many miles in this way to the shrine, doing penance for their sins.

As we drew near we could see the entire hill black with people climbing up to the shrine on the summit. Since early morning the Indian women had been hurrying out to secure the best places along the highway to place their little charcoal stoves or iron pots, in preparation for the coming fiesta.



The crowds were by this time becoming so dense that we were forced to leave the car. We then proceeded on foot, jostled along by the multitudes thronging the streets. It was a strange and thrilling scene. Camped in the gutters along the way, as well as on the sidewalks, were food venders with their wares. We saw large bowls of ground corn being patted into tortillas, or flat round cakes, which were cooked on the tin tops of the charcoal stoves. This was the bread of the country. There were chickens being dressed, or stewing in iron pots. Some, already broiled, were ready to be dipped in a sauce called "mole," made of red peppers and ground pumpkin seeds. There were Mexican beans boiling in jars of Indian pottery, and—can it be possible?—yes, there was actually a sheep's head being boiled with the wool still on it. Later, I was told, they would gouge out the eyes, pull out the tongue, and eat all the rest of it. There were also native drinks and coffee, and queer little cakes and candies for sale.

The little burros were also attending this great fiesta. I noticed one especially which was very tiny, but heavily loaded. I wondered what the strange looking bags were which were hanging



down on either side. We were told that they were pigskins and that they were filled with pulque, a native drink that was very intoxicating. Everyone was crying his wares with a loud voice. All were eating, drinking, pushing their way along—a good representative national crowd out for a holiday. Later they would be drunk; then there would be an Indian dance up on the hill.

We hurried on with the crowd, which was becoming more dense and excited, and from which it was now impossible to extricate ourselves. We were drawing near the church. We could see the crowds gathering around certain persons in front of the entrance. Approaching still nearer we found that the people were buying candles. Such an assortment of all sizes and colors, many very large and elaborately decorated, and some very expensive!

Nearby some were buying large bunches of cut flowers. No doubt many of these dear people have spent all they possessed to secure the favor of the saint. Now these barefoot, destitute people, some in rags, mounted the church steps, where their candles were lighted, and then they passed on into the magnificent church building with its silver and



gold altars, loaded with beautiful floral offerings. A pipe organ played softly, and a choir chanted dolefully. But the faces of the crowd were in striking contrast to all this beauty. Such longing, such intensity, such anguish, as they gazed up at the altar and crossed themselves, counting their beads and muttering their prayers!

Did peace come to these hearts? Were they really blessed? There was no indication that such was the case. They passed beyond the altar and out through a side door into the yard with the same sad, longing look upon their faces. Perhaps there was a feeling of satisfaction for having done what they felt was a duty. But now they hastened to the merry-making, for over yonder we could see merry-go-rounds and ferris-wheels. There was a real amusement park adjoining the church, and the people, having performed their religious duty, now felt free to plunge into a veritable orgy of pleasure.

Grieved with these sights and sounds, we were borne along with this mass of people into the open again, thankful for the refreshing air. Our attention was attracted at once to a group of Indians, rigged out in fantastic, brightly-colored costumes. We were informed that these were to dance a lit-



tle later in honor of the saint. They were then eating filthy food, or offering it for sale. They would sit around and drink until they were thoroughly intoxicated, and then engage in a disgraceful dance, high on the hill, and thus would end one of the greatest religious festivals of Mexico. This is only one of the many fiestas held in honor of the saints.

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And now we invite you to a very different scene. We were to be the guests at the District Assembly of the Church of the Nazarene in Mexico. As we entered the little white church at the opening session, a gracious welcome awaited us. Just above the pulpit was a big "Welcome" in Spanish—"Bienvenida." Large vases of calla lilies stood along the front of the platform, and the altar rail was entwined with freshly cut flowers.

Then an address of welcome, and a beautiful song written for the occasion were given, after which we responded from a full heart, while Mrs. Davis interpreted for us.

Dr. Santin, the District Superintendent, very ably presided over the assembly, and Dr. Morales, his son-in-law, was District Secretary. The latter



is also a song-writer. He has translated our gospel songs into Spanish, and arranged a song book for their use. His wife is a talented singer, and as her husband plays beautifully, they do a wonderful work of evangelism over the district. Mrs. Morales is also District President of the W. F. M. S., and her report showed the completion of a successful first year.

It was very evident that God had been blessing the efforts made by the many self-sacrificing workers on this district. Their membership had increased to 850, and their small Seminary had made wonderful progress. The reports of the pastors were unusually interesting, and I want to tell of a few. Dr. Santin's son, Alfredo, was recounting the wonderful works of God down in the south, where he has a fine brick church and parsonage. I was especially interested, for I remembered how that church had stood empty for three years, and the parsonage had been rented to an ungodly, drinking, gambling crowd because there was no money at Headquarters to supply them with a pastor. I also remembered how God had whispered to my heart that I could secure the needed support through enlisting new members of the Prayer and Fasting League, and how miraculously these



members had been supplied in ten minutes at a meeting in Chicago. This young preacher was telling in his report about how he secured money to help us pay the debt at Headquarters. Dr. Morales, their representative to the General Assembly, had made a pledge for their district, and when the request came for young Brother Santin's part, he said they had no money, and he could not see where they could obtain it.

"So," he said, "we called a special prayermeeting, and prayed earnestly until the Lord assured us that He had heard and would answer. Then we all went home, praising and trusting the Lord. The next morning someone knocked at our door, and when we opened it an old woman handed us twenty-five pesos (Mexican dollars) saying that the Lord had told her to bring it to us. How we praised Him, for that was just what was needed to meet our part of the pledge."

Rev. Flores, the blind preacher, pianist, violinist, and singer, now came forward. Let me tell you a little about him. He was saved from saloons and dance halls where he often spent the entire night playing his violin for their ungodly dances. But now he is so filled with the Spirit that people talk



together of how they feel the power and glory of the Lord when they are in his presence. His wife is a registered nurse, consecrated to God's service, and a true helpmeet for her husband. How his face shone as he recounted the blessings of God upon his labors, the precious souls saved and sanctified wholly, and the many other wonderful answers to prayer. Then he closed with a prayer that brought heaven down upon us, and these were his closing words, "Lord, we do not ask Thee to bless us in our ways or plans this coming year, but to enable us so to walk in Thy ways and carry out Thy plans that the blessings will just come down upon us."

Next a licensed preacher told how far away his charge was, and how it had seemed that he could not get to the assembly; but he had prayed earnestly and waited on God, who said to him, "You have a yoke of oxen that you could sell." He answered, "Yes, Lord, but I need them to work with, to help care for my family." But again, the whisper came, "Can't you trust me?"

So he sold his oxen and there he was, with the glory of God shining down upon him. Of course the whole congregation was getting blessed too,



but that was not the end of it. One woman rose to her feet, and with tears in her eyes said that she wanted to help in an offering to buy another pair of oxen for this needy brother.

Still another faithful worker now rose to his feet and told of long trips into new territory carrying Testaments and tracts, evangelizing from house to house. Sometimes, he said, he could borrow a little burro to help carry his load, more often he went on foot; but God had blessed him and he was very happy. He told of a very urgent request that came from a Christian man in the extreme south, praying them for Jesus' sake to send them a preacher once a year at least. This stirred every heart in the audience, and the same sister rose again to say that she wanted to help buy this man a horse. Then the brother who sold the oxen was on his feet saying please not to think of his oxen, for the Lord had told him to sell them, and He would provide him with more, if He saw fit, but that all the money must go to buy this other man a horse.

I must tell you of one more report. It was from one who had spent the first year on a field where there had been no church building, so according to



law he had not been permitted to gather the people together. However, he had not given up, for through his house-to-house preaching, twenty-five souls had been gloriously saved, and all had joined the Nazarene Church. They had been praying and sacrificing to get money for a church building, and now had 500 pesos. They have a W. F. M. S. of five members, and these precious women have secured 475 pesos more. Amid shouts of joy, he went on to say that the new President of Mexico had given them a lot, and now they had the materials on hand to begin to build.

And so the reports continued. We cannot stop for more in this short account, but it was truly a time of great refreshing to my own heart, as well as of blessing to our precious Mexican people.

Sunday, the closing day arrived. The morning service was wonderful, and at its close daughter sang her first song in Spanish, which pleased the people very much. In the afternoon she spoke to the young people, and I had a meeting with our W. F. M. S. women. At this time the dear sisters enthusiastically agreed that they would support one of the new students in the Seminary through the Prayer and Fasting League. This was above



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all their other responsibilities. Then, as daughter and I had felt that we would like to have some share in the blessings of that School, we told them that we would take the support of one more. How the entire Assembly rejoiced, for this had been a subject of their very earnest prayers, for there were two splendid young students who were anxious to attend the Seminary but had been prevented by lack of funds.

Now, at last, the hour of the closing service had arrived. What a splendid company, every seat was taken, and all the extra chairs as well. What beautiful music! The Spirit of God hovered over us, and helped me as I gave the message, followed by an earnest exhortation by Sister Davis. Later, the preachers gathered about the altar for special prayer, before leaving to go forth into the new year so filled with problems, and difficulties, but radiant also with the promise of the presence of Christ to go with them. After the benediction the people crowded around us, and with many tears, bade us a loving "Good-by" and "God bless you!"

In just a few more hours we were again on the train flying toward home, and this time, to avoid the long delay in passing through customs, we left



the train at Juarez, just on the border of Texas. But before we cross the border, I must tell you of the wonderful work of faith carried on by Sister Santos Elizondo in this town. Just a few blocks up the main street the little white church stands out conspicuously, occupying the corner of the block. The orphanage and Sister Elizondo's home are built along the other sides of the square, leaving in the center a nice patio for the children's playground. We had been there before, having attended the first anniversary of the dedication of the little church. At that time our hearts had been stirred to hear of the marvelous deliverances, and answers to prayer which God had wrought, as this woman of God trusted Him implicitly for the support of her sixty destitute children.

It was here that the first W. F. M. S. in Old Mexico was organized, and they now have not only an adult society, but a Young Woman's and a Junior's organization as well. While we were there we were served the most delicious Mexican lunch, in several courses: soup, tortillas, duck with spicy "mole" sauce, lovely brown beans, tamales, fragrant coffee, and other tempting dainties. It was a great treat.



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And now we took our farewell look at Old Mexico, reluctant to leave the precious friends in this land, but with pictures in our memories and emotions deep in our hearts that will remain with us always.

God bless and prosper the Church of the Nazarene in Mexico!

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NOTE:

The little, bright-covered book, called "Over in Old Mexico," in colors of the Mexican flag, with additional information and many illustrations, is available at our Publishing House. The price is twenty-five cents, and all the profits are used for the Bible Seminary in Old Mexico.



## CHAPTER XII

### A TRIP TO THE BRITISH WEST INDIES

In this chapter I will give you just a brief sketch of a very interesting journey to our mission fields in the Islands of Barbados and Trinidad in the British West Indies. This was my third missionary journey, on which Miss Mary Cove, of Lowell, Massachusetts, accompanied me.

The weather was perfect, and the soft, balmy air delightful after the chill of New York's winter. Arriving at the beautiful harbor of Barbados, and being received into the home of our missionary, Rev. J. I. Hill, we were at once reminded of the superstitions of the native people, for we stayed while there in a real "haunted house." In the night we listened to the "ghosts" rattling the shutters, and moaning in the tops of the palm trees. You will say it was the wind, but not so with some of the quaint natives of Barbados, who tell you with excited faces that they saw the flame of fire, and the blazing eyes in the dark room, which proved that the "Sookwea Woman" was really there. The



story we learned was that in Bridgetown, a beautiful Spanish mansion was believed to be haunted. Nobody would buy the place, so when missionaries came to the island, looking for just such a large, cool home, they obtained it for a mere trifle. It proved indeed a "refuge from the storm" and a "shadow from the heat."

Barbados is a beautiful island, so beautiful that it beggars description. It is coral in its structure, and as we reached higher ground, having driven through banana groves, sugar plantations, and wonderful cocoa groves, we could gaze out on the waters, surrounding us on all sides, and see almost all the colors of the rainbow in them. The smooth white roadway was often cut through coral mounds, rising like walls on either side.

Then there were the open spaces, with brilliant flashes of color from the red blossoms of the bougainvillæa vines which almost covered the tiny houses, and sometimes grew to the tops of tall trees, making them look like huge bouquets. There were miles of hedges, eight to ten feet high, formed of hibiscus, with its beautiful lily-like flowers bordering this highway, and masses of poinsettias in front of nearly every home.



All around were wonderful beaches. Barbados boasts of having the finest in the world. No wonder people come from all over the world to this little gem of an island. Yet, it is not so very small after all, for it is twenty-one miles long, and fourteen wide, and over 156,000 people live there, of whom 10,000 are white. The rest, called "West Indians," are of African descent.

We made hurried visits to the homes where the people lived, and to the tiny chapels where they worshipped, for we had come especially to see the great work the Lord had done among them. The home of Joseph Osborne, one of our preacher boys, was much nicer than many of the others, but even then it was such a tiny bare little place, of two small rooms, made of plain boards with no paint nor covering on the walls inside or out. Floors were rough boards with many a wide crack. But the bright-colored cushions on the chairs helped to make it cheerful and homelike and there were a small table and a few dishes, articles which many homes do not possess at all, as they make no plans for regular meals. We wondered where the kitchen was, but when we went out into the yard, we understood. The dinner was cooking in a little iron pot which was set on a few sticks burning in a tin



can, their only stove. Nothing there that we would call necessities, but they were happy in serving the Lord.

The little buildings which they called their churches were, it seemed to me, mere shacks. They were made of rough boards, placed on a few scattered coral stones for foundations, and with a few open spaces left for windows, with rough board shutters to close when they left, and plain boards nailed together for doors. But the dear people who worshipped in these humble temples of the Lord, loved His house, and loved Him. Such devotion, and worship I have seldom seen, and when, at the presentation of the Prayer and Fasting League at Brother Hill's request, in one church, almost every hand was raised to join with us in this added service of sacrifice, our hearts smote us, as we compared their devotion with that of our own people in prosperous America.

There is not space to describe the many interesting trips to such places as the old Sam Lord's Castle, whose walls seemed still hung with the old legends that had made it famous, or the splendid College, and the famous old Church, and other historic spots.



But we must tell you of one open air service which we attended. We had been speaking in some service almost every night, and now we wanted to hear the people testify in a great people's meeting, out under the shining moon. It was held in a blind street. Two great gasoline lamps were placed at the ends of a great oval, formed of about four hundred people, standing or sitting on boxes which they had brought with them. On either side of the street another congregation was added, who sat in the doors and crowded the small window spaces of the tiny homes.

Just as we were about to get settled, one of those sudden tropical showers came our way, pouring down out of a clear sky, in which the gorgeous moon had just been shining in all her glory. None of the people moved, however. Some had big bath towels with them (we had wondered what these were for). These they quickly slipped over their heads, and they were all right. The shower was over as quickly as it had come, and the southern moon again shed its lovely light on the fascinating scene.

How these people did sing,—with their voices, and their hands, and feet, and their whole selves, until we found ourselves keeping time too. A



young girl stood over on one side of the oval with her hands upraised and a heavenly light on her face; a man walked up and down in the center of the ring; several clapped their hands in perfect rhythm, and all looked so happy that we wondered at it, knowing the stories of their destitution, and, in many instances, their sorrow-stricken lives.

The prayers were unctuous, and the testimonies quaint and earnest. We tried to take down some of them, but we were too much interested and engaged to succeed very well. One said, "We are thankful that at last we see the physiogs of these dear women who have come to us over the briny ocean." Another, "Thou, Lord, has lengthened our tranquillity." Still another, "When I was deep down in sin, God's hands were long enough to reach down and save me."

All at once somebody started to sing, "By and By, When the Morning Comes," and how their loads seemed to fall off, and the memory of their days of toil and poverty and suffering faded away as they thought of that glad day. The floods of intense feeling that had been controlled, broke loose, and one after another moved out into the ring, and walked up and down, too gloriously happy to keep still. A woman behind me, not knowing how to



express her joy, suddenly grasped the back of my chair, and pulling herself to her feet, and vigorously shaking me in the process, shouted, "Praise God! Wonderful time! Wonderful night! Christmas! Christmas!" (Brother Hill later explained that Christmas is the symbol of happiness to them, for they know few other days like it.)

It was a real American Camp Meeting on the little narrow Barbados street. At the close, three young men knelt and gave their hearts to God, adding the crowning touch of glory to the blessing of that wonderful service.

All too soon we had to leave this beautiful island, and after sailing on a fast German liner for about fifteen hours, we entered the harbor of Port-of-Spain, capital of Trinidad. I noticed that the water here was no longer clear and blue, but black as ink. The reason, I was told, was that the Orinoco River from South America, having drained the fetid swamps, had carried their dark waters down and emptied them into the harbor, and spread them far out into the ocean, so that this beautiful island was an unhealthful place, especially for white people. Here there were no natives diving expertly for pennies, as we had seen them doing in the harbor at Barbados, for they told us



these dark waters were infested with man-eating sharks. As the little launch carried us swiftly from the deeper harbor, to the shore, we saw many thousands of small round things just below the surface of the water. They were about the size of baseballs, bobbing around everywhere. They were gray, striped with nearly all the hues of a rainbow, while hanging from the circular edge of most of them was a dainty fringe of delicate tints. They were only little jelly fish, but they lightened the dark waters of the harbor.

As we were anxious to see as much as possible of this island, which was almost four times as large as Barbados, we started right out after lunch for "Saddle Drive" up a mountain by the Santa Cruz Road nearby. The name was given this drive because of the great narrow cut resembling a saddle at the top of the mountain. The scenery was more enchanting, if possible, than Barbados; there was a wilder, more tropical beauty everywhere.

We passed groves of coconuts, and others of cocoa trees with their many-colored pods hanging so strangely all around the trunks, as well as from the branches of the trees. As we climbed higher the lovely tropical plants and wonderfully colored trees resembled a huge flower garden. There were



the flaming "flamboyant trees" with their great branches loaded with orange colored flowers, and coffee, orange and grape-fruit trees in every direction.

Contrasting painfully with this wonderful scenery were the groups of Indian hovels, and the natives from far-away India. Naked children ran about almost like little wild things, and the unkempt men and women looked not much nearer civilization. Occasionally we passed sweet faced Indian girls and women with their "sarees" drawn up over their heads just as they wear them in India. These were types of what India's womanhood could be, if they were permitted to be taught and developed.

Sunday morning we went to visit a small West Indian church out in the village of Tunapuna, where Miss Graham was the efficient native pastor. Miss Graham was born on the island of Barbados, in a Christian home, and even when she was a young girl, she wished she could be a missionary. On the day that she was to be confirmed, she earnestly prayed that she might receive the Holy Ghost, and was definitely converted before the hour of her confirmation in the afternoon.



Later she went to New York, and for a few years, because she had no spiritual help, she drifted, but in 1916 she found the Nazarenes and was reclaimed and beautifully sanctified. Soon after this she was definitely called to teach her own people in the British West Indies the truth that had saved her. This sweet, faithful woman had been offered a pleasant home, but was willing to lay every thing aside. Accordingly she left New York, and trusting only in God to supply her needs sailed back to her home, and later went to Trinidad where she is living her lonely but beautiful life in one of the darkest spots on the island. Was it surprising that this little church has been built up and many have been saved and sanctified there? When we arrived there was a fine Sunday School of thirty-five or forty children and young people just being dismissed. They were all so bright and interesting, and we could scarcely realize the tragedy that threatened these young lives. The service that followed in the crowded little shack was filled with the presence of God, and we rejoiced over these sheep who had been found from among the numbers of lost ones.

Though most of the people in Trinidad are of African descent, there are about 125,000 who came



originally from India. We had heard so much about these "East Indians" that we were very eager to see them in their native villages. Accordingly, one day we went to see them especially. First we stopped at a real Hindu Temple. We were gazing intently at the strange figures painted in brilliant colors on the walls and pointed roof, when a young boy with a kindly face inquired if we would like to go inside. We were delighted, and hastily followed him through the door in the high white wall that surrounded the temple itself, and into the little square room that was the temple proper. It would not have accommodated more than fifteen or twenty people, and there were no seats. Evidently worshippers came in, prayed before the different representations of the gods, and then passed out. We questioned the young man, but he did not speak English very well. However, he did make us understand that the grotesque pictures on the walls represented the different idols, and that they prayed before them, but not to them, since they prayed indefinitely to one God in some way. One of the most horrible of these pictures represented a figure that was part man and part animal, and the name of the god was "Cushinn,"



who was the main god, the others being his disciples.

We thought of how Paul at Athens had revealed, through the preaching of Jesus, the "Unknown God" whom they ignorantly worshipped. How we longed to help this intelligent boy, so we asked him if the god he prayed to heard him and answered him. He looked perplexed, then slowly shook his head. Then we said, "Our God does. He loves us and always hears our prayers, and sends blessings down into our hearts, so that we know He has heard us." But he only looked more troubled and shook his head again.

Later, we visited another Hindu temple, but here we had to take our shoes off before we could enter, and then we were permitted to stand only on the threshold. Six priests lived in the little half open building enclosed by the same wall as the temple. Their faces were ignorant and wicked looking, and most of them were naked except for a long loin cloth and the turban wound about their heads. We thought of what we had read about the little temple girls in India, who are married to the gods, and are the moral and physical slaves of these vile priests.



A little farther on we came to a Mohammedan temple, and still farther on we arrived at a real Indian village, composed of a large group of little huts. Most of them were made of straw and mud, mixed to make a sort of adobe, and plastered over bamboo frames, with a thatched roof made out of palm leaves placed thickly and dried. Here we saw again the same neglected, heathen people who had so stirred our hearts before. In the yard of one of the little huts sat an old man, almost naked, crouched beside a barrel. Over him worked an old woman who was throwing dippers of water on him out of the barrel. Evidently this was his bath hour, for as she splashed on the water he scrubbed vigorously.

Many months after our visit to this particular village, missionaries established a thriving Sunday School in that very place, not knowing that hundreds of our women in the homeland had been praying for them, and having no knowledge that we had ever visited there. This, we felt, was a very definite and unusual answer to prayer, and we praise God for it.

We wanted one more glimpse of these India people before leaving Trinidad, so one day we drove down to a great park where we found an



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unusual number gathered in groups. We were told that probably a boat would soon arrive that would carry many of these back to India, since each year a certain number were deported because of shortage of food and work.

We looked about to see places of shelter for this vast crowd, but there were none save the great trees in the park, which served as their only roofs both day and night. Then we wondered where they obtained their food, and soon noticed little booths where some would go and purchase a little food, and then come back to their family groups, and each would partake. In other places women were baking tiny cakes on a piece of tin, over a bit of fire. We could see almost no dishes, except some brass drinking vessels, which they would fill from the faucet, and drink from, reserving a little with which to wash their teeth. This ceremony was performed by rubbing one's finger over his teeth, and then rinsing the mouth with water.

I could hardly believe that thousands on this island were living all the time under circumstances not much better than these. Before we left we saw the dearest little girl, with her tiny saree draped over her sweet face. We learned that she could talk English, and coaxed her to tell us how old she



was. Finally in her shy way, she breathed out, "Seven." Then it was that we noticed the gold rosette of the married woman that she wore in her nose. They said she was not yet married, but we were sure at least the tiny child was already betrothed, or she could not have worn that rosette.

We wish there were space to describe the fascinating trips to such places as the world-famous Pitch Lake, and the Botanical Gardens, and the entrancing, mysterious jungle, with its brilliant parrots, and noisy monkeys, and all the other strange things, but we must hurry on to the last hours on this island which we had learned to love in our short stay.

In the main church in Port-of-Spain was held the farewell service. It had been so delightful in some of the preceding services here, to listen to the clear-cut testimonies, couched in quaint words and phrases to be sure, but ringing true to the doctrines we hold so dear, of regeneration, and the baptism with the Holy Ghost. At this last service, they told in their own way what this visit had meant to them, and then bade us "Farewell," with tear-dimmed eyes.

And so we left this lovely island, lovely in Nature, but so sadly distorted in its humanity. We



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left it with hearts full of praise for the Grace that had abounded so much more than the sin of some of these delivered hearts, but burdened for the thousands who yet had never heard the truth.

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NOTE:

The author's book "Under Tropical Skies," containing a more detailed description of this trip as well as many snapshots, can be obtained at the Publishing House. The price is fifty cents and the entire profits are being donated to much needed buildings on these Islands.



## CHAPTER XIII

### ANOTHER MIRACLE OF GRACE

We could never be the same after having seen for ourselves the sad condition and distressing needs of the dear people on these islands. We returned home to labor and pray more earnestly than ever before, that they might be reached with the blessed Word of Life. The demands were many, and in my effort to meet them the physical became overtaxed, and for many months my life hung in the balance.

Doctors agreed that not only my nerves but the entire system had collapsed, and that I might as well consider my public service finished. An X-Ray was taken, showing the heart considerably enlarged, which made it imperative, the doctor said, for me to take certain heart drops for the rest of my life, and never less than eight drops twice a day.

It seemed impossible to rally, and at times I felt that it might be the Father's will to take me home. Then a trip to California was hastily planned for me, and God's glorious sunshine there



helped me to revive. As my strength began to return, the doctor advised a short sea voyage to the beautiful Hawaiian Islands. This was a delightful trip, and proved to be of great benefit both to myself and to my daughter who accompanied me.

In those far-away possessions of our country, I found there were many races intermingling, and while there were evidences of our Christian civilization, there were also many heathen temples, and a large per cent of the people were still raw heathen.

While there I visited a real Chinese heathen temple. It was located on one of the main streets of beautiful Honolulu, but was only a small square building, and contained only one very dirty room. Around the walls we noticed altars, each containing several hideous images. A very old Chinese woman officiated as priestess. She was almost blind, and her poor hands were dreadfully knotted with rheumatism, so that she could hardly use them. And yet she must keep the incense burning and the joss sticks too, which were stuck in boxes of sand before the many gods. Oh, how my heart ached for her,—just a round of duties and no one to care or comfort, no answer to her prayers, no hope in the world.



While we lingered, gazing at the sad scene, a little, bright-eyed boy came in for a supply of paper gods. These were kept in rough boxes sitting around on the dirty floor. I stood and watched the poor woman gather dozens of these brightly colored bits of paper, covered with ugly pictures, with her stiff, deformed hands, roll them in bundles and place them in the little boy's arms. I noticed how carefully he held them there, for they were real gods to him, and were to be nailed up in his tiny, squalid home.

How my heart yearned over these neglected ones in our own land. Why should they not know about the wonderful love of a heavenly Father and the marvelous grace that can so richly abound even where sin has abounded? "He was not willing that any should perish," but so many, such multitudes, have never yet heard the wonderful story of love.

One day I saw a notice in a daily paper of a meeting to be held on Sunday evening in a Buddhist Temple, and I determined to make a special effort to go, for I was anxious to get first hand information about this strange religion that holds sway over such a vast multitude of people.

Imagine my surprise, upon arriving at the place designated, to find a splendid modern church



building, in front of which was a large bulletin board with announcements of the services in English. Upon entering, we might have mistaken the place for one of our large Protestant Churches. There was a beautiful auditorium with a platform across the end, a pulpit, and choir loft, as in our churches. But this was not all. There was an altar which reminded me of a Roman Catholic Church, and just beyond in a little alcove, a huge statue of Buddha.

When we arrived it was only a few minutes before time to begin the service, but there were only five people in the big auditorium, and they were Americans. We had expected a Japanese congregation, and where was the Buddhist priest? There was someone back on the dim, shadowy platform whom we watched intently. This person presently arose and proceeded to light the candles on the altar, and we could now see that he was wearing a black Japanese kimono; he must be the priest. But the proportions of that figure were not reassuring, as we remembered pictures we had seen of Buddhist priests. He was very slight, and as other lights were turned on we discerned that our supposed priest was a woman. Probably this was just someone caring for the building. Wrong again; she



lit the incense and kneeled before the altar, muttering a prayer to Buddha, and as she turned and faced the audience, we made a further discovery. She was a white woman, an American!

A few moments later a company of young people filed in; they were Japanese, it is true, but all were dressed in the latest style of American clothes, the girls with bobbed hair, and sleeveless dresses. They took seats in the center of the auditorium and a vested choir entered a side door and took their places. Their dark skin, and shining black hair were pleasing contrasts to the bright yellow robes they wore.

Now began the proverbial Buddhist service, but we needed to keep in mind this fact, for it was almost an exact duplicate of an ordinary American Church service. There was singing by the choir, and reading by a white man (the husband of the priestess) out of a very large book which he brought with him, and held on his lap after he was seated. We learned that this was a book of the sacred Buddhist writings, but they were not inspiring. After a lengthy prayer to Buddha offered by the American priestess and another hymn with a strangely familiar tune, a regular sermon followed.



The sermon was addressed to the eight white people there, and was an able discourse on Buddhism with several sarcastic thrusts at Christianity. There were no Japanese present except the young people, who, we learned were students in a Buddhist College attached to the church, and this was in reality, a meeting of the Young Men's Buddhist Association. We had read that Buddhism was adopting methods similar to those of Christianity and surely it was being demonstrated right there on American soil, and under American leadership.

We returned home with a sad heart feeling more keenly than ever the great need of a real revival in our own land and an aggressive program of evangelism that would reach all of the needy people who are living under the Stars and Stripes. They should have not only the blessings of our civilization, but also the knowledge of salvation that can come only by knowing and accepting Christ the Redeemer.

Reaching home again with these added burdens on my heart, it seemed that I could not yet give up the battle, and after weeks of earnest, believing prayer, the dear Lord spoke very definitely to me through His Word, saying, "Be of good courage,



and I will strengthen thine heart." I thanked him and stepped out upon his promise, and put away my little bottle of heart drops. Soon I had clear evidence that I was healed.

I few months later, desiring to witness for my Lord, I visited my doctor, and asked him to examine my heart. He did, and with genuine surprise declared it was all right. I then told him that God had healed me, and I had taken no heart drops for several months. He said it was wonderful, and that I did not need them any more. Truly our God is the unchanging One, and His Grace did much more abound.

In bringing to a close this brief sketch of forty years' glad and blessed service for the Master, I can testify with Joshua, "Not one thing has failed," of all the good things he promised. His love is "sweeter as the years go by," his presence more real, and his will my delight.

My confidence for the future is perhaps best expressed by a verse of that grand old hymn,

"Grace is flowing from Calvary,  
Grace as fathomless as the sea,  
Grace for time and eternity,  
Grace, enough for me."