INTERESTING INCIDENTS

Continuing the sketches
published in an earlier
booklet entitled
OTHER DAYS

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A dialog on Eternal Security
Our Lost Estate
Achieving Faith
Other Days

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CHAPTER ONE

THAT MOTHER O' MINE

My mother was born in New England, in the state of New Hampshire. The ancestral farm was a sterile affair, adjoining the one that marked the birthplace of Daniel Webster, once the oratorical hero of New England. Mother bore the good English name of Shaw, and "Shaw's Corners" was the name of the village near which she was permitted to see the light of day.

She had little schooling, never being privileged to attend anything better than the country schools of her day, which were primitive enough. In her teens she was taken from school to assist in earning the family living, and frequently worked winters in the nearby cotton spinning factory. At nineteen she was married, because Father thought she was the prettiest, smartest, handsomest girl in all the region. Grandfather Morrison, who was an austere deacon in the Congregational church of his nearby village, "grubstaked" the young couple to the amount of their transportation expenses to the new territory of Iowa, back in the '50s, and they were dumped down in those raw pioneer days, to "root hog, or die."

Father acquired an interest in a soft coal mine near Oskaloosa, and into a hastily constructed shack, near the mine, moved my mother. His earnings were meager, and the competition keen, consequently the young wife, who soon had an increasing group of small children about her, quickly learned to make scant supplies increase till they could fill many empty stomachs, and to darn and patch and make and mend so that tiny bodies would be protected from the winter winds, and a humble shack of a house be made to look like home.

They were irreligious in those days. Reared in a stiff New England Congregationalism, out of which they secured no personal Christian experiences, they drifted utterly away from all churches in their early western life. All longings for some sort of religious comfort and all homesick yearnings for the white painted neatness of New Hampshire farmsteads, were smothered in the frantic scramble for a mere existence.

Soon the patriotic fury of the Civil War swept Iowa. The reverberations from Fort Sumter shook the frontier state. The thunder of the drums, the scream of the fife, the showy "Union blue" uniforms, and the fervid oratory carried Father off his feet. Without consulting with Mother he enlisted. There was an indignant and tearful scene, and Father marched away to the front, leaving Mother with five children on her hands, two of them twins, and the oldest only twelve. The private soldier's pay in those days was so meager that very little of it each month found its way back to his frontier home, though Father faithfully did his best with what he did receive.

Nothing daunted by her overwhelming necessities, Mother set her wits to work, purchased eighty acres of land on time, including several cows, some chickens, and a pig or two. A kind neighbor assisted the family to move and soon she was making butter and selling it in the nearby town, gathering eggs and turning them into money, and assisting the twelve-year-old son to deliver coal by the basketful with an old mule and a ramshackle cart included in the farm purchase. When Father got back from the war, she had the farm almost paid for, and several more cows purchased and was otherwise carrying on a very prosperous business.

Soon after Father had returned from the Civil War, a revival began in the little Methodist church in the nearby village. Father, hardened by his army experiences, laughed at Mother when she spoke of attending. He was interested again in the coal mining business, and was sure this time that he was going to "make a stake." Mother refused to be deprived of her religious privileges and promptly washed

and dressed the children and with a baby in her arms, marched off to the revival, promptly gave her heart to God, got converted in the good old-fashioned way, and came home determined to make a convert out of Father. It was not long before he, too, was attending, under conviction, and soon praying through as happily as Mother. From then on, they never were separated in their religious efforts. A family altar was set up never to be taken down till eternity received them both. So consistently did they live, pray, testify, tithe and support the church, that they led every child they had to make a profession of religion except one.

Financial disaster overtook the coal mine venture—a flood of water filled the mine so great it could not be pumped out. The farm was thrown in to save it, became involved, and soon the complete holdings of the family were swept away. Father saved an ox team and wagon out of the wreckage, and Mother pieced her bed sheets together for a cover for it, and with the children now numbering ten, we started for the Dakotas where he could secure some free government land.

My infant, conscious memory began during that trip in the covered wagon to Dakota. The first thing that I can remember was a cold, gray, foggy morning; the covered wagon billowed beside us and a campfire smoked nearby. My mother was kneeling on the ground beside a spring seat, praying. From then on, her prayers became a sort of pivot around which my religious feelings, when I had any, swung. In a sod house, where we lived for three years after reaching Dakota, during the awful grasshopper visitation, when the prairie fire burned to death our only team of horses, during the high water that threatened to wash us away and did all but lap our threshold, when the blizzards raged, when the drouth burned everything to a crisp; when the family ship was careening under disastrous gales, it always righted itself after we had listened to Mother pray a while. She could make God more real than any bishop, priest or preacher that I ever met. The cloud by day, and the fire by night, always

rested on our humble farm home after Mother had talked a while with God about our needs, our accidents or our crises. Thank God for such a mother.

She reared ten children and lost not one till they were all adult grown. She never knew what it was to have more than two or three hundred dollars a year of cash income. Her one black "Sunday gown" was a familiar sight to the family for years. She cooked and washed, and knit stockings, and sat up nights and mended, and doctored, and lectured and taught and prayed for ten children and one orphan grandchild. She inspired my father till he lifted the family out of poverty into a reasonable competence. She prayed four sons under conviction for a college career and out of her meager living frequently shared with them their college expenses. She rejoiced to see three of them afterward enter the holy ministry.

She met every situation with a calm trust in a great God. Fire, flood, disaster and death, were to her among the all things that work together for good to them that love God. She never, to my recollection, heard about holiness of heart and life as a second work of grace, but one time, after I had entered the ministry, as I made my annual visit home, I found her in a wonderfully mellowed mood. Her laugh was as hearty and contagious as ever, and her facetious remarks—for she was an inveterate joker—were like a babbling stream, but she told me that she had come into a wonderful new experience with the Lord. She didn't give it any name, and I was not wise enough in theology to know, but she described with tear wet eyes the joy, the unction, the glory that was outpoured upon her. She laughed and cried and praised God while she told me.

When the time came for me to go, we had tender prayer together in the parlor. I asked Mother to pray, and for the last time she brought earth and heaven together for me. She put me in God's keeping, and frankly told Him what sort of a Christian and what sort of a preacher she wanted Him to make out of her "baby boy." She wept and praised

God in a tender way as she prayed, and I wept and shouted as I listened. When we rose to our feet she unconsciously picked up the Bible out of which I had just read some verses, and with it under her arm, accompanied me to the door. I kissed her goodby, and walked away. At the turn of the street, I looked back, and she was still standing in the door, with the Bible under her arm, waving her hand. Her hair was a mass of natural curls, and loose in the breeze, hung a halo of white about her head. She was stooped and old. When I had pressed her hands as I said goodby, I felt the callous spots on them. She had the light of heaven in her face. I never saw her again.

Within a fortnight she was promoted. She had run upstairs to get her wraps, and then climbed hastily into the seat beside Father in an old-fashioned high buggy. The effort was too much for a heart that had throbbed with millions of extra beats in love, pity, devotion and prayer for her family and for the church of God till she was now almost three score and ten. With a gasp she laid her head on Father's shoulder and passed without a struggle. No boy had a better mother in whose arms to be rocked, no youth had a tenderer and more faithful guide and guard, no man ever had a wiser counsellor or a more devout example of godliness and no gray haired veteran has a more precious memory of Christian motherhood to look back upon than I.

CHAPTER TWO

CHRISTMAS IN A SOD SHACK

My father migrated to Dakota Territory in the '70s. The family arrived at the pioneer village of Sioux Falls at autumn time in an ox drawn "prairie schooner"—the nickname for a wagon with a canvas cover. The approaching winter was spent in a rented house some three miles from the homestead that Father had filed upon. He found the trip over to our own land a bit long to be frequently made with an ox team, and in addition to the slow gait of the oxen, he had to ford the Big Sioux River, consequently in the spring we moved onto our own acres and lived during the summer in the covered wagon box which rested on the ground, supplemented with a tent. The kitchen stove was set up in the wagon box, and a dining table improvised of boards. Mother presided over that wagon box. It was all the home that we had.

By late fall we had some sod broken, and raised a small crop of sod corn, and some sod flax, both of which did fairly well. Then Father and the big boys began building a sod house in which to live for the coming winter, and a sod stable for the stock. The walls of the house were some three feet thick, laid with the grass down. The roof was made of several layers of willows, upheld with stout posts in the middle of the long room, and then covered with sods laid like big shingles. The window frames were made of boards, and the windows themselves were white cloth. The door was of heavy poles spiked together and hung on home-made wooden hinges; it fastened with a huge wooden latch on the inside. To lock it all one had to do was to pull the heavy leathern thong inside. To tell a person that the *"latch string was always out,"* to him, was to assure him of a welcome.

Father hurried to plaster the inside of the sod walls, because the winter was approaching, and the nights were get-

ting cold in the tent and wagon box. A great shelf of boards was built high overhead, on which the boys of the family slept. To reach the shelf we had to climb a big pole filled with wooden pegs for steps.

We had gotten well moved in, when the winter storms fell on us like an enemy assault. So busy was everyone in getting the small crop gathered and the sod building completed that Thanksgiving Day came and went, and we had no celebration. This was painful to Mother, who looked upon Thanksgiving Day as an heirloom from old New England, and it hurt her to miss the occasion. Then the storms set in so early that Father decided that he must leave for Iowa in order to work during the coming winter in a coal mine to secure some needed cash for sustaining his family and with which to buy seed for the next spring's crop. The Iowa mine was several hundred miles away, but he set out on foot, and after many weeks the family beleaguered on the prairies with snow and ice, heard that he had arrived and was hard at work at fifty cents a day.

The big boys had only time to cut and haul to the home site several huge loads of green willows for fuel, and also to bring flax straw and loads of long slough grass to the house for use in burning along with the willows, when December stormed in with a three-day blizzard. All roads were drifted high with snow and coming and going with a team was practically over. When they had carried Father to town with the ox team, as he was en route to Iowa, they had also taken my two sisters to a good Methodist woman's home in Sioux Falls, where they worked for their "keep" and attended the village school. Now the girls found themselves snowed in at the frontier village and we were snowed in at the farm.

As the winter deepened our supplies ran short. Mother eked out the flour and the meal, but at last was forced to put the family on a ration of boiled wheat and milk, till she could induce the boys to break a road to the town four miles away, and carry a sack of wheat to the mill. Beside this, meat was a thing of the past. The salt pork was gone, the

hams were cut to the bone, and we had nothing to butcher. Poultry was too scarce at this early date in our pioneer experience to allow of any for food.

In addition to all else, *Christmas was coming!*

Having missed out on Thanksgiving Day, Mother was determined not to fail to celebrate Christmas. She was the general of our family and also its high priestess. We could tell pretty well what things were agitating her mind by the references that she made to them in our family devotions. Her concern properly and duly to celebrate Christmas cropped out in her prayers.

She cut up an old buffalo robe and worked far into the night by the light of a tallow "dutchman" (a bowl of grease with a wick in it, for our supply of "coal oil" was exhausted) to sew big, heavy buffalo skin collars on the older boys' overcoats. Then she started the two of them off the week before Christmas with the ox team and a home-made sled for a two-day trip to Sioux Falls to exchange a sack of wheat for flour, buy some few Christmas groceries, and bring the girls home for "the holidays." They carried shovels for the huge drifts and expected that it would take them one day to go the four miles, and one day to come. They carried frozen bean porridge for food, and planned to sleep in the office of the mill, where the friendly miller would give them a place to lie on the floor.

Late on the second day they returned, their faces covered with frost, and toes and fingers frozen some with the cold. The sled was loaded with provisions tied on with ropes to stand the plunging of the oxen as they plowed through the drifts, and the careening of the sled. The girls had decided not to come; it was too cold, and their quarters in town were a bit better than the ones at the farm.

Mother's next move was to secure some fresh meat. She encouraged the boys to go rabbit hunting. With no money with which to buy ammunition, this meant a weary tramp through the woods, with long clubs in hand, and when a rabbit was sighted, to follow him till he hid behind some weeds, and

then slowly to approach within striking distance. About one out of a dozen "cotton-tails" thus sighted was bagged. An all day hunt, with wearisome floundering through the drifts, lunching at noon on some frozen chunks of bean porridge, netted the party of three a bag of four rabbits. But we had our Christmas meat.

'Twas the night before Christmas. Mother had made sundry dried apple pies, which she had flavored with a bit of boiled cider produced from a mysterious jug that no one knew about except the heads of the family. I served as fireman. The red-hot cook stove heated with a combination of dry flax straw, and green willows, made the old sod shack seem wonderfully cozy. A fresh supply of kerosene enabled us to have a fine illumination on Christmas Eve. The rabbits were all dressed and ready for converting into a meat pie on the morrow. We read Dickens' "Christmas Carol" aloud, and several chapters out of "David Copperfield," and one or two out of the "Old Curiosity Shop." Prayer time came and we sang Christmas hymns and Mother read the manger story. I can still hear the echo of her soft voice as she read:

> "And she brought forth her first born son and wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid him in a manger. And there were . . . shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night . . . and, lo, the glory of the Lord shone round about them . . . and the angel said . . . I bring you good tidings of great joy . . . for unto you is born . . . a Savior which is Christ the Lord. And suddenly there was . . . a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men."

She prayed for each one of us, and for the absent father in the far-away Iowa coal diggings. We all expectantly hung up our stockings, and we boys shinned up the spiked pole and were soon lulled to sleep with the roar of the winter storm that descended in extra fury that evening of the birthday of our Savior.

Before dawn one after another of us night clad boys began shouting "Merry Christmas," to one another, and then to slide shiveringly down the spiked pole—for the fire had long hours ago been out—each to seize the stocking that had been solicitously hung the night before, and to feel of it inquisitively as he reascended the pole to cover up again in bed. Out of the stockings came popcorn balls made with sorghum taffy, peanuts and a handful of English currants. Not much, indeed, but we didn't expect much. What wise man is it that has said, "Happy is the person whose wants are few"?

The dinner that Christmas Day was in our judgment, fit for a king. No vegetables, to be sure, for we had not had time to grow any, and they were scarce anyhow in that pioneer region. But a great dish of baked beans, cooked with a ham bone destitute of meat; a rabbit pie, with a feather light, rich, scrumptious crust, the whole topped off with a spoonful of boiled cider to each boy, and a huge section of dried apple pie. Besides some of the grandest hot baking powder biscuits that one ever set his teeth in, slathered with the tastiest homemade butter and dripping with sorghum molasses. Who could ask for anything better? When Mother said grace, she had thanked God for our *"bounteous repast."*

After dinner we children played "authors" with homemade cards cut from brown building paper, sang Christmas songs from an old hymnbook, to the accompaniment of an ancient mouth organ. We were as happy as any youngsters the world around.

The evening chores over we read some more in "David Copperfield," popped a great panful of popcorn, listened to the story of St. Paul and his cruise in the awful storm on the Mediterranean, his mighty faith in God, his wreck, the bite of the viper, the healing of the leading islander by faith, and the great apostle's triumphant resumption of his journey to Rome; we had our hearts wrung again with a pathetic prayer from Mother, pulled off our heavy, cowhide boots, left them by the fire to dry and again climbed the spiked pole to dream of accompanying Paul in his missionary journeys

to distant lands and there preaching to hundreds of eager listeners.

Soon after Christmas the big boys secured an old rusty fish spear and through the ice of the Big Sioux River, lighted at night with huge bonfires of down wood, they took many a sackful of suckers and pickerel. These were a welcome addition to our frontier menu. The frequent and heavy fall of light, fluffy snow that winter made rabbit hunting more successful and frozen "cotton tails" by the dozen graced a high pole in the yard, erected to lift them above the reach of four-footed marauders. Erelong Mother hired three of the boys out for a week to a neighbor to snap belated corn, at 25c a day for all three of them, taking her pay in potatoes, onions and carrots. With frost-bitten fingers and icy breath this heroic work was done, and the vegetables conveyed home in small consignments, one boy driving while the others lay on the vegetables to keep them from freezing in transit. Mother doled them out, keeping the extras under the stove at night to secure them from frostbite. We ravenously ate many of them raw, shedding tears over the onions, as I well remember. Yes, yes, those were still the days of "rugged (or ragged) individualism." I confess that it is easier to write about them than to experience them.

Others may, however, have been born with silver spoons between their lips, with well-to-do parents, with life's way smoothed comfortably for them; but ah, they missed the toughening moral tug of adversity, the resourcefulness that learns to be satisfied and thankful with insignificant things, the ability to find complete mental solace in a good book, and the tendency toward utter reliance on a mighty, miracle working heavenly Father. These can be found oftenest, I think, among those who know nothing but "the short and simple annals of the poor."

CHAPTER THREE

AN EXPERIENCE WITH A GHOST

After some ten years on the Dakota prairie farm, Father had developed it enough so that we were reasonably comfortable. Our house consisted of a fairly well built farm home with a big living room, off of which Mother had a guest-room—the joy of her New England heart. In it were all the family keepsakes and heirlooms—the "what not" in the corner made by Uncle Somebody out of spools ingeniously fastened together so that they constituted a shelf. There, too, was a glass affair with a lock of Aunt Somebodyelse's hair cut from her head when she died. There also was the family album with Cousin This and Grandfather That, all stiff and stark as they used to be in the '50s, '60s and '70s. Father was there with his Union Army uniform, the old Civil War army cap cocked jauntily over one eye, and a big musket taller than he. We used to have a roaring fire in the big stove in that guestroom and sit in there on Christmases, Thanksgiving Days and when some member of the family had a birthday, or there was a wedding. It was just like visiting somewhere.

To be sure there was an ocean of hard work to do, and it seemed to me that I was always tired. I often tried to read at night after riding after the cattle all day, or tramping after a plow or harrow—to "improve my mind," as Mother used to say, but I would come so near falling asleep over the mental improvement that it didn't amount to much. But for the reading that I did while out on the prairie with the cattle, I fear that I would not have made much headway.

True, also, the house was unfinished upstairs in the great garret where we boys slept. There were cracks there which let in the snow in winter, and it drifted often across our beds. I have climbed out of bed many a winter morning and planted both feet in a small drift of snow. When it rained we could hear it on the roof just above our heads, and we were lulled to sleep many a night, by its roar on the shingles.

We boys each had a horse to ride by this time, and often in the late fall when farm work let up a bit, rode off in the evening to Sioux Falls four miles away, and did a little boyish trading on our own account.

One fall the whole neighborhood had a "ghost scare." A something or other that was big, strange and frightening was reported first in one place and then in another. It always appeared at night, and was usually reported as having been seen by some of the young folks who were returning from some neighbor's home, or from town. It was invariably said to be on the move, and the older people suspected that it was a strange, huge dog, or some animal which had wandered down from the woods to the north of our settlement.

A good deal of boasting and bragging went on among us small fry at school about this reported apparition. No one had seen it close enough to tell just what it looked like. Some said it was black, some alleged that it was white and had flowing locks or garments, or something. Others declared they had caught a fleeting glimpse of a striped object, like a zebra, that raced past in a mysterious manner. But every small boy in school bragged that he wasn't afraid, and actually would like to meet "The Ghost," as everyone took to calling it. However, it was noticeable that not a small boy was found during the whole fall, who cared to remain alone outside his home door, and all barn chores were done up early so that no after dark work needed to be looked after.

The older folks laughed good-naturedly about "The Ghost," Father and the older boys saying with many a pooh, pooh! that there were no such things and that whatever the mysterious creature was, it was perfectly natural and could eventually be easily explained. My brother, next older, who was my constant comrade in all early life, and I, courageously adopted the views of our "betters," and defied the unknown thing, by going out whenever we wanted to go. But to this day I am willing to confess that while maintaining a calm and defiant demeanor outwardly, the cold chills often

chased themselves up and down my spine while we were making our bold defiance.

One night a neighbor boy and his sister, who had also adopted our courageous attitude toward "The Ghost," started down to our house to make an evening call. Something came up behind them, and without waiting to ascertain just what it was, they dropped their defiant spirit, and fled toward our house with wild yells of fright. They burst in upon us without knocking, their eyes dilated with fear, and tears just back of their eyelids trying to force their way out. Guns were seized by the older ones of the family, horses were mounted, and securing as correct a tale as they could from the terrified youngsters, they rode the highway between the neighbor's house and ours, and scoured the immediate vicinity. Nothing was found. The big boys had to hitch up the team and escort the frenzied boy and girl back to their homes. That startled everybody, and as the tale was repeated in the different homes, it grew till the whole neighborhood went armed, and on the lookout. Some big boys carrying their guns one night, thought sure they had located the monster, when a startling crash was heard in the brush by the roadside. They saw two great glaring eyes and with admirable fortitude stood their ground and excitedly fired a perfect fusillade into the thicket. For some time they were too nervous to investigate and ascertain what sort of a creature had assailed them, but at last did so, and after cautiously stirring the depths of the brush with a long pole, discovered that they had killed one of the neighbors' pet cats!

This episode relieved the tension enough so that my brother and I boldly took our horses and rode off to town one beautiful fall night. Coming home about ten in the evening, we turned our "steeds" (as we loved to call our Indian ponies) into the side road that led to our house. There we saw a sight that froze the very blood in our veins. A tall white object with flowing garments was moving about among the trees some twenty feet from our house. We stopped our horses in the darkness of the bushes near the

road. With bodies cold as stones, we watched that white apparition.

"It's 'The Ghost'," whispered my brother.

I was too frightened to make any reply. My tongue, as the Scripture says, "clave to the roof of my mouth." I was having all that I could do to breathe, let alone trying to talk. Indeed, my breath was coming in "short pants," as Mark Twain puts it.

The horrible thing moved slowly about. It looked to us to be at least ten feet tall. It extended what looked to be great flowing arms. It seemed to sink into the ground, and then to rise to a colossal height. It moved slowly about, seeming to float just above the ground.

We were sick with fear. Our horses seemed to sense the presence of this being from another world, and shivered. I unconsciously patted the neck of my animal and found it dripping with sweat. I, however, was shivering with cold, and very far from sweating.

At last my brother whispered, "This is the chance we have been bragging about. We will have to ride the thing down. Get your gun ready." For a fourteen-year-old lad, I have always felt that was courage indeed. At mention of my gun, I remembered that I had one. No thought of so earthly a weapon *as a gun* to be used in connection with the horrible being that was floating around in front of us had occurred to me. I whipped it out of the holster. It was an old-fashioned pistol. My brother got his ready. The very action sent a surge of something like a faint bit of courage through my heart. I partly thawed out.

Again he whispered, "Are you ready?"

I gave a choking assent, and he further directed, "Don't shoot till we get near enough to see what it is." As for me—twelve years old—I was not sure that I actually had the strength to pull the trigger, and as for aiming the weapon, I could hardly lift it, I was so weak. But as he spurred toward the dreadful something I followed.

As we emerged from the shadow of the bushes, one of

our horses gave a terrific snort. We both nearly fell from our saddles at the unexpected sound. The apparition also heard it, and with a wild screech disappeared around the house. With noise and action our courage rose. We yelled and charged, and fired our pistols. Turning the corner of the house at a gallop where the something had disappeared, we found nothing.

Greatly mystified, and shaking with cold nervousness, we halted our horses in front of the house. An older brother stuck a tousled head out of the garret window, and in a cold, sarcastic, very *earthly* voice, inquired what we were galloping around and firing our guns like wild Indians for? Didn't we want people to sleep? We tried to tell him, but he laughed so boisterously and sneered so sarcastically, that our own faith in what had happened was beginning to ebb, and we went sulkily to the barn to put away our horses.

We never heard the last of that night's episode from those unbelieving brothers. They sneered and laughed and poked fun, until in sheer defense we took Mother into our confidence and told the whole tale to her. She commended us for our courage and at once issued stern commands to our big brothers that she would deal drastically with them if they did not stop sneering at us. She also assured us that she believed she could discover something about the ghost.

Sure enough, in a short time she came to us with the disclosure that the apparition that we saw was the *school teacher,* a tall, gaunt lady of uncertain age, who boarded with us, and slept in the spare bedroom off the guestroom. She had recently lost her lover, killed in a border row which he was trying to suppress, and was out in the moonlit trees, dressed in her night clothing, and sighing with grief. When my brother and I heard the story we retired to the hayloft of the barn, and there he seriously said to me:

"I think that we had better kneel down here and thank the Lord that we did not shoot anybody the other night."

And there in the hay we falteringly, in a subdued tone, thanked God that He had kept us from doing any harm. And that was the last that was ever heard of "The Ghost."

CHAPTER FOUR

MY FIRST RAILROAD TRIP

I can remember very distinctly when the railroad first built a spur into Sioux Falls, "Dakota Territory," as it was then. It was a branch of the C. St. P. M. and O. and reached our little town from the east. It was quite an event among the settlers when the grade was finished, but when the track was laid and the first work train steamed into town a great throng of people gathered to celebrate the event. Our family all drove into town with an ox team, and went down to the railroad yards, to look at the black monster, lazily smoking by the shantylike station. Before the arrival of the iron horse all the freighting had been done by teams. Father had taken part with his oxen in this kind of work every autumn and winter, and earned many a bit of money in this way.

While the engine stood on the track, some of the old-timers who had not seen one for years, begged the engineer to drive it up and down the yards so they could see it run. In trying to do so, the driver discovered that it was broken, and wouldn't go. The break was a small one, but it required that the great machine be rolled to the spot on the tracks nearest the blacksmith shop, in order that the sooty worker in iron could repair the break. A crowd of men tried to push the monstrous contraption, but failed. Then at the behest of the engineer, several ox teams were hitched onto it, and with many a "Giddap," "Gee," "Haw," "Whoa," the cracking of long whips, and shouting, they hauled the huge but helpless affair to the blacksmith shop. The noise, confusion and strain reminded one of the efforts that some churches, which are strangers to the Holy Ghost, make in order to function and to get somewhere. An hour later, all mended up, the iron horse easily rolled up and down the track, with only the gentle hissing of steam, like a group of God's peo-

ple, well organized and inspired with the mighty motivating Spirit.

When I was sixteen a brother, who lived with his family sixty miles away to the south, decided to move back to Sioux Falls. He wrote, asking Father to allow me to come down to his place on the train, and help him move. This was my first experience riding in a coach. This trip also signalized the first time that I ever had on a suit of underwear. This was purchased to enable me more comfortably and stylishly to travel. Before that all of us boys wore overalls, except on Sunday, and when it was cold, we added another pair, trusting that the worn spots would "break joints." When it was extremely cold, we added still other pairs, till winters became known among us as a "four pants" winter, when it was severe, or a "two pants" winter, when it was comparatively mild.

Dressed in my new, snug fitting flannels and my "other clothes," I was ready to start by daylight. The train did not leave till afternoon, and some of the family were to drive me to the town and to the station, but I was ready hours before the time to start arrived. Father called us all to morning prayer around the family table, and following his custom, referred to coming events in his petition. He prayed for protection on the lad that was setting out on his first railroad journey. I had reason to remember this prayer later on, and was glad to feel that a gracious heavenly Father was answering my parent's earnest request.

With an old-fashioned family "carpet sack" containing a pair of clean socks, a shirt and my every day work clothes, I mounted the train platform, and was off. It was a novel experience to me. Though accustomed to the pitching, tossing back of a wild broncho, and also to the plunging wagon when the "steers" ran away, I was unfamiliar with the swaying motion of a moving train. Instinctively I clung to the car seat when the great moving concern swung around the bends in the track. I was far more alarmed at each jolt, jar and jerk than at the antics of the wildest horse that I had ever ridden.

Indeed I was so train-conscious that my ample lunch that mother had solicitiously provided went untasted. So excited and nervous did I become over this train ride that when I reached my destination I was more tired than I often had been when riding horse back all day.

We got the brother's household goods loaded on a freight car, and yet had so much room in the car that he decided to include a couple of his unbroken yearling colts. He could not lead them, they were so wild, and as he was planning to to carry his family through with a wagon, he could not mount a pony and drive the colts. By including them in the freight car load, it would enable me to ride free in the caboose on a stock contract back to Sioux Falls. We raced and chased, and rode and ran, and shouted and sweat, before we got the colts into the car. Even then they were so wild we couldn't tie them, and erected a board barricade across one end of the car, shutting them off from the household goods. I got my stock contract, and bidding the brother goodby, climbed hastily aboard the caboose of the afternoon freight train, which picked up the loaded car.

That was a *terribly* tedious ride. In my haste to get on board, I neglected to secure the lunch basket that had been prepared for me. Supperless I slid around on board that old caboose, as the train started with a bang, and stopped with a wild jerk. If I dared stand up, it seemed that it was sure to start with a vicious jump, and then as suddenly and as wickedly to stop, just as I picked myself up.

Darkness fell, and still we rumbled along at a snail's pace. Hunger was beginning to gnaw at my internal machinery. I recollected that in the car of household goods there was a big coffee pot partly filled with cold coffee, and not having any money with me with which to buy anything, I determined to go forward, along the train, locate the car, crawl in and obtain some of that coffee. I soon easily located the car by the furious sounds that were proceeding from it. I opened the door a tiny crack, and saw that those wild colts

had broken their barricade down and were smashing amuck throughout the entire car, kicking and plunging.

Thinking that I could get them back into the end where they belonged, I crawled through the tiny gap in the door, and slid it shut again behind me. The interior was dark as Egypt. I stood shivering with dread of the plunging colts, just inside the car door, when I heard the bolt in the door drop, *and I was fastened in!* Some trainman had happened by, and finding the door unfastened, he had locked it on the outside. I yelled as loudly as I could, but failed to make him hear. The sound of my voice started the colts again to plunging and smashing, and just then the train lurched forward. I was thrown off my feet into that dark mess of kicking colts and scattered household goods.

How I escaped being killed is just one of the seven days' wonders to me. I had presence of mind enough to roll over next to the car's side, and then to crawl toward the piled up household goods. Twice I felt the wind from the kick of a colt's hoof fan my cheek. Once my shin was skinned by the flying foot of one of the crazed creatures. I finally reached the vantage ground of splintered rocking chairs, and smashed bedsteads. Over these I went, jagging my hands and limbs with splinters. Up in the farthest corner I crawled and perched on some bedding. It was pitch dark. The train lurched and rumbled, and the colts pitched, kicked, smashed and groaned. To say that I did some tall praying, is putting it mildly. I alternately prayed and nursed my splinter pierced hands and limbs.

The balance of the journey was one prolonged, agonizing nightmare. The night seemed never to have an end. At every stop I would yell, till at last I was so hoarse that I could scarcely croak. After what seemed to be a literal eternity, it began to grow a tiny bit light in the car. The train had apparently reached its destination, for with one farewell kick that shunted our load of misery onto a side track, we came to a wild, crashing stop, as we bumped into

some other cars which were standing on the side track to which we had been switched. All was finally still.

I strained my eyes in the dim light that was trickling through the end window of the car, and discovered that the one in the end where I was perched high on the household stuff was open a tiny crack. I quickly made my way to it, and with a great effort, seconded by using a stick as a pry, I got it open far enough so that I could first look out and then finally crawl out.

It was dismally raining and in the dim light I saw that we were in the railroad yards, surrounded with box cars. I was weak with sleeplessness and gaunt with hunger. Nor did I know which way to go, or where we were. I finally decided that my only hope lay in staying by the car till we should either be hauled somewhere else, or someone should appear to help me out. I shivered in the cold, rainy dawn. I prayed most frantically for divine help.

It was so cold that I crawled back into the freight car, and there saw by the dim light that it contained confusion worse confounded. One of the colts was down, but whether he was dead, or still alive, I could not tell. The other was very much alive, and when I made my way in a difficult manner toward him, he began plunging and kicking so furiously that I desisted, and crawled again to the outside, bringing with me, this time, a heavy army blanket with which to wrap myself. At least the air outside was fresh. I lay on the roof of the car, in the drizzling rain, and called on the Lord for mercy and assistance.

Soon I saw, in the gathering fragments of dawn, a bedraggled figure slowly coming down the line of box cars. It carried a dark lantern, and with it, examined each car to see whether or not it was loaded. I guessed that he was a thief, and rolled back from the edge of the car roof on which I lay, and gathered the wet blanket in my hand, thinking that if this strange looking, ragged creature attacked me, I would thrust the blanket at him. The man stopped in front of my

car. He sensed somehow that it was loaded, and also soon discovered that it was simply locked and not sealed. He thrust the door aside part way, and made ready to clamber in. I believed that he was a thief, and that it was up to me to stop him somehow. He placed a box by the door, and stood upon it, peering into the dim interior. Just as he did so, I reached over the edge of the car, and spreading out my wet blanket, dropped it over his head, and yelled—!

"Thieves! Police! Fire! Murder!" I screamed and beat a tattoo on the car roof with my heels. At the sound of my voice the colt inside also set up a furious plunging and tried to make its way out of the partially opened door. The thief gave a gasp, clawed at the wet blanket over his head, and dropping his lantern, ran for his life. His first plunge landed him into the end of one of the box cars standing near, but the crash succeeded in clearing him of the clinging blanket, and once free from that he sprinted off into the darkness like a scared deer. I climbed down, drove the struggling colt back from the open door, where it had its head out, and closed it in. I was shivering with cold, fear and dread and yet was wet with sweat.

Too forlorn for words, scared by the visit from the thief, cold, wet, and my teeth chattering like castanets, I was surely a pitiful object. After some time I saw another man coming with a lantern. Sure that it was another thief, I hid behind a part of the car, and seizing a piece of board, waited with a quaking heart, and nerveless hands, his approach. He reached my car and stopped. The dim light of the lantern served further to conceal me with its shadows, and failed to indicate what sort of man my second visitor was. I lifted my heavy piece of board as he drew near me, and set his lantern down. Just as I was about to leap out and bring it down as hard as I knew how on his head, he turned slightly in the dim light, and I recognized—*my father!* He was looking for me and the car. I gave one yell of tearful delight and grabbed him.

Later in the day, seated by the empty plates of a smoking dinner table, with my splinter wounds dressed and bandaged by Mother's solicitous hands, it sounded wonderfully comforting to me to hear Father pitch the tune with his familiar "do, me, sol, do," and then to sing:

"From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'Tis found beneath the mercy seat."

CHAPTER FIVE

CAUGHT IN A STAMPEDE

In my early teens I became a good pony rider. I also acquired some of the arts of the festive cowboy, and learned to jingle huge spurs at my heels, to throw a rope pretty well, and to "cut out" individual animals in a herd, to guard cattle at night when on a long drive, and to eat "chow" washed down with sundry cups of black, evil looking coffee, while seated tailor-fashion on the ground.

The "chow" might, if it were before daylight in the morning, consist of flapjacks innocent of any butter or syrup. At noon it might be a great, sizzling hot, partially cooked, piece of meat, a potato boiled with its skin on, and a generous section of corn pone mixed up with water, shortened with some melted tallow treated to a dab of saleratus and salt, and then baked in a portable, sheet iron oven, heated with sticks. The baking process usually left the pone burned on one side and a bit raw on the other. But chasing steers from dawn till noon in the open air gave one the best of all sauces with which to garnish his food, namely, a ravenous appetite.

Mr. C. K. Howard was a Sioux Falls pioneer merchant who bought great herds of cattle in order to resell them to the government for rations for the Sioux Indians. These redskins had a reservation near Yankton, some sixty miles from our home town. Father sometimes hired me out to Howard's cattle outfit, to assist in driving the huge herd from Sioux Falls to the Yankton Indian Agency. It took about a week or ten days for the trip. Each rider furnished his own pony, and equipment. The outfit furnished the food. The work was hard, dull and monotonous for the most part, and once, indeed, it proved to be a bit dangerous.

We usually drove the cattle, which would number between four and five hundred, some ten miles during the day,

and then stop in time for them to feed a while before night. We took turns guarding them after sunset. The riders off guard rolled up in blankets with their clothes on, and slept in a tent pitched by the "chuck" wagon. Two mounted and wrapped in raincoats for warmth, guarded till midnight. Two more then went on till three in the morning, at which time two others took their places. Each rider had about six hours to sleep, the rest of the time, except when eating, he spent in the saddle.

On one of these drives we had reached the Jim River valley, just a short distance away from the frontier town of Yankton, and the nearby Indian reservation. We went into camp among the trees in a bend of the river, and after eating supper, the two guards were told off by the herd boss, for the first watch, while the rest of us rolled up in our improvised beds. We were all awakened some time before midnight by one of the guards riding up and yelling loudly at us.

"Turn out, there, and help us," he yelled, "there's a big storm coming, and the herd is milling."

We raced for our ponies, and were hastily saddling, when the storm struck. The lightning crashed with blinding fury, and the rain dropped from the sky as though the windows of heaven were surely open. With the first awful swish of lightning followed instantly with a deafening thunder crash, the herd leaped to the race. They ran like deer, and huddled so closely together that their horns knocked on each other with a loud smashing noise.

"After them, after them," shouted the herd boss. "Turn them toward the river."

We all galloped furiously after the racing cattle. The rain fell in blinding torrents. We gradually overtook and began riding alongside of, and past, the great winding, twisting, seething, serpentinelike string of galloping cattle. Through the occasional lull in the beating rain we could hear the crash of their horns and the thunder of their feet. They were blindly following in weaving fashion the winding valley of the Jim River. The herd boss knew the country inti-

mately, having driven live stock through it for years. He instantly remembered that the valley abruptly turned to the left—that is, toward the side on which we rode—about a half mile farther down. His plan apparently was to have several of us riders race up the inclined side of the enclosing hills, cut across and down into the valley again, thus putting us ahead of the charging stampede.

Galloping furiously up beside me, as we tore along past the crashing cattle, he screamed his orders into my ears, directing me toward the hills on the left. He detached another rider from the main line, also, and sent him tearing after me. The task didn't appeal to me, but we were not supposed to reason over matters of that kind, but to do as we were told, and to do it quickly. I was, during those days, enjoying an unusual and very comforting sense of the forgiveness and blessing of God, and as we tore along in the dark, the terrible rain, and the flying mud, I poured out my heart to Him in a wild prayer.

Up, up the hills we went—over their top, our horses panting with the terrible exertion. A dozen rods and we started down again. As we descended into the valley below, we saw, as the lightning vividly lit up the scene, the rushing, grinding, stampeding herd coming around the bend. We were ahead of them. What were two boyish riders—both in our early teens—to do in the face of a fear-crazed horde of horned beasts such as we confronted. Nevertheless we faced heroically toward them, while I inwardly called mightily on the Lord for help and for sheer preservation.

As our horses slowed a bit to meet the charge of the approaching cattle, the herd boss suddenly raced up from behind us. He was yelling something at the top of his lungs, and as the lightning flashed again, I saw that he was swinging his raincoat around and around his head. Then the rushing torrent of cattle struck us—!

Just all that happened after that, I never could remember or quite make out. As the blow from the crashing, seething, grinding animals reached us, I had the sensation of my

pony whirling from them. For a moment the horse and I seemed to leap through the air, as though struck by a huge avalanche. The darkness was intense. I began to fall from the horse's back. I crashed to the ground, and of course supposed that I would at once be trampled to shreds. But not a hoof struck me. I could hear the cattle plunging over me, and smell the rank odor of the crazed animals. I moved slightly in the dark, and sensed something touching my side. I felt of it—it was rough. I snuggled closer to it—it was a huge trunk of a tree. I had fallen close to the lee side of it, and the plunging, leaping, racing herd went over it, and missed me.

It seemed an age before the living stream of careening creatures ceased to flow over my tree trunk dam. Even when the noise ceased, and only the sullen roar of the rain could be heard, I hesitated to move. After waiting a long while, and hearing only the moaning of some wounded creatures nearby, I sat up. There seemed to be nothing that I could do till daylight, so I sat still, leaning against the friendly tree. During those hours in the dark and rain I had further communion with my Lord and Master, and mapped out several changes that I subsequently put into effect in my after career. No more cowboy life for me. I resolved to get an education, and spend my energies endeavoring to build up the kingdom of God.

I was picked up by the other riders when it became light. My boy companion and his horse had been carried safely forward with the herd, and he had escaped. They were now searching for me and the herd boss. My horse had gotten off in some miraculous way, as cleanly as I had. The cattle, their fright over, had stopped a few miles below. When I told how I had been protected, and that the bulk of the herd had rushed squarely over me, the boys looked grave, and were silent. I frankly attributed my rescue to divine providence. They admitted it.

The ground was strewed with dead and wounded cattle. We lost over a hundred head. Searching further we found

the herd boss—dead. His body was badly disfigured with the marks of hundreds of hoofs. His horse also was lying crushed beside him, its body beaten to pulp.

A rider brought the town authorities from Yankton and they helped us bury the boss. His torn, disfigured body was laid away, without coffin or shroud, a few rods from where our camp was. There was no religious person in attendance on the burial, but a cowboy informed one of the officials that I was a religious chap, so he asked me to offer prayer. The rough men and boys stood around the open grave with their broad-brimmed hats in their hands, while I faltered a short prayer over the mutilated remains. The impression of my escape and previous night's pledge to God was keen and fresh in my mind. The cook filled in the fresh earth with a spade, and we rode away to finish driving the cattle to the Agency.

CHAPTER SIX

MY CALL TO THE MINISTRY

Religion was a vital and comfortable item in the lives of my parents. I do not recall that they ever overdid the matter, prayed too much, acted queer, or forced their religious feelings and views onto other people or their children. Their exercise of the outward manifestations of faith in God was as natural as the appearance of leaves on a tree is nature's evidence of life there. So their songs, testimonies, family worship, Bible reading and church going were spontaneous marks of the life of God in their hearts.

I cannot remember when I was not under conviction for salvation. This does not mean that there were not days, weeks and even months when I did not keenly feel the convicting approach of the Spirit of God, but rather that despite the ability to throw it off, erelong the same haunting sense that I was an unforgiven sinner would return and trouble me. This began when I was a mere child and continued intermittently with increasing severity until I was finally genuinely converted. I am glad indeed that I was thus tormented. Doubtless God's convicting Spirit kept me out of hell.

Almost every time that the family gathered for daily worship I felt a return of the premonitory wooings of the Spirit. Even the more or less formal service in the little village Methodist church reminded me that I was as yet out of the "ark of safety." This was climaxed finally with a genuine childhood conversion, begun one day in a Sunday school revival, and culminated later, after a few days of revolt and intense antagonism because I was made fun of at home, by a full surrender during a fearful electric storm in which I was frightened half out of my senses and witnessed the death of several animals by lightning stroke. For several months after this I had gracious victory and communion with the Lord, only to lose it all again under the provoking teasing

of my brothers and sisters. I flew mad with burning anger and bore for several years a heavy burden of deep hatred toward them.

It was during this dark, hate-filled period of my boyhood that I was startled to feel a definite call to preach. I was trying in a desultory way to pray out from under the boyish backsliding, the awful conviction, darkness and unhappiness of being out of touch with God. Some days I would seem to make a little headway and appeared to be getting nearer to a conscious sense of forgiveness and favor, only to be plunged deeper by some new attack of the enemy into ugliness, anger and black hatefulness. It was one day when I was not yet in my teens that, seated in the village church with the family, I almost rose to a sense of God's favor and acceptance, while the congregation was singing. It was that wonderful old hymn that starts off so majestically:

Oh, Thou in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call.
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all.

On the wings of that sublime poem, rising on the incense of holy song, I felt, as John Wesley says, "my heart strangely warmed." I pleaded for forgiveness. I longed for divine favor, and when the song was done, listened to the reading of the Scripture story of the crucifixion, with a rare sense that it was all accomplished *for me*. Suddenly I was checked, and my whole heart frozen by the quick, keen conviction *that I would have to be a gospel preacher*, if I got genuinely converted. I rebelled. I indignantly fought it off. The ministers we had known did not appeal to me. They were mostly students, or such backwoods "brush" preachers that I failed to sense their worth, concealed as it frequently was by their lack of culture and scholarship. The enemy showed me convincingly that if I became a minister I would have to be like they were. That settled it with me. Not that, of all things!

One of them—a student serving for the summer—incurred my especial contempt. He borrowed Father's pony and cart with which to make a call in the country. Father had assured him that he could take the rig, provided he would harness and hitch up, inasmuch as we were very busy in the hayfield. Watching the situation in the barnyard from his position on the load of hay in the field, Father sensed that the pastor was having trouble with the harnessing question, and sent me on foot to assist. The preacher had the single harness on wrong end to, with the breeching around the horse's breast. As I approached he held up the crupper, which was extending up the animal's neck, and remarked that it looked to him to be too small to go around his neck, and wondered why.

Of course, he was learned and scholarly about Greek roots and Latin conjugations, of which I knew nothing, but because he did not know what *I did* about that harness, made me despise him. I switched the harness around, putting the crupper on that portion of the animal where it was intended to go, and hitched the pony to the cart. The pastor drove with me back to the hayfield, so I would not have to walk, and, as he was about to drive on, my father called to him to say that when he returned at night, he need not put the horse in the stable, as that would require a light, but that he could turn him directly into the pasture. When we arose the next morning we found that the young Greek and Latin student had obeyed Father's injunctions literally. There was the horse in the pasture *still harnessed and still hitched to the cart*. These, and other similar blunders, perpetrated by the various pastors who served our village church, caused me to hold the ministry in deep contempt. I revolted against God's call to His service, and spurned salvation rather than preach the gospel. Besides, I wanted to be a lawyer. Reading a life of Daniel Webster had fired my youthful fancy with the idea of joining the legal profession.

But my hungry heart gave me no peace. Like David, "my sore ran in the night." A funeral, the first that I ever at-

tended, drove me wild with conviction. What was this horrible thing called "death"? A fearful blizzard a few winters later set me frantically to calling on God, for I was caught in it, and barely escaped the frigid, paralyzing hand of that grim monster myself. Several narrow escapes made me cold with fear. The peace and joy that my parents had in the Lord cut my heart like a knife. I prayed much, read the Bible, but utterly failed to find God.

Revival meetings always added to the terrible burden. I would attend night after night, sick with conviction. I was impressed, however, one day that maybe the Lord might compromise the matter of the ministry and would allow me to get saved, but would not compel me to preach. I fancied maybe that when He got to know me better, after salvation had brought me under His closer inspection, He would not want me for His special service. I frankly prayed in that way about it. He seemed to me to be favorable. At all events, I thought so, and hurried to be a seeker. With the ministry out of consideration I quickly settled the struggle over the matter of forgiving my brothers, threw myself on the mercy of Calvary, and found victory and peace. My whole surroundings were changed; my heart was comforted and sang for joy; I entered a new world; my soul was all love, and I promptly begged the forgiveness of the ones I had hated so long. I had something very real.

For over a year the idea of the ministry never entered my thinking. I was happy in the Lord, testifying and working for Him in the small village church, indeed, I accepted my first office in the church and became janitor, building fires, sweeping the house of God and ringing the bell. Suddenly, like a bolt from a clear sky, the Lord renewed the call to the ministry. I was stricken; I almost lost out; *I didn't want to preach.* For weeks I battled between black despair, rebellion, and all of the old horrible hatred that once filled my boyish heart, and the joys of my new-found salvation. Many times I went sullenly to bed, refusing to pray, only to waken in the night so hungry for God, so filled with a longing

for His favor, so sick of sin, hate and wickedness, that I would weep and pray in the dark, and pledge the Lord that I would serve Him forever. But ere another day was done, confronted with the visions of the Methodist ministry on the frontier, the precarious income, the pitifully small congregations, the fussing, the bickering among the members, I would revolt and wildly plunge again into darkness. So the battle raged.

There was no one to whom I could go for help. Mother could not seem to realize what a fight I was having. One day after service I stopped to speak to the pastor about it, but he was so far from sensing what I had in my heart or on my mind that I came away feeling worse than ever. Indeed, he looked at me with a puzzled, dazed look in his eyes. But glorious victory was waiting for me one Sunday morning, while the audience was singing the old hymn that starts off with:

Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land,
I am weak but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand.
Bread of Heaven feed me, till I want no more.

That hymn proved to be my "Jacob's ladder" on which I climbed to the holy ministry. Standing there in that little village church beside my brothers who had scoffed at me, made fun of me, called me "Mamma's little preacher boy," till my whole heart had flamed at them with blackest hate, I prayed the prayer contained in that old hymn; it wafted my petition to God. I confessed that I was "a pilgrim," that the land indeed was "barren," that I was hopelessly "weak," that He was "mighty," and then and there I seized His all "powerful hand," not for salvation this time, but for His holy service. Then and there I began eating of that "bread from heaven," and have never been without a supply of it, from

that day to this. I laid my will, my life, my all, so far as service was concerned, down at His feet. I accepted the ministry—the frontier, poor salary, little congregations, church fusses, hardscrabble, all—and He solemnly ordained me there before I had been long in my teens. My destiny was fixed.

CHAPTER SEVEN

SOME EARLY PRAYER AND FASTING

I was seventeen when I started to college. Not that I was prepared from a scholastic point of view, but because I had exhausted the resources of the little local school, and was looking for more advanced training.

My father was not enthusiastic about what a college could do for a person, and rather drily suggested that a bit more application to pitchforks and plow handles would get me farther in life. But he did not forbid me to go, only frankly declared that he had no money to put into such a senseless plan. Mother, on the contrary, urged me on, and having a few dollars which had come to her in her own right, and which she saved with downright New England frugality, she doled me out some.

Father, however, prayed earnestly for me at the family altar the morning I left. He begged the Lord to save me from "intellectual pride." It was many years afterward that I sensed what he meant. At the time I was a bit peeved over his petition, but in later years came to believe that it was a very sensible one. Mother followed me to the road out in front of the house, and stood waving her hand to me, with her gray hair blowing in the breeze.

I had carefully counted out my money, and had each necessary item planned for, but for some reason I counted too close on my railroad fare, and could only buy a ticket within fifteen miles of the town where the State University was situated, without invading my other financial reserves, and consequently I left the train at that point and walked the rest of the way.

A cheap room was easily found, and some "down wood" along the Missouri River secured for fuel. The least expensive place to board was at the University boarding hall. The food was good and palatable, but a bit short of the de-

sires of a hungry farm boy. My books and University fees ate into my small hoard, and just before Christmas I gave up all thought of a visit home, and realizing that my cash was dwindling, resolved to pay my board bill at the hall in advance till the end of the college year, lest I might spend it for other things, and then owe for my board.

The last day of school, before Christmas holidays set in, I went to the woman who operated the college dining hall, and paid her all the money I had, receiving credit for boarding privileges till the end of the spring term. She seemed glad, and I was happy to think that I had a place to eat till school was out. But—

To my amazement next morning, I found that the boarding hall mistress had decided to take a Christmas vacation till the opening of the winter term, and had closed the hall *for two weeks*. There I was, a green country boy, away from home for the first time, with no money and no place to eat. This under the circumstances, was to me little short of a tragedy.

Of course, I know now what I should have done, one's hindsight is always so much better than one's foresight. And I admit that it is a distinct reflection on my lack of resourcefulness not to have thought of it then. I knew several very kind and interested church people, who would have helped me out with food in a temporary way, if I had only made my wants known to them. But I had been reared never to be under unnecessary obligations to anyone; Mother had drilled a perfect hatred of her quaternion of "enemies" into my being. These were *Dirt, Debt, Doubt* and the *Devil*. Here I was faced with the necessity of securing something to eat, for two weeks, and not a cent of money in my pocket; and I surely thought it would ruin my character and career forever *to run in debt*.

I was then a professing Christian, indeed, I had served in the little local church at home as a Sunday school teacher. I had my spiritual ups and downs, but was on conscious terms of favor with the Lord, for the most part. You may be

sure I did some earnest praying, as I walked back from the hall. I was already keenly hungry. My stomach was empty, as well as my purse. As I passed the bakery my mouth watered at sight of the baked goods for sale. My internal machinery growled like a dog under the porch.

The only thing that I knew of to do, was to hunt for some work that I could get money for, and thus buy myself something to eat. It never occurred to me to wire home, or hunt up Uncle Sam. Urged by a desperately gaunt feeling, I set out, praying as I went. I asked for work at each printing office—I had learned to set type—but they were not in need. I tried every store in town, but to no avail. I walked several miles in the country, and tried several farmers—nothing doing. It was winter, they needed no help. By this time it was afternoon, and I felt too famished hardly to walk. But there was no use stopping. To sit down and do nothing was no way to get something to fill the aching void that I carried with me. By dint of drinking copiously of water, I kept the hunger pains down enough so that I finally finished the day canvassing for something to do from house to house and came back to my room after dark. I received no word of encouragement.

As I walked the streets that evening of that little South Dakota town, a desperately hungry country boy, I passed several homes where the lamps were lighted, the curtains undrawn, and I could see the table set with good things to eat, and the family gathered about enjoying the food provided. I stopped outside of one such home, and gave vent to my homesickness, my famished feelings of hunger and my sense of disappointment at my failure to find anything to do, and wept some bitter tears.

I had pledged myself that I would read so many chapters in Cæsar during the vacation, and despite my hunger and my sense of loneliness, I faithfully kept the promise alone there in my room. I also read some verses in the Bible, one of which I speculated over a bit in a dumb way. It read, *"For we know that all things work together for good to them that love God."* I couldn't fathom its meaning. I also tried

again to pray, but was too weak, numb and senseless to make much headway. Finally I repeated the Lord's Prayer, and found blessed and somewhat strange comfort in the petition, *"Give us this day our daily bread."* I fell asleep wondering where my portion of that provision was.

Starting early in the morning, with a constant prayer for help on my lips, I spent a second day looking for work, as fruitlessly as the first. It also blew up cold, for it was in December, and I shivered with emptiness, chill, profound discouragement and desolation. My faith was in total eclipse. A second night I read my Cæsar, and some more verses in the Bible, one of which said, *"Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."* Before falling asleep I was able to pray with a tiny bit of faith. I even thanked the Lord for the experience that I was passing through, and mustered enough faith to claim a job for the coming day. Both my courage and my faith had ebbed some more by daylight, but I heated some water, and filled my poor, aching, empty stomach with a quart or more of warm water, got on my knees and begged the Lord to show me what He was endeavoring to teach me by this experience, and finally got quite happy trusting Him. I then sallied forth for the third day.

I had not gone far before a gracious sense of exhilaration began gradually to possess me. There was nothing of a physical nature that could have had this effect, for the warm water with which I had deceived my stomach soon lost its deception and there was nothing there but an aching, painful emptiness. But the exhilaration persisted, and intensified. I felt like singing. I sensed its spiritual import, and all of my disappointment, down-in-the-mouth feeling, hard luck, "forgotten man" complex left me. Indeed, as I knocked at door after door, and found nothing to do, I began actually to be happy; I praised the Lord under my breath.

One place they were just preparing breakfast. The smell of frying sausages burst through the door as a woman answered my knock. As it struck my nostrils, my whole in-

ternal being rose up and begged for something to eat. I leaned against the side of the house from sheer weakness. "Have you any work that I can get to do?" I asked. "Any chores, rugs to beat, wood to split?" "No," the woman answered, holding a big two-tined fork in her hand that dripped with sausage fat, and exhaled its fragrance. For an insane minute, I had it on my tongue's end to beg her to give me one of those sizzling pieces of home-made sausage that I could see spitting their juiciness over the edge of the huge frying pan.

But something stopped me, and I turned away, as she shut the door, and walked dizzily off the premises. Something whispered, "Your job is coming pretty soon, now." My exhilaration returned, and I even thanked the Lord for the job and the food He was about to give me.

In spite of all my faith and effort, however, noon came and nothing had been found yet. One o'clock, and then two, arrived, and while hope still burned brightly, and my spiritual joy was unabated, I was getting so tired and exhausted that I could scarcely drag one foot after the other.

At half past two, I came to the Widow Austin's place, a big, fine home on the edge of town. She had a great pile of cottonwood logs in the backyard, sawed into stovewood lengths, but not yet split. As soon as I saw them, faith whispered, "There's your job!" The aged lady herself came to the door. "You want someone to split those logs, do you not?" I asked her, pointing to them. "I surely do," she replied. "I have been trying for a week to get someone; you can begin at once. As soon as you split an armful, carry some into the kitchen, the cook is just out of wood." Amen. This was comfort, indeed!

I was almost too numb, cold, dizzy and empty to swing an ax, but my heart was singing for joy, and my exhilaration of spirit seemed about ready to burst all reasonable bounds. Soon I loaded my arms and entered the kitchen. No little modern electric plate, installed in a two-by-four closet was Widow Austin's kitchen, but a great, roomy, high ceilinged

affair with a huge range glowing with heat, and a big tea-kettle merrily spouting steam. The wood-box was itself a small bin. When I entered the "hired girl" was frying doughnuts. Not the little round "sinkers" with a hole in them of today, but a great twisted piece of brown dough dripping with fat from the savory kettle. I nearly fainted at the sight and the smell; my head swam. "Take one," she said, shoving a milkpan piled high with them, across the table toward me. She must have noted my desperately hungry dive toward that pan. "Take all you want—here," and she forked four of the enormous things into a smaller pan, and handed it to me. I had one in my hand, and four in the pan.

I worked there splitting wood for two weeks for fifty cents a day and my board. I kept that hired girl's wood-box piled high with wood every day, and many were the pieces of pie, cake, doughnuts and chicken giblets that found their way to the woodyard between meals.

CHAPTER EIGHT

"HE WILL GIVE HIS ANGELS CHARGE OVER THEE"

In 1893, the year of the first Chicago World's Fair, I was given my first pastorate in a little town in South Dakota. The Methodists of those days and in that part of the nation did not believe in starting a young preacher out with a big church as his first task, despite the fact he had been to college. Consequently, when wife and I arrived in the frontier town which was to be our pastoral field, we found a small, discouraged group of Methodists, many of them without a trace of genuine salvation; a big, barnlike church built in the expectation of a boom for that community, and still carrying a huge debt—huge at least for that pitiful membership, in its discouraged, backslidden condition. There was no parsonage, no faith in the hearts of the membership and no money in the treasury.

Upon inquiry at the depot one of the leading members was pointed out to us, and we approached him on the street with the announcement that I was the new pastor. He relieved his mouth of an ample supply of tobacco juice, took one look at me and remarked, "We've had nothing but green, inexperienced pastors for years. You certainly look as green as the greenest, but I suppose we will have to put up with you."

I was then a total stranger to the blessing of holiness of heart, only twenty-two years old and had finally yielded reluctantly to a call to preach rather than forfeit my conversion by refusing. The fullness and blessing of the Holy Ghost were unknown to me. When the chairman of the board of stewards made such disparaging remarks about my inexperienced appearance, I at once was furious. Only my wife's commanding pressure on my arm and her immediate assumption of the conversation prevented me from resenting his remarks in vigorous fashion. While I was deciding just what I could say to the tobacco chewing steward that would convince him that I was not a "greeny" as he seemed to think,

my wife had elicited from him the location of the church and that of an empty house or two that we might possibly be able to rent. She then promptly drew me after her without letting me answer the old chap.

It was only after much private prayer that night and some joint intercession in which wife united, that I was able to regain a sense of God's favor. I finally forgave the old steward and never held it against him. But I longed to get out of the ministry. I was wretched. All idea of suffering for righteousness' sake, or accepting persecution in order to spread the gospel, was foreign to my heart. I knew that I was unhappy in the ministry, unsuited to it and spiritually unequipped for it. I was subjected to a situation that I disliked, and was eager to quit, even at a risk of becoming a "Jonah." My wife's definite answer to prayer, indicating that great victory and ultimate success awaited us in the Lord's work, her cheery life, her strong advice and urgent plea alone kept me from running away. She saved me in numerous ways.

I had to serve as janitor, make fires, ring the bell, sweep the floors—not a soul could be found who was interested enough to look after the needs of the church building, and there was no means with which to employ anyone. Our small hoard of money soon dribbled away. Very little arrived to take its place. Only by starting two preaching places in country schoolhouses where I preached and conducted a Sunday school in return for food supplies, walking to each appointment once a week, were we able to subsist. Wife was so cheerful and happy amidst it all, I frequently scolded her, but I was in a chronic state of rebellion. Only by dint of frequent and most earnest prayer could I get by at all. I would fiercely resent it all, and then in a spell of contrition pray back to a sense of God's acceptance.

One Sunday morning a member of the church went sound asleep while I was frantically endeavoring to preach. Naturally I had little or no message for him, consequently he was not interested and dozed off. But such an act, when I was

excited and perspiring with the painful effort, caused the carnality in my heart to explode completely. I stopped short and called out sharply:

"Here you, down there, wake up. If you want to sleep, go home and go to bed. It's hard enough for me to preach when you are awake, without trying to do it when you are asleep."

This made the man furiously angry. He refused to speak to me when the service was over. At home my wife gently chided me and I answered somewhat roughly:

"I know I was angry; but he deserved it."

"But what about an apology?" she inquired gently. "You can't get right with God again, unless you beg that brother's pardon."

I groaned with keenest anguish of spirit. I fairly hated to humiliate myself with an apology. A most miserable afternoon was spent and how I got courage or salvation enough to function in the pulpit that evening, I can never tell. Before dawn, however, I had prayed through and was fully determined to apologize. I did not dare to risk losing all standing with God.

The member lived seven miles in the country. There were no high powered cars in the ministry in those days, not even a bicycle for me. Indeed it was long before the "horse and buggy" stage of things in my career—the "stone age," and the era of the "great dodo," were more nearly characteristic. With much prayer, and many affectionate and helpful exhortations from the lady of the house ringing in my ears, I set out on foot.

It was noon when I reached the man's place. I found him in the field. With a humble heart I begged his pardon and then assured him that it was "his turn." He did not hesitate to take it and gave me a grand tongue lashing. He called me many things, some of which I had never heard of before. I took it all humbly, making no reply except to admit I deserved it.

The painful duty performed, I was in great hope that

he would invite me into his home and let me have dinner with him. I was almost famished. But he did nothing of the kind. With an empty stomach, which seemed at every step I took to whack against my backbone, I walked home. Long before reaching that place, I was again in such a rebellious mood, now accentuated by my painful need of food. that I fear I backslid all over again and was in sore need of more prayer and more exhortations, when I arrived.

Our privations continued. Money was very scarce and one day ceased entirely. We had the last bucket of coal on the fire. When we had family worship I was so oppressed, so rebellious, so full of doubts and fears, so indignant at God because He had deserted us that I grew keenly impatient at my wife because in spite of all our adversities she was so cheerful and happy. Later in the day I discovered that she was pulling up the loose boards in the old empty coal bin, and with her bare hands scooping out the coal debris that had sifted down through the cracks, and thus replenishing the fire. I was so proud of her and yet so angry at our helpless situation, our poverty stricken condition, that I fairly shed tears of affection, despair and bitter indignation.

While in this terrible mood and almost ready for any desperate move that might promise bettered conditions, a ministerial caller knocked. It was Rev. George G. Vallentyne, now pastor of Park Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church in Minneapolis, Minnesota. We had never met before. He handed me his overcoat and hat, took one look at me and then promptly inquired:

"Is there something the matter?" He appeared so kind, so interested, and had so much of the flavor of Jesus Christ about him that I yielded to tears and poured out my heart to him in a great stream of confession, heartache, bitterness and despair. He promptly reached for the Bible, turned to the verse that reads, "And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundred fold, and shall inherit everlasting life." Then with a voice vibrant

with sympathy, and eyes filled with tears, he talked of God; His goodness; His mercy; His forgiveness; the blessedness of the ministry; the joy of suffering for righteousness' sake, and the happy privilege of laboring for the spread of His kingdom, that despite all the privations involved my heart melted; I became keenly contrite. In prayer together I found forgiveness and a gracious renewed sense of God's favor. That man was God's own messenger to me that day. When he left there was a five dollar bill protruding from the Bible where he had been reading. With a bounding heart that melted at the evidence of God's providential intervention, we soon had another load of coal in the empty bin and food in the cupboard.

Wife cheerfully said, as she wiped glad tears from her eyes, "I knew the Lord would not forsake us."

We struggled on through the winter. Some days I enjoyed a glorious sense of God's forgiveness, love and providential care. On others the black, rebellious resentment over the ministry in which I did not want to serve, and the privations that were not a joy but a bitter burden, renewed itself. Our clothes wore shabby. They were patched, darned, brushed and cleaned by my cheerful helpmate, and resentfully worn by her husband. Shoes needed half-soling, and tough wrapping paper was inserted to keep our feet from the ground. It seemed like I could be very victorious at family worship, and totally defeated and in the dark by midday when I faced our difficulties.

One day a handsome, finely dressed gentleman called. He was the district agent for the Ætna Life Insurance Company. I was in a deeply resentful mood—our food supplies were almost exhausted, our clothes were shabby and shiny, and our shoes were almost past recovery. The gentleman with a glib tongue did not hesitate to call my attention to all these things and especially to the white, faded, undernourished look on my wife's face. I inwardly writhed in indignant bitterness. The agent proceeded to reflect on God and I was in so rebellious a mood that I allowed him to do it and re-

fused to defend my heavenly Father. Finally the man made me an offer to sell life insurance for his company. With a growl I quickly assured him that I did not know anything about the selling game, I had never had any experience. He stated that he would give me $2,500 a year salary, and that he would give me ample time to learn to sell, and then painted gorgeous pictures of the comfortable affluence that awaited me down the road: A pretty home, clothes like he himself, was wearing, rich garments for wife and a well provided table. With malice aforethought he even pointed out the holes in the only rug we had, which showed in painful spots despite the careful mending. He referred to the shabby attire of my wife, and my own wretched apparel.

I was floored; swept off my feet; driven by my own bitter resentment and the artful temptations of the visitor keenly to reflect on God and His failure suitably to care for us. Had we not left all and followed Him? Had He given us any success in the ministry? Had we not almost starved and were we not now wretchedly clothed? I was ready to sell out to the bland insurance agent and accept the world's bid for my service.

He pressed for a decision. He even produced a contract all filled out and offered me a fountain pen, with an urgent request that I sign on the dotted line. I grew hot and cold by turns. The blood rushed to my head, I almost fainted. I finally summoned manhood, grace, or courage, or what it might be, enough to tell the agent that I would not write my signature till the next day. With the full expectation however, of signing the next day, I nevertheless adhered to this present refusal with dogged persistency. Despite all his efforts he could not induce me to change from the poor bit of victory. I stuck and hung to it, in a frantic, desperate, determined manner.

At length he reluctantly left us, promising to come in the morning.

All that afternoon wife argued and pleaded. She begged me to pray. She denounced the insurance man as an emis-

sary of Satan. I walked the floor in the greatest of agony. I tried to pray, but could not. I alternately broke into a profuse perspiration and then shivered with a chill. I could not eat, even of the few remaining articles that our impoverished cupboard provided. Night fell and the battle raged on. One dim kerosene lamp was our only light. Every time I looked at the floor, in the flickering shades there were those mended holes in the rug grinning at me. They taunted me. My clothes and shoes mocked me. I was beaten; I was whipped; the devil had me on the run.

In the middle of the night, as I still paced the floor in deepest gloom, my heart softened enough so that finally I could pray. My wife hastened to join me in this effort. While kneeling and endeavoring to talk to God, I opened the Bible at random and a verse seemed to stare at me in big black letters: *"Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord."* The Spirit seemed to say, "You are not trusting me and that is why you are so miserable. You have more faith in the Ætna Insurance Company than you have in me. You would rather serve the world and have good food to eat and fine clothes to wear and a pretty, comfortable home than you would to serve me and lead a few immortal souls to God and heaven. A host of people whom I had planned for you to reach, as well as your own soul, will be eternally lost if you accept the insurance man's offer. You haven't starved yet, you haven't actually gone cold yet, you haven't been sick a day, neither has your wife, since you have been in my service. Trust me now, *and see what happens.*"

My stubborn heart broke; I cried for forgiveness; I sued at the court of heaven for His restored peace; I repudiated the insurance man and all his works; I dedicated myself to the Christian ministry forever; I assured the Lord that I would trust Him for eternity; that if He wanted me to suffer hunger, I would do it; or to be cold, I would never complain; or to wear shabby, patched clothes, I would glory in them for His sake. It was fully two o'clock in the morning when He finally spoke forgiveness to me. *Oh, how He blessed me!* I

thanked my wife a hundred times for her faith, her prayers, her tears and her affection. I walked in a great joy of soul over the old patched rug, and shouted as I stood over each grinning patch. I gloried in every hole my shoes had. Together wife and I looked into the empty cupboard, and praised the Lord despite its lack of provisions. *That was a great night!*

A good Methodist farmer, named Brady, stopped at dawn and left us a small pail of milk, a package of oatmeal and a sack of vegetables. We had some of everything he brought, and sat down to the cheeriest breakfast I had eaten in many days. My troubles were all shined away in the blessing that God had bestowed. Troubles really are on the inside, not on the outside. At 9 a. m. the Ætna man arrived with his smiling face. I was ready for him. He meant no more to me now than a small barking dog would mean to the moon. I laughed aloud as he came in the door.

"You are going to sign," he cheerfully cried, reaching for his contract. "I can see it in your face."

"No," I replied, "last night I hired out to another employer."

"You mean the Prudential man?" he exclaimed.

I laughed loudly with genuine heartiness. *"No, I mean the Lord!* He hasn't increased my pay, but He said He would look after me." Wife laughed merrily at him as I said this.

He looked in a puzzled way first at me and then at her. He slowly replaced the contract in his pocket. "You refuse my offer, then?" he finally ejaculated. "You are the biggest set of fools in South Dakota." He stepped outside, pausing a moment to insert his feet into rubbers. His face was dark and disappointed. We followed him hilariously to the door and watched him as he hurried down the street.

If I had known at that time what the blessing of holiness of heart was I could have been led instantly into it.

CHAPTER NINE

SOME INTERESTING PEOPLE IN MY FIRST PASTORATE

The first church assigned to me by the "presiding elder" of the annual Methodist conference, was an old one, having come into existence when the country was first settled. It was at least thirty years old, which for that new region was ancient. It had, however, never flourished with what might be called genuine success, but declined from year to year, both spiritually and numerically, till it was kept largely for the purpose of breaking in "cub" preachers. Here is where I was broken in.

It had a pretentious big building, erected in boom days. A debt had also been acquired in its erection and this had increased through the years, till the membership had bled white under its ceaseless drain, and had already paid as much as the original debt in interest. When I arrived they had revolted against paying anything further, and the overdue payments had increased till the debt amounted to $2,200. There was no money in the treasury, no grace in the hearts of the members, no financial plan, and virtually nothing else. It was a problem, indeed, for a stouter heart than mine.

I was the new pastor; totally ignorant, to be sure, of the ministry, but pretty well versed in the ways and needs of little struggling churches, having been a member of this kind ever since I had professed conversion. I realized that first of all they needed grace and spirituality. But I was ignorant of the second work of grace, of the cleansing and empowerment of the Holy Ghost, and consequently I did not know how to impart the very grace I knew the folks needed. I had been definitely called to preach and realized that I would backslide and lose my justifying relation with God if I disobeyed. My wife also had eagerly urged me on, not realizing the fearful lack of spiritual power and cleansing from which I suffered. The result was that I was offering the Lord a reluctant and almost sullenly resentful service. In this there was no bless-

ing, no victory, no vision, no joy. I was in a new, strange, undesirable situation and felt absolutely helpless.

However we had to live, and in order to do that we had to eat. Our small amount of cash was fast dwindling. The weekly church collections were more than absorbed in caring for the expenses of the services. I summoned the church board, which met in a very despondent mood. I endeavored to induce the stewards to assume the responsibility for the small salary which was voted, and to solicit among the people for the support of the church. A hesitant effort resulted. The returns thus secured were doubtful indeed, and dribbling in the extreme. We quickly faced literal want. The less food we had and the greater our impending, and to me, fearful needs, the happier my wife became. She saw in it a glorious chance to "suffer for his sake." The carnality in my heart blinded me to all this and made me more sullen, and almost bitter, in my soul. At family worship I would get great help, and then before night I was beaten by the enemy and on the run spiritually.

Providentially a man from a country schoolhouse appointment stopped at our home. He stated that they wanted preaching out there, had little or no money, but did have plenty of food supplies. He suggested that if I would come out and preach to them each week they would supply me with provisions. I eagerly agreed, made a date with him, borrowed a horse and buggy, canvassed that whole region, praying in every home, announcing the meeting, assuring them that whatever they brought, in the way of food, would be sufficient to pay for the services, and finally returned Sunday afternoon from my first country effort with food enough for several families. We ate to the full, and except for stormy times in the winter when traveling was actually prohibited, we never faced starvation again.

Finally in town the women rallied, organized a Ladies' Aid Society, gave pay socials, oyster suppers, grab bags, etc., etc., none of which I objected to owing to my utterly low spiritual state. In this way they increased the offerings to

the munificent sum of $25 a month in salary. Even this was done by fits and starts. Often we had too little money even to buy a letter stamp. This would set my wife to shouting and laughing with joy, and me to groaning with bitter, resentful anguish.

I prayed constantly, and much of the time with agony of heart and mind, but my faith was faulty, my troubles many and to me insurmountable. This aggravated the carnality of my heart and kept me miserable and without much victory. I was keenly sincere and desperately determined, but was whipped and defeated by the devil on the outside and the carnal nature on the inside. It was all that I could do to keep from giving up and running away. But for the faith, zeal, enthusiasm and downright heroism of my wife I would have done so.

When spring came my father wrote to say that he would give me an old horse and a two-wheeled cart, which he could spare, and these would help me in my pastoral work. But we were so poor that I could not raise train fare enough to take me to Father's home town, in order to obtain the desirable gift. For weeks we prayed over this, but there was no increase in the dribbling finances. One Sunday morning a striking looking woman, dressed with considerable extravagance for that small frontier town, attended church. She had an important air and a good degree of intellectuality stamped on her features. She introduced herself to me at the close of the service as Mrs. Marietta M. Bones. I recognized the name as that of an author of some local repute, and greeted her as warmly as I knew how.

Almost her first remark was, "Do you have occasion to travel on the railroad?" I assured her that I did now and then have occasion, but possessed too little money ever to go. She replied, "One of the high officials of the Milwaukee Road is a friend of mine. I can get you a pass anywhere on that line. Where would you like to go?" I mentioned my father's home town, and within a week she stopped her prancing horses one day before our parsonage and walking in, handed me the

first railroad pass I ever saw. Who she really was, other than the local author that I knew her to be, or why she took a fancy to us and helped us out, we never knew. We simply took her as an answer to prayer, but I shall remember her kindness with the greatest of gratitude.

One of the important families of the church was that of Brother A, his wife and family. There were several charming daughters in the home, and these were devoted to the church, although now I can easily recall that they had little if any grace. A debonair and genteel young stranger blew into town one day, and began at once to pay his attentions to one of the most charming of Brother A's daughters. Matters with them were rapidly ripening into something serious when I received a letter addressed to the "Methodist Minister." It was postmarked in far-away Canada. The purpose of it was to impart the information that this identical young man had run away from his Canadian wife and two babies, and rumors of his attachment to Miss A had drifted back. The broken-hearted young wife and mother was not writing with the expectation that he could be persuaded to return to her and his babies but to ask me to warn the other young woman, lest she ultimately share a similar fate.

I wrote letters to the postmaster and to the mayor of the little Canadian city, and secured a verification of the letter's information. When all this was laid before Brother A, he exploded with great anger. He sharply reminded me that I had better keep my nose out of other people's business. Meeting the daughter one day, I placed the evidence that I had secured in her possession. She treated me worse than her father had done. She upbraided me with a flushed face and wrathfully tear-wet eyes. She called me "a snooping meddler, a contemptible spy," and demanded her church letter. The whole family quit the church at once. Even the "presiding elder" sided in with them, and sharply reprimanded me for losing so many members because of my "senseless inquisitiveness." The young man met me, and with great heat called me names; with fearful threats he prepared to

beat me up; and desisted only when I determinedly threw off my coat and prepared for the encounter.

A few weeks later a Canadian officer appeared in the little city looking for the young man. He fled that same night, and the officer's search was in vain. This confirmation of my facts, however, in no wise mollified the family but they were lost to the church. Some weeks after this the young Miss A also disappeared, and it was rumored that she had joined the young man and they were married in spite of his previous union in Canada. I never again heard of them.

The leading couple in the church was a Mr. and Mrs. Norwich. He was the chairman of the board of stewards, the church treasurer and his word in church circles was law. He hired and fired the preachers. He it was who had originally built the church, lent the money that constituted the debt, gathered in the interest when the members would pay any, and otherwise owned, controlled and directed the entire organization. Early in the year he told me that it was my business and bounden duty to collect that debt and pay it off. That if I would do so, he would donate almost half—that is, a thousand dollars. I took him at his word, and began.

Try hard as I would, and indeed I did try, I could secure pledges for only one hundred and fifty dollars in addition to what he had promised. There the effort stalled. Not another cent could I get. One evening while out scouting over the little city anxiously soliciting more pledges on the church debt, I passed the Norwich mansion at about ten-thirty. The house was aglow with lights, the curtains were up, and the windows open. As I passed, I glanced in; there were Brother and Sister Norwich, my most principal members, playing cards and drinking liquor with some of the most bon ton but most disreputable men and women in town. It was not fashionable in those days, and in that part of the country for Methodists to play cards or to drink. I was horrified. Norwich owned the biggest store in town. Mrs. Norwich was the leading lady in the church, and president

of the Ladies' Aid Society. She also superintended the Sunday school. Their donations to the church amounted to fully a hundred dollars a year.

But could I let such flagrant violation of Methodist propriety go unrebuked? I prayed and counseled with my wife. She suggested that before we did anything drastic we should make a call, at least upon Sister Norwich, and discuss the matter with her. To this I assented and together we went to the lordly mansion where they lived. When we mentioned the matter of the party, the cards and the liquor, there was a tremendous explosion. She rose in her wrath and striking a tragic pose, literally ordered us out of the home, calling us abusive names. I felt my anger rapidly rising, and wanted to tell her a few things, but wife gently interrupted to beg her to let us pray with her before we went.

"No, indeed," she yelled in shrill tones, while her eyes fairly snapped with resentful wrath. "Do you suppose I am going to let you roast me in your prayer?"

We marched out like two culprits, while she waxed more haughty and indignant inside.

Strange to say they were both at church the following Sunday morning. Just why we never knew. My message for the hour was, "The Marks of a True Christian." My text was, "Be ye therefore followers of God, as dear children." I very dispassionately, but very firmly, denounced card playing, liquor drinking, prayerless Christians; told them frankly where I thought all such were headed for; called on all of our little group of Methodists to stand to their feet if they were minded to follow Christ and make heaven their home. All stood (some, I will admit, a bit reluctantly) except the Norwichs. They sat still with their faces like thunder clouds. The fight was on. Wife and I made ceaseless prayer to God.

On Monday I stepped into Norwich's store to buy some groceries—we habitually traded there. He saw me and beckoned me into his private office. I marched in prepared for anything. He glared at me a while, as if at a loss to know what to say. I frankly stared back at him, saying

nothing. Finally he said, "Are you planning to come back here another year?" It was now approaching conference time. "Yes, I fully expect to do so," I boldly replied. His face flushed, as though he had been drinking, but he held himself well in hand. Finally he spoke in somewhat measured tones, "Mrs. Norwich and I do not want you here another year. In order to make it worth your while not to come back, I will accept the pledges that you have secured on that church debt, and cancel the entire debt in return. Besides that, I will see that any back salary is paid in full. Will you give me your word that you will not return here?"

I assured him that I would most gladly do so; for in this way we got the debt paid off, the back salary secured, and I was at liberty to accept another pastorate. I walked out of his store feeling very light-hearted indeed.

He kept his word, paid the salary and released the debt, while we prepared to move on. While I was absent at the conference session, the little town where we served our first pastorate was startled, one morning, to learn that John Norwich, the big Methodist merchant, had run away the night previous with one of his women clerks; that his wife, our Sunday school superintendent, had tearfully admitted to the state's attorney that she and Mr. Norwich years before had themselves run away together from down East somewhere, leaving Mr. Norwich's first wife and a family behind; that they had never been married, but had sought respectability in that little pioneer city by uniting with the church, erecting a building for it and taking a prominent place in its affairs.

We never saw, or heard of either of them again.

CHAPTER TEN

HOW I FOUND THE "PEARL OF GREAT PRICE"

It was in the second year of my ministry. I was twenty-four years old. The call to preach came to me when I was but a lad, and was, at the time, in a backslidden state. Sitting in the old homemade pew at the little Methodist Church in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, I was definitely and distinctly impressed that what the preacher was doing in the pulpit, I would have to do when I grew up.

I keenly resented the call to God's service. The ministers whom I knew were not, for the most part, of the kind that would inspire a boy to imitate them. Consequently when the Spirit would impress my boyish heart that I must some day proclaim the gospel of Christ, I fiercely refused, and hardened my heart.

However, later on, when a schoolhouse revival broke out, and conviction settled darkly upon me, I sought to compromise with the Lord and to secure my salvation without entering the ministry. It seemed as if He consented to this, and after a terrible struggle with the hatred which I had nursed in my heart, I gave up and was graciously converted, with the idea of preaching entirely forgotten. Indeed, I served as a youth in the church, and went away to college and was almost through, before the conviction that I must be a preacher became peremptory. In the sickening struggle that ensued because of this, I almost gave up my hope of heaven.

At length, rather than be lost and damned, I gave a reluctant consent. Driven thus to the task, and being a stranger to the thrilling, sanctifying power of the Holy Ghost, made the whole work of the ministry irksome, distasteful and extremely objectionable. There are phases of the work of a preacher of the gospel that are very trying and difficult even when one is filled and blessed with the presence and power of the Holy Ghost, but to the man or woman who is a

stranger to this divine enduement, the whole work of the ministry becomes an impossible, a confusing and distracting effort. No wonder our Lord commanded His disciples to tarry for their Pentecost.

My great difficulty was a gunpowdery temper. Under trying circumstances it would explode with a bang, and my eyes would blaze, cheeks burn, and tongue wag with mean, sarcastic, angry and bitter remarks. Although I had been taught that every case of this was backsliding, and although I faithfully apologized and got reclaimed, nevertheless I was subjected to this sinful, carnal habit every few months. Now it was the church board, then it was the Sunday school superintendent, again it was the good lady who led the choir, while my heart was in a chronic and almost constant rebellion over the lack of finances, the shabby clothes and the poor food which we constantly faced.

I had in the meanwhile moved to a circuit with five preaching places. To care for this a team of horses was necessary. An opportunity to secure two unbroken "bronchos" for an astonishingly small price induced me to buy, and the task of breaking them to the harness and buggy was almost fatal to all the piety I had. They were wild, difficult to control, ready to kick and run at almost anything, or at any time.

One day late in October, not long before the annual conference was to sit, I started on Saturday afternoon to a distant appointment in order to preach there the next morning, and then to preach at another place some less distance away, and finally at home on Sunday night. The bronchos were a bit chilly with the nipping October weather, and ready to run, plunge, kick or anything else that struck their fancy. A tumbling piece of newspaper, carried by the wind, whirled beneath them. With a great plunge they both started, wildly kicking.

I sawed on them with the reins, and we raced galloping down the road. At length my temper blew up. "If you are going to run and kick," I shouted, "I'll give you something to

run and kick for." With that I held the reins in one hand, caught up the whip with the other, and standing up in the buggy seat, laid the lash to them. They leaped and raced and ran and plunged. The region was reasonably level, and I balanced myself in the swaying, rearing, cavorting buggy. We streaked along like we had been shot out of a huge cannon. At length they tired, and then I had them, for I made them run, and never stopped lashing them till we whirled around the corner of the farm home where I was to spend the night.

But I was so angry that I was completely and hopelessly backslidden. Indeed, but for decency's sake, I could have done those horses great bodily harm, even after we had come to a stop in the farmer's yard. With hatred and disgust for myself, and fury in my heart and brain, I stabled the beasts. I was so ashamed and humiliated and still so angry and furious that in sheer self-abasement, I bent my head over the feed box in the horses' stall, and wept bitter, scalding tears of hate. I then and there took a deep vow that I would never preach again. I determined that I was through. That I could not stay saved and consequently would not be a hypocrite and a menace to the holy ministry of Christ.

Full of this bitter vow, and hating myself with keen desperation, I fed the team, blanketed them, and then slowly walked toward the farmhouse.

"Come in," called the pleasant voice of the farmer's wife, as I knocked on the door. As soon as I stepped within the room she took one look at me and then solicitously inquired, "What's the matter with you, pastor?" I mumbled a false statement to the effect that there was nothing the matter with me. She promptly replied, "Yes, there is; you don't usually look like a thundercloud. Neither do you usually drive into our yard with your horses on the run, and covered with lather and foam. What is the matter?"

She was a mature woman and a ripened Christian. I was twenty-four. Her solicitous inquiry opened the flood gates

of my heart and I poured out a confession of the whole wretched situation. I burst into tears.

"I can't stay saved," I wailed. "About every so often I explode with this awful temper, and then for several hours I hardly know what I am about. I hate myself for it, and I am so bitterly ashamed of it that I have solemnly resolved never to disgrace the pulpit again by appearing in it, and I shall never attempt to preach any more."

The good sister was mixing baking powder biscuits for supper, and had her hands in the ingredients. She calmly continued to mix the dough as I passionately wept out my shame, my confession, and my resolve never to preach any more. At length she said, "I know what you need." At this remark, I burst forth at her, "I know what I need; I need salvation; but I suppose that I can get it again. This is not the first time this has happened."

"No, no," she replied quietly. "I do not mean that what you need is just to be converted again. Not that, you need something more than that, *you need to be sanctified wholly.*"

"Sanctified wholly," I queried, in much wonderment. "What in the world is that?"

"Don't you know what entire sanctification is?" she answered. "Have you never read 'Wesley's Plain Account of Christian Perfection'?"

"Yes," I answered. "That's in the Course of Study."

"Didn't you know what he was talking about in that book?" she inquired.

"No, I don't think I did," I made answer. "At least I feel sure that I didn't get out of it what you seem to have found there. What is this entire sanctification that you say I need?"

"It's a second work of grace that one obtains after one has been converted. It's what the disciples received at Pentecost."

My next question burst from my lips like the discharge of a rifle. "Will it take the temper out of a fellow?" I almost shouted.

"That's what it did for me," she replied.

"You mean that you have it?" I asked in considerable wonderment.

"The Lord very graciously gave me that experience," she quietly answered.

"But is such an experience taught in the Bible?" I persisted.

For reply she immediately ceased mixing the material for the biscuits, and rubbing the dough from her hands, reached for her Bible. She turned to Isaiah and read, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee."

I listened in wonderment. This was my first Bible study on the blessing of holiness of heart as a second definite work of grace.

As she looked at me inquiringly, after reading the marvelous statement from Isaiah, I answered rather dumbly, "I never knew that was there."

She turned familiarly to the New Testament, and read again, "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it." She again turned an inquiring look toward me.

"I've read that before," I answered, "but I didn't know what it meant."

The farmer's wife again turned the pages of her Bible and read, "Wherefore he is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." And with the turn of a few more leaves, she read again, "Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." And again, "Strengthened with all might, according to his glorious power, unto all patience and longsuffering with joyfulness." She paused, looked me over for a moment thoughtfully, and then remarked, "That doesn't sound much like the way you

acted this afternoon, coming around the corner looking like a thundercloud and your team all covered with sweat."

I had no answer.

Again she read, "And you, that were sometime alienated and enemies in your mind by wicked works, yet now hath he reconciled in the body of his flesh through death, to present you holy and unblameable and unreproveable in his sight." And again, "If we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

Seated there in the kitchen of a South Dakota farm home, I saw as by the illumination of the Spirit the truth of the second work of grace. That there was a gunpowdery, carnal disposition left in my heart after conversion; that it was the purpose of God to cleanse this away. As I saw the truth in the scripture quotations that this Christian woman was reading to me, I recognized immediately why my ministry had been so barren and so irksome. I needed Pentecost just as the disciples did.

She read one more, "Jesus, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate."

I fell on my knees by the kitchen chair and asked her in a humble tone to please pray for me. Then and there I was reclaimed for the last time. Though I did not receive the blessing of a clean heart for many months after that, yet I saw a great hope ahead, and was given divine strength to fight a bit harder and to keep my heart from yielding to the assaults of carnality.

I became a seeker for the second work of grace. And what a seeker I was. At the first holiness meeting that I heard of, I went to the altar three times a day for ten days. The preacher, an uncouth old chap, with a rasping voice would kneel down in front of me and pray loudly, "O Lord, what this conceited young feller needs is to be killed. Kill 'im, Lord, kill 'im!" When he had run the gamut on this, he would beckon to a booming voiced farmer and urged him to pray. With a roar, he would cry, "What we need is a first

class funeral. Back up your hearse, O Lord, and load this young preacher in and haul him off and bury him." This was a regular feature of that holiness meeting three times a day for ten days.

I did not get the blessing but I did learn a lot about these matters. I read everything about this wonderful grace that I could find. We were so hard up financially that we went without meat for nearly a month in order to get money enough to buy Wood's "Perfect Love." I read it through and through. I began preaching on the need of the second work of grace. I described its characteristics, confessing frankly that I did not have it, but was hot on the trail of it. Several of my hearers were under conviction for the blessing before I had received it myself. I consecrated all. I abandoned everything to Jesus my Lord and Master. I did just what the old preacher and the old farmer prayed should happen, I slowly died.

Finally I reached the place where the great God dared to release His burning baptism upon my heart. It came one day as I sat praying in my study chair. Like a great spiritual light it slowly rose above the horizon of my soul. It shined and burned and melted away all the feverish, gunpowdery, carnal, disposition that I had. It filled my heart and my life. It cleansed and sanctified my soul. The Holy Ghost had come!

He transformed my life; He transformed my ministry. From that moment it was a joy to serve Him; a thrilling pleasure to preach His truth; a glad privilege to suffer for Him; and a deep satisfaction to be in His wonderful service. I shall praise Him forever for His goodness to me.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

A REAL REVIVAL AT LAST

I served in the pastorate two years before I received the blessing of a clean, holy heart. I had tried several times during that short period to have a revival. Each time it was a flat failure. There was no pull, no thrill, no conviction of the Spirit on the efforts. My own heart was miserable, dull, and more or less unresponsive. I disliked the ministry more and more after each effort that I made to get people converted and bring them to God.

There was, indeed, some difference during the more than a year that I was a seeker for the blessing of holiness. I had caught a vision of what a sanctified Christian is, and though I had not secured the coveted experience as yet, I did begin to preach it, and exhort my people to obtain it.

The first holiness book I ever read was Wood's "Perfect Love." We literally went without meat on our table for fully a month, in order to accumulate a bit and buy that book. I read it over and over. Portions of it I preached to my people. I came the nearest to witnessing a genuine conversion or two while I was preaching and exhorting on the contents of that book.

A promotion to a pastorate with only one country place appointment was tendered me that fall, and I accepted. We had just gotten to our new place, and settled down, when the Lord very graciously answered my desperate prayers and baptized my heart with His Holy Spirit. He cleansed away all carnality. My soul was aflame. Messages by the score rushed to my thinking. From the date of my experience of sanctification, I was always crowded for time in which to tell the glowing story. Where before, the ministry had been a dreadful bugbear, and a grievous treadmill, it now became a thrilling privilege.

The leading man on the new field was a certain Major Pike. He was a member of Congress, and had been an officer in the Civil War. He and his wife took a deep interest in the Methodist Church on this my third pastorate. Until I became sanctified wholly I was constantly and repeatedly filled with fear of this distinguished old major. He had a shock of heavy hair streaked with gray, and a thick, shoebrush chin whisker. His powerful, piercing eyes glowed as he listened to my preaching. Sometimes they glowered.

He would slide slowly down in his pew, reclining on the middle of his spine, during service, and oftentimes all that I could see was that shock of wavy black hair, and the glowing eyes looking over the top of the pew. His very presence filled me with fear. I stammered, hesitated and lost all my power of concentrated thought, under the baleful glare of old Major Pike's eyes. He was a constant nightmare to me. Whether the old hero had any religious experience, I cannot tell to this day. I only know that he was an object of dread and fear to me, as I sought to minister in the pulpit.

His wife wore silk skirts. These would rustle softly as she would walk down the aisle. I learned to listen for that soft rustling noise with keen dread. Often after arduous preparation, and much praying I would come with a message that I thought was really worth while. As I would sit in the pulpit with my hand over my eyes in prayer, before the announcement of the opening hymn, I would hear the rustle of Sister Pike's silk skirt, and it filled me with such dread and fear that all my good message would go glimmering. I sometimes would forget even what my text was.

The Sunday following my reception of the blessing of a clean heart found me panting and thrilling in the pulpit, eager to pour out a heart full of sermon stuff centered around the good old text: "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly. And I pray God that your whole body and soul and spirit be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." I had just had three wonderful days enjoying the

fullness of the Spirit, and now had come to my first opportunity to preach since being sanctified wholly.

I was on my knees in the pulpit, laughing softly to myself, although I did not know what I was laughing about. My heart was as merry as a marriage bell, and I was filled and thrilled with the conscious sense of the presence of God. As I knelt there praying and waiting on the Lord before announcing the opening hymn, I clearly heard the rustle of Sister Pike's silk skirt coming down the aisle.

The major and his wife had been away to Washington, and so I had not seen them for several months. Indeed, in my eager search for the experience of holiness of heart, I had totally forgotten them, and had not suffered for some time from the awful fear that their presence exerted upon me. Now the low swishing of that silk skirt coming slowly down the body of the church struck my ears.

I glanced up through my fingers. There was the tall old major with his hair roached up pompadour fashion, his glittering blue eyes were cold as steel. His soldierly form was clothed in a perfectly fitting Prince Albert coat. With him was Sister Pike. She had a sharp, intellectual face, dark complexioned, but animated and full of keenness. They strode down the aisle to the accompaniment of the soft swishing of that silk garment.

My own reaction to their presence completely surprised me. My heart instead of sinking with fear, as at other times, rose up in my bosom with a great leap. I whispered to myself, "I'm glad they're here. I've a wonderful experience to tell them which will revolutionize their hearts if they will only seek and obtain it."

I began by telling my experience briefly. How desperately I had longed for heart cleansing, and how the explosions of a wretched temper had caused me periodically to backslide. Then how long and eagerly I had sought. With what earnestness I had prayed. How three days before I had dared to believe God that He was just now cleansing my heart and filling it with His Holy Spirit, and behold He had shed forth this!

The house was as still as a funeral. The old major began gently sliding down in his pew. I announced the opening hymn. It was:

"I hear Thy gentle voice,
That calls me, Lord, to Thee,
For cleansing in Thy precious blood,
That flowed on Calvary.

"I am coming, Lord,
Coming now to Thee;
Wash me, cleanse me in Thy blood,
That flowed on Calvary."

The singing of that hymn revealed the wondrous presence of God. The meeting was electric with the Spirit. I felt as comfortable and as much at ease as though I were not taking part in the service at all. I seemed almost detached from it. The Spirit was carrying on the meeting.

I announced my text. I discussed it first as a teaching of the Methodist church, quoting Wesley, Asbury, Peck and Foster. I then attempted to show that it was obtained subsequent to conversion. I then pressed the obtainment of this experience upon everyone as a duty, and at length closed by exhorting all to accept it as a preparation for heaven.

The old major's eyes were all that I could see during most of the discourse, over the top of his pew. They had ceased to be cold, they were sharp and fiery. His wife had a clear cut line straight across her lips showing that she was "set" about something, I could well guess what. The house was still as a grave. I ceased speaking.

Suddenly there was a low wail from an aged sister in the congregation, and she arose and started weeping for the altar. Others followed. There was what evangelists call a "break." It was the first of its kind that I had ever witnessed in my own ministry. A great service followed, and scores of people became seekers. A revival broke out and spread for miles.

The Master had finally fitted my experience to my call to His ministry. I was supremely happy.

The old major returned soon to Washington, busy with his congressional duties. I didn't see much of him for the rest of my pastorate there. But one day a church member who was pretty close to the Pikes, told me that he had received a communication from the major. In it the old Civil War veteran confessed that the only preacher that he ever was afraid of was "that holiness man named Morrison." I had feared him till the Lord burned it away with His mighty Spirit, and then the major became afraid of me.

CHAPTER TWELVE

THE TRAVELING CONNECTION

The expression, "the traveling connection," was a term that was much used in the Methodist ministry many years ago. It meant that a preacher had ceased to be a "local preacher" and had joined the regular ministry subject now to annual appointment by the bishop. One might, indeed, be appointed again and again to the same pastorate, but it also meant that he might be moved anywhere at the end of any year. In other words, he was a "bird of passage," ready to be moved wherever the best interests of the cause he was seeking to upbuild might seem to indicate. Hence the expression, *"the traveling connection,"* for the Methodist preacher was at greater or less intervals a constant traveler.

One of the leading parishioners on my first pastorate, taking umbrage at a sermon I had preached on worldliness, frankly assured me that he would cancel the entire debt on the church if I would agree not to return as pastor another year. Inasmuch as the debt was owed to him, and he himself had subscribed almost half of the whole amount, while very little more had been pledged, I assured him that I would ask the District Superintendent to send me elsewhere. The Superintendent, himself, was also anxious to have the old debt canceled, consequently he gladly appointed me to a place almost a hundred miles away, over in the drouth stricken area of the state. This was a circuit of five preaching points, which meant three services each Sunday, and two in the middle of the week.

By this time I had a horse and a two-wheeled cart. It was the gift of my parents. After the annual conference I drove this two-wheeled rig to the new pastorate, to spy out the land, and to secure, if possible, the loan of another horse and a wagon, with which to move the rest of my household. My goods I expected to ship by train. My new

appointment was on the level prairie about fifty miles north of Huron, South Dakota. It comprised five little, struggling, frontier villages, and the farm population adjacent. I stayed two Sundays and preached twice around the circuit; made the acquaintance of the leading brethren, and succeeded in borrowing an aged horse, a set of harness, and a light, four-wheeled wagon. With this equipment I returned to bring the family.

This was the fall of 1894. National politics were burning fiercely. Mr. William J. Bryan, "the golden tongued orator of the Platte," had captured the democratic convention in the June preceding, at which he had delivered his famous "Cross of Gold" speech. This resulted in his nomination for the Presidency of the United States. During the summer he had furiously broadcast his doctrine of "free silver—sixteen to one." William McKinley had been nominated by the Republicans on a "gold standard—sound money" platform, and was ardently campaigning for the election. When I returned from my preliminary survey of the new pastorate it was about the middle of October. The political fight was on in deadly earnest. The issue seemed closely drawn, and the outcome uncertain. The "gold standard" men felt that a victory for "free silver" meant certain inflation, and general political and economic ruin.

A committee of them, having ascertained that I was in favor of the gold standard, earnestly begged me to delay my departure for the new field assigned us till after election day. It would mean one more vote for McKinley. They painted darkly the woes into which the country would plunge if the "free silverites" won, and were so insistent that at last I consented.

The "first Tuesday after the first Monday" thrust us well down into the early portion of November. I should have known better than to have waited, election or no election. Bad storms were often witnessed in the Dakotas late in October and early in November. But I promised and thus was

delayed for ten days, when I ought to have been traveling speedily toward my destination.

The day after election we started. With the left-overs from our household goods, which I had sent on ahead by freight, a great box of food, bedding with which to spend the two nights that must elapse en route, and a cow hitched behind, we set out.

The day was one of mild autumnal loveliness and we made as good time as a poky old cow, the preparation of meals along the road, and the extraordinary loveliness of the weather would permit. We camped the first night, making our beds on great layers of hay under the wagon. The campfire, the plentiful supply of food, the fresh milk obtained from the cow, and the mild, marvelous weather, made the trip seem like a joyous lark. We sang hymns and quoted scripture.

The next day was a repetition of the first. It was mild as midsummer. We congratulated ourselves, as the sun brilliantly set, that fifteen miles or so the next day would bring us to our destination. Another bed under the wagon with covers spread over thick layers of hay and a cheerily burning campfire made the second night seem as promising as the first. The moon looked benignly down on our makeshift camp. True, I had noticed with a sinking heart, the rising of a black bank of clouds in the far away northwest, but it hung there apparently stationary, and bedtime found us with a slight breeze of mild southern gentleness, the fragrant odors from an adjacent field of autumnal fodder in the shock, and that of late mown hay under our heads. We fell peacefully asleep.

A raging *swish* of cold wind suddenly wakened me. I peered from beneath the wagon, and saw the sky darkly overcast with black clouds, and felt a cold, racing wind whipping out of the northwest, while my face was pecked with stinging snowflakes. A Dakota blizzard was coming. A makeshift camp on the open prairie, without a tent, with no covering or shelter, and a storm coming in that latitude, was a situation

to be promptly remedied, or the consequences might be tragic. Action must be instant.

I roused the rest of the household and we dressed in the dark. The wind quickened to a strong gale, and in a trice our recent hay bed was strewn flying across the prairie; with difficulty we saved our bed blankets which the wild storm would whip into a roll, and then scurry away with them as fast as a person could run. Our pet house cat which we were carrying with us in a grain sack, with small holes through which he could breathe, was suddenly whirled into a roll, and carried tumbling, and revolving off into the dark. We heard one long, lonely wail from the cat and saw him no more.

With numbing fingers and frosty breath we hitched up the team, loaded everything into the wagon, and with the party buried under an avalanche of bed covers, we started forward vainly looking for a farmhouse where we could find shelter.

My timepiece said that it was eleven o'clock. The night was weirdly dark. The cow and the high wind retarded our speed so that we could advance only at a slow walk. The tempest howled, the storm thickened, the snow flew, and we were quickly chilled to the bone. In this dangerous and pitiable plight we traveled on for an hour and a half. We kept to the road but found not a trace of a house, or shelter of any kind. I spent my time attempting to restrain my chattering teeth, and urging the horses forward, the meanwhile praying frantically to the Lord of the storms to intervene and bring us to a shelter.

Just as the cold became so intense and the storm so blinding that we literally expected to perish, we sighted a group of buildings. I guided the team into the farmyard. So stiff was I that as I endeavored to alight, I crumpled to the ground when my feet struck the frozen earth. I summoned all my will power to gather myself together and walk toward the house. I knocked on the door but obtained no answer. I beat it with a heavy stick, and finally assured myself that the house was empty. The door was securely locked.

With a sinking heart, and a prayer on my lips with every

breath I drew I explored the barn. It was easily entered. In a one side lean-to was a great mow of hay. With much difficulty I led the other members of the party into that mow, dug deep into the hay and covered them with blankets and loose hay, put the horses and the cow in stalls, and then myself crawled into the hay with chattering teeth and an interceding heart.

All night the wind howled. It tore at that frail old shed of a barn till it shivered in the blast. It seemed to drive icy cold streams of deadly chill through the shed's very sides, until it penetrated the hay where we were buried. We lacked only a margin of actually perishing before the dawn of another day. Seldom has a night seemed longer, or suffering more severe.

With dawn the wind subsided a bit and I tried to secure some food for the members of the party. A cup of warm milk from the cow refreshed our congealed spirits. I dug a portion of a roasted leg of mutton out of our food box. It was frozen so solidly that the only way it could be masticated was to crush it on the chopping block with the back of the ax. A forelorn and desperate appearing party at length emerged from that barn, clambered stiffly into the wagon and again set out looking for some human habitation.

It was ten o'clock in the forenoon before we found a house. Even then it was only the kitchen of what had once been a good-sized farm home. The rest of the house had been blown away in a cyclone during the previous summer. But a motherly woman welcomed us into the tiny quarters, stirred up a rousing fire, and soon had hot drinks in us and warm blankets about us, while a neighborly man stabled and fed our live stock. This succor reached us just in the nick of time.

We left the cow in the care of this good Samaritan, and late in the day, warmed, filled and greatly encouraged we again burrowed under the blankets in the wagon, and trotting through the still fiercely blowing wind, and drifting snow, we at last reached our cold, desolate and empty parsonage at early twilight. During the entire night's adventures and al-

most all the day, my wife had clung to a well wrapped bird cage which housed a pet canary, the gift of an admirer on our first pastorate. Now in that cold, forlorn parsonage, with no fire, no household goods, or anything else, she peered in to see if the little pet was safe. She called in pitiful tones to say that it had broken its leg, and was chirping plaintively, hopping about on one foot.

In order to put the little thing out of its suffering I had to kill it. This was the climax. Heroism could stand no more; the whole party sat down on the cold floors, wrapped as they were in nondescript blankets and comforters, and burst into wild weeping. It was the last straw in the most burdensome move I ever knew while in the "traveling connection."

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

INCIDENTS IN SPREADING SCRIPTURAL HOLINESS

After receiving the blessing of entire sanctification, I continued to serve in the Methodist Church as a pastor for twenty years. At the beginning of each new pastorate I cautiously but systematically and faithfully preached the definite second work of grace. I clearly outlined the doctrine, showed how it belonged to Methodism, and was the central truth proclaimed by John and Charles Wesley; quoted hymns, recited Scripture, and made frequent reference to the dictionary. I interspersed this kind of doctrinal discourse by copious references to my own personal experience, and that of other well-known persons professing the blessing. I found an account of Uncle Bud Robinson's experience, and also that of Amanda Smith, the colored saint, and used them freely.

I rarely if ever made an altar call the first six months of a pastorate. I was anxious to lay a firm, intelligent groundwork in the minds of my hearers, so that when an altar call was made they would know clearly what they were seeking. I often, however, pressed an immediate and definite choice upon a few select souls while making pastoral calls upon them, and frequently made an altar call to the entire prayer-meeting group, urging each as he knelt, to seek and obtain, if possible, the blessing.

The latter half of the first year I usually began a revival and it was very seldom that such an effort did not result in many intelligently seeking and finding the wondrous experience that can be easily denominated "the pearl of great price."

When I left each pastorate for a new one there remained a devoted band of sanctified people at each place These bands later became churches when the Nazarene movement came our way. When once a person really got in, it was astonishing how he was spoiled for cheap things and pined for the good old gospel of full salvation. Hundreds of folks thus

led into the second work of grace, united with the Church of the Nazarene when it spread over that region.

As a Nazarene District Superintendent I organized Nazarene churches in every town where I had served a Methodist pastorate, except one. The revival flame, also carried by other ministers who had gotten sanctified, spread all over that Northwest country, and broke out in new places with gracious results.

About 1915 Bishop W. A. Quayle held our Methodist conference. He was one of the most remarkable men I ever met. He was not as a rule in sympathy with entire sanctification; however, occasionally he would utter some striking, remarkable sentence that placed a gracious crown upon this queen of religious experiences, then again he would sneer at it and belittle it. One never knew whether this marvelous man, this wonderful bishop and leader, would bless it or ban it. How we all coveted him for holiness leadership, but he never seemed to be able to see it.

At this conference the bishop took me out of my good "station" appointment, and sent me clear across the state putting me back onto a "circuit." Greatly disappointed, I nevertheless went, and started some holiness fires in that North Dakota village, to which I had been appointed. The leading member of the church, who was chairman of the board of stewards and church treasurer, was a notorious backslider. He frankly admitted that he had no salvation. One day calling on him in his store and finding him alone, I earnestly reminded him that he could not expect to play fast and loose with God and his eternal destiny.

He promptly shot this question at me: "Must I have as much religion as you have, in order to get to heaven?" To this I replied that I could not tell. Maybe it was possible for him to have less than I and still get in, but that I dared not attempt it on any less, for fear of missing the mark.

He then declared that he had a question he had long wanted to ask me. I pressed him to name it. Finally he did so. "How little," said he, "can I have and yet get in? Now,"

he hurried to add, "don't preach me a sermon, nor quote Scripture to me; and don't give me any of your theology. But just like one man talking to another tell me, right from the shoulder, how little can I have and yet get in?"

His question and his prohibitions staggered me a bit. I stood and frantically prayed for God to help me. At length this reply came to me: "All right," I said, "I have your answer. If you have what I am about to tell you, you will be all right, if not you will miss the mark completely. What I am about to give you is not theology, but would, I believe, stand a theological test. It is not Scripture, but is, I think, scriptural. It is not a sermon, of that I am sure.

"My brother, you must be enough like Jesus Christ so you will be comfortable with Him when you meet Him. Imagine," I continued, "if you will, a human being filled with sin and crime. Think of him as being stricken suddenly out of this world, and just as suddenly ushered into the presence of the glorified Christ. John on Patmos Isle says that he once saw Him. His face, John declares, was as brilliant as the morning sun, His eyes were aflame, His voice reverberated like the billows of the sea, His hair was white, His garments glistering, and His face shone like polished brass.

"Do you think," I exclaimed, "that a sinful, crime-filled man would be comfortable in the presence of a Being like that? Would *you* be comfortable there? Whatever then it needs to change you so that you would be comfortable with Him, that is the necessary amount of salvation that you must have, or be damned."

I ceased speaking. My leading parishioner eyed me with fallen chin, and mouth agape. He shifted from foot to foot. At length he spoke almost in a whisper, "It would take half I own to make all the restitution which you say the Bible demands." He paused and slowly wetted his lips with his tongue.

"How much are you worth?" I demanded.

He thought a moment and then huskily answered, "About sixty thousand would hit it."

I pressed him to make an instant decision for God, salvation and heaven, remarking, "You say that it would take half you possess to make restitution? Well, would it not be better to have thirty thousand clean dollars and go to heaven, than to possess sixty thousand tainted ones and go to hell?"

We were interrupted by the entrance of a customer.

That winter we had a gracious revival. Over fifty members of the church were converted. Many of them were also seekers for the blessing. But this man never budged. Repeatedly and very tenderly I pressed salvation upon him. Finally one day he took me to one side, and said:

"I don't want you to approach me any more on this matter of religion. One day this week I fought it out in my store. I have made up my mind, and will never be different from what I am today. Please leave me alone."

This statement struck my heart like a bolt. I had fondly hoped that he would accept the Lord and be a glorious Christian. So far as I can learn he never changed.

Not long ago a friend from that section of the nation told me that this man lost all that he had in the recent depression. Ah, if he had only allowed God to save him. Possibly he will reach eternity bankrupt in material things as well as in the matter of eternal life.

The enemies of full salvation charge against it that it has a dividing effect upon a congregation where it is preached. True enough; it does. Just so, light separates those who love it from those who dislike it. Love separates those who are eager for it from those whose hearts are so filled with hate that it cannot enter. So every group was divided when Christ appeared among them in the days of His flesh; some accepted, some rejected. So today, every group is subjected to a well defined division when the possibilities of full salvation are preached to it. Even when one merely declines to accept, he essentially chooses, for a refusal to accept is a choice not to do so. "He that is not for me," declared our Lord Jesus, "is against me!"

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

THE MOSQUITO SCOURGE

The holiness movement in the Dakotas and western Minnesota began in the closing days of the last century. When the sands of the eighteen hundreds were slipping away, Dr. S. A. Danford, then a pastor at Jamestown, North Dakota, got sanctified under his own preaching during a revival. With an energy characteristic of the work of the Spirit he began to spread the holy fire. Soon after this he was made a district superintendent in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and began sponsoring holiness revivals in all the churches on his district. He also gathered around him all the fire-baptized preachers that he could contact.

Among other worthy activities he started the Jamestown Holiness Campmeeting. It had been in existence a few years when I transferred to North Dakota and united with the holiness workers in that thrilling movement. It was in the early days of the nineteen hundreds when I first met and fellowshipped with the glowing group of workers on the prairies of the vast Dakota region.

Everything was exceedingly primitive. The camp tabernacle was an old, hastily constructed shed. The eating house was composed of part boards and part tentage. Not an automobile was in sight, that was "the horse and buggy days," with a stern reality. Wagons, buggies, carts and bicycles brought the campers to the meeting. And there they camped, for the most part, during the entire ten days.

The camp was situated under the stunted trees along the James River. This small stream was euphoniously nicknamed *"the Jim River,"* by the natives and this, altered to "Brother Jim," was the title to an interesting article that Dr. Beverly Carradine, then in his prime and glory, wrote for the *Christian Witness*. The good doctor made poor old "Brother Jim," with his sluggish current, out to be too slow and meandering,

and twisting and wobbling, ever to get the "blessing," despite the fact that he attended a roaring, red-hot campmeeting every year.

The grass in and around the campmeeting was tall and heavy. The dew and rain, back in those days, fell copiously. Even the lethargic river "Jim" perked up and ran with something like a decent current. And the mosquitoes—they were a terrible scourge! Great, wide-winged, long-legged, sharp stinging, loud humming creatures of the "galnipper" variety, were in evidence during those trying days. Great swarms of them would even come up from the woods, as far as the limits of the little city of Jamestown, and form welcoming committees to the campmeeting folks as they arrived. These solicitous clouds of insects would follow one from the city limits to the camp, pointedly pressing their interested inquiries into the physical condition of the attendants.

Every year they were bad, but during several campmeeting sessions they were far worse than bad. This was peculiarly the case the first year that "Uncle Bud" Robinson was our chief campmeeting preacher. Though far out of the path of many of the flaming holiness workers of that period, nevertheless we had heard of this Spirit-filled, odd, unique and altogether interesting young Texas evangelist. In due time we made a date with him, and it fell on this session when the detestable little blood-suckers were ten times worse than bad.

I met "Uncle Bud" at the station. He maintained his widespread reputation for eccentricity, even in his appearance. He then wore a full, pointed, sorrel-colored beard which marked him with a doubtful appearance of distinction. His alpaca coat was of extra "clerical" length, and had been badly discolored under the arms and across the back. We loaded him and his baggage into the campmeeting bus and started for the grounds. At the edge of town a great swarm of mosquitoes bade us a cordial welcome. "Uncle Bud" slapped at them right and left, remarking that they were so big that "a good many of them would weigh a pound."

That night they filled the campmeeting shed like swarms of bees. In vain we detailed men and boys to start smudges on all sides of the tabernacle. The audience looked like Palm Sunday. Every attendant had a branch with leaves on it, waving it frantically about him to discourage the swarms of insects. Brother J. M. and Sister M. J. Harris, of Miami, Florida, were the singers. They were so tormented with the mosquitoes that finally I detailed a couple of young men to stand up with them as they sang, and wave fluttering leaves about them in order to enable them to sing at all.

When "Uncle Bud" arose to preach and opened his mouth, the pests were so numerous that he actually breathed one into his mouth, and had to expectorate vigorously. He was so disturbed by their biting that after a bit we asked the two young men who had waved them off the singers, to stand one on each side of him and keep them off while he delivered his message.

I was then new in the holiness movement. Naturally the presence of so disturbing and persistent a handicap to our great annual meeting filled me with dismay. I prayed desperately that God would intervene. I told Him with agonized pleas that we had spent our money in preparation, had widely advertised the gathering, and were at considerable pains and expense to make it a success. We desired only His glory in spreading the wonderful doctrine and experience of holiness! *"O blessed heavenly Father, wilt Thou not, in the interest of the salvation of souls, and the extension of Thy kingdom, intervene and drive these terrible pests away?"*

Thus fervently, desperately, frantically did all of us who had the leadership of that campmeeting at heart pray. God came, the Spirit took charge, the Triune God answered our prayers in a perfectly marvelous manner—but not in the way we asked Him to do. The mosquitoes instead of being swept away by some strong wind sent from heaven, seemed, as that first service progressed, to increase rather than to diminish. "Can anything be done to precipitate God in conviction and full salvation upon an audience that is fighting

desperately with great swarms of biting, buzzing insects?" We literally fought them ourselves and groaned in prayer with keenest anguish.

"But God—!"

Yes, yes, *"But God—!"* He is able to dominate any and every situation, if we can only give Him the medium of desperation, faith and utter devotion. First, amid the stinging, buzzing insects, the whirling, slapping leaves, and the swinging of hats, handkerchiefs and light garments, and amid the clouds of smoke that drifted through the tabernacle from the smudges outside, the Holy Ghost fell on "Uncle Bud." *How he did preach!* A thousand times I have heard him, but never did he do better than under those awful mosquito smitten circumstances. Conviction fell on the great audience in spite of the buzzing, stinging pests and the choking smoke. Hardly a soul left the tabernacle during the first service. When the altar call was made fully a hundred people literally ran to the place of prayer. We called on the saints to gather with their swinging branches and keep the mosquitoes off the seekers. What a scene it was—amid the smoke that drifted through in clouds; amid the buzzing, stinging insects, people prayed, agonized, leaped up from the altar with spiritualized faces and shouted. "Uncle Bud" danced about on the platform desperately waving a branch about his face, and shouting the praises of God. It was a notable and glorious victory.

And so, throughout the whole camp, it was one constant and desperate fight with our winged and stinging enemies, and a glorious manifestation of God's power and ability in spite of them. Salvation seemed to flow over the treetops. The whole session was a frantic fight with swarms added to swarms of the insects, but one marvelous display of spiritual victories. Over five hundred people sought holiness, and every one seemed to find what he sought. It was one of the greatest sessions of that wonderful old camp.

Ah, yes, let us not forget it—*"But God—!"*

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

IN THE SPANISH AMERICAN WAR

In the year 1898 I was serving a pastorate at Litchfield, Minnesota. For some time the restless and unhappy conditions that existed on the Island of Cuba, between the Spanish government and the population of that island, had agitated the people of the United States.

The revolt of the Cuban insurgents from Spanish tyranny, the deeds of heroism performed by these so-called revolutionists, the "message to Garcia," exploited by Elbert Hubbard in his little paper called "The Philistine," the sundry "battles," the horrors of the *concentrado* camps, all stirred our American folks. Finally to protect our American residents at Havana, the government dispatched a battleship, the *Maine,* to that harbor to pacify if possible the intense feelings of antagonism that Spanish authorities manifested toward Americans in Cuba.

Here, in the peaceful waters of a supposed friendly harbor, that ship was torpedoed one night and sunk. The news sent a tingle through every American heart. This determined the government to intervene in Cuba and set that island up as an independent nation. Word was flashed to Admiral Dewey riding with his American fleet at anchor in Hongkong, China, to prepare for action in the Philippine Islands, which belonged to Spain. War was declared and Manila captured by Dewey and his sailor boys. A call was made for 100,000 American volunteers and the patriotic war spirit burned fiercely in every heart.

Volunteer companies began drilling on the streets of every American village. The militia regiments were concentrated in the various state capitals and military camps. In Minnesota three regiments were hastily mobilized, and hurried off to the Philippines. In our little city of Litchfield a great company of young men, mostly from the various churches and Sunday schools, gathered nightly in the park for military drill. Learn-

ing that I had received military training in the University of South Dakota, a delegation waited on me in my parsonage study and begged me to come and take charge of them till someone could be sufficiently trained to relieve me. A great group of the young fellows were members and attendants of my own church, consequently I acquiesced and trained with them two or three nights a week.

The G.A.R.—old veterans from the Civil War—had a stock of ancient muskets and gladly lent them to the embryo warriors. We soon had the willing recruits whipped into rough shape, and the lieutenants and noncommissioned officers appointed. They made a brave showing on Memorial Day and were proud of their steadiness and regularity.

All this playing at soldiering suddenly turned into a bit of stern reality. A telegram reached the mayor of the little city stating that Governor Clough was organizing a fourth regiment upon request from Washington, and directing the one who had command of the company forming in the mayor's village to report with it within a few days to the recruiting officer at St. Paul.

This fell like a bombshell among us. The youthful recruits were naturally all fired up and eager to go. But I had no intention whatsoever of leaving my pastoral work and going to war. I promptly stepped aside and directed the mayor's attention to the one who was serving as first lieutenant. But this did not suit the boys who made up the company. Nor did it suit their parents. The young soldiers waited on me and begged with tears in their eyes for me to go with them. The parents came in, group after group, stating that unless I went with the company, *their* boys could not go. I was in a dilemma. I enjoyed military drill and was somewhat proficient at it. I was able to get the best kind of work out of the men under me and unusually fine co-operation. In other words I could create for the government a well-drilled, first-class, excellently disciplined company of soldiers. On the other hand, I was winning a fine class of people to the cause of holiness, and was keenly interested in the work of the

church. We had three days in which to decide and you may well believe that I spent most of that time on my knees. What did the blessed Spirit want me to do?

An incident decided me in favor of the military life. On the second day of the three that we had in which to make our decision, the District Superintendent showed up. He took such an attitude of hostility to the work that I was doing in the pastorate, belittled the experience of holiness so emphatically, lightly laughed at anyone getting sanctified wholly, and otherwise manifested such an antagonistic spirit toward me and the cause I loved, that after much prayer I gathered that the Master was willing that I should go to the war. Indeed He impressed me with the feeling that it was merely on a vacation, and that I would not see any battle service.

At last we were off; at last we arrived in St. Paul amidst the waving of flags and the shouts of the crowds gathered at the depot and in the streets. Soon we were sworn into Uncle Sam's service, given uniforms and arms, placed in battalion formation with other green companies of troops, and then into regimental form, and set to drilling earnestly each day.

My first disagreeable reaction was to find that the chaplain had no real religious experience and did nothing for the men in a salvation way. My next was that the officers' group, those who ate together, and were called "the officers' mess," was ribald, wicked and obscene. The most questionable stories were told publicly, and it seemed to me with special sneering reference to the fact that I was a minister. Finally, after an unusually lurid instance of this, I arose and remarked in a public manner that I had sergeants and corporals in my company who were more gentlemanly than the captains, lieutenants and majors with whom I had been eating. That hereafter they could omit my name from the officers' mess, inasmuch as I preferred to eat with men who did not use questionable language at table. Having said this I bowed and walked out.

Later several of the more serious-minded of the officers apologized to me for the affront and requested me to return, but I preferred to eat with my own men rather than with

those who uttered obscenities at table. Finally others followed my example and the mess at last dwindled down to a few of the raw sports who liked what went on there.

When we were in camp for any length of time I had an earnest group of young fellows who met me several times a week for Bible study and prayer. This was broken up when we moved, but was resumed whenever we had time.

Reaching Pennsylvania we were brigaded with other regiments till we had a sizable army of some thirty thousand men. One day a neighboring regiment invited ours to come over and all have dinner with them. Each company was to be the guests of the corresponding one in the other regiment. This made me the guest of the captain of Company "C." When I entered his tent, he courteously welcomed me and asked me what I would have to drink. Said he, "I have whisky, beer and champagne, any one or all three. Which do you want?" I thanked him, and answered that I had never used liquor of any kind. "What," he replied, "you in the army and not drink? I can hardly believe that!" I assured him that no drop of intoxicating liquor had ever passed my lips. "Well, well," he exclaimed, "that is interesting. Let us go and eat, then."

We sat down to a splendid meal. Bottles of liquor were placed beside each plate. The whole group of officers were visibly animated with the flow of spirits. After dining we returned to the captain's tent, and he remarked, "Now I know what you want. You want a good smoke, don't you? I have pipes, cigars and cigarettes, any one or all three. Which do you want?"

To his utter astonishment I assured him that I had never smoked. He looked at me quite bewildered, and slowly said, "You in the army and yet do not drink, nor smoke. I did not suppose there was a man in the service who had a record like that." I replied that I had nearly one hundred of them in my company. This gave me a chance to testify as to what the grace of God would do for one, and then I courteously thanked him for the dinner and left.

One day the Governor of Pennsylvania sent word that he and his staff would review the entire corps of which my regiment was a part. There was great preparation that each should look his best. An orderly from the colonel appeared and directed me to turn my company over to my first lieutenant, and to take charge of the Third Battalion, the major of which was absent. In order to do this I had to have a horse to ride. I finally borrowed a great, strapping, black monster from the Quartermaster. He owned him, but had never ridden him!

When, booted and spurred, I had mounted to the saddle, he was ready for "strategems and spoils." When the bands began to play, and the regiments to march, he pawed the earth, and literally danced. A dozen times he sought to bolt with me, and I stopped him only with vigorous restraint applied to the heavy snaffle bit. Then he would attempt to back with me, and I would plunge my roweled heels into his sides, which brought him suddenly out of that mood.

We marched out onto the reviewing line, and stood stock still in front of the serried regiments and brigades, while the Governor's party, preceded by the bands, passed down the line. When the drum major of the band started down toward us, followed by his bandsmen in glittering uniforms, my restless mount took actual fright. He leaped forward to escape the approaching band, but I yanked vigorously on his bit. Balked at an effort to run, he then backed convulsively, and I prodded him with my spurs. Not able to go either way, and the band still approaching, the drum major striding nearer with his big bearskin shako on his head, and whirling his great guiding stick with a huge ball at one end, like a glittering wheel, my big black steed reared straight up! I felt him rise till he reached his full height. Then he trembled for a second on his hind feet, and, to my horror, *started down backward! He was falling over on his back!* I instinctively knew what this meant for me. I would be crushed when he crashed to the sod. Almost quicker than thought I leaped from his back. At seemingly the same instant *he measured his*

great black length on the ground with a thundering crash. If I had remained on his back a second longer I would not be telling this tale now!

He was stunned for a second, and when his legs left midair, and he rolled to one side, with his head on the ground, I ran quickly and sat on his head, firmly holding it there, so he could not rise.

The band marched past, and the Governor and his staff rode by, while I still sat upon my horse's head. He lay quiet enough while in that fix. Then when the immediate cause of his fright was well in the distance, I arose, allowed him to get to his feet, which he did somewhat dizzily, and then I remounted. From then on he was as tractable as any good old plowhorse!

The colonel of my regiment galloped over to where I sat on my now quiet animal, and lifting his hand in salute, complimented me on my horsemanship, and then added, "I watched your company, Captain, while you were taming your mount, and I must congratulate you on the discipline of those men. Though they realized your danger, not a man moved an inch from his place."

That night in my soldier's blanket, I lay and thanked the blessed Master for His protecting care. He seemed to bend over my cot and say, *"I have work for you to do, son!"*

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

FROM HELL TO HEAVEN IN THE SPANISH WAR

During the Spanish War our regiment, the 15th Minnesota, was encamped for several weeks at Camp Ramsay, between Minneapolis and St. Paul, and also for a few weeks at Fort Snelling, overlooking the Mississippi River, just below St. Paul. Having become sufficiently proficient in company, battalion and regimental formations we were hurried off to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania for brigade training.

Here one day the colonel's orderly waited on me and requested me to report at once to regimental headquarters. In the colonel's office I met a lieutenant-colonel who was in charge of the provost guard. This was a sort of police force, made up of a company or companies detailed for that purpose, in order to have someone to look after delinquent soldiers. The provost guard was stationed in the nearby city, patroling certain portions of it, not for the purpose of looking after lawless citizens, but to apprehend, when necessary, any intoxicated, or otherwise disorderly soldier.

This lieutenant-colonel was serving as provost marshal of this special detailed guard. He had dropped in at the 15th Minnesota headquarters more or less accidentally, having known our regimental colonel in other days. He had just verbally vented his wrath upon some of the officers and men who had been detailed for service in his guard, and had stated that when stationed in the nearby city they invariably incapacitated themselves within a few days with liquor. He had expressed a fervent wish for some officers and privates who could stay sober long enough to "mop up" the army's delinquent stragglers who frequented the city's vice spots.

Our colonel laughingly assured him that he had, in his regiment, the very company the provost marshal was looking for. "It is composed," said he, "of young men from their home town churches, and—would you believe it?—is commanded by a preacher! There are not a half dozen," he declared, "who have ever tasted liquor, and even the use of

cigarettes and tobacco is never permitted on the company streets. If a man wants to smoke, chew or snuff, he has to go out on the parade ground to do it. You can trust this company, Colonel, to 'mop up' your delinquents, and to keep sober while they are doing it."

"Just the thing," exclaimed the provost marshal, "send for their company commander. I want to take a look at a chap who is in the U. S. Army, and never drinks or smokes!"

In a moment I entered the office and was introduced to him. He greeted me cordially and then outlined the task before us and asked if we would accept the detail. I assured him that we would, and received orders at once to break camp and report to him in the city of Harrisburg.

When we marched into the provost guard camp, down on the bank of the Susquehanna River, a cold, drizzling, autumnal rain had set in. The company which preceded us was all packed up and endeavoring to vacate the camp. All had left for the train, heading south, except some dozen men who were in too intoxicated a condition to walk. They lay about in extreme stages of drunkenness. One of their officers finally appeared, and though under the influence of liquor himself, was still able to get about and to sense the situation. He was at his wits' end how to move his intoxicated comrades to the station. I directed him to secure me one of their four-mule baggage wagons, and assured him that we would load his helpless men on it and send them to the train.

Soon a sergeant came with the wagon. My men seized the drunken members of the other company, and swinging them between two of our lads, like sacks of grain, they counted: one, two, *three,* and at the last word landed them safe in the wagon, at the feet of the sergeant. He was himself too intoxicated to render any assistance. When the last drunken soldier was heaved in, I signaled to the sergeant to drive on. He saluted and bowed as gracefully as his drunken condition and the lurching wagon would permit. "Thank you, Captain," he shouted and smiled whimsically. "Any time that you are in a fix like this, we will be glad to help you out!" Off

they drove. The "fortunes of war" never threw us together again.

The guardhouse in Harrisburg, used by the provost forces, was the old jail that had served for the same purpose during the Civil War. At the close of the first day we had it filled with intoxicated soldiers. Our "mopping up" was vigorous enough to satisfy any marshal. Each morning we sent our arrests to their regiments with proper charges made out against each man, accusing him of the thing for which he had been apprehended. The actual trial of these culprits and the enforcement of penalties was left to each individual's regimental officers. After the arrested ones were sent back to their commands the hose was turned onto the cement floors and wood work of the old jail, and it was thoroughly cleansed for the next batch. And it surely needed it, smelling more like an animal's cage than a place for human beings.

The first Saturday after we had taken charge was pay day at the camp. Thirty thousand men were each given a month's salary. Hundreds at once were accorded leave, and came to Harrisburg. Soon there were soldiers in all stages of intoxication. By Saturday night the old jail was almost full. By midnight it was crowded. By two o'clock Sunday morning it was bedlam!

A great, stalwart sergeant major was brought in, requiring four men to handle him. I was sitting in the little jail office looking over the records. It was 2: 45 a. m. We had nearly two hundred prisoners on our hands! My back was turned to the group of soldier boys who had arrested and were convoying the sergeant major. Just then I heard a wild bellow like a crazed animal: "I'll kill the captain," someone hoarsely roared. I turned to look. The giant sergeant major had wrenched loose from his guard, caught up a heavy iron bar with which the outside door had been propped open, and with it twirling in his hand was charging down upon me, with wild, intoxicated fury in his eyes. I leaped from my chair, yanked my pistol from its holster and had it cocked and leveled when the great chap crashed his full length at

my feet! One of the guards standing by had rushed him with a flying football tackle!

As I think back now, I am sure that I would have fired that gun. I am just as sure, also, that he would have struck me with his weapon. Possibly, if the blessed Lord had not kindly intervened, we would both have been killed. With a mighty throb of thanksgiving in my heart that I had not been party to the man's death, I sternly assisted him to his feet. The crash had sobered him. He sat quietly, even apologetically, in the chair, while I placed his name on the record, and entered the accusation against him. I gratefully thanked the guard who had saved me, and thanked God a hundred times for prompting him to do it.

The rest of that night was a hideous and awful nightmare. Yells, obscenity, cat calls, curses, drunken songs and every form of wild and wicked babel filled the night air. One man, an Oxford graduate, spouted poetry by the hour, interspersed with horrible blasphemy. Dozens of men lay in drunken unconsciousness. The jail floor was unmentionably polluted. The odor was indescribably objectionable. It was as near an approach to hell as anything that I had experienced. Yes, it was hell—all it lacked was eternity!

The hours reluctantly dragged by till dawn. We slowly disgorged our prisoners and sent them under guard to their regiments. The jail, now empty, was cleansed and aired. At eight o'clock that Sunday morning my first lieutenant relieved me of the command, and I was off duty for the balance of the day and night. At camp I washed, shaved and ate breakfast. It was a beautiful, quiet, Sunday morning. The church bells began to ring. My memory still swam and throbbed with the hellish night I had spent. Blasphemy and obscenity rolled their black, vicious and hateful currents through my subconsciousness. Slowly I walked uptown to the Curtin Heights Methodist Church.

Service had begun as I stepped into the vestibule and looked in at the assembled worshipers. How *good* they looked; so clean, so sober, so sane, so intelligent, so reverent and worshipful. Tears came to my eyes as I looked at them.

I had just been in hell. Now, as it seemed to me, I was standing in the vestibule of heaven. They stood to sing. It was the song, new then to me, "The Comforter Has Come!" When that congregation, with full, worshipful hearts, and swelling voices swung into the opening verse:

O spread the tidings 'round,
Wherever man is found,
Wherever human hearts and human woes abound;
Let every Christian tongue,
Proclaim the joyful sound,
The Comforter has come!

I stood in the vestibule and wept. If one wants to enjoy the fragrance of heaven, let him stay a while in hell. As I silently stifled my sobs, the minister softly said:

"Let us pray!"

Two-thirds of that congregation were on their knees. All the others bowed their heads reverently. The preacher knelt, spreading out his hands, his face lifted heavenward. He took the name of "God" upon his lips, so reverently, so softly, so appealingly. He spoke the name of "Jesus Christ," and used it with such tender worshipfulness. He lifted the bowed and kneeling group on the wings of such radiant, worshiping reverence that the room was filled with sighs, stifled sobs and quiet, but wondrously feeling "amens." I knelt at a chair in the vestibule, and cried my heart out. I had spent the last twenty-four hours in an inferno. I had heard the names of "God," "Jesus Christ," the "Holy Ghost," and "heaven," blasphemously blurted forth and coupled with awful obscenity for the past many hours. I had just come from wading in human filth, human horror and degradation knee deep. I had been sitting, walking, standing in hell all night. Now I was in heaven. Such singing, such worship, such unctuous quoting of Scripture, such longing, reverent love, as these people possessed, could be found nowhere else except where God dwelt, and where God dwells *is* heaven!

I was keenly thankful that I too, had it all in my heart. That when the heavenly music burst forth every chord in my being vibrated in exquisite harmony with the thrilled and holy atmosphere.