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OUR MISSIONARIES
TO INDIA.



—THE—
CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCES OF THE FIVE PERSONS
RECENTLY APPROVED BY
THE ASSOCIATION OF PENTECOSTAL CHURCHES
OF AMERICA
FOR MISSIONARY WORK IN INDIA.

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By

Rev. Lura Norton Ingler

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THE CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCES OF THE FOUR PERSONS
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PENTECOSTAL CHURCHES OF AMERICA
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Rev. M. D. WOOD.

Mrs. M. D. WOOD.

Miss LILLIAN M. SPRAGUE.

Miss CARRIE E. TAYLOR.

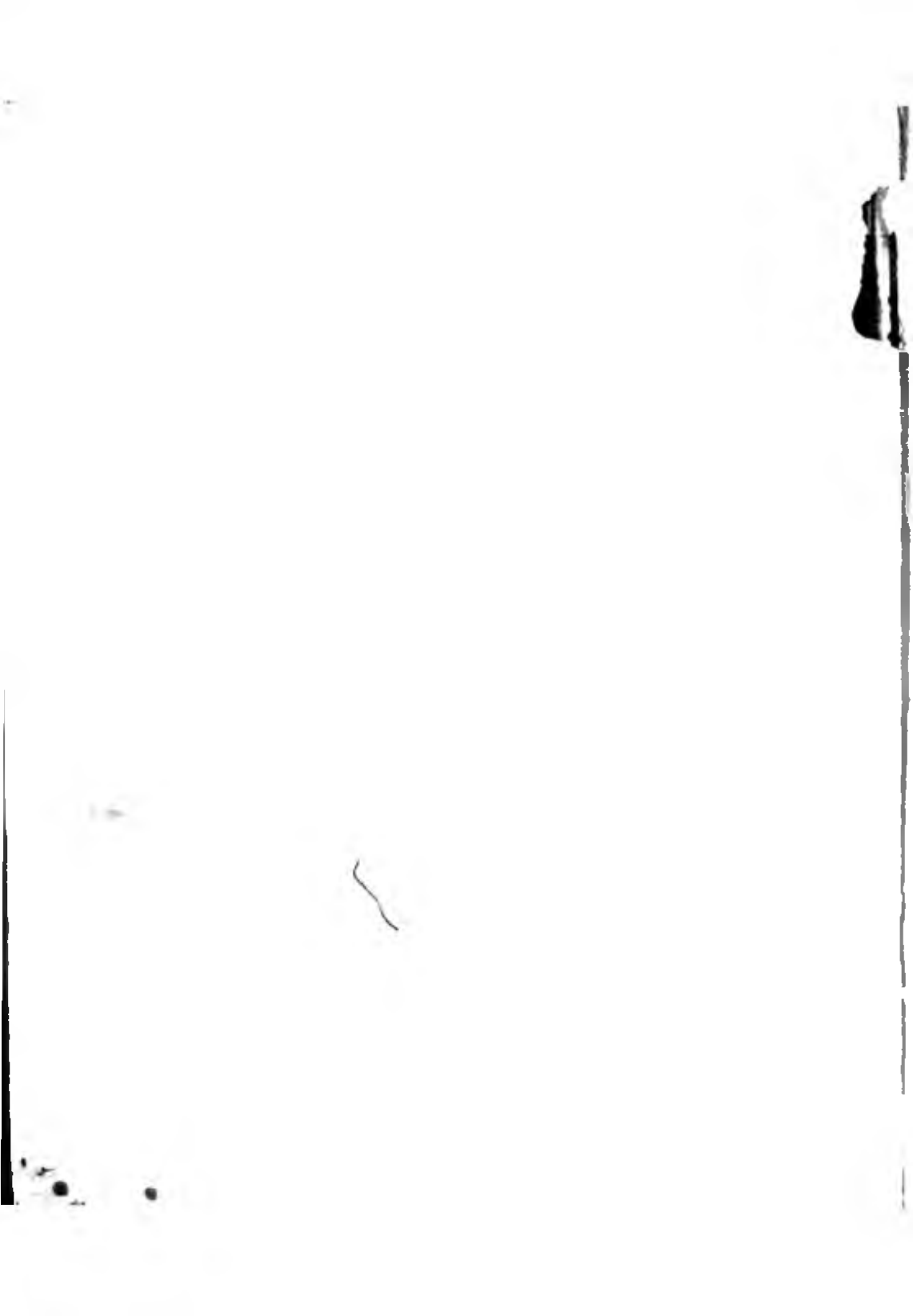
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**Rev. M. D. WOOD, Superintendent
North Attleboro, Mass.**



EXPERIENCES OF A MISSIONARY.

I SHALL not soon forget the pleasant cottage home in the town of Attleboro, Mass., where, on August 11, 1867, I was born, and afterward spent many of the happiest days of my life. Ours was a family of seven children, consisting of six boys and one girl; myself the third from the youngest. My parents had made a profession of religion during the earlier part of their married life, but while I was a child I do not remember their saying anything on the subject. However, I have a faint recollection of a testimony given by my mother at a prayer meeting which we attended. There were Bibles in our home but whether any one ever read them or not, I can not say; if father and mother were ever converted they surely had backslidden before my remembrance. And thus I grew up as ignorant of divine things as a child in heathendom.

When about four or five years of age I frequently visited my aged aunt. Hearing her speak in a trifling way of the end of the world, I discovered that I had a shrinking in my heart when I thought of what the end might mean. Although so young I often pondered over these important

things. One day I inquired when the last day would come. My aunt replied "When no more children are born and when no more die." This was indeed a queer reply, but no doubt she was unprepared for that day, and not caring to talk about it thus sought to divert my attention. Soon after this, another aunt taught me to say, "Now I lay me down to sleep," etc. For a while I willingly made this my prayer, but soon found I had no relish for anything of the sort.

My parents were particular that all of their children should attend Sunday School, but were not as careful about the teaching we received. Hence a part of the time we attended the Methodist Sunday School, and then changed to the Universalist. When anyone spoke to father about living as he should, he always appeared proud to say his children attended Sunday School, if he did not. Thus I grew up with the idea that I must do as my father *said* and not as he *did*.

A part of the time I lived with my uncle who owned a farm. We were three miles from a Sunday School and thus I was deprived of the instruction that I should have received. This uncle was very unkind and frequently punished me without feeling or mercy. My heart grew hard and stubborn. Sometimes when I had been obliged to

over work on the farm, I felt that my cup was more than full of grief and sadness, and I longed to see my mother to tell her all my troubles. But mother was several miles away and I dared not ask to go home for fear of receiving severe punishment. During this period of unkind treatment I slept in an attic, and well do I remember the many times that I knelt by my bed and called upon God to deliver me from this unpleasant home.

When about ten years of age, I determined that I would no longer remain with my uncle. After making careful plans I waited for the day when I should be left alone, intending to make my escape. To the joy of my heart that day soon arrived. After carefully locking the house and placing the key under the step, I quietly stole away. I had no desire to do wrong, but truly longed to be free from harsh words and cruel hands. That night I found myself safely sheltered under my mother's roof. Now, for the first time, I told her my sorrows. She was surprised to learn of the unkind treatment I had received, and said I need not return. I remained with mother several months, carefully endeavoring to help her all I could.

At the age of eleven, in August, I entered the family of Mr. J. F. Guild of North Attleboro, Mass. This was a godly home, and no pains were

spared for my happiness and welfare. At first I felt quite out of place in my new surroundings. I attended public school, Sunday School, church service, and sometimes the prayer meetings. Our home was the headquarters for ministers, evangelists and missionaries. I soon learned that religion was the theme of their conversation. What a change! I had become almost hardened to abuse, and this new home was a heaven on earth. I seemed out of my sphere altogether, but their love soon won my heart.

I attended common school until I was fourteen years of age, when I began to dislike my books, and desired to learn a trade. Entering a jewelry manufactory I remained there four years. During this period I was deeply convicted for my sins. I became very fond of the theater, dance, parties, and other worldly amusements. I knew it was a grief to my foster parents to see me thus entering into the sinful things of the world. The atmosphere of a godly home kept me under a continual strain of conviction. Still I hardened my heart, and would not yield to God. For several years I thought if I became a Christian I must preach the gospel, and this led me to dread the step.

To quiet my troubled conscience, I began regularly to attend the Episcopal church. The rector

urged me to be sprinkled and confirmed. To this I reluctantly consented. After receiving many invitations to partake of the communion, I frankly said "No." I could not act the part of a hypocrite any longer. My heart was often terror-stricken when it thundered and lightened. The kind entreaties of loving hearts did not move me; although I knew a volume of prayer was daily ascending for my salvation.

At one time I was at death's door with typhoid fever. The tears and loving invitation of Mr. Guild aroused me from my spiritual lethargy. I repented, but not to live a Christian life. No sooner was I on my feet again, than I plunged deep as ever into the sinful pleasures of my youthful companions. For some time I appeared to be unmoved by the frequent warnings given me by interested parties. God troubled me night after night with a series of dreams, each bearing on death and judgment. These dreams terrified me and I had no rest for many months; still I would not yield my stubborn will to God.

At the age of eighteen I began to realize my lack of education, and desired to enter a training school. To increase his kindness, Mr. Guild very willingly consented to send me to Mr. Moody's school at Mt. Hermon, Mass. I purposed to be

upright and moral but not to become a Christian. To show my determination, I frankly informed Mr. Guild before entering school, "You needn't think you'll make a minister out of me." His kind reply rebuked my saucy spirit. Who is so unkind as he who will not recognize kindness when it is shown? Entering the school I steeled my heart, as I supposed, against all religious influences. The strict rules and rigid discipline humbled my proud spirit, and for a time convinced me that I was not my own.

The first Sunday, a class of young men was formed with Miss Jessie Ironside, an American Indian and a student attending the Northfield Seminary, as teacher. She was a devoted Christian. I watched her carefully and observed that her main object in teaching was to make our hearts her target, and the truths of the lesson her arrows. She was well-trained for her work, and for five successive Sundays, aimed the message of God's word at my heart. She frequently sent us class letters, and these too, bore largely upon the question of our salvation. The desire of her heart for our salvation was expressed in the shake of her hand, which moved me to tears again and again. At the end of the first five weeks she wrote a very long class letter. While reading it, I realized that a

peculiar sensation had taken possession of my whole being. I read the letter once, paused and resolved that I would read it seven times, if necessary to help me to decide for Christ. I had scarcely finished it the second time, when I felt such a flood of conviction, that I laid it aside and wept bitterly. My room mate became alarmed and hastily leaving me, called in a Christian young man. While kneeling, I cried, "O God, I feel awful." I am sure He understood it. My heart appeared black with the sins of the past. As I cried to the Lord, the young friend by my side pointed me to Jesus on the cross. I looked up, believed He died for me, and then and there, as I confessed my guilt and promised to do right, the burden of my heart rolled away. Joy filled my whole being, and I began to praise God for salvation. "Old things passed away, and behold, all things became new." Hallelujah! The school of nearly three hundred students watched me as though some strange thing had happened. Praise the Lord, it was strangely grand beyond description.

I had been in this new realm of happiness but a few days, when, to my surprise, I found there were two classes of Christians, namely, real and false. The latter were a great hindrance to me. Being thoroughly converted, I was saved from all

questionable things. I was often odious to those who had been longer on the way, when speaking against the common indulgences of their daily lives. This opposition increased my growth in grace, and drew me nearer the Lord. Praise his name! Prayer and the study of God's word were my greatest pleasures. I attended meetings regularly, taking part in each. This suggestion from Mr. Guild, "Have a time for secret, audible prayer, daily, if it requires you to go half a mile to the woods", I tried and found it beneficial. It was a tonic to my heart, strengthened my hold on God when alone, and without it I might have fallen. As soon as my own eyes were opened, I began to pray for others.

Six weeks after my conversion, becoming deeply burdened for my chum, I could scarcely work and felt I must see this young man saved. I did not enter into conversation with the boys at the table, but chose rather to talk with God about the salvation of my friend. Supper being over, I seized the first opportunity, to be alone with him. That afternoon I had spent much of the time in prayer, and my heart was full of love and pity. At first, he seemed indifferent to my pleadings, and finally kneeling beside me, with bitter sobs, repented, and asked God for pardon. Light came to him imme-

diately. That evening we went to prayer meeting, and told of this experience. How grand it would have been, could I have always lived in such a sunny clime.

I found in a few days that, "when I would do good evil was present with me." Now this was as great a discovery to me, as was the discovery of America to Columbus. I endeavored with all my might to keep the "old man" down. I asserted my will and locked him up, but found it was all in vain. For a year and a half, I continued as a Christian, reading my Bible, leading prayer meetings, pointing souls to Jesus, and doing the best I knew how. Still in my heart of hearts, miserable. During this period I became a member of the Students' Volunteer movement and willingly consecrated myself to God for foreign missionary work. I listened to some of the best preaching, yet none of it gave me the help I needed. I longed for unbroken communion with God and victory over the sin of my heart.

Prof. Drummond, preaching on sanctification as a growth, very much interested me, yet the "still small voice" seemed to whisper, "There is a more perfect way." I began to inquire of older Christians if it were possible to become holy in this life. Many of these said "Yes," but at the same time

remarked that it was impossible to be delivered from *all* sin. For some time I continued this warfare against inward sin and an outward foe.

I had been a Christian about a year and a half when I had the privilege of attending Douglass camp meeting. Listening to the preaching, my heart smote me, at the same time I discovered a spirit of rebellion.

For two days I listened with rapt attention in hope of finding the path that would lead to soul rest. The third day, Rev. D. Steele, D. D. preached. By this time my heart yearned for deliverance. That very morning I had promised the Lord if it even meant death to the natural man, I would lay my all upon the altar. The whole sermon especially applied to me. While the preaching continued, arrows of conviction flew thick and fast, each one finding lodgment in my heart.

At the close of the service I was severely wounded. The invitation was given for those desiring the blessing of entire sanctification to raise their hands.

Not having the faith to grasp it instantaneously, my hand was not up very high. Suddenly, a brother sitting behind me, and evidently reading my embarrassment, touched my elbow and raised my hand as high as it could reach.

Instantaneously my faith touched the blood of my

Saviour, and over I went into the straw, unconscious of my surroundings, while the blood washed me and the Lord appeared to my view, removing the stony heart and planting within me a heart of flesh. How long I was in this tide of blessing, I know not. I do know that when I arose, my soul was flooded with light; the very atmosphere seemed fragrant, and I imagined I was walking on air. Such delight and joy are beyond the power of words to describe. I cried, laughed and shouted alternately. The very angel choirs, seemed to sing around me. Glory! Glory! Glory!

For some time I continued at Mt. Hermon School. Here I was much misunderstood, and at that time seemed unable to do more than keep my experience. I often wished I had someone to instruct me in the deep things of God. My many duties occupied my time, giving me no opportunities for preparation by which to stem the current of hindrances which surrounded me.

While at home on a short visit, I listened to an address on India, by Miss Nettie Ballou, now Mrs. Crocker. Listening to her, the Lord said to me, "You must take up the work she laid down." While to me the path of duty was clear, I seldom if ever, spoke of my call to India. No doubt my true excuse for silence was, that I could not see my way

clear, to enter the foreign field. I desired a training in city mission work, hence, attended the Missionary Training School in New York City. Here I had excellent opportunities for working in city missions, hospitals and prisons. I spent nearly two years at this school. One term I had a Sunday School of twenty Chinese boys. For many years I had an increasing desire to help these foreigners into the light. At one time I chose a Chinese boy for six months as my room mate. At another time, a French boy.

After leaving the Missionary Training School I entered evangelistic work. Also conducted meetings to arouse an interest in foreign needs, and collected funds for the same. In August of that year, I sailed for India. I cannot describe the joy that filled my heart as I stood on the deck of the boat which was to take me to my field of labor. We were a party of six men, and two women. I am a good "land crab," but not a good sailor; hence I was sea sick much of the voyage. We were seven days crossing the Atlantic. Being obliged to wait ten days in London, we occupied our time visiting City Road Chapel, Spurgeon's Tabernacle, St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, The Towers of London. The Bethshan Missionary Training Home, and several of the Y. M. C. A. Rooms.

We led a meeting in one of the latter. At a Salvation Army meeting in the Grecian Theatre, I was invited to lead the following evening. Consenting to this, I had a royal good time. Boarding one of the Royal Mail Steamers, we were again on our way to India.

In our course we stopped for a few days at the Rock of Gibraltar, then at the island of Malta. We were here about half a day, and had the pleasure of going ashore. We visited several cathedrals, the catacombs and a cave in which the Apostle Paul was held prisoner. Our next stop was at Brindisi, where we visited several Catholic churches. Port Said, the most wicked city in the world, was next visited. Passing through the Suez Canal, a distance of eighty miles, we made a brief pause at Suez. For several days after this, we were upon the bosom of the Red Sea. Passing through the Strait of Babel-mandeb, and saying "good bye," to the rocks called the "twelve apostles," in the narrow passage, we entered the Indian Ocean. Reaching Aden, on the coast of Arabia, we took on a few passengers, and were informed we had but seven days before we would reach Bombay. We first placed our feet on India's shore, Sunday afternoon, October 2d. We remained in Bombay one night, and the next day took the train for

Akola Berar. I was at this place but a few days when I received appointment to move on to Basim. I soon found myself in the *very room* Mrs. Crocker had occupied while in India. This fact only tended to strengthen my call. Here I began my first studies in the native language. Mr. Moore, an M. E. Missionary, in whose house I lived, being interested in me, helped me all he could. I spent nearly three weeks at a native fair preaching through an interpreter, while living at Basim. After three months with Bro. Moore, I was called to Akola. About this time I had a strong desire to live in a village among natives only. I had hoped that I could thus get nearer the people, and perhaps learn the idioms of the language as I could not among English friends in a large station. Another missionary being of the same mind, we were assigned to a little mud house with but three sides, in the village of Kali Vali, on the banks of the Poona. At this place, I had many trying experiences. My place of secret prayer was in the jungles. At one time while at this place I sat five hours on the banks of the Poona, waiting to get across. There had been a heavy shower, the river was swollen, and there was no bridge nearer than ten miles. After patience had had her perfect work, a party of four natives swam the stream

toward me with a cot bed and a large bunch of dried squashes. Although I knew but little of their language, I understood I must sit on the bed, and the squashes would buoy me up; thus I floated to the other side in safety. Praise the Lord! I preached my first sermon in Marathi while at Kali Vali. With a native Christian who knew a few words of English assisting me, I, with my limited vocabulary told the simple story of the cross. I had many blessed seasons sitting about the camp fires, reading the Testament and singing hymns. When we began to influence the boys of the village their parents asked us to leave. Not being able to secure another house, we were obliged to return to Akola. Shortly after, I was appointed to Jalgon, Chandesh. While here I opened a school for twenty low caste boys, and trained one young man as a school master. In company with two young men, I frequently visited different towns and villages, and preached to thousands of people. At some of these places we were treated very unkindly. Several times we were stoned out of the town. At one place, we were beaten with clubs, and imprisoned two nights in a mud hut; but the glory of God shone brightly in our souls. I was next stationed at Buldana Berar. I had charge of 312 villages in this district. About this time I was

married to Ette L. Holmes. She was a devoted wife and a true Christian.

The gospel had been preached in but a few of these places, thus grand opportunities to work for the Lord were before me. Sometimes I preached in eight villages a day. I also did some medical work, frequently having fifteen or twenty patients daily. Each Sunday I conducted a meeting for about forty lepers and beggars. Having trained two young men for school masters, I opened my second school in which I gathered about sixty boys. In this school I formed a very interesting Sunday school. Sunday evenings I had a service in English for educated natives and others. At the end of three years I passed my final examination in the Marathi language.

Soon after this I was called to pass through the greatest sorrow of my life. It seemed to be God's will to call my dear wife to her reward. For several days before her death she would sing,

"My home's away in heaven
Beyond the starry blue;
My friends have gone before me,
And I am going too."

But the everlasting arms held me up.

During my fourth year, I became a Salvationist, was a cadet in the Calcutta Training Home for one

month. When Gen. Booth crossed India, I joined his party of eleven and traveled with him 2500 miles. At this time I visited all the important cities of northern India, assisting in meetings daily, in which many were saved. I was promoted Captain, and given charge of Calcutta No. 1 Corps. Nightly meetings and insufficient rest wore upon my health and I was compelled to resign. The doctor ordered me to the United States for complete rest. In answer to my prayer the Lord sent me \$325, and with the money the cablegram "Come home." Not doubting my duty, as soon as arrangements could be made, I left India intending to return when the way was clear. I had been in America but a few days when I made known my plans for future work in India. The Lord moved the hearts of a few persons to contribute for this work. Praise His name! I besought the Lord to give me a band of "tried and proved" workers. For some time my desire has been to establish a mission in India for the spread of scriptural holiness. I gave forty-five addresses on India in the state of Vermont, about forty in Pennsylvania and many more in different states. After six months of prayer, I decided to call ours The Pentecostal Mission and India Industrial School. Hallelujah!

While attending a meeting at Rev. F. A.

Hillery's church. I met Rev. John Norberry for the first time. In conversation with him, I learned that the brethren of the Association of Pentecostal Churches of America desired to send representatives to foreign fields. This gladdened my heart, as they were a company with whom I could work shoulder to shoulder. While praying for India, a telegram came from Rev. W. H. Hoople, chairman of the missionary committee, summoning me to New York. I was assured that my prayer was heard, and that the way would soon open for the successful prosecution of the Pentecostal Mission in India. I visited several of the Pentecostal Churches in Brooklyn, N. Y., and was greatly blessed while there. The day appointed to consider the advisability of opening a mission in India, the Lord gave me these words "And when James, Cephas and John, who seemed to be pillars, perceived the grace that was given unto me, they gave to me and Barnabas the right hand of fellowship; that we should go unto the heathen, and they unto the circumcision" Gal. 2:9. To me the "pillars" represented the leaders of the Pentecostal Churches of America, the others referred to, meant the India Missionary Party. These men after much prayer, voted to send me to India. My cup of joy was full.

In March I again married. My wife at once en-

tered into the work of raising funds for our mission. The Lord has given us many friends who are in full sympathy with our methods and plans. Praise his name!

A number of persons volunteered to accompany us to India, but the Lord said, "No," until I met Miss Carrie E. Taylor and Miss Lillian M. Sprague. I believe the Lord has given these two sisters for our work in India. It would be very interesting to relate the varied experiences of these days while collecting funds for our passage. Our friends should remember that we test our missionaries by requiring them to raise their own passage money, to teach them to rightly appreciate the value of missionary funds. *We believe this will make self denial more practical on the foreign field.* Any who desire to share with us in self denial, and know the precious blessings that come in return, are invited to assist us in raising the necessary amount.

As soon as the required amount is forthcoming, D. V., we will say "good bye" to native land, and sail to our home in India. I trust all who read these lines will be moved to assist us financially, but especially to remember us in prayer.

Yours for God and India,

M. D. Wood.





Mrs. T. D. WOOD, Medical Missionary
West Chester, Penn.



EXPERIENCE OF MRS. M. D. WOOD.

“ And green forever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod;
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God.”

Not far from Philadelphia, Pa., in Chester county is situated the village of Sugartown, the place of my birth, which occurred on the 5th day of February, 1871. I am the second child of a family of six children. My name was Anna Elizabeth Matlack. My parents earnestly strove to inculcate in each one of us such principles as would develop true and useful men and women, whose only aim was for our welfare. Mother knew no sacrifice too great for her children, and we were all privileged to live under the care and shelter of her love until the years of manhood and womanhood.

My first instruction about God was the daily duty of praying with my hands clasped on my knees before my mother, “Now I lay me down to sleep.”

My grandmother's influence taught me a great respect for the Lord and His Word. About the age of eleven, my mother's mother died with pneumonia, I being in the room at the time she passed

away. Her death taught me the result of her life. Being too weak to speak, she made no remarks, but slowly turning her head to the corner of the room, pointed with her hand, moved her lips, her face beaming with a heavenly expression which told of a glorious home beyond; what joy and rapture in her smile as she looked into the city of her God. In a short time her life was ended. This scene left its impression upon me, planting a desire in my heart to be a good girl and love "grandma's" Saviour.

At the age of thirteen I attended with others a revival held in the M. E. chapel near my home. During these meetings I accepted the invitation to go to the altar, confess my sins and ask forgiveness. At that time I believe the Lord pardoned me and accepted me as his child. My mother was a member of the Baptist church. As soon as her pastor heard of my conversion he called to see me, accepted my testimony, and asked mother's permission to baptize me, which I desired. My father being absent, she conferred with my grandfather who was not a member of any church, and they decided that I was too young. Finally I lost my experience, and became irreverent and bitter. Mother's severe trials made her too indulgent a parent, and our Sabbaths soon became holidays.

I attended the public school until fifteen, then entered the Willistown Friends school.

At the age of seventeen I planned with a dear friend to enjoy the pleasures of the world until we were thirty-five years old. My eighteenth birthday was celebrated with a party to which she was invited. Late in the afternoon, I received a letter from her which I quickly opened, and reading it aloud learned of her conversion. In it she requested me to become a Christian also. At this point I closed the letter. When reading it alone I became thoroughly convicted. Two evenings previous to this, mother informed me that her pastor was conducting meetings in our village and desired us to attend. It was such a surprise to me I hardly thought her in earnest, as there had been no religious services in the neighborhood for some time. I objected, but mother insisted. It rained very hard in the evening, as I had hoped, preventing an attendance at the service. After repeatedly reading my friends letter, I became very anxious for the next meeting, when I immediately thanked her for her letter. I can still hear her reply, "Do you really mean it?" During that evening I proved my words by asking for the prayers of God's people. I was in earnest, and forgetting the room full of people. became lost in the thought,

“What if I gain the whole world and lose my soul?” Praise God, my sisters followed my example, and the next evening one of my brothers and eight of my young friends.

What a change in my home! Behold old things had passed away and all things had become new. We were all truly converted and followed the Lord in baptism on the 3d of March, 1889. On the 10th, we were given the right hand of fellowship by the Rev. E. W. Bliss, pastor of the church of which my mother was a member.

In about a year my eldest brother was saved. Through his testimony I learned that God had used me in the prayerful act of opening his Bible, and leaving it thus in his room. How I praise God for the way He has led us on in His love. From the time of my reclamation I studied my Bible and became deeply interested in the things of God. About the second year of my Christian life the young converts organized a Union Sunday-school. My eldest brother was elected superintendent and I his assistant. At that time I felt like Jeremiah, “I am only a child.” But God’s promise to him was made real to me. Jer. 1: 7-8. I daily sought opportunities to do good. At a missionary meeting in our church, I recited the poem entitled, “The Heathen Woman’s Story,” describing the

condition of the women of India. The plea not only impressed my mind but sank deeply into my heart, causing an increased desire to go in person and carry them the bread of life. I made known this desire, but received no encouragement.

My heart was moved to request the members of my class to meet on each Thursday evening for the study of the Sunday-school lesson, which the Lord blessed. Finally this became an established meeting for the whole Sunday-school. Bless God this good work still continues under the leadership of my brother.

In June, 1892, Mr. T. E. Dutton returned from a Missionary Training Institute accompanied by Mr. M. D. Wood. For six weeks these two held meetings in different churches and school houses. I assisted in these meetings and collected funds for their work. When these missionaries sailed for India, I prayed God to open the way for me to go also. As my call to go became stronger, opposition only increased the longing. My parents believed my desire was merely due to enthusiasm and human influence. But God helped me over the hard places.

In January, 1893, I had two positions offered me. One as a missionary in the slums of Philadelphia, the other that of a temperance worker or-

ganizing societies. Stopping to confer with flesh and blood I accepted the latter. I was engaged in this work some time, although successful from the human standpoint, I was sick at heart. The Lord told me to separate myself from this work. In June I wrote a letter to my brother informing him of my unhappy condition, that I knew I was called of God to go to India, and that my present position was causing me to backslide. Being led of the Lord I returned home and gave it all up. Here I found several opportunities to assist in evangelistic work. Having inquired what would best fit me for foreign mission work, I was informed a training as nurse. This I determined to have, the Lord willing. The way was open for me to enter the Howard Hospital in Philadelphia, November 1, 1893. Here I received eight months training in surgical work. In April, under severe trial which rested upon our whole family, I promised to give up the idea of becoming a missionary, as requested. While physically and spiritually weak, on the 30th of May I left the Howard Hospital and entered the Chester County Hospital as pupil nurse. During the summer I was unhappy and restless in my soul life. I followed the Lord afar off. Oh wretched woman that I was! One Sabbath afternoon while reading the 107th Psalm

to the patients I received word from mother to come home as my younger sister was very ill. She died Wednesday, October 10, 1894. I was stunned by this sudden blow and returned to my labors entirely crushed. In my heart I could not submit to the will of God.

It seemed the way grew dark before me, still I looked unto the Lord to lead me into the light. My life was sad. I regretted the promise I made to disobey the call of God. In December, 1895, I entered the home of Mrs. H. John to nurse her eldest daughter, one of my former Sunday-school scholars. She had expressed the desire to become a missionary. As her spirit took its flight, I promised the Lord to obey at any cost, and go where He would lead me. Her death was a great blessing to me. At this time the Lord restored to me the joy of His salvation.

Graduating May 29th, 1896, I soon returned to my home worn and weary, but kept by the power of God. I had a desire to continue my studies and nurse in Philadelphia among the poor.

The Lord opened the way and I entered upon my new duties with a list of names of patients living in the alleys and slums of the city. I always carried my Testament and tracts with me and literally fulfilled the Scripture in visiting the sick,

clothing the naked and feeding the hungry. The Lord richly blessed me in this work and permitted me to carry the light of the gospel into many dark homes. Bless God! While engaged in this work I also had a class of young ladies in Bethany Sunday-school. These noble scholars gave me over \$15.00 as a Christmas present for the poor.

My evenings were usually spent alone with the Lord. One day I received an urgent call to visit a poor family consisting of a sick mother and four children. I had to plough through a driving snow storm. But the Lord undoubtedly helped me that day in securing a stove, fuel and bed clothing for these needy ones. While working for these I caught such a severe cold I was obliged to return home.

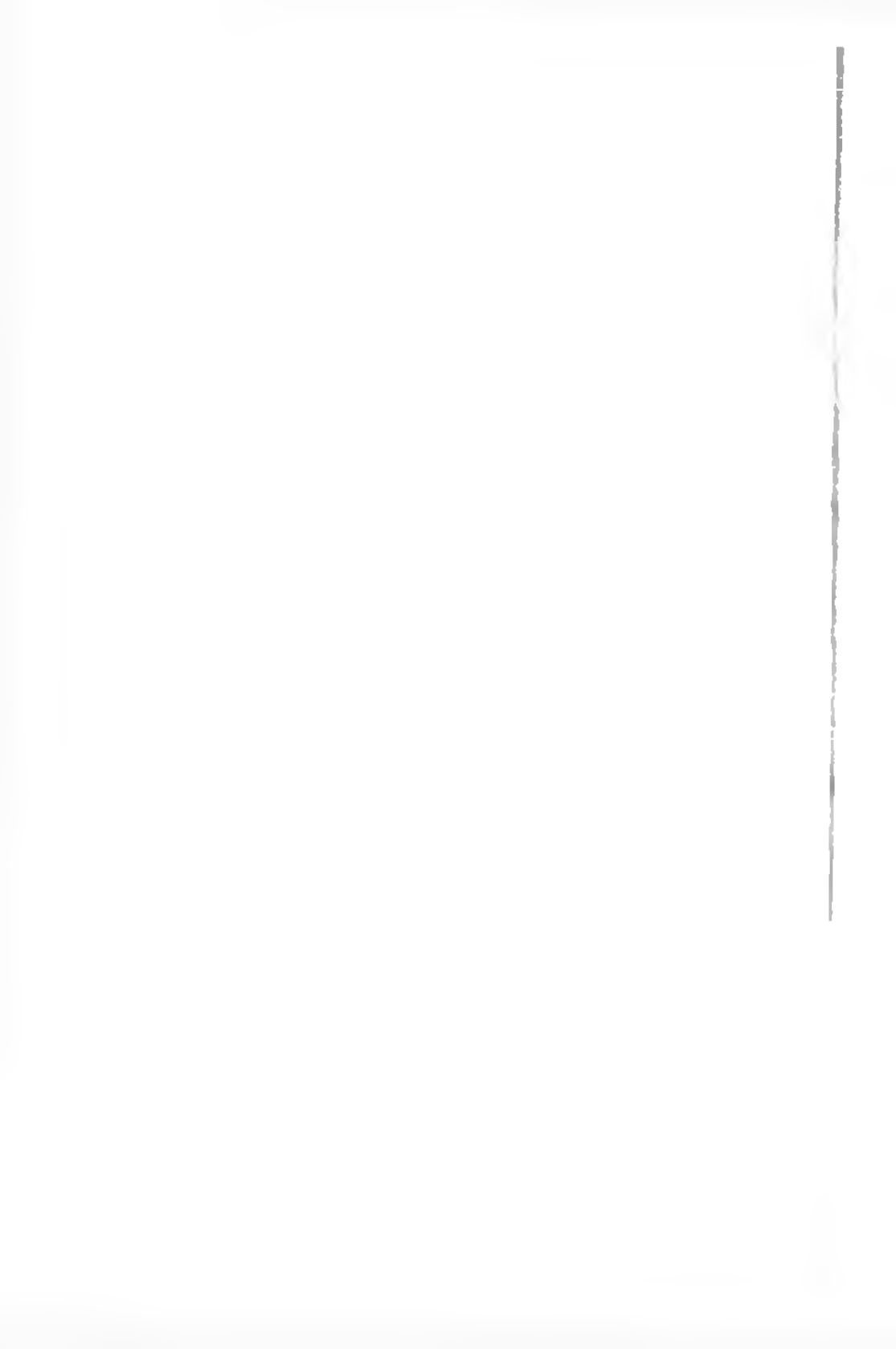
February 2nd I spent the night in prayer and counted the cost of forsaking home and friends to obey God and go to India. While praying, my natural heart plead for each member of my family. Finally the victory was won and then I bade them all good bye before God.

On March 2nd, 1897, I was married to M. D. Wood. We entered at once into the work of gathering funds for the Pentecostal Mission in India. And the Lord richly blessed us. Praise his dear name!

In April I attended the Annual meeting of the Association of Pentecostal Churches of America. Under the preaching of Rev. H. F. Reynolds I received much light on the subject of entire sanctification. I wanted the experience, and soon found myself at the altar pleading with God. The short time I was in Dea. J. F. Guild's home and the influence of my husband's life, showed me that I did not have a pure heart. I believed God was no respecter of persons and that he could sanctify me if I laid my all upon the altar. I did this the best I knew how. Praise the Lord, He baptized me with the Holy Ghost and fire. I am now a Pentecostal Missionary in my heart on my way to India. Thank God!

"I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord!
 O'er mountain, or plain or sea,
 I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord,
 I'll be what you want me to be."

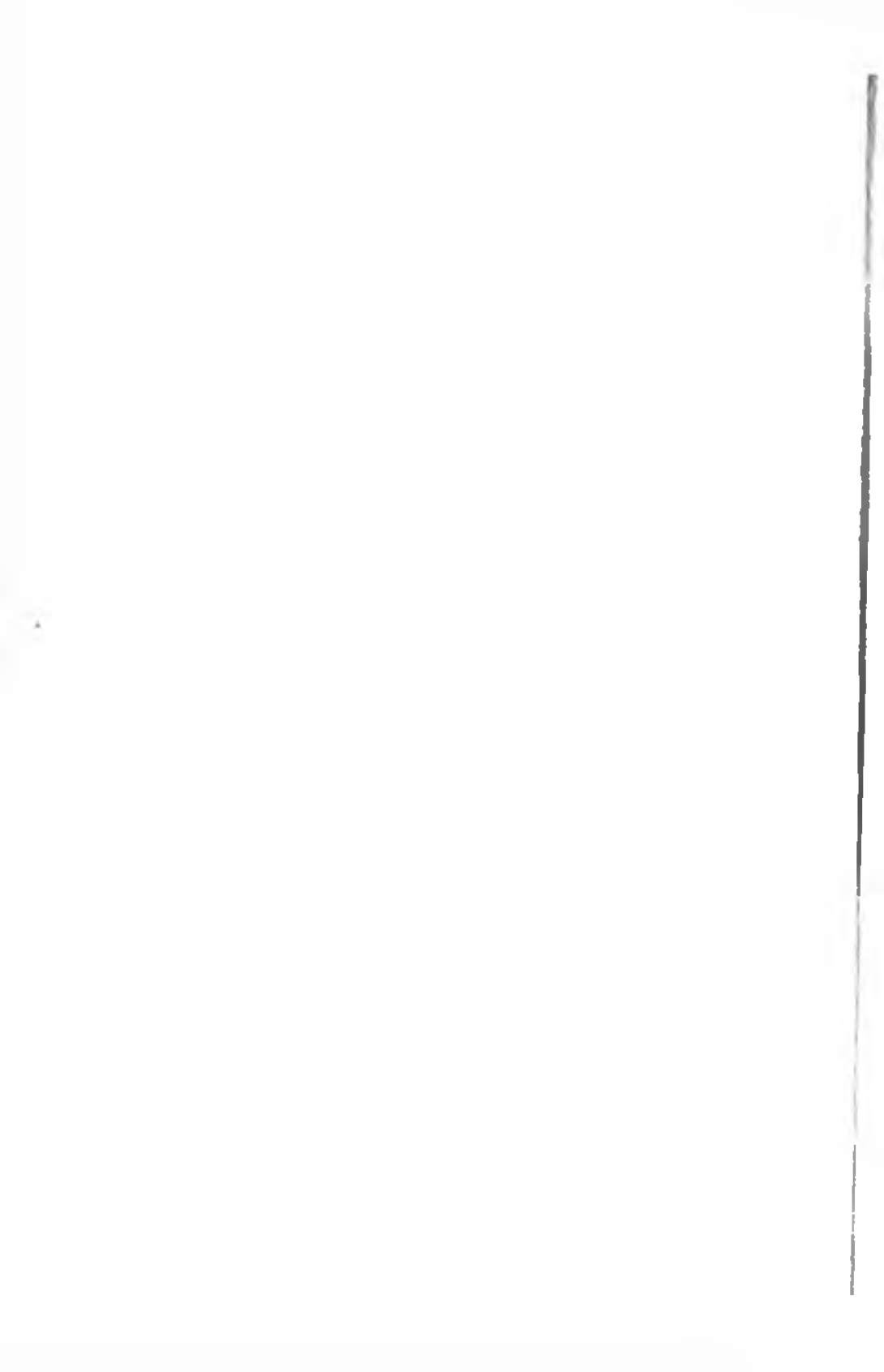
Sincerely Yours in Jesus,
 ANNA MATLACK WOOD.





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MISS LILLIAN M SPRAGUE, Secretary.
East Brookfield, Vt.



EXPERIENCE OF MISS LILLIAN M. SPRAGUE.

On the eleventh of January, in 1866, my eyes first opened to a Minnesota sun.

I lived with my parents and a sister, three and a half years older than myself, near the town of Elgin until about five years of age; when my father, thinking to better the condition of his family financially, moved into Cottonwood county not far from the town of Windom.

This home took us out into the open prairie, a beautiful country. I shall not forget the happy, free life I led there for three years—a companion of the wild birds and fowls that came to that section in great numbers every spring.

When about four years of age I began to get an idea of sin and a Saviour.

My mother being a Christian woman managed her children wisely. When I was naughty—and that happened often—she would leave me alone to think of what I had done, and come in later to talk with me, and many times would pray with me.

She taught me to pray when I began to feel naughty, as a means to overcome. Once I was feeling very angry and following my mother's instructions, I kneeled by a chair to pray. I did not

know what to pray, so repeated until the anger left me, "Now I lay me down to sleep" etc. At one time, I think I was about five years of age, I was praying after I went to bed. I had gotten the idea of three persons in the Godhead, so I prayed the same prayer, first to the Father, then to the Son, then to the Holy Ghost; resting assured by this that I was heard.

In the fall of '74 our Western home was left for a visit to Vermont, where my relation both on my mother's and father's side lived. Previous to our coming, for two years our crops had been nearly destroyed by grasshoppers.

The spring of '75 brought no brighter prospect for that section of Minnesota, and my parents thought best to remain in Vermont. From that time until last March my home has been in East Randolph, Vt.

When I was eleven years old my sister died of pulmonary tuberculosis. She was a Christian girl, converted at the age of eight in some meetings held in our school-house. She talked with me at different times during her sickness, urging me to give my heart to the Lord. This I did; but did not make it public until the winter I was fourteen, when I expressed my desire to live a true Christian life, and August 14th of that year was baptized by

immersion, and joined the Free Will Baptist church.

The spring of '81 I went to Chelsea, Vt., to attend school at the Academy. My teacher, John M. Comstock, who was also superintendent of schools in that town urged me to take a school. I replied that I was willing if I could get a certificate. I took my examinations, passed, and was hired to teach a ten weeks school. I commenced my school the Monday after the Academy closed, which was May 28. I had a good opportunity here for mission work and tried to do some. The next summer I taught in Tunbridge, Vt., and in the fall of that year entered the Normal school at Randolph.

The terms were long, being twenty weeks each. The work was hard, and as I always strove for first rank in my classes, I got very tired and it was thought best for me not to go back the next term.

On account of my health I was obliged to take frequent vacations. I was nearly ready for graduation in '85 when I was taken very sick with erysipelas. For the next three years I taught school some, teaching a term or two in a year. In '88 I was graduated from the first course and in '91 from the second course of that school.

My last term here was a time of great unrest of soul. I longed to get rid of self and nearer to God. My school work was crippled, for my soul agony

interfered with my studying. I sought advice from one of the lady teachers, but did not receive the help I needed. Alone I plead with God for deliverance from that condition, promising him I would do any thing he wished me to, if He would only lift the cloud that hung so darkly, and make me free in Him. I had a season of rest from that time, yet was not satisfied in my spiritual life. The fall after graduation, I resumed school-work as a teacher, continuing this until the winter of '92, when I entered the Seminary at Montpelier and commenced study in Ancient Classics and music.

I was to room with a cousin who had a deep, clear experience of sanctification. Up to this time I had heard the experience referred to mostly in ridicule and was prejudiced against it. I remarked to my mother as I left home, "Perhaps they will make a holiness woman of me, but I don't believe they will." The sweet essence of my cousin's life, so unlike anything I had ever seen, began at once to bring conviction to my soul. Here I met Miss Taylor, my present companion. Her zeal in the work lead her at times to question me sharply. Her frequent probing combined with the quiet testimony of my cousin's life, settled deep conviction upon me.

During the week of prayer, revival meetings

were held at the Seminary. I returned to my room from one of these on a Sabbath afternoon and knelt to pray. While thus engaged the voice of the Lord came to my soul audibly—"Launch out into the deep and let down your nets for a draught." I arose to my feet immediately, exclaiming, "I can't Lord," for I interpreted this to mean that I was to do personal work among the students, and as yet was nearly a stranger among them. I found, however, that the "launching out" was meant for me personally first. For about two weeks the agony of soul was so great I could neither eat, sleep nor study. Many a time I came in from recitations, dropped into a chair and determined to give up the whole matter, yet I knew if I did I should backslide. Spurred on by this terrible thought I continued seeking.

On the evening of January 17th, '93, I did not attend the prayer meeting, but wrestled alone. What an unfolding! How the Spirit revealed in my heart anger, pride, jealousy, love of praise, love of the world, etc., etc. I saw how the Lord had had but a very small chamber in the upper part of my heart for Himself, and now as I handed out one after another of these, which were to me contemptible things, I could feel the room for the Lord growing arger and larger until the last barrier was removed.

Then questions came to me personally—"Are you willing to live this experience at home and in your home church?" After a struggle I answered "Yes." "Are you willing to go to India?" This staggered me. But for the knowledge that I should lose all that hour of struggle had gained, unless I said yes to God, I fear I should never have answered in the affirmative. As I gave the last "yes," peace came to my soul, and I was enabled to rest. I waited ten days for the witness, in the mean time testifying to the experience by faith.

The witness came with no marked demonstration of power, but as a sweet assurance that I was accepted of the Lord and that the Comforter was abiding within.

I remained in this school until the middle of May '94, when I was called home on account of my father's illness.

The summer and fall of that year were very trying. My father gained some after I came home, until in August, when the first frosts brought a change. He failed until the morning of October 22d, when angels bore the spirit home. During those days and days that followed the eternal God was our refuge, and underneath were the everlasting arms.

December following I went to Berlin to teach.

During that term of ten weeks, the Lord gave me a continual consciousness of his presence. He enabled me to point souls to the Lamb of God; some of whom found Him precious. In the spring, as my home was broken up, I went back to the Seminary, worked for my board and took as many studies as I could, laying especial stress on the study of Greek.

I remained at the boarding house through most of the summer vacation. In the fall I returned to Berlin to teach. Taught nine weeks when I was taken sick, the result of over-work. As I meditated on my condition I was led to believe that if I had sought my special work, instead of staying in school so long—school work had a special charm for me—this over-worked condition might have been avoided. As I communed with the Lord, I promised Him I would go to India if He would restore me to health. Not long after this on a Sabbath morning, I was trying to read but had such a feeling of exhaustion and weakness that I dropped my paper and looked up to God with the thought of nothing but *rest*. Immediately the assurance came that I was to get well, and just as quickly those bad feelings left me. The Lord blessed the remedies used and I gained from that time. I was assured that he Lord wanted me in India, but the consciousness

of my inabilities came over me like a flood. During the night watches, I plead with the Lord that I could not go to India, I was not fitted, I had not the natural abilities that others had, I should not be efficient in His work. Once more the Lord spoke to my soul audibly: "My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." I said: "That is enough Lord," and went to sleep.

In July, my uncle came for me and took me to his home, on what we term "Brookfield Hill." The air on the hill above the fogs was very invigorating. I gained steadily. I remained on the hill in the vicinity of my uncle's until March '97, and grew strong and well.

While there I had some very severe struggles over what I must give up to go to India, but the Lord gave me the victory, and the one remaining obstacle in my way was removed. I had often thought that I could not go and leave my mother alone. The Lord opened a door for her which she prayerfully entered, and on March 24th, '97, she married and went to her new home in East Brookfield, Vt. The first of May I began teaching in the graded school at East Randolph. I found myself often longing for my India work, although I loved and enjoyed my school.

June 28th, I went to Burlington to attend a Free Methodist camp meeting. There I met Miss Taylor for the first time since we left school. She told me of her intention to go to India in the fall with Rev. M. D. Wood and wife, also said they were in quest of another young lady to complete the company, as they wanted a party of four. She spoke of my taking the place, but I wanted to go out under the Free Will Baptist board and gave her no encouragement. About two weeks later, I received a letter asking me to accompany Miss Taylor to North Attleboro, Mass., to meet these missionaries.

My desire to go to India had been increasing in the mean time and as I prayed about it, thought the Lord was leading in this way. Accordingly I went to North Attleboro, July 15th. Took my examinations the 16th, was accepted and am now working in company with the others to raise the necessary funds for our passage. After days of hard work on this line with a series of kind receptions and contributions and unkind receptions and scornful rebuffs in mind, I have questioned myself as to my sincerity. Would I give it up? No! The cry "Come over and help us" from those eighty millions starving men, women and children rings in my ears. O brother, sister in

America, why does not this cry reach your ears, and rend your hearts, and lead you to give from your luxuries and abundance to those suffering ones across the sea? "Give, and it shall be given unto you: good measure, pressed down and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal, it shall be measured to you again."

The past month has been a time of great spiritual blessing to my soul. Surely "The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it."

The text, chosen the day of my first graduation, has been continually verified to me—"Lo I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

LILLIAN M. SPRAGUE.



**MISS CARRIE E. TAYLOR, Treasurer,
Cottage City, Mass.**



ATLAS OF THE STATE OF TEXAS

Volume I. General Information

EXPERIENCE OF MISS CARRIE E. TAYLOR.

I was born in Holliston, Mass., April 8, 1869. Having Christian parents, I was sent to church and Sunday-school from my earliest recollection. My mother died when I was seven years old. I do not remember her much only that she required implicit obedience of her children. Years afterward I felt to thank the Lord for it, because I was enabled to submit to God much more easily than if I had been allowed to have my own way. Though living in a Christian family, I was not taught about Jesus and his power to save. I heard about people being converted, and wondered what it was. As nearly as I could gather from testimonies which I heard, I thought it was a sort of electric shock that came to one once in a life-time, due to nothing he had done, but clearly perceived when it came to pass, and never forgotten thereafter. I wanted to be a Christian, tried the best I knew to please Jesus, prayed regularly, but did not get the feeling I thought necessary, so would not call myself a Christian. Sometimes I would attempt to speak in meeting, but if I did I would be troubled afterwards as to whether I told the truth or not. This went on until I was sixteen years of age, when

I left home to attend high school. It was here that I began to work for God by trying to get some of my schoolmates converted, and realized the first real joy as a Christian. There was quite a revival there that winter, and many young people were converted. One night I found a tract on the church floor telling what conversion is, which enlightened me sufficiently to *know* that I was then a Christian, and I have never doubted it since. For three years I grew in grace and realized advancement each year.

While in Franklin, Mass., Rev. Geo. W. Coon came to the M. E. church to hold revival meetings. He preached about holiness, of which I had never heard before; but being in a good justified state, I desired it with all my heart. Some straight holiness testimonies I had heard previous to Bro. Coon's coming gave me a hunger for a second experience, and I determined to have it, cost what it might. I did not understand the way, so groped around for nearly a week. I wondered why God withheld it from me when I desired it so much. I did not then know how to believe and receive; but the Lord led me out because He knew my heart. One forenoon while about my duties, I perceived that there had been a great work wrought in me, for I could think of doing some things *easily* which be-

fore would have been *impossible*. I immediately concluded that the Lord had sanctified me wholly, according to the earnest desire of my heart. All that day the chorus of this hymn was ringing through my soul :

"Oh, 'tis glory! Oh, 'tis glory!
 Oh, 'tis glory in my soul,
 For I've touched the hem of his garment,
 And his power doth make me whole."

I had an unusual opportunity that evening to attend a musical concert; but I so longed to tell about my new experience that I gave away my ticket and went to meeting. Definite testimony never troubled me. I had been forward for prayer every night, just hungering for holiness, so that when I received it on February 21, 1889, I rejoiced to tell it, and sought the most explicit terms in which to express it.

That was a red-letter day in my history, for the Lord gave me a definite experience of heart cleansing which has wonderfully transformed my whole life.

In that series of meetings I learned two things which have helped me to keep my experience. First, never to cast away your confidence on account of feeling, for so long as you keep all upon the altar, you are sanctified wholly, whether you feel the same or not. Second, should you feel that you have

really lost your experience, seek it immediately, just as you did at first. From the first, I was so afraid of backsliding that I took a wide margin from anything that was questionable. My *first* experience taught me that one receives in proportion to his investment, so I determined to forego some pleasures, if need be, in order to reap the greatest possible benefit from this *second* experience.

In April, 1889, I went to Clark Institution for the Deaf, at Northampton, Mass, to be an attendant of the older girls; having charge of them when they were not in school.

During the year that I was there, I made home government a study, and since that time have found it easy to work with children. I have often asked myself why the Lord gave me that year's experience; but my recent call to India solves the problem clearly.

In September of the next year, the Lord opened the way for me to attend the Seminary, at Montpelier, Vermont. While there I went to my first holiness meeting. There was quite a band of holiness workers here, and, with meetings twice a week, I received much light and grew in grace very rapidly. During the five years I attended the Montpelier Seminary there were two or three mid-

winter holiness conventions held in the place, and several holiness camp meetings in towns near by. These I attended what I could, and thereby became pretty well indoctrinated regarding the second work of grace. While attending these meetings, I found my greatest joy in working with souls at the altar, leading them to Jesus. As I was in the M. E. church for years before I heard anything about holiness, I felt there were many in the church like myself who would be glad to learn about it. I felt a call from God, June 11, 1893, to do evangelistic work, that is, to go from church to church as the Lord opened the way, and tell the people that Jesus was not only able to forgive our actual sins, but also to destroy inbred sin.

As I was working my way through school, I found in the spring of 1894, that I must stay out of school to increase my funds. I secured a position as school teacher at Shady Rill, near Montpelier. Finding here no Sunday evening service, I thought I could get the people to attend a meeting in the school-house, so obtained permission from the committee to hold services in the school-house, and informed my scholars the first Friday night that there would be a meeting at seven o'clock Sunday evening.

Over twenty came the first night, but there be-

ing few Christians. I had every thing to do myself. I sung two or three pieces, read the Scriptures, sung again, and preached to them from John 3:16; gave an invitation to seek the Lord and closed the meeting. The audience increased each Sunday night, and the Lord blessed the meetings. At the close of the school the people requested the meetings continued, and I agreed to this on the ground that they would pay the expense of hiring a team to carry me to and from Montpelier. They gladly consented, and the meetings were continued for six months. In the mean time some were saved and sanctified, and many helped. This proved to be of great profit and blessing to my own soul also.

The last two terms of my school at Montpelier, I roomed with Mary E. Chynoweth. We were given the leadership of a weekly holiness meeting, of which we had the charge from November, 1894, to June, 1895, when we graduated.

We took turns in leading, as the Lord seemed to direct, and we found it a blessing to our own souls. One young man at those meetings was wholly sanctified, and he is a strong holiness worker to-day. During the winter of 1895-6, I was actively engaged in church work, having charge of a weekly holiness meeting and also a Sunday-school in a holiness church. How I praise the Lord for

the privilege of Christian work which he has given me, and yet while actively engaged, the Lord has so kept me at his feet that it would not have hurt me at all if others had been given my place. When we are not just as willing to take a back seat as a front seat, our Christian experience is in danger.

In May, 1896, the Lord opened the way for me to go to Denver, Colo., to care for Mrs. H. J. Curtis, well known to many holiness people. I went with the hope that the Lord would raise up Sister Curtis and we could do evangelistic work together. The eleven months with her were very pleasant and profitable; but the Lord saw fit to take her to glory, even though to human eyes, it seemed that her work was not yet done. I returned from Denver in April, 1897, and in June, had the privilege of attending the Silver Lake camp meeting.

While there I met Rev. M. D. Wood, a missionary from India. He first saw me Saturday evening while leading the prayer meeting. During the service Bro. Wood prayed earnestly that the Lord would call me to foreign mission work; however, I remained unmoved until the Lord began to talk to me about the matter. When consecrating myself wholly to God, the question of foreign missionary work came up, and I promised the Lord I would go wherever he wanted me to go. A few months later

while reading on the subject, I concluded I was better adapted for home, than foreign work, so dismissed the idea that the Lord would ever call me to a foreign field. The next day I was invited to a missionary meeting in which I was carefully examined by ministers of the Pentecostal church.

They observed that up to this time I had not received a definite call to foreign missionary work, and requested me to ponder the subject prayerfully. Taking the matter to the Lord, it became clear to me that He was leading, and that my previous training unconscious to myself, had fitted me for the place I was invited to fill in the Pentecostal Mission in India. Two days after, Bro. Wood gave an address on India, which I greatly enjoyed. While the people were pledging money for the work, I was moved to offer myself. This conviction deepened until the following morning, when, after much prayer, I filled out a pledge; thus giving myself to the work of the Pentecostal Mission in India for life.

Since then I have been led to see that I was not properly instructed in my childhood concerning foreign missionary work. I believe the children in our churches should be carefully taught in regard to the condition of the children in heathen lands and in such a way as to inspire in their hearts a

constant missionary spirit. Bro. Wood makes this requirement of his missionaries, that each one raise his own passage money.

At first this seemed hard to me; but afterward I saw there was a missionary training in it which could not be secured in any other way.

I praise the Lord that my support will not be from funds raised at church sociables, or baked bean suppers, and that we believe in salvation from all sin, for all men.

At times I have been much tempted over my call because the devil does not mean that I shall go to India easily; however, every time I feel like drawing back I realize that it means perdition to my soul.

I know not what awaits me, but where God leads it is always safe to follow. In America or India, my life text shall be my watchword: "This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Phil. 3, 13 : 14.

CARRIE E. TAYLOR.



FRED P. WILEY,
Ballston Spa, N. Y.

EXPERIENCE OF FRED P. WILEY. •

I was born in Ballston Spa, Saratoga County, New York, the 8th day of September, 1869. My father was a Christian man and deacon in the Baptist church for a number of years, until his death. My mother was also an active Christian, a member of the same church, and I believe one of the best mothers God ever blessed a young man with. She passed to her heavenly home, September 25th, 1897. She knew Jesus was waiting to receive her, and passed away with a sweet smile on her face.

I attended the public school in this place, and then went to Peddie Institute at Hightstown, N. J. From school, I entered business in New York city.

Jesus saved me when I was thirteen years old, in the basement of the Baptist church at home. I was saved while my dear mother was on her knees praying for me. Praise the Lord! All my past sins were blotted out, and I received a new heart and was baptized in the Church the following Sun-

* Brother Wiley was accepted for India by the Missionary Committee after the first forms of this booklet were printed. This will explain why his name does not appear on the title page with the others.

day, with eleven others, my twin sister, Fannie G. Wiley, among the number.

From that church I joined the Hanson Place Baptist church, of Brooklyn, and through the help of the young people and Rev. A. C. Dixon, that blessed man of God, I was led into active Christian work. God has given me souls during the eight years from that time to the present. Praise his dear name! I was also active in the Central Branch Y. M. C. A., and in missions.

Three years ago election day, I went to an all day holiness meeting at the Utica Avenue Tabernacle, in Brooklyn, of which Rev. Wm. Howard Hoople is pastor. I had never heard of holiness before, and when I heard the sermon I became deeply convicted of inbred sin in my heart; of pride, anger, impatience, and jealousy. I became hungry for cleansing. When the invitation was given I went to the altar and consecrated myself to God. I was saved, and winning souls to Christ, before I went to the altar. In my consecration I said, "I will go where you want me to go dear Lord, over mountain or plain or sea." If it means India, China or Africa, I will say, Yea, Lord.

Then I said, "I will say what you want me to say, dear Lord." I was willing to speak in a church that did not have this blessed experience

taught from God's word. I said, "I will be what you want me to be." Then I believed God's word where he declares that "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin," and a great weight was lifted from my heart. Praise the Lord!

During these three years I have not been on the mountain top all the time, but God has kept me even under opposition, and to-day the blood cleanseth from all sin. Glory to his name!

I went to Chicago, Ill., to attend Mr. Moody's Bible school. While there I attended some of the missionary services. I heard lectures on the work in different fields, and read missionary books. During a day spent in prayer with some of the students, God called me to the foreign field.

We had holiness meetings in our rooms. We tried to have a public meeting once a week, but the officials objected to it.

About a year ago I joined the Bedford Avenue Pentecostal church, Brooklyn. Rev. John Norberry was then pastor. This year has been the happiest of my life because of my association with holiness people. Rev. H. N. Brown is the present pastor.

About 1.30 p. m., the 15th day of October, after fasting and prayer, Jesus called me to go to India. I felt that it was his choice, and the door opened. I have studied about India, and I realize in a meas-

ure their great need of Jesus, my heart yearns to tell them the glad tidings of salvation. God permitting, I will go with Rev. M. D. Wood and party at an early date. We need your prayers daily.

Yours in Christ,

FRED P. WILEY.

Lura A. Horton.
Schuak R. I.

