

**Autobiography of Mary Still Adams
Or
“In God We Trust”**

By Mary Still Adams

(Sister of Andrew Taylor Still, M.D., D.O.)

1893

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MARY STILL ADAMS.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY ·

— OF —

MARY STILL ADAMS

OR,

“IN GOD WE TRUST.”

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

*“ They that turn many to righteousness,
shall shine as the stars, forever and
ever in the firmament.”*

LOS ANGELES, CAL.,
BUCKINGHAM BROS., PRINTERS.
1893.

DEDICATION.

I SINCERELY dedicate this work, with the blessing that may rest upon it in after years, to all who have given encouragement or help, by word or act, while I have striven amidst weakness and sorrows to publish the same. Those who have tired of earth and gone on, call back from the other shore and say: "God speed the work and make it a blessing to the people." And I would pray, "Lord, now that Thou art in Thy kingdom, bring my helpers with the writer there to; also, to hear Thee say, 'Well done good and faithful servant, enter into the joys of thy Lord.'"

MARY STILL ADAMS.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

PREFACE.

"IN GOD WE TRUST."

I HAVE no apology to present for offering this sketch of my life-work to the people. I have felt it to be my duty, and then I have done, by my writing as by all other duties; as soon as I knew it to be God's will I have accomplished it at all hazards, and God's blessing has rested upon me. In the past, if I had a call to preach, I did not stop to question, "will I get a salary or can I leave my babes?" Oh! no, but I answered at once, "here Lord I am, send me." If I could not get a trustworthy person with whom to leave my babes, I took one in my arms and led the other by his hand. In scores of instances I have gone forth in this way to meet and stand before the people to tell them of Christ, who is able to save to the uttermost, and God has ever had some one in reserve to take and care for my children, one of these who perhaps would only be three or four months old, and as a reward of obedience and faith in God, my babe slept or played during the whole of the service, nor did my children ever disturb anyone while I preached. This quietude of the little ones, only to be explained by Him being near, who said, "suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not." While I have written, I have also prayed that the sketches and incidents be so clothed with the power of the Holy Ghost that the writer may be lost sight of in the things written, and each page become so imbued with the Holy Spirit, that when one chanced to read a chapter, they

would be, if a sinner, at once convicted of sin and led to Jesus, their only Savior. And again I have prayed, "Oh! Lord, turn the chapters herein contained into bread and fish, with which to feed the hungry multitude;" and, as I have prayed, my faith-touched eyes have discerned the miracle-worker of Canan near, and I have heard him say, "Ask what ye will, in My name, and it shall be done." Most of my life is now past, and my one desire is, when entering the great tomorrow, and my body is laid to rest, I may yet speak through this book and tell the wonders of God's grace; or, like the box of ointment, which was more precious to the Savior after breaking than before.

MARY STILL ADAMS.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

—: OF :—

MARY STILL ADAMS.

CHAPTER I.

I WAS born in Macon county, Missouri, in the year 1839. Was born of the spirit by faith, in the merits of Christ in 1849; was sanctified and received the joy and power of the Holy Ghost when eighteen years of age. I could not for one moment think of penning the events of my humble life, without first paying a loving tribute to my now sainted mother and father.

My father, Rev. Abram Still, son of Silas and Mary Still, was born in Bunker county, Carolina. At the age of 15 he was converted, and at 19 went forth to preach, being ordained by Bishop Roberts of the Tennessee Conference. For a period of fifty years he labored as seeing Him who is invisible, looking only to the reward at the end of the race.

My mother, daughter of Barbara and James Moore, also in early life sought and obtained the pearl of great price. In their marriage, it was the blending of two pure lives into one, and Christ was the workman who did the welding.

In order to give the kernel of their life-work in a nutshell, I will say they plowed deeply and sowed extensively. When my father entered the harvest already white, and began to reap, my mother followed with prayer, for the descent of the Holy Ghost upon his

labors. Then when their years of toil were ended, and they observed the evening of life approaching, it was as if my father had lifted his darling—my mother—up and placed her beside the driver in front of the sheaves, while he went on in advance to hold the gate ajar to let the toilers in.

They both have reached our Father's house, and telephone back, and this is what they say: "The river of death, thought to be a monstrous flood, is but a narrow rill, and the task of death, the stepping over a thread, a hair; the curtain palpitates and the heart stops, and you are there."

I don't believe it wrong for Christians to think their parents the best people in the world; that was just the opinion I had of mine during their life-time, and I still find beauties in their lives I fail to perceive in any other man or woman. What impressed me most forcibly about them was this, they struck the same note at the same time, spiritually their difference was the way each comprehended God. When my father prayed it was with the presistence of a warrior, who realized his life depended on him becoming a conqueror, and was so constituted by nature he could see no tomorrow, when it came to God's answering his prayers. My mother would open her Bible and read, "If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you," when this was accomplished she took the giver of her mercies at his word, resting all in his hand.

My parents and family moved from Virginia to the state of Missouri, when it was virtually a vast howling wilderness; many wild beasts roaming at will. The country was sparsely settled, and dangers abounded everywhere. Yet my father took his life in his hand

(or so it appeared to others) and went forth to preach; but in fact his life was rendered invulnerable to danger by his constant walk with God, and it was safer for him to go forth amid the dangers in the discharge of duty than to have remained at home a shirk. Before closing my reference to my parents' lives, I will present from memory a picture taken over 40 years ago, and although of such ancient date it is as well kept and beautiful as if only drawn yesterday. It is composed of a group, my mother and father are the central figures; father is in leave-taking of the family, mother is abiding by the stuff under the protecting care of the cherubs overshadowing the mercy seat. Prince, a large bay horse, ready for travel, is held at the gate by my brother Andrew. Father is warmly clad in clothes spun and woven by my mother, even to the socks and turfted mittens are knitted by her hands, and are the outgrowth of her patient toil. Brother James has assisted him to adjust his heavy bear-skin overcoat, while mother has tied his beaver cap securely under his bearded chin. We have all accompanied him as far as the gate, he has said good-bye and thrown saddle-bags astride the saddle and is fast jogging on up the lane and is soon lost to sight in the big feathers of snow which fall fast and thick. The east wind has driven us all in doors, and as the boys pile on more wood, we all gather about mother to talk, as is our custom. It is not long until I notice mother's hitherto tranquil countenance has become clouded, she looked like someone who had a presentment of danger or some warning, she could hardly tell what. However, it was not long until she withdrew to her own room, and her voice was heard asking God to be with father during his journey of 50 miles. When she emerged from her audience with her Helper, it was

plain to be seen from the restful look upon her face, that there had been an Ebinezar of assurance placed betwixt her and God, whereby she knew father would have angels near to guard him while absent. After this, we as a family, each went about our respective duties, while my father traveled on his lonely way.

It has continued to snow all day, most of which has turned into water and been carried into the Fabbee, the very river that my father hoped to ford before nightfall. He had crossed the low-lands and was nearing the ford when lo, to his astonishment, he noticed that the river had turned into a living thing and was coming out to meet him. Here he must remain all night, with a roaring flood in front, while snow and wild beasts were all around. A less good and brave man would have been conquered and given up to die. It is already growing dark, and what is done must be performed at once. The wolves and panthers have had tidings that a methodist preacher and his fat horse are at their disposal. My father made no delay but secured the horse to an over-swinging limb. Then gathered quantities of wood and started half a dozen fires; even after he got these well under way, which lighted up the woods for yards around, the wolves and panthers came near, and screamed and yelped until the horse trembled and neighed with fear. Nor could I say, Father quiet my steed and drive the beasts away, until I knelt in prayer and asked God to send down some of his lion taming angels to shut these wild beasts' mouths. When I had arisen I sang until the very woods resounded with joy, and the hills returned the echo saying, "deliverance has come." And when I sang this whole hymn:

" On Jordan's stormy banks I stand
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land
Where my possessions lie."

When I had ceased singing my hymn, my horse had become perfectly quiet and the wild beasts had gone to their dens. It was now past midnight; I took from my saddle bags my plentiful lunch of boiled ham and cold biscuits, this I divided with my companion, the horse. Supper over, I began to prepare my bed by removing the central fire to a spot three feet from which it had previously occupied, when this was done, I placed my saddle and bags at one end of this warm spot, then laid down to sleep, feeling that the angels of God had come near.

When the morning dawned, dressed in its snow-white garb, it was to find the heavenly vigils in their airy lightness just spreading their wings; some to hasten back to tell the news of safety to awaiting ones about the throne, while others tarried to see the good man well on his way.

The creek has receded to its former standing, having run down in the night, and when my father arrived at his preaching place, which was in a private dwelling, he found all things ready, even the chicken and biscuits were cooked and set aside for his breakfast. Then said he, best of all, my feeble efforts were blessed of God to the salvation of many souls. The people came from all the regions round about, and the meeting continued for several days. I have often heard my father say that he never felt satisfied unless he could see some one brought to Christ every time he preached.

I can assure you we were a delighted family, when a week after the above incident, my father was seen com-

ing up the lane towards the house. Then it was one of the richer joys of my father's life, while his family were at home with him, to gather in after tea, and while seated about the hearth to narrate the incidents of his travels, and tell of the success of his ministrations.

CHAPTER II.

MY CONVERSION.

MY early life was one of happiness, yet of great privations. Being a child of an itinerant of that date, I can well write "Necessity is the mother of invention." And well did my elder brothers, Edward, James and Andrew, heed this old adage, by turning everything into account, bringing the most out of the least, striving in scores of ways to help their parents provide for the family. I am compelled in the very outset of my writing to magnify the name of God for His wonderful goodness in His dealings with me. I have from the cradle up, been acquainted with accident and death, and ever in speaking distance of poverty; only the man who had not "where to lay His head" betwixt poverty and I. Sometimes my sack would be full of coin, and ever I could knot the string to secure my wealth an adverse blast would come and there would be nothing left but the sack and the motto "In God we trust."

In this twilight hour, I begin to jot down the events of my life. Before me is placed a pair of scales (I think Father Time holds them); on these balances I am to place the gleanings of fifty-three years. First I gather up all the clouds and place on one side, while the sunshine is gathered on the other. Then waiting angels and I look to see of the twain which I have the most. And lo and behold, the clouds have all floated away, and nothing but sunshine and God's mercies are left.

I am glad to say, notwithstanding the troubles and

tribulations which ever followed my parents in rearing a large family, my memories of home were sweet, and constituted the honey of my life. My brother John, my senior by two years, was ever my loving companion; and as our young hearts overflowed with life and love, the future came up before us as an enchanted fairy land, whose very streams o'erflowed with milk and honey. We are all home tonight, and I am glad we are, for it is bitter cold without. This I need not have told you had you seen the big oaken back log Drew and James rolled into the fireplace back of the andirons; and the fire they builded in front of this log.

Tea is over. The older members of the family gather about the hearthstone; mother and father occupy their places, one to the left and the other to the right of these blazing sticks. Father sits with arms folded, drinking in the joys of the hour, while mother, with knitting in hand, stitch by stitch is building a sock from a ball of yarn; and meanwhile with her foot rocks the cradle which contains Cassie the babe, the last who came to gladden our home.

The overgrown young man seated by the stand near the window, with book in hand, is a medical student, and is studying Dr. Gunn's work. This is brother Edward; the one sitting next him reading aloud from Milton's "Paradise Lost," is brother James; the half-grown chap, who every now and then tickles James's ear with a feather, while he reads, is the third son, full of fun and play. We call him for short Drew.

Peal after peal of laughter comes from an adjoining room, and it is mostly children's voices we hear. Within this room, which also has its fireplace full of warmth and cheer, is surrounded by the remainder of the family, only five of us jolly urchins. Sister Barbara

has been given the task of keeping us, Thomas, John, Marova and I, quiet, while she finished off a wool mitten for one of the boys.

We have cracked nuts, popped corn and played "blind man's buff" until Marova, next to the baby, has dropped out of our number, and is asleep in her trundle-bed. Now brother John suggests that he and I take off our shoes and stockings and oil our feet, and have a race out in the newly-fallen snow, and see who could endure the cold the longest, brother Thomas being our time keeper. This is why the laughter: we have just returned from a run of one hundred yards, having come in with feet stiff as clods.

Just at this moment our mother appeared with switch in hand, and had it not been for the pain we were already suffering from our own indiscretion, she would doubtless have given us both a strapping; but with a word of warning she withdrew, leaving us to thaw out the best we could. I am safe in saying we never repeated this exploit.

It was perhaps the fall following this period in my life, that my sister Barbara preached me a never-to-be forgotten little sermon. It occurred in this fashion. We two were on our way to the spring for water, when it came to her mind to speak to me about my future; for she herself had just made a profession of faith in Christ, and was a very exemplary girl. She began by asking: "Mardy, did you know that this world was going to be all on fire one of these days?"

"No, of course I didn't know any such a thing," was my hasty answer.

"It is really so," said she, "and everybody who are not Christians will be burned; and if I was you, Mardy,

I would pray, and be good, and when this fire begins to burn God won't let it come near us."

"But where will we stand if the ground is burning?" I asked.

"God will take care of that," said she, "if we are good." Then she sang a verse of this hymn:

"We will shout glory when this world is all on fire."

From that hour I began to pray and ask God to make me good. And I am not sure but what I will praise God more in eternity for that sermon by my dear sister Barbara than all others.

Nor was it long after this incident—a year, perhaps—until the following dialogue occurred between my father and mother in reference to my brother John's and my unsaved condition. Father spoke in this wise, addressing my mother: "I am becoming alarmed about John and Mardy."

"For what reason?" inquired my mother with somewhat of alarm.

"Because," continued he, "they are nearing their teens, and have not yet professed saving faith in Christ."

"But," asked she, "how, my dear, can this result be brought about?"

My father said: "Wife, we must have a camp meeting in order to bring about these results."

"It is a happy thought," replied my mother, "and no doubt would be blessed of God, and your prayers would be answered. But," continued mother, "our society of church members are few. We could hardly expect to gather a sufficient number together to have a meeting."

"But," replied my father, "I will do my duty, and then rest the responsibility in God's hands. I will clear the grounds in the grove, near our house, and publish

the meeting; then kill a beef and divide it amongst the tent-holders, and pasture all their horses and furnish wood and water."

Mother and father little knew that as they talked about the meeting that we, of whom they talked, were near and heard it all. But so it was, and the Holy Spirit was also there, and was already speaking to our hearts. Then next came Satan, who said to us: "Did you only hear what your parents had to say? If I were you I would not go near any of their camp-meetings to please them."

And we were just silly enough to promise each other and the devil we would keep clear of all such meetings.

Days passed, the grove was cleared, beef killed, and all else and more than father had promised was done. And when the meeting began, and brother and I started to hide away, father saw to it that we were in attendance, and sat like dutiful children by his side, and listened to the preaching of the Word by old Father Lorezo Waugh and others, all of whom seemed to be preaching about us; and brother and I declared that father had been telling the preachers about our sins. But the truth was, neither of our parents had said a word to them; but the Holy Spirit was sealing the preaching to our minds. And amid all our resolves not to give our hearts to God, we were the very first to yield our lives to be saved by the death and merits of Christ. And when our sins were remitted, and we were changed, old things passed away, and we were new creatures in Christ Jesus.

It is all of forty years since that memorable night at the camp meeting, where before hundreds my brother John and I gave our hearts to God, and our names to the church. I can write it to the praise of God,

that after all this lapse of years I can still testify that on that night some unseen presence did enter my soul, I can't tell how, and changed it. And I have tested that presence for all these years, in every trial through which I have been called to pass, and I am prepared to say, without any hesitancy, that the Christ whom I sought and found that night was the "Messiah, the Savior of the world." And it does seem to me that after testing a friend for so long a term of years, as I have this one, and in looking over our mutual friendship, and not being able to find one single failure or flaw in all His promises or character, I can with boldness recommend Him as the greatest benefactor fallen man and a lost world has ever known.

CHAPTER III.

FATHER SENT AS MISSIONARY TO THE INDIANS.

"FATHER has come! father has come!" was echoed from a chorus of voices, while we children fairly jumped for joy at seeing my father's carriage approach the gate. "So he has," replied my mother, as she peered with her far-seeing spectacles through the window, "and he is accompanied by old Father Trader."

Father had been absent attending conference at St. Louis, this being the year 1851, and they were just returning to their respective homes. We gave them each a hearty welcome and a warm supper, after which, father had promised to tell us the conference news, of which we were all more than anxious to hear, especially to know where father was to go.

I thought father acted rather strange, as if he had news which he did not know just how to impart or how it would be received. Nevertheless, he began by asking my mother "how she would like to go to Kansas as a missionary amongst the Shawnee Indians." "Shawnee Indians!" cried mother with the horror of one seemingly just awaking from some terrible nightmare. Not very well you may be sure when that was the very same tribe which took my father prisoner, and then destroyed my grand parents. "So they did," replied my father, over seventy-five years ago, and now wife we are chosen by the conference to go, and in return tell them about Jesus."

My mother was already in tears, for she knew it was no use to object, she knew father too well. She realized

also that he always had laid in the hands of the conference like clay in the hands of the potter, to be molded or used any way in order to promote the cause of Christ. Then mother, if the appointments had not just suited her, had taken it to the Lord in prayer, and said "amen." After absenting herself from the room a while, no doubt to engage in prayer, she re-entered, looking as calm as the deep sea after a storm.

Then father went on to unfold his plans, said he: "I am to go out first and enlarge the mission house and farm, which will take me at least six months, and in the meantime mother, you and the boys are to sell off the stock which we will not need on the new farm." After this, father unburdened his mind by telling us just how things were and what we might expect. He said we were to board and teach the half-civilized Indian children, and that our nearest neighbors, which were the Quaker and Baptist missionaries, were fifty or sixty miles distant. Then laughingly, he said, "after I have been amongst them all alone for six months, if you are still unwilling to go, I will manage to get another family to take your place, and I will remain at the mission without you for the remaining two years and a half." This grand proposition on my fathers part, and the martyrs halo which wreathed his brow as he sat with bowed head before us, was quite enough to crush my mother and her five remaining children into submission, and feel as if the divine finger was already resting upon us.

Our hard-earned home, with all its cherished memories, made sacred by years of self-denial, coupled with the kindness of very dear friends, melted like gold when placed in the over-heated crucible, when compared to being separated from our hero of a father, and we made

a quick and ready reply, "if you go we go also." And I think anyone of us would have gladly walked the three hundred miles that lay between us and the mission, rather than to have remained behind.

The six months of his absence in Kansas was the eternity of our lives. Then we really learned the value of a father, and our dependence upon God. This being in advance of communication, either by rail or telegraph, we only heard from father twice in all this time. He went away the first of September, and was to return the first of March. Our anxiety during the last month could only be equaled by Jonah's submarine life and ride in the sea. But by grace we were staid upon God, and by prayer we claimed Christ as our father's unseen protector.

It is now the first week in March, brother John and I had been to the end of the long lane for the last time, and peered away as far as eye could see after our father's covered wagon. Brother John had even laid down Indian fashion and put his ear to the ground, if perchance to catch the sound of the coming wheels over the frozen clods, as we so disliked to return without any tidings to our anxious mother who had cried and prayed by turns all day.

We were just getting ready to retire, sister Marova and Cassie, the baby, had already tired, like two weary birdlings, and crept into their trundle bed and gone to sleep.

Mother said, by way of an opiate to our minds: "Father won't be home to-night, the creeks are all impassable with the late heavy rains and melting snows, but we will place another stick or two on the fire and have worship."

Brother Thomas read the Psalm: "The Lord is my

Shepherd, I shall not want;" then my mother prayed, and although it is now thirty-eight years ago, I still hear the intonation of her voice as distinctly as if it were only last night, pleading with God to return father home. The boys and I thought we heard some one steal up on the threshold while mother was praying, and had even looked at each other.

Sure enough, just as mother said "amen," the door opened and in stepped our long-looked-for father, with whole books of news and many presents of bead purses and moccasins made by the Shawnee Indian women, who were to be our best friends and helpers in our new work amongst them. Allow me to say there was no sleep in our house that night until a late hour.

Thomas and John started at once to break the news of father's arrival to the married sons and their wives, and sister Jane Vaughan, who all resided on adjoining farms. Nor were they long in arriving upon the scene to hear the news and give father a warm reception, and while the readers are awaiting our starting for the mission, I will give them the captivity of the Moore family.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CAPTIVITY OF MY GRANDPARENTS BY THE INDIANS.

COMPOSING the first settlers of Abbs valley, Virginia, were many families from Scotland and England, who were strong adherents of the old Presbyterian faith. Among this number was William Moore and his family, consisting of the parents and six children.

Early one fall morning the father bid his son James bring the horses in from the pasture. As he stepped along with delight to do his father's bidding, one hand held the bridal and the other contained salt. On arriving at the pasture he was not a little puzzled to notice that every time he was about to grasp a horse by the mane in order to place the bits in his mouth, the horse would take fright and gallop off.

After young Moore had continued his chase for some time, it occurred to him to look in the undergrowth and see if he might not be able to discover the cause of the horses' queer actions. Imagine his surprise to see a half dozen Shawnee braves, some of whom were all this while stealing along after him. Nor did he have time to utter a word until he was in their grasp, and they had made him a prisoner; and all he could do was to be submissive and put his trust in God.

After they were well on their way over valley and mountain, if poor James even shed a tear in remembrance of his loved ones at home, they forthwith shook a tomahawk over his head, and made him to understand

that if he repeated his grief, his life would pay the penalty.

When they reached their tribe, on the shores of the Delaware, all manners of cruelty awaited him, and they were not slow to teach him the ways of wild Indian life. They at once began to have him run the gauntlet, which consisted in him having to run a given distance in a nude condition, while on either side of this path was stationed a number of braves with whips in hand, with which they were to give him a blow on his bare flesh. If he could so run as to thwart their blows, he was highly applauded by the crowd of savage merry-makers. When they had seen enough of this cruel sport, he was told to run for the tents, while some of the fleetest went in quick pursuit, lashing him as he ran.

It was well for his parents that mountains and plains intervened betwixt him and them at this hour of his suffering. At one time, when on his way for water, thinking he was quite alone, he fell upon his knees in tearful, agonizing prayer for help, when suddenly an old Indian who was sent to look after him, sprang from his ambush and shook a hatchet over his head to let him know that this must not occur again, if so it would be at the risk of his life.

After two years of this kind of captivity and life of untold suffering, a party of traders chancing to cross over from Canada, found young Moore, and they offered the Indians a horse as a ransom for him. This they gladly accepted, and through the mercy of God in speaking to the hearts of the traders, he is once more restored to civilization.

Just here we will leave James, and hasten back to look after the broken-hearted family. On the day in which he went for the horses, when he failed to return

their fears knew no bounds, especially when they learned from a hunter that a party of Indians had visited the valley. They sent out searching parties in every direction, but to no avail. To attempt to describe the feelings of that family at the loss of their eldest son, shrouded in dreadful mystery as it was, would only be sheer mockery.

For two long years the family, consisting of father, mother, a grown son and daughter, and three smaller ones, looked and searched for James, yet in all these months they received no tidings of their loved one. During this period of affliction the neighbors were very kind to the family, helping the father much with his farming. Then the young ladies often came to visit Mrs. Moore and her daughter Mary, and sometimes they would remain a week at a time.

Miss Mattie Evans was one of these young ladies, who by some strange providence became one of the participants with the family in this the second act in my story. As they, in company with Miss Evans, gather about the morning meal, and still note the place made vacant by James's absence, they little guessed that every time any one of them stepped outside the door, a Shawnee Indian, one of the number who took the son, was watching their every step, only awaiting to take some of their numbers prisoner, while others were to fall in death by their deadly tomahawk; but so it was. No sooner had they finished their repast and set about the work of the day than the Indians decided on first sight of the father leaving the house they would begin their deadly work; and so they did.

The father had gone to a creek near by to look after some deer skins which he had in soak preparatory to dressing. He had only been absent a few minutes

when he heard the report of a rifle, whereupon he looked up, and there, sure enough, were the Indians, making speedy work of the destruction of their home. They had already set fire to the rifled house, and had killed two darling flaxen-haired little girls, and tossed their bodies into the consuming flames.

As the father drew nearer he saw his wife and daughter, and son John, with Miss Evans—who in the haste had grasped the sleeping babe which she held in her arms—captured by the Indians, who were just starting with them, some to captivity and others to a speedy death. When the braves caught sight of the father, they did not hesitate a moment, but shot him dead where he stood. Then on and on they hastened their prisoners, over hill and dale; nor did one so much as dare to speak a word to the other, for fear of instant death.

The son John was just recovering from an attack of fever, consequently was very weak. Still they urge him on, for fear, if tardy, they will be detected. Late in the afternoon he fails; is no longer able to walk. The fiends hold a momentary consultation, and then and there, before the poor mother and sister, they scalp the poor fainting boy, and with a well-directed blow from one of their tomahawks they laid him dead at his mother's feet.

About this time they were joined by still another band of the same tribe, who had a fresh reinforcement of horses. On the backs of these animals the prisoners were placed, and with greater speed they press on until a late hour at night, when they arrived at what appeared to be one of their old camping places. There they stop for the night.

While the prisoners huddle together, trembling

with fear, not aware of what is to come next (and it was well they did not know, for, had they, blood instead of tears would have stolen from beneath their eyelids). The Indians have over a small fire made soup and coffee; of this all have been glad to partake. The women have been tied with strong ropes to prevent their escape amid the darkness of the night. Babe, a little girl of one year, who came to gladden their home after James went away, had by clinging to mother's breast all day been not only quiet, but now and then dared to coo and laugh. From some cause or another quite unknown to them, just as they were about to retire for the night, the child took fright and began to cry. And do what they would they could not pacify their darling. This made the Indians fear detection; and the same one (perhaps more devilish than all the others) who had killed father and John, without a sign to the mother and two girls, sprang like a beast of prey, grasping the babe by its feet, tore it from mother's arms, and ere they could utter a cry of dread alarm he had dashed its brains out against a tree, and silenced the little prattler for ever. Then within the next instant, while mother's heart was breaking, he scalped it, and tossed its body out into the darkness of the night.

Thank God for night, this sable daughter of old Father Time; for once she could do what day could not do: night could throw her mantle about the bereaved women and let them weep; she could stretch a curtain between them and their captors, and they might now press each other's hands, even if they dare not speak. Death was everywhere to Mrs. Moore and her daughter today; he was holding out his strong arms for her loved ones, had even bared his bosom and offered them what

their loving mother could no longer give—rest, sweet rest.

Death had already stopped the aching hearts of her husband and four of her children. Up to this period, she had looked upon death as a cruel monster, but now she did as any other mother is forced to do, and called death her friend and helper. Only for the hope of seeing her son James, she too would have gladly twined her arms about the neck of death and followed him anywhere. One did not need to hear her express her longings for release to be assured of the wish within her soul to enter the "waiting hall where Adam meeteth with all his children."

For remarked Miss Evans in after years, "When the next morning dawned upon us, it was to show to the daughter and I one of the sweetest, sad-faced persons in Mary's mother, human eyes had ever beheld."

The cruel tragedies of the day before had dealt telling blows on the marble of that good mother's life, and the chisel had done its work well, and why not? for had she stopped to have looked heavenward from the forest where her dead lay, she would have observed that they had only gone on a few weeks in advance. The next day after the death of the babe, one might have seen a dozen or more Indians with faces painted red and black, with three prisoners, these all mounted on horses and ponies, and were all treading their way as fast as they could, each following a chosen guide, and on and on they went in silence, for a period of several weeks, when suddenly they came in sight of an Indian village, the very one to which James had been conducted two years before.

This was in the wilds of Michigan. The mother was given in charge of one of the old grand-mothers of

the tribe, and the girls disposed of in like manner. For a few days everything moved along as smoothly as they could possibly expect, and each one went about the work assigned them, which consisted in gathering wood for fires and helping the squaws carry the water for cooking purposes.

After the Indian men had rested from their journey, they all went on a long hunt, leaving the prisoners in care of the wives of the leading chiefs. They had hardly got out of sight of home, until some Indian chiefs from a neighboring tribe, who was jealous of these braves' success in the captives and scalps they had brought back, came in on the defenseless village and seized Mrs. Moore and tied her to a stake, and tortured and burned her for hours, until death, "friend and helper," came at last to release her from the stake, and as he held her charred remains within his icy arms, the spirit fled and went with Christ to dwell with God.

When the girls came forth from the place of their concealment, it was to find the rebels gone, and Mrs. Moore's remains awaiting deposit in her narrow home in the earth.

After the squaws were fully satisfied that their enemies were gone, they assisted the girls in one of the loneliest interments that two heart-broken young ladies ever attended. After looking about they found an old spade, with this, the squaws and the girls dug a grave, and then one of the squaws brought a blanket, in which Mary gathered up all that was left of her mother, and tenderly laid her to rest without even a coffin, and nothing to mark her resting place but a rude stone which Miss Evans brought from a neighboring brook and placed at her head.

People of today little think and little know what it

cost to settle America by the families from the old world. There was my grandfather's family, who, only two years before numbered eight, now only two were left. After this sad occurrence of the torture and death of my great grand mother, it was not long until another party from Canada came over, who were from near the same place to which the young captive James was taken, and they bought of the Indians Mary Moore and Miss Mattie Evans, and took them also to Canada. About this time Miss Evans' brother Thomas arrived from Virginia, having searched far and near throughout the States for his missing sister, and never getting any tidings whatever until he arrived in Canada, where he heard of the two girls identified as his sister and Miss Moore. Up to this time they had seen nor heard nothing definitely of James.

They are all—Miss Evans, her brother Thomas, and Miss Moore, sitting on the porch of a Canadian farm house. They have been busily planning how, with the poor facilities for travel, they were ever to reach their home in Virginia. Mary Moore had even spoken of remaining in Canada, with the hope of one day finding her brother James. To this proposition neither Miss Evans or her brother would agree, "but," said they, "let us all remain longer and make more diligent search, for," said Mattie, "I could not think of leaving dear Miss Moore behind and alone after all we have passed through together."

While they are still speaking, entering unobserved by them through a side gate, is a young man with tin pail in hand. He steps quietly onto the porch, asking as he does "If the lady of the house is within?"

In the next instant the three have recognized him, and Mary has asked, "James, my brother, is this my

lost one?" when answered in the affirmative, not by words but by kisses and tears.

After Mary has informed James of the sad fate of their family it seemed for a while as if the poor boy's life would die out of him. Especially was the detail of his mother's death heartrending, and it was an hour before he could tell from whence he came or whither he was going; but when he did finally come to himself it was to give the former part of this narrative, and then tell the lady of the house that the pail which he had brought "contained some little neighborly gift from the woman with whom he stopped."

It is perhaps a month after this meeting when the two orphans are, through the kindness of Thomas Evans, restored to their friends.

Then, after the lapse of some years, James is united in marriage to Miss Taylor, which union is blessed with two sons and one daughter. The daughter married Abram Still, and thereby became my dear mother.

In viewing the delicate tracery of my grandparents' lives, beginning within the seventeenth century, then reaching into the eighteenth; as I get a glimpse of the captivity, then thread my way through the tangle of years, and follow the family and their descendants from James's captivity to my mother and her family's three years' life of dangers as missionaries amid these same Indians; when I am done I not only see the power of this thing we call grace, but its beauty and sweetness as well.

And, in conclusion of this narrative, allow me to put forth a parable. We see a group of stalks of sugar cane; they are ripe, and full of sweetness, but of no use until cut, and bruised, and boiled and granulated. After all this is done the work is still imperfect until

blood is applied. Now look, and behold the snow-white sweetness of commerce, sugar ready for the king's table. Do you not perceive that it was much the same process through which my ancestors had to pass before they became ready for the king's using; the tribulations molded their lives, but the precious blood of Jesus did the bleaching. And when we told the Indians of its efficacy it reached their hearts, and changed them from fiends into loving brethren. And they today walk the streets of gold with my mother and her ancestors.

CHAPTER V.

FAMILY MOVING, AND WHIPPING TWO DRUNKEN INDIANS.

THERE is a vast difference in the facilities of travel now and forty years ago. What was once, with ox and mule team, considered a fearful task, is now, by the appliances of modern steam and rail, turned into a pastime of joy and pleasure. To travel at that date, by the former means, only a few hundred miles, needed care and preparation for months beforehand; now, if one is moving with his family thousands of miles, it is as if some goddess had come forth from her mummied sleep, with magic wand in hand, and instantly by her touch turned the traveller into a bird of light and easy wing; and, first they know, distance lies behind instead of in front, and in a few hours, it may be, they are at the place of their destination, a thousand miles distant.

It is now a month since my father's return from far-off Kansas, as it was then termed. Our arrangements are made for our departure to the mission, even to the wagons, which are loaded with supplies for the mission; and in front of these are hitched ox and mule teams. Then my father, as guide, and family consisting of mother and two younger sisters, are seated in the carryall, drawn by a stout span of horses. These are all drawn up in line in front of the old home, while the rear is brought up by brother John and I, who are to drive twenty head of cattle, we seated upon our favorite saddle horses.

At a given signal from father, both teams and cattle fall into line, and follow him as our leader. For long

weeks we, with the spirit of the early martyrs, plod along through spring sunshine and shower. Notwithstanding the disadvantages of that period, we as a family enjoyed the journey most wonderfully. The wagons were covered, and we had a good tent as well.

Had you passed our camp at night, this is the picture which would have engaged your attention. First you would have noticed a goodly herd of cattle, mostly, if not all, lying down and chewing their cud; while back of each wagon were hitched the faithful beasts of burden, who busily munched and nosed away at the oats and corn that lay, in goodly measure, at their noses within their feed boxes. As you approach the happy group about the roaring camp fire, your egress may be challenged by the bark of the faithful old dog Nero; but never mind, one word from my father, his master, will render him harmless. Hark! and begin to halt, for our group of a dozen or more are singing. Be sure you catch the words of the song, for it is one of the songs of my mother's pilgrimage, the singing of which has often put fear and danger to flight. It's this:

"Come, Thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy praise;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Calls for songs of endless praise."

Hearken again, and, with uncovered head, drop your body on bended knees, for the singing has ceased, and they have all joined my mother in prayer. She is gathering her family in the arms of her faith, and placing them all into the strong arms of omnipotence before we become neighbors to the descendants of the captors and murderers of her grandparents. And it was well she did, as after chapters will most surely reveal.

It is this prayer service and the felt presence of our Christ which gave the beautiful, soft high-light to the picture of our arduous journey of over forty years ago. After the lapse of weeks we are at our mission home with forty Indian children. They have come from the various tribes, and are clothed, boarded, and taught, we receiving our supplies from the missionary board. It was no small task when so far away from the conveniences of civilization.

We were most cordially received and kindly treated by our mission helpers, the Reverends Charles and Pascal Fish and their families, with a number of other true Christian men and women of the forest.

Sad indeed were our hearts after arriving to learn of the death of the Reverend John Fish, who was really the Christian orator and statesman of the Shawnee tribe. I think my father would not have been more deeply bruised and grieved to have heard of the death of one of his own brothers, for during his first months of preparation in Kansas, this brother was father's bosom friend and helper. He was of a fine order of intellect and a grand supporter of our missions.

We, as a family, had many narrow escapes from the more savage Indians when under the influence of drink. At such times they were changed from law abiding citizens into fiends.

At one time two stalwart fellows took enough liquor to make them wild, then they imagined we were wrongfully on their lands, and they said, "If we can kill old man and his big boys we can get rid of the family. Lets take ropes in hand and throw over the sons and their father's necks, then give a sudden jerk and they will be dead before they are aware of what we have come for."

True to their plan they came with lassos in hand

and called for father and the boys, when mother and I took in the situation and heard them call for "old doctor and boys," we answered the call, while father and brother Thomas armed themselves, each with a good gad or seasoned hickory stick, such as he had used in driving oxen. Of course the longer we argued with the maddened men the weaker the whiskey made them, and all of a sudden our men dashed out upon them from a side gate, grasping their ponies by the bridles and holding on by the left hand, while with the right they gave them such a whipping as two indians had never had in their lives, and they were only too glad to go home and behave.

We had hoped when we had chronicled the foregoing story of the effects of bad whiskey on Indians, it would have sufficed, but not so, for we have yet another in which it seemed at times that mother and I must be massacred, and a like tragedy of the Moore family be again enacted, but through an overruling Providence we were spared.

The Indian children are all away on a fortnight vacation, and their parents have also gone to Wyandott to receive their annuities from the government, these circumstances making it all the more lonely for our family. The day being unexceptionally fine, father proposes to my brothers and the hired help to take the team and lunch and be away all day, looking at the country in its primitive loveliness.

They have gone leaving my mother, my two younger sisters, respectively 6 and 8 years old, and myself 15, as sole occupants of the old mission house. I observed, when we were quite alone that my darling mother's face had assumed quite a foreboding expression; this to her family had always been an omen of approaching danger,

and at such times if we only noted the bent of her conversation we would invariably receive forecasts of what was coming, and prepare ourselves accordingly. This time I noticed she was loth to let the children go outdoors, and when I was about to raise the windows to give the house its usual airing, she said, "No Mardy, don't, don't, but see that all the openings to the house are secure."

To that command I confess I was at first rather disposed to be self-willed, but another look at that beautiful troubled face brought me to immediate obedience without a word.

After our morning work was all completed, the children insisted upon taking a stroll. Mother, observing the little ones disappointment at not even hearing of the old white-haired Saint, said, "Come, we will visit the graves of those dear missionaries, who rest on yonder hill." This being within easy reach of the house, we were soon standing within six feet of this half-dozen of God's jewels, and we felt as if we would only have been too glad to have taken them up with our own hands, if after our toil they would only speak to us. Such loneliness as was ours today could only be equaled by Adam's sojourn in Eden before Eve came.

We are within the house now, have had an early dinner, and are gathered about our mother, as we often did when very lonely, and had urged her to tell us a story of the past. After some minutes' hesitation, much to my surprise she began to tell one about these same Indians, or rather their ancestors, taking her father prisoner when only a boy. Then, after they had held him as captive for several years, they returned from the far north to Abb's Valley, Virginia, and destroyed the old family mansion, and killed all the

members of the family but one sister, whom they chose to take, with other captives, to the wilds just across from Canada.

It was not in outline my mother related this sad history of the long ago; oh no, but in its most minute detail, even to the hasty good-byes of the parents and children to each other, as they were being despatched by a blow from a tomahawk in the hands of these fiends. Then she related, saddest of all, how the wee babe was snatched from the frantic mother's arms, and its life dashed out by striking it against a tree.

When my mother had finished this story, which she had always been loth to tell, the inquiry came like a flash to my mind, "May not our absent ones, or our little group, be reminded of this sad remembrance before night?" Indeed, I was so fearfully nervous and wrought upon by my mother's recital, knowing, as I did, everybody in reach for miles around was gone, I at once said: "Oh, mother, let's ask God to come and be with us today; it is so lonely."

No sooner had I made this proposition than we all, as if by common consent, fell prostrate before the Maker of the universe, and my mother made her supplications as if heaven had that instant floated near, and Christ, man's helper, had stepped out from his Father's presence and stood in our midst, and was saying: "Ask what ye will, mother Still, and it is yours, even to a guard of soldiers."

We have just arisen from prayer when we hear a war whoop, so keen and fearful it pales our cheeks and sets our nerves all a-quivering.

"Hark! what is it?" mother asks."

Looking through the window we see Old Big Knife, the most desperately savage Indian in the nation,

coming directly to the only door and window in the house devoid of fastenings. In his left hand he carried a pail of whisky, in the other he held a dirk knife; while his painted face and whole aspect betokened a cruel murderer thirsting for blood.

Mother and the children, with table against the door, assumed that as their position of defense; while I, with an old gun-barrel in hand, took the window. For we had not a moment in which to fasten either, until he was at the window demanding, with dreadful oaths, admittance, "For," said he, "I heap mad. I want you missionaries to go away and leave our land. I have come to kill you squaws and the children; then old man and the boys will be glad to go."

When he had finished this speech, quick as thought he hoisted the lower sash of my window, and thrust his paint-besmeared head and shoulder in. Did I faint? No, not just then; but I gave his head such a blow with the gun-barrel as made him glad to withdraw, for he was so badly stunned he fell backwards. But he is doubly mad now, and, brandishing his knife, he yells like an infuriated fiend; at which I am sure my darling mother must have died with fear, only that one of the little tots, who was all quivering, said: "Oh, mother, God will help us."

He is looking round as if to find something to break the door in; in another instant he turns, and makes a running push at the door. This time he is apparently more fortunate, gets head and arm, with knife in hand, and one leg up to the knee, within. They push, while I beat him with all my might. My first blow knocked the knife out of his hand; this one of the children grasped and hid, and still the fight goes on, until my

own heart grows sick to see what I am having to do to save our family.

Thank God he is again defeated, and retreats and takes a double header of his fire-water.

As to my condition, my tongue cleaves to the root of my mouth, and I cannot speak until I get water. Neither do mother and the children try to speak, for our fear is doubly great, for we are expecting Big Knife to be reinforced at any moment by other of his associates as bad as he.

Now we are all attention. He has gone to the barn, and is evidently looking for a fence rail with which to beat in any one of the doors. A moment later he has his weapon, a heavy piece of lumber, and has started for the house. We are making ready to flee to the upstairs or we don't know where, when lo and behold! our eyes catch a glimpse of help coming, and not twenty feet away, in what proved to be a Scotchman of no ordinary strength.

He was one of a party of trappers, who had observed our house while miles away, and had ridden on in advance of all the others to seek a camping-place. He had just arrived in time to save us. He at once took in the situation, gathered a stick, and chased Big Knife away, in the meantime giving him such a thrashing as would in all probability last him the rest of his lifetime. Then he hastily signaled his party to come and tent near our place.

When my father and the boys arrived at home late in the evening, it was to find our frail mother with nervous prostration, from which it was many days before she recovered. And while the remainder of us were worse for the fight, yet we were saying: "God a present help in time of need."

I would not for a moment have my readers think our whole three years at the mission was made up of combats with the Indians. Oh! no, not by any means. We had meetings every Sabbath, father speaking through two and three interpreters at once to as many different tribes. Then we had several well-attended camp meetings, one we held amongst the Wyandotts; here I met and formed the acquaintance of Mrs. Lucy Armstrong, daughter of Rev. Russell Biglow, of Ohio, and wife of Rev. John Armstrong, a man of precious memory.

During this meeting, many of the natives found peace and pardon through believing on Christ. To hear these Indians sing the songs of Zion in their native tongue, constituted one of the sweetest memories of my life. I never heard anything like it before or since.

The Wyandotts at that date were mostly civilized, dressing as we did, only for the women's proverbial black handkerchiefs tied on their heads.

The Indians were a much happier people by nature than I had supposed. They delighted to get together and tell innocent stories and laugh. Old brother Pascal Fish often related his visits to the States, and how the children would laugh when he said grace or prayed in his native tongue. And he said, "I once went to a conference and stopped at the same house with the Bishop, and was asked to lead in prayer service; I picked up big Bible and felt very big Mr. Fish; went to take chair, setting down without looking and fell, feet sticking up in the air, then it was little Pascal Fish."

In a few months I learned the language sufficiently to speak Shawnee quite well. My special friend, Mrs. Charles Fish, made up a party and invited myself, with many others to take tea with her. When we started for

home, she gave me many presents, some of which were of great value.

When we arrived at the mission, and I observed ours would be a life of isolation, for our nearest neighbors were at other missions, sixty miles distant, I began to lay the foundation for a life-work for Christ by reading the Bible through several times.

In the treaty of '54 with the Government, our mission, with many others, were not remembered, consequently it had to be discontinued, so ended our work among the Indians, but the results will be found in eternity.

CHAPTER VI.

MY FIRST ABSENCE FROM HOME.

I AM just sixteen. Life seems to me all full of glorious possibilities, and I have decided that so far as lies within my power, mine shall bring in rich returns to Him who gave it. Our mission life is closed; Kansas is opened for settlement. The Indians have made a treaty with the United States and consequently the missions are all discontinued. I had taught at the mission one year, for which I received the sum of \$130 in gold coin, this is tied up in a leather bag and I am starting to school to be absent a year. My brother is already a student at McKendree College, Lebanon, Illinois.

At Kansas City I took passage on the boat "Polar Star." On the third day after starting we had quite a sensation on board, occurring between a slave holder from Kentucky and an old abolition preacher, by the name of West, from Maine. These two had already had words on the subject of politics. We were eating breakfast, the Southerner, whose name was Childs, was seated next to me at the table. The old man was next to take a seat, which happened to be the only one vacant, and that was by the side of Childs.

No sooner was he seated than Childs arose and grasped his chair in hand, breaking it all to bits over the minister's head, cutting his face in a dozen places. For a few moments every one in the dining-room was terrorized, and the wildest confusion reigned.

After order was restored, the Captain, who was a sessionist, run the boat ashore at the first woodyard he

chanced to see, putting the wounded man off, with not a house near or even one in sight.

To my dying day I will remember the man's look of desolate sadness as he sat on his trunk trying to stop the fast flowing blood with his handkerchief.

As our boat wended its way on, and the man was hid from our view, many of us who believed in liberty and the emancipation of the slaves, withdrew to our rooms to pray for God's care over the friendless man, while the champion of the hour swore "that if thar wuz anuther nigger luvver on board, he would treat him in like manner."

We subsequently learned through the press that the minister was taken on board another boat and finally reached home. This incident was only a lightning flash of the coming war, and we must let it pass on.

At Lebanon, Illinois, I met with my brother John. He attended college and I entered Miss Celestia Cranson's school for young ladies. After securing my boarding place and entering school, my next step was to find the minister, Brother Scarett, and give him my church letter. Nor did I allow one opportunity of prayer or class meeting to pass without being present. During this year I not only advanced in my studies and in the richer wisdom of grace, but made scores of the very best of friends. Some of these were the very salt of the earth, and will, without a doubt, walk side by side with Moses and Elias in the city of God.

The following are some of the families to whom I have already referred. Peter Akers, the President of McKendre, with his excellent wife and beautiful daughters. One of these daughters, Miss Sarah, died soon after I arrived. By her lovely ways and holy life she had entwined herself about her father's heart, until

it was like unto death to have this tie severed. But Christ, wonderful conqueror, held the aged man while the knife was severing the cord. Somehow, while the father was being held, a magic hand passed over his eyes, and he plainly saw his daughter going, not in the arms of an ogre, but being borne aloft by shining ones into the city of gold. Then said the aged father: "The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

The next family which appears on the tablet of my memory is that of Rev. W. R. Davis, wife, one son, and three lovely little black-eyed girls, Minnie, Allie and Kate. One only had to be in the presence of Dr. Davis a few minutes to feel that the internal Christ, externally revealed, had made their lives better and more holy; and to hear him preach was to be fed from the variety bearing tree which grows in the midst of the streets of the city of God. At his command sinners came to Christ, and aged Christians found the highway upon which no ravenous beasts are allowed to travel. Perhaps I could not say more of his faithful wife than to write she and her husband were equally yoked, and their hearts were one in love in Christ.

It was during my school days at Lebanon that I first heard the doctrine of Holiness made clear, by two blessed good men, by name of Dennene and Tabor. They not only taught the Christ-spirit, but lived it. Nor were their teachings made up of a bundle of intricacies, but "Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart" was the peach outside the kernel, and Christ was the kernel.

These holiness meetings I attended on Wednesday evenings, and found them, with the rich experiences of

these aged men of God, like unto rain and sunshine to my fast-growing life.

During this year of absence I had many things to try me. Owing to my three years' banishment from society I was about as ignorant of the ways of the world as some of the wild girls of the West. But because I stood firm to the principles of my Christ, and went out everywhere amongst the poor and told them of what a wonderful Savior I had found, God just made the people love me.

My school year is closed, and I am on my way home on board the vessel. The Captain, who is a Free-state man, who was ever on the alert, said: "There is danger everywhere, coming from the Secessionists. Only a few days ago a boat was fired into from landward, and a man mortally wounded." When we reached Kansas city, and about to land; the boat has reached the wharf, and the plank thrown out. Just then a friend of the Captain appears on board, and informs him that "two hundred men, who are called Buford's Toughs, are in the city, and are thirsting for the blood of Abolitionists."

On hearing this news, and seeing scores of them on shore, our captain hastily pushed off for Leavenworth City, where we arrived at sunset Sabbath evening. Here we learned of the fearfully unsettled condition the fast-approaching war had thrown the State of Kansas into.

On Monday morning, when taking the stage for Lawrence, we were informed that several men had been killed by the bush-whackers on this very route only a few days previous; but, added the driver, "I think, with great care, we may make the trip, but each one must be on the alert for danger. Keep a sharp look-out on all sides, and should we be overtaken by a party

of strange men, don't, as you value your lives, do or say anything which will get us into trouble."

After a day of fearful suspense we arrived safe and sound in Lawrence, which was then only a village. And even it had been visited by old General Price, with a party of desperadoes, who with cannon had demolished the Free-State Hotel, killing several men in the conflict. This circumstance itself had about extinguished the candle of hope in the poor settlers' breasts.

When I arrived at home the following day, I saw more plainly than ever the destructive ravages of the vulture of secession.

I found our family had been spared by an all-wise and over-ruling Providence. My sister, Mrs. Vaughn, had been dangerously ill, and, in consequence of this, mother, father and the boys had been detained at her house, some seven miles distant from ours.

That same night a party of men entered our house in search of father and his sons. When they found them absent they were so foiled and disappointed they destroyed all our household effects. First they secured all our valuables and bed clothing, then ripped open all our feather-beds, scattering the contents to the winds; then cut or tore up all our books and pictures. Really the ruin was beyond any words to describe; and I never could have imagined any human beings could have been so cruel as to have taken the wolf of poverty and bound him to our feet, so we could not take a single step without hearing him snarl and bark and bite, as, I assure you, he did for the following three years.

After this disaster we thought it best to reside at the Blue Mound, as we would then be nearer brother James and sister Jane and family. We have secured a

cabin and gathered what is left together, we have several horses and other stock.

After teaching the neighborhood school for several months, I had the means to replenish our groceries and clothes and buy a fine cow. Our family were all delighted with my purchase, inasmuch as they saw in this cow a friend, who would supply all our milk and butter, our needs for the approaching winter.

I am up this morning unusually early, to look after my treasure Lily, as we had named her. I was just a little uneasy, as she had failed to put in an appearance the night before, therefore I was out early to look after her and bring her home, hoping when I found her, to find also an addition to my stock in a fine bossy calf. I was strolling along the bank of the creek which ran near our house, searching everywhere for my cow, when I happened to look over a precipice fifteen feet to the bottom of the creek and there lay my cow. She was doubtless on her return home the evening before, when she reached this spot; the earth had given way under her feet precipitating her to the depths below, breaking her neck in the fall.

When I arrived home and told them of this, another Job's trial, we all had a good cry, then exclaimed, "what next!"

My father was one of the few Methodist ministers who banded together to plant Methodism all over Kansas. His district covered the whole southern half of the State, while L. B. Dennis had the other half. This caused my father's absence often three months at a time. He had just made one of these tours, starting in the middle of August and returning in November. He was delighted with his success, having made and supplied many new charges, and in all his absence had not

been molested by jayhawkers who abounded in different parts of the new State. After imparting all the other news, he did not hesitate to tell of his faithful horse, Bonaparte, how he had faithfully plodded along through mud and snow over the many hundreds of miles.

Next morning after his return, my father waded out through the newly fallen snow of the past night, to feed his horse, when lo, and behold, there he lay, couching upon his knees, cold and stiff in death. When we hastened out in response to father's call, he stood there weeping like a child. After his grief had somewhat assuaged him, he said, "If ever there was a Christian horse, mine was one, and he has gone from the poverities and storms of Kansas to nip the tender, ever-growing grass in the pastures of paradise."

In the springtime our family was miraculously saved from the Bushwhackers. My father having been a minister in Missouri, belonging to the Methodist church "North," as our church was then termed.

The slave-holding element, knowing my father to be a fearless abolitionist with five grown sons, all holding the same sentiments, determined to take their lives at the first opportunity.

Early one morning, the free-state men, armed with Sharp's rifles, who had been out at different points to protect the country, were on their return to their respective homes, and stopped at our house for breakfast. We had made hasty preparations and the men were just sitting down to eat, when five mounted men rode up to our gate and "halloed." When my mother went to the door, they asked, "Is your husband and sons at home?"

"Yes," was her quick reply.

"Please madam, send them out," was the request of the leader, "we would like to see them."

Mother said, "Very well, I will send them out."

When the seventeen at breakfast were informed by mother of the men in waiting at the gate, they jumped up in haste, and grabbed their well-charged sharps' rifles, and rushed to the door. The men evidently concluded that mother had more sons than they wished to see, for they did not wait to exchange a single word, but put spurs to their horses and rode for their lives, our men still in pursuit, until they were quite out of sight. We afterwards learned there were persons in the gang who knew my father's Free-State principles before we left Missouri.

One thing which was very plain to our minds was that it was no blind infidel chance which directed these seventeen men to our house for their rest and food; but it was the same God who delivered Daniel from the lions' den, and in whom we trusted through all those dark days.

The people who have always been surrounded with plenty, and lived in thickly-populated states and cities, little know what it costs to settle a new state, and, with the settling of the state, set the religious machinery of the various churches to work, and keep them in smooth running order. But the early settlers of Kansas each have a history of their own, full of deliverances, by the intervention of the divine hand.

And I am glad to say many of those early settlers were only too glad to be permitted to pray. Often while our men slept, we women folks took turns at night sitting out on the porch, behind a screen, looking for the approach of the enemy. I well remember one night while my dear friend, Miss Greenwood and myself,

watched from our post of observation on the porch while it was pitchy dark; and we had heard late rumors of the approaching enemy in the evening, which made us nervous all the more. It is now the hour for the crowing of the neighboring cocks; these even make us more fearful, mingled in with the bark of some neighboring dogs.

"But, hark!" whispers my friend; when crack! crack! goes the report of a dozen clear-sounding rifles, out upon the stillness of the night, which caused us to start with fear's alarm; and it was no time until my mother, who slept with one eye open, had arisen and awakened every member of the family, and gone to the men folks, who slept out in the underbrush near by, and called them to arise and be ready for any emergency.

Mother at once prepared a hasty cup of coffee, and we all partook of refreshments, and sat in the darkness until morning, expecting every moment that the enemy would be in upon us.

Just at dawn a neighbor came in to say: "A party of the enemy had come in to Franklin"—a small town just across from the Blue Mound, where we lived—"and had destroyed several houses, and killed several men, and amongst that number a young man by name of William Sacket, for whom they asked us residing at the Mound to prepare a coffin and grave at the little cemetery nestling behind the Mound"—fit secluded retreat for any tired lone son who had left home to find a home and plenty for a widowed mother, it may be, but found them not, but in their place a lonely resting spot where they alone might sleep nor heed the storm.

All is ready; a little group of us are gathered in the dell. It is just sunset; we are waiting for the coming of the corpse. My brother James and wife are kneeling

near a little new-made grave: it is their darling babe Susa who sleeps there. Then sister Jane and her husband, Mr. Vaughan, also are lingering near two newly-made little graves, which contain their sacred dead, the first whose going away broke their little family circle, and which makes their hearts so sad. Children of rare promise were Dudley and Sadie Vaughan, who rest here.

"They have come," says neighbor Irving and his good wife. And there they were, a stout two-horse wagon containing several men and the corpse; and just as darkness began to mantle our poorly-clad forms we lowered all that was mortal of William Sacket to his long resting-place, a stranger in a strange land.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CONVERTED MULE.

IT was in the early twilight of a cool November evening, that my father called me to his side to have one of his little chats, as he termed them. But on looking back after a long lapse of years, I find them to be sermons in disguise. He was resting, as was his usual wont at the close of the day, in an old fashioned straight back chair, tilted to a leaning posture, his head resting against the wall, while his feet found purchase against the rounds of a chair. A well-lighted wood fire was blazing between the old-time andirons, while a few patches of soot was also burning glow-worm like within the fire-jams, seemingly to make the scene more fascinating and impressive.

I was standing at the window looking away at the evening star which had just been brought into sight, and developed into light in the darkness of the room all around. My father noticing my thoughtful mood, said: "Come here my child." I at once obeyed, and placing his loving arm about my chubby waist, while I laid my flaxen head upon his shoulder. He began in this way to interrogate:

"My child do you read and pray quite frequently?"

"Yes," I answered a little thoughtful.

"About how often?" continued my father.

"Just as many times as I get into trouble or have bad dreams, then I am sure to read my Bible and pray."

"Very well my child," he said, "but why don't you keep this up right along?"

"Because father, I thought God was so big and far off I would only trouble him when I needed to, or could not help myself."

"You don't quite understand God, my child," continued father, "He loves good children, and it is His delight to help them every moment, and if He is large and grand He has the power to make Himself so small that he can dwell by His spirit in a very little child's heart." Then my father thought to test my faith even farther by asking, "Did God ever answer your prayers that you are aware of, and could see it with your eyes?"

After thinking for a moment, I answered in the affirmative, by saying, "Our dear mother was out of coffee and money both, then she was quite ill beside, and you were gone away to preach, and I saw mother crying, so I ran away into the bedroom and asked God for money, I even told him you had gone to hold quarterly meeting up to Kirkville, and when I was done talking to God, I felt that He had turned into a very dear friend, even greater than you, father, for He seemed to come and sit on the bedside while I prayed, and I was so sure that He spoke to me and said, 'I will give you money,' that I really looked up and expected to see some one. Then I felt so strangely happy, just as if we had a whole sack of coffee. Then I ran down the lane to drive the cows to pasture, and as I was only a little ways from the house and the cows running in front of me, my bare foot struck something hard and shiny, and when I picked it up I saw it was a new silver dollar. As I left the cows and ran with haste to give it to my darling mother, I said, 'God has been out in our lane for

once anyway.' Then mother sent brother Andrew to town for coffee and several things which she needed."

"That was nice my child, and it was just like God to send the money when needed, and there was no doubt but what He had been in that lane and was with you when you found the money, for my child, I feel Him and His angels in this room this very moment. Now," said father, "as you have been an obedient child and have tried to answer my question, I will tell you how God answered my prayer at one time.

"I was a long way from home and was traveling by mule back on my little Bettie, as we named her. You remember her don't you Mardy?" he asked.

"Of course I do father; she looked much like a rat only her ears were a lot bigger than a rat's."

"I would say they were," said father with a laugh. "I had just filled my appointment and was on my way home, when I came to a creek which was overflowing from a recent rain, and as my mule was so small I felt sure she would not take me over with safety, so threw the stirrups up over the pommel of my saddle and drove my mule into the water and made her swim across the creek. Then I, with saddle bags flung over my shoulder, managed to cross the swelling flood upon a log which had fallen across the creek. The very moment I set foot upon the other side, and my mule saw me approaching, she threw her head up into the air and started off on a lively canter towards home, which was all of fifteen miles away, every now and then looking back to see how I enjoyed walking and carrying my saddle-bags over my shoulders.

"After following her until I had entirely lost sight of her, she being fully a mile ahead of me. I fell down on my knees and pleaded with God for Christ's sake to

stop my truant Betty, and even while on my knees God blessed me, and I confess I felt much as you did when you came to God. I thought he had turned into a very dear friend and would send my naughty mule back; or if needs be, give me a chariot with flaming steeds to go on my way. After prayer I sat down to rest for I had already walked a mile and was so tired and hungry that I had dropped my head upon my breast and was crying, I could not tell why, unless from mere fatigue. As I sat, suddenly I heard the clatter as of horses' feet, which was so near that I intuitively sprang to my feet, and sure enough, there was my Betty, who seemed to say by her winneing, 'Here I am Dr. Still, at your service, and the Lord has sent me.' I caught the bridle rein and patted her on the head, while an invisible one who then seemed near my side, said, 'The trial of your faith is much more precious than gold.'"

I am only too glad, after my father has been dead for more than twenty years to add my testimony to the benefits accruing from the trial of faith, for I prize this one answer as a reward of faith given to my father in returning his mule in this, his sore hour of need. And I am bold to say it has been more precious to my Christian life than all the gold my father ever gave me. For while all the gold, land and all else which my father left me has fled and gone, and not a vestige of them remain. This trial of his faith alone is left, and I have it hidden away amongst my heart's most precious jewels.

CHAPTER VIII.

BROTHER THOMAS'S MARRIAGE, AND FIRST KANSAS
CONFERENCE.

WE have passed our mission life amongst the Indians, and felt the effects of some of the evils coming in advance of the war. We have secured our 160 acres of land near the village of Centropolis. On this land my father has erected a log cabin, put in an orchard and corn and small grain, all of which seemed to my two sisters and my young heart the foundation of untold wealth.

This was the year of the greatest comet of the age, appearing just after the mantle of night was drawn about Mother Nature's children. This wonder of beauty blazed and burned, seemingly vieing with the other heavenly bodies. To some it was a harbinger of war, and meant defeat; to others it was also a fore-runner of great coming events, and meant or foretold the downfall of wrong. If it was a harbinger of war, and had anything to do with the closing out of the great drama of human slavery, I hope one ten-fold greater and more luminous will sweep athwart the heavens, calling all nations to the death and burial of King Alcohol.

About this time brother Thomas, who owned the adjoining quarter section, and had made himself a home, began to act strangely secretive, and his symptoms became so alarming that when he made a visit to

Lawrence, and returned with an entire new suit of clothes, brother John said: "Thomas is either crazy or going to get married."

I suggested time would tell, and so it did. One morning Thomas donned his best suit, and declared his intention of paying a visit to some friends residing in the State of Missouri. When starting, he said he would be absent about a fortnight. When urged for an explanation of his strange actions he would laugh, and say: "Await until my return; then you will both see and know."

Sure enough, upon his return unannounced, he was accompanied by a beautiful young lady, whom he introduced as Mrs. Thomas C. Still. This of course cleared the mystery, and at once established his sanity.

My brother John being absent at Baldwin City when Thomas returned with his bride, and feeling just a little disappointed to think he should have married without him being a participant in celebrating the most important affair of his life, spoke to several of his friends at Baldwin, young men of his own age, saying: "Now as Thomas has played such a seemingly cunning trick, let us go down and have some fun."

"Well, agreed," said they.

Therefore they mounted their horses, and rode over, six of them, by night, it being almost as moonlight as day. They, knowing that wolves were very plenty, and had been committing depredations on mother's Shanghai chickens, said they would "play wolf, and bring the bridegroom out."

Accordingly, when arriving at home they alighted from their horses; then slipping stealthily into the chicken-house they each gathered either a rooster or hen, and, after stationing themselves at different points,

they set their chickens to squalling. It was not a minute until bride and groom and everyone else were awake, and mother said: "Surely every wolf in the neighborhood had come, and were holding a camp-meeting." Whereupon first of all Thomas and wife ran out, not stopping, in their haste, to change their clothes. Next following in their train came my mother, and all three of us girls, calling, "Dogs! dogs! Ponto and Tiger!" who, to our great dismay, were hid away and could not be found. What most of all puzzled us was, chickens squalling at so many different points.

Next on the program was the firing off of as many pistols as there were chickens hollowing; nor did they cease until Thomas had jumped up and down like a top, or perhaps a ball. And the boys, thinking the joke too rich to keep longer, and not wishing to frighten mother, began to laugh; and laugh they did, until they made the night air resound with their well-earned merriment.

Then, after we had all run in and robed ourselves, the boys accompanying us, John told Thomas "They would call the account with him square if he would bring out his bride and present her to them, and then cook them a chicken breakfast."

As it was now nearing four in the morning Thomas consented, and several full-grown chickens had to be slain. While the chickens were cooking, and we were serving breakfast, I never saw a jollier set. And when they left they expressed themselves satisfied with not only the bride but the chicken stew, and hot biscuits and Java coffee.

This fall, after gathering all our little store of means into one common pocket-book, brother John, sister Marova, Cassie and I went to Lawrence, rented some unfurnished rooms, and began housekeeping in a very

economical way; and entered the school kept by C. L. Edwards as principal, assisted by three young ladies. The school was nobly conducted, and did much in preparing the minds of the young men and women for future usefulness.

During this winter we scholars had noon prayer meetings, conducted by a Mr. Munson, brother John and myself. Sometimes we were called hard names by thoughtless ones, and were even jeered at. But, nothing daunted, we put our trust in God, and he wonderfully blessed us, and there were a number of conversions, who publicly renounced their sins, and made bold to come over on the side of Christ. The truth is, the word of the Lord endureth for ever.

This was indeed the beginning of troublous times in Kansas. There was no half-way plank in the platform of principle for men and women to occupy; it was either freedom and God or slavery and the devil. Therefore my brother and two sisters and I did not hesitate for an instant, but took freedom and the promises of God as the sapphire pavement on which our feet were to stand.

The Methodist church had just held her first conference in a cloth tent on the side of Mount Oriad, this gathering of the "Great Hearts" of Kansas being presided over by Bishop Baker, with not more than a score of preachers. Ira Blackford was appointed as pastor in charge of the Methodist church in Lawrence. We four—brother, sisters and I—gave in our letters and went to work, and when not on school duty we visited the sick, taking the very poor something to eat, and never failing to tell them of the bread of life. You could not please Marova and Cassie better than to give them something in hand and allow them to go as a missionary to some poor child.

My dear mother made us a visit along with father when he came to bring us our supplies. During one of her visits, which was prolonged over sabbath, she and I were sent for in haste to come to the bedside of General James Lane. He desired us to pray for him. He had by a very sad accident been shot in the leg just below the knee.

We at once followed our guide to the western part of the then sparsely settled city; and there we found him, surrounded by his lovely family, all within a lowly log cabin. He greeted us most cordially, and after a very few minutes he asked for the reading of God's word and prayer.

After the close of our prayer-meeting we noticed that he was weeping like a child. After becoming calm enough to speak, he told us all about his early life, and how his own mother had died with her hand resting upon his head, while she asked "God to save her son James."

"Then," added he, addressing my mother "Mother Still the saddest of it all is I have not kept my vow, nor made one single step toward heaven and eternal life."

We left him a somewhat changed man, making new vows, but it will take eternity to reveal whether he was finally saved or no.

I sometimes wonder if the ministers of God are as zealous as they should be, going out in the footsteps of Christ to hunt up the lost. And do they tell people that it is an eternity of joy, either to lose or gain? Then do men and women who plod along in the every-day walks of life know, that if they make every exertion lying within their power, God will accept the work, and the Holy Spirit will make it bring in to them rich returns for their happiness in eternity. And "They

who turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars in the firmament, for ever and ever."

I have read a story about our rewards in after life which pleased me much. This is the story. A rich prince gave a builder much money, and told him to "Go into a certain place and build him a finer castle."

The man took the money and went to the place designated, and was about to build as instructed, but observed the subjects of the prince to be very poor and suffering for food and clothing. Instead of taking the money and doing as he was instructed, he went forth and bought supplies of food and clothing and fed and clothed the hungry and dying poor, and thereby saved the Prince's subjects.

When the ruler visited the place and saw what the steward had done with his means, he ordered him put in prison and then put to death. That same night while the man who had ministered to the poor subjects lay in prison, the prince dreamed that he had died and was permitted to look into heaven, and the very money which the good man had used in feeding and clothing his poor dying subjects had turned into material, out of which had sprung up in the City of God a beautiful mansion, in which he was to spend his eternity.

When the prince awoke he went to the prison and forthwith liberated the condemned man, and he went away joyfully free.

Then another story with which I have met has also been blessed of God to my good, and I give it, asking the Spirit to carry it home to the heart of anyone who may chance to read it, it was as follows:

A very poor, but good man was on his way home from work. It was raining and sleeting, and he had already spoken to a man who was also on his way home,

saying, "What a fearful night for a human being to be out in without a home." Just then he heard someone roan, and looking to the wayside observed a man who seemed to be dying. He being a Christian, forthwith took off his coat and bared his own back to the storm, then wrapping the man within his garment carried him to an inn near by, and when he had ministered to the man's other wants went on his way with a chilly, wet body, but with a heart burning with the love of God.

This man also dreamed that night as he slept, and his dream was sweet. He thought he had died and gone to heaven, and in looking about saw his old coat on the back of some one who walked just in front of him. Knowing the coat, he thought he would like to know the man to whom he had loaned it. By quickening his step he soon overtook the man and slapped him on the shoulder. Only think of his surprise when the man who wore his coat turned around and looked him fully in the face, when lo, and behold! it was his Lord, our blessed Christ, who said, "I was naked and you clothed me, hungry and you fed me." On hearing this, the man was, as we shall all be at his second coming, filled with joy, if we have done our duty.

Lord, help me who writes, and they who read, to also have our actions and words of such a nature that at the great architect's touch they will turn into jewels, out of which our Lord may furnish us a building of rarest beauty; one not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Or, if our Lord be sick by the wayside, help us to share our blessings with Him, that we too may hear it said, "Enter in good and faithful, to the joys of eternity."

CHAPTER IX.

A WOMAN BITTEN BY A RATTLESNAKE.

AT this date in the history of Kansas, the country was as new and almost as beautiful as the garden of Eden was, the day prior to Adam going in to make it his home. Up to this time, the Indians and wild beasts had held undisputed ownership. Now the lands had passed into other hands and were being rapidly claimed by anxious home hunters from all parts of the Union. Many of these people were poor, yes very poor, living in tents or small log cabins, with prairie wolves and rattlesnakes to contest their rights to the ground. The wolves the settlers poisoned, while the snakes they got rid of as best they could.

We had just retired one night, when we heard in one corner of the room what my father said was a rattler of advanced age. It was not long I can assure you until a lamp was lighted, and every one about the house was up and eager for the fray, which in this case consisted in brother John securing a pine box, and he and father driving the venomous old fellow into it, and a fine specimen he proved to be, twelve rattles and a button.

In this place of confinement brother kept him for some months, then sold him to a man going East.

As we looked forth from our cabin door early one spring morning, it was to see neighbor Saunders coming direct for our place, urging his horse at the height of his speed. Mother at seeing the man's wild haste said,

"It is war news he is bringing." But not so, for before he reached the gate he cried:

"Help! help! my wife is bitten in the mouth with a rattle snake, and I fear she will be dead before I can possibly reach home."

My brother Drew being a doctor, saddled two of the fleetest horses, one for himself and the other for me. One to have seen my brother and I on this ride of two miles, lashing the beasts at every jump, would have said, surely a barrel of gold is at the end of the race, but not so; a woman, the mother of three helpless children, must have help or die.

When we entered the cabin, there was a scene which beggared all description; the children were crying at the appearance of their mother, and it was no wonder for her eyes were swelled beyond vision, her whole face being twice its usual size and lips and tongue swelled to bursting, and the mouth was filled with dark coagulated blood which exuded from the incisions the monsters fangs had made. We saw at a glance there was no time to waste, the poison had two points of advantage over us, first being inserted so near the brain, and secondly it had fully an hour's start of the remedies. When once Andrew set his ponderous brain to work, it was to use every thing known to *materia medica* for snake bites. After a battle of twelve hours, we were rewarded for our labor by seeing the woman return to consciousness and the swelling begin to abate, and by the following morning she was quite out of danger.

It was in this wise she received the wound in this queer place: As yet they had not been able to procure bedsteads, therefore they slept on the floor, which in this case happened to be on the ground. The snake becoming cold from the air without, sought warmth

within the lowly cabin beside the mother and her sleeping children. The snake did not disturb anyone until the wife awoke and began to stir just before arising; at this move his snakeship paid for his nights lodging by thrusting his fangs in her lower lip. Nor was she aware of what had dealt the blow until after arising, when hearing her tiny baby cry, she thinking him tired thought to take him up and hold him until papa lit the fire. Horrors! the sight which met her gaze when uncovering her babe; there lay a deadly rattler within a foot of his face, and coiled ready to strike the blow and also bite her babe; much quicker than thought the mother grasped her babe and rescued him from the deadly destroyer, and about as quickly the father plied the blows which ended the reptile's life.

Notwithstanding the toils and poverties which attended the early settlement of Kansas at the very beginning of the war, there were many rich blessings falling all about us. Then came the old-fashioned Methodist camp-meetings; these gathered the people out into the grove to worship the Lord.

Of all the pictures of the past which remain to gladden my passing years, none are more replete with honied sweetness than these gatherings in the wilderness. My father purchased a tent, and arranged for his family to attend one or more of these meetings each fall.

The one of which I write was to be held at or near Baldwin City. We have prepared food, cake and pies, chicken and fresh pig, in an abundant supply for a stay of at least two weeks. These, with bedding, chairs and tent, are all placed within a large wagon, to which is hitched the pride of my father's declining years, Old Buck and Berry, two dark red oxen; gentle and faithful

servants were they. These not only drew the goods, but the driver, our work boy Wesley Wells, and a neighbor girl, myself, and sister Marova and Cassie; while father and mother take the lead in the one-horse carriage.

After a drive of a dozen miles we are assured the city of tents, the meeting-place, is near by the sound of singing which is wafted through the trees to our anxious ears. It is not an hour after our arrival until to the already hundred tents ours also has been added. Look where we will, and we will see a friend ready to greet us in the name of our common Lord.

My father's one desire in attending this particular meeting was to give my two younger sisters a chance to be brought under the immediate influence of the Holy Spirit, which would lead them to Jesus as their personal Savior. I never could quite understand the depth of my father's feelings, as evinced at this meeting, in regard to my sisters' lost condition without Christ, until later on when I had children of my own, exposed to eternal death. It was my father's life prayer, "Lord, save my family."

It was Sabbath evening of the meeting when this incident of which I write occurred. Dr. W. R. Davis had preached his never-to-be-forgotten sermon on "Although one arise from the dead they will not be persuaded," and taken his seat. Brother Ferril had called for penitents to come forward for prayers; many had already obeyed the call, and some had even found peace and pardon; but up to this hour my sisters had remained to human appearances unmoved, had even at the very beginning of the altar services left the meeting and fled to the tent.

When my father observed this his load of anxiety

became too heavy for him to carry, whereupon he arose before the vast audience, and, grasping a blazing lamp in either hand, with streaming eyes pleaded, in the name of Jesus, for God to "save his daughters then and now." Never was but one face more marred than was my father's while offering up that prayer, and that was the face of him who said: "It is finished," and died. Never was such awe and silence while one prayed, as my father gathered his two darlings up in the arms of his faith, and plunged them into the fountain for sin and uncleanness.

Not only the audience saw and heard the old man pleading with God, but the two truant girls heard him, and were only too anxious to retrace their steps and fall prostrate at the altar, where they were both born of the Spirit into eternal life. And Cassie, the younger, leaped and praised God nearly all night. When my father was told of their speedy conversion he exclaimed, as did Jacob of old: "Lo, God was here and I knew it not," but now I know that my Redeemer lives, and my children shall live also.

These gatherings of the people in the groves were wonderfully blessed of the Lord to the salvation of the people. And no doubt many who are saved, and who will come with Jesus at his second advent, will date their birth at these old time camp-meetings.

It was at this meeting; as near as I can remember, that I received the blessing of sanctification. I was convinced prior to this that my life was to be one of aggressive field labor; that it would be required of me to preach the gospel. And I did not want to go out without being wholly equipped for the warfare. Therefore I made up my mind to do as Christ had commanded his disciples to do, "Tarry at Jerusalem until endowed

with power." When I went to this camp-meeting it was with the full determination not to leave until, having received the holy anointing of the Holy Ghost, I had no doubt of my justification, and was convicted for sanctification.

When the first call was made for this class of seekers to come forward I was amongst the first to present myself at the altar. And just so soon as I came to the point of full surrender of everything to the will of God, I lost sight of the people; this I must have done, for there I stood before several thousand people, pleading the promises; and when Dr. W. R. Davis came and said, "Sister Still, why this ado? Do you take God at his word?"

"I do, doctor," was my reply.

"Very well," continued he, "the altar Christ sanctifies the gift, and if you have put all onto the altar the work is already accomplished. You have complied with God's requirements; God will and has done his part. At this instant my soul grasped the blessing, and instead of shouting, and leaping and praising God as I had done when converted, and supposed I would do when receiving the blessing of sanctification, I did not utter a word; was far too happy for utterance. It was as if my soul had been a thirsty desert, and a flood of cool, refreshing, life-giving water had, by the touching of a secret spring, turned itself in upon me. My peace flowed like a river. And this was all I could say: "Perfect love casteth out fear." And from that day to this, which has been over thirty years, I have never been led to doubt the blessing I then received; and I know I have had the indwelling of the Holy Ghost.

CHAPTER X.

NO MORE SALOON.

I AM now teaching school at Centropolis, a small village a mile and a half from our home. Much of the time I have boarded amongst the patrons. This gave me an opportunity to see and know much of their home lives. I found to my heart's sorrow that many of the fathers of the half clothed children who came to my school visited the village saloon. One, a Mr. Hughes, who had a lovely wife and seven small children, was so far under the power of the monster—strong drink—that no remedy ever tried could break the spell, while the liquid fire was in reach. Even the prayers and tears of his wife, coupled with the sight of his half-clad children, all paled into insignificance when placed by the side of a bottle of whiskey. He told me the desire was so great that if he were dying, after forfeiting his soul he would be forced to sell his body and take the proceeds and buy drink.

During my school term, the husband of one of my particular friends became intoxicated, and came home and gathered up his beautiful young wife in his arms, then carried her out with her babe of only a few hours of age, and deposited them in a snowbank on the opposite side of the street. Here they would most undoubtedly have died of cold had not neighbor Javins, who chanced to pass that way, heard the baby crying, and carried them into his own house.

After becoming cognizant of these outrages perpetrated by the patrons of the saloon, I determined in my own mind just the course I would pursue as soon as my school closed and occasion presented itself. And that was to enter the saloon and destroy everything in it. My school is closed, my father has been to the village, and on returning informs me that the saloon-keepers, Mr. Evans and Old Dam, have again been arrested and taken to another village for trial, and before their departure had called together all the drunkards in the neighborhood and gave them what they termed a double-header. These miserable creatures they have taken with them as witnesses to prove the purity of their characters.

On hearing this, without saying a word to mother I started in haste for Centropolis. In almost an incredibly short time I arrived at my destination. I at once visited three ladies, the one who had been cast out with her young babe into the snow-drift; the others being persons on whom one could depend in an emergency. We each gathered an ax or hatchet, then proceeded to the saloon, and finding the door securely locked we hastily broke a window and climed in and went to work. While Mrs. Delano broke bottles and demijohns, Mrs. Powers and I cut in the heads of the kegs and barrels, and to be sure of making a good job of our work and not leave a drop of the accursed stuff, we set the barrels up on their headless ends and each started for our respective homes. Nor were we a moment too soon, for I had not more than got out of sight over the hill toward my home, when the saloon-keepers were observed marching back with their crowd in great triumph. Having again evaded the law, they were all going to have a big go of the most elaborate nature. The devil and his grand-

mother were to be in their midst. Just imagine their chagrin when entering the saloon to find that mother earth had gotten on a spree and drank up all their liquor, not having left them enough to wet their parched cursing lips. Then everything was nearly as badly broken as the drunkards' wives hearts.

While they were searching the town for the culprits I was wending my way home, really the worse for liquor, from standing too near the barrels when they discharged their contents; the fluid had filled my shoes and wet my garments. You would have laughed outright to have seen my poor mother's fright as she gazed at my dilapidated appearance, for I was not only weary and tired, but my light print dress was soiled by liquor, and in breaking the window I had almost severed my index finger which bled profusely, this had also stained my clothes.

Her first inquiry was: "Mardy, where have you been, and what doing?"

"Helping God answer prayer," I replied.

"Now," said she, "those desperate men will burn our house over our heads."

"Not so long as the word of God endures," was my father's decided answer.

My mother told me to take my change of raiment and escape to the woods near by, and she would send sister with my dinner. I had only made the change in clothing when sister Marova came to say Old Dam—the very appropriately named member of the saloon firm—was at the house making inquiries for me. My father being well acquainted with Dam and the man who accompanied him, took this opportunity to tell him of some of the fearful crimes which had attended the results of his saloon keeping and liquor selling; nor did my

father hesitate to tell them both where they would spend eternity if they did not mend their ways. Then as they could find neither me nor my besotted shoes, they concluded to return home none the wiser.

However, in about two weeks after this, two lawyers, one being a church member, paid me a business call.

Said they, "It is our duty Miss Still, to see that justice is meted out and the law enforced."

"Just so," said I, "and as you have been remiss in your duties and many of our best neighbors are being sent to eternal death, without anyone to save them, so a few of us have taken it into our own hands to help you administer justice."

"But," retorted they, "we want no fooling."

"Neither do we," I quickly replied, "and will now give you a bit of legal advice and won't charge you for it either; it is just this, do you as men who will come up at the bar of God to render an account for deeds done in the body, go home and mind your business and drop this case at once, for I am authorized to say, if you do not you will each receive fifty lashes on your naked backs, and that well layed on."

After hearing this rather startling announcement from a young lady who always opened and closed her school with prayer, they thought it the part of valor to say, "good-day" and go home. That was the last attempt ever made to detect the perpetrators of that more than lawful deed.

The results were the most wholesome; the wives and mothers thanked God from the depths of their hearts, saying as they did, "May the blessings of those who were about to perish, rest upon those three ladies."

One of the owners of this cesspool, struck the other

while in a wrangle or melee about a business transaction and the old man died.

I visited the village ten years after the above narrated incident, and up to that date no one had had the courage to start another saloon. Then many, if not all, of the old drunkards had reformed and were caring for their families.

I ask, may we not judge this tree by its fruits and say the act was directed in answer to prayer by the Father above. The American government called human slavery an unlawful crime, and in order to erase it required the blood of millions of its best men; then sit down and permit such a Gila monster as the liquor traffic, murderer of the darkest dye, to live and thrive unmolested in every village and city in the Union. Then we, as Christian men, women and ministers, pray, "God bless the President and men in authority," and they with arms folded over their hearts, and heads bowed, as if reverently responding "Amen, even so Lord." Wisdom is justified of her children that are not still-born.

CHAPTER XI.

"WOE IS ME IF I PREACH NOT THE GOSPEL."

IT was one of the leading desires of my father's life to have a son called of the Holy Spirit to preach the gospel. To each of my five brothers he looked long and waited patiently, only to be met with disappointment. While they were all religiously inclined, and members of the church, it was plain to be seen they were to do their preaching by example and not by word.

From the hour of my conversion my dear father began to see in me the answer to his prayer. So anxious was he to leave a representative of himself in the gospel, he said on one occasion, when preaching at camp-meeting: "It is my desire at death, that if Elijah's spirit was permitted to fall on Elisha, to make him more useful or powerful for God, mine, or a portion of it, may fall upon my daughter Mary." The people all responded, "Amen."

Be that as it may, from that day to the present my one desire has been to appear faultless, with work done, when I am called home to reward.

After arriving at the age of eighteen, the call to preach was too loud and clear to admit of any mistake; and there were but two ways before my life—one was disobedience, and loss throughout eternity; the other was to obey, and wear a crown of life, and walk with Christ.

After being fully convinced of this call, I had to pass

through many furnaces before I arrived at the point of full surrender; but when I did, and put my hands to the gospel plow, there was no looking back. One of the trials of my faith was sickness of my father, which the physicians said was "unto death." Father sent for me to come to his bedside, saying to the messenger: "Tell Mary it is my parting admonition I wish to give her." And feeling convinced in my own mind that my unwillingness to do duty had much to do with father's illness, I at once made a full and complete surrender, then hastened in to make my decision known to my father. This news filled his heart with joy, and, feeble as he was, he praised the Lord aloud, and from that hour began to amend, and lived to see me in the active work.

This being the close of the war, when the country was unsettled, the whole land being filled with orphans and widows, whose loved ones had gone to war but had never returned, it seemed a fitting time to begin my ministry; and, accompanied by my father, we took a span of mules, in our stout carriage, and drove from house to house on the circuit, and talked and prayed personally with the people. Some of these lived miles away from the village church, and met us at the gate with blessings of welcome on their lips, saying, as they swung the gate open to let us in, "God bless Father Still and his daughter, who have come to bring us the bread of life." Then, as a reward of our visit, we would find them on the Sabbath following at the church to hear the preaching.

About this time Baker University sprang into life, it being located in Baldwin City, twenty miles south of Lawrence; a Methodist institution. Dr. W. R. Davis was appointed as President, B. R. Cunningham as prin-

cipal, and I as his assistant. In order to begin the school, after the completion of the temporary building they were glad to take charge of the district school. This part of the work B. R. Cunningham gave into my care, while he taught the more advanced students. We opened and closed each day's work with reading and prayer; and the result of this course was a revival of religion, beginning within the school, and spreading all over the town.

Those were times when the poverty of the people in general was so great that they were glad to invoke divine help. Many ladies who had seen better days kept a few boarders, and some actually took in washing to enable them to educate their sons and daughters. I not only taught, but recited lessons after school to help defray my expenses and to have a few extra pennies, I went into the office and folded the weekly publication after night.

At that date people were not judged by their bank account, but by their upright lives. If they proved to be using the golden rule in the measurement of their lives, the wisest and best admitted them into their great and grand brotherhood. The jewels of society were those who would shun to do a mean or dishonest thing. If two were united in wedlock in "God they trusted," and, Lincoln-like, were striving to climb the ladder of fame; it mattered little how poor they were, the Lord blessed them, and opened to them the treasure-house of the skies; they helped themselves, and wanted nothing.

During this winter, with the responsibility of teaching and my cramped financial condition, I needed the constant companionship of Christ; and faith, said she would be of no manner of use to any one without they had trials. "For the trial of your faith is more

precious than gold." I know not what faith is without it be a leaf from the fruit-yielding tree of life. "It is the gift of God;" and it brings health to the sick, sight to the blind, kills the cancerous microbe, and lets the afflicted one go free. It also brings food to the hungry, turning the elements over head into manna, with which to feed the hosts of Israel.

I am at church today. They need money badly. Every one has given to their utmost ability, and yet the pressing demands cannot be met. I have fifty cents, with which to purchase my supplies for the coming week. Some one I know to be faith is telling me to give it, and trust. I delve my hand into my pocket, and get my fifty cents, and put it in the basket; then slip out, and go home to cry. Yet I am sure He who feeds the ravens will supply all my wants.

Next week, Tuesday, one of our students, a Mr. Willey, is called to leave the school. Before going, he and his sisters call, and when he bid me good-bye gave me a small package, saying: "Accept this, and lay away until I am gone." I did as requested, and in my hurry forgot it until the following Saturday. My food is all gone, and, as I told you, no money. The devil and his wife have also paid me a visit to have a laugh at my seeming folly; when suddenly I remember the package given me on last Monday morning. Imagine my surprise, and the evil one's discomfiture, when on opening my present, to find it to be a crisp two-dollar note. Pretty good interest for one week on fifty cents. "Only trust him, and in so doing let the Lord lead you."

When faith noted the magnitude of the work she had to perform in me before I could walk by her side, she began at once to see if I was willing to have the

hammer and chisel applied until the face of Christ could be seen.

We are now in the midst of a fearful winter. I am keeping back in a single room, like many other students are doing, and receiving supplies from home. I had looked over my little store of food in my cupboard; then looked at the deep snow, and wondering what I would do if the storm should continue, for my father lived twelve miles distant, and the roads would be impassable for weeks to come.

Just then, as these thoughts were trooping in upon me, I heard a feeble rap at my door, and when I opened it there stood the half-clad little girl of a very worthy but destitute German lady, with a note in her hand which read thus:

"My dear Miss Still—My husband is absent and cannot return for a week yet, and as I have failed to collect a sum of money due me, out of which I expected to supply my needs until he returns, I am left destitute and have not a morsel of food for my little ones, and besides this I have a painful felon on one of my fingers, and I know no one else in the place to whom I could appeal for help but yourself."

After reading the note I told the child to return to her mother and inform her I would be with her soon. The child had not passed out of sight until unbelief assailed me with the question, "Why should she send to you, what will you do for supplies?" Then the devil fairly laughed in my face when I opened my cupboard and looked at my store. But faith said, "Gather it up and take it all if necessary," and as I gathered it and filled my basket, I seemed to hear the voice of a child that was apparently crouched in the corner of the room which said, "I was hungry and you fed me."

After hearing this well-known whisper, I felt somehow in my heart that God would feed me, I did not know just how, nor did I some way care, just so He did.

I started; when I arrived at my friend's house it was to find the representative of my Christ, hungry, sick, poor and a stranger, but when I left her, she and her little ones were fed and warmed, and her blessing was more to me than all the food that I had taken her, for she said, "May the miracle worker of the loaves and fishes abide with you."

And He did abide with me. While I was absent, my friend, Nannie Dunn, who resided down stairs with the landlady, a Mrs. Tompkins, happening to see me steal away with my offering, and guessing where I had gone, conceived the idea of playing a joke at my expense. Nannie taking her landlady into confidence, Mrs. Tompkins said:

"If you have a joke, let it be one worthy of our house. Take two large wheaten loaves, a plate of cookies, a dish of sliced ham and some tea and coffee, set the table and start her fire and hide in the adjoining room and see what she will do, then slip down stairs and we will talk it over and laugh."

Nannie had no sooner gotten all her arrangements completed, when she heard from her place of seclusion, heavy, tired footsteps on the stairway; next the door opened, and as I entered my surprise had no bounds. I laughed, I cried and pressed the warm loaves up to my cold, but grateful cheeks. Then I knelt down and asked God to bless the donors, and was just arising from my prayer when I heard retreating footsteps. Then I knew it was my Nannie whom God had sent to answer

the poor German woman's prayers, and Christ was with me.

When Miss Nannie returned to report the result of the surprise they had played upon me in my absence, she was not laughing as Mrs. Tompkins naturally supposed she would be, but instead was trying to hide some unbidden tears.

"You silly girl," ejaculated Mrs. Tompkins, "what could she have said or done to have so hurt your feelings and spoiled our fun?"

"She has not hurt my feelings, but I am convicted of my sins and have been for some time. First she threw up her hands in surprise, and said aloud, 'Who could have done it?' Then she knelt before God and asked Him to bless the food and then bless and save who ever brought it. This I knew meant me; here I am past twenty and not a Christian, nor have I ever given so much as a cup of cold water in the name of the Lord. Mary Still and I are both to appear and be judged on the same day by the same Judge. She has early given her heart to Christ, and is now, although poor, very poor, giving and doing all she possibly can, and I am doing nothing, but am making a reserve of my own poor heart. Now Mrs. Tompkins, where am I going to come out?"

Mrs. Tompkins being a genuine Christian lady, replied by saying: "I am really glad my dear girl, that this joke, while only thought of as fun, is going to be blessed of God to your conversion."

Early that evening Nannie found time to visit me at my room and tell me all, and asked me to spend a few moments in prayer with her; while we were praying she found peace and pardon, and next Sabbath joined the

church, and was ever after my companion in the work of charity.

Some time after this I received a note from a young lawyer, who was stopping for the time being in Baldwin, and was taken down with quick consumption. In the note he requested me to call at my earliest convenience, and read and pray with him. At first the tempter came in on me like a flood, and I would have remained at home only for again hearing the spirit calling after me and saying, "I was sick and ye visited me not." After hearing these words and knowing from whence they came, I fairly flew along the path to where the sick man lived. When I arrived at his room, it was not only to find him a stranger in a strange land, but that he was dangerously ill, and at this late hour unprepared for death and the realities of eternity. I at once asked him why he wished to see me.

He replied by saying, "He wished to ask if there was really anything in religion, or was it only a delusion, or a myth."

I replied by asking him, that if he wished to buy a valuable horse of me which I had owned for ten years, and I should tell him that I had tried the horse in every capacity in which a horse is expected to be used, and in every particular he had proven perfectly satisfactory, what more could you ask; and would this not be recommendation enough? After grasping the proposition lawyer-like, and viewing it from the various points, he replied:

"If it were a horse or any other tangible thing that I could see with these eyes, I could answer such a question without one moment's hesitation; but this thing of faith and the invisible Christ I cannot comprehend."

"But," said I, "you did not wait until I had finished

my comparison, and had told you of his benefits to me. I accepted this personal Christ when a child, and I know there was some change came over me while repenting of my sins, which so transformed me I could not possibly recognize myself, for I seemed to be another person. And I do say this religion, or Christ spirit, is the only genuine, lasting thing I have ever found. My dearest and best friends, persons whom I have loved as dearly as I have prized my own life, have misjudged me; or some deceiver has come in and robbed me of these. But in all these years no one has been able to separate my Christ from my bosom, and in every trial he has been my present help in time of need."

After this he said: "This is quite enough;" and quite unexpectedly to me he said: "Miss Still, please pray with me."

Had I bargained for such a cross as this when I vowed to go around the mountain by doing all I could do? My mind acted like lightning. The devil, Methodist preacher-like, always on hand and fully up with the times, was there, and said: "You are in a nice place for a young lady, here praying with this scoffing infidel." But the Christ within said: "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end."

Just then I resolved, I am not ashamed of him who died for me, and forthwith fell upon my knees and began to pray, commending him into the mercies of his mother's God.

When I arose from prayer he said: "My friend, it is as if a little streak of dawn were shining into my soul; my spirit is, oh so dark, I have rejected Christ so long and so openly. How can I expect any mercy at his hand?"

I will say I was only too thankful for the least ray of hope for him, and even told him as much. So I bade him adieu, leaving him with God.

CHAPTER XII.

REV. LEONARD NICHOLS IS CALLED TO REWARD.

MANY of the books of life are sealed and seem utterly useless to us, and yet these same mysterious books are of untold value to our eternal future. None of the whole library is more intricate than the one called "Tomorrow," for we never know a page ahead. A lesson, which at first glance we might pronounce mere rubbish, may prove in after years to be ledges of hidden wealth, which will be one of our revenues during the whole of life, making us joyful in eternity.

At the age of eighteen I happened—while reading "Tomorrow"—to turn to one of these seemingly dark pages, which has emitted light ever since. It was in this wise: My father being Presiding Elder of the First Methodist District in Kansas, he made the acquaintance of a very promising young man who had come with his aunt and uncle from the state of New York. These three lived on a newly opened farm, near Lawrence, and were named Nichols. The young man having lost his parents when quite young had made his home with these friends. Soon after meeting with my father he expressed a desire to enter the ministry; my father having the power, at once gave him a charge, and he went from house to house amongst the poor people, urging them to come to Christ. Of course all manner of trials awaited him, for then it was just as much as a man's life was worth to be a member of the old Methodist

church and go out amidst the bushwhackers which then invaded Kansas.

At one time a band of them entered his cabin and stole his clothing and destroyed all else necessary to a claim. When traveling near Fort Scott he was apprehended by the rebels and thrown into prison, where he remained for three months, until Gen. Lane with his forces liberated him. But nothing daunted he continued in the field and proved himself a workman of whom none need be ashamed.

He was instant in season and out; it made little difference where, or what his surroundings were, he never failed to urge people with loving words to come to Christ and be saved. To know him was to love him. From the day he became a visitor at our humble home, from the eldest to the youngest of our family looked for his stopping with us a few days with as much joy as if he had been an only brother.

He was medium height, with dark hair, large brown eyes, and well formed generally. It was not the outer man which so completely captivated us as a family, but that beautiful inner life of Christ externally shown. To hear him in prayer, not only opened one's heart, but their mind's eyes, and they beheld one speaking face to face with the giver of all good gifts, after which blessings began to descend all about the people like manna or cubes of fresh-made honey. When he preached to an audience, his lips were touched with live coals from the altar, and those dead in sin heard and sprung into life.

The effect of his three years' acquaintance upon my own life were lessons of purity of thought, all written on a snow-white page, without a dot or blot.

His last year's circuit being rather extensive for him he was given an assistant in the person of Jacob Davis.

Brother Davis told me, some months before his death, that as they drove over the vast uninhabited prairies going from one meeting to another, Brother Nichols would praise God aloud, and then look heavenward and exclaim. "Oh! what must it be to have completed the work of life and constantly see and be with our dear Lord, and be as He is?"

He came early one Wednesday morning and visited with us till after dinner the following day; when bidding us all a happy adieu, he remarked to me: "Miss Still, I will join you at the Baldwin City camp meeting on next Wednesday, and will be only too glad to make my home at your tent." On arriving at the campground on the day designated, it was my first care to look for my friend, who had never as yet broken his promise. I looked everywhere and even inquired if he had not come, when suddenly I am overtaken by our mutual friend, Brother Elsinas Young, who, with three little words took the nectar of my life and hid it within a place where I may not see it, unless I also die.

Brother Young said: "Miss Still, your friend W. L. Nichols is dead and buried."

Thirty years or more have passed since that day, and I am still asking, "Is death a friend or is he a foe? Did He still those laughing brown eyes, or did He only rest those by giving him brighter and better ones, like unto those of my Lord?" Hark! I hear a voice, it comes to me from beyond Calvary, which says: "The man is not dead, but lives and waits forever more."

Now let me tell you briefly how the messenger came for this good man. It was the Saturday following his visit to our house; he had dined and was ready to step into his carriage which was in waiting at the gate, when suddenly he was seized with a chill and dizziness.

They summoned a physician, and Brother Young, to whom he gave his dying charge for me, which was brief, as I am glad it was.

"Brother Young," said he, as he grasped him by the hand with the grip of death, "tell Miss Mary Still, while her work is just begun, mine is finished, and I am bidden by the Prince Himself to enter into my reward; then tell her I can't enjoy, as I had planned, the Baldwin camp meeting with her and the family, but will enjoy heaven with her and her parents."

What more could I ask or wish, than to know one so good and pure was really in waiting in the city of God for unworthy me. God looked down from heaven and saw that the spirit of his servant, Mr. Nichols, had grown too delicately fine for the storms of earth; then he might have noticed the weather-beaten aspect of his carriage as it stood in waiting at the gate below, and thought to give his faithful one a royal surprise by letting him ride in the Chariot of Israel, drawn by horses of fire, into the city above, while eager ones ever await the bidding of their Lord; for angels ministered to and conveyed the beggar from the rich man's gate up to the Paradise of God. If so, why may we not by faith see this dying man's room filled with heavenly ones, and amidst the throng his own beloved mother whom he had not seen since childhood?

Surely, it was a blessed change to one just starting out to fill an appointment in a town in Kansas, to be stopped in his plans and sent for to quit labor and come up to reward, to spend Sabbath in heaven; for as the sun went out of sight on that Saturday night leaving darkness behind, so he disappeared, leaving the light and glory of a well spent life in our memories.

If I stopped to question, and perhaps I did, I would

have asked, "Why are the best and most beautiful flowers taken, and the gnarled and thorny bushes left?" While I hearken, the answer comes back from the other side, "Only beauty and perfection through Christ wanted here."

If one chances to stroll amidst the sleepers in the cemetery at Lawrence, they will observe as a monument a most beautiful marble angel, keeping her virgils at the head of the ashes of him whom we loved, and while she never speaks, she with uplifted hand, points above, that passers by may know where the good man has gone. Sometimes this creature of stone seems to be transformed into flesh, and I have thought to hear her say: "As the water of the river is changed, leaving the sediments below, and reappears on the mountain in the form of beautiful snow, so of your friend; these are but his remains I guard, you know, in another form he appears where only angels go."

CHAPTER XIII.

LITTLE FREDDIE IS DEAD.

IT is bitter cold tonight; the winds are whistling and howling just like so many intoxicated fiends. The storm is wild without, the snow is falling and drifting everywhere. It has come so far, and been driven at the mercy of the wind, until it is glad of a window sill or fence corner against which to rest itself.

It is a well-defined Kansas blizzard, old enough to vote and large enough to marry. I am keeping Old Maid's Hall, have just stirred up and added another stick to my fire in my old-fashioned stove. I am fearfully lonely, wish I was home with father and mother, and sitting beside the ample fireplace.

I wonder what sisters Cassie and Marova are doing. I have not been home for so long—a month or more, at least, and that seems to me an age. How nice it is to be able to stay at home with one's parents; and how few girls seem to appreciate it.

I have always had, in some way or another, to push out amongst strangers and bear the burdens and sorrows of life. How strange it is, for I would so much have appreciated my home and parents, they were always so very dear to me. Things are so unequally divided in life, any way; there are many young ladies with a good home, even surrounded with luxuries, and with the very best of parents, who call their home a prison and their dear parents tyrants, and pine to break

these bonds that they may go free. Then I am so sensitive at times, when everybody's sorrows seem, like a flood, to drift in upon me.

These thoughts, and a thousand more, had come trooping in; the wind had seemed to drive them, with the snow, in through the cracks; and while the snow lay, like streaks of light, just where it had fallen on the floor, the thoughts had been like so many jagged spikes, driven by the force of circumstances into the over-tender heart. I had cried at intervals all day, especially when the professor or some of the scholars were not looking at me.

I really did not know just how to account for this stormy state of mind, and when our very kind teacher asked me if I was sick, just as I was stealing away at the close of school, I answered: "No, and that all thoughtful women cried and had such spells ever since Adam and Eve were driven out of the garden."

Now that I was within my own little home, and it stormed so without, I said "I will have my cry out." I had just seated myself by the stove, and placed my feet upon the hearth, and taken handkerchief in hand, and was about to begin, when I heard hasty footsteps in the darkened hall, coming toward my door. In another instant there was a tap, and the door opened, and there was my well-known friend Nanie Dunn, who said: "Sister Mary, our friend Frank Clayton is down stairs, and says he has come for you and I to accompany him over to neighbor McDonnell's, and also says their little boy is dying of membranous croup, and his father is also ill."

"Then," said he, "the child has been calling for you all the afternoon."

"But it is a terrible night, and a fearful thing to go out in such a storm as this," said Nanie.

"It is no difference," said I, "a few minutes more will find me by my little Freddie's side."

"If so," said Nanie, with a shrug and a chill of her whole frame, "I must accompany you. I am one of your number, and have found Christ as my Savior, and must have a part in this work."

My tears were all gone past any sudden recalling, and it was as well they were, for I think the cold wind would have turned them into ice as they fell.

When we arrived, Freddie was still alive, and knew me perfectly well. But the doctor said there was no hope for him, and he could not possibly last over the night. Freddie was a remarkably smart and pretty child; he had been a member of my infant class when it was pleasant enough for him to come, notwithstanding he was only five years old. We allowed him to come just because he wanted to; and if he grew sleepy and tired the professor would gather him up, to the amusement of the girls, and lay him on one of the rough seats, and tuck his overcoat under his head, which was literally covered with golden ringlets, so flossy and light; and there he would sleep until he would be quite refreshed.

This was the child baby of the infant Baker University, aged five years, who lay dying amidst poverty as great as that from which the angels bore Lazarus up to his home with God. Yes, he was being literally choked; the monster held him within his grasp; he had baffled the skill of the doctor, who had gone to his own warm home.

We were trying everything. So long as he could open those lovely blue eyes, or move the head covered with

those golden monticues, we had hopes; but after the turn of the night, as the winds blew fiercer, the old monster grew more defiant, the eyes lost their sparkle, the head ceased its turning, and the sick man, Freddie's father, reclined on the bed by his only son, crying as if his heart would break. Mother was kissing the little lips, which had lost all their responsive life, when suddenly the little hands, which had been crossed on his bosom, fell by his side.

The soul-sleepers would say that little Freddie is as a lamp which is blown out, and set away upon the shelf to rest, to be relit when Christ shall come again. But I write that I cannot see it in that light; that if Lazarus died at the rich man's gate, and was carried by a convoy of angels up into Abraham's bosom, to live and act where Abraham lived and talked with the rich man just over the gulf, who still felt an interest about his five brethren who were unsaved; so, when little Freddie died, he too was conveyed up and into heaven by angels, to live with God.

While friend Frank added fuel to the fire, and helped Nanie straighten the things which death always makes crooked, and washed and wrapped the dead in a winding sheet, and laid it aside; I took a look at the pinched and hungry faces of the man and his wife, and the two remaining little ones, and then looked into the kitchen, and knew from their poverty, coupled with the father's sickness and child's death, that the wolf must have gotten into the kitchen. I thought, while the others were working about I will take the candle in hand, and go out and prepare some refreshments with which to cheer up the grief-stricken father and mother. After searching everywhither I could only find a morsel of meal and some sugar.

Seeing the scarcity of the merest necessities of life in this house, and knowing just exactly what it meant, I quietly slipped out and away to my own home, and told my very dear friend Mrs. Tompson about Freddie's death, and asked her for some sugar and coffee; and while she prepared these and sundry other things, I slipped up the stairs with a stealthy tread, and lighted my lamp, and took my basket, and began to fill in out of my little store. I noticed that as I did faith had changed into a girl who seemed to be over half grown. How faith does grow as we scrape the bottom of the barrel for others, or take the last fifty-cent piece out of the purse with which to bless the coffinless dying, as I was doing that night.

As I took the basket on my arm, and thanked my friend for her willing response to my call for others, and stepped out into the storm again, I noticed that the wind had lulled to a low sighing; the fences, and everything in nature was snapping and cracking with the cold; the piece of a moon, what was left, was just fixing to retire, and as I stepped along in the crisp snow toward my friends, I seemed to hear singing. First it appeared to be a solo, the voice of a man, which sang: "I was hungry, and ye fed me." As I listened, and wondered who could be out on such a night on a serenade, the leafless trees and the twinkling stars joined in the chorus also, and sang: "I was hungry and ye fed me, was dying and ye ministered unto me." Then I recognized it was the voice of my Christ, who walked forth at all hours of the night, be it never so cold or dark, and sang to those who trusted in him.

After I entered with my basket on arm, and while I sat and rested, and tried to comfort the mourners about

their dead, Nanie spread the table, and served the sick man and his frail wife hot coffee and toast; and they said: "Thank God for friends in this our time of need."

The morning dawned as white and still as the room in which the remains of our dear Freddie lay, with face as cold as the frost on the window pane. The afternoon finds a score or more friends gathered amongst the narrow houses of the dead; and we lay our Freddie down gently to rest in Mother Earth's bosom; it is best she holds her children lovingly. We have no evergreens or flowers to scatter, but the sexton covered the grave with the freshly-fallen snow. And as we went our respective ways we said, "Gently rest and sweetly sleep, my child."

CHAPTER XIV.

MY FATHER'S LAST CHARGE.

AT best, it is a sad thing to grow old and feeble, and more especially so if one has led an active life. I did not realize the meaning of the word age, until I attended conference and heard my father's name read off, "Superannuated." With all my father's years of holy living, he was not just prepared to receive this announcement.

He arose, and with tears trickling down his cheeks, said: "My dear brethren, it is no easy thing after one has been in the active field, laboring for over fifty years, and when the laborers are so few and the harvest so great, to be laid away on the shelf as a useless thing. I would much rather have heard my death warrant read, especially if I was sure it came from my heavenly Father."

It was three years after this that my father's relation was again brought up in the conference, and he was permitted to hear another announcement, which was something like the following: "Clinton charge, Dr. A. Still."

It was fully a week after my father was appointed to his work that mother, sister Rovia and I set about preparing him for his first week's absence in his new field of labor. While mother helped to prepare his toilet, Marova rumaged the dusty attic for his old-time saddle-bags; after securing and dusting these, she placed in one side in the pocket the hymnal and Bible, and in the

other a few needed garments, I groomed and saddled the old grey horse.

He is already now, mother has even tied his necktie as he said, "Just like she did forty years ago." We are on our knees holding an impromptu prayer meeting, asking God to send success and a convoy of his strongest and best angels to go with father. We have all kissed him good-bye and stand in a little group and watch him just as we did in his going years ago when we were all little tots.

While father jogs along on his fourteen mile ride towards his last effective labor, mother—dear old darling—slips away into her bed-room and prays and cries.

She has always prayed while he has worked; why not when they are not only one as husband and wife, but one in Christ, and expect their rewards to be equal? When she came out she looked so submissively sweet, yet so troubled, that I knew she wished to speak to me, I asked, "What is it mother?"

She answered my question by saying, "Marda, I feel troubled about father undertaking so great a task at this age, and I do not feel just right about allowing him to start out on horse back alone while he is so feeble. No doubt Marda," she continued, "this is his last work as an itinerant preacher; I would not have consented at all to him taking a charge had I known about it. Then your father has already traveled and preached fifty years, and I believe that is all that God requires of him. Now daughter, what I more especially wish to speak to you about is this, I feel impressed that you will in some way have to wind up this last part of his life-work; and just so soon as you can close up the term of school which you have engaged to teach, you must take mules and the carriage and go with your father."

"All right mother," I replied, "I can drive the team and open gates, and then if he should become ill I can bring him home."

With this promise on my part, mother became quite reconciled to leave the matter in God's hands for the future. After the lapse of a week and a half, father returned, and angels laughed and gathered into the room with us to hear him give a recital of his meetings and of how God had given him power in speaking to the people.

"And what do you think, wife, I met with Old Lemuel and David Woodard, old friends of ours from the state of Virginia; these brethren heard me preach over thirty years ago. I was not at old uncle Lemuel's an hour until his wife, Polly, had killed two big yellow-leg roosters and was making a Methodist preacher's stew. And really, Martha," calling my mother by her first name, as he often did when much pleased or very earnest, continued, "they said I must not think of returning to my next appointment without bringing you; 'for,' said old uncle Lem Woodard, 'I had rather hear mother Still pray or speak any time than to hear the old doctor preach.'"

So it was at once decided that when my father again went to his appointment, he was to take the horse and carriage and be accompanied by our mother. The following and second visit was as we had planned. This father termed his "staking out trip," he and mother being absent a week, hunting up and visiting among the people, and finding the most suitable places in which to hold camp meetings.

My father was a thorough pastor in every sense of the word, leaving no family unvisited or unsympathized with in his charge; and I dare say his great soul-saving

power lay in this hand to hand work among the people. When father was entrusted by the Bishop with a charge, no amount of money would have induced him to leave this charge and go elsewhere looking after the things of the world.

The day for me to begin another branch of my life-work is at hand, and in a place and way I had least expected. Four miles north of my father's farm I was teaching the District School and boarding with a family by the name of Waters, he was a nephew of Dr. Wakefield, of medicine fame. They were a noble family, consisting of father, mother and two lovely little girls. Nellie, the eldest, a blonde with blue eyes, and Hattie, a brunette, was just in the prime of sweet baby-hood, bossing and making every one love her by her bewitching ways and the twinkle of her brown eyes. The father was a skeptic when talking, but when thinking of his dead mother and the future, like many others, he was on the Lord's side. Mrs. Waters had once belonged to church, but like many others coming to a new country, had neglected the one thing needful.

I have just closed my week's school duties, and had planned to walk over home to spend Sabbath; but on entering my boarding-place it was to hear from my hostess that Hattie had been calling for me for some minutes, and had even cried and would not be pacified when told I was going home. When I approached her crib, into which she had crept and fallen asleep, she at once awoke and climbed up into my arms, saying, as she did: "Hattie is sick."

I carried her to the window, and saw in an instant that she was not only sick, but very sick, looking as if death was already despoiling her lovely brown eyes. We at once summoned a physician and sent for her

At the Berry Creek camp-meeting we met with obstacles from the very first; the people called on God before a single tent was pitched; they did as the people at the preaching of Jonah, humbled themselves before God. And, in answer to their consecration and prayer, God manifested His presence in convicting and Holy Ghost healing power. He was so lovingly near that it seemed that all that was needed was to reach out the hand of faith and remove the curtain, so gauzy thin, and Christ's glorified body would be there in our midst.

On Sabbath morning we expected Brother L. B. Dennis, our Elder, to preach for us at 11 o'clock, for the night before my dear father, who was feeble at best, became ill of cholera morbus, and had to be removed to a house near by. When Sabbath dawned it was so lovely it looked as if the scepter of its maker, who had set it apart and hallowed it in the beginning, had been waved over it and the day was blessed.

By early dawn the people began to come in from every point of the compass. We had had our morning meeting. My dear father was convalescent, and friends had brought him over and set him in an easy rocker. Thank God for the friendship of those days.

The hour for preaching arrived, and with it no Brother Dennis to come before the audience, nor anyone else who would touch the cross in the way of filling the terrible hour. I had not thought of daring such a thing; but as I had, on first laying my hands to the gospel plow, torn up all the avenues of retreat behind me, I ran into our tent, and cried like a storm for perhaps ten minutes. Then went out, as calm as the bosom of the deep after a storm, before the audience.

and tremblingly read: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

The people's extremity and my weakness was God's opportunity to bless the worshipers, for the spiritual tide ran so high the meeting continued, with only a few minutes' intermission, all day. And many, very many, were reclaimed and pardoned during that day.

There were workers at that meeting, Sister Stoffer and David and Thomas Woodard, who when praying could come nearer God than any whom I have ever heard pray. Then for singers, whose lives were like a holy song, we had Brother Harry White and Sister Stansfield, and her sisters Mrs. Reese and Nellie Terril.

That night, when I again spoke, and called for penitents or those who desired a full consecration, it was as if God had spoken to every one on the encampment, for they all began to think, and cried out, "What shall I do to be saved?"

Many of these meetings were seasons of wonderful Holy Ghost power, much after the old pentecostal order. People, while listening to the preaching of the word, would fall powerless, and continue in that condition for hours; but when their strength returned, with it came a blessing which made them like the restored lame man, who leaped for joy. Nor were those who were affected in this manner ever ashamed to speak or pray, or own their Lord. I have observed that when such a miraculous work as this was done in one's soul, they proved faithful in all after years; nor were they satisfied to be idlers in the Master's vineyard.

In the month of November following our camp-meetings my father's health failed, and the field lay white unto the harvest; and the people said I might do the harvesting, and begin where my father left off. I

had thought it an honor for the Lord to permit me nearly a century afterward to go as a missionary to the same Indians who had killed my grandparents. Now I felt it a double honor to finish up the task of so good a man as my father was.

In order to be in the midst of my work I accepted the position of teacher of the public school at Clinton, by being allowed an assistant in the person of a Mrs. Terril, a widow lady of great mental and spiritual power; and thereby I was able to fill all my father's appointments, and carry up to Conference all the reports and collections for the year.

At one of my Sabbath meetings at Clinton, after preaching from "What shall we do if the foundations be removed?" I had spoken of the Bible, the Spirit and Christ as the Christian's foundations. I had also noticed, while speaking, a number of men whom I knew to be infidels occupying the front seats. Much to my surprise, when about to close, their leader, a Mr. Hyatt, arose and asked to speak a few minutes. I said, in reply, "Most certainly; speak on." And this is what he said: "I am glad I have been permitted to live to see Abraham Lincoln liberate the slaves, but I am more thankful to God, if there is a God, that I have lived to see the day when a woman dare stand in the pulpit and defend her Christ and her religion as he had heard me do on that day."

Could any one have said more, or could I possibly have been more happily surprised? No.

CHAPTER XV.

MY MARRIAGE.

AFTER closing my school of several months at the town of Clinton, fourteen miles from our home, preaching over a hundred times by way of closing up my father's last charge of fifty years labor in the ministry, I return home to make arrangements to be married. I have been corresponding with a young man residing in Canada by the name of T. M. Adams, son of a methodist minister. The correspondence originated through the young man's brother, Joseph, whose acquaintance I had made prior to our correspondence.

I have about got my arrangements completed when I hear the watch dog at the gate challenging some one's approach to the house. When I looked out of the window I observed Joseph Adams and wife, who resided at Baldwin City, accompanied by a stranger whom they introduce as the man to whom I am engaged to be married. To some it might look quite romantic, but to me marriage always appeared too serious and far reaching in its influence to be anything but a light frivolous matter. I did not ask the young man whether he was pleased with me or not. When first introduced to my mother and father he was only too pleased to accept them as his own, which settled the whole matter by asking them to give their consent for me to become his wife; after this was obtained, the rites of matrimony were solemnized by our Presiding Elder, Rev. Strange Brooks, in the presence of thirty witnesses, and I

dropped the very inappropriate name to me of Still, and became Mrs. Adams.

Mr. Adams being a local preacher was given the Centropolis charge under the Elder, and we each had our appointments, and thus together we labored for the cause of Christ. The first year we held one very successful camp meeting at Attoy Creek, at which many were converted and united with the church.

In connection with my marriage romance I would like to give my readers a few thoughts on marriage and divorce. There is perhaps no Christian but believes marriage to be of heavenly origin, and was of God's own planning. Nothing could have been more beautiful than the story of Eve's creation and presentation and marriage to Adam. God, their maker, being the Master of ceremonies, while angels went forth amid the beauties of the garden to help celebrate the marriage of the then sinless pair.

If people of today were taught by their parents the importance of marriage and the magnitude of the step they were taking, the young people, and especially the members of the church, would be more careful and more prayerful. Knowing when this step is once taken, nothing but death can sever the tie. There is a secret of unseen life in the two becoming one all the lawyers in the land cannot cut or kill; for, saith the word of God, "Who so marryeth her that is divorced committeth adultery." And yet the people go on in violation of the law of God just as if there was no God.

Now I would say to all marriageable people look well to who you are going to marry. And if it be the man to whom these words shall come: "When once this step is taken, defend and provide for your family at

all hazards." God says: "The man that provideth not for his own household is worse than an infidel."

This helpless wife and your feeble children are to be your first care, and every other thing only secondary. To provide for your family don't mean for you to give poor Helen a few dollars, which will but cover the barest necessities of life, and then you take all the remainder and hand out to your relatives and a hundred and one others.

If you do not provide for these creatures of your home, you will not only lose your wife's love and respect, but your children's as well. Then to the men and women both I will speak: If you are living in wedlock, guard well your marriage vows; never allow any third person to enter the chambers of the soul to see where these jewels are kept; let no one but God and yourselves know the place of their keeping. If you do, serpents both slimy and wise will enter and kill this tree of heavenly origin, and instead of a beautiful tree of heavenly birth, bearing in the midst of your home fruit unto eternal life, you will have the deadly Upas bearing lust and divorce, which will fairly curse the land.

Now I have a little story I picked up somewhere, it is about Adam and Eve; if not they of the garden, it sounds much like all the Adams and Eves with whom I have met. If by reading it anyone is led to shun the devil and stay under the tree of life, I am paid for penning it to you.

God called this state, of which I have been writing, "Holy Matrimony." And holy it would have remained until today had the first pair stayed under the tree of life, obeying God and leaving the devil alone. This is something how the story runs, and the writer thinks Adam as much to blame as Eve:

They had breakfasted on Ostrich eggs and toast; they were going to have family prayer, but Adam was in a big hurry and so they didn't. He hastily puts his cuffs and collar on as if going somewhere. Eve asks:

"Where are you going, my dear?"

"Oh, no where much," he answers, man like when going to do something they know is not right.

He knew just what plans were in his mind, and knew he would not like Eve to treat him just so. When will men and women learn to be true in wedlock? They know full well every small sin leads to a greater, then wrong is visited back on its perpetrators and afterwards upon the poor children.

Finally he told Eve he wanted to take a little run outside of the garden; would follow the river a ways around the mountain, which was near the garden, and would bring back nuggets of gold out of which he would make her some jewels. The truth was, when looking at Eve, he thought her so beautiful he began to wonder if there were not more Eves around somewhere.

His wife asked him if she could not go with him; to this he replied:

"No, never!"

It would not do for her, woman that she was, to go out of the garden, or leave "the tree of life" for a moment. When he had said this, he kissed her and was gone, and when once he was outside of the garden gate, distance was nothing to him, for he was so busy with thought that morning, and then he did not feel just right someway about leaving his wife and home; still he was so in need of a change. And he found his change in waiting for him, just as every other man or woman will find who leaves a good home where God has

placed them, and goes out into uncertainty to find something new.

Instead of the beautiful garden of Eden which he had just left, he had wandered into a deep, dark canyon, filled with tall trees and covered with great jagged thorns; then the ground was covered with sharp stones and slimy reptiles, and he cut his foot on one of these stones, and a huge spider bit him on the hand and he cried out in fear. Then he heard some one calling him, and on looking up saw old Mrs. Ape, a great fat old woman, all covered with long hair.

"Ah!" thought Adam, "I have one lady any way and it will be a change, she is so different from Eve; I scarcely know what to say," but began by saying: "Good morning, Mrs. Ape."

"Good day sir," she replied.

"How long have you lived here, madam?"

"Two or three hundred years sir," she replied.

"Have you any family?" he continued to ask.

"Yes sir; an old man and fifty children; but my old man is not half so handsome as you are."

How this speech of flattery did please Adam and caused him to laugh out-right, when one of old Mrs. Ape's children, who was climbing about in the cocoanut trees, hearing Adam laugh, pulled off a cocoanut and threw it at Adam's head, striking him and almost felling him to the ground.

After this, Adam remembered that in his haste he had left the garden gate open. Then he asked Mrs. Ape if there was any snakes about.

"Yes," she replied, "there were great dens of them on either side of the mountain, which came out from this very hour and destroyed every living thing which could not climb trees and jump from limb to limb.

There is no possible escape for you but to go over the mountain."

About this time Adam thought the garden of Eden and his wife a good enough place and good enough company for any sensible man, and how he did long to return.

It was with Adam as it has been with every other man, much easier to do wrong and even go wrong, than to undo the deed and get back to the first starting point.

Mrs. Ape and a dozen or two of her children went a ways with Adam to show him the path over the mountain; and as they did they all declared they were in love with Adam, and were going home to live with him.

On hearing this, Adam was frightened out of his wits, and no telling what he would have done, if not just at this moment old man Ape had not caught up with them and accused Adam of stealing his wife and family.

When Mr. Ape had accused Adam thus falsely, he ran upon him and struck him, and would have killed him, only that Mrs. Ape and the children gathered Adam up in their arms and carried him, and then set him down, and told him to run for his life.

For this kindness Adam gave the girls the nuggets of gold which he had gathered for Eve; then he gave the old lady his cuffs and collars. Then he fairly flew up the mountain side, until he got in sight of home.

How beautiful the garden looked to him after this day's experience, while he thought to rest a moment, and look over the garden. To his great dismay, as he looked down towards the gate, he espied a great serpent wending its way through the very gate he had left open in the morning, and was making its way

towards the tree of knowledge, where his wife, in her fright, was sure to go in search of her lost husband.

Sure enough, there she was, far away from the tree of life, under the tree of death, talking to the very serpent which had come in at the very gate he himself had left open in the morning.

What occurred after this between Adam and Eve I need not stop to write, for their history and the story of their disobedience and punishment for talking to and obeying the devil is too well known to require any repetition or republication.

It is noon of the twenty-fourth day of March, 1864. Beautiful springtime, gladdest season of the year, why not joyful when nature's resurrection and life-giving hour has come, and things both animate and dead, spring into life? Even mother Nature comes forth decked in princely robes of green, which are dotted all over with flowers of every hue.

Something has happened within our home, which not only makes us glad, but puts a new melody in the song of the twittering bird. This something happening, which I have hinted at, was the coming of a dainty little creature, which a dear old lady has robed in fleecy flannels, then, pressing it up against her bosom, hands it into my care, saying as she did so: "Here, my daughter, is your first-born son."

From the very moment I looked upon him I realized he had come to give my husband and I new and more sacred relations to each other; and his coming was causing to be born into life a multitude of new responsibilities, which if neglected would bear to us bitter poisonous fruit; but if, on the other hand, we cultivated them rightly as they came, would bring in a golden harvest for the future.

Our first act was to consecrate him by prayer into the care of our ever-present Christ.

At the dinner hour, as my father passed the roast fowl to some ladies who chanced to be dining with us, I heard him remark to my mother: "Wife, I have a name for the boy."

"What is it?" asked my mother.

"Abraham Lincoln," was his quick reply.

"He is named, dear father, after his two venerable grandparents, and Abraham Alvah is his name," was my ready reply to the naming portion of the program.

This year my husband was given the Ohio City work, which extended over many miles of country. Mr. Adams secured several lots in the new county seat, Ottawa, and to this place we moved the parsonage from Ohio City, by placing it upon four wheels, then in front of these wheels hitching a number of yoke of oxen.

Just as the sun went out of sight behind a storm-laden sky, the faithful oxen appeared in the distance, hauling the parsonage containing all our household goods; when this reached the proper spot it was transferred from the wheels to a foundation.

This was a fearfully cold Kansas winter, and we had neither matting or carpeting to protect our feet from the cold. Mr. Adams secured a wagon, and hauled our fire-wood a distance of six miles.

Notwithstanding I had a fine fat baby, and was one of the happiest mothers in Kansas, I could not be contented without trying to turn many to the Lord. And now, upon looking back, while my seven children were small did they ever hinder me, when wishing to preach, from doing so? If God gave me a message and told me to deliver it, he invariably provided me help to hold or care for my children.

At Ottawa, while my husband went up into the town hall and preached, I had an appointment in the house of a lady who was sick unto death with slow consumption.

At this place the Lord gave us a gracious revival, and many were converted and added to the church. During the year we held two camp-meetings, which were greatly blessed in reclaiming backsliders and bringing souls to Christ. At these meetings, when a call would be given to persons to come forward and seek a clean heart, some were seized upon by the Holy Spirit, and were prostrated for hours; and when they would come to consciousness it would be with such a perceptible "death to sin" and a new life in Christ, they would shout and give glory for hours, because of the baptism of the Holy Ghost. And when the tide rose high, and God came down and dwelt amidst his own, the meetings continued nearly all night.

These days, which seemed to have no end on account of the nearness of the "Emanuel, or God with us," we called the days of the Son of Man. Oh, for more of these; for then were the parents' prayers answered in behalf of their children.

On many of these charges the Methodist Church was just making a beginning. At some points we had only a half-dozen members, if any. The people were all poor alike; new beginners in a new country, and that just after the close of the war.

† The preachers of today cannot realize the poverty and struggles of the itinerants and their wives of that day. With all our labors and faithfulness, we often had to go to God direct and ask Him to lead us to the next meal. At one time, especially while in Ottawa, the cruse of oil and the barrel of meal were empty. Mr.

Adams had gone with our ponies and wagon six miles to cut and bring a load of wood to keep us from freezing, for the winter was very cold. I had given my trusting baby his dinner, for he had a secret store-house which I could not touch. He had had a banquet, and was sleeping as sweetly within his old-fashioned cradle (made of a small goods box), and as contentedly, as if his mother owned a never-failing bank; which she did, but didn't always have access to it.

This morning, while baby slept, I prayed and pleaded for food, and as I did God heard me, and sent a woman to call upon me, and as she heard the voice of prayer within she tarried upon the threshold and listened; then with surprise said: "Is it possible that the woman who lugged that babe in on her breast, and but yesterday stood before us and preached, and begged us, with tears in her eyes, to come to Christ, is now going hungry; and I out of Christ, and know no want? I must not allow this to be. First, I will minister to this family's wants, and next confess my sins and seek pardon."

After making these vows she lightly stepped away from my door, and went home and filled a basket with sundry groceries, and on her return met with a doctor, to whom she told of her intended call at the more than destitute parsonage. Then she asked the gentleman if he could not add a penny to her mite.

"Most gladly," responded the doctor; "I will send five dollars to any lady who will go out against such odds as that, with babe in arms, to give the people the bread of life."

I had hastily arisen from prayer, and was drying my tear-stained face, when I heard rap! rap! at the door, and there stood a stranger, a lady, who was

accompanied by a boy, who bore in his hand a bucket full to the brim of something, which seemed to be groceries, and in a basket which she also carried were more bundles.

With some confusion she said: "Please excuse me, but I was at your door this morning, and accidentally caught a word of your prayer, in which you were asking for food, and I have taken the liberty to help God grant your prayer. So please in His name accept these groceries, and five dollars from a friend who attends your services."

I am ashamed to write that I was astonished, and did not expect anything like that, and hardly knew what to say, after knowing God as my help in time of need for over fifteen years. I knew God had sent the ravens to feed Elijah, and had cared for many more of his children in answer to prayer; but how dared I of little faith expect immediate answers from the Lord?

From this work we were sent to the circuit just across the Kansas River from Topeka. Here the people were even poorer than on the former charge. There was no church or parsonage, and the would-be Christians were having a regular feud among themselves! and if the minister and his family even spoke to one faction, the other were their enemies. Consequently I had to teach school for our food and clothing, for the most angry faction would do nothing for our support.

On this charge, with the help of brother J. D. Knox, the pastor at Topeka, and our now sainted father, Dr. Still, we held one camp-meeting, at which many were brought to the cross.

This years' labors of preaching and teaching and

anxiety told heavily upon my health, for support was not to be had; some paid of what they had, and more did not pay at all, the result of this disorganized state of affairs. No one ever knew the darkness of the night the preacher's family passed through.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE TRANSPLANTING OF OUR SECOND CHILD.

AFTER closing a year of faithful labor on the Rochester work, and finding ourselves more destitute than ever, my husband decided to take a local relation to the church. While on our way to my father's house we met with the following incident:

We drove into the rear yard of a friend residing in Topeka, who asked us to take lunch with them. After my husband disposed of the team and came in, I asked:

"Did you bring your overcoat and blankets in?"

"No," said he, "Brother Sexton says they are perfectly safe, nothing has ever been stolen."

"But," said I, "my uneasiness is so great I cannot rest."

On hearing this the family said I was nervous and it was not a premonition at all. Still I could not drive the warning out of my mind, but for appearance sake I said nothing more about it. When we had dined and thought to pursue our journey, lo, and behold! blankets and overcoat are gone, and worst of all, no money to replace them with.

The police are notified and search is made, all to no purpose. "Then," said I, "as we have not heeded God's warning to us, all we can do is to have prayer and ask God to stop the thief." Quite unceremoniously we all knelt before the Lord in prayer, and I must say I got an assurance, then and there, that God would turn our seeming loss into a blessing.

After we had gone about three miles on our journey, just where the roads forked, one going towards Lawrence and the other in the direction of my father's house, there sat the thief on the bundle of things; they and the poor man's conscience had become far too heavy for him to carry, and there God had stopped him. When Mr. Adams approached him he did not offer any resistance.

We said: "Sir, what are you doing with our goods?"

"I just bought the whole outfit from a traveler, but if they belong to you, take them, and I will give you five dollars also, if you will go on your way and leave me undisturbed."

Of course we were only too glad to accept the man's proposition, giving him in return a small sermon, which he promised faithfully to heed.

In the month of June we had another lovely boy loaned to our care for a short time only, whom we christened Edward Phillips. Mr. Adams at this time had engaged with Mr. Waters, my old friend, at whose house I preached my first sermon, but who is now residing in the city of Lawrence, and is State Agent for the introduction and sale of Dr. C. Wakefield's family medicines.

Mr. Adams is traveling establishing local agencies and distributing medicines. While he is absent I spend my leisure hours very happily in missionary efforts among the colored folks, who are coming in numbers from the South. In their African Methodist church I organized a Sabbath school, numbering over a hundred. Scarcely one of all that number could read, but with hours of persistent toil each Sabbath afternoon, I succeeded in bringing many good willing laborers out of their number, some of whom were soon able to take the

entire charge of the work. Amidst these I found some of the most beautiful and finely polished jewels, whose every word and look spoke of the sweetness of the King's life, whom they were serving.

One of this number of very rare jewels was known as old aunt Pheba; she had spent many years of hard servitude. In the days of cruel slavery she had all the family ties cut, and her husband and children scattered; now her only hope of ever seeing them again lay, as she said, "in her faithfulness to her Lord."

I was first attracted to her cabin by her sweet singing which ever floated in to me on the evening air just as I laid down to sleep. When I visited her in the garret where she stopped, I found her to be nearly eighty years old and only able to tend the woman's children with whom she stayed.

I never met with any one who was so eager to hear of heaven and of what others thought about the place. She would do anything for me which lay in her power, if I would only read to her from God's word, so she would be sure Christ said He would come for her at death. She then knew it was a divine truth and a reality, and that when the hour of her dissolution came He would be at her bedside to fulfill His word.

She wished me to read of "The Father's House," for she desired so much to get acquainted with its size and location. Then she asked:

"Is you shu there am three gates on each side?"

"So says my Bible, auntie," was my reply.

"Da is dar, honey," was her trusting reply.

I was sent for early one morning by a messenger saying she was dying. I went, and found her Lord was there in advance of me; I knew it by her countenance. I only had time to read a Psalm and pray, before she left

earth to go with her Jesus, to find her long lost loved ones.

Some have asked if our colored friends would be dark in heaven. This I can not answer, but one thing I can tell you is, that they will be like their Lord, and be as He is, and that is quite enough.

During this fearfully cold winter our little boys had grown nicely. My husband has been absent for five weeks and it now lacks one week of his return. I have had a vision about my babe Eddie which causes me to try by faith to hide myself in Christ.

This is my dream: I thought some one came and lead me to a flight of stairs, with one end resting upon the earth, while the other was lost to sight in the heights above. Sitting on the fourth step was a beautiful young lady, dressed in garments of white. I could not just make out whom she could be, unless it was my niece who had died only a short time before. I did not care so much who she was, but so soon as I saw and knew her to be of heavenly origin I was determined to ask her many questions. The first was, "How does heaven look?" To this she made no reply, but commenced ascending the stairs, and I following, until we came within hearing and in sight of the unutterable things which mortals are not permitted to write about. Just then I thought of my children, and felt if I did not speak and ask to return, I would soon be out of the boundary limit for people of this life. At seeing my fear she only laughed, for there was no sadness about her glorified face. Just then we began our easy and noiseless descent, seemingly as airy and light as a sunbeam; this continued until we came within reach of the ground, and she tremblingly poised on the third step from the

ground. Next I asked, "What do people appear like in the future state?"

To this inquiry she made answer by saying, "Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God," then moved up a step as if she was going to depart, when I again eagerly asked:

"What do children appear like in the future state?"

"Go," said she, "and bring me one of yours and I will show you."

I ran with all haste, intending to bring her Alvah, my eldest, but to my surprise he was nowhere to be found, and in my eagerness gathered our baby Eddie; who lay slumbering in his little cradle bed. When she saw him she began to laugh with delight, and held out her arms as if to take him to her bosom. He glided gently from my arms, and was drawn at once into her embrace, and as I beheld him beneath the reflection of beauty it was to see my babe transfigured into a cherub, having snowy wings, seeming to be composed of flecks of golden sunlight; when I noticed this I grasped at him and asked: "Does God mean to take my child away?"

To this she replied by saying, "Happy is the mother of angels."

As I again made another fruitless attempt to get my child I awoke, and she seemed to escape through the partially uncurtained window and was gone. When I arose and dressed myself to ponder in my heart the purport of my heavenly visit, my brother and his wife asked me if I was sick. I replied I was not, but had seen a vision which troubled me. When I told them about it in the most minute details, they said there was no doubt in their minds but what God had, in his kindness and for my weakness given me a peep into the

future, in order to prepare me for some coming trial, and without that insight I would not be able to bear it. Then they both kindly told me to cast all my care upon Jesus who careth for me.

It is now Saturday night, and just one week since my vision. Our babe has had an attack of membranous croup, but is much better so far as we can see; he has been unusually sweet in his romping with Alvah and I. Several times when attempting to kiss me he has slightly bitten me just enough to leave the prints of two little ivory teeth on my cheek, and I have intuitively said to some invisible one, "you can't have my Eddie yet."

My husband, whom we were looking for has returned, and just stepped in and grasped his babe to his arms, and while the little one pulled at his papa's face with his little knowing love, Mr. Adams asked, "Are you really all alive?"

When I answered, "Yes, thank God!" he said:

"I have suffered much with a strange uneasiness for several days, and certainly expected to find some one of you sick or dead."

While he went to the stable to feed his horses, I put our babe, who was already dressed in his nighty, into the cradle where he fell asleep. After my husband came in and sat down to his tea, I told him of my strange vision, and of the meeting I had been permitted to have with a creature from another world. At the recital of which, Mr. Adams wept and said: "It is strange, to say the least, but it may have come from nervousness."

After two hours, when time to retire had arrived, and we were all ready to lay down to sleep, I lifted the babe out of the cradle to put him in our warm bed, when

lo, he was choking with membranous croup and congestion of the brain. To me, my first sensation was of some unseen one in the room who had come to claim our treasure, and while the storm howled and winds blew without, death—the monster—baffled every skill within, and stilled our babe into icy coldness.

And I must say, as did Job of old, "let forgetfulness come over that night," of the terrible suffering of our darling, and let my ears cease to hear that cough and my eyes blind to those spasms which stabbed every sensitive nerve of my soul.

Just at dawn, through the beautiful gates ajar our baby passed far from mortal sight, and while our hearts were left bleeding and sore, a noiseless shining one came and stood in our midst, saying, "I am the resurrection and the life, though a man die, yet shall he live again." At that moment how bitter the cup, but bless God His grace sweetened it all.

At this writing years have fled; I am looking back from a very different standpoint, and I would not have my child back in this world of sin if one beck of the hand would bring him, oh, no. Then, I could not see the Divine hand; human weakness screened it from my blurred vision, but I see it now, even to the prints of the cruel nails where they pierced Him, as death in the loss of our babe pierced our hearts and left them bleeding.

I have said it is twenty years since my baby went away; yes it is several years more than that. Then I used to say he is dead, but I don't use that word any more, for he has only out-traveled me by some miles. "Dead," no, not by any means, when he seems and is really with me as often as my other children, blowing the warm breath of his life on my soul to cheer me up.

CHAPTER XVII.

REWARD OF FAITH.

MY labors among the colored people in Lawrence were successful far beyond my most sanguine expectations. Old and young alike gathered in the Sabbath-school to learn to read the word of God. I found many of them, during slavery, had been so hedged in by cruel circumstances there was nothing else left to bring them a ray of hope, only to take God at his word. It was certainly so in the incident I am about to relate.

I, with other friends, am in attendance at a quarterly meeting held by the elder, Rev. Wilkerson. During the love feast several had spoken. We noticed an old lady, feeble and quivering with age, trying to arise. She at last succeeds; then tells of the rewards of faith, because she and her husband had taken God at His word; and points to the substance of their hope, then sitting by her side, in the person of their daughter Amanda, who has just arrived after being separated since she was at the age of eight years. This is her story, given as nearly as possible in her own words:

“Dear brodren and sisterns, I speaks wid de greatest boldness ob God bein’ a gentleman who de folks can depend upon in da hours ob need. If you am in need, and ax anything in de name ob de precious Lamb, God gives it you, ef it takes Him forty years to do it. One day, over twenty years ago, when we lived away down in Georgie, and were slaves, and worked on a cotton

plantation, we seed a mighty bad-looking strange white man round wid ole Mossa. Dis made us orful oneasy, kaze we jist no’d he war a slave buyer; and den, wot made it wus was de folks is in a pinch for money. When we start to de field to work I begins to worry, but my ole man said, ‘Mamma, da is no danger to us; we only has one chile, and she is lame in de hip.’ ‘But, dady, she am a mity trusty chile for eight years’ ole, and no tellin’ what dis fellar wants.’ After dis talk wid de ole man we goes about our work, specting to see our chile when we gits home at night. When night came and brought our home comin’, we had no poo’ lame Manda to come limping out to meet us. And when da tell us our chile bin sold and gone, and da don’t no de man’s name, nor whar our chile am to, our poo hearts am just broke, and dady and me takes on a powerful lot; but ole Mossa tell us to shet up or he mighty near flog us to deaf. When we war grieved til we war almost sick, dady axed me ‘Ef I didn’t no we have a God wot am mighty strong an a help in need?’ I sais, ‘Dady, do yo spek he no’s us poo black creatures?’ ‘Why not,’ says de ole man, ‘when He made us wid his own spectable hands, and says that no good thing will he keep from his chillen. That is what brodder Abe Fillpot says about it, and you no he is a powerful wise bible reader. He says we can’t do nothin’ any way to help ourselves, but said we can just go to God and ax, and wait, and God is sho to bring her to us, or us to her, ef it am best. And broder Fillpot says a thousand years am with God only as long as one day; that time am nothing to Him, time am only for us. And when we ax Him to brung her back, we must go out loike Elijah did, and look to see his cloud, which hold de rain; and we must keep a-lookin’, if for

forty years, for our gal, and when we needs her most she is sho to come.' After dady tell me that I takes my chile and leaves her wid God, and goes to prayin' and lookin,' and we prayed and looked for twenty years. And here is our Mandy by my side this morning. Oh, glory. After the slaves war freed, an we is talkin' of 'grating to the norf, the ole debil he come a-gallop in' along powerful smart, and axed me whar our Manda was goin to come in ef we went away. I said: 'You just shet up, you ole liar; it am none ob yo business anyhow. And if God no enough to free us colored people, He am wise enough to send our Manda after us. We is not jest in need of her yit.' After that the Lord seem to speak loud to our hearts, and dady he say he is 'sho we see our chile; that the Lord am gittin nearer evry day.' Yestarday mornin," said the old lady, as she hastened on in the narration of her story, "after we read and had prar, dady he act mity quar, and went to dressin up. I didn't no what he mean, for we is powerful poo—no coffee or bread, or even a scrap of bacon. And I thought he war goin' out wid his ax and hunt for a job of wood cutting. But he says: 'Mamy, I is goin' again to look for our chile; I feels that she is mighty nigh, and we is in need, we can't work no mo, and our God has said he would supply all our needs; and ef our chile come at all she is on the way now.' When I seed I could not move dady, and saw him put on his shiny hat wot brodder Fillpot gin him, I says: 'See here, honey, 'our Manda am no mo a little girl, she am a big woman; and how is you guin to no her? and how is she guin to no our name? she done forgit it long ago.' 'Mamy,' said de ole man, 'you never mind to be a doubtin. Ef God am wise enough to take care of all the rest, can't He do this

little finishing job, when we is most done wid trusting Him.' After he say this preachin' to me, Dady he take his ole cane what he brung from Virginny, and hobbled off up to Massachusetts street; and dare, sho enough, he tells me he sees a lame woman clime out of a travelin wagon, and he no'd at once that it was Manda; for he said it war just as ef some one had all these years had hold on both of their hands, and at the right time spliced them together. And the next moment they was on tha way to find old mama. When the ole man am gone I gits mighty oneasy, my ole heart feels powerful warm, and it beats dreadful fast—I almost chok for breath. We is mighty poo, and in great need; we jist cooked the last drawin' of coffee and tea for me and the old man the day afore; and I takes a tea cup, and goes over to see sister Sally Rice, and axes her for a few grains of coffee, and tole her how quar I felt, and how dady had gone to look for our chile, and I had just got back, and was making a drap of coffee, when I hears some one at the doo calling 'Mother! mother!' and there, shoo enuf, was dady and our Manda, a great big, likely woman, who gathered me up in her arms, and almost squooze me to deaf. Then after we bin tell her how good God had been to us, and how much we need her now that we was all worn out and old, she done brung out ob her sachel a big bag of silver dollars and greenbacks—fifty dollars or more—and we were so rich and happy we could not sleep till nigh unto morning."

I will say, when the old auntie took her seat there was more than one in that meeting who was crying and shouting glory to God for His never-failing watch care over His children.

Up to this time in my life I had looked upon God as

some great king, living away off in some remote part of His great universe, with everything that His heart could wish, free from want or care, ever enjoying the presence of His only well-beloved Son—which seemed quite enough for any one, especially if they loved their son as I loved my Alvah or Eddie. But now the recital of this story had annihilated the distance between God and my poor little self, and He seemed all about us and within us, and mindful of His smallest creatures.

And hitherto my idea of Christ had been a very vague one—a conception of a kind of an invisible something or presence which gathered up burdens of sins, and carried them away, and at times blessed favored ones. Now the floating New Jerusalem had glided near, and I had seen the glorified body of Christ step out, and gather up little children in His arms, and bless them; then I could really see Him giving sight to the blind and bread to the hungry, as He had to old auntie and uncle, by sending home their child, now a strong woman.

God had not only watched over them all these years, as He had thousands of others of their race, but had His never-slumbering care over their daughter; and amidst all the wanderings of twenty years, without their having once heard from her, had led her and them to meet, and then laid their hands and hearts into each other, with the same love and care one for the other they had had twenty years ago.

One morning I am sent for in haste to go and see old Aunt Pheba, she is the same one of whom I have written—Amanda's mother. She now lays dying, she no longer needs faith, for she is one of the heirs apparent to the "Golden Throne," and about ready to come in possession of things hoped for. She desired me to

read a Psalm and offer prayer; when I had complied with her wish she bade us a loving farewell, folded her arms over her breast and was gone to see Him in whom she had trusted so implicitly.

Amanda not only laid her mother out in peace, but had health and strength given her to minister to her father's declining years; nor did she ever allow him to work again.

From the day of her restoration to her home, it was heaven for the aged parents to go to heaven in. Did you ever think of it, reader, that when God did anything it was not done by halves? When He sent the manna to feed the children of Israel, it fell oft and came in abundance; then when He decided for His chosen ones to have meat, the sea turned into a mother bird of wondrous capacity, and her brood of tender broilers astonished the world. It was quail on toast until the people had meat unto their fill.

When he sent us a Savior it was not some one else's child. Oh! no, but His only son, the exact image of the Father, sent to give His life for us, then bring us home to see the "glory He had with the father before the world was."

I never knew or realized what this gift meant until I had a son of my own, and saw in his features and actions, not only a picture of his father, but features and actions of my relatives for several generations back. In this son I saw what a chain of love God had given me, by opening up whole stores of new associations in my own life. I was really so happy when my first boy came I could not sleep the first night, my soul was so glad. I thought it was no wonder the Shepherds could not sleep at Bethlehem; nor did I wonder that angels left the joys of heaven to be first to tell the news "that

a Savior, Christ the Lord has come, and in His coming the sweetest and most precious gift to man." By His life help has come to every nation and to every condition in which people are placed.

The Apostle said: "I can do all things, Christ strengthening me." And so he could.

A woman, within a stones throw of where I write, was afflicted with a cancer. She had it cut out, but it came back as bad as ever, and was literally eating her up from her lovely family, and without immediate help she must die. She called on the Lord; He spoke to her in her distress, then sent in answer to prayer, a woman to tell her of a doctor who could, by a plaster, kill the cancer. The almost dying woman tried the means to which she was divinely directed, and her life is saved. "In God we trust."

During the war, and especially while Kansas was a bone of contention, there were many laughable as well as sad things occurred. Every one was looking and listening for something exciting, and often some coward would come along and tell of somebody else having just seen and heard of twenty or more bushwhackers coming, even saying they had already killed and left to die a whole neighborhood. Then the people would become so alarmed, they would gather up the family of four or five children, and hide in the tall corn.

At one such time, after hearing an alarming story, my brother James and wife were getting ready for a night's absence in the cornfield. While brother looked after other things he told his wife to gather up her keepsakes and valuables, and they would take them with them. When they were ready to start, he gathered up one of the twins in his arms, then an immense sack of treasures under the other arm. After

they had run some distance, and were aiming to cross a fence in the way, he said: "Wife, what on earth have you in this sack?"

"I really don't know, dear," was her reply.

"I am goin to see," said he; "if I go on carrying this child and this sack, there will be no James Still for the whackers to whack at."

When he untied the sack, lo and behold! there was a pair of heavy smoothing irons, a ham of meat and the clock. The poor woman was so frightened she really did not know what she was doing.

Only a few days after this the following incident occurred, not having so much as the shadow of fun in it, and in which brother and I both acted an important part. We reside at the north end of the Blue Mound, six miles south of Lawrence, Kansas. My brother, Dr. J. M. Still, resided on the south side of the Mound, and was the field spy of the Free State forces then stationed at Lawrence; and in case of the approach of an army or danger by day, he was to hoist a flag upon a pole which stood on the top of this eminence; or if tidings of danger by night, a fire was to be built near the flag pole.

It is a Sabbath morning. Brother takes the large field glass and ascends to this height, where he can overlook the country for miles around. Upon his first look he observes a sight which almost paralyses him with fear for the safety of Kansas. It is a vast army, within four miles of the Mound and ten miles of Lawrence, moving forward at a rapid rate. Then his alarm has increased, for some one has stolen the flag and rope, and here they were, to all human appearance, powerless before the enemy, which they certainly would have been only for the God above.

Everything is confusion; we harness old Mike, father's fleetest horse, and hitch him in the carriage, and father is sent with all haste to bear verbal news to Lawrence.

An hour has passed; the army is at Franklin, a village a mile north of the Mound, and six miles yet of Lawrence. A man comes from Lawrence, and says the reports from the different postmen are not believed—"The people still look for their signal, the flag."

I am sick and in bed; my bed is old-fashioned, and corded with a long rope; such bedsteads and ropes only old time people remember. When I hear this news it is more than my nervous nature, coupled with fever, can stand. I arise, and hastily throw my clothes about me, uncurl my bed, give the cord and the sheet to my informant, and tell him to remount his horse and gallop up and hoist the flag in double quick time, and I will follow on. The flag is raised, the people at Lawrence see it, and at once are convinced of danger, and gather all their forces behind their breast works on Mount Oriad; while the army of 2800 of raw Missouri recruits stop just where they are, in range of the Mound, and in such confusion they dare not move; for they have inquired of some Free State prisoners whom they have taken from our side, "What this hoisted flag means?"

The prisoners say: "Colonel Jim Lane is in Lawrence with 3000 men, with which he is only too anxious to meet the enemy."

After hearing this they determined to send out some mounted scouts to investigate. This they did, and I am happy to say our Free State men gave them a warm reception, killing one or two of their number, and making them all more glad to stay within tent or camp until next morning, when the governor, residing at

Topeka, sent United States troops down, and disbanded the whole gang, and sent them back faster than they came.

The truth of the whole matter was, General Lane was not within several hundred miles of Lawrence, and there were not one hundred able-bodied men in the place; and this army could have obliterated Lawrence and all the country around, only for my rope and sheet, coupled with that alarming story of Lane—all used by the power and wisdom of an over-ruling Providence to save an innocent people.

When my father returned next day to find his family all alive, his joy and thankfulness to God had no bounds, "for," said he, "of all the nights of prayer and anxiety for my family, this one far exceeded all others."

CHAPTER XVIII.

SALVATION IN WINTHROPE—PREACHING IN A DANCE
HOUSE, AND THE CONVERSION OF THE FAMILY.

WE now find ourselves residents of the city of Atchison, located upon the Missouri river. My husband continues in the patent medicine business and is away from home weeks at a time, establishing new agencies and supplying these posts with Wakefield's various remedies. While I, with my two children, Alvah, six years old, and Mattie, five months of age, go out everywhere and hold meetings; I do the preaching and praying while they do their part by appealing to the people's hearts by their little acts of love. One Sabbath finds my little group of evangelists out amongst the neighboring school-houses, breaking the bread of life to all classes, and another finds us amongst our colored brethren of the African Methodist church, while a third Sabbath we are over in Winthrope, a small town just across the Missouri river.

At this Winthrope appointment, my congregation was first composed of a group of inquisitive strangers, gathered in an old forsaken saloon, many of whom had not been to meeting for years, but was afterwards transformed into a goodly congregation of well dressed ladies and gentlemen, eager to hear the words of eternal life and these assembled in a comfortably seated new school-house.

My first going to Winthrope was in this wise: They had neither church nor pastor in the village, conse-

quently the spiritual condition of the people was at a very low state, still there was some who longed for the gospel and to see others saved. One of this class was an old lame man named Guinine. 'One Monday morning after seeing the Sabbath pass without worship, he took his crutches and started out, remarking to a bystander as he went, "I will not return until I obtain the promise of a preacher who will come to warn the people of death and judgment."

The lame man after trying various pastors of the city, only to be met with defeat, came to me and stated his wish, saying:

"Madam, I can't rest if I don't get some one who will come and preach to that people."

Without asking a single question as to where the services could be held, I said, "Yes, I will be with you next Sabbath at half past ten."

Sabbath morning I gave baby and Alvah into the hands of a very trusty friend called papa, then gathered up bible and hymn book and started. The night before it had rained in torrents; as I set out for a walk of a mile or more before reaching the river where I was to cross over on the ferry boat, the tempter came to me like a flood, saying, "what a fool you are to keep preaching against all odds;" there was not an argument in all his devilish mind which he did not use. He spoke of our poverty and of my leaving my children without a mother's care, suggesting that in all probability they would be dead upon my return home. The more he tempted me the more I looked through faith to God, who then and there turned into a present help in time of need, and filled my soul with power.

When I stepped aboard the ferry-boat, I noticed that many of the men were highly intoxicated, and instead

of going into the cabin I sat down upon a coil of large rope, while the boat steamed across the strong current of muddy water. I accidentally fell into a conversation with a young man who informed me his destination was to church in Winthrope to hear a woman speak. After telling him I was going to the same place, he said he would assist me in finding the church. I thanked him for his kindness, then asked the liberty of speaking to him about his soul, even asking him if he had ever made his peace with God. He made answer to my question by saying:

"I have not, but will promise you, in addition to a vow I made to my dying mother, I will begin at once, to seek the pardon of my sins."

After the boat landed, it was only a few minutes until my new made friend and I met with the lame man Mr. Guinine, who had come to the landing to meet me and lead the way to the place of worship, which proved to be an old forsaken saloon that had been made ready for the time being with rude seats.

The young man was not a little astonished to see me take the place of preacher. When the people, accompanied by children and pet dogs had quieted down, hardly knowing why they had come together, I read from God's word and after prayer I announced as my text, "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

As I spoke in my feebleness of the sweetness of this rest in Jesus, the Spirit of the Lord came upon me, and the glory of God filled the room and the people wept and praised God as the Spirit gave them utterance.

After I was through speaking, we had an after meeting to which I asked all to remain and take part in. Some spoke and many prayed, even to the young man,

who gave me his name as Hall, arose and made new vows, saying:

"I feel as if from some reason unknown to me that this is just about the last call I am going to have from God."

One old man arose and said: "This is the first time I have been to meeting for twenty years, and I too will make a new start, which may be my last, and," continued the old man, "I would not have been in the house of God today if it had not been that I heard that a woman was going to preach."

I will state here, for fear I may overlook it, that two years after I was sent for to see a man who was on his dying bed; the messenger said the man had a word of encouragement for me, the reason he had sent for me. After a walk of a mile in the darkness in the south part of the city of Atchison, I found myself beside the dying man, who proved to be the young man Hall.

After making himself known to me, he said: "Mrs. Adams, I have been almost around the world since meeting with you on that Sabbath morning, and am now dying with dropsy of the heart; I felt as if I could not die peacefully until I saw you and told you that you had been the means of bringing me to Christ. Then I wished to give a word of encouragement to you as well and say be faithful until death, and great will be your reward and happiness in eternity."

After meeting with this glad surprise and commending him into God's hands, I returned to my home encouraged to spend and be spent for God, while Mr. Hall went home to meet his God in peace.

Then in addition to this witness of God's blessing, His word, which I had dispensed in the two years which followed this day's labor, in which I went from house to

house amongst the people, I had the pleasure of having a number either tell me or leave word while dying, that I had been the means, in God's hands, of leading them to seek peace with God and a home amid the redeemed.

Indeed I never think of my two years labor in Winthrope and the abundant fruit my feeble efforts bore, without praising God with all my heart. In this case, man's extremity seemed to be God's opportunity.

I am again sent for to witness one of my Winthrope converts to the faith take leave of earth and step out into eternity. This time it is a lovely young married lady. It is now three o'clock in the early morning that the man delivers her message to me, which is as follows: "Mrs. Williams is dying and has sent for you."

I am soon at her bedside, she recognized me; "I have been resting," she said, "before starting on my journey home, now I wish prayer and singing."

After a word of prayer, in which I commended her spirit into the hands of Almighty God, she said:

"Set me up in bed, I wish to help you sing, 'When I can read my title clear to mansions in the sky.'"

After raising her up in bed, she joined in with friends in the singing in a voice so strong and clear that every one in the room was filled with astonishment. Just as our voices died out on the last word of the last line, she had ceased her song on earth to take up the strain in heaven. And we who wept joined the chorus with those who sang on the other side, by saying: "Worthy is the Lamb; blessing, glory and honor to Him that doth save in death."

At this writing twenty years have passed, and they—my children—who were my little helpers at that day, have tired of earth and its toils, have become ripe for heaven and been gathered home. Still I am hearing

words of encouragement; only last Sabbath night, while thousands of miles from Atchison and Winthrope, in the city of Los Angeles, I arose to speak in honor of the name of Jesus. When I had ceased speaking and had taken my seat, two colored friends—an old gentleman and his wife—arose one after the other, and said:

"Isn't this de same sister Adams who used to come with her two children—one she carried in her arms—to the African Methodist church in Lawrence, Kansas, to tell us about de Lord?"

"I am the very same woman," said I.

"Thank God!" said they, "we have not forgotten your words up to this night; but where are the children?"

I made no answer in words, but only pointed above, that was answer enough.

"In as much as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me."

The above has been one of the golden rules by which much of my life has been squared. In all my doing, either by word or act, it has all been in the name of Christ, and in reference to the time when He shall return with His ten thousand saints. In that day some will be on His left hand, amongst the cast-aways, just because they have known their duty and did it not; and have seen Christ's poor, naked and hungry ones, and fed them not. God help us to awake to our duty. Many a woman could become one of heaven's richest bankers and never give one dollar out of her purse, simply by giving what the moths are destroying in the darkness of her closet.

I am fully persuaded that it is this Christ working within to will and do that is going to clothe us with our house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Then the princely apparel, with which we are to be arrayed, linen, clean and white, the righteousness of saints, will, no doubt, be of our own weaving as we go along. Or, in other words, at the beginning of life everyone finds, on starting out, a loom with but the warp on the beam. This loom is life, and the web will be the consequences of our living, and at the end will tell whether we have woven aright or not.

Then, everything done by us in the name of the Master, be it great or small, is thrown in as an embellishment to our web, and the cloth of our weaving will be the material of our wearing throughout eternity.

I scarcely can understand how a Christian of this enlightened day can join in the frivolities of the world, such as their own conscience would condemn, and then expect to hear it said to them: "Well done, good and faithful, enter into the joys of thy Lord."

It has been in pursuance of the above thoughts and precepts that much of my life has been governed, and I have ever gone forth, listening to catch the faintest whisper from my heavenly Father; which, when I have heard, I have tried to heed.

It was mid-winter and bitter cold, with snow a foot deep on the level and even the water in the Missouri river was assuming a crystal form, yet cold as it is, I cannot rest, an unseen whisperer is disturbing my peace, saying, "I was hungry and you fed me."

After a few moments of consultation and prayer, I walk forth. My first care is to visit a poor family who have just buried their babe, they are not only in grief, but in temporal want, having not a morsel of food in the house, sickness and death have taken their little all. After I had supplied their wants for the present, I

spoke to them of religion, asking if they would not like to begin a better life. This was their reply:

"Indeed we wish this kind of religion which divides one's bread and meat."

On the following Sabbath after my visit and prayer with this family, the father and mother were both at the house of God and joined the church. The help in time of need, coupled with kindness, proved the starting-point in their lives.

I have not more than arrived at home when I hear a voice which says: "Mrs. Adams, take your basket, put food within, and go to poor Mrs. Eldridge's house; then build a fire and make tea." Every moment I hesitate the impression grows stronger. Knowing well that the devil never sends people out to feed and prepare for the poor, I hesitate no longer, but procure the key to her house of her little boy, who chances to be at my house awaiting his feeble mother's return from her day's sewing. I proceed at once to do as I am impressed, believing myself to be led of the Holy Spirit.

I have just got the room warm, tea made and table spread, when I hear heavy tramping at the bottom of the stairs, and the groans of one in distress. When I rush to the stairway with lamp in hand, imagine my surprise to see the lady borne in the arms of two strong men. In returning home amid the darkness and snow she had stumbled into a deep cellar, and sprained her ankle and wrist, and cut her face.

On being borne into the well-warmed room, and finding tea ready, she was as greatly surprised as one could imagine. And when told I had done it by the bidding of the Holy Spirit, and further assuring her of my ignorance of her being injured, she said: "Mrs. Adams, from this day forward I will devote my life to

God, and will try and raise my boy for a noble manhood."

Upon another afternoon of the same winter, in my rounds I am directed to visit an aged lady living in an upper room. I have found the place she calls home; she is eating her lunch, which consists of a glass of water and a bit of bread and meat. The furnishing of her carpetless room was fully as scant as her dining spread. A bedstead, with mattress of straw, pillow fully as hard as her bed; a small amount of covering, one chair and small stand; with no chance whatever for fire, and cold down to zero. This was her prospect for a long winter.

I was at once prepossessed with her appearance, and asked; "My good woman, from whence have you come?"

"From the State of Ohio," was her prompt answer.

"Where are your friends, and what your prospects for a livelihood?"

This was her answer: "My friends are all dead but one daughter, who resides in Denver, Colorado. I have no money; have got thus far, and can go no farther until I earn money to pay my way."

"But by what means will you earn that amount?"

"By peddling pins and needles," was her reply.

"Gather your things, and accompany me to my own home," was my request.

She was only too glad to comply; and of all the happy hearts that beat within that cold dark city that night, hers was the most joyous. She was not with me one week until I could hear whisperings, and this is what was said: "Hungry and you fed me, cold and ye warmed me." And this is all the pay I asked.

It is now spring. Mother Pringle has heard from

her daughter, who wishes her to come to Denver. We have packed her one little trunk; the money has come also to pay her way. Mother Pringle, Alvah, and Mattie and I have cried and cried again at our approaching separation; it lacks a week of her time of going; we have had our march storm, and this proves the giant of the season, coming so suddenly and with such severity many have taken ill, and among the number our Mother Pringle. We have summoned medical aid and done all we could, and all to no avail. The doctors say it is "acute pneumonia, and she is too old to stand the fatal attack."

It is now the fourth day. Death—friend or enemy, we can't tell which—is fast pulling the nails out of the old building; it totters, is ready to fall. She calls for me to read a psalm and pray. As we arise from prayer we are all gladly astonished at the many heavenly arrivals which she has declared have come as her convoy. She calls them by name. One is her deceased husband; another is a little daughter. She insists on us seeing them, but our eyes are too purblind for that. With glory all about her she bids us all a thankful adieu, and instead of her taking the dreaded journey across the plains alone, she is clothed upon with her house not made with hands, and, in company with loved ones, goes to be "forever with the Lord."

And it was an angel in disguise we had entertained that winter. Now she has gone on to make our crowns more brilliant when we are called to the wearing. With great care we inter the remains of our dear Mother Pringle alongside our baby Hester, on the hill side of the Atchison cemetery.

Dull indeed would be the ears who could not hear the Father's voice in the various ways in which He has

sought to communicate with us. It is not His design as yet to fully reveal Himself to us; our natures are too crude to endure the glories that are in reservation for us until after we have passed the trial scene of life. Even Moses could not look upon the face of God and live; nor could the children of Israel steadfastly behold Moses' face when it was only touched with the glory of God.

Yet it behooves us as Christians to ever be in the hearing and seeing attitude before God; so that when He calls we may answer: "Here, Lord, am I, what wilt Thou have me do?" This was the way the early Christians lived. Look for one moment, if you please, at God's speaking to Eli and Samuel.

I am looking backward this morning. I am in a review of forty years, wherein I have heard the Divine bidding, and gone forth to rescue the fallen. Obedience returns to me this morning, and places me beside Mary of old, who sat at Jesus' feet; and I trust, when the mists of this life have cleared away, this heeding and doing will enable me to walk, clothed in white, by my Savior's side.

Hearing, in my case, has most usually led to doing; and action in the cause of the Master is invariably followed by blessings, which fall all about the soul, like unto the very joys of heaven for richness.

Truly the majority of professing Christians are not aware of the happiness of working in the vineyard, or there would not be a vacant spot in the whole harvest field.

The first time I preached, and souls were saved, my heart burned within me, and so great and blessed was the divine presence, I felt a ministry of angels near.

Allow me now to speak of an incident wherein the

Lord bid me go, and I obeyed, and the result was far beyond human conception.

It was on a Sabbath morning. I had remained at home. Just across from our house, in Atchison, Kansas, a third of a mile distant, was a large villa owned by an Englishman and his wife, she being a Southerner. This house had been used by them for a place of liquor dealing, prostitution and dancing, and every other evil attending that course of life. For the past year the house had been closed; now the man and wife had returned, and were all ready to open out. They had written to different cities for girls to come to help carry on their nefarious work.

I chanced to look toward the place, when I heard a voice which I knew too well to disobey. This is what it said: "Mrs. Adams, go at once and get your neighbor, Mrs. Biddle, and go to the Kingston House, and when there do and say just as I bid you."

"I obeyed; the woman gladly but fearfully accompanied me. When we arrived we found the man and wife, and several servants, who kindly but carefully received us. I told them who had sent me, and how I had left my babe in the cradle, and waded through the deep snow, first, to obey God, secondly, to save their souls.

Then they, to test our humility, asked if we, being Christians, would eat with them, who were such great sinners.

I said, "Why not? if Christ was here in person He would not hesitate a moment to dine with you. Then only to think He, the dear Son of God, gave His life for us to save us from our sins."

"Well," said Mr. Kingston, "if you two ladies

will stop and break bread with us around our table, we will hear you on the subject of religion."

"Many thanks," I replied, "we will dine with you."

We had only time to pass the general courtesies between strangers, when the servant announced dinner ready. When we were seated, I asked, "Please may I thank God for these mercies?"

"Oh yes," was their quick reply.

And would you believe it, when I said "Amen," I noticed he was crying. After we had eaten a rather quiet, but delicious dinner, we repaired to the sitting room, and I spoke as the Lord gave me utterance; after which I read a chapter from a small Testament I had in my pocket, then engaged in prayer, calling on God for Christ's sake to save this man and his wife. When we arose from our season of prayer, the man seemed broken all to bits, and was free to disclose all their plans, saying, as he did:

"Mrs. Adams, I have not heard a sermon for twenty long years, and not only we, as man and wife, are desperately wicked, but our old father and mother who have just come from England, know not God as their Savior; and further," continued he, "if you will go for a minister, we will have services in this house this very afternoon at three o'clock."

I took the man at his word, leaving the woman to hold the fort. I fairly flew along homeward through the snow. When I arrived and told my husband where I had been, he looked for a few minutes as if he would follow Lot's wife and become a pillar of salt, but when I told him to go at once and get our pastor, Brother H. D. Fisher, and a half dozen of the holiest men and women in the place, and be ready to return with me,

not only his countenance changed but he grasped his hat, gave me the baby, Mattie, and in an almost incredibly short time he had singers and men and women who could and would pray, and the Pastor, all at our house. Here we had a season of prayer, after which we all wended our way to the Kingston house; while brother Fisher preached, Mr. Kingston called aloud for the Lord to pardon his sins, and even before we left he had become a changed man.

Now for the result, they cut up the bar and had it converted into a pulpit; had the dance hall seated and turned into a preaching place, at which our pastor and I alternately preached. At these meetings, over one dozen, including the aged father and mother and other relatives came out on the Lord's side, and with the owners of the house joined the church, and so far as I know they will, at the last day be amongst those who are redeemed through the blood of Christ. Of course only God knows the faith and prayer which it took to hold this fort for our Lord.

But my dear ones, if only a half dozen souls were saved through this one act of unquestioning obedience, and the closing of such a house, was the pay not a hundred fold? Eternity alone will tell the results fully.

Will the reader notice that, when in faith I have unhesitatingly obeyed what I knew to be the voice of God, my efforts have been blessed with marked results. If a true believer hears an unseen voice, saying go and speak to anyone about their soul's salvation, they need not hesitate for a single moment, for this is the voice of the Holy Spirit. Surely the old devil never speaks to anyone after this fashion. The devil would have been the last one to have the Kingston family converted and their house of sin broken up.

CHAPTER XIX.

A HOME OF REFUGE, AND GRASSHOPPERS AT BURLINGAME.

WHEN I obeyed the divine call it was a business transaction. I was to perform whatever I found to be my duty; then at the close of my labors receive the reward. About this time I was called to Leavenworth by my former pastor, W. K. Marshall, to labor from house to house amongst the fallen women of that city.

The Saturday of my first going cost me many a prayer and tear before I conquered by grace. Faith, my gift from God, removed all mountains out of the way. When I took a soul's look I did not see the difficulties by way of Mattie, my babe of six months, and Alvah, my little boy; nor the snow that spread over the thirty miles that intervened. These were all eclipsed by the souls of people unsaved.

With nurse and my two children I arrived at Leavenworth by car as safely as if I had traveled in Elijah's chariot of gold drawn by flaming steeds.

I had but arrived at the parsonage, and set my two children down with sister Marshall's six children, when brother Marshall came in and handed me the evening paper, stating that I would fill his appointment on the following day at 11 o'clock, he having to fill the Elder's place in the country.

Sabbath day, as sister Marshall and I entered the well-filled church, I noticed the bible and large hymn-

book were occupying a place on a small stand in front of the chancel, instead of being in their accustomed place up in the pulpit. The official board had made the change, in order to show their opposition to a woman in the pulpit.

However, I being ignorant of the animosity to our sex, gathered up the ponderous books, and took my place in the pulpit. It was not an hour until I had delivered them my message, and the Lord had so blessed us they did not mind if I was a woman. I will add, if God did cause Aaron's rod to bud and bloom in the hand of Moses, he used me on that day to the opening of the eyes of the blind.

When the doxology was sung they all, with one accord, came forward and shook hands with me, and asked me to preach again at night, and I did.

The two weeks following this I spent in company with an old sister Williams, in going from house to house amidst the unfortunate women of the city. I read, sang, prayed or talked just as the Spirit directed.

At this time the ladies had a rented house they called home, to which we removed any who were willing to make a new start in life. The following year the ladies, by the help of the legislature, bought a tract of land in the suburbs of the city, and built a palatial home, which in its different appointments fully met the needs of the people.

This wondrous work really began by brother Marshall being called to preach the funeral of one of these women in one of their houses; and he became so troubled on account of the outlook before them, he wrote me, saying: "Sister Adams, you can do this work, and I cannot; come to my house, and I will take care of you and your children while you labor."

I afterward did much in helping them build and furnish the home; leaving my twin babies, and going from city to city to beg clothing and supplies. One year we counted fifty as fully reclaimed and saved.

My labors in Leavenworth extended off and on over a period of several years, as I would have an urgent call, or the Spirit moved me.

In the fall of 1868, as a family we attended a camp-meeting at Kansas City, or near there. The day after arriving our babe Mattie was taken with cholera infantum, and was at the very threshold of eternity; and, to add to my perplexity, the preacher in charge of the meeting announced that I would address the people at half-past ten next morning, which would be Monday morning of an old-time camp-meeting near a large city, when camp-meetings were up to red heat both in popularity and as an acknowledged means of grace by all the various churches hungry to know more about God.

To describe the temptations and anxieties of that morning, as my babe trembled between life and death, I cannot find words to express. But as the people gathered in to the well-circulated appointment, I went away and pleaded mightily with God in prayer that if He were well pleased to have me come before the audience, to come forth and show Himself, by giving me some omen in reference to the child.

When I returned to the tent, sure enough there was one of the most noted doctors in Kansas City, a specialist for children, who had heard of my child's dangerous illness, and had come of his own accord and taken her in charge, to my entire relief. Whoever says God is not a very present help in time of need is talking

about something of which they have no knowledge, and of which they have never needed to test Him.

This same morning, while I was out attending to some duties connected with my sick child, and before I put on my very simple drab dress in which I expected to come before the people, one of the stylish Methodist ladies arrived from Kansas City, having come early on purpose that she might see the woman that was going to preach, and get her fully sized up before service began.

She had engaged a sister Deen, from the city, who was also tenting on the ground, to point me out to her. This the dear sister did; then they both took seats by the preachers' tent, a frail room, made of white cloth, in which preachers were supposed to spend an hour in prayer before going out to preach.

I had just slipped in, and was down on my knees before the Lord, and as weak and small as any human being could ever be and remain in the flesh. I had just begun to pray, when I heard sister Deen ask the lady the question: "How do you like the appearance of sister Adams?"

"I am perfectly shocked," was her reply.

"What were you looking to see?" asked sister Deen.

"A lady, dressed in silk or satin. Then I expected to see a beautiful woman, at least."

"Those reasons do not amount to a straw," replied Mrs. Deen.

"They do with me amount to everything," she continued, "and I think I will have my coachman drive me back to the city. I am already disgusted and mad at myself for leaving my comfortable home and coming out here on a wild goose chase."

"Well," said sister Deen, "I will just say, if you do go, and don't stop for the morning preaching, you will rue it the longest day you live."

"If I do stay," said she, "I will take a back seat, where I can get up without disturbing any one, if I get over-annoyed and go home."

After hearing this conversation I would have attempted to preach if every devil in Kansas City had come out to hear me.

After the old-fashioned horn blew, announcing the time up, I kissed what some said was my dying babe, and went out before several thousand people, a reed shaken of the wind.

After singing, I spoke of Moses' cry to God when he said: "O Lord, show me more of Thy glory;" and of how God caused Moses to be hidden in the rock while His glory passed by. As I showed, and told them of how we must be hidden in Christ before we could see God, the power of the Highest overshadowed us, and the Holy Ghost fell on the people, and it did seem as if all I had to do was to open my mouth and the Lord filled it.

As the time flew on rapid wing, my lady of the silk dress from the city, instead of fleeing Jonah-like, had moved up in front of the pulpit, and was laughing and crying alternately; and as I once thought of my baby, and looked tentward, there sat my husband midway of the people, with babe in arms, looking so glad and happy, as if to say, "Thank God, she is better."

I neared the close of my subject, and gathered up all the widows, and orphans and heart-broken of the human family, and hid them in Christ, the only refuge of safety; and through this same Christ, which the bible changed from a rock of ages into a porter to open

the pearly gates, and with Him opened these gates, and showed the people the New Jerusalem; I was indeed in the Spirit on that day.

The meeting went on; I was not able to close at all; the power of the Holy Spirit was upon the people; and while the tide was highest I turned the meeting over into the hands of the preacher in charge, and stepped down and out of the pulpit, and sought my babe, and found that the medicines administered by the God-sent doctor had had the desired effect; and she was by this doctor pronounced out of danger, "God, a present help in time of need."

The lady in silk, of whom I have before spoken, came to me after service, accompanied by sister Deen, who gave me a formal introduction; after which she told me of her uncharitable remarks about me, and was not a little taken back when I told her of having heard it all when in the tent at prayer in that hour of my sorest distress. She apologized, and gave my husband and I a pressing invitation to visit her after the close of the meeting, and take a rest at her mansion in the city; the which we most gladly did, and found her, aside from her silly pride, when this was removed by aid of the Holy Spirit, a most noble woman.

The meeting proved to be one of great benefit to the church; and, when we arrived at home, found we were much richer in the things of God.

We have now exchanged our comfortable home in Atchison for a drug store in Burligame, Kansas. After becoming nicely located in our new business we were attended for the space of two years with success, then came trials beyond anything we could have ever imagined. Money came by the hundreds of dollars and departed by the thousands until all was gone. But before this finan-

cial crash came, the grasshoppers also arrived and were so hungry they devoured every living thing before them. I almost feared they would eat my babe, who lay sleeping in his cradle.

At first they were a fearful trial to my faith, nor could I bear their looks or abide their presence in anything until I did about them as I did with every other perplexity, taking it to the Lord in prayer. After I pursued this course, I was so wondrously blessed the grasshoppers appeared like fairies instead of demons. Notwithstanding that hundreds of people were made bankrupt by their ravages, yet in after years health and wealth came to Kansas in rich profusion. And I am safe in saying no one could imagine the number of grasshoppers or the magnitude of their ravages without they had seen them in mass. I have noticed them piled up so high they could be lifted with a big scoop shovel. Then they really prevented the running of the cars in Atchison by climbing upon the rails in such numbers that when the car wheels crushed them the cars slipped backward.

It is November following the coming of the winged creatures. There is gathered at our house a group of six of my lady friends, who were each nearly as poor as was their homeless Christ, who had suffered before them. Auntie Daniels was lame, having lost one of her limbs; another was Mrs. Sharp who was the mother of nine children, one of these a young lady in a dying condition from typhoid fever; a third was an old spinster who owned an acre of ground and from this ground she had made a living by gardening. "These pests," said she, "have left me worse than poor, for they have carried my courage away under their wings."

These whom I have mentioned, with the addition of

four others, made up our company. They most all came on the same errand, and that was to find out if I could give them any information as to where they could get assistance. Up to this time the county and state aid had not arrived, nor did I know for a certainty that it was coming.

They each detailed to me their several wants, and as far as had lain in my power I had divided with them, until my husband had informed me it must be stopped. "For," said he, "by this time another year we will not have a penny or where to lay our heads."

About this time I began to think and read of Israel's God who had sent the manna and the quails of the ocean to feed the hungry Israelites with. In talking the matter over, I said:

"We must call upon the name of God for help, nor will we let Him go until we get an assurance in our hearts He is going to be such a father as He says in His word He will be, better than any earthly one is."

When we closed our meeting, each sister expressed herself in being fully satisfied that God had undertaken our cause and would supply all our needs.

"At all events," they said, "we will trust and see."

And so they did. That same evening after they had departed to their respective homes, a man came over from Lawrence, a city thirty miles east of our town; he asked to tarry with us over night. After giving him permission to stay, he asked if I was acquainted with Rev. W. K. Marshal. When I answered in the affirmative, he said:

"I have a note from him for you."

The note read as follows: "Sister Adams—I have charge of the relief fund and supplies for the grasshopper sufferers; and have a large box and barrel of food

and clothing sent me from a lady in Boston, who said she wished them to be given to some God-fearing lady who would give them out to the poor in the name of the Lord. When I read that note," said Brother Marshal, "you at once stood before me as the one who would carry out the old lady's wish in regard to distributing them. The goods are at the depot here, if you need them telegraph me tonight and they will be at your door tomorrow morning."

I sent the telegram, and next morning before noon I had the goods, box and barrel unloaded from the dray into my dining room. Before opening them I sent for the ladies to come and see what the Lord had done to show us that He was a present help in time of need.

When they came we had another meeting, and each lady went away with a bundle in her arms, with a request to send other needy ones who wished aid. And for five long months before the supplies in one box was exhausted another came. One large box of men's clothing came from Macon City, Missouri. These were gathered in various congregations to whom I had preached some months before. These were God's blessing to destitute farmers who lived out away from the village. Then so long as there was a need, the clothing and provisions continued to come from the various states in the Union.

By this strange means, these seeming little pests were turned into blessings, not only by ridding the state of a vast amount of surplus vegetation and causing health and wealth to follow in after years, but it brought Kansas within sympathetic touch with every other state in the Union. Then when other countries had their unavoidable calamities, Kansas was an ever willing giver and sympathizer. And the fruitage of all these

lessons, which many of us had to be punished before we could learn them, will only be seen and gathered in eternity.

I probably can't do better in conclusion of my chapter on 'hoppers and my toil and anxiety in giving out the things, than relate what came to me out of an old vest, the last rag or vestige of the aid goods.

Three years after the 'hoppers lighted by the millions in our beautiful garden, we, as a family are located in the city of Los Angeles, after many days of toil, with barely enough of the necessaries of life to keep body and soul together.

The month of August has arrived and the Methodist church announced they would hold a camp meeting eight miles distant. A friend who knew how much our family of seven would appreciate a week's outing, came to us and said if we could get ready he would furnish the tent and give us free transportation to the camp meeting.

When, as a family, we gathered in council as to our going, we could not see any possible chance to get the needed \$5, which it would take to buy food and clothing; the more I thought of it the more I prayed and the stronger my faith grew.

It is now eleven o'clock and our decisions must be given at twelve. I read a chapter and spend a few minutes in prayer; as I arise I don't see, but I feel a man of wealth is by my side. I look up and the first thing that attracts my attention is the old vest which no one would have, and yet by some strange over-ruling power, I was neither allowed to burn or throw away. As it hung there on the nail in full sight, it seemed to me to turn into a living being, who said "come and feel in my old neglected pocket and I will supply all your needs." I

did as I was asked, and from out of one of its old care-worn dingy pockets, I drew forth a five dollar green-back, which at once placed us, as a family, on a level with any of the wealthy of the land, and the sequel was, that all seven of us had ten days camp meeting, where the children were brought under the direct influence of the Spirit.

CHAPTER XX.

FEEDING A PRISON BIRD AND MY ESCAPE FROM
HIGHWAYMEN.

KNOCK ! Knock ! was heard at my rear door just a moment after I saw what I took to be a tramp disappear around the corner of the house. On responding to the tap, I found a strange, shy and terribly repulsive looking man at the threshold, who asked for a warm breakfast, stating in the next sentence that he had not had a warm meal for several days.

After some little hesitancy, which I was striving to conceal from a fear which his very look seemed to throw about me, I at last said: "Come in." As the breakfast table was still spread, and the twins yet occupying their high chairs, I seated him, and while my orphan daughter Alida, who was still with me, was helping him liberally to a hot breakfast, I kept my eye upon his actions, wondering who he could be.

I soon learned that he was a Mexican, but had been in the United States for some time, until he had learned our language so as to converse fluently. I noticed, that let me ask him what I would, he would not look me in the eyes, but would, instead, be playing with the twins, whom he declared were the funniest chaps he had ever met with. Taking one of them by the hand, he said:

"Ah, they are not afraid, and I guess their mother is not afraid either."

"Not a particle," said I, "of anyone, for I am a praying woman, and the angels of God are about me

and my children and in my house all the time." I said, "If a bad man were to lay his hand on one of my children or on me, or to come into my house unasked, God, or His angels would strike them dead in a moment."

At this announcement I noticed that he was the one who was afraid, not me. Then he said:

"You believe in God pretty strongly then?"

"Yes I do," I replied, "and if you don't, if you kill, or rob, or steal, or do any wrong in any way, God will follow you up till the day of your death."

At this he laughed just a little, and said:

"If you don't care I would like to kiss the twin boys before I leave."

It was such a queer request; I told him he could, and as he arose from his chair, almost before I was aware of it I found myself down on my knees in prayer for him, asking God to have mercy upon him and forgive him for his past sins and eventually save him. After I arose he thanked me for my kindness to him and took a hasty leave.

In an hour afterwards, our neighbor just across the way said:

"Mrs. Adams, do you know who that man was whom you entertained this morning?"

"No sir," I answered.

"Well," said he, "he has just served a term in the State prison and is a desperate, bad man, and I should not be at all surprised if he gives your house a visit some night, and relieves you of any small change you may happen to have."

When I told him of what conversation had passed between us, and of what a strange liking he had taken to our twin boys, and of how I had prayed for him, he laughed heartily and said:

"That is once Mrs. Adams you have cast your pearl before swine."

"All right," said I.

The week following my entertaining the strange guest, a neighbor lady of about fifty years of age proposed to take her spanking big bay horses and double-seated carriage, and take myself and babes over to visit my mother, with whom she had previously met. To this proposition I gladly acceded, and on the following Saturday, early in the morning, we started for my mother's home, where we arrived all safe and sound after a drive of eighteen miles.

After visiting with our loved ones for several days, we concluded we would drive home today. When I first spoke of it, mother said: "Mardy, I do not know why, but every time I think of you and your friend crossing that almost deserted prairie alone with those children, I feel such a presentiment or tear I can hardly consent to have you go."

This was not like mother at all to talk that way, and I thought it so strange, but tried as best I could to remove the idea from her mind.

At family worship my mother led in prayer, and most devoutly committed us into God's keeping; asking Him the while to "save us from all kinds of accident or danger which might befall us on the way."

Nor did I ever remember to have heard her plead with such assurance of His answer and protection over us as on that morning.

When we bid her good-bye she said: "Now, daughter, write as soon as you arrive at home, for I will be so uneasy until I hear from you."

After we were miles on the way the lady says: "That prayer of your mother had a lasting impression

on my mind ; it was something unusual, and I shall not feel safe until we drive within our gate at home."

The road lay over an almost entirely uninhabited district, the only house being seven miles of home. We had arrived within three miles of this place ; not a house or living soul to be seen in all the wide expanse ; and we were just congratulating ourselves on our safe journey so far, when suddenly turning the corner of what had once been a stone fence, we spied two men in a cart drawn by a mule. As soon as we noticed them it was to observe that they were coming straight for us. I told the lady, who was driving, "not to be alarmed, but to drive as if she did not notice them, putting the horses to a heavy trot, and in the mean time turning off to the right by a near cut.

But it was plainly to be seen in a very few minutes that this was of no avail, and they were not so easily foiled as that ; for no sooner did they observe this than they cut across and headed us, and when within fifteen feet of us they halted, one jumping out, and stepping in front of our team, placed his hands on the two bridles ; while the other was also getting ready to alight, evidently to come to his assistance.

The first one, looking up into the carriage to size up our load, in an instant noticed the twins, who sat by the old lady's side, and recognizing them said : "Is that you who gave me the hot breakfast, and are these my twins, funny chaps?"

Then he let go the horses, and walked off and got into the cart, and they drove off.

The old lady, from the time she had first seen the two men, looked as white as Lot's wife of salt, and gasped as they walked away : "My God, what were they going to do?"

I made answer : "I guess they were going to relieve you of any spare change which you may have," quoting the remark of her son-in-law to me, with whom she lived, and who had unkindly chided me for casting my pearl before swine. "But" continued she, as she still tremblingly clutched at the reins, "who was that man anyway, and what did he want?"

"Only that escaped convict I fed and prayed with a little over a week ago, and the food and prayer I gave him and God's help was all that saved your team and our lives." What other answer than the one just given could anyone present as a solution of the convict's breakfast at our house, and his recognizing the children and myself and then leaving us to go on our way. "All things work together for good to those who love the Lord."

I must say that after these two highwaymen returned to their cart we could clearly understand my mother's premonition of danger being in our path as we went home, and of why she called upon the Lord so mightily in our behalf. Nor did our thankfulness have any bounds as we were safely driven within our gate at home that night, to relate of how near we came, at least to loosing our valuable carryall and fine span of horses. This was not the first time in my life that I barely escaped with my life.

In looking it all over it seems as if it were two birds, one good and the other evil ; these powers were contending for a worm and the evil bird was always defeated and the creature's life saved, to be changed into a life of beauty which no one could harm.

It was during the war that sister and I found ourselves at Lawrence, 16 miles from home, with an open-top buggy and one horse with which to make the trip.

We took an early noon lunch at a friend's house and started for home, when a half mile on our journey we noticed our kind host's fine New Foundland dog had followed us. At first we tried every art in our power to drive him back but all to no avail; the more we scolded and chased, the farther he ran ahead in the opposite direction, so we were forced to desist and let the dog have his way.

Sister Marova, by way of making me feel happy over what I felt to be a shameful bit of carelessness, said:

"Sister, it may be God has sent him along to take care of us."

We are now far on our way, it is growing dusk; we are within a few hundred yards of another friend's house at which we have planned to stop over night. We are going leisurely down an incline which leads to a small creek; to the right was a heavy clump of brush. The dog was just in the rear and ever on the alert for danger; we hear him growl and at the same time spring at something. On looking back we see a large man with cudgel in hand, who seems to be aiming to strike at us from behind, just as the dog intervenes as our rescuer; while the man and dog tussel together, we lash the horse into a run, and when he sees he is distanced by a number of yards he darts out of sight in the timber, and we see nor hear nothing more of him.

When we arrive at our friend's to tarry over night and relate our adventure, it is to meet with a man who is a friend of the owner of the dog and is on his way to Lawrence. The consequence was, that our lives were spared and the dog sent back to his owner before noon next day. Was it chance that this dog who had never been known to leave his home, should leave it and persist in following strangers until he had delivered us from

our danger, and then without any trouble whatever, retrace his steps, as much as to say: "I have obeyed my God and saved your lives, now go on your way in life and give God the glory." And so I have, and while this incident happened thirty years ago, the angels of the Lord encamp about me still.

The question is often asked, How early does the Holy Spirit visit a child? Of course the coming and date much depends upon the early training of the child.

In a review of my own life I realize that I was not over four years of age when I began to feel the need of God's help and watch care over me, and I began to pray to Him to keep me from bad dreams and deliver me when in danger.

Then my own family have taught me many valuable lessons in faith later on, which I feel it my duty to record for the benefit of my readers. But first allow me to relate an incident occurring in my early life, which contributed much to my happiness in after years. It was on this wise.

My father had been absent for a number of weeks, in the capacity of presiding elder. When at the house of one of the brethren, by the name of Fason, he was taken with congestive chills, and was dangerously ill. Therefore it was thought best to summon mother, brother Edward and I. After we had been with him some days the doctor said "there was no hope of his recovery;" and had even told my father to adjust his finances, and make ready for the worst. After all else was attended to, of which I remember little, father called for me to "come to his bedside," saying to mother, "I wish to talk to Mardy all alone about her soul."

I was forthwith sent into his presence. As I entered, mother stepped out.

I shall never forget that morning, and the message it brought me. The night before there had been a light shower; the clouds dispersed, and quite a heavy frost followed; these changes in nature leaving the sky as blue and clear as that which overhung the Garden of Eden possibly could have been.

As I approached father he bid me come near, and lay my head upon the pillow by him, for he could only talk in a whisper. Was it the change in my father's looks which I remember so distinctly? Oh no; it was the lesson concerning my future home that still remains with such vividness.

He began by saying: "My child, I am very sick, and may not get well. I want you to be a good girl, and meet me in heaven. Will you try, Mardy?" he continued, as his trembling hand sought my quivering face, for I was already crying as if my heart would break.

I at last answered in the affirmative.

Then he queried: "Do you pray to the good being?"

"I don't know who he is, and I don't know where heaven is either," I answered, all within one breath.

My father, observing my ignorance, and at the same time my willingness to comply with his request, began at once to bring it all under the scope of my understanding by an object lesson; and pointing out at the window, asked as he did so, "Do you see yon beautiful blue?"

"I do," I answered.

"Well," continued he, "the 'good being' is our great and good Father, and He and His Son, our Savior

Jesus, lives just a little way off beyond that beautiful blue; and if I die, that is where I shall go."

"That is it, father, where God lives, and where you are going," I exclaimed. "I did not know they were real, and He lived so near."

Then I eagerly devoured the words he said about my future home, and the knowledge that God was a reality, and I answered by saying: "I do pray to Jesus, and I will try and make heaven my home."

That morning after the storm, my father's fever left him, and he was spared for many subsequent years of usefulness.

And on my part I have kept my promise by giving my life to the Lord and His work. Forty years have now passed, much like unto a tale that is told; my father has gone up to enjoy the city beyond the beautiful blue; but that lesson of that one morning still remains, and I never walk abroad, either by day or on a starlit night, but what I intuitively look up to catch a glimpse of the home of my soul. Then it makes me so glad to know that my earthly father has gone on and joined his elder brother, and they together are looking out for my coming.

In adding the lessons gleaned from the lives of those whom God has been so kind as to give into my keeping, I will relate them as concisely as possible. At one time, when my eldest was three years old, he committed an offence for which I felt in duty bound to punish him in some way. Not desiring to strike one who was so small, for he could not defend himself, I said:

"Alvah, I will now have to tie my little boy for ten minutes to the bed-post; then I will pray with him. For I want him to remember this so long as he lives."

While the tears coursed down his little face he said: "Mother, you need not tie me, and you need not pray with me. I will do them both."

I gave him leave to do the punishing, as by this time we were all in tears. He quickly ran away and got a big halter rope, quite as much as he could lift, and this he tied first about his waist, then to the post of the bed; then crossed his hands over his breast, and bowed his head and began: "Now I lay me down to sleep," closing with "Lord bless pa and ma, and make me remember. Amen."

At the close of five minutes I suggested he had been tied long enough.

"Oh ma," said he, "I want to give myself a good whipping."

How often, in after years, when I have realized that I have openly offended my Lord, and he has afflicted me for it, has this willing picture of my child in humble submission, come up before my mind, and led me to make amends and ask God to help me be good.

"Lest we become as little children we can in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven."

These lessons of faith, which came to me by my children, occurred when they were quite small.

"Mother, oh mother, have we any apples?" said my little flaxen-haired boy of five summers, upon his return from school.

"Oh no, my darling, and that is not the worst; I have no money with which to buy any."

We were poor; yes, very poor. I turned my head away from my hungry child to hide the fast-falling tears, for I had never had the courage to refuse my three little chaps of boys anything to eat when I knew

them to be very hungry, if it was anywhere in my power to get it.

Today it seemed utterly out of my power to grant even so small a request. But my child was not to be foiled so easily, "for," said he, "we all" (referring to his two brothers) "are so hungry for apples we must have some."

I suggested he ask our neighbor's daughter Lizzie, "for I am sure, if she has any, she will give them to you."

"Then," said he, "I would not have many, and I want enough for my brothers; and if you don't care I will go and ask God, for He does hear prayer, don't He, mother?"

I declare I was not quite ready for an answer to this question, it was so out of the ordinary way of doing; but being determined to stand by my God, who had always been so good to me, I did finally answer him in the affirmative.

After getting my answer it was only two minutes until I heard the sweetest, trusting little prayer going up from the lips of a child into the ears of the King of kings; and He, the King, was talking back some way to the heart of the child. For when he came out it was with one of the sweetest, most trusting faces, all covered with smiles, one ever saw; saying, with the first breath:

"Oh mother, God is going to give me plenty of apples!"

And out he ran onto the sidewalk to look after God.

I still toiled away at my task, casting about in my mind where in the world I could possibly get the money with which to answer that prayer. My hands all at once refused their task, and I arose and laid my work

aside, and pressed to the door to see what has become of my child.

There he stands; notwithstanding the descending rain, he holds his hat in hand, and looks first up the street one way, then down the other.

When I ask him, "Why stand in the rain without a hat!" he replies:

"Oh mother, don't you know? I am looking for God to come with my apples. Then I am holding the hat to catch them in."

Upon hearing these words, and seeing his childlike faith being as literally acted out as was Elijah's when he prayed for rain, I said not a word, but retraced my steps into the house, wondering who the child expected to be his God. And while in this state of mind I soon found myself down on my knees praying.

When I arose I meant to flee in haste out the back way, and see if I might not meet a neighbor of whom to borrow a few cents, with which to buy apples; but before I could get my cloak and hat on an old apple peddler, with whom I had some acquaintance, came driving up with fearful speed, calling to my boy, saying:

"Here, old man, is apples I have saved for you."

And before I could speak he had filled the child's hat to overflow, and ordered the hat emptied; and while the child was emptying and refilling his hat with luscious pear-main apples, I stepped out and asked:

"Have you apples for sale, sir?"

"No Mam," was his reply; "I have sold all my boxes and had these left over, and remembering how fond this child was of apples I saved these for him, and he has already paid for them by his happy face, and the way he has always thanked me for an apple."

Saying this he was gone; this was very strange, he

being almost an entire stranger to our family, as was almost every other one in the city. When we had all gathered about our feast of fat things, it was to hear the child say:

"There ma, we have plenty for all of us and some for our friends."

"I should say we had," chimed in his two brothers, who was also highly elated at seeing how beautifully and generously God had answered his prayer.

Then at another time, while living at Burlingame, Kansas, our partnership well, of which neighbor Beard owned one-half, became dry; and as this was our sole dependence for water unless we went to neighbor Smith's just across the way. Being dependent on others for our mercies sorely grieved our children who had to go to Smith's for the water, therefore one of my little boys came to me one day and asked:

"Mother, don't God hear and answer prayer?"

"Yes my son," was my quick reply.

"Well, then I will go and ask him to give us water in our well."

"All right my dear."

No sooner had the request been granted than he retires to an adjoining room, and I hear the voice of my boy of five summers pleading in the name of Jesus with the Maker of the Universe, for so simple a thing as water. While he still pleads, and I hear the message trembling along on the wire, I look with the eyes of my soul, for God is near and I knew it not.

The pearly gates are opened, and the Son himself starts to bear the answer, for it is a child of tenderest mien who is at the wire. I look again, and lo, one who outshines the morning sun stands beside the child, and even takes him up in His arms of gold, and with His

nail-torn hand brushes the tears from his face, and said: "Yes, child of faith, you shall have water if it takes all the dew in yonder sky water shall be all your own."

This man of sapphire kissed the child I know, for when he entered the room to make his request, his eyes overflowed with tears, but now he comes forth all radiant with smiles of joy, and says:

"Oh, mother, we are going to have water for God has told me so."

When my little boy made this announcement of the water which we were surely going to have, I ventured to reply:

"Yes, when it rains my son."

"No mother, God don't have to wait until it rains, you just wait and you will see what God can and will do."

After this he ran on about his play as happy and trusting as if all the water in the Kansas river ran through our yard. It is the morning following, only three, yes four people in the Universe knew of what had transpired in reference to the water, and these were God, my husband, I and the child. We were like Mary, the blessed, pondering in our hearts what this could mean. When in came the man who owned the other half of the well, and said:

"Mr. Adams, while at my breakfast this morning, a thought came to me as if some one was really speaking to me, which said, 'Mr. Beard, take a post auger and go down into the dry well and bore for water,' nor could I get rid of the thought until I obeyed the voice. Now I wish you to lower me into the well, and I can very soon see whether I am deceived about this voice or not."

My husband did his part; the man was lowered and

bored down one foot, when the bottom of the well began to give way and up rushed the water in a boundless store, filling the man's boots and bucket in which he was let down. When drawn up he said: "Who ever saw the like?"

As I was residing in the second story, and the well was in front of the back door, I did not know anything of what had happened until my triumphant child came up the steps with an old can which he had grasped, filled to the brim with the water, which was rendered rily in consequence of the incaving dirt. This he was drinking as he ascended the steps, and when I asked, as I saw his excitement, what had happened, he said:

"Oh! mother, it is God's water, only drink it; didn't I tell you what God would do?"

I confess, when I had heard and went to test with my own eyes and saw the boundless store of water which God knew was hidden there just out of our sight, and had, in answer to the request of a child, opened out for the use of man for years to come. I was constrained to say, "Who is like unto our God, while so great, so grand, can yet be so small as to abide in our poor hearts and hear and answer the feeblest child's prayer."

CHAPTER XXI.

TOPEKA WORK—MAD DOGS.

"The martyrs walked in the olden days
With bleeding feet through the narrow ways,
And we who follow must walk as they
For the hand of Christ to lead the way."

"Foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head."

It is often one of the deepest longings of the heart to have a home and the comforts of life about, but how many of God's dear ones are as poor as was their homeless Savior. Amidst the struggles of life, when home after home has had to go, the Holy Spirit has whispered "had not where to lay His head," and I have dried my tears and began to look in the sands at my feet for the footsteps of my Lord.

Is it not enough to be as our Christ and not above Him? Is He to bear all the burdens and we none?

I never think of that awful hour of scourging when that body, so precious to the Holy Mother, had to be bared, bruised and beaten for us, but what it makes my heart ache most to breaking. Then I have said, "let me also suffer with Him that I may with Him reign."

If the gold-bearing quartz was not subject to the crushing mill and the dross removed, the gold would be of no use to commerce; nor would our lives act as a lode stone to draw others to Christ were it not for the refin-

ing influence of trials which brings us into a oneness of sympathy with others.

While residing in Burlingame we had our hundred-fold of tribulations, with compound interest added. Why not? It was only the word of God being fulfilled.

"In Me ye shall have peace, but in the world tribulations."

The grasshoppers were gone, they had not been permitted to devour my babe, as "fear" said they would; but they, or something else which could eat much cleaner had devoured our store and home, and many of our would be friends. But thank God, we had the promises of the Lord left.

After losing all our property in Burlingame, we removed to Topeka. Here I find myself feeble in health, with five small children, and not knowing where the next day's food would come from. Then a fearful Kansas winter approaching, to break in storms all about us. After looking the city over, my husband got employment at a dollar per day. Out of this sum, which amounted to twenty-six dollars, rent must be paid, fuel and food bought, and doctors' bills paid.

About this time our Freddie met with an accident as he was coming home from school; an infuriated Texas steer, which was being driven through the thronged streets, gathered the child up on his horns, and after running with him about twenty yards, tossed him up and off his horns, then ran over him, striking him with his foot on the breast and head, leaving him almost dead, but with long and patient care he was restored, but left with feeble nerves.

Our necessity was so great and my sympathy so keen I could detect the coming of a raven of help miles away; they did not have to flap at my window with my meat

in their beaks until I went forth to welcome them in the name of the Lord.

Some might well ask why a fatherly God would allow such need to his faithful ones? Years had to pass before I could answer this problem myself. I see it all now as clear as noon-day.

While in this furnace the colored people came up, in what was known as the Kansas Exodus, by the thousands and many of them stopped at Topeka, and were to be cared for both temporarily and spiritually. There were vast numbers who could provide for the outer man, but who was there that realized their spiritual needs and had the bread of life and the willing hands to leave all and take it to these starving ones?

Their quarters were out at the fair grounds, where they were encamped by the hundred, all hungering and thirsting for the bread of life. I saw the situation, and thought much good could be accomplished amongst them, and I felt duty called me in that direction; so I formed a praying and singing band, composed of my children, Alvah, Mattie, the twins, Freddie and Eddie, and Elmer, aged respectively fourteen, ten, seven and four years.

When Sabbath morning dawned, we put our lunch in basket, and set out for a whole day's labor in the vineyard of our Lord, and with joy and gladness the children sang, or read, or prayed; did anything to help save the people; and many a rough and scarred ebony hand was placed upon their heads, while the lips pronounced blessings without stint upon "de blessed lambs ob our most merciful God."

During our labors, which extended over weeks and months, I preached the funerals and helped to lay to rest a number of their children, who had already tired

of the storms of Kansas, and went up to play on the banks of the river of life.

Some might ask: "Did the two miles walk seem long to the children and yourself?"

I answer: "No; not so long as I remembered how the Master had left blood-stains over the hills of Palestine, and then gave His life a ransom for our souls.

This one year in Topeka, following our losses and trials was a period replete with work both temporal and spiritual. I not only labored in various ways among the colored people, but had my preaching-places in the outskirts of the city.

This spring, after a powerful effort on the part of the people, Kansas came forth all covered with victory, to say, "Temperance is mine, and shall be so long as the stars and stripes float over us as a people of purity, whose trust is in Almighty God."

The morning the little giant of temperance, J. P. St. John, took his oath as governor in front of the capitol building, heralded forth not only a day of noble achievements, but one of natural beauty far beyond any day I had ever witnessed. If we were to judge of God's approval by the appearance of the day He had given us, we might not hesitate to write, "God is well pleased."

The night before nature had arrayed herself in garments pure and white. The royal artist had so changed old posts and trees with his robes of white, with diamonds of frost-work hanging from every pendant thing, it was easy to imagine these common things to be brides going forth to meet their grooms. Truly our God is mindful of all the efforts of His children when they strive to uplift His creatures.

The question has been asked: "In what lay the secret of success of the temperance people of that day?" I will answer: "United work, united prayer, coupled with faith in God."

This campaign might well be compared to the homely ditty which went the rounds of the press, "You rock, I rock, and we all rock together." St. John prayed, the people prayed, and then we all prayed together.

Everybody—man, woman and child—who could speak or sing was sent out into the field to work for temperance. Then the most deadly blow of all was given to the cause of Alcohol when the State Temperance Camp-meetings were held at Bismark, just across from Lawrence.

Some have asked, "how was Kansas led to see the evils of intemperance?" I may perhaps give as an answer, "the varied furnaces through which the people had to pass was quite enough to cause them to see their need of purity as a State."

First we had all the trials and privations incident to a pioneer life in war times; then following these came the grasshoppers by the millions, and then a wave of hydrophobia, at least many animals were bitten and died at and near Burlingame. One reason why I remember it so distinctly was that one of my very dear friends, a Mrs. Parks, was bitten by a rabid dog, and died. This is the story as I received it from her husband:

"On Thanksgiving day, as my wife walked along on the street, she observed a strange dog approaching her; no sooner had he seen her than he grasped her on one cheek; then before she could get help he had bitten her

on the forehead, making several deep, ugly gashes. To these wounds was applied the far-famed mad stone, but all to no avail. On the ninth day after being bitten, she was taken with a chill which was closely followed by convulsions. Whenever she thought of water it seemed to bring on the spasms. There stood physicians, minister and friends, all powerless before the deadly virus which had entered her blood, as all their efforts proved of no avail. On the fifth day, after untold sufferings, she sank from exhaustion, not being able to take any kind of food."

Perhaps never amidst the trials through which Christians have to pass in this life, did the religion of Jesus shine brighter than in the trial through which Mrs. Parks had passed. During the several days of her spasms and until death came, she sang, prayed and rejoiced.

The husband also informed me that the same dog which had bitten his wife had also bitten his only cow and horse, both of which had to be shot.

How glad I am that when the Revelator saw the white-robed throng, he had the boldness to ask who they were, and the answer came at once, "These are they who came up out of great tribulations, and have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb and made them white. Therefore they are before the throne of God and serve Him in His temple."

Of course as we saw this beautiful Christian family, parents and one dear little girl, struggling so happily together in their little home, with but their one cow and one horse, all touched in one hour by the deadly poison, which in a few days blasted all their hopes and home we had to go somewhere for succor.

Mr. Parks said: "Had I caviled for one moment with God's promises I would have gone insane, but I only had to think of the Christian fortitude of my wife in this trying period to know that God was in it all and what I did not know now I should understand in the great hereafter."

CHAPTER XXII.

REMOVAL TO CALIFORNIA—AT THE MILITARY
ACADEMY, OAKLAND.

AFTER two years of struggle and toil in Topeka, Kansas, we were getting fairly well settled for poor people, and gathering many of the comforts of life about us. All at once the health of two of our children began to fail, and the physicians said we must remove to a more genial clime, or death would claim them.

After a few weeks' consultation with the children we concluded to make sale of all our belongings, and go to California. It was about a week after the decision was made, when the home and all else was sold, and we were on our way across the plains.

While the journey was one attended with dangers, yet the mercies of the Lord were all about us from the hour we started until we arrived in Los Angeles. On the cars we made the acquaintance of the son of Dr. McClure, of Oakland, Cal. When we arrived at the depot we learned that we could not make train connections until night, it then being early morning. So friend McClure would not hear to us remaining all day at the dreary depot. Therefore we accepted his proffered kindness, and with our whole family accompanied him on the local train up to his home in the Military Academy.

And of all the days in our lives for kindness and

friendship, this was the one peering above all the others. When the son introduced us to his mother, who met him at the threshold, she exclaimed:

"Welcome to our home and its blessings in the name of our common Lord."

When we offered an apology for bringing so many children in unannounced, the good man of the house, Dr. McClure, replied by extending both of his hands to the wee ones, saying as he did so:

"Suffer little children to come into our home, and forbid them not."

It would have done you good to have seen the boys and Mattie strolling amidst the shrubs and flowers. I imagine they were about as much amazed after descending from the snows of the Sierras, and beholding life and beauty all about them, as was sore-covered Lazarus when he dropped his old hull and spread his wings amidst other angels, and soared away superior to his pain; and found himself, after it all, taking comfort in father Abraham's bosom.

Then the viands of the luscious spread of that one day, how delicious they looked, how savory they tasted, after such a journey of cold lunches. We had for our dinner baked salmon, green peas, lettuce and strawberries, such as our children had never seen before; neither had their mother and father seen or eaten the like.

In Dr. McClure and his wife we found the true genuine Christian character, which comes alone from a thorough education and discipline of mind, with heart so full of the world's Redeemer it may be seen and felt by all of God's creatures, in whatever condition they may chance to be.

After we had partaken of our morning meal, the

doctor read a psalm; then we all knelt around the common mercy-seat, while prayer ascended like incense from the altar of every heart.

In the course of conversation during the day, the doctor and wife asked after our finances, and our prospects for the support of our very feeble little ones. When informed we would reach Los Angeles with less than fifty dollars, they still, Christ-like, put forth a helping hand in the way of substantial aid, even after we reached our destination. And we again prayed God to bless the McClures, and may the bread of heaven and fruit from the tree of life be their food.

After a few more hours' ride we arrived at Los Angeles, where we spent the first night at the old United States hotel. Next morning we awoke happy and refreshed, and thankful that we had, with our family, reached a place free from blizzards and mad dogs, and where our children might be restored to health and spared yet longer with us.

The next morning we secured rooms in a house opposite the great cathedral, on Main street. After we took the rooms the landlord, Louis Roeder, stepping out of his house just next door, noticing our boys, said:

"My, where did this raft of boys come from?"

The younger of the lot exclaimed:

"From Kansas; and we have a big brother Alvah, who is a carriage painter, with a nice box of tools and card of recommendation from his former employer."

"Just so, just so," exclaimed Mr. Roeder; "I am in need of a carriage painter."

The result of Elmer's eye to business in telling of his elder brother was Alvah being employed by Mr.

Roeder, the then carriage maker, but the now man of wealth.

While we adjusted our rooms and were getting ready to live, before we could get a stove Mrs. Roeder cooked dinner, and on one side of her table sat her one son and four daughters, while on the other side was our one daughter and four sons.

Here on Main street, while Mr. Adams was searching for employment, I began in the hair work; and with the hackel and loom we strove to keep the wolf of poverty from the door.

It was yet a number of months before any place for work opened up for the head of the family, and during this time it was a hand-to-hand fight with feebleness and want.

One morning I had my faith put to its utmost test. I had made a braid for a lady, who had promised faithfully to call and get it, and pay me for the work done; this amount would tide us over this morning's crisis. It was getting on towards dinner-time, and yet no woman, with promised aid, materialized.

Mattie, then but a child, came in to inform me the dinner hour was approaching, and not one morsel of food out of which to prepare it. There were five feeble children, including Alvah our workman. The sight of them to my imagination, without food, was more than I in my feebleness could bear.

I arose, and with uplifted hand struck the bible, saying as I did so:

"The seed of the righteous shall never beg bread; and if my parents were not the children of God He never had and never will have any children. And this passage means me, and refers to our family today."

Just at that moment I felt every nook and corner of

the room to be filled with angels, and these were accompanied by Elijah, the meal and oil producer of old; and standing on the threshold was Lazarus, who exclaimed: "Poor here and rich there."

After throwing my wraps about me I was led by some unseen but felt influence out to the sidewalk, for a half a block, between Second and Third streets, where my attention was attracted to a five dollar piece on the walk; this coin I did not hesitate to pick up as coming directly in answer to faith in the supplier of all my needs. When I returned to my children after an absence of three minutes with five dollars, and they knowing I did not know a friend in the city of whom we could ask for such a fortune, they had surprise and thankfulness beyond bounds.

To those who have never had an ungratified wish in this life, I can't see just how heaven will mean enjoyment in its fulness to them. Well may this class turn Lazarus, whom angels bore up into the presence of God into the Gentile nation; but we who have for some cause unknown to ourselves, been permitted to walk with the "Man of Poverty," been glad to see in Lazarus a real man like unto ourselves, who when being carried up to heaven, left the gate open long enough for us to see it to be a reality, and the people living in loving kindness with each other and still having confidence in the sovereignty of the Divine Father.

I have inserted these peculiar trials and victories for the one purpose of encouraging other families why may be ambitious to educate their children, and yet be like Job, struck and tried in every conceivable way known to the devil.

When God gave me the charge of seven children, and I saw these destined to be creatures of immortality, and

must either live with God and Christ or be cast away from their presence, I took them in my arms of faith and presented them to their Maker, saying as I did it, "Give anything or take anything which might have been mine, but write these children's names in the Lamb's Book of Life, that I may find them all on the right hand side, on the morning of the resurrection." And I felt at the time their names were registered, and from then until now I have accepted my lot, be it joyous or sad, believing all things work together for good to those who love the Lord."

During the year following our arrival, Mr. Adams got a position in a drug store, for which he was to receive \$40 per month, he giving fifteen hours per day. By him keeping the family, Alvah and I laid up \$80, which, as we all counted it over, said it was a starter for a home, and so it was.

We heard of a lot on Fourth, between Spring and Broadway, so Alvah and I went and paid \$15 to secure it; then we sought a lumber yard, and when we first told the owner our purpose of building a house with four rooms out of the remaining \$65, he fairly laughed us to scorn, but when I told him he must give me the lumber, with \$30 paid down, even if I had to live in a house without doors and windows, he asked:

"Where is your lot?"

When I told him, he made out the bill, putting in the windows and doors and threw in a screen door for the front. When this was concluded, he told me he knew of a carpenter, a Mr. Marshal, who would only be too glad of the job.

By next morning, lumber, carpenter and all were on the ground. And when, as a family, we talked of the comforts of our new home, Rothchilds and the Vander-

bilts were poor beggars beside us with our wealth, especially if we had the consolations of religion and they had not.

Well after a long struggle we are again in our own new home. The children and I have cloth and papered it and how neat and home-like it seems.

Two more years have passed and my health is in a most precarious condition; these different physical and mental strains at my period of life are about to prove too much for my over-sensitive nature, for I am taken with a fever which seemed to baffle the physicians' skill, until my bark seemed to be skirmishing along in sight of the shadow land; I not caring whether I ever returned to health or not. In this most critical time of the disease, a shadowy cloud seemed to float near, and as I looked up to see what this strange apparition could mean, a voice from within the cloud addressed me, while to myself I seemed to be out of my body, asked:

"Mrs. Adams, in what part of your house" referring to my body, "have you kept my Son in?"

Just here I made bold to inquire, "Who are you?"

"The Father," was the reply, when I answered His room has been my heart.

"As you have given Him the best room, you shall be made every whit whole, and" continued the voice, "Mrs. Adams, you have been good and faithful, but not wise."

"Will good and faithful admit me into heaven?" I asked.

"Yes," was the quick reply, "but won't you stay on earth to finish up your work?"

After this the cloud gathered up and floated away, and I was so blessed and happy of heart, I feared it would break. In fact I dare not bring that scene and

presence fully to memory again, for I would be overcome with joy.

The exclamation of my soul was: "Lo, God was here and I knew it not." After this open vision I was rapidly restored.

More years pass by. Alvah goes on a visit to see relatives in the east, and also attends the Exposition at New Orleans. After his return, he and Miss Lizzie Roeder were united in the bonds of holy matrimony, which occasion was beautifully celebrated. She was the eldest daughter of Louis and Minnie Roeder.

After a few more very eventful years my health again began to fail. About this time Mr. Adams came very near losing his life by having his head caught in the door of an unfinished elevator in use in the Los Angeles Furniture Co.'s store. But for the timely reversing of the ponderous machine by a man who happened to be below, his head would have fallen at his feet. But as it was, striking him on the back of the neck, he was more sorely injured than we had at first supposed.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MY MOTHER'S DREAM.

I KNOW of no other sight half so interesting and beautiful as a plentifully provided home, whose appointments are all equal; then this filled with a large family. I think this is about as God intended it in the beginning; for where the large family is found, there also symmetry and force of body and mind are found.

While contemplating and enjoying these home joys we must not lose sight of the home breaking, and also the higher meaning God has placed upon nurseries of love; realizing that all things good begun below will no doubt be carried out and finished above.

I am glad I can ever look back on a large family of obedient sons and daughters, as the support of my mother and father; and I am happier still to know, as break after break occurred in the family, that our parents taught us of a place of grand reunion, where all breaks would finally be repaired.

This last break, of which I am about to speak, was by far the saddest of all, upon account of my parents' age, and so many things occurring so near together, and in so short a space of time. First, we three girls marrying and leaving the parental roof, and then Cassie, Thomas and John going to California.

The particular incident to which I now refer came about in this wise. Marova and I were teaching school in easy reach of home, while Cassie, who has just

turned into her teens, attends the village school. Marova and I have returned to spend Sabbath at home, and Cassie has related all the happenings of the week from our going until our return.

Then mother had given us some of her choicest preserves and delicacies for tea. She always had something nice cooked and laid away for our Friday's home-gathering; she said "it made sweet memories when one gets old or has trouble;" and so it does.

Supper is just dispensed with, and we have gathered in for a general talk, when we are startled by the barking of the dogs. When mother opened the door, two stately appearing strangers enter.

One of these, to our great surprise, introduced himself as my father's brother James, whom father had not seen for many long years. The other, brother James introduces as his traveling companion, a Mr. McCollum, they both hailing from the far South. We were indeed glad to see and welcome our uncle, but to say deep down in our hearts we were glad of the other's arrival, we could not and be truthful.

I am sure he had not been in the house an hour until we saw his queer grey eyes following our sister Cassie, and while Marova and I prepared refreshments, Cassie slipped away to her room, and soon returned, having clad herself in her second best, a sky-blue bodice with plain skirt of delicate drab. In this she always looked a year or two older than she really was, and to our astonishment, instead of continuing her studies as was her usual wont, she offered to turn out the tea and help entertain the guests. Why not we assent? How could we object? She was looking her best, and if anyone could help father entertain our uncle and make him

feel at home, she could, for she was a lovely conversationalist.

The young man was modest and retiring in his behavior, but from that hour, reason as we would as a family, we were ill at ease, an unbidden monitor was ever pointing to this strange young man as the despoiler of our peace.

While the two men ate and father and Cassie entertained them, Marova and I, girl-like, slipped in to another room, to talk things over; and lo, and behold, there was mother in advance of us, even more serious than we, for she was talking with God in prayer. When she arose, I asked:

"What is it mother?"

"Oh nothing, children, only it has been so long since I met with your uncle it brings up old recollections and makes me sad."

"That is just it," replied Rova, "but by morning you will feel as happy as ever."

As much as I would have enjoyed the winter at home, now that my uncle is with us it is quite out of my power, for I have engaged to teach the public school in a village fifteen miles distant.

After I went away to school our newly made friends visited other relatives, and I knew but little of what was happening at home, only as I gleaned it from a visit made me by Cassie; who had not been long in making a transformation of herself from a school girl into a woman of mature years, full of decision.

We are taking a walk all alone, and yet she bid me step behind a tree, saying as she did:

"I have news Gretta, which I fear will nearly break your heart, and yet you must say 'yes' to my plans, for all my future happiness depends upon your decision."

For the next instant I watched her with abated breath, for I could see she was full of all manner of emotions, which had eradicated every trace of her former childish sweet simplicity. I was mentally asking, is she hypnotized or is it love that has made the wonderful change? When I noticed her unusual embarrassment, I asked:

"What is it little sis?"

"Don't, please don't call me sis any more, for I am engaged to be married to Mr. McCollum."

I was just going to make a big speech, as one would naturally look for from one who was her sister and ten years her senior, when she, with the quickness of thought, placed her hand over my mouth and said aloud a number of times:

"Yes, yes, it is all right Cassie."

Many months have passed since the above visit. My school is closed, and I am at home. Mother, father, Marova and I are together in the parlor, holding a very important conference. Mother was just saying:

"I never could give my consent to Cassie, young as she is, taking such a serious step, only that father and I are getting old."

She had just finished this sentence when we heard approaching footsteps, and, on looking up, there stood Mr. McCollum, with Cassie by his side; and before we had scarcely time to exchange glances, he had asked our mother and father for the hand of their daughter in marriage. And when his wish was granted he further informed us that they had decided, after their marriage, to accompany my brother Thomas and family to California.

We are now, amid our tears, able to explain why we felt so badly the night our uncle and his traveling

companion first visited our happy home; but to tell you how we as a family looked and acted while father and mother were giving their consent, I never can.

From the day Cassie went out of sight over the hill towards the great west our home was never the same; even her pet cat, Kitty Snow, noting her absence, refused food and finally died. Of all our number, none felt the loss of Cassie so keenly as mother; she seemingly never tired of gazing out and up the lane in which she was last seen; and these little spells of soul craving, when the eyes would invariably weep, would be wound up with an upward glance.

Then I came to the conclusion that our wise Father had a grand purpose in allowing these sudden breaks in families, either by death or otherwise. And in this great trial of our loved one's leaving, and the almost insurmountable difficulties that were in the way, at that date, of our parents ever expecting to meet with her again, they began intuitively to look above, if perchance they might not, up amidst the stars somewhere, find a central point of union, where, after all, they might not meet the object of their love without crossing all the mountains and plains by ox team.

I inferred this to be the sweetness of my mother's thoughts from a vision I heard her relate to father a number of years after the events in the beginning of my story. Even so long was it, sister Marovia and I had both taken other names, and knew the sweetness of being called mother.

This was the vision; I can write it, but I can never paint the heavenly look and the angelic expression on my mother's face as she related the joys which filled her soul, as this seeming reality appeared in her pathway.

"I was walking out," said she, "and thought I had been very sick, and was only able to walk alone by the greatest care. As I slowly moved along, looking first to the right and then to the left, just in front of me, as I was about to take another step, there was what appeared to be a deep broad river, whose water was so very clear I could see myself; and my hair was white as snow.

"While I stood noting this fact, there appeared on the other side of the stream a man and woman. The man I noticed, and recognized at once to be father, whose hair had only a few threads of gray; and while I stood, rather wondering at your father's bloom of full manhood, I also wondered who the lady could be. I then thought I would try and wade the river and go to them, when, looking down, lo and behold! the river was not there at all; but I was with the two, and imagine my joy, when looking up, to find it was our Cassie; at which glad surprise I awoke."

After Cassie married and went to California, it was not long until sister Marova and I each changed our names, and she became Mrs. Clark. Nor was it a great while thereafter until my father, like a veteran, received his honorable discharge and went in triumph home. And in his going mother's dream began to be interpreted.

His departure was in this wise, he had held a protracted meeting in the village near by, during which many were gathered into the fold. On the following Sabbath after closing his meeting, he was called out in the country several miles distant, to preach at a funeral. He had just begun to preach when he was seized with congestion of the lungs and could not go farther but had to be removed home, where on the Wednesday follow-

ing, surrounded by many of his family, he fell asleep in Jesus. It was a custom of his never to let anyone come or go without speaking to them about their souls.

After being told by his physician that he could not recover, he requested a man to go to different ones who had not yielded during the protracted meetings, and tell them "it is Dr. Still's wish to have you come and allow him to give you his dying admonition."

Amongst the number who came was a Mr. Minx; while father spoke to him urging him to come without delay to the Savior and be saved, he trembled and cried, and promised father he would not sleep until his peace was made with God. He kept his vow, and father had the satisfaction of hearing of him finding pardon and peace.

It was not a month until Mr. Minx, my father's trophy, was taken with malignant small pox and died.

After father's death, mother goes to reside with my sister, Mrs. Clark, and her husband, who is a very excellent Christian man. They have a large farm and home, and but two children, Pearly and Earl. After this my mind began to turn westward, and when I told mother of my thought of going to look after Cassie, she said:

"All right my child, when I go to see my darling I will go the near cut and it will be upward instead of across the plains."

The thought of me finding and being near her Cassie, quite compensated her for our separation; for, said she:

"It will be so nice for you to be in the same state with Thomas and Cassie."

After arriving, it only took one glance at Cassie to discover by her wrinkles and gray hair what her long separation from kith and kin has done. The girl of six-

teen has given place to the matronly looking mother with two children, Minnie and Lorice. About her first question after the shock of meeting had passed, was:

"Gretta, where are your gray hairs?"

My answer was, "Father and mother has kept them away."

Then in the rapid exchange of thought which always follows the meeting of friends after long separation, and when I referred to mother's glorious dream, her first exclamation was:

"Oh! sister, may it come true and father and I be together and be permitted to welcome mother on her arrival home."

I have thought of it many times since. The wonderful light which suffused her face, as the picture of meeting mother and father arose before her mind after hearing the dream related; it was indeed heavenly.

I ask, "Might it not have been the lightning flash of coming events? or was it her internal Christ externally revealed through her countenance? From what had happened and the finger prints in her bible, I think it was both.

Some years have passed since Cassie and I met, years full of change. Cassie has daily ripened for eternity, and a vampire called quick consumption has fastened itself upon Cassie's life, literally taking the earthly house down; nail after nail has been pulled, until all that remains to be done may be accomplished by the lightest jarring of a breeze. Everything has been done that loving hearts and faithful hands could do to keep her with us, but all to no avail; father is in waiting, and she must go. Even brother John, residing in Oakland, had by the falling of a tree been transplanted to the garden above.

Only a few days and nights before his death he had a premonition of its occurrence, and related it to his family. The morning of his death said he:

"Sophia," addressing his wife, "I dreamed, only a few nights ago, something which troubles me much. I thought I had fallen asleep; and suddenly I awoke and seemed to be surrounded with angels, and in another state of existence."

His wife bid him think no more of the occurrence, saying, "It is but a dream." But when a messenger came in the afternoon, saying, "Mrs. Still, a tree has by accident fallen on your husband, and he is dying," she thought it a terrible reality, and so it was; he being the first of our family of nine to go, and his departure occurred only ten days before Mrs. McCollum's.

It is a beautiful Los Angeles spring morning; the air and all nature is touched with a sweetness as of Eden, which can only come of the gates of pearl being left open the night before.

After an electrical ride of a few blocks I am near Cassie's home, and another instant places me by her side. Her colored nurse, Dosha, has given her the usual morning care. She greets me with a return of her old girlish love, pointing with triumph to the visible signs of her going. Then, kissing her little Lorice, a child of five summers, said:

"There, sister; to leave this one motherless has been the trial of my life, but I gained the victory last night through the blood of the lamb."

Then she said: "I am now looking eternity square in the face, with only a few hours between; and I find all I can possibly take with me is what I have done in the name of Christ. And oh, I beg of you, sister, pray, preach, and if possible get your book

published; and, whatever else you may regret on your deathbed, you will have no regrets for having, through Christ, saved souls."

In our visiting today, grace has enabled us by faith to change death from a fearful monster and enemy into a friend and godmother of wondrous power, who with her magic wand touches the chrysalis, and lets the struggling soul go free. We have ceased our talking, and I know by sister's heavenly lighted face the old lady must be near. I look again; the old lady has come and gone, and in her stead another in white robes appears. This is Jesus, lover of her soul, who is doing as He said He would, come to receive her to Himself, that where He is we may be also; and while we watch and wait, they also are gone to join our father and brother John.

When once the web is in the loom, and the weaver begins his task, the pattern with all its beauty doth soon appear. So when, in like manner, these three enter the glory-world that lies all about us like a golden cloud, and begin to call mother to come, she hears their call, and feels them draw the cord of love; and as she looks about her feet to see the river of death which appeared to her in her dream, lo! it is nowhere to be found; but the heart stops, and mother is there, and her loved ones have her in their arms. And sister Marova writes and says: "Mother is not dead, but gone to spend Christmas with her friends in heaven. And her message to you is: 'Tell Mary I have been a Christian and member of the Methodist church for seventy-five years, and now I regret it not at the age of eighty-nine. God bless and save you, my child.'"

CHAPTER XXIV.

SANTA CRUZ.

AFTER ten years of vicissitudes in Los Angeles, we observe that if Eddie and myself do not have an immediate change we must certainly die. After looking at several points we decide to remove to Santa Cruz. We sold our furniture and rented our home, and have made arrangements to go at once. Six months residence here with the healing and invigorating influence of sea bathing I became quite restored, and Eddie is much stronger.

Santa Cruz is one of the loveliest spots on earth for a quiet home, and come to think of it, I believe there are more aged men and women living there than in any other place in which I have ever resided; this speaks well for the health of the place.

While the city proper is situated on the north side of the Monterey bay, where the bathing is just everything surpassing, yet the great open sea and cliffs are but a drive of a mile and a half from the court house. Then there are any amount of Christian people in the place, who, while wealthy, hesitate not to minister in every way to Christ's poor. And there are many who are living in a state of constant readiness, with oil in their vessels, only waiting to hear the midnight cry sounded, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh." Amongst this number will be found the purified in all the churches and the Salvation Army.

The last six months of our stay there, was rendered a never to be forgotten trial, because of Mr. Adams failure in business, and the la grippe, this having seized nearly every one of our family. Mattie's attack was the worst and most dangerous of all; this even being made four fold more dreadful by a terrific flood which swept down over the city, coming from an overflow of the San Lorence river and back waters of the ocean. At midnight the water lay like an ocean all about, and in the city people navigated the avenue in boats. When this went down, it left everything damp, having invaded many houses and was within only a few inches of coming in upon our floor.

It was immediately following this that Mattie, with scores of others, took sick, and in the severe coughing Mattie ruptured a blood vessel in her lung, and a hemorrhage followed which came very nearly ending her life. So great was her prostration and heart failure, we despaired of ever getting her home to Los Angeles.

In this trial, with many others, we had an opportunity to fully test the kindness of the people, and found them not lacking in sympathy but manifesting it both in deed and word. Foremost was Mrs. Grover, Mrs. Hunter, Mrs. Fagan and mother, the Thurber family, with scores of others, more than could be mentioned.

It is Decoration Day, ever fitly observed by the people of the place. The streets are literally alive with people, bearing in their hands all manner of choicest flowers with which to decorate the graves of the nation's choicest dead.

The infidel, if in this throng, having no God, his friends have gone nowhere, while his brother Christian looks up and above their resting place, and amidst the golden stars in the vast some place they descry a city all

glinted with gold, and within this city they discover Lincoln, the father of freedom, and his comrade heroes, as they together with victorious tread go marching on, ever ascribing honor and praise to Christ who gave His life, not only to liberate the colored race but the whole world.

After our return from the cemetery, I chanced to read of a wonderful cherry tree, which was said to have grown near where some soldiers slept in their last resting place, and the superstitious someway connected the peculiarities of the tree with the repose of the soldiers beneath its shade; be that as it may the incident has taught me some valuable lessons. This large cherry tree gathers moisture in some unexplainable way, and from each leaf drops a tear, one by one, in quick succession until all the ground is wet for yards around; when the tree is seen in the glare of the morning sunlight it appears to be covered with millions of sparkling diamonds.

The first lesson it presents to my mind is, that it seems referring to the tree of Life, which may be touched through faith by every human being during this life and then no doubt for the strengthening of feeble ones after they have escaped the besetments of earth and are now saved only through the merits of their Savior. Many of such we see whose whole lives are crippled by the curse entailed upon them by the willful sin of their forefathers. This class need not only a Savior but a rounding out preparation for eternity, which may come, for ought we know from the healing leaves and fruit of the tree of life in the midst of the paradise of God.

Or were I to take a sadder lesson from this wonderful weeping tree, I would see in each leaf a representative of the mothers' and wives' hearts, whose sons and

husbands are under rum power, and by this accursed thing are closing heaven's gates to their souls. I dare say were the trees of the forest able to speak or vote, they would all come forth in one grand army against the sin of intemperance. But as neither can speak nor vote, they have—poor speechless things—began to weep for the suffering ones whose prayers have been offered up under their shadding foliage.

It is Christmas day, happiest memorial of the year. Even the sun is glad that peace and good will has come to man. Let earth and heaven unite to sing their joyous song of praises to the One, we, with all nations, honor today. None ever brought such gifts as He; the humblest poor may have a home, and the dying life. See those children emerging from that hovel, never having known anything but want and penury. This day has brought them gifts and gladness, erasing all the gloomy past, leaving only a world of joy and gladness. The poorest one in their midst has had within their hearts a taste of nectar angels might covet and wish to drink.

We are living in a strange place today, city by the sea; I am all alone, Mr. Adams and the family have all gone to church. Look where I will I see people running to and fro, taking gifts to their friends; a cake, a turkey it may be. God bless them in their giving and let them drink today the new made wine of gladness that gives them joy in their hearts.

I have just been over to speak a word to my neighbor, Mrs. Fitzsimmons, who has just buried her baby boy. The parents are both feeble and poor, having a large family. One day a tender shepherd chanced to pass that way and saw her helplessness, and as the little fellow stood by the fence and looked up so sweetly

amidst his poverty, this good man halted, and taking the little one up in his arms carried him over into the sheepfold.

I slipped into her front room, there was no furniture there but one lone chair, so I set my well-filled basket on this and was just running away when I heard foot-steps behind me, so I stepped in the rear of a bush of roses just outside the door, out of her sigh, when the poor woman shivering with a chill opens the door and says:

"Who could have brought these things? We know no one here, then we are so poor; it must have been my Christ."

On hearing this I made answer, "He sent it, but I brought it in His name."

To this her answer came: "The blessings of those who are ready to perish be upon you and yours, with a merry Christmas from the Giver of all good gifts."

As I turn to go, while yet looking towards the poor woman, I see the form of what appeared to be a man of light. He has approached the woman, and is laying a leaf from a tree over her bleeding heart, and while I wondered what this might mean I heard a whisper which said, "The leaves of the tree are for the healing of the nations." Then I knew the man was Christ, and the leaf was from the "tree of life."

I am home again, preparing a fragrant dinner for my family. Oh how I love to see Mattie and the three boys eat. How young folks do enjoy life. I was just going to say I wish they would always be young and within our home. Just then some one rang the door bell, and when I hasten into the hall and open the door, there stands my faithful friend, Mrs. Memory; she has come to bring me blessings such as I never could have

had without her. She and I are now seated in the parlor, when by touching a spring she fills my room with loved ones.

The first to come is a young man, whom I knew in my girlhood, accompanied by my little Hettie and Teddy.

The young man said: "When I started to come and look after your welfare, lo and behold! when I called your name, these laughing said, 'My mamma; and we will go along;' and here we are, coming in on easy wing with noiseless tread."

Just as I was about to grasp my old friend by the hand, and call him by his name, Leonard Nichols, and bless him for bringing my babes, he said "Merry Christmas!" just as he did when I was a girl, and was gone, leaving the babes to speak a word and come at will.

While my darlings flitted about my heart just like so many fairies from fairy-land, Teddy, the eldest, said:

"Mother, dear, do you remember it is just a year since your mother, our grandmamma, came to live with us and grandpa?"

"So it is, darling," I was making answer, when a truant tear leaped from beneath my eye and fell on Teddy's hand.

When he noticed this he said: "Don't cry, mamma; it won't be long now until you are all with us there. Jesus wipes all tears away."

Saying this, they also were gone, and in their place rushed in this time a whole room full of those with whom I had spent the last Christmas at Los Angeles. The Roeders and the Jochins were seemingly filling every chair within the room. Gladdest of all were

Alvah and Lizzie, who said: "God bless our mother, and bring us all where such days as this have no end."

The Jochin family were all clothed in sable garments of mourning, with the longing look of lonely sadness on their faces. They stood, apparently in unutterable silence, awaiting the coming of some one; when suddenly in their midst stood the father of the Joachin's family, whom they were all longing and looking to see.

Just then Mr. Roeder arose and came forward, as if to greet his old-time noble friend, and was just saying: "Merry Christmas, Mr. Joachin," when, to my astonishment, for I did not know of Mr. Joachin's decease, he replied to Mr. Roeder's greeting by saying: "It is always Christmas where we live."

I was just going to ask my friends out to dine, when in rush real bodily creatures, Mattie, Mr. Adams and the boys, accompanied by the Thurber girls.

And in a few more years Christmas itself is gone, leaving naught abiding but memory and the ever-present Christ.

CHAPTER XXV.

ALVAH SEES A CITY.

O Father, come near and speak to me
 In this hour of my soul's great agony.
 Thy Father is ever with thee near;
 Only trust and never fear.

WE had just returned to our home in Los Angeles, having been absent temporarily two years in Santa Cruz. We have brought with us two of our hearts' treasures, already marked for early graves, in the persons of our only daughter Mattie and son Eddie. These have had la grippe, and it has gone into quick consumption. But we never dreamed of our eldest, Alvah, being even farther on the way, and nearer to leaving us than they.

And when Alvah came to our house one day, and in my presence told Eddie to be ready for the worst, saying: "Now Eddie, you must not believe what the doctors say about you having throat disease; you and I have the consumption, and will both be dead men before the year is out; and let us, like men, be ready for the worst;"—if a knife had been thrust into my heart it could not have wounded and hurt me worse.

Here we are, both feeble in health, with three of our family without doubt afflicted unto death; and all our property going or gone. Only for the immutable promises of God, as the sapphire pavement on which to stand, we must have failed.

Written on the furniture, on the door, in fact on

everything, are these words: "Lo, I am with thee always, even unto the end."

What more, I ask, could one have than the constant companionship and support of the Maker of all things? If our darlings do die, and go on out in advance, to be in waiting when we come, then they will be in company with their grandparents, my own father and mother. Things worse than going to heaven may befall one's children. And then our light afflictions work out for us an eternal weight of glory, so we see this thing of our affliction begins here in copper coins, and works out in glory-weights of golden glory.

When I was called, twenty-five years ago, to part with my two babes, Teddy and Hester, heaven looked to be unmeasured miles away, but the happenings since then have brought it to be but a heart's throb distant. When these two had, vine-like, crept up the city's wall to bloom in undying sweetness on the other side, they still left an influence which to our lives was as if a chain was thrown about our being, while two giants were attached to the other end, and by their drawing hourly brought us nearer and within sight of home.

After their going we still have one daughter and four sons left to comfort our declining years; and we would have been planning long years and old age for these only for what I have already written about Mattie and Eddie's sickness, and Alvah's prophecy to Eddie.

After the lapse of a few months Alvah is stricken down, and his father is watching by his side, while other kind friends do all within their power to restore him to health and strength, and now I am forced to write the following.

There was quite an unusual stir this morning about Alvah Adams's cottage. Something terrible had hap-

pened or was going to happen, and that was easily observed both by the movements of the people within and without the house. The doctor, with serious face, and medical case in hand, was seen to enter the house at an untimely hour.

Through the half-closed blinds the neighbors observed the servants gliding to and fro, bearing all manner of needed things, and they all tended toward Alvah's room.

While Lizzie, Alvah's wife, looped back the lace curtains to let the morning sunlight in, Doctor Still and father Adams stood in an adjoining room, conversing in undertones about strange noises they had heard in and about the house. It seemed to be the treading of a giant of powerful strength, an enemy of no mean force, wearing heavy shoes made of iron, with spikes in the heels. It was said by those who knew him that he trod on people's hearts and made them bleed. Then he held a rough chain in his hand. The doctor said, "This chain was to bind his prisoners with."

Hours have passed. In spite of all the efforts of friends and physicians the monster has forced his way in through the door, and has entered Alvah's room. They can see him now. He is a terror to behold; tall, with long bony arms, with slim fingers, and claws instead of nails. His eyes were like two balls of livid fire as they seemingly turned in every direction in search of his prey. If one passed him he ground his teeth, and uttered a deep, guttural, gurgling sound.

When Lizzie looked up, and knew it was her husband he sought, she would have fainted and fallen to the floor, only she thought within herself, "I will

make one more effort to appease the monster, and save my darling."

Then she forthwith gathered her jewels, and offered him all her treasures, even to her betrothal and marriage rings, saying as she made her offering, "If you will only go your way, and leave my husband, I will give you these; yes, all we possess, for his life."

On hearing her words he ground his teeth and stamped his foot, saying:

"Away with your trash, I want none of it, it is your husband and him only I will have."

During Lizzie's pleadings and our weeping, a snow-white dove—the Holy Ghost—had entered and was comforting the dying by repeating, "If a man die he shall live again." And in comforting he had removed the death sweat, and taking its place was the glory of God, which made Alvah's face shine as if oiled with the lard of roses mingled with honey, just then his spiritual vision was opened and he saw heavenly ones within the room and in waiting.

Even while his hands and feet grew cold from being bound with the monster's chains, with the expression of a conqueror, he looking up and out from his window discovered a city, and exclaimed:

"Oh! father, I see a city of wondrous proportions, whose glory and beauty is everything surpassing. From beneath the throne within this place flows a broad, life-giving river, and on this river are men in a boat plying their oars. Call quickly father to these boatmen to come and bear me home."

Father does call and we all pray, "Lord, Jesus receive his Spirit."

Death makes people glad to give their loved ones into the Divine keeping. The boatmen have heard our

call and eternity is spread out before our view like a vast ocean. At first under the influence of death, the dying seemed to be crossing a deep, inky river of ice-cold water, but after the Comforter came that all disappeared, and the river of life was just beyond.

While the Comforter touches every heart and the conflict is waging, let my readers gather close about my heart, and let us get in sympathetic touch with each other. If you be parents you must pass this hour; I never can pass it again. I want you to know its sorrows and depths and be ready.

This is a lesson which the whole Egyptian world had to learn in one night. From the herds within the stall to the king upon the throne, they had to pass the ordeal, and by it their hearts were conquered and the Israelites went forth from cruel bondage. No wonder their wail went up to heaven if their hearts suffered as mine did in that fearful hour.

He who first called me mother must go; I would gladly have taken his place, but this would not do, each must pay this debt, no substitute in this battle. It was a like grief which covered the face of the sun as with sackcloth, when the Son of Joseph and Mary hung bleeding, dying on the cruel cross.

So fearful was this hour of darkness spread over the whole land, and out of this darkness was brought forth light and life to a world lost in sin; and it is the light from this hour, though eighteen hundred years ago, which reaches us today, and makes our dying triumph over death.

Did ever mortals behold such a sight as when Jesus spoke from the cross and said: "Mother, behold thy Son." Then in such tenderness as only the Son of God

and a mother's eldest can ever know, He bade His disciple care for His mother.

No wonder the earth quaked when hearts like those were passing such an ordeal of suffering and separation. This morning I know it, I feel it all.

The monster had struck his blow and was about to be filled with triumph; we are by Alvah's side; his head is pillowed on papa's bosom; one hand is in mine, the other is in his wife's clasp. We are being forced to drink with him the worm-wood and gall, feeling that our battle is almost lost; even the physician has bidden him adieu. When we hearken in awe silence, for we have received tidings of the coming of help—a Prince conqueror—when lo, the door opens and in a moment more, in our midst stands a man of power; lion of the tribe of Judah, before whom the monster has fled. This One to look upon is like Jasper, and a sardine stone; his hair white like wool, his eyes a flame of fire, and there was under His feet as if it were a paved work of sapphire.

This friend and helper of the human family has himself hung three dreadful hours upon the cross in that never to be forgotten agony on Calvary, and now is in life-giving touch with all who believe upon His name. He sees us weep, and looks with pitying eyes upon us, and with one utterance from His blessed lips dashes all tears away, saying: "I am the resurrection and the life, though a man be dead, yet shall he live again." And in the twinkle of an eye He had caused to come forth out of that poor, marred, wrecked body, a beautiful man of immortal birth like unto Himself; and they, together in company with the men who were in waiting with the boats on the river, disappeared from mortal sight and Alvah is "forever with the Lord."

CHAPTER XXVI.

PARENTS AND MINISTERS.

I FEEL as if my book would not be complete if I were not to speak a cheering word to those struggling worthies of society who are endeavoring to train their children up in the Lord. Some of the most sacred memories of today have been handed down as legacies from my parents. May the children of the parents to whom I address these words be able to say as much of the treasures of their memory in after years, is my fervent prayer.

While my father and mother were surrounded by all the disadvantages of fifty years ago, and rather literally dug out our living from the soil, and mother spun and wove our wearing from the wool in the roll or cotton in the hank, yet they were conquerors and heroes of the purest type, raising nine children up to manhood and womanhood.

I never remember my father striking one of his children. Sometimes mother resorted to the rod; and while I have forgotten the kind of a stick used on these sorrowful occasions, I have never forgotten their prayers and tears.

There is nothing to compare with the strength of a babe in the cradle for bringing the father home at night after a day's toil. I have often watched papa as he neared the home, and expected to see Emma or Willie swinging on the gate awaiting his return; then looking

up at the window he sees Ruth held in mamma's arms, struggling with impatience to meet and imprint the first kiss of welcome on her papa's lips.

Parents, be faithful to your charge of love while you have them; don't hesitate a moment to begin early to lay the fundamental doctrines of truth and religion in their minds while they are yet under your care. For when they have come to years of maturity, and you have neglected them, remorse and shame may be your portion. Begin with their first prattle to teach them their prayers. These teachings will return with compound interest some day.

One mother taught her son that little gem of a prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep." The son grew to maturity, had a home of his own, and was taken with consumption, and his father was called to nurse him in his last illness. In the latter part of the long nights of suffering, towards morning, the dying man would say:

"Father, let's you and I have a prayer meeting; you pray your good long prayer."

Then looking up at his father, with countenance full of love and tenderness, asked:

"Won't this prayer, which my mother taught me, do? Won't it please God, and be enough for one so weak in body and mind?"

"What," asked the father, "Our Father?"

"Oh no, father. Mother said this prayer is good enough for anyone; and this is it."

And to the father's surprise, the grown man with the simplicity of childhood began and repeated over and over:

"Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.

If I should die before I wake
 I pray the Lord my soul to take.
 And this I ask for Jesus' sake."

"Lord bless pa and ma, and my wife. Amen."

And thus he continued in prayer, until he would be lost in sleep. Treasures in arms, what would my longing mother's heart not give to be able for an hour to turn the shadows on the dial of time back, and be permitted to gather my little brood of seven about my feet, and look on them as they once were, while their father recited the happenings of the day. But this is not within my power; therefore will I gladly leave the past and press on to the future, hoping for the great reunion of eternity.

Parents, strive by all means to make home the most inviting place on earth to the children; not by costly adornments, but by a harmonious love existing in and emanating from the parents to the children. If you do really have to command your children, be sure that what you require at their hand is just and right, then see that they do your bidding. Don't ever allow your children to stand, when bidden to do anything, and controvert the point with you; so sure as you do, you will be sorry for it in after years.

Whenever it is within your power, allow them little loving surprises. If Willie has been a good, faithful boy, invite a few of his boy and girl friends, a number you can easily control, to spend a few hours with him, winding up the visit with ice cream and cake; and, my word for it, this will be amongst the happy memories of not only your boy in after years, but yourself and husband. Then the money spent in that way will never be missed in a year's time, and might be used much worse.

By all means teach your children to come to you with all assurance. Let your heart, above all other hearts, be the loving receptacle of all their trials and perplexities; have them come to you at such times, and at all others, without fear; for fear kills love, and love is the foundation of all that is good and endearing in the family.

I heard a noble-looking man remark only a few days ago that "He ran away from home when 12 years of age, just because he was really afraid of his father." Said he: "The poor old man was ever fault-finding. If I did not eat just to suit him he would hit me a lick with the back of his hand on my mouth. Then we would all be thrown into such confusion that father would get so excited he would give me a beating with a stick, and the whole scene would wind up by our beautiful dinner being left untouched, and my mother would cry until she was sick. This, with other like things, kept occurring, until I finally left home and ran away. When I returned, after years of rambling and of heart longings for a father's love, I found my poor father dead and gone. I am sure," said the man, "if my father had only appealed to the good that was in me, and had allowed me to put my arms about his neck in childish love, the result of all our lives would have been vastly different."

Mothers, whose daughters have arrived at years of maturity, see to it not only that these daughters have as good an education as lies within your power to give them, but do not let them leave the parental roof until they have been taught all manner of work to be done within the home. Nothing is more trying to a man of limited means than to marry, and awake to the fact

that his wife is ignorant of cooking and sewing, and really knows nothing of how to minister to his wants.

Last, but not least, I would urge upon parents to know whom your sons and daughters are going to marry. This is your prayerful duty. There is not half enough importance attached to the thing called marriage. If there was, and the contracting parties understood their duty to each other, there would be fewer foolish marriages, ending with divorces.

There is certainly no longer any chance for parents to plead ignorance as their excuse for not doing their duty towards their families; advantages lie in rich profusion all about the people of this age. Then, if one is but an anxious learner, they can glean many valuable lessons from nature. To this source Christ ever reverted in His wonderful parables, presented for our benefit as His children.

In feeding my chicks the different mother hens have taught me much. One, a Black Spanish, invariably gets angry when I throw them food, and either pulls with fury the feathers from her sister hens, scattering them right and left; or she will call her brood to her and run with them to the opposite of the lot. Then I had a White Leghorn which left her chicks when only a few days old, entirely unprovided for, while a third took her own large brood and went forth in quest of food, scratching early and late, and at night as happy and contented as a hen could be, took her brood off all alone and sheltered them under her wings, every now and then spreading her wings to greater capacity to admit an orphan chick who might happen to call at her door for protection.

Dull indeed must be the parent who would not learn a lesson from these different fowls. How many parents

have we seen like unto the first hen; when the pastor began to throw out the food for their eating, instead of them with their family gathering into the well-filled church they withdraw, and begin to pluck every feeble fallible one that may chance to come their way, until after a while you find them with their whole family off in some corner of the city, losing what no earthly power can ever restore to them and theirs. Even their children growing up unsaved and out of the fold.

Beloved, you whom God has blessed with a family, find a home somewhere with the people of God and keep it at all hazards. Almost any church which believes in Christ as their Savior, and a few other fundamental doctrines is a good enough home and place for ordinary mortals.

Then there are mothers—not many I hope—who are only too glad to send their children out on the streets to the base ball grounds, or anywhere, so as to be rid of them.

Allow me, a mother who has held and loved and prayed with her family, never throwing their care on others, to tell you their bedrooms and chairs at the table will become empty far too soon, and you will call: "Oh, Annie! Oh, Minnie! Oh, Earl!" and these will answer not.

Then there are blessed good families in this city, while it is about all they can do to hover their own, yet let an orphan come to their door and they will find room under their sheltering care for another, and the good Father blesses them in so doing.

Then while there are some indolent, selfish Christians, quite satisfied with being saved themselves, not caring for their brother, yet there are those—and many

of them—whose prayers and tears go up at all hours of the day and night for the salvation of the people.

How sweet it is for parents to realize the presence of their heavenly Father helping them to rear their family. My parents taught me early that every good and perfect gift came from God; and it makes me feel the happier if a friend or neighbor sends me a token of their regard in the form of a glass of jell or bunch of flowers, for I know our common Father was back of that and prompted the thought to make our love and care for each other the more sacred and binding. I am glad we have one common Father and Savior of us all.

Let us see to it as parents that there is no offensive thing within our homes which our Lord would condemn were He to become an intimate member of our family. When the children of Israel were God's peculiar people and He spoke to them as a friend to a friend, He commanded them to cleanse and keep everything in and about them clean, so that when He walked forth in their midst to bless them, He might not meet with or see anything offensive to health and purity of life, or it would turn His blessings from them. If such care was required for the physical man by those living under the law, what may not be expected of us who live under grace and expect Christ as our abiding companion.

Parents, can we who are raising families whom God will require at our hands think to please God and allow the devil's wares and tools within our homes? Decks of cards it may be beside the bible; these being used nightly while the word, the very bread of our souls, lies unopened and unread.

My one reason for speaking thus plainly is, I live with you, not knowing what day or hour I may be called to render an account for deeds done in the body.

May you and I when called, whether at the first or second watch, be found ready and with oil in our lamps. That one hour, of all others, will be hard enough to meet without us having to have a lot of the devil's barnacles cut away at the last instant.

Brethren and sisters, I beg of you, in the name of Christ, before whom I shall be called to stand, to look well to your ways and do your duty at all hazards, even if for the sacrifice of a limb or an eye.

When God by His Spirit shows you your sins, don't wait a moment for the devil to come in to argue the case with you, but flee to Jesus and He will help you. Now to those who have peculiar trials of surgical operations, or fearful cancers to be removed, permit One who feels and knows how to sympathize with you, to give you a receipt for spiritual strength, which worked like a charm with myself.

This is the recipe: Take the bible, read Christ's words and promises; keep this up until you realize His words are abiding in you and you in Him. You may know His presence by the Holy Ghost giving you peace and taking all fear from your heart. Now are you ready to dare and to do anything, and the probability is that when you lay down on the dissecting table, it will be with the invisible blessed Christ stooping over you to keep you in life until the surgeon's work is completed.

To gospel ministers who are supposed to be next in wisdom and goodness to Christ, allow me to address you as a sympathizer, friend and mother, and one who expects to meet you in eternity. Let nothing come between you and the people, for by a personal knowledge of your members you will be better prepared to know just what kind of sermons they will need to save their souls. Let them see not only your Christ in your coun-

tenance but feel His touch in the shake of your hand, and the power of your holy life over them.

Long will be remembered the minister, who kneeling beside our Mattie a few days before her departure, asked, with weeping eyes:

"Mattie, what can I ask of God for you, which you have not got?"

"Brother, ask for patience and grace to carry me through," was her reply.

When this same pastor passed the vacant room, where he had last seen our departed one, he exclaimed: "Why didst thou go and leave us when we loved thee so? By God's grace I will be faithful and go and meet thee."

Such tokens of love and sympathy were more to us than gold, yea than much fine gold, and gave the pastor a place in our hearts which all future years will not remove. Dare to do and preach as if the sermon you were now delivering was the last one you would ever preach. Hazard everything to save souls; strive to so preach that the speaker will be lost sight of in the things spoken. Walk humbly amongst the people; one can often judge from the way the minister walks, and drives his horse, whether he is walking locked arms with Christ, or whether Christ sits beside him in his carriage or not.

There is one pastor in this city who often came and spoke and prayed with us in the course of our affliction, who, from his humble Christ likeness always makes me think of Moses.

It was little in the way of coins our sainted Father left us, but he left a legacy far out-valuing specie—a ministry of pioneer labors extending over fifty years, and in his last protracted meeting, only two weeks be-

fore his departure, he brought many to Christ. He was taken ill while trying to preach a funeral, and went from labor up to reward; for glory is to be found in being at one's post when the Master calls.

Brethren, this is what a dying woman once said to me: "Be faithful and labor until death, sister Adams; when you get as near death as I am at this hour, you will find all that remains to be taken into eternity with you will be the good you have done to others in the name of Christ."

It is almost impossible for a minister to over-magnify his office, so great and many are his duties and chances to do good.

When we first arrived in Los Angeles, strangers in a strange land, and took our children to church, Rev. M. M. Bovard took our boys by the hand, even laying his hand upon their heads, while with his holy lips he blessed their lives. When we returned home they said:

"My, ain't our pastor a good man, and don't he love boys?"

"Indeed he is good, and not only loves boys but loves God," was my answer. And I am quite sure it was his lovely Christian example which did much towards so fully and gloriously preparing Mattie and Eddie to go and meet him upon his arrival at home.

In all probability there is not another State in the Union which offers such an abundant field of labor to this class of laborers. There are people here from every part of the globe; many of whom are Christians of mature and blessed experiences; then the young, almost innumerable are without Christ, and many who were once church members are now out and belong nowhere. Let me beg of my brethren to search after these as with a lighted lamp; go to their houses, go to their places of

business, and by personal inquiry and prayer bring them home to the church and back to God.

This class, like the wandering sheep, need peculiar tact and care to get them into the fold, but when once they are in and again hear the word and obey the Spirit, they often make the very best of men and laborers.

I have never yet heard of a minister having regrets for having done too much for Christ; but on the other hand I have heard them wish they had done more.

No more beautiful picture could ever be seen than an aged minister with work finished and he waiting for his reward.

We, of Los Angeles, have surely had a beautiful example in Father Jamison's and Waugh's lives; both with heads white as snow and way up in the eighties. Father Jamison started out last Easter Sabbath morning to attend the morning services at Vincent church, and was struck by a cable car and instantly removed to reward, without being given time to say "good-bye." Father Lorenzo Waugh was one of the first preachers I ever heard preach; he was my pastor when I first united with the church. I have known him about forty-four years, and he is now like a ripe apple, only waiting to be gathered in.

CHAPTER XXVII.

TWINS, AND EDDIE'S GOING.

WHEN the members of our household awoke to find our home visited by a pair of twin boys, it was as if two fresh cool springs had just revealed themselves within our possession.

A lady residing near us had a pair of fine girls, in whom I was ever more than interested. She had even promised me her baby carriage should I ever need one for twins. Sure enough, when Eddie and Freddie arrived, she was as good as her word, and the carriage was in waiting for their pleasure.

Inasmuch as I had labored in Atchison in almost all the churches, and in every other possible place where I could tell the story of the cross, when the boys came, and the people heard of it, they became very much interested, and many called to see them. The ministers also came, and dedicated the children to the Lord.

Some mothers speak of not making their own children welcome. Indeed, these were made thrice welcome to our hearts and care. And well did they repay us for every thought or hardship ever endured for them by being willing, obedient, loving sons.

Some imagine it wrong and boastful for parents to speak with applause of their children. If parents don't see and speak modestly of their virtues, who will? Nothing so quickly wounds my heart as to hear a parent bring to light the faults and failings of their own

representatives. And just so soon as the parents lose confidence in their children, and the children become aware of it, a big gate is opened for their downfall.

I early gave mine into the divine keeping, and then tried to show them that every act and word of their lives would be judged either for good or bad in the last day. And God bless them, they all heeded our counsel enough to early give their lives to Christ.

The twins grew and flourished nicely, bringing a blessing to our hearts every day, until, when they were in their second year, Eddie by an accident received a dangerous burn over his lungs and arms, which rendered him feeble for the remainder of his days.

I have already referred to their early conversion at the age of seven. From Eddie's childhood up, he never failed, when there was any difficulty occurring in which principle played a prominent part, at any and at all cost he would take a stand for principle.

When but a boy, and very feeble, while attending school he could, by passing through a lady's back yard, save many blocks on his way. All at once he and his younger brother decided to go around. The lady of the house, who was especially fond of Eddie, missing him, and fearing he was sick, came to inquire "Why he did not pass that way?"

I told her I did not know, but would make inquiry. When I did, imagine my surprise to find it to be a matter of principle. I asked Eddie:

"Why do you not go through Mrs. Jewel's back yard any more?"

"Because she has a tree full of ripe peaches, and when I pass it, and feel so faint and weak, I am so tempted to take what does not belong to me; then, mother, there seems to be an invisible one sitting in the

tree, saying every time I pass, 'Thou shalt not steal.' Those are my reasons, my dear mother," was his cheerful reply.

Could George Washington's mother have had any more reason to be proud over the hatchet story than I, as Eddie's mother, over his Christian bravery in this his hour of peculiar weakness.

The result was, when Mrs. Jewel heard of his reasons, she sent for him to come to her house, and made a present of the entire fruitage of the tree to Eddie. Could you have seen his wealthy look when he returned to say the fruit was his, and now the invisible one did not need to speak to him.

Just a few years before his death several of the young folks of our neighborhood died; and amongst this number a very noble young lady, by the name of Williams, was injured from a runaway team, and, being thrown from a carriage, was sick many months.

When Miss Ilie died, Eddie was so feeble he began to think, in spite of all he could do, his time of going might not be far away.

One morning I was called to attend the funeral of a very poor child. I noticed, when taking leave of him for a few hours' absence, he was very serious, it being Sabbath. When I returned I found he had been engaged in reading his bible and in prayer, and his first exclamation was:

"Oh mother, I am all right, come early death or long life. God has given me perfect resignation; and I trust in His wisdom, and in what he has in store for me."

And in the two years which yet remained as the full measure of his days, he told well of what God had done for him, and how implicitly he trusted Him. He was

one of the most systematic students with whom I ever met. He at first took up the study of medicine; it was not long until he had every part of the human body at tongue's end. But he was by physicians pronounced to be too delicate in health ever to stand the vicissitudes of the profession.

Then he took up dentistry, and it was only a short time until he had fairly mastered it. And as to general knowledge of useful things, his mind was well stored.

But most noticeable above all was the beautiful simplicity of his religious life, and the deep and abiding love he had for his own family and friends. It was only a very short time after his brother Alvah's decease until he began to turn his mind heavenward, and formulate the New Jerusalem into a place more real and lasting than any city of this dusty earth.

After Alvah had really reached home it was one of the sweetest thoughts and delightful talks of Eddie's remaining days, "That when Al and I again meet it will be never to part again."

Then he and Mattie, as they both steadily grew weaker, seemed to be catching spirit telegrams from Alvah, who, they said, kept repeating in their hearing: "Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man, the things which are in reservation for those who love the Lord."

After this they saw to it that their lamps were filled, and they with the Princely apparel of the soul on, and ready to go out to meet the bride-groom. So beautiful did they appear in this heavenly apparel that some of the more spiritually visioned saw it, and did not hesitate to mention it.

One morning brother Chapman, an old Christian friend of the family, called to see how Mattie was. After

a short season of prayer, when bidding me adieu, he said:

"Sister Adams, I think Mattie is very near home, for I have never seen such a halo of glory on a human face as I noticed glowing over her countenance this morning, and I know of nothing from which it could come save the effulgent glory of the Holy Spirit, with a nearness to the light of heaven."

We have only had time to note Alvah's absence, when Eddie was taken worse and we were forced to know he must soon follow. We were already wounded deeper than we knew, and I most of all, being mother.

Hitherto the garden of Gethsemane and the bleeding heart of Christ was historical, today they are home truths. I had often wondered why, after the crucifixion and nailing Christ to the tree, they were allowed to thrust the cruel spear into His loving heart. I see today nothing less than this would have reached my case; heart must touch heart ere the work is complete.

Alvah is gone, and we are stunned; people are always stunned after death has invaded the precincts of their home. It is well that it is thus, especially in our case, as two more of our number are in speaking distance of home.

Have Mattie and Eddie grown too delicately fine for earth? or was their brother Alvah and the other friend who has just passed on beckoning to them, they having found the country too transcendently lovely to enjoy alone? I leave the query for others to answer, while I, with Christ's help, gather my burden and walk on.

It is after a fearful night of fever, in the first of July, I hear Eddie calling, "Mother, come." I hasten to his side and ask:

"What is it son?"

He replied: "Take sister and I to the ocean and let us take in once more the refreshing breezes and see the bathers gambol and play amidst the breakers; give us one more chance for life, mother."

While I turned my head away to hide my streaming tears, not being able longer to behold the pleading look of my Christ within my boy, I said:

"Yes darling, you shall go before the week is out if I carry you all the way in my arms."

"Come noble mother, let me kiss you, 'tis all the pay I can give," was Eddie's quick reply.

Would you believe me, in one hour after my answer to Eddie's request—while I donned my wraps to go to the ocean in search of a tent, he and Mattie had arisen, feeble as they were, and are trying to sing, while they totter from room to room trying to pack their trunks.

When I return at night, having found a place, I am met at the door by Eddie, who says:

"Sister has been quite sick during your absence; but mother, I nursed and cheered her until she was better and is resting now."

We are at the seaside now, my invalids are happy as happy can be. Their health may not improve, if not it may shorten their journey—God knows. While they rest I am sitting in the sand, hardly heeding the waves which break at my feet, and yet there was something in the low, plaintive murmur of old ocean, which seemed to be in harmony with my nature, for every now and then when her songs died away with such feeble sighing, and the wail floated in upon my ear, I found myself weeping; then I called for Him, who said, "sea be still," to come and still into submission my poor heart, and in answer to my longing desire I felt Him near to strengthen my son.

After Alvah's disappearance from our midst and I was doubly sure two more must leave us ere long, I was weaker in body than anyone knew. It only takes one thought of my eldest, or the appearance of those hectic spots on Eddie's and Mattie's cheeks to open up my fountain of tears. Notwithstanding this tenderness of being, my soul was ever blessing and praising God, that one more of my jewels was safe, and that God was so sweetly and tenderly leading the other two, from full maturity of years, through out of the trials of this life. They would remind you of two beautiful white sails, far out to sea at sunset; the farther the sails went, the smaller and more beautiful they grew until they finally disappeared in a world of golden light.

Thus with my darlings, as time wore on they seemed to be more ethereal and more like little children, and we knew from their very words and the Christ-like look they wore, they would soon be disappearing from our sight, up and within the glorious shining way to their future home.

It is hours later, and after I have rested in the sand I hear light footsteps drawing near; I look up, and a pretty sight greets my eyes; it is Mattie, feeble as she is, supporting her brother Eddie, who has come out to look after his mamma. They had no sooner seated themselves in the sand on either side of me, than I noted the burning fever which succeeded their chills. When they observed my anxiety they both began to talk of other things. Mattie was first to speak; pointing out over the ocean, which, from the sunlight which fell upon its quivering waters, looked liked a veritable sea of gold, said:

"Mother, I never behold that beautiful scene but what I imagine I see my Savior walking upon the

waters, and He is calling to me, and this is what He says: "Come Mattie and walk with me."

"That is a beautiful day dream, my child," said I, and it will not be so very long until He calls to each of us to walk the streets of gold with Him."

Just then Eddie chimed in by saying:

"Oh, mother, I have had such a sweet change come over my mind about death since Alvah has gone. I once thought death terrible, but now it seems but a momentary change; a transition from a state of decay and dying into a life where all is love and joy."

"Oh my son, I am so glad such a sweet change has come to you, and you have such clear perceptions of what awaits us all; this is half the battle," was my reply, "Now I will leave you and sister to breath the sea air, while I go to the tent and make you an early tea."

It is hours later; our invalids have had tea, and we have had our evening devotions, and have each sought our respective couches within the one large cloth tent. Mattie and Eddie are unusually weak tonight, therefore fall asleep early. Our lamp is turned down, as usual, and ere I am aware, I am, with aching heart, lying in the beautiful emblem of death, sound asleep.

And, for aught I know, I have not been in dream-land many minutes until I see our tent strings unloosed by beautiful hands, which I know, even before I behold, the body they represent; and in steps my Alvah, who has only been absent a few months; and as I arise from my sleeping posture he nears my couch, and calls me "Mother."

Shall I describe to you how he looks? I can just as well as not. It may be you will be pleased to know how one appears who has been in the heavenly world,

where all is love. My first glance revealed this much, perfect health, wealth and happiness. He was clothed in a black Prince Albert suit. So immaculately clean and new was his clothing, I had to stop in the midst of my gladness, and survey him, and remark:

"How dustless your clothing is."

His reply to this was: "Neither moth nor rust can enter there."

Then I noticed he held a book in one hand. I asked: "What is that?"

"A hymnal, mother; and I have been teaching new beginners to sing ever since I left you," was his answer.

Nothing could have been more like Alvah than to be in such employ, for when only a small boy he could see a sweetness of music in the songs of the frogs and katydids others could not detect.

After we had passed a few glad remarks, he glanced towards where his brother and sister were sleeping; then said:

"Mother, I have been sent to look after you."

"In what way, my son?" was my hasty inquiry.

"To see if you have enough change to take your family into heaven."

"I did not know we needed change for that purpose," was my avowal.

"You do, mother, and I will open your eyes, and show you," was his very decided reply.

Then he bade me take the lamp in hand, and open my trunks, of which we had two; which had been emptied of their contents, and set to one side out of the way. When I had reached the trunks, he going before me, imagine my surprise to find them both, and a very large gunny sack beside, all three filled to overflowing

with amber-colored globes, which were about as large as the end of one's thumb.

On seeing these I exclaimed: "Oh Alvah, what are these?"

His answer was: "Perfect love, or the grace of God made visible."

Then he requested me to open my mouth. When I obeyed, he deftly lifted one of these marvellously beautiful things, and laid it upon my tongue; while he stood by, filled with delight, and watched the effects, which were marvelous indeed. In one instant from the time it was inclosed within my mouth it had melted, and tasted like honey mingled with cream; and I could feel it penetrating to the most remote recesses of my body, acting like an especial curative balm to my wounded heart.

When Alvah had stood watching and noting the effect of this wonderful panacea upon my being, he remarked:

"Mother, you have quite enough, and have done well in laying up such a store."

Then he cast another look at our sleeping darlings, who were both bolstered up to an almost sitting posture, looking quite as deathlike as Alvah had only a few months before.

Then said he: "Bye-bye, mamma," and the tent parted in the center overhead, and he vanished out of my sight.

I immediately awoke and called to Mattie and Eddie, and told them I have had a vision of Alvah; and when I had told them all about it in its most minute details, they both exclaimed;

"How holy the place seems; we feel like saying, Lo, God is here."

If God had not in pity sent Alvah back to do what grace in my feeble condition could not do! What was it that had happened to me to give me such wondrous strength in this my sore extremity?

When another day dawned upon me I could more fully say: "The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Neither was my heart so sore as it had been for some months prior to this. And when I looked upon Mattie and Eddie, who were fast disappearing within the golden glory of the future, where all heart aches are unknown, I could now say: "Father, the cup is bitter, but by Thy grace I will drink it."

We never know how dear and precious these creatures, made in the image of God are, until we see them, one after another, stricken with consumption, and hear that fearful cough, and see the hectic carmine spots on their cheeks. If ever we need the grace of God it is then.

During these fearful waiting hours the Holy Ghost came wondrously near our whole family. Mattie and Eddie could speak boldly of the hope that was in them; and even while by the sea shore they both spoke to scores of people, and said:

"We have tested this religion of Jesus, and we know it is the only thing which will bear the test in a dying hour."

Then the Holy Ghost came so near to me that I could read a chapter in the bible over three times and repeat it word for word by memory. Thank God for the Holy Ghost.

We are now at the beach a month. Neither Mattie's or Eddie's health has improved, but rather the reverse, for Eddy has had a large number of hemorrhages of the

lungs, which have brought him almost in sight of the golden gate, which lies between the two worlds. Oh how beautiful they each grow and look, as the light of eternity is revealed to them.

One night while watching with Eddie he called to me to come to his side, saying as I drew near :

"Oh mother, what a blessed sleep; I have had a vision of angels; they have been all about me, there seemed to be about fifteen, as near as I could count. They were all arrayed in white garments, and they marched back and forth around my bed, singing such music as I have never heard before. Oh! mother, their songs were so sweet and they were so wooing, I wondered if I would not slip away with them and not see you again; but thank God you have your little Eddie a few hours longer, and I am still spared to be with you."

I shall never forget how his countenance shone as he told me of these heavenly ones. A few evenings after this he sent out by a friend and had him purchase a memento for each of us, who was to remain. Then he called us all into his room and gave us his farewell benediction and also each of us his souvenir. But most heart-breaking of all was his leave-taking of his twin brother Fred; it did seem for some minutes that Fred must cross the river of death with him. Eddie addressing him, said:

"My darling brother, you and I have started out in the journey of life together, and a happy and loving journey it has been; neither of us having ever raised a hand against the other. Now the time draws near when I must step on and leave you. Be brave my brother, meet everything in the name of the Lord; be true to yourself and God, and when you also have to go, I will be waiting to receive you up to joys immortal."

Days have passed; the one has finally arrived when Eddie is to leave us. We have pillowed him up against the head of his bed when suddenly he looks upward and scans the ceiling and said :

"Oh! mother, the room is filling fast."

"With whom, my dear?" I asked.

"With the spirits of our departed friends;" then looking at the wall just in front of him, he exclaimed :
"Oh! there is my brother Alvah."

This was in the forenoon, and while he was unable to swallow any nourishment, his mind was as clear and strong as if in the strength of manhood. During the whole of the day he was in the most blissful state of mind, having counted over his letters which were to be given out after his going. His father read him one which he had sent to Sister Ferguson's Mission, and she had had it published. He raised up his hands, which were almost cold in death and clapped them together, while he shouted :

"Bless God; one more chance of saving other souls."

It is now four in the afternoon, he calls for the lamps to be lighted and turned up higher. Then we know the crossing must be near, and so it was.

I ask, "Do you know us, Eddie?"

"Yes mother, better than ever in my life."

"Do you see your brother Alvah?"

"Yes, and my grandfather also; but I see beautiful, beautiful Christ."

And as the words "beautiful Christ," died away on his lips, without a tremor of a muscle or a twitch of a nerve, he spread his snow-white wings and was gone to be forever with the Lord.

A MESSAGE TO THE UNSAVED.

When the following letter was read by Mrs. Ferguson to the congregation assembled in the mission at the noon hour, she said "it seemed more like a voice from the other world than anything she had met with in her Christian work."

"To Mrs. Ferguson.

"MY DEAR SISTER IN CHRIST—Having been an invalid for nine months, and confined to bed for three, and now in the arms of death, I wish to speak through you to those who may gather to hear your words. The Salvation Army and a number of Churches have given me, a poor dying young man, the use of their tongues to speak for Jesus, and I feel certain you will gladly read a few words for me to your congregation.

"I have been asked, Does it pay to spend a life of self-denial and cross-bearing for Jesus? I answer, It does; and is the only work that gives gold without alloy, and is the only gold you can carry with you through the small gate of death.

"Then I have often been asked, while all emaciated, Eddie, are you not afraid to die? I have always answered, No! no! not in the least, while dear Jesus is with me. It is all joy and peace in the Holy Ghost, and as the body grows less the soul grows larger. While I have suffered much, let me say to the praise of Jesus, He has made all my bed in sickness; and more—He is ever as good as His word; only try Him and his love.

"I have also been asked, Is heaven real to your soul? To this I have gladly answered: More than this poor, dusty Los Angeles is to this body. Heaven is the place which Jesus went away to prepare for me and all

who love Him. Then it is the city of transparent gold, where Christ's resurrected body lives.

"Now let one who is appointed to die urge the servants of the Lord to more faithfulness; do everything the Holy Spirit tells you. Then will your peace flow as a river.

"If there is one present who has gone back and left the Lord, to this one I reach out my bony arms and grasp you for Jesus. If there be one sinner, let a poor dying boy say, Come to Jesus.

"May God bless you all, and save you in His kingdom. And with this letter let a new baptism of the Holy Ghost fall upon Brother and Sister Ferguson.

"While you are reading this I will be in prayer, if not in glory. Yours in Christ,

EDDIE ADAMS."

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE REUNION OF LOVED ONES.

THE fresh, golden sunlight of a spring morning lay all about us, full of blessings sweet and fresh from our Father's hand. The laws of nature were turning the emerald globes on the orange trees into apples of gold; or if the sweet, warm breath of the morning chanced to fall upon mother earth, her face blushed into smiles and she decked herself with flowers of every hue.

In looking to the north of Los Angeles, we observe the snow-capped mountains, and this very sun-light seemingly changes these old sentinels into Cathedrals, with domes and spires burnished with gold. And as the globe—our earth—whirls on in its course and leaves the light of day to others, the world becomes one vast bed-chamber, in which the creatures of God's care are laid to rest. Then comes forth from the city of the skies the myriads of twinkling watchers, and the angels of the Lord, who guard us while we sleep.

If God has made such marvels of beauty to please the eye, and such dainty stores of sweetness to satisfy man's hunger, and all this to last for only a moment, and we creatures of only a day, what must have He not created for our everlasting habitations?

Jesus said: "I go away to prepare a place for you, and if I do I will come again and receive you to myself, that where I am, ye may be also."

And the Apostle tells us: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard; nor hath it entered into the heart of man, the

joys which are in reservation for those who love the Lord."

And the Revelator saw the new Jerusalem coming down from God out of heaven, and the appearance of the City was the most glorious; even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal.

After seeing and reading of all these preparations by the great Maker of all things for His creatures, the wonder is, that so few seek the grandeur and bliss of the eternal state, where our father and God dwells amid His own, and the joy of His saved is complete.

Of late years, since much of my journey lies behind, this home of the soul has formulated itself into a real city which hath foundations, and this city seems to float in mid-air; and as each succeeding friend has gone thither to try its realities, the place has drawn nearer, and my comprehension of it is so enlarged I am in speaking distance with its inmates.

Within the past few years, so many of my friends have gone thither to reside, and the tidings of the place is so encouraging, I have learned to always have the wedding garments on and am waiting the bride-groom's call.

At other times when the New Jerusalem has floated near, faith, who ever walks by my side and speaks to my heart most lovingly, notes the approach of the Jasper City and my longing to look within, forthwith puts out her hand and but touches the latch of the gate of pearl, when in an instant it swings ajar, and I, being in the spirit, enter in. The first sensation that I note is of being at home, with love abounding everywhere. There death can never come, for the author of life—my God—is everywhere.

In my earthly life, it has been one of my ruling

wishes to have harmony in my family and among friends, and to have our hearts beat in unison. I have reached my wish; harmony exists everywhere; all one in Christ Jesus our Lord.

I never did like darkness; even a shadow, as spoken of by the Psalmist when referring to death, always made me shudder. Here, I find even the cause of this repugnance gone, for we have a greater light than the sun—we have the maker of light Himself. "For the Lamb is the light thereof, and we shall be like Him."

It matters not so much to me about what our Father's house is made of, so our Father and my friends live in it and the place is home.

One of the first and greatest desires of my soul was, not to look after semblances of material things, but to satiate by being with love, and look to see if my long lost friends were gathered home, and ere I had time to express my inquiry in words, I noticed my sainted father, in company with my brother John; they together halt at the steps of the mansion where Abraham and Lazarus live; as they tarry at the threshold, my father places one foot upon one of the steps of gold, then rests his beautiful hand upon what seems to be a piece of statuary in the form of a lamb, and begins to tell my brother, in a leisurely way, of how the poorest and humblest of earth, who came up through Jesus, was as honored and loved by the old prophets and patriarchs as if they had been kings or princes in their life-time. They were still talking, brother being all absorbed by my father's gladness, when suddenly they notice a lovely old lady, accompanied by a beautiful golden-haired little girl, who were in the act of descending the steps, when father, looking up exclaims:

"Oh! mother, is this you?"

And John perceived the child to be his little Jessie, who had only gone on in advance of him a few years. Father continued in his joy, and said:

"Son, this is your grand-mother."

Then John said: "Father, this is your grand-daughter, my darling Jessie," and they with one accord declare it to be heaven, where loved ones meet.

I noticed joy had the effect to strengthen and cause the soul to grow; indeed, at such times the persons concerned seemed to throw off one to the other something which in that fine, penetrating light looked much like a mist of golden spray; and when falling about my father's face, it made him look grandly beautiful. After the lapse of a moment my father broke the silence by saying:

"Mother, I was just taking son John in to introduce him to Abraham the faithful."

On hearing this my grandmother remarked:

"Abraham is not at home, but I was informed by Sarah his wife that he and Lazarus had been commissioned, with many others, to go to earth, to a place called Centropolis, to bring home a very noted old Christian warrior.

"What was the name, mother?" asked my father.

"I declare, my son," answered the old lady, "I did not get the last name."

But said the child, with a thrill of joy: "Oh grandpa, I remember the name; it was Martha Still."

"Oh son, it is your darling mother they have gone to convey home, and the joy of this hour will be in the reunion of loved ones."

Nor had they reached the gate of pearl until the throng of anxious watchers was joined by sister Cassie McCollum, the youngest of our family. Neither of my

parents had seen her for over a quarter of a century; she coming from the west and my mother from the east, to sit down with Abraham and Isaac in the city of the skies.

Could you have seen my mother in the triumphs of victory which her transformation from mortal to immortal had brought, and the full-blown mother and womanhood heaven was assuring her; then noted the glory emanating from every face, as she came—

“Sweeping through the gates of the New Jerusalem,
Washed in the Blood of the Lamb”—

this alone would have rewarded you yet for years of suffering toil in your Master's cause.

Then, amidst the joyous surprises of it all, I noticed that my father, who had spent fifty years in the ministry, and his companion who followed him by her patient prayers and love, and cared for his family at home, were now equally crowned and rewarded by the Giver of all good and perfect gifts.

One writer, in speaking of the California onyx, as seen at the World's Fair, says: “There it is, in all its opaline beauty, fit to make palaces for kings; and some pieces looking as if detachments from some city in the skies, transparent and cloudlike, with billows of mist, with hints of ‘gold-lined caverns and valleys.’” Could this writer have been in the spirit, and looked within this home of the soul, and seen its many jeweled walls, she would have beheld grander and more glorious material used in building this city than the California onyx. And peeping out of these dells and valleys of beauty would be the redeemed of all nations.

This life is but the refining and purifying of the liquid sweet of our being by the cleansing blood of

Christ crystallizing us into the purity and sweetness of the eternal state.

And when I have said and written all the Spirit hath revealed to my poor finite mind, I am then forced to conclude this chapter with the words of the Revelator, and say:

“Eye hath not seen, nor hath it entered into the heart of man, the joys that are in reservation for those who love the Lord.”

In later years, after passing through many test crucibles of life, I have had the finer vision of the soul developed until I was able to see myself in life's double form. One of these being animated dust, or my clay tenement, subject to dissolution and reconstruction by the grand Architect who created it; the companion-piece of all its members, a perfect facsimile of the other, but of form indestructible, immortal like unto Christ its author.

The discovery was made in this wise. One afternoon, when my mind was unusually influenced by the powers of the world to come, feeling weary in body I lay down to rest, not thinking of sleep. I rested my hand and fore-arm in a perpendicular position by my side. In an instant I fell asleep; the falling of my arm restored me to partial consciousness, when I saw through the eyes of my soul, for there, disclosed to my view, was the arm of my spiritual body, in particles of electric light, resembling dust of gold.

The discovery was so grand and soul happifying I did not need longer rest, but arose and rushed out on the porch, where my nephew Finlay Vaughan sat, and told him of what I had discovered. When he had

listened with interest to my telling him of the grandeur of the glimpse I had caught.

He said: "Auntie, I believe every word you have told me, and I believe also in the soul having a form in the shape of the body. This is plainly taught by God's Word. Christ's transfiguration and Moses' and Elias' appearance on the mount ought to be enough to convince the most skeptical on that subject. Then the Christ living within gives this glory and light without, until you become like Him here, and shall be as He is there."

Years of untold toil was spent by chemists to discover the art of incasing perishable articles in gold, so as to make one seem to have dishes of gold out of which to eat and drink the viands of a banquet; when it only needs the stopping of the heart to reveal greater wonders—our vessels of gold without alloy, which shall never tarnish, who will not only at death ascend in triumph up into heaven in like manner with their Lord, but will also have the pleasure to be among the number who shall accompany Him when He shall reappear, and every eye shall see and know Him whom they have either served or crucified.

Some days, after five of my children have left my house and heart quite alone, my soul becomes so hungry to hear Alvah call me mother, and to see Eddie and Mattie, and have them point out the beauties of the place, I leave my bodily toil, cast the old well-worn broom from my hands, and hasten to the open door, and look off and above; and do you know that at times, when in the spirit, I see with my golden eyes, and the prophecies and the words of Jesus are being speedily fulfilled. And the next harvest of martyrs for whom the beheaded ones have so long waited under the

throne will soon be gathered home, after which we will lift up our heads, for our redemption draweth nigh, yea, is even at the door. God speed the redemption of the world, and also the second coming of Christ the Savior.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MATTIE'S PATIENCE AND DEATH.

NEVER was the advent of any one's babe made more welcome than was our daughter Mattie. In the first son's coming it was to especially appeal to the better nature of motherhood; now the daughter comes on a special mission of love to father. Nor was Mattie a week old, until she, without so much as a word, could cause her father to almost run on his way from work at night, so eager would he be to see his treasure and press her to his bosom. And later on he never grew too weary by care not to stand her on the palm of his hand and thus carry her in great glee all about the room, and her chubby fists would delve, without fear of restraint, into coat and vest pockets where other hands dare not go.

In papa's indulgence and love for his daughter, I often wondered if it might not have been a feature, a look or an act of his dear dead mother, repeating itself in the child, that touched and made him thus tender; no doubt it was mother speaking to her eldest son.

Oh, mother's love! how great, tender and sweet, even the grave cannot hold thee.

In my retrospect of twenty-three years of Matties stay with us, this is what I see: Babe, girl, woman, then an angel; and the lesson I am compelled to learn is, in goodness and mercy loaned to the family for a few short years to make them all fit for the purity of the

courts above, as no other power or force could have done.

Just here, in the connection with the power for good of a daughter's life and death, brings to my mind, that of our dear brother Bradley's family, in the death of their beloved daughter Kitty. She seemed within only a few short years to have matured as a Christian, far beyond many of us who had been a long while trying to be good.

This we all wondered at, and indeed her mother and father began to turn towards her as their stay in age and decline of life. Suddenly one morning, while the family are tenting at Long Beach, while with others in bathing, she got beyond her depth and was drowned, and oh what a mysterious stroke upon the family; not only they, but many others staggered at such a providence being permitted. But now I see it all, the years have passed, the memory of Kitty has come forth like a beacon light to lead the family from the trials of earth to the home beyond the sky.

And what is the result of her leading, with that of the Spirit, the whole family, parents, two noble sons and three daughters, all answering back to Kitty's call "by the grace of God we will come and meet you."

Now I will return to finish writing my own lesson for others to profit thereby, as I have from this dispensation in the Bradley family. When Mattie was but ten years of age, she was visited with the gift of song, and played and sang in my children's meetings which I held in those years. Nor was the child ever happier than when permitted to preside at the organ, while Alvah led the singing. Then after we came to Los Angeles, many were the Sabbaths that she and her

father wended their way to the house of God for her to unite with the choir in helping to lead in holy song.

After she was taken with la grippe she entirely lost her voice, which grieved me so much I would often weep, then she would say :

“ Oh don't grieve dear mother, I will find it all again when I get to heaven, for I fully expect brothers and I will join in singing the songs of Moses and the Lamb.”

After our return from Santa Cruz she was able to visit some amongst her friends. When I would ask her why she was so particularly anxious to go when so feeble, she would invariably say :

“ Oh mother, I so much wish to tell them what the Lord has done for me.”

And long will some friends, with whom she visited several days in the country—Mrs. Bruer and her sister, Mrs. Dougherty—remember her deep abiding trust and confidence in God, as evidenced before them while at their house. Nor will I ever forget their and Mrs. Tryans and their daughters kindness in taking Mattie in their conveyance to have a visit with them before her going.

My brethren and sisters, you little know how endearing and everlasting such acts of kindness are to people when in deep affliction. May the God of all grace ever hold in precious memory these, as well as sister Hill, Howard and Strome and a hundred others. Nor will you wonder, as I hasten along with my lessons, engraven by the hand of Time upon the soul, that I write the following :

Of all the events of my life I can think of none which stands out more vividly within my memory than

the going away of our beloved daughter, Mattie Elizabeth. Months have passed away since that afternoon, but every phaze of hope and sadness remain as distinct as if but yesterday. What made the event more memorable was because just seven months previous we had laid to rest her brother Alvah; and only five weeks have passed since we buried Eddie, this leaving our hearts rent and bleeding.

And now the chariot with heaven's choicest livery is at the threshold, to convey our only daughter home. We, as a large family, had for years toiled together in love and fidelity to each other; not having dreamed of the despoiler of our home being in such easy reach of three of our family; but so it was.

Mattie was just turning into her twenties, and at that age when girls are so companionable, and are such rare treasures to their mothers in their declining years. During her two years' sickness her bible and her Savior were her constant companions, until every word and act caused the internal Christ to be externally revealed through her.

Often as we were on our way, and she with us, in the garden of Gethsemane, and sympathizing with us in our afflictions, she, with countenance all aglow, would say :

“ Oh mother, look up; there is mount Calvary, and the light from the mountain top, coming from the Son of God, sheds glory over all the valley below.”

In all her sufferings she was never known to murmur, but bore it all patiently for Jesus' sake. Whenever referring to her brothers who had preceded her, it was to express rapturous delight at the thought that they too would be in waiting for her, and us who re-

mained. She even expressed herself as being so thankful that she had been permitted to be with us until after Thanksgiving.

At one time, as we talked of her departure, she with weeping said:

"Mother, I do not mind dying, but I mind leaving you all bleeding and heart-broken after three of us have left you."

"But," said I, "my daughter, do you not know God has promised that 'as thy day, so shall thy strength be!'"

"But oh, the human side of it, mother. That is what I dread for you."

And well did she realize the vacuum in my heart her going would make.

It is now Friday morning, 3 o'clock. She has had a short sleep, after a fearful night of suffering, and calls me to come to her bedside. She says:

"Oh mother, I am so happy. I have had a vision of heaven. God has been so good to me; has left the gate ajar, and given me an insight to the home to which I am going. I have even seen the clothing I am to wear, and the home, clothing and all are most lovely, far beyond our language to describe; for while this life and its things are all material and fleeting, that life is all spiritual and enduring."

The last day has now come. It is Sabbath afternoon. Precious friends are with us; just such friends as would give their lives for others. Some of them and their kindness I can never forget. How dear and thoughtful they were in this our great affliction; for we are fairly bending under the weight of our sorrows; bitter, bitter are these dregs we are forced to drink.

Amidst those who have come to comfort us today is Mrs. Nellie Chapman and her sister, Mrs. Davies, friends of my girlhood, Mrs. Wilson and Lizzie, Alvah's widow. Then Mr. and Mrs. Roeder are ministering with most loving hands to our temporal wants.

When I look on Mattie's patient, glory-covered face, while she is suffering almost beyond human endurance, it is almost more than I can bear, and I think I must have fainted and died only for the comfort of the Holy Ghost. How anyone can pass through like afflictions without Divine grace is more than I can comprehend.

The time has passed almost unheeded; she has given us each our last kiss, and these are her last and treasured utterances. She is seated within the chariot, and Jesus "lover of her soul" is by her side; the whirlwind of death has struck the chariot, and they move on their upward way, and her last words fall upon our ears, and from what she said she must have caught a glimpse of Eddie and Alvah and the beauties of the other life, for with uplifted hand she points aloft and exclaims: "Oh, I see! oh, I see!" and then was lost to our sight until we also "shall see and know even as we are known."

Another day has come, and within a flower perfumed chamber, clothed in beautiful robes, our darling lies. It is not the look of faded and wrinkled age she bears; oh no, but she is as the full-blown rose when severed from the parent stem.

It is said the upturned face of the dead is often a true photograph of what they were in life. If one has lived a life of wrong deeds, sowing unto the flesh and expects to reap corruption, that when he passes out of the vale into greater darkness beyond, as the spirit

leaves its wreck, the darkness of the night into which the soul is going, rush out and hovers all about the ruined castle which is left behind. And on the other hand, if the person has been a royal conqueror in the name of Christ, and is on their way to reside with Him in a city of light, when the gates of pearl are opened to let the victor in, the effulgent light and glory of the place rushes out and rests upon the features, while the spirit passes on.

If this be true, there was no doubt about where our Mattie had gone, for each one, when viewing her, exclaimed, "Oh how beautiful, even in death."

There is something wonderfully fascinating about the death chamber of the good, and some call it the vestibule to heaven, and other say it is hallowed by the presence of the Holy Ghost and spirits of the just made perfect, who have come to bear the departing company on the way.

The third day found our darling and only daughter's body resting beside her brother Eddie in Rosedale cemetery; together they sweetly sleep in Jesus until that morning when the dead in Christ shall come forth.

MATTIE'S VISION.

"I see" now the cloud-bands are rifting
That have cast their dark shadows before,
And the heavy grey mists are lifting
That have lined the fair farther shore,

And "I see," half-hidden in shadow,
A city so grand and so fair
With bastion, and turret and tower;
And myriad mansions are there.

"I see!" While I tell you the story,
The wide gates of pearl unfold,
While floods of unspeakable glory
Roll over the pavements of gold.

"I see!" They are coming to meet me,
A numberless angel band,
And I catch the notes of their welcome
From the far-off glory land.

"I see," and I'm faint with the rapture,
My brothers are leading the throng,
And a beauty is o'er them, mother,
That does not to angels belong.

"I see," as I cannot now tell you,
The wounds that were opened for me.
The bliss of the sight is o'erwhelming,
My Savior is waiting for me.

—MRS. J. S. WILSON.

CHAPTER XXX.

ANGELS OF THE LORD.

"Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitates the vail between
With breathings almost heard.

"The silence, awful deep and calm,
They have no power to break ;
For mortal words are not for them
To utter or partake."

WHY should it be held an incredible thing for one who has been seeking the heavenly country for a half a century, as I have been, to begin to get little faith views of the beautiful beyond, or perchance now and then sense my loved ones near. We need not ocular demonstrations to convince us that a bunch of violets are in the room; the essence of their lives, which floats unseen in upper air, tells of their presence near. Neither do our higher sphere companions need to be seen to announce their ministry of love and presence in our rooms.

Out of our seven children, five have unfolded their snow-white wings and have gone to dwell in the home of many mansions. Before their going I had a very vague idea of a far-away home for the soul, which I held in such reverence I dared not call it a place peopled with real beings; but since then, with the eyes of the soul, I have seen the New Jerusalem, home of our

ascended Christ. And when this city, adorned like a bride, had floated near, and faith has come forth like a giantess and pinned the two worlds together, and right here on the threshold between the two worlds I find a loom, on which all mankind are forced to weave a web which is called life.

I am now weaving mine, and as I work from day to day, especially if my task be a very intricate pattern, do you know the whole five gather about me? If the threads break, as they sometimes do under adverse circumstances, Mattie stands on one side of the loom and Eddie on the other, to pick up and tie the broken threads. While Alvah, eldest and wisest, sets with pattern in hand telling me when to use silver or gold in my shuttle, that my copy may be complete, Or if my feet, working the treadles of the loom, become tired as they often do, and I can hardly open the threads of the warp to receive the filling, I falter not in my task, for yet I have two babes who play at my feet under the loom and their laughter makes me strong.

None could watch the growing of my web with such interest as those who once called me mother, but are now walking in the light of the glory beyond. Then it adds much to the happiness of my declining years to know I will not have to pass this hour called death, alone.

It is said of Madam Blavatsky, the priestess of theosophy, that she had the power to turn the elements into snow-white butterflies, to amuse herself at will. If this be true, as her disciples affirm, my Christ does more, for He gives eternal life to man, and I abide in Him and His words in me. He bids me look upward and above, and lo, I see more than snow-white butterflies

who sport but a moment and die; I behold my whole five children, made by His blood whiter than snow.

When we lay ourselves down at night to sleep, and feel the unseen ones gather near to watch us while we rest, the question at once arises: "Who are these? and from whence have they come? The answer to my heart is, "These are my departed loved ones, who have become co-workers with Christ in the salvation of the world, and have been sent by their elder brother to guard us from dangers while we sleep."

Then I believe God to be a common-sense being, to whom He has already in His word compared our parents.

When I was a child, and my parents were called to be absent from home, they never thought of leaving us in the care of strangers; quite the contrary, they never thought of even leaving the house until a most trustworthy person was procured, and if possible, our grandmother was invariably selected.

If our near-sighted earthly parents use such forethought and care for their children, what may we not expect from our all-wise Father who gave his only son to die for us?

Then I ask, who could so well watch over and protect us as our friends who have passed the trial scene of life and know well every danger that besets our pathway? If my departed friends do not come and reveal themselves to the finer attributes of my soul, who are they who do?

I am sure it is far beyond the power of my mind to create creatures of such Christ-likeness and beauty as those who visit me at times and call me "child and mother." I am not mistaken in them, for deceivers do

not wear garments of heavenly make, nor do deceivers watch beside the dying, ready to carry the beggar from poverty up to riches eternal.

A few months ago, when our son Eddie was living his last hours, faith—evidence of things not seen—revealed the same kind of a vision God opened for Balaam when he saw the angel with drawn sword ready to cut him down.

What eyes was it that was opened? Certainly his spiritual eyes, for his other sight was already opened. Eddie looking up with glory-beaming countenance exclaimed:

"Mother, the room is filling fast."

"With whom my son?" I asked.

"With the spirits of our departed friends." Then with another outburst of joy he exclaimed: "There is my brother Alvah just in front of me."

I ask my readers in all Christian candor, is it likely that a man who was never known to lie, would make false statements in the hour of death? but continued to affirm their presence with his latest breath. To feel and sensibly realize the departed to be near the dying in their last moments—Why not? What avails faith and religion if they do not give us glimpses of our spirit loved ones, and the place to which they have gone?

Just here I will relate an incident which occurred after Alvah, Eddie and Mattie went away. I had a very dangerous nail wound in my foot; one night every nerve in my body was on a quiver, with pains in the back and under my jaws, and I was feeling as if death might be near. I was in bed and trying to fall asleep, when suddenly I felt as if my darlings are near, and with the ears of the soul I heard them call, as no others could the

endearing word "mother." In a few moments after I fell into a sweet, restful sleep, when Mattie more fully revealed herself to me, even assuring me of my recovery.

Then I asked: "Mattie, is it much to die?"

This was her reply: "Is it much to step over a hair on the floor? if not, neither is it much to die; for I have tried it."

Why does my heavenly Father command me in His Word, "Look not at the things which are seen, but at the unseen and eternal." If I am not to meddle into these things; and if I have not spirit eyes, how am I to obey my Father's injunction, and look into the future? Then if there is no beyond, why this never-satisfied longing of my soul for something noble, grand and eternal? The Word, the God of nature, and all things both animate and dead, declare there is a beyond in which my fondest aspirations bud and bloom into fulfilment, and all I wish is mine. Home in my father's many-mansioned house, where all my loved are gathering one by one. Dreams of the past and hopes of the future meet and clasp and mingle into one. For my father is too good to despoil my earthly home, and leave my family wrecked and torn, with loved ones more than half gone, those who ministered to my every want with care, without I am to find them all again in that eternal day. Spirit of eternity, come and bring thy invisible ones, and let them dwell with me yet awhile, that they may bring me solace and strength. What if I lay me down at death of day, much too faint to toil another hour, if my loved ones, from the oldest to the youngest, quit their songs above, and come and minister unto, and gently fan me into sleep, that I may be ready for the writing of another day. Then when

Christmas Even should come around the second time after they all have gone, what if in my early evening sleep I should hear someone call: "Oh mamma!" and on looking out from dreamland's heights I were to see and recognize Mattie, Eddie and Alvah, and Mattie should be the leading spokesman, saying, "Oh mother, we three are together, and just as happy as happy can be."

And I awoke to say, "If that life be only a dream, and people inhabiting that place appear so glorious and happy as mine appear, trouble me no longer with this clog of clay in which I live, but let death come my way and set me free, that my happiness also may be complete."

In my writing I have been led to do after the manner of the apostles, used dreams. Yes, any and every thing in order to set people to thinking. If I can once get my readers to think, then they will begin to act, and the next step will be the salvation of their souls.

I was reading but a few days ago of the intervention of an angel of the Lord to the salvation of a whole family from being murdered by some robbers. The story ran in this wise. Two brothers lived some miles apart, one in the city and the other in the country. The one in the city was taken sick; they thought unto death, and they telegraphed for his brother the farmer, who had from the sale of stock a sum of money in the house. After the man got the telegram he at once adjusted everything, stepped on the train, and was in a short time at his brother's side, leaving his wife and two children alone and unprotected. He had not been there long until he seemed to see and hear his dead mother speaking, addressing him in this manner:

"Return at once, and take men with you. Your wife and little children will be murdered at ten o'clock tonight, for robbers are hid in your barn."

The man, being a Christian, did not hesitate to inform his sick brother, who also was a Christian; and to the man's great surprise, his brother had been similarly impressed, and said, "I even recognized it by the powers of my mind to be mother; and," said the sick man, "brother, this is too plain a warning to be lightly passed by; take you an officer and a squad of men, and be with your family by the appointed time, or even before."

The brother with some difficulty secured help, and boarded the train, and just arrived in time to find three desperate men, armed, demanding admittance of the helpless woman and her children. Just at this moment the officer took the men in charge, and they proved to be men who were known to be after the good man's money, and only for this heavenly visitant and premonitions, this man's whole family would have been murdered.

While it is not best to go out to search after these kind of visitants, if you be a holy man or woman, and God sends His angels after you, don't trifle with them and let their warnings go unheeded.

It was well for Abraham and Sarah, who wished a son, to heed the angels of the Lord, even if Sarah did laugh at what she thought to be impossibilities. It is not within the scope of knowing mortals to tell the interest the redeemed and redeemer continues to have in the inhabitants of this world. We are told that there is more "joy amongst the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth than over those who need no repentance." This alone teaches us that the people of the other world

are not only interested and know about us, but are filled with rejoicing at our making preparation for that world. May the Lord help the readers of this chapter to be so heavenly minded they will be able at all times to hear and catch the faintest whispers of heavenly ones. And after life's battles are all fought to be able to stand amongst the conquerors and angels on the other side to do the bidding of their Lord.

" Sweet souls around us watch us still,
Press nearer to our side;
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helpings glide.

" Let death between us be as naught—
A dead and vanished dream;
Your joy be the reality;
Our suffering life the dream.

CHAPTER XXXI.

“IF ANY MAN HAVE NOT THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST, HE IS NONE OF HIS.”

“**B**E kind, be courteous to all God’s creatures” was the foundation for a never-to-be-forgotten sermon, preached by an aged minister. In this he said: “If ever you feel disposed to be unkind to any of God’s creatures, stop and ask, ‘Would my Christ, whom I represent, treat any one thus? If not, shall I put my Savior to open shame and fresh crucifixion by an unkind word to one for whom He has died?’”

About this time I received the following incident, that served well to impress the sermon upon my mind, and I present it to you in the name of my Master. In an early day a daughter of a large family then residing in the East married, and with her family came to California, and in changing places, and a second marriage, her family at home entirely lost tidings of her whereabouts.

In after years another sister also married and came west, her family accompanying her. Soon after their arrival the father and son were killed in a railroad collision, leaving her with an only widowed daughter and little granddaughter, well provided for, as both husband and son had carried large insurance upon their lives.

Now I wish to give you the two scenes as occurring within the homes of these two widowed sisters in the same city at the same time.

We will look into that of the elder, Mrs. Jones, first. Hers is but a stopping-place within a tenement house, where she and her five children may be sheltered from the storm; in this also she may gather her trusting, loving ones about the mercy-seat, and ask guidance for herself and son William, the bread-winners of the family; then ask for patience and grace for her daughter Talmage, who lay dying of slow consumption.

They were poor, yes, very poor, the father having died with the very same disease the daughter had. It took all they had owned to defray his funeral expenses and pay his doctor’s bills: even the best of the furniture had found its way into second-hand stores, to help them over fearfully dark days at times.

When Tallie’s fever had burned longest and run highest, William had, without saying a word to any one, taken a book and sold it; then taken the proceeds, and returned with tempting fruit and berries to his sister, to receive as his pay:

“God be with you, my darling brother, and in some way, as a reward, lead you to a place of plenty.”

This morning, of all others since the father’s death, six months previous, they were in the closest place financially; they had not the fourth of a dollar left, and the rent must be met, or they lose even this shelter.

Then, to increase the poor widow’s tenderness of heart, the lady who owned the hull of a house informed Mrs. Jones:

“If worse comes to worse, she could send Talmage to the county hospital, and the three very small children to the orphans’ home.”

This piece of intelligence, imparted by the wealthy lady of much means, who had her name on the roll of the most fashionable church in the city, proved the

crushing mill to the burdened heart of the poor widow Jones.

William had already started out in quest of work, but scanty food and a sensitive nature are all against him; only for these, coupled with poor health, he could have a place behind a desk as book-keeper.

The mother, draped in deep mourning, with canvas satchel in hand, containing pins, needles and sundry other articles, tarries at home longer than usual this morning before taking up her task. Talmage notices this, but with cheering words, and trying to sit in the easy chair, at length helps her mother to throw off this consuming spell of cankerous thoughts, which almost all people in like trials have passed through, when they really felt and heard Job, Lazarus and Elijah to be in every part of the room; and indeed, I doubt not but they were there, only more really sympathetic than when in life.

In such times, if Christians would only note it, help is not far off.

Finally Mrs. Jones, by a second season of prayer, calmed down, and became strong enough to kiss her daughter and step on her way.

Now, while William and mother push the battle to-day to defeat poverty, we will look within the house of the sister. This is an elegant mansion, having been built and furnished by the superior dictation of her husband, Mr. Billings, shortly before his death. From the plush carpets on the floor up to the decorations of the ceiling, everything spoke of art and cultured taste. The father and son had been prosperous, diligent men of business, looking well to the ways of the household; and all their efforts had been crowned with success. And just as they were planning to take life easy, by

taking the family on a trip to Europe, they, like many others, had without a moment's warning been hurled into eternity, leaving Mrs. Billings, the mother, and Drucilla, the proud spoiled second child, whose husband also had died some years before, leaving her with an only child, Maudie, eight years of age.

This child, wholly unlike her own mother, was much like grandma Billings and her dead father. Even the servants noted and loved her purity and sweetness of thought; and the old colored cook, Elner, did not hesitate to say, "Dat precious sweet lamb ain't fit fo' dis earth no wise."

This especial morning Mrs. Billings and her daughter have set aside to count over the father and son's insurance money, which has just arrived by express. The child has been stationed at the gate, with instructions that if a friend enters, to run in advance and let them know in time to get the money out of the way; but, on the other hand, if a tramp or peddler comes, to let them pass unnoticed.

All things now being ready, Drucilla is seated by a table, while Mrs. Billings, with key in hand, wends her way, all trembling, to a secret closet, and unlocks the home safe. She is now so weak with fear she can hardly lift the first sack. When this is deposited to be counted, she said:

"This comes of poor Ebenezar's death. And as he never had a chance to do anything for the Lord in any way in which it would increase his riches in heaven, I would like to give five hundred dollars of it to Bishop Taylor's missionary work in Africa, and as much to help the Salvation Army."

At these remarks of honest, God-fearing and heaven-loving Mrs. Billings, her daughter quite forgot herself

and her relation to her dear mother, and almost screamed—a fashion unkind, half-raised daughters have when speaking to this particular member of the family when angry:

“Old woman, have you entirely lost your mind? I hate the colored race; I doubly detest those people in red and blue who go about selling *War Crys*, and saying, when they get their little five-cent piece, ‘God bless you.’ Then, old ma, father left every cent of this money for my daughter Maudie, and not one cent of it will you get. With these very golden eagles I intend to make my Maudie the envy of the fashionable world.”

Just as Drucilla ended this vinegarish speech there was a rap at the back door, and she said:

“Go, ma, there is a tramp; give him that apricot pie, and let him go in double quick time.”

When Mrs. Billings opened the door, instead of finding a tramp as she expected, there stood before her a lovely young man, with all the appearance of culture and refinement, looking enough like her dead Eben to be his brother. As he modestly asked for work, even speaking of his widowed mother and sick sister, and Mrs. Billings stood, with cumbrous pie in hand, trying to mind her boss, Drucilla, getting impatient, screamed out:

“Give the tramp the pie, and let him go on.”

The young man, hearing this remark coming from some voice within, said:

“I beg pardon, madam, I am not a tramp neither do I stand in need of a pie;” and bid the apologizing lady good-bye, and was gone.

When the old lady got back into her daughters presence, it was to receive just such indignities as an unruly unchristian daughter can give.

She began by, “Now ma, I would like to know when you will ever learn your position in life, and not stand and talk to every tramp that comes along.”

By this time, “old Ma,” without saying a word to her daughter of how both her and the strangers feelings were wounded, brought forth another sack and deposited it near the former one, while she tried to dash an unbidden tear away.

Drucilla looking up said: “What is it now Ma, you have found to snivel about?”

“Well dear, the truth is that young man looked enough like Ebenezer to have been his brother, and I will venture if dear Eben was only back he would have given the man work,” said the old lady.

Just at that moment while Drucilla was saying “that makes twenty thousand, and I am not half done,” a slight form, just the pattern of her mother, draped in faded black with the queerest old shawl with an old tiny embroidered flower in the corner and with had once been a canvass satchel, in hand, rang the front door bell. When Drucilla heard this second visitation, her anger had no bounds, she stamped her Cinderella foot until her mother quivered like an aspen tree in a storm.

“Go at once,” said she, “and answer that beggar in short order, don’t wait for me to call to you again, mother.”

When the mother obeyed and the door was opened, there stood before Mrs. Billings, a woman; from what she could see of her veiled face, one more marred in features and countenance than any other human face she had ever looked upon, even more so than the face of the picture of her Christ, who wore the crown of thorns. And she too was asking not alms but work, so she could give her dying Talmage a bit of common bread, or it

might be one nickels worth of soda to cool her thirst when her fever was literally drinking up her life's blood by the cupfull at a draught.

"No madam," answered Mrs. Billings, we hire Chinamen to do all our work."

"But," said the poor woman, "who of those hired have a dying daughter in America, calling for help in a dying hour?"

Just as the poor woman staggered off the porch, Mrs. Billings saw a sight which sent a troubler into her heart, and that was the flower in the old scrap of a shawl, for her own dear dead mother had given her missing sister just such a shawl years ago. Could it be possible the poor gray-haired woman she had just turned away in want from her door, was her poor sister Jennie.

While she still stands and looks after her she notices her removing her veil and using her kerchief, to no doubt, wipe away tears. Just as she passes little Maudie, she in her weakness stumbles and falls, while the child comes to her help, the little one asks:

"Are you hurt, old lady?"

"Oh no, dear."

"What are you crying about, did grandma tell you about poor dead uncle Eben?"

"Eben who? child," asked the lady.

"Eben Billings," replied the child.

"And that is your grandma's name is it, little girl?"

"Oh yes, don't you know it?" asked Maudie, with all the simplicity of children at her age.

"May be I do," said the woman as she went on her way.

When Mrs. Billings returned to look after the count-

ing and spoke of her impressions and the shawl, Drucilla laughed her mother to scorn, saying:

"Oh ma, you surely would not go out amongst the tramps and poor of the city to rake up your lost relatives."

"I don't care daughter, where I would find my sister, I would own her."

After they had deposited their treasures in a place of safety and gathered home at night, Maudie again set them to thinking, when she looked up at her grandma and said:

"Oh if you don't look just like the poor woman who called at the door, she even asked who our Eben was."

Time passed on, and Mrs. Billings still carried her old wonder about the shawl.

Drucilla didn't make her Maudie the envy of society and take her to Europe as she had planned. God looked down just as he had into many other houses where there is an idol to keep money from doing what God and good hearts mean it shall. Then he took Maudie to a country more congenial to her pure, sweet spirit, where envy is not known. In her going, Drucilla's eyes were opened to the fact that the Salvation Army was the called of God, to help save a sinful world, and that if the colored are only saved through Christ they will be washed white in the blood of the Lamb, and that it will be much more preferable to be a saved colored man than an unsaved white man when Christ shall come again.

Then the going of so small a mite from the home and heart of Drucilla, had by her going, led her to Him who can make all wrong things right, even the rebellious human heart. And now instead of the daughter trying to boss her mother and calling her "old ma," their hearts beat in unison, one in Christ Jesus.

Is it any wonder that a man should say of religion on his death bed: "Is it mine during life? Yes, it is mine throughout eternity, when it will do so much for this one family."

In the evening, when Mrs. Jones and her son William gathered at home to count their pennies and make dear sick Talmage's heart almost leap out of her for very joy, by opening a bundle of presents a poor lady had sent her.

They were each led to speak of the one place at which they had called during the day, and while Talmage was laughing outright at her brothers telling how near he came to getting a pie, Mrs. Jones said:

"Son, come to think of it, it was a man by the name of Eben Billings your aunt Ruth married, and I did hear through Mrs. Johanson that they moved West, and their only child Drucilla, was married some years ago; then Ebenezer is a family name. If it was not them, I don't see why so many things like so many index fingers would be pointing back to that house, while something keeps saying 'sister Ruth.' And only think of it, Talmage, I got the name Eben, by so small an accident as the trip of my foot, and the blessed little lamb trying to help lift me up; or even smaller, because of a tear of sorrow on my face."

While God still fed and cared for the orphans, as true to His word as in the days when Elijah miraculously fed the widow and her son, and the woman in her overflow of thankfulness said to Elijah: "Now by this I know thou art a man of God, and the word of the Lord in thy mouth is truth."

Time sped along and halted for no one, and Mrs. Billings and her daughter, on account of her changed disposition, was becoming more and more of one mind,

and now as the old lady seemed each day to grow more feeble she became quite anxious to again behold her sister, and her daughter was going out everywhere in the city amidst its poor, with so small a clue as an old tintype, taken more than twenty years ago, and the picture in the mind only of an old shawl.

Today two forces are at work to bring two loving, longing hearts together.

Talmage is worse and must have a doctor. It being quite cold, Mrs. Jones gathers up the old shawl with its queer embroidery in the corner, and throws it in haste about her shoulders as she goes in quest of medical aid for her daughter.

She is just passing out of the doctor's gate, on her way home, when Drucilla caught a glimpse of the tell-tale shawl; she knew it must be it; then there could not possibly be any harm in speaking to the poor woman and asking her her name, for she was bound not to let this one straw of evidence slip.

She told the coachman to rein up his horses while she should have a few words with this lady. As he halted, the woman being startled, also stopped, while she asked:

"Please madam, may I ask you a few questions?"

"Most certainly," was Mrs. Jones trembling reply.

"Did you ever have a sister, Ruth Billings?"

"Yes madam, in the long ago."

"Then I am probably your niece as I am Ruth Billings' daughter. Your sister—my mother—is ill, and I am out with this tintype, and by this, and the flower on the corner of your shawl I have found you."

After this, in a very few words, Mrs. Jones spoke of her invalid daughter, and as she did, her new-found

neice—who loved poor folks—invited her to step into her carriage and she would convey her home.

When Drucilla stepped in to see the sick girl and noted her Aunt's poverty and the beauty of her well-raised family, her joy had no bounds at the discovery of so rare a chance of doing good, and she knew from the depths of her own heart's sorrow what a mother's feelings are when they wish to use means, left by their dead, for the advancement of the cause of Christ in helping others. And when she returned to her mother, bearing in her elegant carriage both shawl and its owner, she did not hesitate to say, "dear ma," not "old ma," as it had been a short time ago when poor aunt was turned away by her unconverted heart,

"Auntie Jones and her children shall have a home next door to us, and all that I would have done for my Maudie, who is now in heaven, shall be done for this widow and her orphans, and instead of me caring for one I will care for six."

Nor was the widow Jones' dying Talmage sent out to the hospital as the woman had planned, but removed into an elegant home beside her aunt and cousin.

After enjoying this until she saw the younger children placed in school and William as business manager for his aunt's and cousin's estate, she called them all about her bed one night and said: "Now as mother and auntie have at last, by God's care, been brought together, I must now leave you to go and live with little Maudie, through whom God has done such wonders, then I hear my Savior calling, 'Come Talmage, come and live with Me in my beautiful home.'" She ceased speaking and was gone; was not dead, but just began to live.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"EMANUEL, GOD WITH US."

MY dear readers, I have now come to one of the last chapters of my book. And I feel that I cannot do better, by way of closing, than to direct your attention to the Savior of the world; and then commend you into His care. If you have found this one in the pardon of your sins it is well with you, and you have in Him found the pearl of great price. It is now your privilege to claim Him as your spiritual house, and take up your abode in Him. So long as you do this, and remain at home in Him, you are perfectly safe from the devil; but so soon as you put one foot or hand out of your house, you are in danger of being wounded by this enemy of our souls, who goes about as a roaring lion.

If you have never received Christ as your Savior, I beg of you, as sister, mother, friend, make no delay. For if by the stopping of the heart you cease to live, while out of Christ, you are dead to all intents and purposes. Then the Word warns you, saying: "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man will come;" or, in other words, your soul will be required at the hand of its Maker, and your probation will cease.

God help any who may chance to read these pages, and yet are unsaved, to come in haste and make your peace with Him. All you have to do is to turn from your sins. Seek the Savior now by saying here:

“ Lord, I am without one plea
 But that Thy blood was shed for me;
 O Lamb of God, I come.”

And my word, and the testimony of tens of thousands of others, Christ will pardon your sins, and give you a peace nothing else can give.

It is perfectly wonderful that, after a sinner becomes one with Christ by faith in the atonement, they then begin to behold Him in everything. Indeed, no one has ever lived whose life so permeates everything, for He has in His short life seemed to come in living touch by parable or incident, with field and beast and bird.

Nor was ever such demand or such supply as in the gift of the Son of God. Death abroad everywhere, and no remedy to be found. So alarmed were the wise men and philosophers at the presence of death, as it invaded the precincts of their homes, and with its icy breath turned their loved ones into dust, everything within their souls cried out for a remedy against this evil. They said: “There must be a spring of wondrous power hidden away somewhere, whereof if a man drink he will be rendered invulnerable to the attacks of this dreadful monster.” They searched far and near, everywhere, and all without success, until on their return after their defeat they met with the wise men who had just seen and been guided by the Star of Bethlehem to this fountain opened up in the house of King David for sin and uncleanness.

When these returning wise men showed them the wonders of this spring, and how, if a man once drank of its waters, it not only gave him life, but he also became a well of living water springing up, artesian, overflowing, to all eternity.

And other nations also saw the ravages of age and death, and felt alarm. These also had recourse to every art within their power, even transfusing the blood of youth into the bodies of the aged, thinking thereby to perpetuate life and gain immortality. But all their efforts proved of no avail, and just as they thought despair to be their portion, some one points them to the Son of God dying on Calvary, who is now giving His precious, all-cleansing blood for all mankind; and here the aged find lasting youth, and the dying, by this blood, spring into immortality.

The death of the thief upon the cross is not the only witness we, as a Christian world, have of the swift efficacy and power there is in the blood of Christ to save instantly, and in the very moment of death. Almost every one can bring to mind incidents of this kind happening within their knowledge.

At one time a young man lay in a dying condition within our house, while his life-blood was swiftly flowing from his lungs, and he was momentarily growing weaker. We, as his friends, felt we could not let him pass out into an endless eternity without the remission of his sins and an interest in the blessed atonement made through our Lord Jesus.

We called in men and women of faith to help us lift him into the fountain for sin and uncleanness, while our prayers go up perfumed with the blood of Christ, and the answer is coming.

There he lies, the picture of despair, with a fearful eternity looking him in the face; he is persuaded of his great need, but remembers a “vow made to some friends in a like condition with himself, not to be so silly as to ever accept the atonement of Jesus as his Savior.” He is growing cold in death; soon his tongue will refuse

him utterance. The light of eternity, in answer to prayer, flashes the truth upon his mind, "I am lost." He reaches forth and grasps me by the hand, and begins to plead:

"Oh Christ Jesus, Savior of the world, help me and save my soul."

The next moment, with glory-lighted face and joyous eyes, he exclaims:

"Glory to God; my sins are all gone, and I am saved. A hair-breadth escape from eternal death."

While uttering these words he passed from death into eternal life. And we, who noted the change of countenance, said one to the other:

"Was the like ever seen? Surely Jesus is the Son of God."

Then He is the great search-light of the human family; we may do, and even say things we would not have our most intimate friends know for the world; for every word and secret thought will by this search light be read or known. The man or woman who cannot look you in the face because of the unpardoned sins of adultery, and murder and theft, will be forced to see these in the light of the Holy Spirit when it is too late; when Christ ceases to mediate and plead, showing to His Father His wounds, saying as he does: "Father, forgive; they know not what they do." And when the book is closed, if we are found amongst the saved, He becomes our resurrection and eternal life, over whom the second death hath no power.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

LAZARUS AND DIVES.

OF all the parables which our dear Lord uttered, none have appealed to my mind with such force as this, and through this, some of the most momentous questions have been settled. First, is that of God's remembrance of the good and his sending for them at death, even if by adversity they are rendered beggars. Next, and most important is, the souls of the good have a conscious existence in paradise after death, while the bad are sent to the opposite kind of conscious life when they leave the body.

Dives, for some time past had noticed what he supposed to be a tramp reclining near his side gate, and yet from the clothing and face he is quite certain it is an old friend.

Dives is now returning at a late hour from the lodge, and as he raises his head to look homeward he noticed that all his possessions were illuminated, and he first thought an enemy had set everything on fire, and was about to turn on the fire alarm, but to his amazement when he tried to run, his limbs would not carry him. Around and about the side gate where the beggar had been lying, and the tree tops and in and about his house was as light as if the star of Bethlehem had been passing, and paused in mid-air. Sometimes this ball of fire which had come to light the dying on their way, rolled over the top of the mansion or toyed with the

tops of the trees as if it might have been a living thing.

The next thing the man of millions was conscious of, was that he was standing within easy reach of the dying man, witnessing the grandest sight a human being had beheld since the shepherds had, with mortal eyes and ears, seen and heard the angels of heaven sing their song of "peace and good will to men."

As there he stood an awful spectator, he realised all his own wealth paling into nothingness before the glory and riches which his old and ill-used friend, Lazarus, was just coming into possession of. As there he stood, he could not help saying, "If the shaddow and outside be so grand, what must the substance and inside be?"

As Dives' quivering eyes sought the face of Lazarus, thinking if it were not too late he might give him his folded shoulder mantle as a pillow for his dying head, but ah, to his surprise, instead of cobble stones on which to lay, there was placed under his sore-covered body, a bed of eider down; and for a pillow, on the stone sat a man of patriarchal beauty, such as Dives had never beheld. Then on either side of the prostrate form, was stooping, or rather kneeling, two lovely females.

His companion dogs had not deserted him, oh no: they are too faithful for that; they had only receded back apace to give place to angels and heavenly ones. Some sat on their haunches and looked lovingly at their patient, suffering master, and some, much to Dives alarm, were howling in the distance as if with more than instinct were saying, "Is he surely dying?" And one, a friendly spaniel, who gave Lazarus his last bone, lay licking his fast swelling feet, and others lay all around on the ground.

Dives is riveted to the spot, he would have been glad to have sought his rest within his own home, but

could not, for the dying man motions to him to be still and witness it all. Just then he hears the rustling of wings as if a flock of white-winged swans had passed that way and seen the light, and had drawn near and was lighting in their midst, but it was not birds, it was a beavy of the innocents, many of whom died in Herod's day. They lighted everywhere, and two of these with fairy lightness sat on Dives' shoulders and toyed with his hair, and he dare not tip them with his finger, lest one of their number perchance might call him father. He could bear to hear his Mamie call his name before she died—forty years ago—but not tonight. One did seem to say, as it gathered up the trail of his robe in its playful hand: "This warm robe would have been nice to have covered the poor man with and protected him from the dampness of the bay."

Everything, either good or bad, startles Dives tonight. Hark! he hears singing, it is in mid-air. As the hallowed strains reach the heavy ear of the dying man, he raises his almost palsied hand and points aloft, and Dives sees from whence the singing comes—it is a company of the heavenly ones. The prince of peace is with them; he is like unto a jasper or a sardine stone. No wonder they need not the sun in heaven, if the Son of our God is like what Dives sees.

While they tarry and chant, or circle around, Dives hears the dying groan; the monster is doing his best, and it is plain to be seen all must be nearly over.

Hark! Again Lazarus, though dying, distinctly hears the words, and these are what they sing: "Deliverance has come, and I have come to take thee home." At that moment as the convoy draws nigh, a spark of flame—or at least Dives thought it was—fell upon the shivering frame of the beggar, and Dives

would fain have removed this consuming flame of death, but could not, for his feet were as if they were frozen to the pavement. And while he gazed, behold the worm eaten frame which he had meant to cart away in the morning, seemed as if it was all afire, but was, as the trees in his yard, not consumed, for out of the refining force of this fire from the dissolving earthly body, Christ was bringing forth an immortal soul, which was to be one of the millionaires of heaven, who should live, love and dwell within Abraham's bosom.

This sight of grandeur, with Dives' night of revelry coupled with the weights of ill-gotten gains, is proving too much for Dives, for just as the immortal Lazarus, with all his attending glory, went out of sight amid the stars in the great beyond.

Dives time also comes, and he, instead of going up, went down, down to all eternity, where in hell he looks up and sees Lazarus in Abraham's bosom, being in conscious enjoyment, while he is being tormented in these flames.

My one and only wish in writing of this parable is, that my readers may be brought to stop and think and escape this place "where the worm dieth not." The word of God declares there is a hell, Christ warns us against it. Then dare we dispute the word? I now have two incidents I will give, these may either warn or persuade some one. The first was that of a well raised young man who thought it smart to make a mock of religious things. He went so far as to gather his associates about him and hold a mock sacrament service, and no doubt in this blasphemous conduct drove the holy Spirit away. Shortly afterwards he was taken sick and sent for father and I to come and pray with him; when we arrived his reason had fled, and in this condi-

tion he died with fearful oaths on his lips, giving every evidence of being lost.

The other incident is that of a darling neice, who was left an orphan at the age of six. Ever after the death of her mother her soul seemed to long for the happiness of heaven, for she fully believed her mother was there. Susa and I would often walk out together, and as she would look above her face would beam with heavenly sweetness, and I would ask :

"What is it, darling?"

"Oh! auntie, I was looking for my mother up there."

The good Lord heard the longing of her soul, and took her up to live with her mamma.

And now I often find myself by faith looking above, and I see beautiful faces and hands looking and beckoning for me. And do you know that sometimes I am quite as impatient to go as was my darling Susa.

Dear readers do not, I pray you, dash away the kernel and cling to the husk, for heaven and immortality must be the kernal of our having lived.

"Be ye also ready, for in an hour as ye think not, our Lord will come, and it is a poor time for preparation on a death bed, for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap; if he soweth to the flesh in sin he will reap corruption, but if to the Spirit, a life of Godliness, heaven and happiness will be the fruit for his eternal gathering."

Whether this be just, as it has come to me, or as it is written in the bible, will matter little if we neglect our salvation and are lost, but will mean everything if we accept Christ and are saved. God bless and save you, is my prayer.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

BOOK-MAKING.

MY first book-making began away back before I entered my teens, and cost me many a tear. I could only begin to form sentences by writing and printing together, when something occurred in my life which looked to my childish mind as if of enough importance to be put into book form. After securing some scraps of paper and cutting and sewing these together, I began with lead pencil to make my book and illustrate it as I went along.

This is the incident I thought of so much importance: A neighbor girl coming from the city of New York, made me a present of a very delicate pair of white slippers. My brother John proposed that he don his new suit of blue jeans just woven and made by our own mother, and I, with my elegant new foot-wear would pay a visit to neighbor Michaels and show their children the style we were able to sport. We got our parents' consent to make the visit, saying nothing of the grand appearance we were to make on our arrival. Our path to this family's house lay through a heavy wooded pasture, containing some very dangerous wild hogs. brother suggested we take a path that ran near the pasture fence, saying in case we came in contact with the hogs we could climb the fence and thereby escape danger. We had not proceeded half way until we heard a noise in a bunch of brush between us and the fence; by stoop-

ing and looking under them we saw a sight which struck terror to our hearts. There were twenty or more hogs and two old males making for us just as fast as they could come. We knew our only chance of escape lay in our being able to climb some oak trees. John's first care was to boost me up to where I could lay hold of a limb, then he followed suit without delay; nor were we a moment too soon, for we had no more than reached a place of safety until the two old devil-holders were crouching at the bushes beneath us, while their mouths were white with froth. And worst of all, in my haste, I dropped my treasures from my feet, and one of these old creatures really tore them to shreds before our eyes. On our perch we remained, afraid to move, until a neighbor who chanced to be in search of some lost cows came our way with a good dog or two who chased the hogs away, and we were only too glad to go back home unhurt.

The tears came, by my brother Andrew—the tease of the family—finding my unfinished book with bits of this half-told story, illustrated with hogs made with one horizontal line for the body and two lines serving as feet, and these imaginary creatures without heads. It was his laughing at our great danger from hogs with but two feet and no heads, and his showing this to some other members of the family which caused my grief.

But notwithstanding this occurred over forty years ago, the book-maker of today was in the child of that long ago. Twenty years ago, while surrounded by my family of five children, I was again visited by a desire to write a book. As I wrote from day to day, it was oftener than not I would be holding one of my twin boys while the other stood by, with hand on brother's arm, thus to keep the little tots quiet while I wrote.

Where are they now? Is it the flight of time or is it a dream which has changed the children—my twins—into men of twenty years of age? It must be the former, for no dream could bring such sad realities to my life as has come within these passing years.

One day during Eddie's sickness—wanting only a very few days before his departure—he remarked to me: "Mother, as you can no longer do effective work in the church, and you so much desire to speak to the people through the incidents of your life, in which on every page you have honored your Master, so when I get to heaven and speak face to face with Christ, I will tell Him of your "book," and of your desire to still labor with it. And mother, I feel confident from what I know of Him, who gave His life for others, that after my going and my speaking to Him, the means will be in waiting when you are ready."

Eddie has been in heaven over a year; I have my manuscript about completed, and he must have seen and spoken to the Lord about it, for while pondering over Eddie's promise a few days ago, one of the most God-fearing and noble widow ladies in the city came in, and asked:

"Why not get your book published?"

I honestly replied, "I have not the means," when she informed me the necessary funds were in faith's reach of my hand and I might as well go ahead and get it published. I was so astonished I could not sleep that night; I kept saying "is it real or not."

I have not found such faith as this lady—Mrs. Cheever—has evinced in the power of my life-work to do good, for she came forth with the necessary assistance unsolicited. Oh no, I have not found such a friend, even in those who had their coffers full of gold, and

and were aware it was only for Christ's sake I was longing to live within this book after my decease.

Then I had corresponded with publishers at a distance, not once dreaming I could have my work accomplished here in Los Angeles. But lo, and behold! God raised up a precious friend who took my manuscript to the office and then brought the proof to my door, there by taking the burden from my mind in an hour when I was little able to bear the same.

In the day of final reckoning, when we are called to receive our reward for deeds done in this life, among those who shall have a share in the fruitage of this book, be it great or small, Mrs. Cheever and her family will have a goodly part, and I would pray, "May the blessings of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost rest upon their lives, henceforth and forever more."

It has ever been a query how and why a part of the Christian world seemed ever to be sitting with folded hands, having nothing to do; many of these with more wealth than they know what to do with. While on the other hand, others perhaps were burdened and had been all their lives for souls, and could see and hear the representatives of the Lord everywhere in distress, and yet have little in purse with which to help. Why this difference?

When these words, "Be ye also ready," comes to all alike, will we be ready to meet the Lord in the air if we have done nothing and are tied down to the earth with means which might have been used for God and turned into treasures in heaven?

While many hard-working widows and orphans, who have given their mite, heeding the cry of Christ's poor, will find their small givings have in heaven increased until they who were thought on earth to be poor, yes

very poor, awake on that day of all other days to be amongst heaven's millionaires. Above all else, when the separating time will come, these mite givers will be set on the right hand side; while many with their hoarded riches will go to the left. And sweetest and most glorious of all the words man has ever heard uttered will be when Christ shall say: "I was hungry and ye fed me, naked and ye clothed me, sick and in prison and ye ministered unto me." To this class of ministering angels He will say: "Enter into the joys of thy Lord;" but the other class, who got all they could, and kept it for selfish purposes, will hear the heart-rending, woful sentence, "Depart, ye workers of iniquity, into everlasting punishment, prepared for the devil and his angels."

Why this fearful sentence pronounced upon this latter class? Simply because they have not done what they have known to be their duty to Christ's suffering poor.

Shall I tell you an incident of giving which came under my immediate observation, and very near my own heart? I can relate this incident just as well as not, and it may encourage the readers to know their giving was fully appreciated. And again, these various incidents are necessary to make a book of interest.

The incident I now relate was about a Christian young man who lay at the point of death. On Thursday morning, before the regular prayer-meeting of the Fort street Methodist Church, Eddie called to brother Buel Jones, a very worthy young man, who helped me to take care of Eddie in his feebleness, saying:

"Buel, I want you to write, while I dictate, a letter to be read by brother Cantine at meeting tonight."

The letter was written as desired, and read by

Eddie's pastor, Dr. Cantine. In this letter he told of the wonderful grace of God, and how it had been his stay during the many long hours of suffering; and also of the faith he had in Christ as his Savior; then of the glimpses he had been permitted to have of heaven. In conclusion, urging the people to meet him in glory.

After the reading of this short letter from the dying young man, brother Cantine said:

"Let's take up a collection, and send it to Eddie" (he knowing of our trial of want as well as of sickness). Then they took up the collection, and sent it to Eddie; and when it was counted by the feeble one it amounted to seventeen dollars and some cents.

Oh, I wish you could have seen the richness of my poor boy on that one day, and heard him call over name after name of the members, and ask God's blessing upon them. One coin looked to him like brother Strome, another like sister Gary, and so on through the hundreds of nickels within the collection which it took to complete the sum.

Then when Eddie, by the help of his invalid sister Mattie, had counted and replaced it in the sack, to be placed under his head to again while away an hour, by way of reading the dates of the coins, he looked up to Mattie, and said:

"Dear sister, how much I have longed to be able to minister to your wants our Father above only knows. Whenever you need money, all you have to do is to ask me, and you shall have all your wants supplied."

Some affirm that people are growing worse and worse as years multiply, and that church members have less feeling and are less sympathetic, one for the other, than they were in times that have passed. I do not believe a word of either of these statements, I having

been placed in a position, with my family, in which I could prove members of the various churches in this city, during the two years of affliction in the sickness and death of our three children. The people did not stop to ask, "To what church does this family belong?" but we had the sympathy and kindness from people who belonged to no church, and then from both Catholic and Protestant; they all came alike, and ministered both by word and deed. They fairly turned our garden of sorrows into our blooming Eden, abounding with gold fish and snow-white Java sparrows. These latter choice creatures of beauty were brought by the hand of the florist, Mr. Snider, and placed within the sick chamber to cheer and happyfy the dying. Then came our beloved colored brethren and sisters, with prayer and sweetest song, to cheer them on their pilgrim way.

Nor will I ever forget the evening after our Mattie's death. The strain had been so long and severe I felt stunned and almost dying, when, as I lay with bleeding heart and weeping eyes, sister Pointer, sister Tompson and some others of my colored friends, stole into my room, and on bended knees sang the Lord's prayer; then, after a few words of prayer by sister Pointer, the minister's wife, they slipped away as quietly as they came, never dreaming of the comfort and blessings they had brought to my soul by their coming.

How strange it is, when one begins a task like book making, how soon memory hastens to the fore with her stock of incidents; and this she brings today, Over thirty years ago, while Miss Mary Still, I taught a school on Atoy Creek, Kansas. Amongst the first scholars who came forward to enroll their names were two orphan boys by the name of Mosier. They had just been called to separate from the best and dearest friend

man has ever known, in the person of their mother. After this occurred, Leroy, the mother's pet, a boy not more than ten years' old, was left almost heart-broken.

It was not long after the school began; and the boys told me of their first great grief in the loss of this mother, until we became fast friends. The school closed, and we all went our respective ways, neither ever hearing of the other. But I often told my own children of the two motherless boys, often saying:

"My dears, I hope you will never be called to pass such a trial while so young."

Twenty-five years after the close of my school, I was sitting in the sand on the beach at Santa Monica, when my daughter, who sat beside me, looking up said:

"Oh ma, see that man with the basket on his arm, accompanied by several half-grown girls?"

"Who is it, Mattie?"

"That is Leroy Mosier, of whom you have so often told us children, and those are his daughters."

"How do you know it is he?"

"I was introduced to his daughter Bessie, and she told me as much."

And so it proved to be one and the same, my pupil of the long ago, now a man past middle age. And after all this lapse of years we again meet, being again introduced through our daughters, my Mattie and his Bessie.

And now I find, that while being left an orphan in childhood, yet God's care has been over him all these years, leading him into honorable positions, a blessing to his generation. And while he writes from day to day, as vice president of one of the best papers of Los Angeles, the *Times*, may God give him wisdom to edit such things as will make the people not only wiser, but

purser, until, when the last meeting will occur, it may be with his mother and all our friends on the banks of the crystal sea in the Paradise of God.

I little thought when I began this chapter, that so many incidents would arise, but without these, book-making and life itself would be a blank. Now my dear readers I have come to the last page of my book, and I pray that the fruitage of these chapters may be strength and eternal life to all who read them. I have written with no other thought than to obey my heavenly Father, committing all to His keeping. And as I say adieu, I pray that when the Book of Life is opened, our names shall all be found written therein.

Yours truly,

MARY STILL ADAMS.