

The book cover features a stylized, high-contrast illustration in shades of brown and tan. In the foreground, a silhouette of a cowboy wearing a wide-brimmed hat sits atop a horse, facing left. The background consists of layered, rounded hills or mountains. To the right, a single tree stands on a hillside. In the upper left corner, there are dark, leafy branches. The overall aesthetic is reminiscent of a woodcut or a vintage poster.

William B. Hall

A Sketch of My Life

*Autobiography of a
West Texas cowboy
and prison evangelist*

A Sketch of My Life



By
W.B. Hall



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Preface

It was my pleasure to read this book, *A Sketch of My Life*.

I had heard of Brother Hall for many years, and seeing the way he was led by the divine hand of God that brought him to the wonderful experience of salvation, I feel that each one who reads his life's story will receive a blessing.

Some of the principle truths of God's Word that were effective in Brother Hall's life will also be effective for any individual.

Sometime after his incarceration, Brother Hall was given a Bible. In it he found the promise of God's Word to be true. It is not God's will that any should perish, but all come to repentance. (II Peter 3:9). He called on God to forgive him, and again the truth of His Word was a blessing to another sinner. (I John 1:9). This new life gave Brother Hall such a blessing that he wanted to share his story with others. I am sure that as you read this book you will be inspired to have a greater faith in God's Word.

—Richard C. Madden

Chapter I

William B. Hall, old time, west Texas cowboy and nationally known prison evangelist, was born and reared on what was then known as the frontier of western Texas. My grandfather, Wash Hall built the first house where the town of Lockhart now stands. There he reared nine boys and three girls. They have all married and are scattered over Texas and out into different states. My grandfather on my mother's side, W. B. Keith, located on Cow Creek, ten miles west of Meridian, Miss., at Grain Switch. He reared two boys and six girls. My oldest uncle, Rankin Keith, lost his life in the war. My youngest uncle, James Munroe Keith, went to Brazil as a civil engineer. He worked for the government and is mentioned in the history of Brazil. My mother, next to the youngest, and my five aunts all married and reared large families and are scattered over the U.S.A.

My father, C. C. Hall, while visiting some of his relatives near Meridian, Miss., met and married my mother and they located on the frontier of western Texas, near the south west corner of Tarrant County. I was born there on a horse ranch, the 19th day of April, 1871. Father sold his ranch and moved to Bell County while I was a baby. He located five miles west of Belton, on Nolan creek. Here my brother, Robert Munroe Hall, was born. Before I was old enough to remember my father was killed, leaving my mother, a very

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beautiful young woman, with two baby boys. About a year later, mother met and married Miles James Estes, from Alabama. He proved to be one of the best men western Texas ever knew. He was admired by all who knew him. He located on the head of Pond creek near Piolet Grove, in Falls County five miles south-west of Durango, Texas. Here I spent the happiest part of my life. About the first thing I can remember I was riding a pony. My father then sold his ranch and moved to Coleman County, back in the 80's and located two and one-half miles south of Coleman City at the mouth of the Brady Lane, where I grew up.

I soon began working on large cattle ranches. I first worked for Mahony under Joe Copeland. Then I went to the widow Day's ranch on the Colorado River. Bill and Fog Coffee and I were real friends in our boyhood days. This was before the widow Day married Captain Lea, and moved to Roswell, N. M. I was with them also in Roswell. Her brother, Bill Doss, was the general manager. O. L. Gann was the range boss, and there never was a better one. Several years of my life were spent there in riding wild horses. While breaking forty head for Colonel Overall, O. L. met Bugger Red at Belton, Texas, and brought him home with him. He had been very highly recommended as a bronc buster. I didn't like his looks at first. The first horse I told him to ride threw him, but he was a real rider and I learned to like him. Bugger Red and I went to the first Tom Green County Fair at San Angelo, Tex. Bugger rode an old dun outlaw horse and a long horn steer and I'm sure no one ever put on a better exhibition at any time or place.

Soon after this I went to the first Dallas County Fair. There I met Bob Slaughter and after he had shown me his home town, he was very anxious for me to go with him to his father's ranch on the plains of western Texas. At that time his father, C. C. Slaughter,

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owned a ranch thirty-five miles wide and seventy miles long, and it was well stocked with cattle. He was the biggest one man rancher in the state at that time. Bob was the general manager and Henry Perkens was the range boss. I took a contract to break sixty head of four and five year old broncs, and when I finished I crossed the sand hills and the Pecos River into New Mexico. I first went to Eddie, now known as Carlsbad, N.M. At that time, just across Dark Canyon, one mile south of town, there were four big dance halls, four saloons, and four big gambling houses, and they were open day and night. I spent six weeks in that place. Then I went to Seven Rivers, N.M. This was the toughest place I have ever been in. Everybody swore and fought with guns. Someone was killed every day or two, and they were some mother's boys.

I then worked for Wallace Holt where I had some real experiences. I went from there to Roswell, N.M. There I worked for the L.F.D. and the Diamond A ranches and helped round up the Window Sash brand of horses that had been donated to Earnest Broom and Lee Smith by C. G. Barney. I had to take horses for my pay so Bill Kelly and I divided them on the Texas plains. He drove his part to Louisiana and I drove my part to the Dallas Fair and sold them.

During this time I learned to drink whisky, gamble, run horse races and committed almost all the sins in the catalog of sin. I can truthfully say that the Apostle Paul had nothing on me for I certainly was the chief of sinners. I tried to believe there was no God and I thought if there were he would hate me for the awful sinful life I was living. Dear reader, I've learned from experience that God hates no one; he hates the sins we do; but he loves the sinner. As he tells us in John 3:16, "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only

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begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”

After spending some time at home, I decided to go back to New Mexico where I could gamble and not be bothered. My stepfather tried to persuade me not to go. He said, “If you go, you will get into trouble.” But I, like all boys, thought I knew best, and I told him that I could take care of myself. He said, “If you will go, I want you to know I’ve spent the last dollar I ever expect to spend on you.” Reader, I went, and as you will learn later, I got into serious trouble and he spent thousands of dollars on me.

When I returned to Roswell I decided that a man who would work and gamble was a fool. I’m sorry to say it but I gave up work, and for a while everything went well. Then one morning, while I was living the life of a professional gambler I got under deep conviction on account of the sinful life I was living. I went to the bartender and had him open a quart bottle of beer for me. I went out back of the old saloon and sat down under a large tree, and it seemed like every church bell in that town began to ring, and each one seemed to say, “Come on, come on.” Oh, if I had only given heed to the wooing of God’s Holy Spirit that morning, what a lot of trouble I would have missed. But I was rebellious and I tried to drown my trouble with strong drink. Two weeks before I got into trouble, I dreamed one night that I killed the same man that I did kill later; the only difference being, I dreamed I shot him with a shot gun instead of a revolver. I also dreamed that I saw the old federal prison at Santa Fe, N.M. with the little booths on top of the walls, and when they took me there it was just as I had dreamed. And it was the first prison I had ever seen.

One whom I had considered my best friend had tried to get me to kill this same man. He said I was going to fool around and let him

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kill me. One morning, just after midnight, my supposed friend was tending the bar in the Legal Tender saloon across the street. I went in, there were only four there, and my enemy was crazy drunk. They had taken his gun from him, and my friend said, "Now is your chance. You shoot him down, and I will lay his gun down beside him, and we'll swear you out of it." I told him he was mistaken in this man, that I would not consider such a thing, and if he never bothered me I would never bother him. I learned afterwards that my supposed friend had been instigating this fight for weeks before it happened.

Then one morning, just before daylight, this man broke open two doors to get into where I was, telling the others he was going to make me tear down the back end of the building getting away. I didn't go out the back way but walked out over him, feeling I was perfectly justified in doing what I had done. I went to the sheriff's home and surrendered. That morning I was placed behind prison bars and in less than three months I was placed on trial for murder. My so-called friend went to my people and told them not to employ a lawyer, to let him have the money and he would get me out of it. A real friend came to the jail and told me to tell my people not to have anything to do with him. When my so-called friend learned that I had told my people not to have anything to do with him, he turned against me and did everything he could to help convict me.

We employed the best attorneys money could hire. I was on trial eight days and nights as they had night sessions. I was found guilty of first degree murder and sentenced to hang. No one can realize what that means unless they have been in that condition. The man I had my trouble with was a very desperate character, always looking for trouble. He was under bond at the time for shooting another man. He would go up and down the streets singing, "I'm looking for the

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bully of the town.” It was common practice in those days for men to wear guns and they fought with guns. I had killed this man in self-defense and ordinarily I would have been freed but the crooked politicians used me as a pawn to rob my people. How I do thank the dear Lord that I was not acquitted for then I would have continued in sin. God in his infinite wisdom and mercy knew what was best for me and my stay in this prison caused me to seek the Lord, and today I am extremely happy in him. Dear reader, what is a few years in prison compared to an eternity with Jesus in heaven? If you do not know God in forgiveness of your sins, seek him now. Don’t put it off for you know not what another day may bring.

My attorneys asked for a new trial which was denied. Then they appealed my case to the Supreme Court and I was ordered to be held without bond. The judge also ordered my ankle to be shackled to another prisoner’s ankle, and to be handcuffed together. We were sent around by the way of Amarillo, Texas, and through Trinidad, Colo., and then back into Santa Fe, N.M., next to the oldest town in the United States, to what was then known as the old Federal prison for safe keeping.

In the front office of the old prison they took off the shackles and hand cuffs. They took my money and watch and passed me through the big iron gate. Those Mexican guards stripped me of everything I had, even taking my collar and cuff buttons. They would have taken my clothes but they were all small men and they could not have worn them. They led me up four flights of stairs back to what they called the death row and pushed me into a little dungeon five and one-half feet wide by nine feet long, up in the top of a four story building up against a rock wall. There was a little bunk hanging on the wall that could be let down to sleep on. A three legged, homemade stool and a dirty slop bucket completed the furnishings

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of my new home. Oh, what a miserable night. I learned to my sorrow the way of the transgressor is hard.

The next morning the cell house captain and a Mexican trusty came up and threw down an old homemade plate with a little of what they called “slumgullion” and a piece of stale bread on it. After looking me over they kicked it under the door. I asked them what it was. The captain said, “Your breakfast.” I kicked it back under the door and out under the banisters and it fell down four stories to the cell house floor on top of the prisoners that were eating breakfast in the basement. They laughed at me and said, “You will come to it all right,” and I did. People all over this country are murmuring, complaining and finding fault with the abundance they have, not realizing how little the unfortunate may have to live on. I am thankful that I have learned to be contented with such things as I have and to count all things joy and to rejoice without ceasing and to praise God for everything that comes into my life so he can open the windows of heaven and shower me with blessings. It pays to be obedient to the Word of God.

An old Baptist preacher serving time in that place for killing a man over his wife, got permission to come and see me. He walked up in front of that dungeon and said, “How came you here?” I will never forget the look that I gave him. He said, “Perhaps God sent you here.” I learned afterwards that God did send me there. He brought me an old New Testament, coarse print. It was just what I needed as I could only read and write a little. He asked me to read it, saying he had received lots of good out of reading it. I decided I would. You all know how the first part of Matthew reads, one begat another and another begat another, etc. Well, I became so disgusted with it I threw it away into the corner of the dungeon and I never touched it again until after God had saved my soul. Then I picked it

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up and I found that it was the bread of life for which I had been starving my poor hungry soul for twenty-eight years. I am still feeding upon it and it gets better and better all the time. If you are a child of God and you are not reading the New Testament every day of your life, you are starving your hungry soul which needs spiritual food just like the body needs literal food to sustain it through life. If you want the blessings of God to rest upon you, don't just read it, but do what it says. The New Testament is a looking glass, and if you will look in it you will see yourself.

Before I was saved, only the good Lord knows what I suffered. I got up to within twenty days of the time to be executed. It was too close to be comfortable. My attorneys, my people, the officials and even the prisoners said, "Hall, they are going to hang you."

Chapter II

Well do I remember how I felt as I sat all alone in this dark world with death staring me in the face. I finally broke down and said, "William Hall, you had just as well be honest with God and your soul; if they take you out and hang you, there are but two places to go, heaven or hell." I spent eight days and nights seeking God. If I had known then as I do now I would not have been eight minutes, even with all my sins and guilt, getting peace with God. The Word says that Christ shed his blood for the sins of the whole world. That takes in all of mine and yours. The heavens and the earth are founded on the Word. God cannot lie. He says that if we will forsake our sins, confess them to him and believe Christ suffered in our stead, he will forgive us. The moment you believe you will receive, praise God! All my sins are under the blood and it is my only hope of heaven. If there were a password into heaven, it would be blood, the precious blood of Jesus. The simplest way we can come is the best.

I was ignorant and I was blind spiritually. I would get down and pray as best I could, and it seemed like my burden got heavier and heavier. My trouble was this; I would pray awhile and get up and curse awhile. I kept this up for eight days and nights. If you want God to hear your prayers the first thing you had better do is quit the sin business. No liar can go to heaven, but if he will quit his lying, he is no more a liar.

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No thief can go to heaven, but if he will quit his stealing, he is no longer a thief. Remember, the first step to take is to tell the Lord from the heart that you are sick and tired of the sin business, you are through with it, turn your back upon it all, be sorry for the past and humbly confess it all to God. Ask for forgiveness and believe that Christ suffered in your stead. Yes, it is for believers, and the moment you believe you will be pardoned and become a new creature in Christ. “The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God” (Rom. 8:16). God’s part is already done, what more can he do? It is up to you to believe and obey his Word. It is for believers.

I got into an awful condition, hunger left me, thirst left me, sleep left me, strength left me, and I lay there on my face on that old cement floor of my cell so weak I could hardly get up. The Holy Spirit began to help me and I began to cry out, “Oh, Lord, have mercy on me a sinner!” God spoke peace to my soul, and the burden of sin and guilt rolled away and I was made as light as a feather. I’ve never been able to explain it. It was so real that the devil has never tried to tell me that I wasn’t born again. Yes, born into God’s church or family through the spiritual birth. I had a change of heart, a work of God’s grace in my heart that no man or school of men could give me.

Dear reader, I got a Bible experience of salvation. I didn’t merely get religion, for there are hundreds of different kinds of religion. Some of them being very cheap. You can get some of them by shaking hands with a preacher or signing a card or by yoking yourself up with unbelievers. Paul warns us against doing this in 2 Cor. 6:14-18, “Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers: for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness? and what concord hath

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Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel? and what agreement hath the temple of God with idols? for ye are the temple of the living God; as God hath said, I will dwell in them, and walk in them; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people. Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty.”

I was born into the church of God which is mentioned thirteen times in the New Testament, through a spiritual birth, and my name was enrolled in the Lamb’s Book of Life amid the rejoicing of God’s angels up in heaven. (Luke 15:7, 10). Remember, if God has more love for one than he has for another, it is not for the ninety and nine that are safe in the fold, but it is for the poor man or woman who has drifted the farthest away. He reached right down into the mouth of hell, so to speak, to rescue me. There is where the great love and mercy of God reaches to. The one he forgiveth much he loveth much. It has often been said that the old prison has always been one of God’s great schools. Did you ever read of Joseph, how he was sold by his brethren and taken down into Egypt, and how that wicked woman lied about him and he was cast into prison and what he suffered? God sent him down there and prepared him to care for his people. While Paul was a prisoner at Rome he wrote his wonderful epistles to the different churches scattered abroad, the ones we are still feasting upon. I’m sure we will meet them up in heaven. It was while a prisoner in the Tower of London that Frances Baker wrote the hymn beginning, “Jerusalem, my happy home.” I know from experience that she was thinking of the New Jerusalem which is the home of the soul. Samuel Rutherford wrote many wonderful letters full of the love and mercy of God while in the Aberdeen jail. Some of the best poems by George Withers came from behind prison bars.

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I believe the best book I ever read, with the exception of the Bible, was Pilgrim's Progress, written by John Bunyan, while he was spending twelve years in Bedford jail. Many others, too numerous to mention, have given some of the most comforting and inspiring messages of their day from behind prison bars.

The time has come for me to give some of my experiences only for the glory of God. I realize now God has been dealing with me and protecting me since I was a barefooted boy. I spent ten years, lacking three months and five days, locked up behind prison bars, except the time spent at the trial. Nineteen months of this time I was under sentence to be hung. Only those who have been placed in the same condition can realize what it means. God who knoweth the hearts of all men knows my heart and if I could I would have gone back and undone every mistake and wrong that I had committed. The devil caused me to do things I could not undo and that is the reason Christ came and suffered death, that he might destroy the works of the devil. I was just simple enough, if you want to call it that, to believe and was delivered both soul and body.

God is a prayer hearing and prayer answering God. The simple prayer of faith will remove mountains of troubles.

Soon after my conversion I picked up the same New Testament I had thrown away and I was surprised at its plain teachings. The first time I read it through I saw plainly that we have only one true God, with only two places to go, heaven or hell. The New Testament is a way bill from earth to heaven, accept it and live, reject it and you will be judged by it. It is our true guide and it says plainly that we should all be of one mind, one heart, one faith, one baptism, one accord, and we should all speak the same thing, and there should be no divisions among us. "Now I beseech you, brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that

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there be no divisions among you; but that ye be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment.” (I Cor. 1:10). “Now I beseech you, brethren, mark them which cause divisions and offenses contrary to the doctrine which ye have learned; and avoid them. For they that are such serve not our Lord Jesus Christ, but their own belly; and by good words and fair speeches deceive the hearts of the simple” (Rom. 16:17-18). I soon saw that the ideas, opinions and doctrines of men that the Bible condemns are deceiving and wrecking the world. We are commanded to be careful or the very elect will be deceived.

Three months after they placed me in the Santa Fe prison for safe keeping, the Supreme Court met, but my attorneys failed to show up. They removed the death sentence and cut my sentence to thirty years. My attorneys claimed their stenographer was to blame for their not getting their brief in time, and they reappealed back to the Supreme Court. They accepted the appeal and that placed the death sentence back on me. After letting me lie there for nineteen months, they met again and reversed my case. After lying there many more months they took me back to Roswell for a second trial. After arriving in Roswell for the trial William McKinley came through and was billed to speak in El Paso, Texas. They adjourned court and all went to hear McKinley speak, leaving me in Roswell jail for six months until the court met again. When they met, they gave me a change of venue to Lincoln, N.M., for trial.

I, like many others, had enough religion to take my Bible with me. But I was trying to hold on to God with one hand and to my wicked lawyers with the other. So I hung in the balance, as it were, and I couldn't exercise faith in either one, but tried to believe that in some way they would get me out. I was again on trial for eight days, and the jury, unable to reach a verdict, hung eight more days. Eleven

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of them wanted to turn me loose, but one who had been bribed by my attorneys wanted to hang me. After hanging for eight days, the foreman wanted to ask the judge a question. The judge sent for me and said, "The defendant is now present, you may ask the court any question you wish." The foreman arose and said, "We, the jury, want to know what is the least sentence you can give the defendant if we compromise and find him guilty in the second degree." The judge said, "According to the laws of New Mexico I can give him three years." "Yes, I can give him three years," I thought; and everyone in the court room thought he would give me three years. My brother went to the jury as soon as they agreed and eleven of them signed a petition asking the judge to give me three years. The one my attorneys had bribed would not sign it. After leaving me in jail until court was over, the judge had me brought out with the rest of the prisoners, a bunch of Mexicans. He censured me severely and sentenced me to hard labor in prison for the rest of my natural life. My attorney jumped up and asked for a new trial. This was denied. Then they appealed to the Supreme Court. The judge ordered me held without bond and placed behind the walls of the old Santa Fe prison for safe keeping as a jail prisoner.

The Lord revealed to me my true condition; how they were using me for a tool to rob my people and friends and the tax payers of the Territory of New Mexico. The Lord said to me, as he did to Paul, "My grace will prove sufficient," and he showed me plainly that at the judgment bar of God I would stand redeemed by the precious blood of the Lamb, a silent witness where I would meet the judge, my attorneys, and everyone who had anything to do with my case. That was a beautiful scene. There were only a few, as our Saviour said there would be, on the right hand that had been made pure by the blood of the Lamb, but on the left hand were great multitudes that had traveled the broad way that leads to the place

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prepared for the devil and his angels. There was an ex-convict at the prison who had been promoted to be deputy superintendent, known as Bill Martin. It is unreasonable how I was treated by this man. I prayed for him. I was out only a little while when I heard he had passed away. I will meet him there, too. "Some men's sins go before, others' follow after."

I was told that my leading attorney, Judge Freeman, was so sinful and wicked in Washington, D. C., that in order to get rid of him some of the leading politicians in Washington persuaded Teddy Roosevelt to appoint him district judge of the Territory of New Mexico. He held the place a little while and as there were so many killings in New Mexico at that time he saw a chance to make easy money so he resigned and went to practicing criminal law. He located in Carlsbad, N.M., where he owned a beautiful home. He was the father of two boys and one girl. His daughter married a young lawyer from my home town and that is how I got mixed up with him.

When I got into trouble my mother had a beautiful head of dark brown hair. When I came out ten years later her hair was as white as snow. While he was punishing my dear mother and her boy, keeping me buried for years in a dungeon, his oldest son, John, took up with the underworld. He turned out to be a dope fiend. He went to the bad and Judge Freeman disowned him and drove him out of his home telling him never to return. He went to Arizona, where he lived a while with the underworld. One afternoon he returned home. His mother met him on the steps and tried to get him to go to a hotel and get a room. He pushed her out of the way and went down the hall to his room. She heard a gunshot; he had taken his own life. Just after this Hugh Freeman, his youngest son, a very promising young man, began to practice law. He had a pair of Cleveland bay horses and a

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side spring buggy. He hung his shingle out in his home town, Carlsbad, hitched his horses to his buggy and they ran away with him, throwing him out and scattering his brains along the curb. How true is the word of God, as we sow so shall we reap. Thus did this poor old judge's white locks go down in shame.

My dear reader, it does not pay to transgress God's holy law. Do unto others as you would have others do unto you and you will save yourself untold anguish and woe. May you be constrained by these incidents to walk the straight and narrow way that leads to the eternal realms of Glory.

Chapter III

When they took me back to Santa Fe after my second trial, they passed me again through the big gate and the guards said, “Hall, this prison is running over, we have prisoners sleeping on pallets all over the hospital floor. We will have to put you back into your old cell.” When they pushed me back in, I went on my face on the old cement floor. I confessed my mistakes and asked God to forgive me. I said, “Lord, thy word says, Thou art no respecter of persons, and I believe I am worshipping Daniel’s God, the three Hebrew children’s God, and I promise thee that I will take my eyes off the arm of flesh, and I will step out on thy precious promises that cannot be broken, and by the grace of God, live or die, I will never take my eyes off my Saviour.”

The Supreme Court turned me down so my attorneys fixed up briefs to take my case to the Supreme Court of the United States. My leading attorney, Judge Freeman, came into the cell house and sent for me. They brought me down four flights of stairs and there he stood, all dressed up so fine with his patent leather shoes, silk hat and long frock tail coat. He said, “Hall, you sign right here.”

I said, “What is that, Judge Freeman?”

He said, “Those are briefs to take your case to the Supreme Court of the United States. We know we have technical points to get

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your verdict reversed, and we will finally get you out of all your trouble.”

I said, “Judge Freeman, I have placed my case completely in the hands of my Saviour. I have taken my stand upon God’s promises that cannot be broken, and by the grace of God I will never take my eyes off of Jesus. You can consider yourself dismissed in my case and notify my other attorney also.”

He said, “Oh, hold on there, Hall. We can never take your case to the Supreme Court of the United States unless you sign those briefs.”

I said, “Well, it will never go up then,” and I started back upstairs. God opened the windows of heaven and showered me with blessings. I wrote my mother that I had dismissed my lawyers and not to give them any more money. I saw in my home paper where my attorneys were down at my home. They told my people I had gone crazy over the Bible. Praise the dear Lord for this blessed craziness, it is getting better and better all the time. My mother, brothers and sisters, and my friends wrote me—“Will, obey your lawyers.” But God’s grace proved sufficient for me.

Mother had a two story home three blocks from the court house. My people had already sold the ranch and livestock to get money for these crooks. Well, mother mortgaged her home for \$1,300 and gave that to them, and my brother forged my name to those papers and they took my case to the United States Supreme Court. Judge Freeman had four letters published, one each in the New York World and Sun, and one each in the San Francisco and Los Angeles papers. He stated that he had been practicing law for fifty years, and that my case was the hardest he had ever known, but that he had technical points and he knew that he would get the decision reversed and would finally get that boy out of all his trouble.

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About this time a Salvation Army lady in California heard Bro. J. W. Byers preach on the church of God, and she accepted the truth, took off her uniform, and took her stand with the saints. She was disowned by her people, and she began to scatter tracts and papers carrying the gospel message. She got my name and address out of the Los Angeles paper and sent me three Gospel Trumpets, and God's Spirit came with them. Oh, how my soul did rejoice, when I learned that God had a people who had forsaken all to follow Jesus just as he had been leading me. I wrote to Editor, E. E. Byrum, telling him the stand I had taken, asking him to pray for me. He had my little note and request published in the Trumpet and God burdened the saints all over the world to pray for me. They were supposed to open all mail that came into the prison; but in answer to my request in the Trumpet they brought up a grain sack half full of letters and poured them out on the floor of my cell. Oh, what a feast I had. The Santa Fe New Mexican published an article saying, "Hall, the condemned man, is getting two-thirds of the entire mail coming to the prison where there are hundreds of prisoners."

A few days before this, God let a light shine on me brighter than any sunlight, and God wonderfully blessed my soul. I looked up and said, "Oh, Lord, why was such a blessing poured out on such an unworthy one as I?"

There were many encouraging letters among those received and one read something like this: "Hold on to God, Bro. Hall, the little congregation here (on the line of Oklahoma and Texas) set aside a day of prayer and fasting in your behalf, and God has witnessed here that he is going to deliver you. Prove true." I counted back and it was the very day that God witnessed there that he let the light shine in on me. Oh, praise God for a praying people!

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It is the prayer of faith that brings the blessings. I've learned from experience that if we have everything under the blood with a clear spiritual sky and God's sweet approval on our souls, it is just as easy to pray the prayer of faith as it is to breathe. But if there is something in the way, something covered up, you can pray all night long and you can't get your prayers through. If you want God to heal you, get your eyes off the arm of flesh and man, and place your case completely into the hands of a living God, and he won't disappoint you. Hezekiah was sick unto death. God sent Isaiah to him and he said, "Set thine house in order; for thou shalt die, and not live." Hezekiah turned his face to the wall. He got in earnest about it. He prayed and wept sore. The great God of love and mercy heard Hezekiah's prayer and sent Isaiah back to him. "Tell Hezekiah, I have heard thy prayer, I have seen thy tears; behold I will heal thee: and I will add to thy days fifteen years." I am serving Hezekiah's God, glory be to his name!

Isaiah prophesied that when our Saviour would come that with his stripes we would be healed. The last chapter in the Old Testament says that Jesus was coming with healing in his wings. Now read the first seventeen verses of the eighth chapter of Matthew prayerfully. Jesus not only healed the sick but he chose twelve disciples and sent them to do the same thing. See Luke 9:1, 2, 6. Jesus appointed seventy others and sent them out and commanded them to go and heal the sick. (Luke 10:3-17).

When the Lord struck Paul down on the Damascus road and chose him, he sent Ananias to Paul and he said, "Brother Saul, the Lord, even Jesus, that appeared unto thee in the way as thou camest, hath sent me, that thou mightest receive thy sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost. And immediately there fell from his eyes as it had

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been scales: and he received sight forthwith, and arose, and was baptized.” (Acts 9:17-18). Paul believed in divine healing.

“And there sat a certain man at Lystra, impotent in his feet, being a cripple from his mother’s womb, who never had walked; the same heard Paul speak; who steadfastly beholding him, and perceiving that he had faith to be healed, said with a loud voice, Stand upright on thy feet. And he leaped and walked.” (Acts 14:8-10). God also worked special miracles by the hands of Paul, “And God wrought special miracles by the hands of Paul: so that from his body were brought unto the sick handkerchiefs or aprons, and the diseases departed from them, and the evil spirits went out of them.” (Acts 19:11-12).

God never calls a man to preach his gospel that he doesn’t also command him to heal the sick, “And he said unto them; Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned. And these signs shall follow them that believe; In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.” (Mark 16:15-18).

God places in the body the different gifts as it pleases him, “Now ye are the body of Christ, and members in particular. And God hath set some in the church, first apostles, secondarily prophets, thirdly teachers, after that miracles, then gifts of healing, helps, governments, diversities of tongues.” (I Cor. 12:27-28). God tells the saints what to do, “Is any among you afflicted? let him pray. Is any merry? let him sing psalms. Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord; and the prayer of faith shall

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save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him.” (James 5:13-15). See Luke 5:17; Heb. 13:8.

Sinner, ask God to remove the desire of everything you know to be sinful and wrong from you. God only asks us to walk in the light we have. Love him, keep his commandments, obey his Word and trust him to lead and guide you. “Follow Jesus.” He has promised to establish us in the truth, and the truth will make us free. Jesus said, “If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed; and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.” (John 8:31-32).

My brothers were sending me money, and I could send out and buy little things to eat, but when I got in touch with the saints, I sent my loved ones Trumpets, tracts and books to read and they quit sending me money. My brother’s wife said, “Aren’t you going to send Will any more money?” They said, “What’s the use? he will spend it for that holiness trash.” She said, “You know he needs some and I am going to send it to him.” She sent me \$50 and, oh, how I did praise the Lord. I had worn out all of my clothes. I took a cheap cotton double blanket, cut a hole near one end, slipped it over my head, split it up from the bottom, then sharpened a match to make holes and sewed it up around my legs with store twine. I cut off pieces at the bottom and sewed in sleeves. I stayed sewed up in that blanket for months. I spent over two years in that dungeon without a haircut or shave. I looked more like a vermin than a human being. I spent over two years without seeing the sun, moon or stars. I could see about five feet of ground through a large window at the bottom.

I had the witness in my soul that God was going to deliver me, so when I received the check from my sister-in-law for \$50, I endorsed it and sent it out to the front office. I sent for the cell house

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captain and told him I wanted a Montgomery Ward catalog. I asked him to bring up the head tailor and to tell him to bring a tape measure. He took my measurements and I ordered one of their best suits. I also ordered a hat, shoes, a shirt and everything that I needed. I spent the fifty dollars for clothes. I got the order ready and sent it out. The next morning Rill Martin, the deputy, came up and said, "Hall, you have gone crazy. We would not let you wear those clothes if you had them. Why don't you spend that money for something to eat? That is what your people sent it to you for." I said, "Yes, you would like for me to do that, so you could steal half of it."

Well, I prayed over it all and sent it out again the next morning. This time H. O. Bursom, the superintendent, came up and stuck the order in the iron door and said, "Hall, when you turned down your leading lawyer, Judge Freeman, you turned down every chance you will ever have to get out of here. You are going to rot right here in this place."

I looked at him with a smile and said, "H. O. Bursom, would you do me just one favor?" He said that he would do anything there was any common sense in. I said, "Then send that order off." He grabbed the envelope, wadded it up and said, "I will send it, but you will never wear those clothes."

Chapter IV

Well, my brother went to Judge Woodward, a very good friend of my family, and I know he told him I was crazy. Judge Woodward took my case up with Senator Joe Bailey in Washington, D. C., and I'm sure they told him I had gone crazy over the Bible. New Mexico at that time was a Territory and they had only one representative, and he had to get a senator there to introduce bills for him, and Joe Bailey was New Mexico's right hand man. George Curry, whom I considered one of my best friends when I got into trouble, had been appointed Governor of New Mexico by Teddy Roosevelt. I heard of the governor being in the prison lots of times, but he never came to see me. Well, Joe Bailey wrote George Curry a letter and he wrote to my brother to get on the train and go out there to get me. The governor and my brother walked up in front of the old iron door and found me studying my Bible. The governor said, "Will, I had my mind made up and I was going to turn you

the last thing I did before I went out of office; but now here is Joe Bailey who has become interested in your case, and I've come to tell you that you will be the first man to go out of here just as soon as the general election is over."

Well, it sounded pretty good, only about three months to wait. As soon as they left, however, I began praying and I said, "Heavenly

Father, can it be possible that I have to wait on the crooked politics of New Mexico to get my liberty?" The governor had let me read Bailey's letter, about six typewritten lines. He wrote "Hall's people and friends have been supporting me in both houses for the past seventeen years; I want you to turn him loose." My brother wrote Senator Bailey what the governor had promised. He stopped over on his way home with two brothers we have in El Paso, and when he got back down home there was another letter from Bailey, saying, "Get on the first train and go back out there and you will get him this time." New Mexico at that time was a Territory and they were having a fight over state-hood. They all know I am the man that gave them state-hood. Bailey wrote Curry this time, "If you want state-hood, turn Hall loose," and they were not long doing it.

The morning the governor and my brother left me the first time (I knew he stayed up until one and two o'clock in the morning, gambling and drinking), I went on my knees and asked God to wake me up when he started for bed, and for three mornings I awoke and asked God to stamp me upon his heart until he couldn't close his eyes in sleep without seeing me on my knees pleading with my God for deliverance. There were two men who had sworn my life away falsely, and I learned that they went to him and told him if he turned me loose they would have to kill me or I would kill them. The governor told them, "I have to turn him loose, I can't close my eyes in sleep that I don't see that boy on his knees pleading with his God."

My brother, his wife and little boy got on the first train and came to Santa Fe. They came into the front office of the prison and the superintendent reached for the telephone and called the governor, telling him they were there. He said, "Turn Hall loose, and tell those boys to come to my office, I want to see them." Whoever heard of anyone being turned loose over the telephone when his attorneys had

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his case in the Supreme Court of the United States? The superintendent sent out and got those clothes I had ordered by faith and helped me dress up. For some reason the cuff buttons I had ordered were gone and the superintendent took the gold cuff buttons out of his sleeves and put them in mine. They had a fine surrey drawn by two beautiful grey horses that only the high-ups rode in, but they ordered it out and sent my brother, his wife and little boy and me up town. It was getting late and we went up to the hotel and obtained rooms. My brother went out to see some friends.

Mother had sent me a pound cake, half white and the other half yellow, and a basket filled with fried chicken and good things to eat. Oh! what a feast I had. Brother's wife said, "Brother Will, if you are not careful you will make yourself sick," but I kept feasting and it didn't hurt me. The next morning my brother and I went over to the Capitol. We went down a hallway; the governor's office was at the end, and he saw us coming. He came out in his shirt sleeves to meet us. He took me in his arms and with tears running down his face said, "Will, I've got but one request to make of you, and that is: Get out of New Mexico and stay out. If you don't you are going to kill somebody or get killed."

I said, "Governor, if I were coming out the same Will Hall as when I went in, I would not trust a revolver, but would get me a shot gun loaded with buckshot, and would go looking for them. But, do you know? I've been made a new man in Christ Jesus, and I've been going down on my knees for months, asking God to forgive them, for they know not what they do. It is the devil in hell that is wrecking lives, homes, and misleading fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, and I believe in laying the blame where it belongs, on the devil in hell. There is nothing in New Mexico to hold me so I will get out."

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My trouble was I knew too much. When I got home I received a letter saying, “We will get you.” And I knew some they had got. I went upstairs in my mother’s home and answered that letter. I told them I didn’t fear them nor the very devil that was back of them, and that they couldn’t touch me unless they first passed through the presence of my Saviour.

My Bible tells me plainly not to meddle in other people’s sins, but to keep myself pure. I have since visited Old and New Mexico in different places, also Canada. I have been over on the Islands out of New York, and have visited thirty-five different states of the United States, and they have never bothered me. I have learned from experience that the Lord is a very present help in time of need. The Word says, “The wicked flee when no man pursueth.” “The angels of the Lord encampeth round about them who fear him.” “In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he will direct thy paths.” Obedience to his Word will bring the blessing.

I feel led to give my experience with a Catholic priest. Round about the prison in Santa Fe, ninety per cent of the people were Mexicans and Catholics. After God had so wonderfully saved me, and had opened my spiritual eyes to see and know the truth, I told some of them that I was not of the Protestant faith. Well, dear reader, we had just as well be honest with our souls and with God. There was not a Protestant in the world until the sixteenth century. All that a Protestant ever was, or will be, is one who protests against Catholicism.

The priest heard that I was not a Protestant and he came to see me. He found me reading my Bible. He said, “That is a man-made book. We have the original Bible.” I asked him if he would let me read his. He said he would. I wanted to compare the two. He came

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every two weeks to say Mass for the prisoners. He brought me a large book called "The Faith of Our Fathers." I read only a little on the first page and I laid it aside. When he came to see me I said, "That is the work of man. You told me you would bring me your Bible." He said he would, and he brought it to me. I began to compare the two, and I found our Bible said, "Minister," his said, "Priest." His said, "Do penance." ours said, "Repent." There was very little difference, the meaning being about the same. I noted some references out of his Bible why I could not be a Catholic.

When he came I began to read to him out of his own Bible. My first reference was Matt. 23:9, "And call no man your father upon the earth: for one is your Father, which is in heaven." He looked at me and smiled and said, "You do not understand. Didn't you have a father here on earth whom you called father?" I said, "Yes, he was my father according to the flesh; but you won't be my spiritual father. God is my spiritual Father." He said, "You don't understand." Then I read to him out of his own Bible, Mark 12:38-40, "And he said unto them in his doctrine. Beware of the scribes, who love to go in long clothing, and love salutations in the marketplaces, and the chief seats in the synagogues, and the uppermost rooms at feasts: which devour widows' houses, and for a pretense make long prayers: these shall receive greater damnation." He became angry, jerked the Bible away from me and said that I was born to be damned, and he pronounced the Catholic curse on me. He left me bound with the keys of St. Peter and went away as angry as could be. I asked God to have mercy on his poor blind soul.

The news spread that he had left me bound, and it was unreasonable how I was treated by those Mexican guards and trusties. The night watchman came up and with a prod pole (the kind they prod cattle with in box cars) prodded me out of bed. The only

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way I could keep him from hurting me was to hang up my bunk and get behind the head of it where he couldn't reach me.

They were supposed to bring me a little one and one-half gallon bucket of water for drinking and other purposes, and it had to last for twenty-four hours. But they would go for two or three days without bringing me any water. The guard and trusty would come up and bring me my breakfast. They would look at me, and at times the trusty would spit in my food and then push it in to me. He would bring my water, stick his dirty hand into it and then set it in for me to drink. Well, the Lord taught me to fast and pray. I was in one of God's great schools and I learned some great lessons. I spent seven days and nights more than once, during which time I neither ate nor drank. God's grace enabled me to love and pray for my enemies.

Someone sent me a small bag of apples, bright red, and they were good. I thought, here is my chance to heap coals of fire on that Mexican trusty's head. I polished one of them as bright as I could and when the trusty came up, I asked him if he would like to have an apple. He said, "Si, si, senior," meaning in English, "Yes, sir." I pushed it out to him. I kept on polishing them for him and when he would show up I would give him one. Well, to my surprise, one day he came up and handed me a whole pie. He got it out of the guard's dining room. He began to bring me some meat and other good things to eat. We got to be good friends, thus proving the truth of the word of God in Rom. 12:20, "Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head."

After returning home to Texas, I went to Alabama to visit some relatives, where I met and married what I thought to be one of the finest girls in the world. I had never met any of the saints, but I had

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corresponded some with Bro. E. E. Byrum, and I wanted to go to Anderson, Ind. My wife refused to go with me. She had been taught that all holiness people were “Holy Rollers.”

I got on the train and went to Anderson in the fall of 1913. Everything was covered with snow. There was an assembly meeting going on and, oh, what a lot of people! A brother walked up and asked me if I knew anyone there. I said, “I want to see E. E. Byrum.” In a little while he came around and shook hands with me. I said, “Hall is my name.” He said, “From Texas?” I said, “Yes,” and he grabbed me in his arms and said, “I’m so glad to meet you. I’m a very busy man, but you just make yourself at home here.” He called a young man and told him to fix me a place to sleep, and said, “I will see you tomorrow.” We had a long visit next morning and I showed him my references that God had given me while in his great school. I can say with blessed Saint Paul, “But I certify you, brethren, that the gospel which was preached of me is not after man. For I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ.” (Gal. 1:11-12).

The next day some of the brethren came to me and said, “Brother Hall, the thing you want to do is to stay here until you are established in this truth.” I was willing. Sunday morning in the chapel Bro. Byrum got up and said, “I understand there are some who are advising Bro. Hall to stay here until he is established in the truth. I want to say, ‘Hands off Bro. Hall.’ I’ve gone over his references, and God has given him this truth; now let God lead and guide Bro. Hall.”

I had a steamer trunk and a hand bag. I packed both with all the tracts published at that time, and bought a ticket to Frankfort, Ky. Like Paul, I began to do house to house work. There I went to speak in the state prison. I told the warden I had a message for the

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prisoners. He said he wouldn't let me stick my head inside the walls of the prison, let alone speak there on account of the record I had. I rented a room and had prayer and submitted all to the Lord. I started out the next morning, Friday, and God blessed me. I scattered tracts from house to house and told the people what a wonderful Saviour I had.

That evening I went down by the Kentucky River. I came to a little two story house painted white. I rang the doorbell and I saw a colored girl coming down the stairway. She opened the door and said, "My mother is very sick, you cannot come in." I began to breathe a prayer and said, "Can't I see your mother?" She said, "Wait a minute." In a little while she came back and said, "Come in." I followed her upstairs, and there lay an old colored woman with a hot burning fever. I began to tell her what a wonderful Saviour I had and that he had shed his blood for both body and soul, that he came to heal us of all our afflictions and diseases. She said, "De Lawd dun showed me he is going to take me home." She was a Baptist, and there sat two white women, Baptists, visiting her. They had big white plumes hanging over their shoulders. As I told her that God had healed me many times in answer to the simple prayer of faith, they became very restless. One nodded to the other, and they eased themselves out.

As I read her some of the precious promises of God's Word, she said, "I knows the Lawd could heal me if he wants to." I answered, "Why, he says he wants to heal all that are sick." I asked her if the Lord would touch her afflicted body and heal her, would she give him all the glory and spend the remainder of her life serving him. She said she would. I laid my hands on her, rebuked the affliction in the name of Jesus and asked the Lord to heal her. God sent his healing virtue through her body, the fever left her and she began to praise the Lord.

Chapter V

The following Sunday morning it seemed that all the church bells in town began to ring. I told the Lord none of them would accept the message he had given me, and I humbly asked him to guide me where I might prove a blessing to some precious soul. I felt led to go up the hill to the jail. I told the jailor I wanted to visit the prisoners. He said he was busy, but I asked him to take me up there and turn me in with them for I had a message for them. He said they were all out in the run around. We went up, he opened the door and I stepped in. He locked the door and said, "When you want out, rattle on the door." There were about fourteen of them. They had a stack of old magazines the church people had brought them, but there was not a tract or a New Testament on the place. I spent about two hours with them, telling them what a wonderful Saviour we have and what he had done for me. I rattled on the door and the jailor came and let me out. He was a fine fellow.

As I started down the hill I saw a man coming to see me. He said, "Aren't you the man that is healing people?" I said, "No." He said, "Aren't you the man that prayed for the colored woman Friday evening who was healed?" I said, "Yes, I have a Saviour who is sitting on the right hand of God who heals people."

He said, "Do you see that big house down there on the slough? There is a girl down there, given up to die by three doctors yesterday.

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I thought maybe you would go to see her.” I told him I would. I went, breathing out a prayer in her behalf. I went through a gate and down a large brick walk into a hallway where I came to a large room, where some eight or ten couples, old and young, were drinking beer. I stopped in the doorway, and the old woman who ran the place gave me a look of contempt. I said, “I came to see the sick girl.”

She said, “Go down the hall to the third door and you will find her.”

I went in and there lay a girl, just skin and bones. She had a beautiful head of black hair and looked to be about twenty years old. She could scarcely speak above a whisper. I asked God to help her. She whispered, “I was raised in Sunday School, but I have been so wicked God won’t do anything for me.” Her eyes were sunk in and they began to fill with tears.

I said, “If the God I’m serving with all my heart will touch your afflicted body and heal you, will you promise me and God that you will get out of this wicked life and live for him?” She turned her head, poured the tears out of her eyes, and vowed, “I will.”

I laid my hands on her and went into a spirit of prayer. I don’t know how long I prayed or how loud, but when I came to myself she was crying out, “I’m healed! I’m healed! I feel it in my fingers and in my toes!”

Two of those girls came running into her room. One of them went into my handbag, took out some tracts and said, “This is a new kind of religion, we have never heard of anything like this.” I said, “No, it is not something new. It’s the oldest we’ve had since our Saviour came.”

The sick girl asked for some milk. They said, “No, three doctors said yesterday, on leaving, not to give you anything, not even

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water.” I told them to go bring her a glass of milk. I told her to drink it in the name of the Lord. When I left everyone had left the barroom and were standing at the left of the walk with half bottles of beer in their hands.

I went on to an old barn and some pens which I went around and started up the hill. A telephone pole was standing there and I felt like I could jump half as high as it was, and I did jump as high as I could. Two men were just inside one of the pens and they burst out laughing. Guess they thought I was crazy. Oh, this blessed craziness, it gets better all the time.

I went up to Louisville, Ky., and my wife met me there. We went out to Sister Meyers’ congregation, and I told her of my experiences at Frankfort. Sister Meyers came to me and said, “A member of our congregation is very sick. We have been out and had prayer with her, but she seems to get no help. Won’t you go out and pray for her?” She gave me her address. I got on the street car and went to her home. There I found a very sick woman with a high burning fever. I laid on hands and prayed for her but she seemed to get no help. I told her I was very tired as I had been going day and night. She said, “Bro. Hall, you go up to the head of the stairs, go in the door at the right, lie down and have a good rest.”

I went up, poured out my heart to God in her behalf and God wonderfully blessed me. Then I lay down. In a little while I heard someone singing at the top of their voice. I went down and there she was fully dressed, walking the floor and singing and praising God. God had healed her and the fever was gone. Her son came in and tried to make her go back to bed. She said, “God has healed me and I’m going with Bro. Hall to meeting tonight.” It was shameful the way he treated me; may the dear Lord have mercy upon him, as he did not understand. He told her if nothing else would do, she was

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not going across town in an old rough street car, but he would order her a cab. She said, "Son, God has healed me, and I'm going with Bro. Hall."

We got ready and went. We arrived there just as meeting was starting. She walked up to the front and testified to what God had done for her and to his healing power. She was a widow and got married three weeks later. Sister Meyers said to me, "Bro. Hall, we need you, and I want you to spend the winter with us." Wife and I rented a little 12x12 room upstairs. We got a hot plate, and we cooked, ate, slept, and lived in this little room. Sister Meyers lived downtown at 1700 E. Main. They lived upstairs and rented the ground floor.

Sister Meyer's daughter, Joyce, was sick with tuberculosis in the last stages. Many ministers had prayed for her but she grew steadily worse and was down to death's door. Almost every time I prayed for her she received help but was not healed. Well, I got under a burden for Joyce. I said, "Holy Father, I'm going to fast and pray seven days and nights for Joyce's healing, and I ask you to be with us both, and that you will remove hunger and thirst from me, and that your sweet approval may be on what I am doing." The Word says that if we fast in secret he will reward us openly. I held on and the Lord was with me. I had to let the wife know and she told the people down stairs. The man was very wicked, a foreman over a whisky company, and they did everything they could to get me to break my fast. He finally said, "If God heals Joyce Meyers, I'll believe."

I held on in simple child-like faith. At two o'clock the last night I awoke and the Lord said, "Go." I sat up in bed, and it came the second time, "Go." I said, "Amen, Lord." I got up and began to dress. Wife said, "What are you going to do?" I told her I was going

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to Sister Meyers. She said, "You know the last car runs at twelve o'clock, and you cannot go until morning." I said the Lord told me to go. I hurried down two blocks to the main line and just as I got there I saw a car coming over the hill. I flagged it down and they asked me where I was going. I said, "1700 E. Main." They said they were going to the car barn one block back of it. I got on and said, "What are you boys doing out here this time of night?" They answered, "This car has been broken down since midnight, and we have just now got it so we can run it into the car barn." Just a block from Sister Meyers!

We ran into the barn and I walked over to Sister Meyers' house. As I came up the stairs Sister Meyers met me. Just as my head came to the top of the floor she said, "Bro. Hall, we must be submissive to the Lord's will. He is going to take Joyce. Her limbs are cold and her finger nails have turned black." There were five or six ministers in the room, they had been there all night. Bro. Meyers was at the foot of Joyce's bed on his knees, his face buried in his hands. I went quietly to Joyce's bed, laid my hands on her, rebuked the affliction in the name of Jesus, and prayed the simple prayer of child-like faith. God sent his healing power and virtue through her body and she began to cry out, "I'm healed! I'm healed!" She threw her little bony limbs off the bed and Mother Meyers threw a sheet around her. They both went up and down the two large rooms praising God. I went down to the butcher shop, bought some beef steak and a loaf of bread. When I returned Joyce was fully dressed, and she sat down and ate a piece of steak with me for her breakfast.

It was Sunday morning and Joyce said, "I'm going to meeting with you all." Her mother said, "Oh, Joyce." I said, "Yes, go in the name and strength of the Lord." We all got ready and went to church. Joyce walked straight to the pulpit and delivered the message for

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about thirty minutes and her face shown like that of an angel. The man who said that if Joyce Meyers was healed he would believe came into the church just as the meeting started. He rushed to the front and when within about eight or ten feet from the altar fell headlong and reached for the altar and gave his heart to God.

If I would tell of the different miracles I have witnessed in different states they would make a book. I only tell these for the glory of God. You have never looked into the face of a man that God has done more for than he has done for me, and the devil and every imp in hell has been moved to destroy and ruin me; but I'm still reigning right here in this life over the world, the flesh and the devil, with victory in my soul. Praise him! Praise him!

The good Lord rescued me right out of the mouth of hell in answer to my mother's prayers. God chose me, I didn't choose him. "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain: that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name, he may give it to you." (John 15:16). He saved me, qualified me, ordained me, delivered me both soul and body and sent me out with a message direct from his throne. He showed me plainly that the gospel of Christ is a gospel of love and he didn't want me to go out and charge people for it. It should be as free as the air we breathe. He said, "You go out, love me, keep my commandments, deliver the message I give you, and I will feed you, clothe you and will do more for you than an earthly father would do, on the condition that you stay right in the center of my will and obey me." I am a living witness of the goodness of God.

I have made both coasts, been over most of the country and the Lord has never failed me. I've held many meetings, preached every night and sometimes three times on Sunday, and I have always told

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the saints and the people that I didn't want any collections taken up for me and no one begging money for me. God supplies all my needs and I receive nothing but free will offerings. The most of the saints I've met are poor, "I will also leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the name of the Lord" (Zeph. 3:12), and while they have done what they could, the most of my help comes from outside people who shake hands with me and put it in my hand. God bless them. I've made it a rule to try and encourage the pastors and little struggling congregations. I tell them that God will care for me.

After being in Louisville about three months, one afternoon I was in nearby New Albany, Indiana. I got on a street car and as I was crossing the Ohio River back into Louisville the Spirit of God said plainly to me, "Go to Frankfort." It came the second time, "Go to Frankfort." I said, "Amen, Lord." When the car got to Seventh Street I got off, walked two blocks to the station and asked. "When can I get a train to Frankfort?" They said, "In seven minutes." When I reached Frankfort I went to the warden of the prison. He said, "Hall, what can I do for you?" I answered, "I still want to speak to the prisoners." "When?" he asked. I said, "Any time it suits you." He said, "Tomorrow is Sunday, the Salvation Army's day. You meet me at the big gate at ten o'clock and I will give you five minutes."

I was there at ten A.M. The Army and a few visitors came and they passed them in. I started to follow and they pushed me back. I submitted all to the Lord. Pretty soon the warden and a guard came. He opened the gate and we went in. The guard took charge of me. He led me back of where the Army with all of their musical instruments were placed, gave me a chair and sat down by me. There was a Methodist preacher there and he said he had the message. The warden told him, "Here is another man who says he has the message.

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The best I can do for you men is to give you each five minutes.” The preacher said, “I will sing a song and come back some other time.” He tried to sing, “I’m Saved,” and left. The warden called me, God anointed me, and when I knew I had spoken five minutes I looked at the warden. He said, “Go ahead, Hall.”

I spoke two hours under the anointing of God’s Spirit and when I finished the prisoners were weeping all over the place, and quite a few of the older ones were coming to the warden. He stepped to a phone and dictated a letter to his clerk and said, “Get it ready, this man has had an experience that ought to be told in every prison in the United States.” He turned to me and said, “Hall, these men want to talk to you. I will turn you loose with them and when you want out, rattle on the gate.” That was my start in prison work.

Chapter VI

While spending the winter with Sister Meyers' congregation, one morning I picked up a new Gospel Trumpet, and my eyes fell on a notice where they had requested the church to be agreed in prayer that God would raise up a superintendent and matron for the Old People's Faith Home at Anderson, Ind. The impression came clearly, "Would you be willing to fill that place?" I began to pray over it, and I told the Lord he knew my plans, and I thought an older man would be better for the place. I tried to believe the Lord heard me and dismissed it from my mind. About two weeks later while walking the streets, the impression came again, "Would you not be willing to fill that place?" Again I began to pray and I told the Lord I wanted to take this evening light gospel to all the prisons I could, to fathers' and mothers' sons and daughters behind prison bars. Again I dismissed it from my mind and tried to believe that God heard me.

I had promised to speak the next Sunday morning in the Jeffersonville, Ind., prison. The warden told me that no women were allowed. I told him that my wife and a very dear sister, Jennie Siebert, wanted to come with me. He said, "Those two, and no more." As we went to the prison my wife asked me how much money I had. I told her, "\$1.50." She said, "You look like going to the Anderson Camp Meeting."

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When we reached the prison the warden turned me over to the chaplain and he took charge of the women. I told the chaplain to cut the preliminaries short and give me all the time he could. The warden, my wife and Sister Siebert sat in the back. I spoke about an hour and I saw the warden jump up and begin to wave his hand at someone. God anointed me anew with his Spirit and I spoke two hours, from eleven to one o'clock. I learned later that dinner for all these prisoners was set at twelve o'clock and a gong was supposed to ring and they were to go down to their dinner, but the warden had waved the guard away and given me all the time I wanted. He sent the women down the front stairs, put his arm around me and said, "Hall, your message this morning has done more good for the men in this prison than all the wishy-washy stuff I've ever heard here." The women went out into the front yard, admiring the beautiful flowers.

We went into the front office. He said, "Mr. Hall, there is nothing set aside in this place to help a man for what you are doing." I said, "Don't let that bother you. I never expect any help when I speak in missions or prisons." But he walked the floor and said, "There ought to be something set aside for a man that is doing what you are. I can't let you go like this." He ran his hand into his pocket, pulled out a roll of money, stripped off three five-dollar bills and handed them to me. I thanked him, and inwardly I began to praise God. I asked, "Warden, have you any men in close confinement?" He said, "Yes, we have a young man in the dark cell on bread and water that we have punished almost to death, and we cannot break his will. He is a desperate man, determined to break this prison, and he is leading others with him. Won't you come back and see him?" I promised, went out front, and found the women. I showed wife the three five-dollar bills and said, "Yes, we are going to the Camp

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Meeting.” She said, “Where did you get that?” I said, “The Lord gave it to me.”

I went back into the prison and the warden sent for a guard and told him to take me to see the condemned man. When we got there he unlocked the solid iron door placed over the inner door, and there sat the man on the cement floor, and not one thing in the cell but himself. When the light was turned on he sat there trying to look up, his eyes blinking. I told the guard to open the door, but he said, “No, he is a desperate man.” I said, “Open the door,” and I stepped in and said, “I’m your friend, a fellow prisoner. I know how you feel. I spent nineteen months in a death cell, sentenced to hang. You are making an awful mistake. These officials will kill you.” He said, “I would rather die than to spend my life in this place.” I told him I had passed through it all, but I had found a Saviour who delivered me out of it all, both soul and body, and if he would listen to me he would not have to spend his life there. I told him my experience and what the Lord had done for me. I told him, “This warden is a good man, and if you will listen to me, he will do everything he can for you. I want you to send him word that if he will forgive you, you will obey him and go straight.” He said, “You tell him.”

I stepped out and the guard locked the doors. I went to the warden and told him, “Warden, I want you to send for this man.” He did, and when he walked in, what a sight! He went straight to the warden, offered his hand and said, “Warden, if you will forgive me I will obey you.” The warden took him in his arms, and with tears running down his cheeks said, “My boy, if you will do this I will do anything on earth that I can for you.” I left them embracing one another.

I have dealt with some of the hardest criminals in the United States, every one some mother’s boy. I have not found one, if you

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can get his confidence and treat him kindly, but what will obey and be obedient; but if you condemn him and punish him, you will make a devil out of him. Some of the worst outlaws of this country are gentlemen at heart, compared to some of the men we have in office today. Only a little while, and we will all have to give an account of the lives we have lived here. "The God of Israel said, the Rock of Israel spake to me, He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God." (II Samuel 23:3).

Well, the wife and I went to the Camp Meeting. I was walking on the air, as it were, spiritually speaking. I saw the Old People's Home, and I thought that surely God has placed someone there by now. Well, when the meeting was about half over, Bro. E. E. Byrum came to me, put his arms around me, and said, "Bro. Hall, we have known for a long time that we were going to have to take over the Old People's Home. We published a notice in the Trumpet asking the church to be agreed with us in prayer that God would choose someone to take charge of it. The old board of three directors, one in California, one in Florida, and one somewhere else, have resigned, and there has been a new board of five directors appointed, all living here in Anderson. We were all out here this morning and agreed in prayer that God would make his choice, and God so wonderfully brought you up before us that we know you are God's choice." Well I broke down and wept like a child, and told Bro. Byrum my experience. He said, "You go and break the news to Sister Hall, and you be ready to take over the last evening of this meeting." I told Lady Hall (I always call her Lady Hall) and she said no, she would not take that responsibility on herself. I told her it was of God and we must be obedient children.

The last evening of the meeting we walked in. The old superintendent and his family had moved out and taken everything

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with them. They showed us a suite of three vacant rooms. Bro. Noah Byrum told me to order a desk and chairs for the office and go down town and order furniture and have it charged to the Trumpet office. We went down into the basement to what we call supper here in western Texas. There were three long tables through the basement where the old people ate. They would bring them down on the elevator from three stories and the attic above. They were all seated, and they showed us to a large square table over in the corner that would seat twelve people. There was steak, fried potatoes, etc., for our supper. I looked down the three long tables and the old people were eating mush. I told the sister who had charge that I wanted this taken back and put all together, that there would be just one big family here, and we would all eat the same thing.

She said, "Oh, Bro. Hall, this is the superintendent's table. This is where you will entertain your company." I said, "We will have no company that can't eat the same thing that we eat." Lady Hall sided in with her, and I said, "I want this table taken out of here." She said, "Where will you eat?" I picked up a chair and set it at the end of the center table and said, "I will eat here." "But where will Sister Hall eat?" she asked. I said, "She can eat on the other side of me." "Where will your company eat?" I said, "We will have no company but what will eat just what we eat. This will be just one family." I looked down the tables and the old people were smiling and waiting for me to return thanks. They brought wife and me each a bowl of mush. When we went upstairs the old people began to come to us and tell us how badly they had been treated, and some of them wouldn't speak to one another. Well, all we could do was to hold up both hands and tell them they were grieving all heaven and they must be willing to forget and pray for them.

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They all came into the chapel and the Lord wonderfully blessed and a revival broke out there that lasted seven months. Outsiders came into our meetings. New preachers came by often and preached for us and we kept this up for seven months, the chapel being full every night.

The next day after I took charge, the bills came in from all over town, and there was not one dollar to pay them with. I went over and told Bro. Noah Byrum. He said, "Oh, Bro. Hall, that has been out of the order of the Lord for months, and God has withdrawn his blessings from them. The Trumpet office has had to feed them and they are over \$7,200 in debt, nothing to pay with. The new board of directors all live here at Anderson, and you enter into an agreement in prayer with us. Pray that God will put all the past under the blood and bless the home."

Well, the little ants were climbing the door facings and windows, cockroaches and bed bugs were from basement to attic, and what a time my wife and the workers had, but they cleaned them all out. God blessed in the meetings. They got everything under the blood and God began to move in the hearts of the people all over the country. The checks and money began to come in, from five to a hundred dollars and more and in less than seven months every debt was paid, and I was feeding the old people.

The board met, checked back over the books for the past few years, and sent Bro. Longbrake to me to cut expenses on every line. He said, "Bro. Hall, do you know how much you are spending?" I said, "Yes, go back and tell them they have the wrong man. As long as I stay here, I'm going to feed these old people." I said. "Bro. Longbrake, you will have to acknowledge that the Lord has wonderfully blessed since we came here and about all these old folks get out of this short life is what they enjoy eating and if the good

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things of this earth were not put here for the children of God, who were they put here for? This is a faith home, one large family, and not a worker here, nor wife and I, are drawing one penny of salary. We are donating our services and trusting the Lord to supply our needs, and as long as he does, I'll keep feeding them." He put his arms around me and said, "Bro. Hall, I don't know but what you are right." I said, "I know I'm right." He went away and I never heard anything more about feeding the old people. We took the place for twelve months and it took us five more months to find someone to take our place. We donated our services seventeen months and then went out ahead of the Lord. God's approval was on the faith home.

Chapter VII

One day, during our stay, Bro. Noah Byrum came over and found me scrubbing the chapel. He said, "Bro. Hall, do you remember the old Baptist man who got so happy in the last Camp Meeting?" I said, "Yes." He said, "We just received a telegram from him away up in Michigan. He has a daughter at the point of death, given up to die by the doctors, and he wants us to send someone who can pray the prayer of faith. Bro. E. E. is in California, Bro. Hale is away, and we have no one we can send unless you will go."

I said, "I will give you an answer in a little while." I wanted to go to my room and pray. My hands were dirty and I went into the bathroom to wash them. As I reached up to dry my hands the Spirit of God said plainly, "Go, doubting nothing." I walked back and said, "I'm ready to go."

Bro. Byrum said, "Go Bro. Hall, and remember there are over one hundred workers here, and we'll be agreed with you in prayer."

I got on the evening train and rode all night, and up until ten o'clock the next morning. When the train stopped at some stock pens where I got off, two cars were there to meet me. The old man had sent one and his children the other. There was an old man in an old car and two men in a new car. They told me to get in, that they could drive faster than the other. There were no roads, just cow trails, and we had thirty miles to go. They were cow buyers. One of them

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looked back and I asked him how the sick lady was. He said if she was not dead already, she would be before we got there. When we got in sight of the large ranch home, men, women and children all around the place were weeping and crying. Two big, fine-looking men came down the steps just as we arrived and got in a big new car. I walked up to a man in front of the steps and asked who they were. He said they were two of the best specialists they could get out of Chicago. "But we waited too long, inflammation has set in, and there's no chance for her."

I walked up the steps, turned and said, "Be of good cheer, our Saviour is still on his throne." I went in; women and children were weeping in the house. She was lying in a little nook at the head of a large living room. She was just skin and bones and her stomach looked as if a beer keg had been placed on it and covered with a sheet. I told her father to come in and be agreed with me; he had witnessed some wonderful cases of healing at the Camp Meeting. He came in and knelt at the foot of her bed. I asked her if she was saved. She could just whisper and said, "I hope so. I belong to the church."

I saw she was too weak to instruct. I anointed her with oil and laid on my hands. In the name of Jesus I rebuked the affliction and commanded it to depart. I prayed just a simple prayer of child-like faith. God honored it and sent his healing virtue through her body, and she began to shout so they could hear her all over the house, "I'm healed! I'm healed!"

They came running from everywhere. They gathered around and began to say, "This is a new kind of religion, we have never heard of anything like this."

I said, "No, you are all wrong, this is not something new, it's the oldest we've had since our Saviour came."

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In a few minutes the swelling was going out of her stomach, and the sheet was sinking down. She asked for a glass of milk and I told her to drink it in the name of the Lord. I told them to give all the glory to the Lord and to meet me there at seven o'clock that evening and we would have a divine healing service. We met and I read them a reference God gave me while I was in his great school, showing divine healing is both an Old and a New Testament doctrine. God's simple plan of salvation has never changed. It is the unbelief of men that has changed things. She had seven brothers and sisters, all church members, who met with us that evening, and five of them knelt down and gave their hearts to God.

I was tired and worn out from losing so much sleep. They took me to a large room at the head of the stairs and I went to sleep. The next morning, just at sunrise, I went into the bath room, cleaned up, dressed, and came down. They said, "Oh, Bro. Hall, we've been waiting breakfast on you." They showed me into a breakfast nook. There sat the husband and their two small children, a little boy and girl. I sat down and just as I started to ask about the mother, she walked in fully dressed, sat down by me, and ate a piece of beefsteak for her breakfast. I have never witnessed such a change in a woman before in my life. There is nothing impossible with God. There was rejoicing in that home and country. God's word is true. (James 5:13-16).

About two years after I had visited the man in the Jeffersonville, Ind., prison, and left him and the warden embracing each other, I returned. The warden said, "Mr. Hall, I want to show you around the prison," and after visiting different places of interest, we went into a large tailor shop, and the warden motioned to the foreman, who was dressed in civilian clothes. When he walked up, the warden said, "Do you know this man?" I said, "I don't remember ever meeting

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him.” He said, “This is the man you brought out of the dark cell. He has made good, and I have promoted him to this place. All his good time has been restored and I expect to see him get his freedom.” Oh, it pays to serve the Lord. God will withhold no good thing from those who walk uprightly. Obedience to his word will bring the blessings.

Wife and I went to Detroit, Mich., and spent the winter there. While there, Billy Sunday held his big meetings. After these meetings, several ministers went out and tried to imitate Sunday. A big fellow by the name of Buck went to Flint, Mich., and arranged with five of the leading ministers to hold a union meeting in the Methodist church. Buck chose his helpers, went to Flint, and put up at the leading hotel. He began to do things he had seen Sunday do and they were disgusted with him and he made a failure. On the Sunday night he was to preach to women and girls only, they sent a preacher to Detroit and wanted to know if I wouldn't come up and speak to the men and boys the same night. I went and the armory was filled full and I was told they turned one hundred and fifty away who couldn't get in. They gave me a seat on the big platform behind a table. The five ministers were all sitting over by the piano with their heads together.

A big Scotchman, a Methodist minister, came to me and said, “Mr. Hall, under what auspices are you traveling?”

I said, “I'm under the auspices of God's Holy Spirit.” He said, “Oh, I know, but how are you financed?”

I said, “Don't let that bother you. I'm supported by freewill offerings only. I don't want any collections taken up for me. God supplies all my needs.”

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He said. "I'm so glad. This man Buck is a failure and he has put us ministers over \$400 in debt, and we had hopes that we could raise the money here tonight." He went back and all those ministers gave me a smile. They told the audience of men and boys the condition Buck had placed them in and they wanted them all to help them out. So they sang a song, took up a collection, but didn't get what they wanted. So they said, "We are going to take up another collection," and they really begged the audience to help them out. The Scotchman told them he had already given to the last nickel he could give and begged them for help. They again gave their nickels and dimes as they had been trained to do.

When he introduced me, he said, "Here is a western Texas cowboy who has some kind of an experience that he is telling the people—Mr. Hall." Well, I began to speak, and I spoke about two hours under the anointing of God's Holy Spirit, and they were weeping all over the place, with handkerchiefs out, wiping tears. The Methodist minister came back to the table, swelled up, and finally said, "I understand this man is supported only by freewill offerings, and I want the privilege of putting in the first one." He turned my big Stetson hat over on the table, pulled out two bills, one a five and the other a one, and dropped the five-dollar bill into my hat and said, "All you who want an interest in this man's work, come up and drop it into his hat." Well, they came down the different aisles, filled my hat with one, five and ten-dollar bills, covered the brim and some fell off on the table. Praise God! He's never failed. This has happened more than once.

I returned to Detroit and they sent a man to see me and wanted to know if I wouldn't come back the next Sunday night. Their wives and daughters wanted to hear me. I promised and went. When I arrived they said, "Oh, Bro. Hall, you came mighty near converting

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our preachers, and the wickedest men in this town. Men who wouldn't go to church have been in their barns, fields and woods, seeking God." I said, "Give God all the glory and pray for the preachers."

When I reached Flint, Buck met me and said he wanted to have a talk with me. We walked four blocks. He said, "I never allow any man to speak in my meetings. I never sent for you and I want you to get on the first car and go back." I told him that I didn't want to speak unless God's sweet approval was on my speaking, and that the ministers had sent for me. When we got back to the hotel the five ministers were standing out to one side. I walked up and told them what he said.

They said, "Mr. Hall, this is our meeting and if anyone leaves, let Buck leave. We wish he would." We all went into the church and they took me up on the platform. Buck came up and I asked him to cut the preliminaries as short as he could and give me all the time he could. He took thirty minutes to introduce me. He said I was from Texas, and had some kind of an experience to tell. Then he went on to tell them what a wonderful man he was. He had pastored one of the largest Presbyterian churches in Illinois for twelve years. He went on to tell what wonderful things he had done and said that the good people all over that country had his picture enlarged and hanging in their parlors. When he sat down, he looked at me and said, "Mr. Hall."

I spoke one and one-half hours and the Lord blessed in that meeting. When I finished he jumped up and said, "You can consider yourselves dismissed." Two of the preachers with hats in their hands went to the large entrance and the people gave me a nice offering. Many of them shook hands with me and put their offerings in my hand.

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I spent the night there. The next morning I was told the pastor of the Methodist church had sprained his ankle and could not walk. I felt impressed to go see him. I found him with crutches and his foot wrapped up and resting on a chair, badly swollen. I told him the Lord shed his blood for both body and soul and in answer to the simple prayer of faith he would remove the pain and swelling. I went on and told him what wonderful things the Lord had done for me, how he had healed me many times, before I ever knew anyone else was trusting him for healing. He said, "Oh, my ankle will get alright, but one of my very best members is lying over here at the point of death. Will you go over and pray for her?"

I told him I would. He had his assistant drive his car up to the front door and with his crutches he managed to get into the car, and we drove around a few blocks and stopped in front of a two-story house. She was upstairs, and he, with his crutches, managed to go upstairs. There lay a very sick woman, the mother of two little girls, with her sister. He stopped me and said, "Her husband is the leading physician of this town, and I want to call him."

The doctor came up. He introduced me and I went into the sick room, anointed her with oil, laid on my hands, rebuked the affliction in the name of Jesus and commanded it to leave her. See Mark 5:25-34 and James 5:13-16. The Lord sent his healing virtue through her. The fever left and she said, "I'm healed." I told them to give God all the praise and glory.

I went downtown to get ready to return to Detroit when the pastor sent for me. He said, "The doctor owns a beautiful bungalow out on the lakes and they want you to go out with them and spend a few days." I got in the car with the doctor, his wife and two little girls. The doctor had a roll of steak, a dressed chicken and lots of good eats. We went out the same evening that his wife was healed

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in the morning. She did the cooking, and my, what a feast. I spent two days and nights with them. I have often had a desire to return to Flint, Mich. I would love to meet those good people again.

My little wife has often said, "If the Lord gives you anything, you turn right around and give it away." Well, what does the Word say? "It is more blessed to give than to receive." The Word tells us that our alms and our prayers are recorded up in heaven. You may have all the world and its so-called pleasures, but give me Jesus. There is but one home for me and that is the home of the soul. My treasures are all up there. I tell her if I would take what God gives me for my own selfish way, God would stop the avenue of its coming, "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles. The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them. O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him. O fear the Lord, ye his saints: for there is no want to them that fear him." (Psa. 34:6-9).

Chapter VIII

After spending the winter in Detroit, the Lord showed me plainly that he wanted me to take this evening light gospel in all its purity to New York State and to make all the prisons I could and to give my experience to fathers' and mothers' sons and daughters behind prison bars. The impression came, "You take the train for Buffalo, Tuesday morning." I said, "Amen, Lord." I had learned that when making a trip to New York City you should take no baggage with you. It will cost you more to get it transferred around than it will yourself. Wife had a large trunk and a suitcase. I had a steamer trunk, a large suitcase and a leather handbag. I persuaded wife to put her suitcase in her trunk, and for us to put just what we needed in my suitcase. I would take my suitcase and she my handbag, and we would leave our trunks in Detroit. I had made the Y.M.C.A. my headquarters all winter. We had a small room on the ground floor in one of the leading hotels. It was a side room, steam heated and comfortable, but cheaper. We ate our meals in the different restaurants, and many times were invited out into some of the best homes in Detroit to eat.

I went to Dr. A.C. Studer, general secretary of the "Y," and one of the finest men I have ever met, and told him we were leaving for New York State, and I wanted to move our trunks up into the attic into the trunk room. He said, "Mr. Hall, place your name and address

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on them plainly, and it makes no difference where you are, or in what country, when you get ready for them notify me and they will be sent to you prepaid." God is still blessing this man. I had a letter from him a few weeks ago.

The little wife asked me how much money I had. I said about a dollar and a half. She said, "You look like going to New York." I said, "I must be about my Father's business. Has he ever failed me?" This was Friday and I had promised to speak that evening in an old mission. The business men of Detroit had organized a Billy Sunday Club of five hundred members. One had to die or move away before another one could join. They sent me word that they were having a big meeting that night and were giving three speakers five minutes a piece to speak and they wanted me present. I told them I could not come, because I had promised to speak in the mission. They insisted and said, "Mr. Hall, you must come."

I finally told them I would go speak in the mission and when they were ready for me, to drive a car up in front and I would excuse myself and go with them. I spoke about forty-five minutes, and they arrived. I bowed to the chaplain and went with them. They brought me up the back way, and I took my seat on the platform. There were three or four who spoke and they held the watch on them and when the five minutes were up someone stuck up his finger and they sat down. They called for me and said, "We want to know why you are in this work and how you are doing it." I knew I could not say much in five minutes, and when I knew my five minutes were up I stopped and looked at them and they said, "Go ahead, Mr. Hall." Well, I spoke about twenty minutes and sat down. There were two or three who came and shook hands with me on the platform. It was a special meeting. Each member had brought a friend and the place was crowded. A bunch of boys came in, dressed in white, and they came

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down each aisle handing out sandwiches which were very good. Then they came out with blocks of ice cream which were good. Then they came out with boxes of cigars. God had saved me from the tobacco habit. I noticed an exit light at the side of the platform so I went out.

When I reached my room the little wife said, "Did anyone give you any money?" I said, "No." She said again, "You look like going to New York State." I said, "Please don't murmur, complain, or find fault, the good Lord showed me plainly he wanted us to go, and it has never entered my mind how it would be done. My trust is in the living God."

Monday morning the same club sent for me again. I went down to a little office they had. The secretary-treasurer said to me, "Mr. Hall, the members of this organization put in one dollar apiece and here is \$500 with which you are to carry the gospel to New York State." Well, praise the Lord! Yes, I can trust him. Read and see what the word of God says about a hireling: "But he that is an hireling, and not the shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep, and fleeth: and the wolf catcheth them and scattereth the sheep. The hireling fleeth, because he is an hireling, and careth not for the sheep. I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine." (John 10:12-14).

The next morning wife and I went to Grand Central Station and bought our tickets to Buffalo, N. Y. When we arrived in Buffalo we found they had just finished a large tabernacle for Billy Sunday, and his meeting had just started. I began to speak everywhere a way was opened for me. They wanted to know if I would speak in the First Baptist church Sunday night to men and boys only, the same night Billy Sunday would speak to women and girls in the tabernacle. I

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told them I would. They said, "We will have Sunday to advertise the meeting." Sunday, like Buck of Michigan, had a rule that he would advertise no man's meeting in his. Well, they said, "We had the tabernacle built, and we will see that he does advertise the meeting that you are to speak in."

They went to him. When they met him this time they had him in a close place, and his only way out was, "You tell Hall that I want to see him." When he finished that night (each night after he finished they would run him down a small walk into a bathroom where they rubbed him down like a race horse in alcohol), I walked up in front, and Mrs. Sunday's nephew said, "Here comes Hall now." Mrs. Sunday took me by the arm and led me down to the bathroom, and when she spoke he said, "Come in." When we stepped in he was standing there naked, holding a towel up in front of him. He said, "Big Bill, are you willing for me to advertise this meeting my way?" I said, "Yes, Sir." He said, "That's all."

He always had Rodeheaver to make the announcements, and when they were ready for him he would run out on the platform with a handkerchief in his mouth, shaking his head like a dog, or he would run out on the platform, step on the back of a chair and then on top of the pulpit, where he would pull off his coat and throw it one way, his vest another, and his tie another. He would jump off the pulpit, run across the platform, fall and shout, "Safe." But for the next two nights he walked out quietly and said, "Mothers, sisters, wives, daughters, and sweethearts, Sunday night I'm going to speak here to women and girls only. I want everyone of you to bring your fathers, husbands, brothers, the boys and your sweethearts. They will leave you here and go over two blocks to the First Baptist church where big Bill Hall from Texas will speak to men and boys only. I have never heard him, but they tell me he has a wonderful message, and

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they will not be disappointed. Rhodeheaver will lead the song services here and Dr. Ward will lead the song services for Hall.” He announced it the same way the next night. All of Sunday’s male help came to hear me. The church, balcony, and aisles were crowded and as far as I could see outside. I spoke for over two hours under the anointing of God’s Holy Spirit, bringing to them this evening light gospel in all its purity and beauty. Many said, “This is a meeting that will never be forgotten.”

We left Buffalo, making many prisons, and finally reached Albany, the capital. There we took a boat down the Hudson to New York City, which covers four counties and, it is claimed, has more people than four states back here (west). We spent three and one-half months there and I could not fill all the calls. I spoke in the large churches in New York and I never failed to tell them about the New Testament Church of God, and that the evening light is shining just as it did in the morning time of this gospel day. I could never find a building that would hold all the people that came to hear me. I was asked to speak in the 8th Street Mission and it was crowded. God wonderfully blessed, and I learned there was no one there but the gospel workers of that district.

I received a call from Trenton, New Jersey, wanting to know if I would come and be with them over the week end. They had arranged for me to speak two hours from ten to twelve. A. M., in the state prison. I said, “Yes, I will come and how about bringing Lady Hall along?” They said, “Yes, we didn’t know there was a Mrs. Hall.” They said they would meet us the next afternoon. Wife had given me to understand that there was one thing she would not do, and that was to go under the Hudson River through a tube on a train, seventy-five feet under the water. I said to wife, “I have a call to come to Trenton, New Jersey, and be with them over the week end.

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Would you like to go?" She said she would.

We got on the underground railway and went to Grand Central Station. I bought our tickets and we boarded the train for Trenton. It ran right out of the station and under the Hudson River through a tube. It was very damp in the coach and the wife slumped down in the seat. When about half way through the train ran under a light. Wife raised up and said, "Don't you know, if the water should break through it would drown us like rats," and "zip," it was dark again. Well, when the train ran out on the other side, the little wife read the riot act to me and gave me to understand she would never go under it again. (When we came back, we had to stop and get off the train and ferry across in a boat.)

They met us at the train, took us to the best hotel and gave us a suite of three rooms. We went out to dinner, and when we came back we sat down in big easy chairs. The streets were lighted beautifully below, and I said, "Let's go out and look the city over." She said, "You may go, but I'm happier than I've been for a long time." I went out and up the street. After I had walked about two blocks I felt led to turn up a side street. I went a half a block and came to a large mission half full. It was then nine o'clock. I went in and sat down behind the rest. Just as I sat down a lady was speaking and she said, "Come on up here, Bro. Hall. I've just been telling these people about you." I went up and spoke about forty-five minutes. She had heard me in the old 8th St. Mission in New York City. I went back to the hotel and had a good night's rest. At nine o'clock the next morning the phone rang and Mr. H.M. Voorhees said, "Meet us out in front. My wife and I want to show you some of the interesting places of our city before we go to the prison." We met them and went with them, and at ten A. M. we drove up in front of the old prison. We went in and there were hundreds of prisoners seated and

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four or five of his friends. I spoke for over two hours and they were weeping all over the place. It was a meeting never to be forgotten.

We drove back to the hotel and they returned home. Then at three o'clock that afternoon the phone rang again and Mr. Voorhees said, "I have arranged for you to speak to four hundred prisoners in the county jail. Will you come?" I said that I would. We drove to the jail and I spoke an hour. I went back to the hotel, had dinner and at seven o'clock the phone rang again. Mr. Voorhees said, "Meet wife and me out front." He drove us to the Presbyterian church where they had advertised I would speak that night. He turned me over to his pastor, and our wives and their two children went into the church.

The people kept coming in, and the pastor became very excited. He came to me and said, "How long does it take to tell your story?" I said, "An hour, and sometimes two hours." He said, "Impossible, you cannot speak to my congregation over thirty minutes."

I said, "I can hardly get started in thirty minutes."

He said, "Not over forty-five minutes. I have a very wealthy congregation, and they won't stand for it."

I began to pray, and I caught Mr. Voorhees' eye, and I motioned for him to come up. I told him what the pastor had said.

Mr. Voorhees said, "This is my meeting. You pay no attention to him. Let the Lord have his way with you."

The people kept coming. They filled the church, lined up around the walls and as far as I could see outside. There was a piece in the morning paper saying that the big brick church was thirty years old, and that was the first time it had ever been known to be full. The Lord wonderfully blessed me and I spoke for two hours. The people said it didn't seem over forty-five minutes. The pastor

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dismissed them. Mr. Voorhees stepped to a table down in front and said, "There has not been one word said about money; but I understand this man accepts nothing but freewill offerings," and he turned my hat over on the table, threw in a ten-dollar bill and said, "All of you who want an interest in this man's work, come down and put it in his hat." About one-half of the congregation went out the front. The others came down and filled my hat with ones, fives, tens, quarters and halves, covered up the brim and some fell out on the table.

We stood visiting until about all had gone out. Mr. Voorhees said, "There is your freewill offering, Mr. Hall." The pastor ran to the table as if he wanted to count it. I ran my hand into the hat and began to stuff the money into my pocket, and said, "Oh, the Lord knows all about it."

We returned to the hotel and the next morning began to pack our grips, getting ready to return to New York. The phone rang and Mr. Voorhees said, "The business men of this city want to hear you. Can't you speak to them from twelve to one o'clock in the Y.M.C.A.?" I said, "Yes, Sir." I went over and spoke for about one hour, and in shaking hands with me they gave me thirty-some-odd dollars. Yes, God will care for his own. Praise him!

Chapter IX

I went back and we again began to get ready to return to New York City. The phone rang again and they said, “We have arranged for you to speak to twenty thousand soldiers out here in camp. They are leaving tomorrow for France. Will you come?” I said, “Yes.” That evening three couples and I went to the soldiers’ camp. They had the place lit up as bright as day. They had three boxes, a large one, a small one by its side, and a middle sized one on top of the big one. I went upon those boxes in the middle of the camp and spoke for two hours. They called me back. I spoke again and they called me back the third time, and again I urged them to give their hearts to God and go trusting in the Lord. Every one of them was some mother’s boy. “I waited patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry. He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings. And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God: many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord.” (Psa. 40:1-3).

The next morning after we had packed our grips, I started to the desk, and the clerk raised both hands and said, “All bills have been paid.” Praise God! The good Lord willing, I expect to pay them another visit in the near future. Trenton, N.J., is a wonderful city and

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filled with wonderful people, and they, like all good people love the truth and admire a man who will preach the word of God.

We returned to New York City, where I was billed to speak in the largest church in Brooklyn. I spoke under the anointing of God's Holy Spirit for two hours. God wonderfully blessed in that meeting. A very wealthy couple came down the aisle and the woman shook hands with me. She held on to my hand and said, "Oh, Bro. Hall, you were just simple enough to take God at his word and believe it." I said, "Yes, and I'm glad of it." She said, "A man who is doing what you are ought to be putting up in the best hotels, riding in pullman trains and traveling as a gentleman. If you will join our church, we will finance your work."

I told her, "I appreciate your interest; but did you know that if the Word, the blood, and God's Spirit make me free, I'm free indeed. I'm as free as the little birds that flit and fly here and there, as free as the air we are breathing. And if God impresses me to go down in the slums and deliver a message I can say, 'Amen, Lord,' But if I'd join your church, in a little while your 'big ones' would be telling me what I could preach and where I could go. Oh, no, that would be bondage. I'm under the auspices of God's Holy Spirit only, and if the Spirit makes me free, I'm free indeed."

Sometime after this, I was in a meeting with Bro. Riggle in Oklahoma City. I spoke on Sunday night and God gave us a good meeting. The Lord impressed me to take a message to the prisons of Kansas. I stopped over in Vinita, Okla., where John Harmon was holding a meeting. The little church wasn't half full. John Harmon was chairman of the State Ministers Board, a job the Lord never gave him. He was called away for three days to look after what was supposed to be some crooked preachers. The pastor advertised that I was supposed to speak, and the church and the yard would not hold

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the people who came to hear me for three nights. Harmon returned and took the pulpit and the crowd dropped back to where it was before. That night the pastor, Harmon, and I went to pray for a sick Sister, and the Lord healed her. We reached the pastor's home at eleven p.m. and I said, "I'm leaving on the three a.m. train for Kansas City." The pastor said that if I would stay over another night he would take up a collection for me. I told him that the Lord would take care of me. Just before I started he gave me ten dollars and his step son gave me five dollars.

The train pulled into Kansas City just at sunrise, and as it was coming in, the Spirit said to me, as plain as he ever spoke to Paul, "Be not afraid, I have much people in this city." I said, "Amen, Lord." I had planned to stay only a few days. I made the state prison, the U.S. prison and the women's prison, when the way opened and I began to speak in the large churches. I couldn't fill all the calls. They called me back the second time to speak in the state prison. God wonderfully blessed in all of these meetings.

I went out to what was the school that Bro. Peterson built, but when I got there I found that the large building had been sold to two sisters who had turned it into a boarding house. I told them I wanted to get a room, but they said they were sorry, the place was full. I told them I was very tired, that I had been going day and night, and all I wanted was a place where I could lie down and rest. They said, "We have a bed, light, and one chair in the attic; if you can use that you may." I went up and had a good rest. I came down the next morning and asked them how much I owed them. They said, "Fifty cents." I paid it and went on for the day. I came back that evening and told them I would like to have my bed. They said, "Very well." I spent another night and said to myself, "This is better than my Savior had, God is love."

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The next morning I came down and I noticed a long table that reached clear across the building, and the men and boys had just sat down for their breakfast. There was just one vacant chair at the head of the table. I walked up to this chair and said, "Boys, let's ask God's blessing on us for the day before we eat." You could have heard a pin drop. All eyes were upon me as I asked God's richest blessing upon us all that he would protect us through the day, supply our needs and make us a blessing to someone. We all enjoyed our breakfast and when we were through I said to the landlady, "What is my bill?" She said, "You don't owe us anything. We need you here. You may make this your home."

I would take my breakfast and supper there and would sleep there unless I was billed to speak somewhere. After I had been there a few days I saw them moving a bed, dresser and some other things into the office. When they finished they said, "Bro. Hall, you go up and get your suitcase and other things; this is yours, move in." Well, praise the Lord I spent three months in that place and oh, the kind treatment I received. If I was going to speak out any distance they would call the boy and have him take me in their car.

It was only two blocks to the church of God on 11th and Topping streets, where Bro. G.T. Neal was pastor. When I was not busy I went there to church. There were five or six ordained ministers in Kansas City who also came there to church.

I felt led to work my way on to the Anderson Camp Meeting in Indiana, and on Friday I packed my suitcase, getting ready to start. That afternoon Bro. Neal drove up in front and blew his horn. I went out and he said, "Bro. Hall, my old father lives over in Kansas, and he's been blind for twelve years. Wife and I want to go over and spend the week end with them, and I want you to fill my place and pulpit while I'm gone." I said, "Oh, Bro. Neal, why call on me? there

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are several church of God ministers here who are better qualified than I, and I have my suitcase packed and ready to leave.” He pointed his finger at me and said, “God showed me to get you.” It was Friday evening and I said, “Brother, you pray for me.” He said, “I will.”

I went back into the office and I neither ate nor drank until I had delivered the last message Sunday night. I walked into the pulpit Sunday morning and God spoke through this house of clay. God gave us a wonderful meeting. That evening the house was full and God gave me a double portion of his great love and Spirit, and I spoke for two hours. The whole congregation was melted, and the power of God was felt in our midst. I told them to give God all the glory.

That meeting spread all over the city and on Monday when Bro. Neal returned he came to me and took me in his arms and said, “God bless you, my Brother, I’m going to show you something, and don’t you let it bother you. I know God is with you.” He showed me a typewritten letter, written by a minister who was desiring to run God’s business over all the United States, and had a spirit that would like to control the world. He wrote to Bro. Neal, “You are making a mistake in letting Hall preach.”

Well, my brethren, if we refuse to listen to or obey the world and do not do what they say, they will condemn us. “These things I command you, that ye love one another. If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you. If ye were of the world, the world would love his own: but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you. Remember the word that I said unto you, The servant is not greater than his lord. If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you; if they have kept my saying, they will keep yours

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also. But all these things will they do unto you for my name's sake, because they know not him that sent me." (John 15:17-21).

When I reached Anderson I learned this man and those who had listened to him were fixing to have me placed on the carpet. I began to pray and submitted all completely into the hands of the Lord. God blessed my soul. Bros. E.E. Byrum, H.M. Riggle, G.T. Neal, and others came to my rescue and said, "Hands off. We know Bro. Hall and we know God is with him. God has given him a message and a place to fill that no other one can fill." They said, "Bro. Hall, keep all on the altar and obey the Lord. God is using you to reach the people of the world, people who will not go to church, with this evening light gospel. The Lord is blessing and is with you."

I felt led to go to the great state of California and take this evening light gospel. We spent three and one-half months there with our headquarters in Los Angeles. I couldn't fill all the calls but spoke everywhere the way opened, and I held several meetings. I was billed to hold a two weeks meeting in the edge of Bakersfield, Calif. But when we arrived they wanted us to put it off two weeks so their husbands could be in the meeting.

About three years before, I had held a meeting in Pryor, Okla., where I met Bro. and Sister Seaton. I learned Bro. Charley Seaton was pastoring a Church of God at Taft, Calif., forty miles south of Bakersfield. The road was paved all the way and I said to the little wife, "Let's run down and see them." Sister Seaton was glad to see us. Bro. Seaton had gone to a ministers' meeting but would be home that evening. They had the biggest church in town, just two blocks from their home. I asked her for the key, went in and up front and had prayer. God blessed me and impressed me to hold a meeting there. They had two little daily advertising sheets. I fixed up a notice for each one, saying the meeting would start the next evening.

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Bro. Seaton came home, took me in his arms and said, “Oh, Bro. Hall, I do wish we could have a meeting, but it is impossible. I only have nine members and they are all women who are poor, with no money.” I said, “You know I don’t preach for money.” I handed him the notices and said, “Go down and have them published.” He grabbed me in his arms and said, “Do you mean it?” The next evening the church was crowded and many were in the yard. God blessed us.

There were five different kinds of tongues people in that town and they all sat in different bunches in the meeting. The third night one group who was sitting about the middle of the church began to go under the power and to jabber. I stopped and said, “Good people, it is through brotherly love that I tell you this. There are good honest souls who get caught in this deception, but it is of the devil, and in the name of Jesus I rebuke the very spirit of it and command you in the name of Jesus to sit down and behave yourselves in the house of God.”

They sat down and I went on and finished my message. After I had dismissed the congregation, one bunch came out by the front and one of them said, “We had already agreed that we were going to give Bro. Hall our tithes this week, but we are not going to do it now.” The ones I had rebuked came around and some of them said, “You sinned against the Holy Ghost.” I told them that would be all right.

Bro. Seaton said, “Oh, Bro. Hall, you have run them all off.” I said, “They may run away from me but they can’t run away from the Lord.” When we got home wife sided in with Bro. Seaton that I had ruined the meeting. I said, “Let’s pray,” and I submitted it all to the Lord. Sister Seaton prayed a prayer that went straight through to the Lord, and we all went to bed.

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The next morning God's sweet approval was upon me. After we had breakfast and prayer Bro. Seaton said, "Bro. Hall, they brought a woman in here from Los Angeles yesterday. She is in the last stages of T.B. and has been given up to die. The sisters asked me to bring you and meet them at the church at ten o'clock this morning and have prayer for her." I went along and tried to be in agreement with them. After they had finished praying one of them said, "Let's all go down and visit her." She was at her sister's, five blocks away. The nine sisters walked and Bro. Seaton and I went in his coupe. She was in a little side room and was just skin and bones. She had been given up to die by the best specialists and doctors of California. They had been treating her for months and now said that nothing more could be done. She was very weak and was spitting up her lungs in a quart fruit jar. The spittle was yellow and we could hardly stand the odor. They would change the fruit jar every few minutes. I asked her if she was saved. She said that she had been but was making no profession. I read a few scriptures and told her what a wonderful Saviour we have and what he had done for me. I asked her that if the God I was serving would touch her afflicted body and raise her up would she promise God she would love and serve him the rest of her days? Her eyes were filling with tears and she vowed she would. I said, "Come on, Bro. Seaton."

We anointed her in the name of Jesus and laid on hands. I rebuked the affliction in the name of Jesus and asked God to kill every germ and I commanded them to get out of the building. God sent his healing virtue through her body and she began to shout, "I'm healed! I'm healed!" I told them to give God all the glory and praise. They switched the fruit jar and I noticed the spittle was clear. The sisters began to sing and the presence of the Lord was felt in that home. In a little while she told the sisters to get her dress and she said, "I'm going to get up."

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Bro. Seaton and I went into the dining room and in a little while here they came, a sister on each side of her and all praising God and singing.

“Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord; and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him.” (James 5:14-15). We left them having a happy time.

Bro. Seaton and I had just got into his car when her sister ran out on the porch and said, “Sister said, ‘Tell Bro. Hall that I’m coming to church tonight.’ ” I said, “Tell her to come in the name and strength of the Lord.”

The news spread all over that town of ten thousand and that evening the church and a large open space around the church wouldn’t hold the people that came. The two sisters came early and took seats up in front. She stood up and testified to what God had done for her. She was there every night of the meeting after that and would tell what great things God had done for her.

I was holding a meeting in Pomona, California, three months after this, and this sister that was healed was there visiting her grandmother.

Chapter X

The meeting at Taft lasted two weeks and was one of the best I've ever held. There were a number who took their stand for the truth. The tongues people couldn't stay away. The leading tongues man of them all, one who could out speak or jabber above all of them, came into the meeting and said that if he was deceived he wanted deliverance from it. I told him we would visit him in his home. Bro Seaton and I laid hands on him and commanded the unclean and lying spirits to come out of him in the name of Jesus. God delivered him, and he said, "My, what a relief, and the burden is gone." I said, "You are now clothed in your right mind, and now you can confess your past mistakes and sins and ask God to forgive you. Believe in your heart that Christ shed his blood to save you, and the moment you believe, you will receive. It is for believers."

We went to Bakersfield and started the meeting. We had been there three or four nights when five carloads of people came from the Taft congregation and testified what a wonderful meeting they had there. Praise our God! All glory and praise be to the Father of us all!

During my stay in Kansas City, which I have already written of, it was winter with lots of ice and snow. I was asked to speak in a large mission where they cared for the down-and-outs, hundreds of them. After the meetings they would give them a bowl of soup and

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a slice of stale bread. People crowded the aisles and were standing around the walls. We had a wonderful meeting. A few days later the man who was operating the mission phoned and wanted to know if I would come back on a certain night and speak for them again. I promised.

When I arrived the large platform back of the pulpit was seated with about twenty well-dressed couples. Again people crowded the place full, lining up around the walls and filling the aisles. After I began speaking I noticed a well-dressed man working his way down through the center. He got about one-third of the way down and stopped. He began to mourn and groan until he was disturbing the meeting. A gospel worker worked his way down to him, got him by the arm, led him back through the front entrance, and took him up a stairway into the front of the building. I spoke about two hours and when I had finished the poor men, old and young, began to come until they filled an altar that reached clear across the building.

I could hear the man they had taken upstairs groaning and moaning. I noticed a small red exit light at the side of the platform. I went out and up a narrow stairway. I reached the main floor and worked my way through the dim lights until I came out to the front. There at the head of the front stairway was a large room, well lighted. There was a carpet on the floor and two small chairs. The gospel worker was sitting in one and the poor man was lying on the floor, pulling his hair over his face, slobbering and foaming, mourning and groaning.

I stopped in the door a moment and God's Holy Spirit said plainly, "He is possessed with unclean spirits." I said, "Come on, young man, let's lay hands on him and cast out the evil spirits." He never moved, something new for him. God gave me all the holy boldness I needed. I went to the man, laid my hands on him, rebuked

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the devil and every unclean spirit back of him, and in the name of Jesus commanded them to come out of him and to get out of the building. God delivered him. He sat up and began brushing back his hair and wiping off the foam. He got to his feet and caught me by the arms, looking for help.

I said, “God has been good to you. He has delivered you and now you are in your right mind. If you will turn to God with all of your heart, he will save you.” He was holding my arms, looking to me for help, I said, “I’m just a man like you. Get your eyes off me and on the Lord Jesus who is sitting on the right hand of God to intercede for you. Confess all the past and ask God to forgive you. Believe that Jesus suffered in your stead and God will speak peace to your soul.” I said, “Let us pray.”

We knelt at the chair, I asked God to draw and save him. He turned his swollen face to me (I’ll never forget that face) and said, “I’m four times a murderer; will God forgive me?” I said, “Oh, my Lord help me.” I said to him, “Jesus said, ‘No man can come to me except the Father which hath sent me draw him’. It makes no difference what a man’s past life of sin has been. If you have a real desire to turn to God, that’s God drawing you.” Inwardly I prayed, “Lord, you have promised to give us words of wisdom they cannot gainsay.”

God anointed me with his Spirit and I said, “Young man, Moses was a murderer. He didn’t only kill his man, but he hid him in the sand, and when he learned that it was known he ran away out into the wilderness, but God forgave him and spoke to him out of a burning bush and sent him back to deliver the children of Israel out of Egyptian bondage. King David was many times a murderer.

“David was rich, had many flocks and herds. He fell in love with a young man’s wife. He had the captain of his soldiers to send

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this young man with others to charge a walled city where he knew they would be killed. He sent and took the young wife to be his wife. At that time God spoke to his prophets and he sent Nathan to David with this message, 'There was a rich man with many flocks and herds, and a poor man with one little ewe lamb, which he cherished very much. But the rich man took the poor man's lamb, killed it, and dressed it for a traveler that was come to him.' King David said, 'The man that hath done this shall surely die the death.' Nathan said, 'Thou art the man.' The Word tells us that David laid off his kingly robes and repented. The great God of love and mercy heard and forgave him and afterward said that David was a man after his own heart.

"Saul was a murderer. He held the clothes of them who stoned Stephen to death. But God struck him down and saved him. God changed his name to Paul and chose him to fill the place of Judas Iscariot who by transgression and unbelief fell, denying his Lord.

"William Hall was a murderer. I took that which I couldn't give back, but the great God of mercy struck me down, forgave me, and passed me through one of his great schools. He gave me a message for the outside world, and I'm walking and talking with Him with victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil. Glory be to his name! The Lord Jesus shed his precious blood for his own murderers, and, my boy, if you are sorry for all your past sins and will confess them to God from an honest heart, and believe that Jesus suffered in your stead, it is upon the authority of God's word, he will forgive you and speak peace to your soul. You will be born into God's church and family and your name enrolled in the Lamb's book of life up in heaven."

We again knelt for prayer. I prayed a little prayer and asked God to save him, draw him, and open his spiritual understanding that he

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might see and know the truth. I wish you, dear reader, could have heard that man pray. I'm sure he wasn't on his knees for more than two minutes until he was on his feet with hands lifted, face shining like an angel's, and saying, "I've got it! I've got it!" He showed me a letter he had just received from his father. He was a traveling man and his home was in New York City. The letter contained about six typewritten lines. It read something like this, "Son, what do you plan to do, throw your whole life away? I want you to know your mother is praying night and day for you." It was a mother's prayers that drove that boy into that mission that night. Oh, for more praying mothers. The gospel worker gave him a little book of St. John.

I rushed downstairs. I found a few still at the altar. Some were backsliders, bound by Satan, I said, "If you were once born again, remember God still loves you." I breathed a prayer for wisdom and understanding in dealing with those precious souls. I said, "Holy Spirit of God, speak to these men through this house of clay." "Have you men once been saved, but got out of God's order and went down? Yes, yes, yes, here is your trouble. You have many times come to God and confessed it all, and you are still bound. Yes. Now you must resist the devil. He is a liar, and the father of lies. Draw nigh to God and he will draw nigh to you. God's word says, 'Return, ye backsliding children, and I will heal your backslidings. Confess your backslidings and your sins, and God says that He will forgive you. The devil says, 'You know you are unworthy, you are not forgiven,' and you listen to and believe the devil instead of God. Oh, backslider, rebuke the devil and stand on God's promises which cannot be broken. Stay under the blood, believe God, and he will speak peace to your soul. Love God and keep his commandments and it will bring peace, joy and happiness unspeakable to your soul." God has wonderfully used me in leading backsliders back to him. All glory be to his precious name.

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The gospel worker and the man from upstairs had followed me down and were seated on the front seat. I was busy trying to help those at the altar and did not know they were there. He jumped up behind me and said, "I didn't know that was in the Bible. That was put there for me." He was reading out of the little book of St. John. The gospel worker had told the head man of the mission that he was a murderer. This man said, "Well, there is but one thing for him to do, and that will be for him to go out and give himself up."

Again I said, "Oh, Lord, I need thy help." I said, "Who is he going to give himself up to?" He said, "The Law." I said, "He has not wronged the law. God's Word says to go to those whom you've wronged. He has not wronged the law here. He has already told me that when a boy he was given \$1,000 to 'bump a man off' and he had 'bumped off' four in all, got \$1,000 for each one. Two men drove him to them and after he shot them they drove away and he never knew who they were."

I said, "You love God and keep his commandments. Pray over it all and whatever the Lord shows you, you do it." He said, "I am going to take the first train, and I'm going to my mother as straight as I can go."

Three months later I was holding a meeting in Muskogee. Okla., and one night I felt led to tell my experience with this man. When I was through an old man held up his hand and I said to him, "Go ahead." He said, "My wife here and I just came from Kansas City. And one week ago tonight we were in that mission and heard that man tell that same experience just as you have told it. He is there in that mission doing gospel work. I guess he felt led to go back to where he found the Lord to help others."

Remember, dear reader, Christ shed his blood for his own murderers and for the sins of the whole world. That takes in mine

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and yours. Christ is sitting on the right hand of God to intercede for us, and the simplest way we can come to him is the best. I'm standing on his Word, under the blood, following in his footsteps, going to God from my heart, through Christ, and he's flooding my soul. There is a true way of holiness that leads from earth to heaven. No unclean thing can enter there, and the wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err therein. Praise him! Praise him!

God's word and his Spirit agree, and he won't lead you to believe one thing and someone else another. "Now I beseech you, brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions among you; but that ye be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment." (I Cor. 1:10). "Now I beseech you, brethren, mark them which cause divisions and offences contrary to the doctrine which ye have learned; and avoid them. For they that are such serve not our Lord Jesus Christ but their own belly; and by good words and fair speeches deceive the hearts of the simple." (Rom. 16:17-18).

If you follow Bro. Hall, and I'm wrong, you will be wrong. If you follow some preacher and he is lost, you will be lost. But if you will get a Bible experience of salvation and follow Jesus, it will lead you right into the kingdom of Heaven. We are commanded to be careful for there are many false prophets and spirits that will deceive the very elect in these last days. The professed Christian world has forsaken God, denied his name; kingdoms are destroying kingdoms, nations are destroying nations. Thousands right here in our own country are being hurled into eternity without preparation to meet God. What I have God has taught to me while I was alone with him in his great school-prison. And I can say with blessed St. Paul, "But I certify you, brethren, that the gospel which was preached of me is

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not after man. For I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ.” (Gal. 1:11-12). God is love.

I spoke last August, 1946, on top of the Blue Ridge Mountains in North Carolina in two places the same day. When I was through in each meeting an old mother came to me and said, “Bro. Hall, I have a son in prison and I want you to be agreed with me and pray for him.” I said to them both, “Yes, I’ll pray for him. But listen, mother, I want you to promise the God I’m serving that this day you will quit worrying about that boy. Worrying only makes the load heavier and doesn’t change things one bit. Stop crossing bridges before you get to them, worrying about things that never happen. Consecrate your boy completely into the hands of our loving Saviour and leave him there. The chances are that if you could get him out, he would get into something worse. Remember, mother, he is in one of God’s great schools and if you will consecrate him to the Lord, the chances are that he will come out a new man in Christ Jesus. Some of the greatest men God has ever chosen had to come up through his great school. We are living in an age when God is looking down and calling men and women out of every walk of life, those whom he can entrust with this evening light gospel in all its purity and beauty.”

They both promised and I pray that God will stamp these truths upon the hearts of all mothers like them. Oh, Father of light, in Jesus’ name give us more praying mothers! It was a praying mother that helped to bring the convicting hand of God upon my soul. It has been well said, “We pray or perish.” Prayer has stopped fire, closed the mouths of lions, changed infidels, stopped wars, cast out demons, healed diseases, stopped frauds, rescued cities, stopped the sun, calmed the winds, raised the dead, performed miracles, one of the greatest when he saved my precious soul. Prayer is the key that

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unlocks the Father's storehouse that contains all the blessings for little struggling saints and weak congregations in this world. Amen.

Chapter XI

I must tell my experiences with two of the leading infidels of the United States. William McGinnis, an outlaw, got permission to come and see me. They locked him up in the cell with me. He found me studying my Bible. He said that he was surprised to find me reading the Bible, there was nothing to it. It contradicted itself. I told him I didn't think so. He said to turn to Philippians 3:12, "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect." He said, "Now turn to verse 15, 'Let us therefore, as many as be perfect,' and you say it does not contradict itself?" I said, "McGinnis, I think the Bible is true. The trouble is with us, we just don't understand." He spent two hours with me trying to turn me against my Bible. I was a babe in Christ and he brought up many things too deep for me. I marked Phil. 3:12, 15. I read, studied and prayed over these scriptures until it pleased God to open my spiritual understanding to see the truth. Paul, in verse twelve, is speaking of a perfection we get after the resurrection. In verse fifteen Paul is speaking of a perfection we can have in this life. Not to be perfect like God, or in knowledge, but to be perfect in love and perfect in heart. A perfect love that casteth out fear, and that will enable us to love our enemies.

While in Indiana a sister heard me speak and came forty miles to tell wife she had an aunt that was an invalid and she wanted me to visit her. She lived at Piqua, Ohio. Wife told her that it was all

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right with her if I felt led to go. On the way up there she told me that her uncle was an infidel, one of the worst but for me to pay no attention to him. He met us at the train just at dark. He helped his niece fix supper and I visited with his wife. He helped her to do the dishes, then came in, got his old family Bible, opened it up on the edge of his wife's bed, his eyes sparkling. He began with, "Who can know God?" He went over his Bible in different places where he had it marked. He tried hard to get me into an argument. I said. "Mr. Brown, you are an educated man, my education is limited and I don't think it would please God for me to get into an argument." He finally looked at me and smiled and closed his Bible.

I said, "Mr. Brown, I have listened to you for over an hour. I have not interrupted you, and now I have something to tell you and I don't want you to interrupt me." I told him how God had called, saved, qualified, ordained, delivered and sent me with a message from his throne. Then I asked him, "What made this wonderful change in my life?"

He said, "Oh, Mr. Hall, it is bed time." He showed me into the front bedroom and bade me, "Goodnight." I got down on my knees and prayed earnestly for this man. I had a good night's sleep and was up the next morning at sunrise. I went into the hall. I met his wife and asked about Mr. Brown. She said that he had not come out of his room yet. In a little while his door opened and he walked out in his bath robe and house slippers. He walked up and took me into his arms and said, "Mr. Hall, I have spent this night alone with God, and I've got what you have this morning." Well, praise the good Lord!

He had Ingersol's and his family's pictures hanging all over his house. I went back to Anderson and sent him every book, booklet

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and tract published at that time. He moved Ingersol out and established a real library in his home.

About three months after this I went to Columbus, Ohio, to speak in the state prison. I got back to Piqua that evening and walked into the church of God just in time for meeting. The pastor pointed to the pulpit and I delivered the message, and there sat old Bro. Brown, Bible in hand, smiling and happy in the Lord. Yes, "God is love."

I must tell you my experience with my first convert. Soon after my conversion (I was just a babe in Christ) they arrested three boys in a box car and accused them of breaking the seal and sent them to prison. The two oldest ones they sent out on a road camp, but the youngest, who was small for his age, they kept in prison and tried to make a trusty out of him. He said the box car was empty, they never broke the seal and he didn't owe them anything. Well, it was unreasonable the way they punished that boy. They brought him up on the fourth floor, just two doors from me. They tied him up by his thumbs with fishing cord to where he had to stand on his toes and left him there all night. What a night! He mourned and groaned and cried all night. Everyone who came out by him the next morning he would cry and curse them.

Finally the cell house captain came up, looked him over, and then came on and stopped in front of my cell. I saw it had the best of him. I asked him to open my door and let me speak to the boy. He said, "Hall, if I do, will you promise me you will come back and cause me no trouble?" I told him I would. He opened my door and when I stepped around to the boy he began to curse me. I told him I was his friend and that I was the man sentenced to hang. He looked at me. I said "You are making a mistake. These Mexicans will kill you. You send out word that if they will let you down you will obey

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them. This captain is a good man and he will help you.” The captain told him if he would do this he would do all he could for him. I said, “He will let you come up and see me.” The captain told him that he would.

The boy told him to send out the word. They came up and took him down. His thumbs were swollen three times their normal size and were as black as could be. They took him to the hospital and in two days he came up to see me, his thumbs done up in white cloths. He sat down outside my door and I began to tell him what a wonderful Saviour I had found and what he was doing for me. The little fellow got under conviction and gave his heart to God and the Lord spoke peace to his soul. I gave him a New Testament and told him to read it and be sure to do what it said. The news went all over the prison; they never before saw such a change in a boy. He was an ideal prisoner. He would get permission and come up to see me. He would always bring his New Testament and ask me questions.

He told the cell house captain one Sunday that he wanted to come up and spend two hours with me. He brought him up and turned him in with me. I said, “Willie, (his name was Willie Sweeney, from Kan.) we will read a chapter and have prayer. We will worship God the best we know how.” We sat down on my little bunk and, I don’t know why, but the Lord knew, I read the 13th chapter of St. John. When I had finished Willie looked up into my face and said, “The Lord expects us to do that, doesn’t he?” I said, “What is that, Willie?” He said, “Wash one another’s feet.” I said, “Let’s read it again and pray over it and study it.” We did. I said, “That is what it says.” He said, “If you will wash my feet I will wash yours.” I said, “All right, Willie, we will worship God the best we know how.” I had a little wash pan and a little towel about twelve inches long. I poured water in the pan, he took off his shoes and I

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washed his feet. I poured the water out and got some more. I took off my shoes and when Willie began to wash my feet, God opened the windows of heaven and showered us with blessings. We felt the presence of our Lord with us. I expect to meet Willie in Heaven.

Afterward I was at the Anderson Camp Meeting and attended an ordinance service. They had an overflow tent that would seat two thousand people. The brethren were washing feet in the chapel and sisters in the tent. They had tubs of water and long towels that they could gird themselves with. While they were washing one another's feet I felt impressed to tell my experience while in God's great school with my first convert. As I told our experience, God again opened the windows of heaven and showered us all with blessings, and the shouts and praises went up, and it broke out over in the tent.

While in Kansas City one Sunday afternoon, I came to the Church at Eleventh and Topping Street and they were washing feet in the church. The brothers were in the Sunday School rooms and the sisters in the church. I again told this experience and again the shouts and praises went up with God's sweet approval on us all. Yes, "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." "I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done." Jesus. Praise him! Praise him! The simplest way we can come is the best. Obedience will bring the blessings.

I would rather be with the true children of God than any place on earth. Dearly beloved saints of the most high God, when William Hall comes into your mind, breathe a prayer that God will bless me and make me a blessing, and we will find when we meet up yonder that we have been co-workers with Him. Amen and Amen.

Dear reader, do you realize it is our privilege in this life to walk and talk with God? He is no respecter of persons. Many times in my life God has spoken to me. One time while wife and I were living in

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the little one room in Louisville, Ky., there came a big snow one night, about ten inches deep. The impression came to me, "Go." I put on a pair of three-buckle overshoes, wrapped up and started out. I walked two blocks to the street car line. There I felt impressed to cross the street where a wagon road went around the side of a hill and back over on the Ohio River. Someone had gone over ahead of me and by stepping in his tracks I made my way through the deep snow. When I reached the river I turned down a street along the river bank where there were vacant houses on the upper side. I went down a plank sidewalk about two blocks and came to a little sidewalk which turned down by a vacant building and something stopped me. The impression came, "Turn here."

I walked to the back of the old building and came to an old shed on the back. There sat a mother and five little children, the youngest a baby, around an old coal stove, and not one bite to eat in the place. They had sat there all night around the old stove trying to keep warm.

She had put in the last little shovel of coal. It was a sight, all the children pulling at the mother. She said that her husband had gone to his father's, twelve miles out in the country, and he was out there sick in bed. They were left alone and had nothing to eat, and she couldn't leave her little bare footed children. I told her to pray. She said she had spent the night in prayer. I asked her if there was a grocery store near. She said there was an old man two blocks over who had a little store.

I made my way through the snow and ordered some coal and bought a wooden box full of groceries. I only had a few dollars, but God blessed my soul as I spent it. Two boys came in and I asked them if they knew where she lived. They said they would take the box over for a dime. The old man said, "Is that what you are going

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to do with those groceries?" I told him, "Yes." He said he would not give them a loaf of bread if they were starving to death, that that man was the meanest man that ever lived, and he wouldn't pay a debt to anyone. I told him he might be sorry, that the little innocent children were not to blame, and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven. I went back home as light as a feather, and God showered me with blessings. God is still blessing me and supplying all my needs. God knows my heart; I only tell this experience and all the rest for the glory of God. Oh, help me to praise his holy name! Praise him!

Dear reader, there are three that bear record in heaven—the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one.—I John 5:7. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth." (John 1:1, 4). "And he was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood: and his name is called The Word of God." (Rev. 19:13). "Heaven and earth shall pass away but my words shall not pass away." (Matt. 24: 35). "Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear." (Heb. 11:3). The New Testament is a way bill from earth to heaven. It was written by men, but inspired of God. 2 Tim. 3:16, 17; 2 Peter 1:19-21. Rejecters will be judged by the Word of God, John 12:48; Heb. 2:1-4.

If you have a New Testament experience of salvation you will love God's Word and will find real pleasure in obeying all of its teachings. There are surface nuggets to be gathered and the dear Lord has helped me to find some of them. Reader, why not walk and talk with God? He is no respecter of persons. What He has done for others He will do for you if you are under the blood and in the center

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of His will, with His sweet approval on your life. He says, “Ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you,” John 15:7. If you want to be at peace with God, the first step to take is to count the cost. What will it cost me to be a true follower of the Lord? It will cost you everything you know to be sinful and wrong. If you will come to God with an honest heart (God looketh on the heart), tell Him you are tired and sick of the sin business, you are through with it all, and confess all the past mistakes and sins, believing Christ suffered in your stead, and ask God to forgive you, He will speak sweet peace to your soul. If you will meet the conditions laid down in the New Testament, “The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God.” (Rom. 8:16). If you know you have been born into the church or family of God, your part is to bear the fruits of a justified believer. God’s part is to lead you on up to where the very God of peace will sanctify, you wholly. I Thess. 5:23. Remember if you are justified, “This is the will of God, even your sanctification.” (I Thess. 4:3). We are sanctified by faith. Acts 26:18. We are sanctified by his own blood. Heb. 13:12. We are sanctified by the Holy Ghost. Rom. 15:16. By the word; Eph. 5:26-27; 2 Tim. 2:21; Heb. 2:11; I Peter 4:8-11; Heb. 10:9, 10, 14-17; John 17:16-20. Jesus says, “As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love.” (John 15:9). My Saviour and King, if You love me as my heavenly Father loves You, by the grace of God, I’ll be an obedient child, and I’ll follow Thee. Amen!

Just before delivering me out of his great school (prison) God showed me plainly that the gospel of Christ is a gospel of love and it should be as free as the air we are breathing, and he didn’t want me to go out charging people for it. No, he said to go out, oh you of little faith, love me and keep my commandments, deliver the messages I give you, and I will feed you and clothe you, and I will do more for you than any earthly father would do, on the condition

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that you stay in the center of My will, with My sweet approval upon you, and deliver the messages I give you. I am a living witness. I have been all over and the Lord has never failed me. Hallelujah!

In the New Testament, which is our only guide, you will find, “Preach the Kingdom,” eight times; “Preach the Word,” seventeen times; “Preach Christ,” twenty-three times and, “Preach the Gospel” fifty times. What is the Gospel? It is all the teachings of the New Testament in all of its purity and beauty. Read it, believe it, and obey it, and it will bring peace, joy and happiness right here in this life, unspeakable and full of glory.

Chapter XII

The Bible

The Bible is the word of God to man. No one should be ignorant of the good things contained in this grand store house. Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of the prophecies, and keep the things which are written therein. The Bible, generally speaking, is looked upon as one book. This is a mistake; it is a library, two volumes, sixty-six books. This library of sixty-six books was written by about forty persons. It was inspired of God, 2 Tim. 3:16-17; 2 Peter 1:19-21. Rejecters will be judged by the Word, John 12:48; Heb. 2:1-4.

If you have a New Testament experience of salvation you will love God's Word and will find real pleasure in obeying all of its teachings. Reader, why not walk and talk with God? He is no respecter of persons. What he has done for others, he will do for you if you are under the blood and in the center of his will.

The word, Bible, is from the Greek word, Biblia meaning, the books, and was given to us about the fifth century. Before this the Bible was known as the Scriptures. Some of the most wonderful men the world has ever known are mentioned in the Bible. Acquaint yourselves with them and God will bless you. You will find that Jesus leads them all. He often speaks of Himself, but if we do this it

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will make us so small in the eyes of God that He cannot use us. If we will stay hid behind the cross then we can hold Christ up to others.

The Bible has the distinction of being the first book printed. The King James, or Authorized Version of the Bible is today the best-selling book in the world. You will find it in almost every home in the land. It is the Bread of Life. I starved my hungry soul for twenty-eight years, but now I am feeding upon the Bible daily, and it just gets better all the time. When I was first saved, I kept looking back and at others and I kept wandering around in spiritual darkness. God's Holy Spirit spoke to me. He said, "Get your eyes off your brothers and sisters, preachers, churches and everything else and never mind what they are doing. What are you doing? are you following Me? loving Me? keeping My commandments and walking in all the light I'm letting shine on your pathway?"

Reader, I learned from experience that as long as I went direct to God from my own heart through Christ, who is sitting on the right hand to intercede for me, with an eye single to God and his glory, the light shone in and I began to get knowledge and wisdom and understanding of the true spiritual light; but the moment I took my eyes off my Saviour and began to listen to others, I cut the avenue of getting the true light, and again I found myself groping around in spiritual darkness. The Third Person of the Trinity was grieved. I told the Lord, "I'm confused, there are so many ways. Thy Word teaches there is only one way. I'm going to take the New Testament for my guide, stand on thy promises and follow Jesus." God opened the windows of Heaven and showered me with blessings. He opened up my spiritual understanding to see the New Testament Church of God, the bride of Christ.

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If the saints will follow Jesus, their sons and daughters will be saved and they can be united families to stand before the throne of grace in that great day and not one left out. In order to accomplish this we must each one be willing to be the very least in the congregation for Jesus' sake and give God's Holy Spirit a chance to do his work. Our place is to earnestly contend for the faith that was once delivered to the saints back in the morning time of this gospel day. Jude 3. If you will do this God has promised (Jer. 3:15) to place over you a real man of God and I am sure he will never point you to anything but Jesus and the Word of God.

Nicodemus was a member of the Jewish Court, and a scholar of the Old Testament, teaching the cleansing of water, which was a type of the cleansing blood of Jesus. Notice a few texts using water as a symbol—"Ho, everyone that thirsteth, come ye to the waters . . ." (Isa. 55:1). "Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation." (Isa. 12:3). "I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys: I will make the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water." (Isa. 41:18). "For my people have forsaken me the fountain of living waters . . ." (Jer. 2:13). Also Jer. 17:13.

Nicodemus understood the above texts and they are proof that water is a symbol showing the cleansing blood of the Lamb. Now, when Nicodemus came to Jesus by night, the Lord said, "Except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God." Nicodemus didn't understand, he had been taught it took the water to cleanse. And then Jesus said, "Except a man be born of the water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." The words, "Born of the water," were for the Old Testament saints. His first, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God," was for the New Testament saints. Paul spoke of the gospel as water.

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He said, "I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase." (I Cor. 3:6). If you want to get under spiritual bondage, go to the Old Testament, "Born of the water." If you want your spiritual understanding opened that you may understand the scriptures, go to the New Testament and be "born of the gospel of the truth."

Baptism is for believers. Mark 16:16. It will do no good to take a dry sinner down into the water and bring him out a wet sinner. God have mercy on people who get baptized before repentance. Baptism is only for saved people. The first thing our Saviour said was to repent. Matt. 4:17, "From that time Jesus began to preach, and to say, 'Repent: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.'" See Acts 2:38; 3:19; 10:47-48. One must be saved before he is a proper candidate for baptism. Read the tenth chapter of Acts. Cornelius was a righteous man, Acts 10:1, 2. He received the Holy Ghost, verses 44, 45, then he was baptized, verses 47, 48. Another text used by those who think it takes water baptism to save is Acts 22:16. Here Ananias said to Paul, "Arise and be baptized, and wash away thy sins, calling on the name of the Lord." Now turn to Acts 9:17, 18, and you will find that Paul was healed and received the Holy Ghost before he was told to be baptized.

The only hope we have of heaven is the blood of Jesus that cleanses. I John 1:7, "But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." Also see Rev. 1:5.

Jesus, after spending three years with His disciples, who were justified believers told them that after He was gone He would send the Comforter. Read John 14:15-18, 26; 15:26; 16:7-14; 17:20; Acts 2:17, 1:4, 8; and Luke 24:44-49. He said that he would give us power to live a Christ-like life. And not to make us powerless as some

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teach. Do not seek for a tongues demonstration or feelings as a witness of God's indwelling Spirit, for the Holy Spirit is a witness to Himself, his own witness, "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God." (Rom. 8:16). If you seek for tongues before you are saved, justified, the devil will give you a false gift of tongues by his spirit. There are many deceived souls and some of them are devil possessed. Be sure you are justified before seeking the Holy Ghost, and when you receive him keep a ready mind and a willing heart to receive any of the gifts of the Spirit that God may see fit to give you. God's Spirit will cause you to behave yourself in the house of God. Read I Cor. 12:1-13; 14:1, 40; I Tim. 3:15. Tongues is a gift and only used as a language. The Bible gift of tongues is not an unintelligible gibberish. The people who listened to the one hundred and twenty Galileans who spoke on the day of Pentecost understood what they said. Acts 2:1-7. "Now when this was noised abroad, the multitude came together, and were confounded, because that every man heard them speak in his own language."

Jesus prayed that we should all be one. John 17:1-26. God's approval is on no people who are divided, separated or contending for one God, Jesus only, and for the doctrines and commandments of men. Matt. 24:24, 25. I have met with people who say, "We have no time for the doctrines. We have 'it.' We have Bible manifestations; we speak in tongues; we fall under the power; we yell so that we can be heard five blocks away; we have the jerks when we get 'it'; we act like we are drunk." There are many other manifestations, but Jesus said, "You shall know them by their fruits." And again, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

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God has only one family, one fold, one church, which is the bride of Christ. Rev. 19:7. There is only one way of holiness. Isa. 35:8. It is an highway that leads to Heaven, no unclean things can pass over it. Read Rev. 21:27; I John 2:26-29; I Cor. 6:19, 20; 3:16-21. To enjoy this blessing you must have a second work of grace in your heart. "For this is the will of God, even your sanctification, that ye should abstain from fornication: that everyone of you should know how to possess his vessel in sanctification and honour." (I Thess. 4:3-4).

Reader, be sure you are justified, bear the fruits of a justified believer and the Lord will lead you on step by step to where the very God of peace will sanctify you wholly. (I Thess. 5:23). There are two parts to sanctification. Man's part is to consecrate his all into the hands of the Lord with a perfect will for Him to have His way with you and everything that concerns your life and to do His will. God's part is to cleanse and make holy. The one hundred and twenty in the upper room were not praying for God to send them the Holy Ghost, no, they were waiting for the promise.

The modern tongues people have a ghost all right, but it is not the Holy Ghost of the Bible. God's Spirit and his Word agree, and his Spirit is not going to lead you to believe one thing and someone else something else. There are hundreds of different kinds of spirits in the world, and the modern tongues are the worst divided of them all. God bless this message to the good of some honest souls. The only deliverance is through the precious blood of Jesus.

Chapter XIII

The Old and the New Covenants

God gave the children of Israel, the Jews, the Law just as it is recorded in the Old Testament, and said, “Ye shall not add unto the word which I command you, neither shall ye diminish ought from it, that ye may keep the commandments of the Lord your God which I command you.” (Deut. 4:2). The high priest interpreted the law, and he was nationally known as the representative of Jehovah with supreme authority, supported by a council of elders.

History leaves a gap of four hundred years between the Old and the New Testaments. Four hundred years passed after Malachi gave us the last of the Old until they began to give us the New Testament. During this time the Doctors and Lawyers sprang up and took all into their hands. And they divided God’s people into many sects; Sadducees, Pharisees, etc., a type of the professed Christian world today, and when the Redeemer came they crucified him. No wonder the Lord said, “Woe unto you also, ye lawyers.” Luke 11:46, 52.

The Old Testament was written in Hebrew, and the New Testament in Greek. The meaning of the word testament is covenant; the Old and the New, John 1: 17; Rom. 6:14. Moses was human, Christ was divine. The two covenants are different. Jer. 31:31-34; Gal. 4:21-28. First and second; old and new. Heb. 8:7, 13.

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Moses was the mediator of the old. Deut. 5:1-10. And Christ was the mediator of the new. I Tim. 2:5; Heb. 8:6, 9; 12:21-29. Where and when written—the old, Ex. 34:1, 28 the new, 2 Cor. 3:3, 6. Why the covenants were given—the old, Gal. 3:19, 23-25: the new, Heb. 10:7-10, 14, 15; 2 Cor. 3:14-18. Jesus is the mediator of the New Testament, Heb. 9:15, 24. Remember Rom. 6:14-18.

Sabbath means a day of rest. Ex. 31:15. The old, rest for the body, Ex. 35:1-2: the new, rest unto your souls, Matt. 11:28, 29; Heb. 4:1. Let no man judge you of the sabbath. Col. 2:14, 16-17; Eph. 2:11-15. Jesus came to remove the veil, 2 Cor.3:13-18. Jesus, the Son of man, is Lord of the sabbath, Luke 6:5. The Law and the Ten Commandments were given and written by Moses, twenty-five hundred years after creation. Ex. 34: 28; Deut.5:1-3. In Matt. 22:35-40, Christ said, “On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.” Read Rom. 10:1-4.

The last words of our Saviour on the cross were, “It is finished.” What was finished? The Old Testament law was fulfilled and the perfect plan of salvation was finished. Jesus came to establish the New Testament or covenant. They destroyed him for breaking the sabbath. Matt. 12:8-14. Yes, the Son of man is Lord of the sabbath. Our Saviour arose on Sunday, the Lord’s day. He met Mary Magdalene Sunday morning and sent her with the first message to men, Mark 16:9; Matt. 28:1-10. He met other women Sunday morning and two disciples on their way to Emmaus Sunday afternoon. Jesus and his disciples met together the first day of the week, Sunday, John 20:19. St. John called it the LORD’S day Rev. 1:9-10.

After Paul’s conversion the Lord sent Ananias to Paul and he said, “The God of our fathers hath chosen thee, that thou shouldest know his will.” Acts 22:12-14. What was the will of God to Paul?

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He honored the Lord's day, and Paul and his disciples met together on the first day of the week, Sunday. Acts 20:6, 7. Again Paul said, "Now concerning the collection for the saints, as I have given order to the churches of Galatia, even so do ye. Upon the first day of the week (Sunday) let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him, that there be no gatherings when I come." (I Cor. 16:1-2).

Dearly beloved saints and friends, Jesus gave us Sunday and established it as the Lord's day, in honor of his resurrection, and the outpouring of his Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost about A.D. 30, and not man or the Catholic Church as some vainly imagine. Remember, if you try to keep the law and offend in one point you are guilty of it all. James 2:10; 2 Cor. 3:6. Praise God for the sweet soul rest we are now enjoying, and for having our spiritual eyes opened so that we can see and know the truth.

Divine Government

The New Testament church of God which Jesus built is different from all other churches in the world. It was built and organized by the Son of God. Some man or group of men organized and started all the churches and movements of this world, and some man is the head of every one of them. Christ is the head of his church. He is an open door that no man can close. I told them, when speaking in the largest churches in New York City, "Tonight at the dead hour of midnight, while all your manmade churches are locked up and in darkness, the old drunkard, filthy and nasty, can crawl out of the gutter, and if he will confess and forsake his sins, and begin knocking at the only true door (Jesus), he will find it open, and God

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will speak peace to his soul.” No man has ever tried to improve on God’s simple plan of salvation, but that he has made a mess of it all.

God has laid the foundation of the New Testament church of God. Isa. 28:16-18. Paul said in I Cor. 3:11, “For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.” Read Eph. 4:4-6; 3:14, 15. God laid it all upon Christ’s shoulders and will commit the government into his hands. Isa. 9:6. Some seem to think that the Lord turned all over into the hands of men to run, but the Saviour promised his chosen few, and all who would believe on him through his word (John 17:20) that he would send us a Comforter who would guide us in all truth. John 14:16-17, 26; 15:26; 16:7-14; 17:20-23; I John 2:24-29. Oh, praise God for the truth!

I never chose God, no, he chose me (John 15:16), and he has been following and protecting me from a barefooted boy until now. God chose me and saved me right out of the mouth of hell, qualified, ordained and delivered me both soul and body and sent me with messages from his throne. I told him I couldn’t go, I had no education. He held it on me and I began to pray and to ask him for help. I opened my Bible and my eyes fell upon I Cor. 1:26-29. I said, “Yes, Lord, I am hated and despised, rejected of men. You will have to help me.” Again I opened my Bible and this time my eyes fell on I John 2:27, “But the anointing which ye have received of him abideth in you, and ye need not that any man teach you: but as the same anointing teacheth you of all things, and is truth, and is no lie, and even as it hath taught you, ye shall abide in him.” I held on to the Lord until he said unto me, as plain as he ever spoke to Moses, “You go out and open your mouth, and I will fill it.” The first message God gave me is found in Acts 3:19, “Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out.” My first chance was a Christian Endeavor meeting. They were testifying and they

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called upon me to testify. I got up and if you will excuse the expression, I swelled up and finally said, "I'm saved." The tears flowed down my cheeks. The devil said, "You've made a miserable failure," and I said, "Yes, I have." I submitted it all to the Lord. Two weeks later I met with them again. They called on me and I got up. God anointed me, and I spoke through the first part of my message, "Repent ye therefore," and they sang me down.

When the meeting was over, there was a man there, a blacksmith, known to be the wickedest man in the country, who came to me and shook my hand and said, "Hall, you've got the truth, stay with it." That encouraged me. Since then I have spoken to over twenty thousand at one time, or rather God spoke through me. I'm still praising God with all of my heart for the shed blood of Jesus, the Word of God, and his Holy Spirit that will guide us into all truth, and make us free; unless we let some board of men get in our way. It is dangerous to follow men, especially those who think they are wise. I Cor. 1:18-21. Our Saviour said that there are many, many false ways, and for us to be careful, or they will deceive the very elect. He says to everyone he saves, "You follow me. I am the way, the truth, the light."

Chapter XIV

Prophecy of Our Saviour's Coming

“Say to them that are of fearful heart, Be strong, fear not: behold, your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompense; he will come and save you. Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing: for in the wilderness shall water break out, and streams in the desert.” (Isaiah 35:4-6). “But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.” (Isa. 53:5). “But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings.” (Mal. 4:2). This prophecy is fulfilled in Matt. 4:23-25. Other healings that he did are found in Matt. 8:1-3, 5-17; Matt. 9:1-7, 18-35. “And when he called unto him twelve disciples, he gave them power over unclean spirits, to cast them out, and to heal all manner of sickness and all manner of disease.” These twelve disciples Jesus commanded to go preach, heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils, freely ye have received, freely give . . . “ye shall be brought before governors and kings for my name’s sake, for a testimony against them. Matt. 10:1, 5, 7-8, 18; 11:1-6; 12:9-13, 22, 25; 14:14, 35-36; 15:21-31; 17:14-21; 19:1-2; 20:29-34;

28:18-20; Mark 1:23-34, 39-42; 2:1-12; 3:1-5, 9-15; 16:15-18; Luke 9:1-2, 6; 10:1-3, 8-9, 17.

Paul's conversion: "The God of our fathers hath chosen thee, that thou shouldest know his will." What was the will of God to Paul? He preached just what our Saviour preached, just what the twelve disciples preached, just what the seventy preached. Acts 22:6-15; 14:7-10; 19:11-12. God places the different gifts in the congregation as it pleases him. I Cor. 12:27-28. James tells us what to do in case of sickness. James 5:14, 15; Luke 5:17; Heb. 13:8; Mal. 3:6. The greatest sin mentioned in the New Testament is the sin of unbelief, and it is the sin of man, unbelief, that has changed the simple plan of God's salvation. Isa. 29:11-14; I Cor. 1:18-21; I John 2:25-29.

God taught me many wonderful lessons while spending ten years in his great school alone with him. He opened my spiritual eyes to see and know the truth; and it is the truth that makes us free. I can truthfully say with St. Paul, "The gospel, which was preached of me is not after man. For I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ." (Gal. 1:11-12).

I was surprised the first time I read the New Testament through at its plain simple teachings, and I wondered why the professed Christian world could be in the condition it is in. I have learned from experience that there are many different reasons, but the sin of unbelief is the chief one. Our Saviour said, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Again he says, "Why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things I say?" I have learned from experience that obedience to his word will bring the blessings. It is the prayer of faith that will save

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the sick. It is the blood that cleanseth, and if God has made your body a temple of his Holy Spirit, the Spirit will guide, teach and lead you into all the truth, and if we are led by his Spirit, we will see and believe the same. I Cor. 1:10. God's Spirit and his Word agree. It will not lead me to believe one thing and you something else. The dear Lord warns us whom he has ordained for eternal life to be careful, for there are many false spirits gone out into the world to deceive the very elect.

How are we to know them? By the Word and Spirit of our God. By their fruits ye shall know them. The most of them are contending for sin. There are but two classes of people upon this earth. One is saints and the other is sinners. "He shall save his people from their sin," not in them. Jesus said to the impotent man, "Behold, thou art made whole: sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee." See John 5:5-14. Jesus said to the woman who was taken in adultery, "Neither do I condemn thee: go and sin no more." See John 8:3-11. The trouble is the blind are leading the blind. Let's be honest with our God and with our souls. What is sin? Sin is for you to do something you know to be wrong. If you do it, you have sinned; and sin will separate you from God. If you don't do it, you have not sinned. See I John 3:4-8.

After spending ten years in one of God's great schools, the Lord delivered me both soul and body, and I returned home. I told my loved ones the Lord had saved me from all my sins. My brother's wife said, "Oh, no, Bro. Will, Paul says, 'There is none righteous, no, not one.' " I said, "Sister, do you know where to find that scripture?" She said, "No, but I've heard our pastor quote it right out of the Bible." I said, "I'll find it for you. Here it is, Rom. 3:10." She said, "Now you see what it says." I said, "Sister, do you belong to that class?" She said, "I certainly do."

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I started reading, “There is none righteous, no, not one: there is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God. They are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable, there is none that doeth good, no, not one. Their throat is an open sepulchre; with their tongues they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips: whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness.

She broke in, “Oh, no, Bro. Will, I do not belong to that class.”

I said, “Let’s wait and read it all, ‘Their feet are swift to shed blood: destruction and misery are in their ways: and the way of peace have they not known: there is no fear of God before their eyes’ (Rom. 3:10-18).”

She said, “No, Bro. Will, I do not belong to that class.”

I said, “Now let’s go back to verse ten. Here you see Paul says, ‘As it is written’ Paul did not say this, he was quoting someone else. Learn to run your references. Go with me to Psa. 14:1-3, and again you will find it in Psa. 53:1-3. Paul was quoting what David said back under the law. The blood of bulls and goats would perfect no one, but the bringing of a better hope did, which is the precious blood of Jesus.”

Others use Ecc. 7:20, try to justify themselves in living in sin. This was written nine hundred and seventy years before Christ. Nothing could be made perfect under the law. But the bringing of a better hope did, the precious blood of Jesus. No law hath power over a man longer than he liveth. Paul, in the seventh chapter of Romans is giving his experience under the law. In the eighth chapter he says, “For the law of the Spirit in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death.” (Verse 2). Again Paul says, “What shall we say then? Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound? God

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forbid. How shall we, that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?" (Rom. 6:1-2). See Gal. 3:23-25; Heb. 10:9-10; James 4:7-10.

Yes, "But he that saith he liveth, and sinneth not, is a liar, and the truth is not in him." It is a sad thought to know that there are men all over the country, posing as preachers who quote that from behind the sacred desk, trying to justify themselves in the sin-you-have and sin- you-must doctrine. There is no such scripture in the Bible. Here is what they misquote, "He that saith, I know him, and keepeth not his commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him." (I John 2:4). Again they use I John 1:8, "If we say that we have no sin (sin, the old Adamic nature), we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." But verse nine reads. "If we confess our sins, (all the sins we have committed since we were big enough to know right from wrong), he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Read verses six and seven. Yes, but do we not sin in thought, word, and deed? "And whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him." (Col. 3:17). Can you commit sin in the name of the Lord Jesus? Remember, "My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not. And if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous . . ." (I John 2:1-5). "We know that whosoever is born of God sinneth not . . ." (John 5:18-20). Honest mistakes are not sin. God only requires us to walk in the light we have. Temptations are not sin. Heb. 4:15; I Peter 1:3-8; I Cor. 15:34; 2 Peter 2:9.

"Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." (Matt. 5:48). Would our Saviour give us a command that we could not do? I prayed much over this scripture. There are two perfections taught in the New Testament. God never intended for us to be perfect in knowledge; perfect like God. No, that is God's part.

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But we can be perfect in heart, perfect in love. Yes, we can have the perfect love that casteth out fear that will enable us to love our enemies.

While I was in Ohio there lived a traveling man his wife and a little girl, two and one-half years old. He would go away on Monday morning and would return on Saturday to spend Sunday with them. One Saturday he wired her that he was coming in early. The mother got her scissors and told the little tot, "Father will soon be here, and mother is going out to get him a beautiful bouquet of roses." As mother clipped the choicest roses, the little one was getting father some flowers, too. But she got some sticks in hers. The father came, and mother presented hers perfect, and the little one gave him hers. It is said that he pressed her to his heart and hers were perfect in his sight, for she had done the best she could. That is all our heavenly Father expects of us. Remember, sin is for us to do something we know is wrong. I John 3:4.

Chapter XV

The Backslider

“A just man falleth seven times, and riseth up again.” (Prov. 24:16). See Micah 7:8-9. Backsliding—turning from God. Many have nothing to slide from. All they have is that they signed a card, or shook the preacher’s hand. They yoked themselves up with a lot of unbelievers. 2 Cor. 6:14. See Rom. 14:11-12; Acts 3:19. Remember, Jer. 2:19, “Thine own wickedness shall correct thee, and thy backslidings shall reprove thee: know therefore and see that it is an evil thing and bitter, that thou hast forsaken the Lord thy God, and that my fear is not in thee, saith the Lord God of host.” Read Jer. 3:12-15, 22. Paul tells us, “For there are many unruly and vain talkers and deceivers, especially they of the circumcision (professed Christian): whose mouths must be stopped, who subvert whole houses, teaching things which they ought not, for filthy lucre’s sake . . . This witness is true. Wherefore rebuke them sharply, that they may be sound in the faith; not giving heed to Jewish fables, and commandments of men, that turn from the truth.” (Titus 1:10-14). If you can find one verse of scripture that says to join something I will go with you. No, Jesus says to everyone He saves, “You follow me, I am the way, the truth and the life: no man can come to the Father, but by me.”

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I will have to tell you of my experience with a backslider when I was superintendent of the Old People's Home at Anderson, Ind. During the Camp Meeting I was a very busy man. Thousands of people were there and God was blessing at that time. After the night service, I would find time to go around and see how many would be at the altar of prayer. The leading ministers of the U. S. and others were there, and I felt they were better qualified than I was in instructing precious souls, and all I could do was to pray. One evening they were lined up clear across the front, and up one side of the tabernacle, all ages. This evening I noticed one man who had been at the altar every night. The first few nights different ministers had tried to instruct him. The last few nights he was kneeling alone.

The morning after the last meeting the night before I went over to see about an old turkey hen and her little ones which we had in a coop about the middle of the campgrounds. People were going in every direction, getting ready to go home. I noticed this man passing by and I said, "On your way home, happy in the Lord?"

He stopped, looked at me and said, "Anything but happiness. I guess I've sinned away my day of grace."

I said, "There is something wrong. Were you once saved?"

He said, "Yes, I had a wonderful experience, and I lost it, and only the Lord knows what I have suffered." I asked, "Have you a real desire to love and serve the Lord?"

He said, "My name is John Brown. I live in the state of Kansas. I'm a farmer, and don't you think a man that would leave his wife and little children, and would come all the way to this meeting hoping he would get back to the Lord, would have a desire?"

I prayed, "Oh, Lord, help me." God anointed me with his Spirit, and I said, "Many times you have come to the Lord and confessed

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your backsliding and sins.” “Yes,” he said, “many times. I’ve been in this condition for about three years.”

The good Lord revealed to me his trouble. I said, “My friend, here is your trouble. God’s Word says that he loves the backslider, and if you will forsake and confess your sins he will forgive you. The devil tells you that you are unworthy, and have sinned away the day of grace. You are listening to and believing the devil instead of believing God. Now you are commanded to resist the devil. He’s a liar and the father of lies. Draw nigh to God and he will draw nigh to you. Don’t expect the blessing you once had, for we are promised nothing on feelings. God wants us to take it by faith, and believe him and his word, and not listen to the devil.” God’s Holy Spirit revealed the truth to him and he said, “That’s what I’ve been doing.” I said, “Let’s pray.” I offered a little prayer and rebuked the lying devil in the name of Jesus and asked God to give him victory. Reader, I wish you could have heard that man pray. He arose with his face shining and victory in his soul, and went on happy in the Lord. God has wonderfully used me in helping backsliders since that experience. Praise Him!

While in the Altapass, N.C., camp meeting last summer, on top of the Blue Ridge Mountains (the greatest I have ever attended, and I’ve made many), I got into Bro. Foster’s car to rest. A man and his wife came out and said, “Bro. Hall, we want to have a talk with you.” People were filling the altar at every service, all ages. He said, “Wife and I have decided we are going home, quit all our bad habits, and then we are going to get saved.” I said, “No, that is a trick of the devil to rob you of your souls. Don’t leave this campground until you go to the altar and give your hearts to God, and then ask him to remove the bad habits.” I spent over an hour with them. After the message that night the man made for the altar. His wife followed

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and knelt about four persons below him. I felt impressed to go down and I stood by him until the altar was full. I knelt by his side and told him to give his heart to God. He knelt there sullen, and it looked like he couldn't pray. I asked him if he was ever saved and he said he had had a wonderful experience but had lost it. God helped me to tell him his mistake, that he was believing the devil instead of God. He caught it and I wish you could have heard him pray. He arose, his face shining, and took me in his arms. We then sat down on the front seat. Some dear saints were trying to help his wife. I asked him if his wife had been saved, and he said, "Yes, she had had a wonderful experience." I worked my way in to where she was. There two or three dear saints were trying to help her. She too was kneeling, bound, as it were. I said, "Sister, you once had a wonderful experience, and now you've lost it." She said, "Yes." I said, "Here is your trouble, God still loves the backslider and he says that if you will confess your sins and forsake them, he will forgive you. The devil is telling you that you know you are unworthy, and God doesn't forgive you, and you are believing the devil instead of God. Resist the devil and he will flee, draw nigh to God and he will draw nigh to you." God's Holy Spirit revealed to her the truth and she began to pray. God spoke peace to her soul, and soon she was on her feet with her face shining. She walked into the arms of Sis. Faith Stewart, and turned from her to her husband and they embraced one another. They paid me a visit the next day and went home, the devil defeated, and happy in the Lord. If we could get to heaven by doing good and being good, our Saviour ought never to have come to this world and poured out his heart's blood on the cross to save us. No, we have but one hope of heaven and that's the precious blood of Jesus. Praise him! Praise him!

God has promised us little ones that an unction from the Holy One would guide us, and not we guide him. He wants to teach, lead

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and guide us into the deep things of God. He has promised to make us pillars in the house of God. Oh, let us be still and listen for that still small voice, saying, "This is the way, my child, walk in it." If we will only be obedient to the Third Person in the Trinity, God's Holy Spirit will choose his trustees and holy brethren, filled with the Holy Ghost to look after the temporal things, and we whom he has intrusted with gifts will give ourselves continually to prayer and to the ministry of the Word. There are three that bear witness or record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one. The Gentiles glorified the Word, as many as were ordained to eternal life. Brethren, if we get ahead of the Lord, and have a desire to run God's business, then his approval is not on us and we cannot believe from the heart.

This is not another movement. All movements are run by men. Christ is the head of his church. We are living in the Holy Ghost dispensation. The reason our world is in the condition it is today is because men are wanting to dictate to our pulpit committee, and grieve the Third Person in the Trinity away. God help us to honor God, the Father, Christ, the Son, and the Holy Spirit as our pulpit committee. If you want to be and do something great in this life, just back up behind the cross and ask God from an honest heart (God looketh on the heart) that signs and wonders may follow your preaching. It was the miracles and the healing in the morning time of the gospel that brought the people together, and that is what is needed in our day and time. Acts 4:29-31.

Jesus has been nineteen hundred years preparing mansions for his little ones. Are you one of his? "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come

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again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.” (John 14:1-3). If we miss heaven we miss everything.

When we pass out of this life we can take nothing with us. The only place to lay up treasures is in heaven. God loves a cheerful giver. The Word says, “It is more blessed to give than to receive.” If we could only get our spiritual eyes opened to see what God is preparing for those who love and serve him, we would all gladly forsake this old sinful world and the so-called pleasures of this life, and we would try to rush into the kingdom of God. I’ve got a glimpse of it through the eye of faith. It is wonderful! The Lord has promised that if we will give as he has prospered us he will open the windows of heaven and will shower us with blessings. I am speaking from experience. It is the privilege of every child of God to live so close to Him that He may and will impress you when and where He wants you to give, and even how much. Do you want to know where to give, to lay up treasures in heaven? Remember the words of our Saviour, “And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come.” (Matt. 24:14). The gold and the silver, and the cattle on a thousand hills are His. The Third Person in the Trinity, God’s Holy Spirit, wants us to finance His work. If you have made gifts and pledges and you want to dictate as to who should use them, withdraw them, for God’s approval is not on them.

