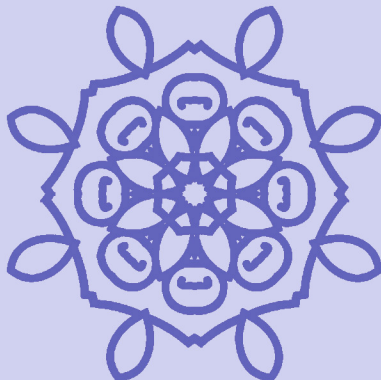




LIFE SKETCHES OF
Mother Sarah Smith



“A Mother in Israel”



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I am still praising God for Bible salvation. I believe God will be glorified by my giving to the public some of my experiences. For many years I have been telling it, but God has done so much for me that I have always failed to tell it all, nor do I now expect to write all of it, but by the leading of the Spirit of God I shall give what he desires me to write.

I was born in Summit Co., Ohio, Sept. 20, 1822. My maiden name was Sarah Sauer. I was reared a strictly moral girl and was taken into the Lutheran denomination when fourteen years of age, but knew nothing about the forgiveness of sins, having never heard a sermon preached on justification until after my conversion. My education was limited. Until twelve years of age I had never gone to school. After that time I attended a German school for about four weeks, where I learned to read a little. Sometime later I went a few days to an English school, the whole, perhaps, not amounting to three months.

I never went to but one show, and never danced in my life, and never used profane language. There was a disposition in me to be good, but I did not know how; so with all my good desires and morality I was a sinner, and when God convicted me of my sinful condition I felt as if I was the chief of sinners. It was in a wonderful and mysterious way that God convicted me of my sins.

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He permitted a great windstorm to sweep through the country. It was one Friday night in the year 1842. As the storm raged I did not know but that I would be killed, and felt that, should my life be destroyed, hell would be my doom. In the midst of that raging storm I cried to God for mercy. Upon my fingers were a few rings, and I stripped them off and opened the stove door to throw them into the fire. But the devil said, "Don't throw them into the fire." He knew that if I did so it would be the last of them, and he could not persuade me to wear them again. I just want to say that the devil made a failure; for when I took them off, they were never to go on again. So he made a fool of himself in his first effort in my case. Praise God for victory!

On Saturday, after God convicted me on that Friday night, I received a message that a brother of mine was at the point of death. The Lord convicted him of his sins; so we sent for a minister and an uncle of mine that was converted, and they prayed and labored with him all afternoon on Monday, but he did not receive anything. And, oh, how I wished them to pray for me! but they did not. The prayer of my heart was that I must be saved. I felt that I could not wait for a meeting. In the evening the neighbors gathered in until the house was full, that they might see my brother die. He was so low that he could not speak above a whisper, but he was praying in his heart. Suddenly he opened his eyes, leaped from his bed praising God, and went leaping and shouting through the house, preaching and telling sinners to get saved or hell would be their doom. When he came to me, he threw his arms around my neck and said, "Sarah, you must repent or be lost!" I fell upon my knees and called unto the Lord for mercy, asking him to save me from my sins. When the awful burden of sins was taken from my heart and God spoke peace to my soul, I sprang to my feet, seeming as light as a feather. Oh, how God did fill my soul with joy and glory

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and such sweet peace that I walked the floor praising God! One man said he just happened to look at the clock when I fell upon my knees. He said it was fifteen minutes till nine, and while the clock was striking nine, I sprang to my feet a new woman. Oh, hallelujah!

I feel that same sweet burning spirit in my soul just now, and cannot refrain from praising God for his wonderful love and mercy and his goodness that he has shown to me all my lifetime. The man who watched the clock said he asked a neighbor going home that night what he thought about such a work. He replied, "I think and think and I do not know what to think." And the man that watched the clock said he would watch the fifteen-minute religion, and if it would hold out he would be convinced that there must be something in it. He used to say in his testimony that he had been watching that fifteen-minute religion for years and that it had been growing brighter all the time. Praise God! I received such an experience in my justification that the devil never undertook to make me doubt for a single moment. I received the witness that I was God's child, although the devil tried in many ways to discourage me by persecution and turning friends against me, by saying all manner of evil against me falsely for Christ's sake. He was just foolish enough to fail to know that he was driving me nearer to God by turning some of my nearest friends against me. When the Lord saved me from my sins, he did so much for me that I would have laid down my life for Christ's sake before I would have gone back into sin again.

My name was soon cast out of the Lutheran sect, for they would not have any one but the preacher that prayed. He did the praying and the members had to do the paying. Then the Evangelical preacher took my name without me knowing it. We

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were taught by these blind preachers that we must have a home in some church, as they thought. We did not know that we were already in the one church where Christ is the door, as we read in St. John 10:9, 10: “I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out and find pasture. The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill.” 1 Cor. 12:18 says, “But now hath God set the members every one of them in the body, as it hath pleased him.” Oh, the awful blindness and deception that are in sectarianism! Well, they took me in to give me a home, as they thought, but a poor home it was. If I had not taken the Bible I would have died spiritually.

Soon after being saved from my sins I found another element in my heart that gave me much trouble. For seventeen years I did not hear a sermon on sanctification— did not know that my heart was carnal; but I found a spirit that was warring against the Spirit of God that was bearing witness to my spirit that I was his child. I was naturally timid and very bashful, and that was not taken out of my heart when God saved me from my sins; yet the Lord put a determination in me to go through all the opposition and all the persecution the devil could bring against me. Never for a single moment did I have a desire to go back into sin, but was always wanting something I had not received when I was saved from my sins.

For seventeen years did I hunger and thirst to be filled. Matt 5:6 says, “Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.” As time passed, my persecutions at home became greater, so that I was forbidden to go to prayer meeting or to pray in secret. I was locked out of the house for going to meeting. About that time I was asked if I was ready to promise that I would never go to meeting again, but the

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Lord did help me wonderfully. I said I would promise, but that the one to whom I made the promise would have to stand for me in the day of judgment and answer for me if I was lost. In these trials and threatenings I never gave up praying in secret. Praise God, I always find a secret place to pray.

I can truthfully say that in the sect I found no help in the way of salvation; for when I needed help I had to go to God in secret prayer and he would always fulfill his precious promise. He has promised that he will never leave nor forsake those that put their trust in him. The preachers could not tell me what my soul was longing for. Paul says in Rom. 10:14, 15, "How shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent?" If God did call a man to preach the gospel they thought he would have to join some sect and conference, and then he would be sent by man before God sent him; and if God did fill a man with the power and the Holy Ghost, the preachers would work him over.

A great many years ago I knew a young man who was happily converted and felt a call of God to preach. He had only a common education, therefore he felt that his entire dependence and help must come from God. He went to God in secret prayer till he was sanctified and filled with the Holy Ghost, and he preached one year, having wonderful power with God and with man. The M. E. Conference stopped him from preaching, and he was sent to college to get an education. When he came from college he was void of salvation and has been a formal M. E. preacher for many years. To find a home in a sect is just like moving out of a beautiful mansion into a little old log house where you cannot keep from freezing or starving. An M. E. minister once said to me that if I would join their church he would give me a circuit and license to preach; but I said, no, I was free to go where God would send me.

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They never got their yoke upon me but what I would break out and go to work in every meeting. Where God was working and souls were being saved, there was my work. Praise God, they never got a sect or party spirit in me. God kept me free.

The denominations were always a mystery to me. I could not see why the people of God should be so divided. I saw in Eph. 4:4-6 where he says, "There is one body, and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all." I never could see three modes of water baptism. My parents had a little water sprinkled on me by a Lutheran preacher when I was a little babe; but when God saved me from my sins and I would read the Bible, I soon found from the light of the gospel that that was not the way John baptized. I met with opposition when I wanted to be immersed. I saw feet-washing was commanded, so I asked one of the preachers why they did not obey that command of feet-washing. He just made light of it by saying, "If your feet are dirty, wash them." Oh, the blindness and darkness there is in the sects! Truly the prophet Isaiah in the forty-seventh chapter foresaw this when he said there should not be a coal to warm at nor fire to sit before. There never was a sectarian preacher that could preach the whole Bible, and there never will be.

I said in a revival meeting that I never expected to see an M. E. nor a U. B. nor an Evangelical in heaven. All these names will be left outside of heaven; so you see how mysteriously God was leading me. I was walking in the light as he would let it shine on my pathway. I also asked one of our preachers where they had Bible for sprinkling water upon little children and calling it baptism. He said that infant baptism was instituted in place of

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circumcision. I told him that Christ was our example and he fulfilled all the law. The circumcision now is the circumcision of the heart. You see, I never received help in the denomination. My salvation came alone from the Lord, and I give him all the praise and glory, for of myself I am nothing. Some may think this is boasting of myself. No, no; I am just showing what the Lord will do for us if we take the whole Word. Praise his holy name!

In these seventeen years I was hungering and thirsting for the fulness there is in Christ, but did not know how to obtain it. I would read the Word of God, but my spiritual eyes were not opened to see and understand. I never heard a sermon on sanctification as a second work of grace until I enjoyed the Spirit of perfect love. I read the Word of God in 1 John 4:18, "There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear." I was very timid and fearful. I sought for perfect love for several years, and had an altar of prayer in the woods where I would seek for perfect love; and the more I was determined to have it, the worse I felt. But I was living up to all the light I had and also had the witness of the Spirit that I was living a Christian.

The devil became alarmed. He knew that perfect love would destroy his work. For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil. In August, 1859, as I was one day going to my place of prayer, the devil said, "You must quit seeking for perfect love or you will lose what you have." I stopped to see where it came from; so I said, How can this be, while I am all the time seeking for more? Then he commenced reasoning like this: "You will never be free from the fear of man." He also said, "You have never seen that person who has perfect love." That was very true. In the seventeen years I had not seen one that had the experience of perfect love, or sanctification, but I

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said, The Bible says so, and I must have it. Praise God, by seeking and persevering in faith and prayer, I received it. Oh, hallelujah for the victory I received!

Before receiving it I had reached such a state or condition that I thought I could not live. The Lord was leading me in his own way. It was in August of the same year that one day as I was going to my place of prayer I never felt so solemn. Had I followed all my friends to the grave, I could not have felt any more solemn. It seemed that the sun was shining dim, that the trees were sad, and that the grass under me was mourning. As I walked through the woods to my place of prayer, I said, Lord, I am going to the woods for the last time; I must feel better or I will stay until I die. I did not know what death it would be. And when I came to my place of prayer I sat down and looked up through the tree tops and said, O Lord, what more can I do than I have already done? Then the Lord consecrated me by his Spirit, by asking me to give up all for Christ, that is, my life, friends, and children. I could say yes to everything until God said, "Are you willing to work for me?" Then the devil saw his last chance and said, "If you promise to work for God you will have to leave home, and your husband will not let you go." It was then the death-struggle commenced. There I was, as it were, between heaven and hell, or life and death. Oh, hallelujah! when the death-struggle was over and the body of sin was crucified and destroyed, then followed the glorious resurrection and I was filled with power and the Holy Ghost, and such boldness. All that man-fearing spirit was taken away, and my heart was overflowing with perfect love that was so unspeakable and full of glory. Oh, hallelujah, for what God has done for poor unworthy me! I feel that same burning love in my inmost soul. As I am writing, tears of joy are flowing. Oh, I must praise God!

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Well, the devil was so completely defeated that he never undertook to make me doubt my salvation for a moment. I enjoyed this wonderful experience four years before I heard a sermon on sanctification. Everybody that knew me before I received this great blessing knew how fearful I was, and then when I came out with such boldness, everybody, preachers and all that knew me before, were astonished and wondered how I came into such a blessed experience. I could not tell them any more than I was seeking for perfect love, and that has made me free from the fear of all men and devils. When I would give my testimony at camp meetings, people would come to me and desire a private talk with me. One man said to me, "When we hear you talk we just feel as if we never had any religion;" and another man said to me, "Your testimony is like lightning and thunder." He said it would strike in every corner. Well, I said it was not I, it was God speaking through me.

In August, four years after I received the experience of perfect love, I came to a camp meeting and there was one preacher who was sanctified. He was the first I met who had the same experience I had. He preached a sermon on sanctification as a second work of grace, and oh, the light I received in that sermon! In the four years of my experience in perfect love I never could tell it as a second work of grace till I received light on it, and I did not have much opposition. But when I testified of it as a second work of grace then the devil was stirred in many people. But a good many received the experience of sanctification, and many professed it when they did not have it. God was leading me in a wonderful and mysterious way, and I walked in the light as he would let it shine in my soul through the Holy Word. When he saved me, he saved me from habits, such as: conforming to the world, tea, coffee, and idle words, for which I give him the praise and glory.

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Denominationalism always was a mystery to me, as I have said before. When I was saved from my sins I was born into the church, which is Christ, the head of the body, the door. God took me in and I was satisfied. But the sect preachers were not so. One of the Evangelical preachers took my name on his class-book without me knowing it. My spiritual eyes were not opened. I could not see the one church on account of sects. Preachers would say we must have a home in some church, so the converts would be persuaded to join here, and some there. And soon the unity of the Spirit was broken, and some preachers were jealous insomuch that they would not have their members work in any church but theirs. That was a mystery to me. I never felt like that. I never could see why there should be such a difference between Christians. One of the preachers from the same denomination that had stolen my name, said to me when I was helping in an M. E. meeting, "Sister Smith, you must not be so liberal as to help the M. E.'s and U. B.'s, you must work at home."

I can say that I never had any prejudice or party spirit; God was leading me. He wonderfully used me in revival meetings. The M. E. and U. B. and Evangelical preachers preached so near alike that it did not make any difference where I labored. God showed me little by little that the sects were not the church. Finally holiness people joined themselves together in a holiness association and would take members in from the different denominations. I thought that would bring God's holy people together in one body, so I joined that; but it was not long till God showed me that it was not according to his Word to have our names in a sect. My Bible said, "Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers." 2 Cor. 6:14. Well, there we were yoked up with those who did not believe in holiness. Then God began to show me the ungodliness of these secret-society preachers. The M. E. sect

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opened their door wide enough to let in the Free Masons and Odd Fellows by the wholesale. It was not long until the Evangelicals opened their door. I heard one of their preachers say that if we do not take them in they will all join the M. E.'s, and we will lose members. The U. B.'s stood out against this ungodly evil the longest of these three denominations, but they came to the same conclusion as the others and opened their door, and then it was not long until about nine out of ten of their preachers belonged to the secret society; and they have been sending more souls to hell than have ever been saved by their preaching. If ever Bishop Foster spoke the truth he did so when he said that it would only be told in the day of judgment, of the millions of souls that the M. E. church had sent to hell. Oh, what an awful confession, and still stay in that Godforsaken sect!

One time after having testified that all shore lines were cut and I was out in the ocean of God's love where the water was pure and the atmosphere was clear, and that I had no fear of death, one man arose and said he would like to see a man step up with a loaded gun to see if I would not shrink. I told him to try me. I said my consecration went to the burning stake or chopping block. When God sanctified me, he took all the shrink and all the fear of death and hell, men and devils out of me. I received the boldness of a lion and the meekness of a lamb. Praise God forever for a Bible experience whereby we can stand against all gainsayers and all the powers of darkness! Oh, hallelujah!

The devil always made a failure in my case. One time I had a fever sore on my leg, and for fifteen weeks could not walk. One Sunday as I was lying upon my bed all alone in meditation over my condition, the devil began reasoning with me like this, "You had better give up praying, for you have lost the use of your leg,

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and can never walk again.” This seemed very reasonable, and I commenced weeping and said, “O Lord, help me in my condition.” The Lord seemed to say, “Be of good cheer; it shall be well with you.” Oh, praise God, the devil was defeated again and I proved him to be the father of lies.

The holiness association which I had joined was banded together in bands. There were about thirty-five members at Jerry City who professed sanctification, and I was put in as leader. I would search the Scriptures and ask God for help. When I would read where Christ said, “I am the door, by me if any man enter in he shall be saved,” and “God added to the church such as were being saved,” I began to see the clear light on denominationalism; but the mist of Babylon was not all cleared away. I could not see clearly, but God was leading mysteriously. One brother had one of Brother Warner’s first papers sent to me with the first article on “The One Church,” and he asked me after I had read it what I thought of it. I said I would not dare to say a word against it, for that was just what I was looking for. I made this more emphatic; I said I was at home among God’s people. I did not care what they called themselves. I did not expect to meet a United Brethren or a Methodist or an Evangelical in heaven. I said all these names would be outside of heaven. So you see how God was leading me little by little, and step by step. Oh, the blessed light!

God was showing me the evils of sectarianism, and more by reading his word. I read in Isaiah 55:2, “Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not?” God by His Spirit and Word showed me that I could not pay his money to support these ungodly Free Mason and Odd Fellow preachers. I would read in 2 Cor. 6:17, 18, “Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and

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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.” Also, “Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers.” Here I was yoked up with saints and sinners. My name was in a sect, in a holiness association, and on the class book in the holiness band with rules how I should conduct the meetings. Praise God, I had no use for that; so that book went into the flames and we let God lead, and truly he was with us in wonderful power; and by His Holy Spirit and His blessed Word, He finally brought us out of the sects and out of the holiness association and out of the band. Oh, hallelujah!

We had our meeting four times a week and God was leading us. I saw a light and I would tell the people that there was a light coming; what it was I could not tell, but I knew it was God and if we would reject it we would go into darkness. I saw in Ezekiel 34 where the shepherds would feed themselves and would not feed the flock, and in Jer. 51:6, “Flee out of the midst of Babylon.” I was always ready to accept what was Bible. In January, 1882, in Bro. Wm. Miller’s house, near Jerry City, Ohio, we had a meeting never to be forgotten, which lasted until three o’clock in the morning. Truly God was in our midst in wonderful power. Revelation 19, Jeremiah 51, and Ezekiel 34 were read in that meeting, which brought me to a place where I was like Moses when he came to the Red Sea. That morning before I closed the meeting, I said I could lead them no further; but the Lord said, Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord. Praise God! We did not have to wait long.

In two weeks after that wonderful meeting the Lord sent Brother Warner to Jerry City to teach us and show us what the eighteenth chapter of Revelation was, which he did by the Spirit and by the Word of God. He proved what Babylon was, and how

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God's people had been kept until the time came when he called his people out of Babylon. He proved what he said by the Word. Some of our people said, "Beware of that man Warner, for he is a dangerous man," and that "he is a come-outer," etc. But I told them that he preached the Bible. Brother Kilpatric was also sent of the Lord to aid in backing up the truth. He showed the one body, the church, and proved by the Word how wrong it was to be yoked up with these creeds. There I was yet yoked up with a sect and in the holiness association. The meeting commenced on Monday night, and on Thursday night as I stepped inside of the meetinghouse the Spirit of God said, Will you do it? I said, What, Lord? And it was repeated, and I said again, What, Lord? After I sat down the same was repeated again. I said, Yes, Lord, anything thou wilt have me do, not knowing what the Lord had for me. Just as soon as the sermon was finished the Lord had me on my feet and in front of the pulpit, and I raised both hands and said, "It has come, it has come, will we walk in the light?" I said, "As many as are willing to declare their freedom in Christ Jesus make it manifest by rising to your feet." Twenty arose. Praise God, for that meeting will not be forgotten in this world or the world to come. Souls were sealed in that meeting. And the words of the prophet Joel (2:6) were fulfilled where he said, "All faces shall gather blackness." Truly many faces turned black in that meeting. One woman, who was there, said not long ago that Mother Smith would have to give an account in the day of judgment for breaking up that holiness band. Well, if that band had been founded on the rock where Christ said the gates of hell should not prevail against it, it would not have been broken up.

After I had declared my freedom from all the bands and straps of Babylon, the Lord began to show me that I must break up housekeeping and go into the gospel work. I had quite a struggle before I could give up to go. The Lord had to warn me in visions

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and dreams, and the call came so strong that I could not rest day or night until I would consent to go. God showed me in broad daylight in a vision, a fanning mill. While I was in secret prayer I saw this with my spiritual eyes and God by his Spirit said, You must be one of the fanners which Jeremiah speaks of in Jer. 51:1, 2: "I will raise up against Babylon, and against them that dwell in the midst of them that rise up against me, a destroying wind; and will send unto Babylon fanners that shall fan her;" and in Isa. 41:15, "I will make thee a new sharp threshing instrument, having teeth." Well, that sight that I saw and what God showed me made an impression upon my mind that will never be forgotten. When the wheat was fanned and examined there was but a small portion of pure wheat, but oh! when the other end of the mill was examined there was an immense heap of wheat with the chaff and straw, but it was too light for the gospel. It went out with the straw and chaff, and there could not a sound grain be found in all that large heap of wheat. Some was black, some mildewed, some was shriveled, some cut in pieces. Oh, what an awful picture of Babylon! She is thrashed and fanned until there is scarcely any more wheat in her, especially where the fanners have gone through her.

The next vision was a large building with steps on the outside of it in front of a door. The building and the ground were white and I was robed in white, with a glass goblet in my hand, and in that was two colors of liquid, the one was the color of blood and the other of fire, and I was to go up these steps. I started and when I was half way up the steps slipped to one side of the door, but when I stepped on the top step the whole stairway came loose from the building and it started to fall back. I gave an awful scream, then some men placed the steps to the front of the door. God then showed me if I did not obey the call I would lose my salvation.

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The battle then commenced. There was another meeting at Brother Miller's house, which will always be remembered. I laid on the floor on my face under an awful burden, weeping and talking with the Lord. I said I was too old, as my age was sixty-one, and I had no education; but the Lord told me what to do. I said, who will take care of my husband? He said the children and He would care for him. Well, there I was between life and death and light and darkness. The Lord had already opened the way to bring my oldest son and family to live with us. After I had the victory, I said, Lord, thy will be done and no longer mine. Praise God forevermore for an obedient heart! That evening I went home and told my folks what I would do, and in ten days I was on my way, cut loose from house and home, not knowing whether I would ever see my home again. When my husband took me to the station he asked when I would come back. I said I did not know, I was going like Abraham when he sacrificed Isaac.

After God showed me the vision of that building and those steps getting loose and falling back, it gave me trouble. I seemed to see something in it, and I told a sister, who tried to console and tell me that she did not see anything bad about it. But I said it meant something. This was before I had the victory of consenting to break up housekeeping. I had told my husband that I felt more and more that the Lord had a work for me to do different from what I had been doing. It bore on my mind so much that my folks took notice, and they wanted me to go on a visit, thinking that it would wear off; but there was no wearing off. God had laid his hand on me. My husband saw that I was in trouble, so he said to me that we would have to make a sale and sell everything so I could go. I said I could never do that, not thinking that I would have to do like Jonah when he tried to get away from God by hiding in a ship. I cannot tell how wonderfully God has been leading me all along

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life's journey; and how I could see the hand of God in opening the way. After I had, as I said laid on my face in Brother Miller's house, weeping and talking with the Lord, he showed me what to do. So when I came home I was afraid to speak to my husband about it for fear he would say aught against it, although I had told the Lord he would have to open the way so no man could gainsay. It cannot be told how mysteriously he did open the way. He showed me very plainly to make sale and sell everything but the place and let my son farm it.

Now I am just speaking of this to show how wonderfully God will lead if we are given up to do his will. So in the evening after my son and his wife had gone to their room I went in and unburdened my heart by saying, "Dan, I am done cooking for farming," and then I could say no more for weeping for a few minutes; so my son said, "Well, Mother, if you have any other work to do besides cooking the sooner you get at it the better it will be." Then I told him what the Lord showed me and what to do. He was willing; so I said nothing to husband until at the breakfast table. I said to him, "I am done cooking for farming." He ate his breakfast and walked out, and came in and asked, "How soon will you have to leave?" I said in ten days or two weeks. So he said, "I will get you some money." Oh, praise God for his wonderful works! Well, in ten days everything was arranged and put in order, and I bid adieu to house and home and went on my way for God and the salvation of souls. God had not yet made it clear to me what line of work he would have me to do. I was to go to Beaverdam, Ind., to an assembly of the saints, and from there the Lord would send me forth in the name of Jesus. I went trusting my all in Him.

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The Lord made choice of Brother D. S. Warner to preach against denominationalism and the people and sectarian preachers soon bitterly turned against this way insomuch that but few would attend his meetings. The Lord moved upon a company of singers to sing the beautiful songs and then the people would come to hear the singing.

In 1884 the Lord sent forth the first evangelistic company in this reformation. He chose me as a mother in Israel in the company. I was old enough to be the mother of the oldest one in the company. There were five of us in all; viz., D. S. Warner, Barney E. Warren, Frankie Miller, Nannie Kigar, and myself. This company traveled together a little over four years with perfect harmony. We were all of one heart and one mind and saw eye to eye. They were dearer to me than my own relatives. Even to this day there is an attachment that can never be broken. Oh, the many precious seasons we enjoyed together in the Lord were unspeakable and full of glory. Praise God for his wonderful love!

We met with much opposition. The devil did everything possible to overthrow the work as he did in the days of Nehemiah. "When Sanballat heard that we builded the wall, he was wroth, and took great indignation, and mocked the Jews. And he spake before his brethren and the army of Samaria, and said, What do these feeble Jews? will they fortify themselves? will they sacrifice? will they make an end in a day? will they revive the stones out of the heaps of the rubbish which are burned? Now, Tobiah the Ammonite was by him, and he said, Even that which they build, if a fox go up, he shall even break down their stone wall." Neh. 4:1-3.

Praise God, the work has been going on for twenty-two years and a fox has not broken the wall yet. The Lord has fought every battle. We traveled over and visited different parts of ten states and

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Canada, and held many meetings. In every place we preached the whole truth, justification, Rom. 5:1, 2; sanctification, John 17:19; John 14:15-17; Rom. 12:2; 1 Thess. 4:3, "For this is the will of God, even your sanctification." We preached it because it was the will of God. We also taught the one church and the divine healing of the body, and saw many precious souls saved and brought into this blessed light. During our travels we saw some wonderful cases of healing of the sick by the power of God; devils cast out; blind eyes opened, and rain sent and withheld in answer to prayer. God protected through mobs, in storms, and gave us complete victory over wicked men and devils, and in answer to prayer he supplied all our needs. We never in all our travels took up a collection. Through our labors God established his church in many localities in Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, and Canada. Brother Warner was marvelously helped by the power of God in preaching the gospel. He was very frail in body, but being filled with the power of God the Lord always stood by him in delivering the Word. He would often preach from two to three hours at a time while the people listened with great interest. He preached from two to four times during the day and night, working at the altar with those who were seeking help, and also gave much instruction outside of meetings, prayed for the sick, wrote for publication, etc. He was a holy man and his life was without spot and blame. I am a living witness today for Christ. In 1881 the Lord delivered me from the appetite of drinking tea and coffee, and I have not taken a drop of medicine since 1878. The Lord has saved me, and healed me at different times, and now he keeps this body well and free from pain. To him be all the praise and glory.

It would no doubt be of interest for me to tell of the manifestation of the power of God in healing the sick. At one time

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when I was preparing to travel on the train to see a granddaughter who was lying at the point of death, I fell and received a severe injury, almost breaking my back. My son who was nearby helped me into the house and placed me in a chair where I was almost as helpless as a child. I called mightily upon the Lord for help. Finally my son took me to the station, but I was in great pain. He and the conductor helped me on the train, and I was taken to the home of my son-in-law where the sick one was lying at the point of death. Oh, what pain I suffered for three days! I could neither get up, lie down, nor walk without help. People would come and go to see her die, and would find me in such a helpless condition they would urge me to do something. I told them I was waiting on the Lord. On the third day between five and six o'clock they helped me to a chair, and I was telling of God's wonderful power of healing the sick, and God touched my body with a cooling sensation. It seemed to pass through my back and take away all the pain and the burning fever. I sprang out of the chair walking and praising God. Oh, hallelujah!

My mind now wanders back many years ago to a time when God wonderfully answered prayer. It was when my name was still in Babylon. It is a striking testimony of a dying woman. I must first tell how she rejected the Spirit of God. This was when God was saving souls, and the people were living up to all the light they had in sects. The M. E. denomination had a revival meeting in February about the year 1869, and I felt that this woman must give her heart to God. Knowing that she was convicted of her sins, I would invite her to come to Christ, and she refused throughout that meeting. In March the Evangelicals commenced services in the same neighborhood, and she came to the meeting and was the same as before, under conviction, but would not yield. I felt that she must come to Jesus, so I would invite her to come to Christ night

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after night until the last night of the meeting. I went to her again and said, "What will you do? this meeting will close tonight and your soul is not saved; God only knows this may be the last invitation you may ever have, for God says his Spirit shall not always strive with man." She refused to give her heart to God, claiming her husband was in the way. With her head upon my shoulder she wept until my garments were wet with tears, and she refused for the last time.

Now comes her awful testimony while on her death bed. It is enough to chill the blood in the veins of every one. O my God! what a place of torment hell must be! O sinners, let me warn you in the name of Jesus, never reject the Spirit of God when it is knocking at the door of your heart. This poor woman took sick in August, just about five months after she refused to give her heart to God. Her sickness lasted only a few days. I went to see her on Thursday, she was lively, not thinking of any seriousness in her case at that time. Ah, the dreadful time came. On Saturday evening a neighbor came to my house and said, you must go to see this sick woman; and while I was getting ready to go he said she was fighting devils. Oh, the horror I met when I reached her bedside! She grasped my arm and screamed in horror, "O Mrs. Smith, do hold me, the devils are dragging me down to hell." She was in such agony and torment that she left the prints of her fingers on my arm where she held me. I told her to look to Jesus, for he was merciful, and also gave her words from the Scriptures and pointed her to the thief on the cross. Oh, she said, that was not for her. Then I asked her if I should pray for her. She said, "You may pray, but it will do no good." I knelt by her bedside, and my prayer did not seem to go above my lips; truly the heavens seemed like brass. Then she said to me, "Oh, if I had only given my heart to God when you wanted me to do so, but now it is too late. That last night of the meeting

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the Spirit of God left me, and it never came back, and now I must die, and hell is my doom.” Oh, the awful, horrible agony which she was passing through is indescribable! The screams and shrieks that came from her lips were almost unendurable. Fighting the devils, she would say, “Don’t you smell the brimstone? don’t you see the flames of hell?” Thus she continued all night. In the morning she lay quiet for a time. We thought she was dead, but she opened her eyes with an awful shriek, and called for her husband. I said, “Do you want to see him?” She said, “Yes.” So I brought him to her bedside. She looked at him and said, “I am lost, and you are to blame”; and in that awful condition she went into an endless eternity. O sinner, just think what an awful place hell must be in its reality, if only a foretaste is so terrible. Millions of poor souls are taking the same course until it is forever too late.

I once asked a woman to come back to God. She was then, and is today, in a backslidden state. She said she could not keep saved, but remarked, “I know the way, and I can get saved just before I die.” Many expect to receive a penny in the eleventh hour. Matt. 20:6, 7. Here we have a parable of a man who went out early in the morning to hire laborers in his vineyard. Why did he do so? Because he wanted them to put in a whole day’s work. He invited some at the eleventh hour because they had not been hired before. Now God invites sinners to come unto him at all hours, and if they heed and obey they receive a penny; but there is a time coming when God’s Spirit will not strive with man. Those who will receive a penny at the eleventh hour are only such as have never been invited, and who will yet make use of their privilege. They said, “No man hired us.” Oh, I do praise God that I obeyed the first call.

While writing these experiences I am asking God every morning to inspire my soul and bring to my mind just such things

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as would be for his glory and the good of precious souls, for I, myself, am nothing. What I am God has made me, so all glory belongs to him.

As a warning to some I will relate a circumstance which happened a number of years ago, and show the result of a terrible expression a doctor made while standing by the bedside of a dying man. The man was unconscious for five days. The doctor asked me if I noticed whether he showed any signs of realizing anything. I told him I did not. He said that it was too bad that a man had to live and not know anything. Then he said he wanted to know everything when he came to die, but said he expected to live a thousand years. I reproved him for this saying, and said, "Doctor, don't you believe in a hereafter?" He said, "No; when I come to die I will stick my soul on a fence stake and let God Almighty and the devil have a race for it." Oh! the poor man did not think that his thousand years would come to an end in one year. Just one year later, in the same month, while driving along the road, his horse became frightened and jumped over a picket fence and left him hanging on the pickets. He lived three days, during which time he was conscious, and died cursing God. Truly, God is not mocked.

After I came out free and clear for God, sectarian preachers became stirred and began persecuting this way. One preacher said, "What a pity that Sister Smith left the church; she has lost her usefulness." This poor man could not see the true church as I did. He has even lost that which he seemed to have. The president of the Holiness Association had some light on the one church, and made an expression something like this: he said he expected to see the day when God's holy people would all be gathered out of Babylon and would all see eye to eye. But when the light came in its fullness it was with him as with some spoken of by the prophet

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Joel. His face gathered blackness, and his heart as full of bitterness against light. He said it was of the devil, and he would stick to the old carcass, and if they kicked him out he would join again, having reference to the United Brethren sect, of which he was a member. He lost salvation and also his mind became deranged, and he had to be sent to the asylum. Oh, what an awful thing for a man to sell his birthright for a sect! "And for this cause, God shall send them strong delusion that they should believe a lie." 2 Thess. 2:11.

It is a sad truth today that the sectarian preachers are not preaching the whole truth, even to the light which they have had. Why is it? It is because they rejected the true light. Now this brings to my mind a vision which God showed me about the year 1869. One evening during the time of a revival meeting, I seemed to be carried off to a beautiful city. I was permitted to see the beautiful robes of righteousness that were prepared for some people that had a good experience in justification. But I was taught that the time was coming when greater light would come and they would reject it. They had laid me on a bench, and when I came to realize my situation the meeting was dismissed and the people had gathered around me. I arose with tears streaming down my face, and oh, how I admonished them, until nearly everyone was shedding tears. I have seen that come true the second time. Next year God sent a man to the same place to preach sanctification as a second work of grace. Some began fighting holiness as a second work of grace, and they lost what they had, and when this truth was preached at Jerry City, this came true when many faces "gathered blackness." I was asked how I would let my light shine if I never went back into sectism. I said I would let it shine by staying away. I remember of hearing a Methodist preacher praying for God to scatter this work, having reference to this reformation, and that it might be scattered to the four winds of the earth. I said that was the best prayer he

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ever offered. And truly since then it has spread throughout the earth, but probably not in the way in which he meant it should scatter.

In the year 1876 I as helping in an M. E. meeting in Kansas, Seneca Co., Ohio. We were annoyed more or less every night by a saloon which was close to the church. One evening I asked the Lord in public prayer to lay the whole thing in ashes. I just asked and believed and that very same night the entire building was burned to ashes in answer to prayer. In 1879, in Jerry City, Wood Co., Ohio, I was again engaged in meeting, and there was trouble again with a saloon-keeper. He was to close his saloon at six o'clock in the evening, but he was determined not to obey. He said he would break up the meeting, which he did in less than two weeks by inviting from fifteen to twenty-five young men into his saloon and giving them strong drink until they were devilish enough to do anything. They would get on their knees and have a mock prayer meeting, and also a mock testimony, and then he would bring his gang into the church every night filled with the spirits of devils; and that influence would kill the spirit of the meeting, just like water would kill a fire. On Friday evening of the second week of the meeting, the preacher asked me what he should do about the meeting. He said just as long as that saloon-keeper comes with his gang we can do nothing. My reply was, Let the Lord lead. He closed the meeting, and just before we knelt down to pray, here came the saloon-keeper with his gang rushing into the house. The preacher called upon me to pray. Well, I had been praying for God to save him if he could be saved, so I just named him out in my prayer and said, "Lord, here is a saloon-keeper who is not satisfied to go to hell alone; he is bound to take all these young men to hell with him. O Lord, if he can be saved, save him now; and if he will not be saved, remove him in thine own time

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and way.” This was on Friday, and on Monday, about four o’clock in the afternoon, he died in a delirium fit. This caused great excitement, especially among those young men. Four weeks later we had another meeting in the same church, and sinners would come to the altar, until sixty-five claimed justification. All glory is given to God.

All this was in answer to prayer. Some may say this is boasting; it is boasting in the Lord only. It is glorifying to God, for we asked him in faith. Let us see John 14:13, 14: “And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do.” John 15:7 says, “If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you.” We could give many more Scriptures to prove that God wants his children to even ask largely for such things as we need. He says in James 5:16, “The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.” So it is the prayer of faith that brings the answer. We have seen many wonderful and marvelous things done in answer to prayer: devils cast out and hundreds of sick people healed by the power of God. Rain was sent and stopped in answer to prayer.

When we were coming from Denver, Colo., we were overtaken in a terrible storm during the night and our train collided with a freight train. The engine was wrecked and had to be repaired, so we were left four hours on the track in the storm, not knowing what minute we might be blown off the track, but our trust was in God. During the afternoon, just before this storm, Bro. E. E. Byrum, who was then at Grand Junction, Mich., was writing a letter to Brother Warner. Suddenly he became very much burdened insomuch that he was unable to write anything more or continue his work. Not knowing the cause of the burden he went to his room, and there alone began earnestly praying to the Lord to

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reveal the cause of the trouble. While there upon his knees the Lord by his Spirit made known unto him that Brother Warner and his company were either at that time or soon would be in great danger. Not knowing the nature of the trouble, Brother Byrum asked the Lord to take care of him and overrule everything to God's glory, and protect them from all harm and danger. The Lord gave him such assurance that the prayer was heard and answered that he went to his desk and finished the letter, telling Brother Warner what had happened since the letter was begun. As soon as his letter arrived, Brother Warner wrote him saying, "Just after you were so burdened for us and our safety, we were traveling in the midst of a big wind storm. The coaches of our train were swaying to and fro like a load of hay, and our lives were in peril. Our train collided with a freight train ahead of us, injuring the engine to our train, but none of us was hurt. God had burdened you, while a thousand miles away, for our safety."

Oh, how true are the words where God says, "I will let no evil come near thy dwelling; I will care for them that put their trust in me." Our trust was in God through storms, mobs, and in the midst of wicked men, devils, and sectarian preachers.

When we were at St. James, Mo., the first time, we met some people who were influenced by some supernatural power, known as the jerks. They would hop about on one foot, twist their bodies into almost every conceivable shape and fall over in an unseemly manner. They also claimed to have those among them that possessed the apostolic gift of tongues and the interpretation of tongues. We all, with Brother Warner, took a stand against the spirit by which they were actuated, and ascribed their manifestations to the spirit of the devil, and forbid the devil in the name of the Lord to proceed any further with his work. Their

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manifestations soon came to naught. Nearly everyone was delivered from that influence that had caused them to act so strangely. This defeat of the devil caused him to stir up the baser sort against us, and before the meeting closed a mob came upon the camp ground at a late hour in the night and demanded that all the saints take their departure immediately, which orders under circumstances had to be obeyed. The mob was under the influence of intoxicating liquor and led by a preacher. Never before did I hear such swearing. The ministers were sought for by the mob, but by the aid of the brethren and the great hand of God over us, we all escaped without harm. The next day the people came together at the home of a brother a few miles away and more souls were saved after they left the camp than before.

At Grover, Ind., we had a meeting in a school house, and there the devil became greatly stirred because his works were exposed that were carried on in denominations. So a mob sent us a shower of eggs, but God's great hand was over us that none of us were hit, praise God. When they found that none of us were hit they were going to give us a shower of stones. They asked a young man to join with them. He told them that if they undertook such a thing he would join them with stones, and stated that he would kill the first one he saw throw a stone. They, knowing that he meant what he said, did not carry out their intention. We praised God for protecting us again. The devil is a coward.

At Rising Sun, Ohio, we were again molested by a mob. The Scripture was fulfilled at this place as mentioned in the seventeenth chapter of Acts, fifth and sixth verses. Oct. 14, 1886, at the home of Bro. Roush, we were again molested without harm. I could speak of many more, but let this suffice. Praise God, this was all done against us for preaching the whole gospel; justification,

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sanctification as a second work of grace, divine healing of the body, the casting out of devils, the one body, the church, with Christ the door, and that God was adding to the church such as were being saved and living free from sin. Such preaching would stir the sectarian people. One day in one of our meetings in Father Wickersham's building, near Pittsburg, Ind., after the sermon was delivered on the subject of a sinless life, one man arose and said, "I thank God I am a Methodist class-leader, and I sin more or less every day." In the evening before he went to bed he would ask God to forgive his sins. He said that no man could live without sin. One of the preachers said it would be a blessing for that man to die in his sleep, for that was the only time he was not committing sin. At any other time when he could do something he was sinning more or less; so he must be of the devil. 1 John 3:8. "He that committeth sin is of the devil." We also preached and proved by the Word of God what Babylon was, and that she was fallen, and had become the cage of devils. Rev. 18:2. We proved by our lives that we lived what we preached by living spotless and entirely free from this world.

When God sanctified me he took all the shrink and fear of men and devils out of me. And when he called me out into the company to travel, he put me on the blood and fire line. Isa. 41:15, 16. "Thou shalt thresh the mountains, and beat them small, and shalt make the hills as chaff. Thou shalt fan them, and the wind shall carry them away." Oh, may all God's ministers be fearless of men and devils in preaching the whole Bible, so that none will come up in the day of judgment with only a part of the Bible. If we love God above everything, we love to do his will and keep his commandments. "And I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire; and them that had gotten the victory over the beast, and over his image, and over his mark, and over the number of his name,

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stand on the sea of glass, having the harps of God.” Rev. 15:2. The sea of glass represents the glorious experience of a sanctified life. Praise God! The life of a wholly sanctified person is just as smooth as glass. There is not a ruffle, a wave, a doubt, nor a fear, but the fear of God; no shrinking or giving away to temptation. Oh, praise God! The lightnings, thunders, and the voice of God heard are the flashing testimonies of God’s children, sanctified ones. Their voices sound in the ears of formal professors like thunder. We know of this from a blessed experience. We went to an M. E. meeting close where we were holding a meeting and heard them telling their death-bed, grave-yard, whining testimonies, which were so dead and disgusting that the preacher sat with his face covered in his hands. It seemed to me, as little religion as he had, he was disgusted with their testimonies, for he himself had no salvation. It was laughable when we testified to see them turn in their seats to see and hear where the voice came from. We were in the back part of the congregation, and it seemed to scare them when they heard the sound of a voice. Oh, praise God for voices in testimony, that are full of fire and power. The eyes that the Revelator speaks of represent light. When we are full of eyes then have we light. A house that has its windows open has light and has no darkness, so is a heart that is cleansed from all sin, and from all unrighteousness. Such a house has no darkness, for God dwells in a pure heart and in Him is no darkness. Praise God for a clear and glorious gospel which has driven away all the dark and cloudy days! Christ gives us the boldness of a lion and the meekness of a lamb. As he is so are we in this world.

Now we have another glorious picture in which the flying eagle represents a true Christian. Flying means speed and great haste, and that is how God’s ministers are flying through this world, having an everlasting gospel to preach to a dying world.

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The eagle also teaches another beautiful picture, whereby we may learn a glorious lesson. We are told that when he sees a storm coming he sails above the clouds where he is in the sunlight, and it does not matter how black the clouds are beneath him. He is in the sunlight while he stays above the clouds—so can a wholly sanctified soul, who is dead indeed to sin and alive unto Christ. A soul that has this glorious Bible experience does, by the grace of God, stay above the black clouds of persecutions and everything that is of this world. We are living in the sunlight of God continually, and where God is, there is no darkness. Now the eagle represents light and speed to travel and keep above the storms, for the clouds come up very quickly sometimes, just like temptations upon the soul. If we do not watch we will be overtaken. He is obliged to sail very fast to keep above them, and so must the Christian travel to keep above the storms and persecutions of this world. Speed means to run; and to run, we must be stripped for the race. The apostle in Heb. 12:1, says, “Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us.” God knoweth a proud heart, but he giveth grace to the humble. “Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold.” 1 Peter 3:3. God’s people are a peculiar people; and they go neat and clean, they do not conform to this world, have no desire to go to fairs, church frolics, shows, dances, secret orders, and such like. They have no fellowship with worldly things. 1 John 2:15. “Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.” We live in the world, but we are not of the world. We cannot mix oil and water; neither can a Christian mingle with the world.

I am praising God for the one church, which has escaped free and clear from the dark age of sect-Babylon. “Babylon the great is

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fallen, is fallen, and is become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and the cage of every unclean and hateful bird.” Rev. 18:2.

Now this brings to my mind a vision that God gave me a few years ago, and I believe he wants me to write it, for it comes in my experience. It seemed that I was brought to a mixed multitude in Babylon with their many names of blasphemy. “And I saw a woman sit upon a scarlet colored beast, full of names of blasphemy,” and she is also the mother of harlots. Rev. 17:3, 5. In my vision I was walking and picking up some keys that were all along the way, first a small one and then a large one. They had all turned black, and I wondered what that would represent. The Spirit revealed to me that that represented the holiness people who stayed in the denominations, those that rejected light. When I got to the end of the line, I wondered what this should mean. I was directed to go back the same way and God would show me the awfulness of the mixed multitude of people, and, oh, such a mess of rotten, molded fruit, vegetables of all kinds, all mixed together in a large heap! Some were dried and black, others decayed, and some covered with mold. It was the most offensive heap of stuff I ever looked upon, but just on top of that filthy pile lay a beautiful ripe pear. I could not see any blemish upon it. I thought I could save it, and went around where I could reach it, taking great care that my clothes should not touch the pile of filth. I reached over and took the pear, but as I picked it up, lo, it burst in my hands, and was also rotten within.

Oh, what an awful truth this brings to our mind! Only spirits of like character remain together. Babylon represents a fair exterior, but you may be assured that they are also spoiled if they are at home there. God showed me by his Spirit, the pear

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represented the professed holiness people in the sects, especially sect-holiness teachers. I was then brought back to a great multitude of mixed classes of people; there I saw two roads leading off to my left. One was a great broad road, very pleasing for the eye to look upon. And I saw the mixed multitude of sinners and professors of all kinds, start out on this broad road. Then I saw another road not as broad as the first, but leading in the same direction, which also had a great many things on it that were pleasing to the eyes of the people. On this second way were the professed holiness people who were not yet out of confusion. What a sight! They had holiness enough to take another road, that was leading alongside of a broad road, which must necessarily lead to the same place. This vision needs no explanation; it explains itself. It leaves sectarianism and formal Babylon in a bad condition, and they are left without a coal by which to warm.

Now comes the glory and beauty of my vision, a beautiful plain, narrow path with here and there a traveler with his lamp trimmed and burning. This narrow path was leading to the right way, away from the two broad roads going down to destruction. I went upon the narrow way and came to a fence. The rails were black just like the keys I found. The Lord showed me those black keys were a representation of an experience of the people of denominational holiness after they rejected the greater light, and the fence represents the fenced cities of Babylon and the narrow way was comparatively light and not free from shade. Until I leaped over the black sectarian wall the light was not clear nor dark. The prophet Zechariah in the fourteenth chapter and sixth verse says, "And it shall come to pass in that day, that the light shall not be clear nor dark: . . . that at evening time it shall be light." Oh, hallelujah! When I got beyond the black fence I could see clear to the celestial city of God. Oh, the light was clear as

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crystal and the glory of God shone all the way. Let all take warning and flee from Babylon.

During the time of the war the Lord also delivered me out of an awful trial. In the year 1861, three of my sons went to war. The next to the oldest was captured by the rebels and sent to that dreadful Libby prison, where he died. Only God and the mothers that passed through the same experience know what I passed through during this time. Truly God did not say in vain when he said, "All things work together for good to them that love God." Shortly after the imprisonment of my son, he wrote me a few lines and said, "Mother, do not send anything for me while I am here, for I cannot get a letter from anyone." Oh, the sleepless nights that I spent are untold! I lost my appetite, and these things weighed so heavily upon me that my mind became weakened. Then the devil took advantage, thinking he could destroy my mind, and for three days I could not pray. I would go in secret, but I could not offer a prayer until the third day just at the setting of the sun. I went out and laid down upon the ground and cried, O Lord, deliver me or I perish! The Lord did deliver me and gave me victory. It just seemed as if all heaven had come down to guide my troubled soul. Well, the devil was again defeated.

At one time the Lord broke up a dance in answer to prayer, and also a party of men who went to play cards in the same woods where my altar of prayer was located. One of the parties said, "We cannot play," and all left the woods.

Once when in Canada, we held meeting in a large brick building, which had ventilators in the floor. The mice would come up through these ventilators and cause a sensation and disturb the meeting. We just asked God to destroy the mice, and they bothered us no more.

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“I’ve seen the lightning flashing,
And heard the thunders roll;
I’ve felt sin’s breakers dashing,
Trying to conquer my soul;
I heard the voice of my Savior
Telling me still to press on;
He promised never to leave me,
Never to leave me alone.

“The world’s fierce winds are blowing,
Temptations sharp and keen;
I feel a peace in knowing
My Savior stands between;
He stands to shield me from danger
When earthly friends are gone;
He promised never to leave me,
Never to leave me alone.

“When in affliction’s valley,
I’m treading the road of care,
My Savior helps me to carry
My burdens when heavy to bear;
My feet, entangled with briars,
Ready to cast me down,
My Savior whispers his promise,
‘I never will leave thee alone.’ ”

Many people who reject the truth must soon after suffer the terrible consequences. Be careful how you are dealing with God’s work; take warning, the trump of God is binding souls for heaven or hell. It will be an awful thing to fall into the hands of a just God without Bible salvation.

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In Rev. 17:4, 5, the Word of God speaks of a woman, “And upon her forehead was a name written, MYSTERY BABYLON THE GREAT, THE MOTHER OF HARLOTS AND ABOMINATIONS OF THE EARTH.” Sectarian divisions are an abomination in the sight of the Lord. He desires his children to be of one name and of one heart and of the same mind. He is the Father of all his children and desires them to be called by his name. In Paul’s epistle to the Colossian saints (1:7) we read that Christ is the head of the body, the church; who is the beginning, the firstborn from the dead; that in all things he might have the preeminence. He never intended for his true children to have any step-fathers. Now we see Ephesians 4:4-6. “There is one body, and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all.” “Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named.” Ephesians 3:15. Truly God had a foreknowledge of what Babylon would be. He says, I will avenge them speedily, nevertheless, when the Son of man cometh shall he find faith on the earth? Oh, what an awful condition this world will be in when Christ comes! So many kinds of beliefs without living and saving faith of the Lord Jesus Christ. People have their names on some class-book on earth. Some will say, where will he find faith? It will be only among those who have their names written in the Lamb’s Book of Life, which is kept in heaven.

There is another experience which I believe the Lord wants me to mention. At one time I was so sick that I could not be moved for twelve days. At the close of this time I was dying, the doctor and everyone else thought. Everyone present said I could not live. I was growing cold just like a person when dying. I had made all arrangements to die and told them what to do, kissed the children

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good-bye and admonished them all to meet me in heaven, telling them not to weep for me. I was conscious of everything that was being said and done. As the scene of death began to close in on me, my entire body became cold. The doctor was watching me very closely. I heard my father ask the doctor if he had done all he could. He said, "I have given her the last remedy; there is no medicine that will do her any good." He said, "She is cold all over." My pulse ceased beating and I quit breathing. They folded my arms and closed my eyes. Now comes the beauty and glory that I was permitted to behold while I was lying cold in death, as everyone who saw me supposed. Jesus and a host of angels came to meet me, and oh, the glory and dazzling of the brilliant light of glory, and the beautiful song and music I heard can never be told! While I was beholding this heavenly vision, all at once I heard a voice say, "She cannot pass over now." Then my eyes opened, and I sang so loud and clear that those women who had gone to make preparation to lay me out, heard me and came rushing into the room. Some of the people became convicted, insomuch that one gave her heart to God the next night at home, and the Lord instantly raised me up.

"In the rifted rock I'm resting,
Safely sheltered I abide;
There no foes nor storms molest me
While within the cleft I hide.

"Now I'm resting, sweetly resting,
In the cleft once made for me;
Jesus, blessed Rock of Ages,
I will hide myself in thee.

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“In the rifted Rock I’ll hide me,
Till the storms of life are past;
All secure in this blest refuge,
Heeding not the fiercest blast.”

As I continue writing my experience this beautiful day in December, 1901, the Lord keeps me sweetly saved and preserved, soul and body. In him I trust my all. He is my perfect salvation, and keeps me in perfect health. I have no aches or pains of any kind. Truly God has made me a wonder unto many. Now this testimony may be read by many who have never heard me testify. It may encourage some to know how God did lead and keep me so many years from falling, just by trusting in him alone, through so many years of dark age of sectarian confusion. I was saved from my sins in March, 1842, and sanctified in August, 1859. God called me out to travel with a company of workers in this blessed light in 1884, and today still finds me in this way, happy in the Lord. Praise God forever!

One Easter morning in the year 1892 we had a terrible fire in the oil field. It was fearful indeed. It seemed for a while as if the whole country would be burned over. There had been no rain for several weeks, and it was very windy and everything dry. One man who had been pumping oil, set some waste oil on fire and the wind carried the blaze into the woods, and then it rapidly spread just like fire does in a dry season. On it came until it reached our farm, and there was some timber and also an oil well and a number of tanks with several hundred barrels of oil, and the ground around these tanks covered with oil. The fire soon reached the oil on the ground and blazed up into the tree tops. The wind was blowing a fearful gale and carried sparks across a ten-acre field and set the woods on fire across the road. My son and wife were watching the buildings

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and put the fire out at different times about the straw stack. I made the remark that I did not care about seeing another such fire until I could sail above it. The smoke was so thick and black that when it would go down we would have to close our eyes and hold our breath until the wind would rise again. The men who were pumping oil on the farm worked around those oil tanks until they were surrounded with fire, and seeing that it was impossible to put out the fire or protect the oil tanks, they came back and said they could do no more. I was standing looking on, and saw that the tanks must go, for the blaze was all around them. When those men said they could do no more, then I said in my heart, Man's extremity is God's opportunity, and I rebuked the fire in the name of Jesus. In a few minutes the fire went down around those oil tanks. One man said to the others, "Do you see that fire go down around those tanks?" and they marveled and said they never saw the like before. It was not long until another gale of wind came and carried the fire in another direction. Then I said, "Now, Lord, this fire cannot be put out without rain; now, Lord, send rain," and I started to the house just across the ten-acre field, and before I arrived it commenced to thunder, and the clouds began to come from the west. My dinner was waiting for me. I sat down to eat my dinner, and before I finished it the rain was pouring down and the fires were put out.

Have faith in God, and give him all the glory. Praise his name forever! His ear is not heavy that he cannot hear, and his power is not limited, that he cannot help. "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and today, and forever." "All things are possible to them that believe." And he says, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do. If ye shall ask anything in my name I will do it." John 14:13-15.

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Now I will give my present experience. I have sweeping victory in my soul over the world, the flesh, and the devil. Hallelujah! My soul is flooded with wave after wave of glory from the glory world. Praise God forever and forever! I have spent the past summer mostly in the gospel work, and saw many precious souls saved and many sick healed. I attended several camp meetings. After visiting my daughter at Ithaca, Mich., and taking a rest for several weeks, I returned to my home in Ohio. When I arrived home a neighbor woman was lying at the point of death, and was wishing and waiting for me to come and visit her, as she desired to see me before she died. After she was laid away I spent one week at home, and then went to the Burkett, Ind., camp meeting, where there was so much altar work and so many came for healing that I had but little time to rest day or night. At the close of this meeting, after resting a few days, I attended camp meeting at Payne, Ohio, and meetings in other places. In all these meetings the power of God was wonderfully manifested in salvation work. Sinners were converted, believers wholly sanctified, and the sick were wonderfully healed by the power of God. The Word of God was sent forth in the power of the Holy Spirit, and wave after wave of glory filled the hearts of God's people, so much so that the holy fire of his love was kindled to a flame of glory, till the camp was filled with the shouts and praises of God. Hallelujah! I feel the same love burning in my soul as I am writing, with tears of joy flowing. Oh, how can I give honor due unto him, who has done and is still doing so much for me! It will take eternity to praise him. God's will be done, whether I live a long time or go home soon, I am ready at any call.

Soon I shall go to my home, never to come to see you anymore, and then shall preach my last sermon. When you take your last look at me and lay me away, remember your mother's

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tears and prayers, and follow me as I followed Christ. Remember, there are but two ways spoken of in the Bible, one is the narrow way, the way of holiness which leads to heaven; the other is the broad road that leads to eternal destruction. Which one will you choose?

“Life on earth is but a vapor,
Soon we’ll lay these bodies down;
But if we continue faithful
We shall wear the victor’s crown.
Brighter than the stars of heaven,
Brighter than the dazzling sun,
We shall shine among the ransomed,
When our work on earth is done.

“We shall not abide forever
In this gloomy vale of tears;
For our life shall at the longest
Only last a few short years.
Then we’ll fly away to glory,
At our Father’s own right hand,
Help to sing redemption’s story
With the blood-washed angel band.”

“I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me in that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.” 2 Tim. 4:7, 8.

[Mother Smith departed this life on Sunday evening, March 1, 1908, in her eighty-sixth year. Her last words were, “Lord Jesus, take me quickly.” Thus this “mother in Israel,” so faithful to her

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high calling during a long earthly pilgrimage, has gone to her reward.—First Publisher.]

