

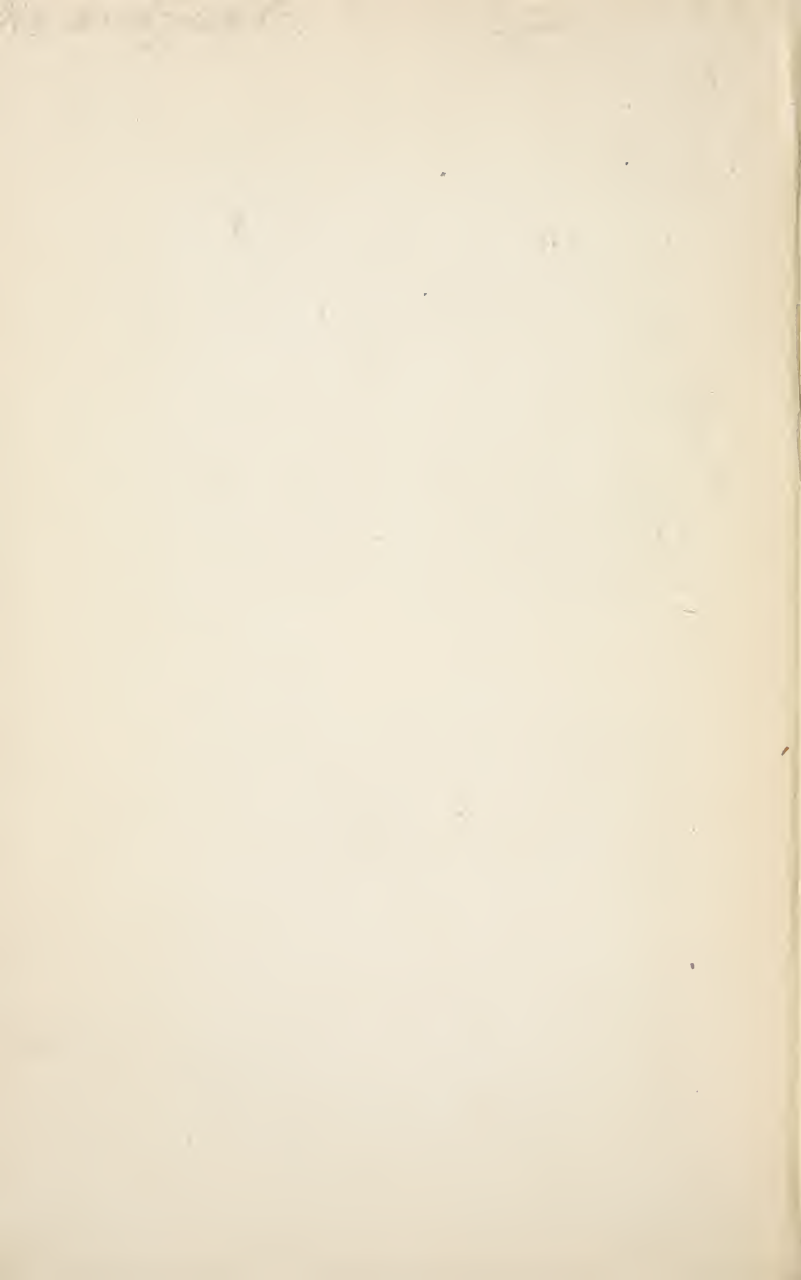
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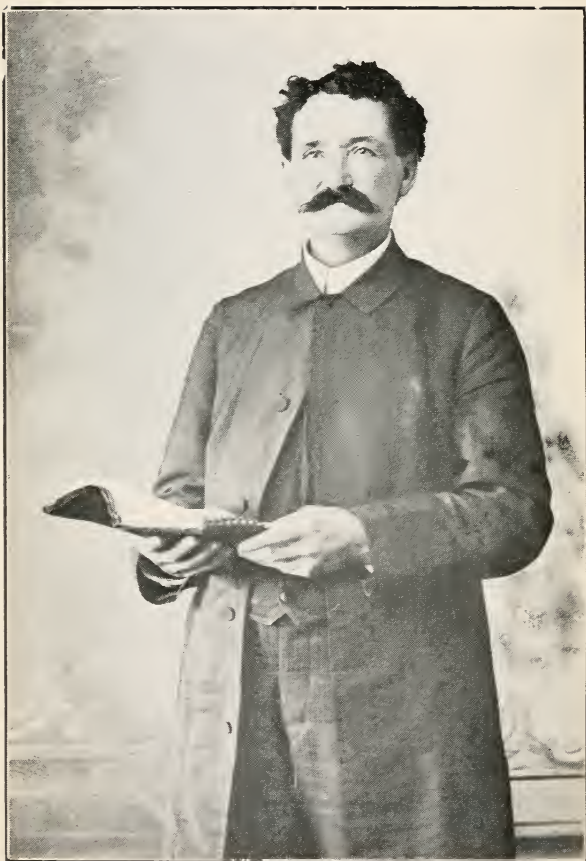
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In His Own Words

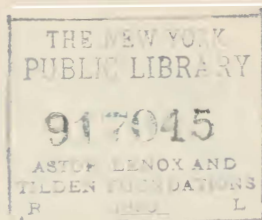


Autobiography of Willis M. Brown

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INTRODUCTORY.

I will herein try to give a sketch of my life. While I realize there are some portions that will be too dark to put before the public, I will try to tell what, I trust, will help to turn many from the ways of the world and from the power of Satan unto our God. I have asked God for power and wisdom to enable me to give my life to the public in a way that will be an honor to him and may be instrumental in the salvation of souls.

There will, no doubt, be some things in this sketch that many will criticise, and say, "I would have kept that to myself;" but if you are one of those critics, my dear reader, just remember it is not for you, but for that other person to whom it may prove a help; then let your mind review the past, and see if you can think of any one whom it hits.

I know my mistakes and wrongs have been many, yet I realize that I am not the only man that ever made them. There are very few who have salvation enough to be willing to confess them to the public.

Possibly this book will mention some individuals in a way that will make them feel offended toward me; but I will say here that in telling of any of my

rusty deeds, I will shun all as much as I can, and have respect to the men and women that were implicated in any of them, and will refrain generally from giving their full names.

While I was misled by many that were older than myself and was caused to do many a mean deed and thereby to be greatly abused when a little orphan boy having no mother, and father would believe any thing any one would tell on me; and while many told falsehoods and I was punished for it, I will say to you that are yet living, The stripes have faded away, the gashes have healed up on my back, and God has healed the wounds in my heart, and I can say, God bless and forgive you. I know some of you are living yet, or were a short time ago, and I have met some of you since I have been preaching. It was not asked for, but I will say from the depths of my heart, *I forgive all.*

December, 1904.

WILLIS M. BROWN.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD DAYS.

"Childhood and youth are vanity." Eccl. 11: 10.

Birth, Ancestry and Relatives—A Narrow Escape— Severe Discipline—First Trousers—Prayer Not Answered—God's Supervision—Playing at Deer Hunting—Shot with an Arrow—Father does Not Spare the Rod—Brother George's Abuse—Sugar Stealing—Playhouse Upset—Working in the Field—George in a Fight—Pressed into Lying—Plenty of Widows.

I was born two and one half miles north of Cave in Rock, Hardin Co., Ill., on Sept. 29, 1856. My father, Anderson Brown, had moved from Virginia, and was one of the first settlers in southern Illinois. My mother died when I was eighteen months old, and I came under the care of my aunt, who had moved to my father's house after the death of my mother. My grandparents on my mother's side were from Belfast, Ireland Their name was Radcliffe. My grandparents on my father's side were from Scotland. My aunt who came to keep house for my widowed father had been left with three little children, the youngest, Sue B. Radcliffe (now Sue B. Bonard, of Rockcreek, Hardin Co., Ill.), being just nine months older than

myself. The oldest one of the three died in 1878, and the other, Sarah Jane, is still living in Alexander Co., Ill. At this writing my aunt is still alive, in her seventy-second year, and lives with Mrs. Bonard. She has read the first edition of this book, and without solicitation bears testimony to its truth.

Aunt was not my mother, but she did the best she could for me under the circumstances. She was the nearest mother I ever knew. God bless my old aunt! I love her still. Once by her presence of mind and good judgment she saved the lives of the household from death by burning. It was as by a miracle that God delivered them. The children had carried a lot of sugar-tree limbs for kindling and laid them in a corner of the old log cabin, which was ceiled overhead with four-foot boards riven out with a frow. The cracks of the cabin were daubed with mud, and boards were nailed over them. A single-barreled shotgun was just over the kindling, and a little trunk sat near by. In some way the kindling caught fire, and soon the boards on the wall were blazing. The flames ran up around the gun, burning the stock in two at the breech. The gun fell and fired, thus waking my aunt, whose eyes met the sad sight of her mother in bed asleep, partially paralyzed, unable to help herself, and five sleeping children, all in the log cabin, and it on fire, with no one to do anything but herself. She looked at the trunk, saw it was on fire, and knowing that there was a powder-horn inside with a quarter of a pound of powder in it, ran and snatched the horn

out from among the burning books and papers, and threw it into a bucket of water. Then she began to get grandmother and the children out. She put all to carrying water that were able, and she fought fire (surely in the name of Jesus), and won the victory. When the fire was out and the powder-horn examined, the wooden plug in the end of the horn was found burned almost to a coal, and it fell out when handled. Surely it was one of the mercies of God that the firing of the gun had not been delayed one minute longer, for the powder in the horn would have exploded and the whole family perhaps have waked up in eternity.

My father was not much of a man to pet his children, but was severe in his discipline. He was a moral man, but never made any profession of salvation. He was a strict Freemason. I never heard him use profane language, and never saw him drunk. It was my father's rule that if while he was absent my aunt had to whip me, he too would whip me when he returned, excepting when the sympathy of my aunt would be gained and she would insist that she had whipped me enough already.

My aunt was a Baptist and had seasons of rejoicing, but at other times you would not have taken her to be a professor, and would have had to look on the "church-book" for evidence. Yet in that day she was judged to be a good Christian woman. It requires more than a profession of pure religion in order to possess grace to keep sweet under all circumstances. Trials and tests help to show us where we really are

in grace, and it is a cause for great thankfulness that we can in this world find out the true state of our souls, and by faith in God and full submission to him obtain grace whereby we may serve him acceptably—even “walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God.”

We must pass over many of the trials and amusements and exploits of my early childhood and hasten on as rapidly as possible. But a description of my first trousers would no doubt be interesting to some. The waist and all were made in one piece and buttoned up in the back. They were made of home-made jeans, and colored with white walnut-bark. Little boys did not dress in those days as they do now, and the hair of a motherless boy was often not cut off until badly tangled and well filled with what should not be there.

I would sometimes hear people speak of my mother and tell what a good woman she was. My half-sister Mary would put her arms around her mother's baby boy, and give me the idea that if my mother had lived I would have had a better time. Such thoughts combined with the severe treatment that I received made me greatly desire to see my mother. Once after receiving what I felt was cruel treatment, I went into the woods under a bluff, just at dark, and kneeling down, I asked God to send my mother to me so that I could tell her how I had been whipped. I stayed there until quite dark waiting for the answer, al-

though I had previously been very fearful in the dark. However, I had seen my aunt on her knees, and my older cousin had explained to me that she was praying to God, and that God would give her what she asked for. So I thought I would try it, and not receiving the expected answer, I lost confidence in prayer. How necessary it is that the young mind should be carefully instructed in the truth of revealed religion. God permitted no deceptive vision of mother to come to me. He knew what was best, and although all unknown, he was nearer to me in my distress than even mother could have been.

In my boyhood days there were a great many deer in that country, and the Wilson brothers would come over from Kentucky and camp and make deer drives. Some would take the hounds and drive, and others would stand with guns where the deer would pass, and shoot them as the hounds would run them through. My brother being two years older than myself, knew more about deer-hunting than I did. We had by this time got another pup and had trained him to take our track and hunt us up. Brother proposed to me that we go out in the orchard in the weeds where the stock had made paths through and have a deer hunt. He had made a crossbow out of a piece of a plank cut into the shape of a gun, and it would shoot an arrow with great force. So he had me to be the deer and he stood on the crossing. When I started he put the pup on my track, and I ran through the weeds awhile, and then ran through the crossing where my brother was

stationed, anxious to try his crossbow. As I galloped through he pulled the trigger, and down came the game. It was not a deer, but a boy. The arrow struck me in the temple, where it remained. I screamed; my brother ran up and pulled the arrow out, and the blood flowed freely. It scared me nearly to death. He made me several promises, trying to get me to hush, but it looked too much like a dead boy for me to hush. He would raise me to my feet, and I would fall and scream the louder. The alarm reached the house. Sister Mary had just come. She knew I was in trouble. She came running, but my brother was off in the weeds. She saw the blood and the hole in my head; but she did not know how deep it was, and I didn't have sense enough to tell her what had happened, and my brother was not there to tell. I was carried to the house, and my wound was dressed. I gave the state of affairs; my brother was convicted by the family, and a sentence was passed on him, which was worse than ten days in the workshop. It was to tell father. He knew what would follow. I knew I had to keep shy of him, or he would make me tell father a lie when he came, or give me another round. So I was kept in. Father came and the case was laid before him. My brother was called and there was no further trial. His clothes were taken off and the penalty enforced, which covered his back with stripes and gashes. He did not whip the clothes, he whipped the boy.

In the course of two or three days I got off my

guard. My head had got much better, and I had cried over brother's whipping as much as he had, for I didn't want him whipped for anything he might do to me. He had my sympathy and got me to go out to the barn with him. We were having a good time talking. I had forgotten the past, but he had not. As we stood under the shed by the log barn, he looked at me and said, "What made you tell on me and get me whipped?" He then grabbed me by the hair of the head and landed me against the barn. The bark was peeled off the logs and there was a little knot on the log, which struck my head opposite the other wound. I was scared. As before, he tried to make me hush but I cried the louder. The alarm reached the house. My new wound was dressed, and brother was tried, and found guilty. When father came home, he gave brother another punishment. Both scars still show on me, and look as though I had been shot through the head. I knew the time would soon come that I would have to take more abuse, for he was mad at me for telling the truth about the trouble, but I loved him better than myself. You will see before we get through that my father was very cruel and would give as severe a whipping for a little offense as a big one, and this caused me to tell many a story to shield my brother and myself, for when one got a whipping the other got it too, if he were not hurt too bad.

I will tell you of my first yielding to the sin of stealing. I have said my father never got drunk to

my certain knowledge, but he kept whisky for morning dram. When I was small he got a dollar's worth of loaf sugar to sweeten his whisky. He kept it in an old trunk that was not locked. My brother had been taken to the field to work. My aunt was teaching my cousin to hand thread through the sley, putting a piece of cloth in the loom. I was lonesome. The old trunk was under the bed, and I knew the sugar was there. I wanted it so badly that I slipped a lump out and went to the old wheat granary, some fifteen steps from the house, where a log chain hung. I commenced to rattle the chain and eat the sugar. I rattled the chain to keep those in the house from hearing me chew the sugar. Although fifteen steps away I thought they could hear me for it sounded so loud to me. You see it was my conscience hurting me.

When my cousin was at leisure I told her of my discovery and went and got a lump for her. We then went to the granary and I told her to help me rattle the chain or they would hear her eat the sugar. She was nine months older than I and had a little more sense. She got tickled at my foolish idea. It was a good joke and she could not keep it. So she played a trick on me and got me to get another lump; and while I rattled the chain to eat it she told the joke to the others. To my great astonishment, when I looked up I saw the whole family looking and laughing at me. My father asked me what I was doing. I told him I was playing with the chain. "What else are you doing?" I saw she was in the crowd and the

rest of the work-hands, as it was dinner time, and I was given away and caught in my first attempt to steal; but it was so funny and the work-hands begged for me, so I was excused, and I promised to steal no more sugar.

My brother was two years older than myself, and consequently had to go into the field before me; so my cousin Sue and I were left alone. My other two cousins were large enough for aunt to have them helping her about her work. The wheat-granary was a nice playhouse for us. It sat on the hillside by the path that led to the stable. Dinner time came on. It was very hot weather. Father, brother, and hired men came to dinner. The horses were very hot. Father would give them fodder to eat until the men ate dinner, then give them corn. While they were eating, my cousin and I were having a nice time playing in the wheat-granary. When dinner was over, my father sent my brother out to feed the horses their corn. He was angry because he had to work and we could play; so as he passed the old granary he caught under the edge of the upper side and upset it. Away went boy, girl, granary, dishes, and the whole business, rolling down the steep hill. Of course, we didn't know what had happened. We had heard of the earthquakes, which were very common in that time, and we had heard it said the world was coming to an end. We didn't know which had happened, but did not expect that we would ever see another human face. When we got out, George was gone.

The time soon rolled around that I had to be in the field and do what I could, or what they could make me do. One day father was gone and Randolph Edwards was running an old-fashioned cultivator. It was made in the shape of a harrow, and the teeth were little shovels about the size of a man's hand. After the corn was plowed over they would run across the ridge or plow the other way with the cultivator. So Dolph ran the cultivator and George and I uncovered the corn after him. Dolph found a silver fifty-cent piece, which was quite a curiosity to us boys, as paper money was all the go then; at least, silver was scarce. He gave the fifty-cent piece to my brother, who was very proud of it.

A boy named Joe Griffin had passed by going to our house for milk; so brother wanted him to know he had the money, and watched the road for him to pass back. When he came along, my brother hailed him, and told him he would bet him fifty cents he could whip him. The boy told him he didn't have time to fight. My brother called him a coward, and said he would give him fifty cents to whip him. He got over the fence and into the road before the boy, so he could not go on, and the boy concluded he had just as well fight. So they fell on the hillside with Joe Griffin on top of brother. I showed unfair play and turned him over with brother on top; but Joe turned him again, and over and over they went down the hill till they rolled against the fence with Joe on top. So Joe gave him a good pounding, and after George

said enough Joe got off. George would not pay the money. Dolph had witnessed the fight and said, "George, be a man and give up the money;" but he would not do it.

Joe had a stepmother who was very cross to him, and she was calling him, as he had stayed beyond his time. He knew it was a whipping for him. He picked up his milk and went on crying. When father came home Dolph gave him the case just as it was. Father gave George a whipping for not giving the boy the money as he had agreed to do, and sent him to take the money to Joe, and sent me along to see that he did so. Before we arrived at the house George said to me, "I do hate to give him this money; I am going to give it to Mrs. Griffin, and you tell father I gave it to Joe." I tried to persuade him to do as father had told him, but he said no, and made me promise to tell a lie for him. So we got to the house, and there was Joe carrying water. He did not have on any pants. His stepmother had given him a severe whipping for staying so long when he went after the milk. George gave the fifty cents to Mrs. Griffin and told her there was some money. We went back home. Father asked the particulars, what Joe had been doing, and if the money were given to him. We both told him it was. In a few days the old lady fell in company with my aunt and she told aunt what good coffee she bought with the money George gave her. Father called me, and I acknowledged we had lied. We were whipped, and we deserved it; but it seemed to kindle

the anger in George's heart, and in place of becoming better he grew worse, and we soon came to the conclusion that we were forsaken and had no friends and had as well go on with our mischief.

Now hard times came. We have informed you that father was a widower. There were plenty of widows, and father was very popular with them; but it happened they were all poor and had to work for a living, and father would give them work. I thought there were some of them that would like to be called Mrs. Brown. There was Mrs. C. (who is living yet), Mrs. M., and Mrs. A., and there came a time when a feeling arose and aunt got disgusted. Mrs. A. and Mrs. H. were carrying knives for each other, and father had trouble giving them work in different fields; but Mrs. A. gained the day. She soon began to take cows to milk, and the cows never came back any more. Aunt would talk before us boys. Mrs. H. would tell us that Mrs. A. ought to be killed. Finally provisions began to go, and we had very common food to eat. We had biscuit on Sunday morning, or when some one came on a visit. Soon the time came that father and aunt did not get along well. Father would raise just a small crop of wheat for bread and take it to Wilson's mill to get it ground up; then he would secretly take it to Mr. James Dossett's and store it away. When he would go to roll logs or plant corn and have hands, he would go or send and get a little flour, and would always have it weighed. I was sent one time, and he told me to tell Mrs. Dossett to weigh me twenty-five

pounds. She said she would not do it, that Mrs. A. got her flour there and did not weigh it; so she gave me what I could carry in a pillow-case. I told father before aunt, so that let out the secret and made more trouble.

Mrs. A. was very good to me. Father would send me on errands there, and she would come to our house. She would buy me a knife when I would go with her to get her pension, and would give me some good things to eat. By these kind acts she won my love. Mrs. C. and Mrs. H. also treated me well, and Mrs. M. thought I was a great boy. That is the way they would cast lots for my love, and I guess wanted to show to father what a good stepmother they would make. But George was older than I and could see further than I could, and he thought that our trouble was caused by the widows, while I knew some of them were innocent. Mrs. C., who yet lives, was a mother to me, and feels near yet. The rest are gone.



CHAPTER II.

YOUTH.

“Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions: according to thy mercy remember thou me for thy goodness’ sake, O Lord.” Psa. 25: 7.

Description of Schoolhouse—First Teacher—Clay Mott—Leaves School in Thirteenth Year—Could Not Write Name—Father’s Severities—Mrs. Wingate Interferes—Advice to Parents—Bad Companions—One Pair of Boots and One Suit of Jeans a Year—Clothes Described—More Punishment—Buys Whisky—Leaves Home—At Mr. Dossett’s—Kind Treatment—Father Marries and Aunt Moves—Drinking and Card-playing—Returns to Father’s Again—Trouble with Step-mother—A Shooting Affray.

The house in which I attended school was a log building about eighteen by twenty, with a stone chimney in one end, a door in one side, a window extending along two-thirds of the other side, and a long plank put up under the window on pins. This plank was the writing desk. The seat was half of a log with the flat side up; and as our feet did not reach the floor, we could stick our toes into the spaces between the logs in the wall. The name of the schoolhouse was Tyer, and it was on my father’s farm. Black was

the name of my first teacher. He would lie down and go to sleep, and the boys would go out to play. George Brown was influenced by Mrs. L. to fill the teacher's whiskers with cockle-burs, which he did, and got a whipping; but it is said the teacher stayed awake better afterwards.

I can refer but briefly to my school days. My experiences might be interesting to some, but there is not very much that is edifying in the history of the life of a bad boy in bad company. I had several teachers during my short period of school-life, among them one named Clay Mott. I thought I would try him. We had a good many blue and red thumb-cards; and as we were all around the fire one morning, I commenced and painted my face, and then looked over my book and made faces, which caused the scholars to laugh. The teacher called me out and gave me water to wash my face and his handkerchief to dry it with, and then gave me a whipping. By the time he was through with me one of the other boys had painted his face, and the teacher settled with him the same as he did with me. We kept this up for quite a while, until he commenced to burn cards. The larger boys took sides with us and he was barred out of the schoolhouse. The teacher went and brought his father with him, who made his way through with an ax. He then guarded the door until his son whipped every one. The school was closed with a lawsuit.

While my experience in school-life was short, it was

wonderful. I quit school in my thirteenth year. I got too smart to go, or did not have sense enough; however, some of my schoolmates have become teachers, lawyers and doctors, and some murderers, and some infidels. I am the only preacher I know of in the whole outfit. I was not the only mean boy that went to school. I feel safe in saying that there was more hair pulled, blood shed, and whipping done in the short time I went to school, than has been in the past twenty years at school. When I quit school I could not write my name, but it was not all my fault.

As I have told you, my mother was dead, and my father was a severe man. My cousin Sue said she thought he would lose his mind when he got angry. But what seemed strange to her, her mother and other good people did not take our part and put the law in force against him, but they would tell him much that was calculated to make him whip us. I have scars on me that were put there for lies that were told on me.

One time my father went off and left brother George and me to pick up corn in the field that the horses had pulled off. We were to carry it up to the hog-pen near E. C. Wingate's and feed the hogs, then carry two basketfuls to the barn to feed the horses. When we carried the first load to the hogs, George proposed that we go in swimming. I said, "No, father will whip us." "Well," he said, "we will get whipped anyway," which was about true. So into the pond he went. I stayed out, and tried

to get him to come out and go to work. Finally my alarm reached the Wingate family. I saw Emma Boyd and her sister Mary Wingate coming. I told my brother. He came out and ran into the woods and hid behind a tree. They took his clothes and ran to the house. George started after them, and Mr. Boyd and Mr. Wingate brought the clothes out and told him they would tell father. We were sitting on the hog-pen talking about the trouble that was just ahead.

George jumped on a hog and it ran into the pond. He never stopped until he had ridden eighteen head. He lost his hat but had his clothes on. I never was in the pond; but we stayed there till dark, then started out into the field to do our half day's work by moonlight. We heard father's voice and Emma Boyd with him. Emma had watched, and stopped him as he passed her father's, and we heard her tell that we had both been riding the hogs with our clothes on. We carried our baskets to the pen and emptied them and we were filling them to take to the barn when we heard father calling us. We went and he met us with a handful of hickories. George was in front. Father asked him where his hat was. He told him he lost it in the pond. He said he fell in while trying to get his hat.

Father then applied the hickories, which had several branches, similar to a cat-o'-nine-tails. I tell you the blood ran when he got through with him. Then he came after me. I told him I was not in the

pond. He said I was telling him a lie. George said I was not in the pond, but he would not believe us. He had a fair chance at my body, which he cruelly cut in gashes for some minutes. Then he turned on George again, and I stood and trembled until he came at me again and said, "Were you in the pond?" I said, "No sir, I was not." He gave me another round, and then my brother another, and then to me again. I said, "Father, please take your knife and cut my throat and do not punish me any longer trying to make me tell a lie." He called me an impudent villain and gave me another round. We then went to the house and to bed without any supper.

When we awoke next morning father was up and had his hickories ready. He informed us that he was going to whip us every morning until we acknowledged I was in the pond. One morning we arose while he was asleep, and thought he would forget it that morning. He took us and started to work, as we thought; but he had not forgotten his promise. He took down some switches that he had hid and commenced. Aunt had had a private talk with us and asked if I were in the pond. We both told her I was not and told her how it was. So she went over to Mr. Wingate's and told Mrs. W. that father was about to beat us to death trying to make us confess I had been in the pond, and that her daughter Emma had told him it was so. She said I had not been, and to tell father it was Emma's lie. But father thought it was aunt trying to clear us; so the whipping went

on morning and night for a week. He was whipping us one morning in the orchard and aunt was on her knees under an apple-tree about thirty yards away praying, when I heard Mrs. Wingate saying, "Anderson Brown, I will prosecute you. Willis was not in the pond, and I am going to have you indicted for the way you have been whipping those boys." He told us to put on our clothes and go to work, and he went, and we had a few days' rest.

Now, I expect you think this is exaggeration, but my aunt and Sue Bonard live at or near Rockcreek, Ill. I do not write this in any disrespect to my father, or to any one else, but to show people what mistakes have been made in life and to warn parents not to whip their children for what anybody or everybody says. I did love my father, although this statement is true. When my brother would plan to run away to get out of punishment I would not go and would beg him out of the notion.

We had some bad companions, and they had a little of what we had much. Bill Lyons and my brother and I used to get together and lay our plans and then start to business. One day we killed twenty-one goslings for Mrs. Wingate and put them in a hollow tree. Another time we caught Wingate's cow in Edwards' field and tied her tail to a grapevine and tormented her till we got tired and then left her tied in the thicket. Father and Mr. Edwards came to see why we did not come to dinner, and we all

received a good whipping. The other boy ran away, but George and I stood it a few years longer.

George and I were quite fond of riding, and we would plan through the week for a ride on Sunday. Father was sick, and the doctor said he had a close call for eternity. Sunday morning we had our feeding done by the time breakfast was ready. After we ate, we were watching for a chance to get off. Father was very low, but he ordered us to get our books and study them, and not leave the place. I sat in one door and George in the other; and when father went to sleep we put our books down and away we went and spent some time riding a calf. Two of our cousins were sent after us. They told us there were a number of people there looking for father to die. When we got to the house, father called George to the bed and slapped him, then said for me to come. He slapped me also, and then sent us to feed the horses. We thought there was not much danger of his dying, as he slapped us about as hard as he ever did.

I could give enough of such incidents as these to make a large book, but I will hasten on to where I rebelled against my punishment and left home.

It was father's plan to get us one pair of boots a year; and in order that they should last through the winter he would not let us put them on till Christmas. We would wear any old shoes we could get till Christmas. One winter my toes were out on the ground and a big snow fell. I begged father to

let me put on my boots. He said I would fall down. I told him if I did I would pull them off. He let me put them on; but my feet were frost-bitten and I fell down. When I came in father asked me if I fell down. As I did not want to pull the boots off, I told him a story. He went out and found the place where I fell. Then came more trouble as well as frozen feet. So you see how I was driven to tell a story. Parents, be careful how you teach your children.

We had a new suit of jeans once a year. We commenced to complain about our dress, as we began to go in company, and our clothes were of such a style that we were made fun of. I will give you a description of our clothes. Our pants were brown or blue jeans and made large enough for a man. Each pair had one pocket. Our suspenders were knit of white yarn, and our shirts were home-made linsey in winter, and coarse factory shirts for summer. Never more than two at a time. Our coats were jeans, but they were made nice. They were always a good fit, and the only nice clothing we had to wear.

One time my father sent me to the barn after some seed-corn. I was longer than father thought I ought to be; and when I came back I saw he had in his hand a locust sprout about three feet long with thorns on it. I began to beg more than usual, but he whipped me. That night when I pulled my clothes loose from the sores and went to bed with my father. I cried. My aunt came and asked the trouble. I told

her and she took me out and put me in her bed.

Now the time fully came when we rebelled against our father. He offered to let us clear a piece of ground, and said he would furnish the potatoes and give us all the potatoes we would raise on the ground. When we hauled our potatoes off, I found George had given a lien on them to the merchant and it took his half and \$7.00 of mine to pay his store bill. I had only \$30.00 for my winter and summer work. Father took me to town with him, and I bought my first suit of clothes and one gallon of whisky. I had contracted the habit of drinking by stealing father's whisky. Father tried to stop me, but I rebelled. George left home. I soon got unruly. Father undertook to whip me, and I fought him, and he ordered me to leave. I left, and he advertised us, and forbade any person to let us come into their house. We went back home and father told us he would give us half the money we would make cutting and hauling cord-wood; but he did not let us have the money. He said the wood was his and we were his too. This made some more trouble, and George left again. I did not leave for two reasons: first, I loved my father, and he was getting old and I wanted to help him make a living; and secondly, I did not know where to go. Father had advertised me, and people were afraid to keep me. I worked ahead all summer. As soon as the crops were laid by we had trouble and I decided to leave. A great

deal of trouble was caused by the widow A. George and I had forbidden her to come on the place.

I went to Mr Dossett's. He and father had been the best of friends. Mr. Dossett had lost his first wife and had married again. They lived on a farm adjoining my father's. I told Mr. Dossett that father had driven me off. He took me in his arms and said he would keep me. His wife also welcomed me, and they got me some new clothes and fixed me up, and I was seeing the best times of my life; plenty to eat and a fine horse to ride, and I was the only pet they had, except a pup and a cat, and I was petted the most. But one day Bill Lyon and John S. came along riding some fine horses and told what a good time they had been having, and said they had been sent down to hire hands and would give \$18.00 a month. So Tom Leeper and I agreed to go. I went and told Mr. and Mrs. Dossett. They begged me not to go, but I went. When we reached the place it was not what I had expected. We stayed two nights and left for home. We came to Mr. Wingate's. They lived a quarter of a mile from Mr. Dossett's; but they did not seem very glad to see us. We had not had any dinner and had walked all day and had had no supper. I tell you it was the saddest time in my life. I could hear my father and Mr. Dossett call the hogs and other stock. I knew they had plenty and to spare. Their stock fared better than I did. I was afraid to go to either place.

I did not sleep much, and decided in the morning

to go to Mr. Dossett's, but I was afraid. I started and went part way, and stood behind a tree for about thirty minutes, hoping Mr. Dossett would go to the barn, for I wanted to meet Mrs. Dossett first. I started to the house, thinking what to say, and afraid they would drive me off. I saw him look over his specs when I was about twenty steps from him. He said, "O Elizabeth! come here." I came near falling. The next word was the life-giving word—"Here is our boy." She came on a run, and throwing her arms around me, she kissed me. He dropped his paper, and held out his hands with tears in his eyes, and said, "Bring him here." I was crying and could not speak. He took me on his lap and hugged and kissed me and said, "Bless my boy!" I had known him all my life and had never seen or heard of him being so stirred as when they learned that I stayed so near them all night and had not eaten a bite in twenty-four hours and had not had a square meal since I left them and had walked all the way. They wept and said if they had known I was there they would have come after me. My breakfast was soon ready. They could not stay away from me, or keep their hands off me, and I returned to my old position as chief pet of the family; first the old folks, I came next, then the pup and the cat.

Soon the time came to dig potatoes. My brother and I were digging for another man. After we were through there, we came by father's and learned that he was not at home. Father returned with Mrs. A.

and her daughters and he informed us that Mrs. A. was now Mrs. Brown. George went wild over it and said he would kill her. I went over to Mr. Dossett's and got a team and moved my aunt and her things. My stepmother's son and some of her relatives were there, and they tried to get George to say he would not kill her, but it made him the more determined. They went after an officer, but he did not come just then.

I lived at Mr. Dossett's till spring, and he paid me for the work I did. With my potato crop and the money Mr. Dossett paid me I was enabled to dress pretty well and have some spending money. I went to drinking and playing cards and going to frolics. Finally a young fellow told me if I would furnish the money he would go up the river and get me a position where we could make money, and we would move up there. It was a general agreement. I told Mr. Dossett I wanted my money. He could see further than I could. He settled up with me and gave me good advice, but I was too smart to hear him. I went on and began to make arrangements for the move. The first thing I knew I had no place to stay and no money, and my chum was just like me.

I would go with him to his stepfather's for breakfast. I saw what my condition was going to be, so I went to choring for my chum's stepfather. He was a great worker, and he gave me to understand he did not approve of his stepson's coming there, so I stayed with him. He and I worked as much as the weather

would permit. He was a very early riser. He had a man come to do a piece of work, and he came before daylight. I was sent to the kitchen to build a fire and I heard the man ask who I was, and some one said, "That is Willis Brown; he is loafing with B." "I am going to put him to making rails to-day; he can't loaf around me." The man sanctioned it. After breakfast he told me to go to making rails. I said, "No, I will leave here; I will not bother you any more."

Now I was in more trouble. I hated to go back to Mr. Dossett's and my clothes were all badly worn. I went in that direction, and came to where the roads forked, one going to my aunt's, one to Mr. Dossett's, and the other to my father's. I didn't know which one to take; so I started to aunt's, and soon met father in a wagon. He said he had been to aunt's and informed me that she was out of wood and that if I would go home with him he would let me have the team to haul her some wood and go with me. I got into the wagon and it seemed to me father felt nearer to me than he ever did; but there was a dread about meeting my stepmother. Soon we arrived at father's house and I was a welcome visitor. They were all as kind as they could be, and my stepmother told me she wanted me to stay at home, and that Father seemed to care a great deal for me. Well I felt more at home than I had for a long time. I was given more privileges, went where I pleased and had liberty to use the horses.

Soon father made me an offer to raise a crop, which I accepted, and went to work. It was not long until I cut my foot at a joint, and it got bad. There was an old woman in the country who was a pretty good doctor. She came to see me and agreed to cure my foot in a certain time for \$5.00, and would board me. My foot was getting along nicely till her son and I got into trouble, and the old lady told me it was set back a week, but it soon got well.

The officers came and notified my father and stepmother that George was under arrest. Father and my stepmother were going down there. I told her that I had not had anything to do with her and George's trouble, but if she went I would. She didn't go. I went and George was released; but that created enmity in her against me, and we began to have trouble. One day at dinner I took very sick. My cousin Bill Radcliffe, whom father had hired, said I was poisoned. The trouble grew worse, and on the Fourth of July my cousin and I went to a barbecue against my father's will. On the way I took another sick spell, worse than the first. When I started, my stepsister followed me out on the porch and looked very sad. She was a good girl. I came near dying. They had several doctors with me that day and took me back to Mr. Dossett's that evening, where I learned my stepsister was very sick, and she died that night. I went back when I got well and finished the crop, except plowing a few potatoes. When I hauled off a few apples and sold them my stepmother raised a

few apples and sold them, my stepmother raised a fuss that caused me to leave. I went to Mr. Dossett's. I then went to see what father would give me for my crop. He said the crop was his, and we got into trouble. I called George, and father agreed to give me so much for my crop, and I was to pay him for my board, which left me \$20.00. I went to having a good time, as I called it, drinking and frolicing.

I was staying at Mr. Atkin's and had all the whisky I wanted; I did some work for him, but did not get any money. One day Mr. Long shot several times at Mr. Stubs. Long had married my cousin Sarah Jane. He came by Mr. Atkin's as he went up to the house to get more whisky and cartridges, and asked me to go with him. I went with him. He gave me a pistol and told me to shoot Stubs on sight. I tried to beg off, but he threatened to shoot me if I didn't go. We met him, and Mr. Long had me to go on one side of the house and he went on the other. I motioned to Stubs and gave him to understand I would not hurt him, and he came by me and entered his house. This made Long mad at me and he demanded the pistol. Long was captured in a few minutes, and I would have been if it had not been for some friends.

Father came to town soon and asked me to go out and attend to his stock as he was not able and had no one to attend to them. I went, and it was not long till father made me another offer to raise a crop. He would furnish me land and team, and told

me that if I would marry a certain girl he would deed me a piece of land and give me a span of horses and a wagon and fit me up for keeping house. I spoke to the girl, and she was willing. She was older than I, but a good worker, and that was what father liked. I decided to marry and settle down. Father and my stepmother said it was the best thing I could do.

CHAPTER III.

DOWNWARD STEPS.

“His own iniquities shall take the wicked himself . . . and in the greatness of his folly shall he go astray.” Prov. 5: 22, 23.

On a Spree—Measles—Dancing—Gets into Trouble—Leaves the Country—Works for Mr. Hughes—Back to Father’s—Brother in a Fight—Father’s Death—Mischief of Step-mother—Trouble over the Estate—Leaves Home for Good—Caution to Girls—Twenty-one Years of Age—Advice to Mothers—Rides into a Store—Feigns to Preach—A Vision of Hell—Reaping As He Sowed—In the Missouri Swamps—Consumption—Back to Brother’s Too Sick to Work—A Disgraceful Life—To New Orleans on a Flatboat.

After the events mentioned in the last chapter, I kept up my drinking and had plenty of associates. There was one Bill L. We ran together and got into many scrapes. One time we were on a carousal that lasted one day and two nights, and we went through great exposure in the snow. It was in March, and I came home between midnight and day on Monday morning. I woke up next morning with hot fever and headache. Father said I had the measles. He made me a hot stew and I broke out thick. I had had the measles when I was small, but this was a true case of them.

As soon as I could ride, my chum came for me to go with him to a working. We went, but I was not able to work. Late after dinner we went to get some whisky and came back pretty full. One of the managers took my chum around the house to tell him I had not worked and so could not dance. I followed them. Bill said, "Here he is, tell him." I said, "What is it?" The manager told me in a boisterous way, and I threatened him with a revolver I had; so he changed his manner and said I could dance. We soon were engaged. The dance went on all right, but after a while I was persuaded to go into a side-room to engage in a set. This was done to get me away from my chum, and it was not long till I was tripped up and knocked through a quilt that hung over the outside door. When I got straight I discovered by moonlight that my clothes were badly cut. Next an old woman appeared before me with a stone in her hand and told me that I had tried to shoot her son. The racket went pretty high. The trouble was stopped by an officer who was there, and to whom Bill and I were furnishing whisky, so that he would keep still on us.

Court came on and Mr. M. D., who had sold me whisky, came to get me to run off. While we were parleying about the price we saw the officer coming after me. He said to me, "Run!" I said, "Will you give it?" He said, "Go! I will pay it." I ran through the house, grabbed my hat and, as I thought, my coat. As I jumped the backyard fence I found

that which I supposed was my coat was my step-mother's old black bonnet. The officer jumped off his horse and ran me a quarter of a mile through a field. After I struck the woods the officer turned back. I went upon the hillside in the woods where I could see the house. I saw Mr. D. come around the farm and the officer, Mr. Jentry, get on his horse and leave. Mr. D. came to me and told me to go into the woods back of his field and he would meet me there. He agreed to keep me hid there and pay me so much. We went to dinner. He then decided to give me \$2.50, and if they didn't get me before the grand jury \$5.00 more. So I went back of father's field, where a man was making rails, and sent him to the house to get me a quilt, a piece of bacon and some bread, and I scouted until Friday night. I knew that father was attending court, and that he came home every night and sent a man who was working for him to feed a sow and some pigs that were at the back of the field. So I went there and waited for the man; and when he came he told me the grand jury had broke. I went to see Mr. D. that night to get my \$5.00. He said they found a bill against him anyhow, but he soon decided to pay me.

It was not long till several of us got drunk and went to church. The boys asked me to lead in prayer. I did so, and my chum grabbed me by the arm and ran out of the house with me, struck my head against the door and knocked me senseless and dragged me into the woods. The officer ran out after us; and

when I came to myself he was trying to get me to eat parched coffee to sober me up. The people thought he was hunting me to arrest me. I had to leave the country.

My friend Hughes was farming in an adjoining country. Brother George was working for him and he came next day to hire hands for Hughes; so Bill and I went. It was in the bottoms four miles from Shawneetown, Ill. We learned something we never knew before. We must feed, curry, and gear our team by lantern light and be in the field by sunrise and not stop until dinner; just an hour for dinner and then go until night. Bill quit, and Mr. Hughes made me an offer of \$18.00 per month, with a horse to ride. I decided to stay. It was but a few nights until he shot some horses that were bothering in the yard. My brother and I saw him shoot, so we were wanted before the court. We left and went over to Mr. Lambert's, whose niece is now my wife. He hired us on trial for a week, after which time, although Mr. Hughes wanted me to go to work for him on the terms we had previously agreed to, and although Mr. Lambert also offered me the same wages, I decided that as father was now old and needed me to take care of him, I would go home, and if everything was satisfactory, I would stay with him. I bought a man out who was making a potato crop on father's place, as it was just potato-planting time and the weather was so wet that the man had lost faith in the crop. This was in 1875.

My father got very sick and wanted to see George. I went and hunted him up. He was making a crop with my first chum, who was mentioned in last chapter. He had married and gone to farming. I found George and brought him home. He and my step-mother made up, which was a great help to father. In a day or so father made George an offer to come home and work and help me fix up the farm. I went with George over to my chum's, whom I loved almost as well as I did my brother. They fell out and had a fight. My brother George cut him badly. It was one of the worst sights I ever saw, for I loved them both. We went home and informed father what had happened. He called me to the bed and had me to tell him the particulars. He told George not to leave, if that was the straight of it. So he stayed. Next morning the officers came after him. This was the second man he had cut, but he got off clear. We both stayed with father that winter.

About the 1st of February, 1876, Mrs. Cochran, who had moved to Arkansas some years before, came back. She went off with a large family and came back with a little four-year-old grandson. She had her stock and wagons within two days' drive of our house and came on and rented a farm and had father let me take a team and go with her for her things. We were gone three days. When we got back I found father very low, and he had lost his mind. They told me he had called for me continually since he got bad. I asked the doctor about his condition.

The doctor said he would get up. Mrs. L. came in and said father would die before morning and that she could draw the fever from his head so he could tell what he wanted to tell. She put mustard drafts on his ankles and wrists. By ten o'clock he was in his right mind, called for me, and tried to tell about money he had buried, but was too weak to make me understand. He got to raving, so aunt told him we understood him. He had made me agree to take care of my stepmother and half-brother, and to wind up his business. He died at 12 o'clock the 12th of February, 1876.

My stepmother, some time after father was laid out, called me to help her look for his pocketbook. She opened a box that had a lock on it, and I soon saw the pocketbook. She tumbled things around, and at last said, "Here it is. I knew it was in here, but I do not know what is in it." We opened the pocketbook, and there was \$40.00. He had made a sale and sold off several hundred dollars' worth of stock and the notes were due and father had been collecting them. I told her there was more than that on the place. She said she would look and if she found any more would give it to me. I went and got his coffin and burying-clothes, and came home. Her son had come and put mischief into her head. She told me to give her the pocketbook, as she had found some more money. I handed her the pocketbook and asked her how much she had found. She said ten cents, and put the pocketbook in her pocket and

walked off. When we came home from the grave, she denied that she had promised father and wanted to administer the estate herself. George, my brother, and she had more trouble. My brother-in-law said if she was willing he would be administrator. I insisted she should choose him, for for he was a good man and sheriff of the country (G. W. Jackson), and she finally did so.

We got into trouble. When it was found out that George and I could prove that father gave us the horses, it was agreed that I could buy my horse and no one bid against me. The day of the sale a Mr. Alex Fraser, a brother Mason, bid against me for the horse that father gave me, and made me pay \$114.90 for it. I then bought other things that run my note to \$165.00. I filled a note, with the understanding that it was to come out of my part of the estate. The time came for the estate to be settled. Suit was brought against me, however, and I never got anything out of the estate. I had been told by Mrs. J. T. that my brother-in-law was going to fail and our land would be sold to pay a security debt that father stood good for, and was advised to sell my land, which I did. I paid \$65.00 on the note.

Now I have told you how my stepmother denied the promise she made my father on his death-bed concerning my taking charge of his property and paying off the security debt that was against his estate. My brother George and my stepmother disagreed on all points, and brother sued for division of the land,

and it was granted by the court. I was there at that time riding as bailiff under Mr. Jackson, the sheriff in Hardin Co., Ill., who was my brother-in-law. I found out who were the commissioners to divide the land. I talked with James Mason, one of the parties, and told him how I wished the land divided, and my request was granted. I was only nineteen years old, but the judge after questioning me gave me the privilege of taking charge of my land and cultivating it. As I had no guardian, I had to leave my old home for good. Since I had no right to the old house, I went to J. H. Dossett's to board while I cultivated my own land. I made a part of a crop, the best I could, and keep up my sparking and drinking.

O girls, be careful! it is not the fellow that dresses the nicest and talks the slickest that is your friend. To catch you he will sow your path with presents and candies and accomodations for not only months, but for years, and some time just after dancing all night or after some other engagement that has caused you to be handled in a careless way, the serpent will capture his victim. Keep your distance, girls. I have seen girls who seemed very shy in the beginning of a ball, and before day they did not think you showed respect if you did not catch them in your arms as you would swing them on the corner. Girls, do not go to the ball. First to the ball room, then to the ale-house, then to disgrace, then on to hell!

About the time I was twenty-one years of age, I sold my land to Jerry Simmons. He held back \$50.00

to secure the deed until the estate was settled up, and he holds it yet. One man that was a witness forgot all about it, and the other witness died. I freely forgive all. If I had received it then, it would have gone like the rest. If I had it now, I would spend it to God's glory. While my money lasted, I was popular. If money was hard to raise for picnics or dances, I would pay the bill.

Wake up, mothers! it would be better for your daughters to wear cotton dresses and live in honor than to dress in silk and die in disgrace. You had better watch that fellow who makes himself so familiar, and is so handy about going with the girls in the evening to do the chores. Many old folks have awakened to the fact that they have for a little fun and a few chores sold the character and happiness of a loving daughter, and brought a reproach that will remain there as long as they or the family live. You may think this out of place, but I know what I am talking about and could give many an instance, but this is plain enough for any reasonable thinker. I have had confidential talks with poor fallen women, and each one spoken to has told me that her fall had come about by having confidence betrayed by one she thought was a friend.

I had about run through with all my money and was a terrible drunkard and had gotten to be very daring. "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." The

Lord also declares that it is as sport to a fool to do mischief.

I was at Cave in Rock and a steamboat by the name of James W. Gafe landed there. There was a bar on her and several of my chums and I went on board. As the boat had a good deal of freight to load, we began to shake dice for the drinks, and I got very drunk. The time came that we must go ashore, and as I walked out the gangplank a negro deck-hand nearly shoved me off. I walked to the end of the plank, drew my pistol, and would not let them untie the boat. The captain asked my friends to take me away. After a while some one caught around me, others took my revolver, and the boat was loosed and left, while I charged and was held by my friends. I was very drunk and mad.

They thought they would get me out of town; so they put me on my horse and put a boy by the name of Aaron Pell up behind me to take me home. We were passing in front of E. M. Pleasant's store. I saw it was crowded with people and I thought it would be nice to see them go over the counter. I turned my horse to the door and shouted, "Look out! the J. W. Gafe is coming!" I put spurs to the horse; he charged into the building, and Pell fell off at the door. I went in. The people, men and women, went over behind the counter. Pleasant drew a double-barreled shotgun on me, but I paid no attention. I rode around the middle counter, came up on the confectionary side and called for some candy, which was



AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-TWO.

quickly handed out. James Carr, an officer, who lives at Cave in Rock yet, led my horse out, he and my brother-in-law, W. C. Moore. I asked them if I was under arrest. Carr said yes. I dismounted, and as I had no revolver I went to throw my coat to fight them and fell flat on my back. I got my knife out in the tussel, but they did not want to hurt me. I climbed up and got my horse. They put Pell behind me again, and he caught around me and got my bridle and started home with me. I went a little ways and made Pell get down. I went to turn my horse, reeled over, and my spur struck the horse, and he thought it was a go, as he was a plug race-horse. He ran a short distance and burst the saddle-girth, throwing me over his head. The horse went on and left me unconscious on the ground. George Carr, Sam Gustin, and others carried me to a stable. Charley Lackey followed my horse and brought him back.

I went home to my aunt's about three miles away. I had made arrangements to move my aunt to Kentucky to keep house for me until I married, then I intended to take care of her, as I had told my contemplated bride that I would do. I was not able to get up next morning. The sheriff, who was my brother-in-law, came after the money for the note I had made at father's sale. He also informed me I would not get any of the estate; there was none left for me. I paid him one hundred dollars and told him when the estate was settled I would pay the rest and not before. I started for Kentucky next morning and

made my arrangements to move. I was in trouble—intending to marry, my money nearly all gone, and a part of what little money I did have left was in E. M. Pleasant's safe, and in order to get it I had to go and face the man whose store I had ridden into. I went back to my aunt's and then went to Pleasant's to get my money. He began to curse me and point at my horse tracks on the storefloor. I asked, "How much is the damage? I have come to pay it." He joked me for awhile, then gave me my money and did not charge me anything. I moved my aunt to Kentucky and commenced to make a crop.

I finished my crop and had a hard spell of sickness. I had a vision of hell in which I saw the devil. He came to my bed. His body and head were in the shape of a lion, a very large head, with open mouth. It seemed I could feel his breath blow in my face as he panted like a tired dog. His head was as large as a water-bucket and his body was about nine feet long. His back came just level with the bed where I lay. His tail was as long as his body and flat and stood out straight. I was not asleep; I was gasping for breath. He passed by my bed like a snake crawling. I was sure it was the devil. Just as he passed out of sight I seemingly was raised from the bed by a small thread. I took it to be the thread of life. It fastened in my breast and extended to some unseen part above. I looked down and saw I was hanging over a big gulf. It was very deep; I could not see the bottom. The black smoke was rolling up as

far down as I could see. There were people standing on cliffs, some away down and some near the top. It was represented as the bottomless pit of hell. I discovered that I was gradually turning around. I looked up at the thread and it was unwinding; the twist was coming out of it and I could see the fibers pull apart. I looked to see where I would fall and I was right over the center of the pit: I looked just as far as I could see down in the black smoke and could not see any bottom. Just about then there seemed to be a small tube, one end of which was in my breast and the other in my mouth, and I had to get my breath through that. It would become stopped up and I would almost die. The thread was still unwinding and I could not tell whether the breath would stop first or the thread break. I would try to stop turning around and try to suck the tube open.

This was a fair vision of the devil and hell and the bottomless pit. Tom Anglison, of Rockcreek, Ill., was by my bedside; he lived with me at that time. He now lives at Rockcreek post-office, Hardin Co., Ill., and will well remember that time when he hears this.

The time soon came after I got well that I had a chance to go in company with a man in a photograph boat. So we made a deal. I left everything in Tom Anglison's hands to take care of, but had L. B. Cain, of Weston, Ky., to look after Tom to see that he did not gamble my stock and crop away. I left on the boat with just one man, and his name was Henry Gip-

son; he was a bachelor. As I was washing the supper dishes one evening I reached over the fantail of the boat to dip up a kettle of water and the kettle slipped out of my hands, which made Gipson very mad and we came near having severe trouble. I got a chance and slipped the caps off his pistol and got the drop on him and had the things a little my way. But we dissolved partnership and I went back home. I decided to leave for the West.

I boarded my first train at St. Bernard, on the Tennessee river. I had not been on board long until a young fellow by the name of Bill Allen got on. In company with this man I passed through many hard experiences. We struck a job in the swamps of Missouri, after walking twenty-five miles through the swamps, often wading water, and meeting wild hogs and wild horses in some places. This was in 1880.

I was getting along nicely working a farm for a widow, when I took a severe case of pneumonia. For quite a while the doctor attended me and the widow also waited on me for a short time, but all at once she neglected me and I suffered for attention, as no one would be in my room from the time the hands went to work in the morning until dinner time. One old man and his wife, Yates by name, would sometimes come in and sit up with me and bring me something to eat. I tell you, young men, you do not know how it makes a person think of home to be among strangers where no one knows who you are, and your own people do not know where you are,

and there is almost no one to give you a drink or a word of comfort.

The widow came to my room one day and told me the doctor said I had consumption and would never get well. I might get so I could be up, but never could work any more. She said if I would still give instructions to the hands she would keep me until I died, which would not be long. When the doctor came that day I discharged him, telling him I could die without his help. In two days I could walk across the floor with a stick, in three days I walked a quarter of a mile. It took one-half a day to go to Mr. Yates', and in five days I got a young man to take me eight miles to the railroad. It was after all were in bed and asleep. I did not want to let them know where I went.

I went back to my brother's. They waited five days to see if I would die. One day I was reading an almanac and saw German syrup advertised for lung trouble. I told my brother, and he sent and got me a bottle. Before I had taken it all I could work a little evenings and mornings.

I went over to see a widow at whose home I used to stay when her husband was alive. She now had a man and his wife living with her, and she insisted I should stay there, which I did, and commenced to help the man with his work. One day the man left the gate open and the hogs came into the yard. I was just coming up. I had been to a picnic. The man was dogging the hogs. The widow and he had

some words. She saw me and called me and said, "Why you have come back! I heard you would run away with my horse." So she came to the barn gate and told me a great deal the man had said about me. I saw her temper was raised, and tried to get the trouble settled. The man said he was just teasing her. I told him it would not do; he would get into serious trouble. That evening she set separate tables and told them to cook and eat by themselves and she would do the same. They all had temper. Now the women hurried to get supper and it was ready on both tables at once, and I was invited to eat at both tables. I went to the widow's table, for I knew there would be war right there if I did not.

The next morning the same performance was gone through with breakfast. After breakfast I went to my brother's to get a team to help plant potatoes. This man went to get his team at a neighbor's barn, because he was afraid to keep his team at her barn, as she and her stepchildren were having trouble because their father had deeded her the farm and given her all he had. When I was about four hundred yards away, I heard loud talking, then the report of a gun, then a man's shriek. My brother and I ran to the house and saw the man lying in the fence-corner shot. His wife was going towards where some men were threshing wheat and the widow was sweeping the porch. I ran to her and said, "What have you done?" She said, "Are you going to forsake me? He went to whip me." I went and helped carry the

man into the house. As we brought him in at the front door she went out the back way. He called to her. She told him to lie still; he had brought it on himself; she would not talk to him. My brother brought the doctor. I took the widow to Elizabethtown, and she employed a lawyer, who told her to go back and wait until they did something. The officer came, and she told him to go back, that she would come. We went to Elizabethtown, where she gave herself up to the judge and filed a bond. She offered to deed me her farm. I said no, and it was good for me I did not take it, for just then they were trying to get me into trouble, and some people think yet I was the instigator. But I say here before God and man, I tried to keep it down, and the man and his wife knew it, and they and I were good friends when they died. The widow compromised with them and they left and did not appear in court.

Some parts of my life have been very dark and the relating of them would do no good. God has saved me and the past is under the blood. Some things I think had better lie still at the present, as others are implicated in them and reference to them will benefit nobody.

I went to gambling. A young man named Boyd and I followed fairs and picnics. It will do no good to tell the many wicked things we did. I will say it was a low-down wicked life. We oftentimes risked our lives and came near taking lives. We did not rob, but I fear if we had stayed together much longer

we would have been robbers. We smuggled whisky, threw foul dice, and did many other wicked things. I had all confidence in Boyd until we were at Paducah, Ky., at the fair, and he claimed to get robbed. Afterwards I saw a bill of money that I knew. I asked the man where he got it and he said from Boyd. I knew it was a bill we had; so he and I separated.

I went to New Orleans on a flatboat, which belonged to John Gregrey and his brother Bob. John Lackey was my chum on that trip. The whole crew got into a confusion, but Lackey and I stayed together. We had some narrow escapes. We outran the police in a square race in New Orleans one night, and by making a long jump from the levee reached the boat. Gregrey was aboard that night and said we would get caught, but we escaped..

CHAPTER IV.

DARK CAREER CONTINUED.

"They that plow iniquity, and sow wickedness, reap the same."

Job 4: 8. *"For they have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind."* Hos. 8: 7.

Down with Rheumatism—A False Report—Drowns Team of Mules—Marriage—Poverty and Hardship—Hires for Fifty Cents a Day—Settling Down—Son Born—Horse-dealing—Drunk at Marion Fair—Sober for Twelve Months—Returns to Drink—Child Afflicted—Call from God—Child Dies—A Total Wreck—A Praying Child.

Some time after the events mentioned in the last chapter I went to Pots Hill, about eleven miles back of Cave in Rock, Ill., and hired out to Ewing Lambert, for whom I worked till the spring of 1882, when I took the rheumatism and was not able to do anything for six months. Mrs. Lambert and I did not just agree on a report that got out that I was trying to get the darkies on the bottom farm to strike for higher wages. She had been misinformed about the matter. Mr. Lambert was on another farm he owned near Shawneetown, Ill., and he came home one night after I had gone to bed, and when I got up next morning and found that he was there I tried to see

him before he left, for I loved him as a father. When I met him he was angry with me, and you can not imagine how I felt. The only friend I had on earth that would keep me, and I was not able to dress myself part of the time, and now he would hardly speak to me. I did not know what to do. He had told me he would keep me; I had spent all the money I had for medicine, and he had spent some money for me, too. He left and went back to the farm. I made some inquiry of Mrs. Lambert about what was the matter: she did not seem to know. I asked John Lambert, the old gentleman's son. He told me it had been reported that I was trying to get the darkies on the bottom farm to strike for higher wages. I started to see Mr. Lambert, who was four miles away. I made the trip in half a day and found him still mad. After dinner I went into his room, shut the door, fastened it, and told him I had come to see what was the matter with him. He said he understood I was trying to get the negroes to strike for higher wages. I told him the man, woman, or child that had told it told a lie and I would face them in it. He looked me right in the eye for a bit, and said, "Well, you had better stay over here with me"; so I did.

His niece whom he had raised was staying with him and superintending the housework. Her name was George A. Martin. She and I were engaged to be married. Everything went off nicely till the last of June. Mr. Lambert came to the barn where I was lying in the horse-trough and asked me whether, if he

would hitch the mules to the wagon and help me into the wagon, I could drive over to the home-farm at Pots Hill and have the boys load the wagon with potatoes and bring them back. I said I would try. I never had told him of anything that I could not do, and that was why he liked me, for I would try to do whatever he asked me to do. He did not like a man to say no. As he proposed, he got the team ready, put me into the wagon, and I started. I did not go far till the mules started to run away. I dropped one line, pulled on the other, ran them into the fence and they stopped. I kept them there until they got over their scare and then went on. I had to cross the Saline river. I thought I could ford it, but when I got to it I had to ferry on a little boat just big enough for a team and a wagon. The ferryman was green at the business, but we got over all right.

The boys were at dinner. They put my mules up, and loaded my potatoes. There came a rain, which made the hills slippery, and especially the river bank, and I was afraid I would have trouble at the river, as one of the mules was young. I tried to get John Lambert to go with me to the river, but he would not go. I arrived at the ferry. I decided to go aboard. The ferryman said, "Drive on." I had a wheel locked, as the bank was very steep. The mules got on the boat, the wagon yet on the shore. One mule tried to back off; the other tried for a while to pull on. I tried to whip them on, but I could not lift my hand above my head, I was so stiff and paralyzed.

The water began to come up in the front end of the wagon. I said, "What is the matter? is the boat going out?" He said, "Yes, it is gone." I climbed up on the potatoes, as it was a forty-bushel bed and the load was all behind, and it was well for me, for I would never have got out if it had not been that way. I fell over the back end of the wagon and lit quite near the water's edge. The ferryman had hold of the rope and was holding to a bush. The mules were just hanging on the boat with their front feet. I caught hold of the man and pulled him all I could. He had to let loose of the rope and the mules both drowned. I fastened the wagon to the shore with a rope, and went and told the old man the sad news, that I had left a \$300.00 span of mules in the river. He was out in the field standing in the turning-row to turn the mules as the negroes would drive out, as the mules would get very hot and stubborn toward night. There was no stopping to rest. Sometimes they would fall dead in the plough, and one did a few days after this.

Mr. Lambert told me to go and get his saddle-horse up and feed him. I did. He came in at sun-down and did not take time to eat. He went for help and got the gears off the mules and drew the wagon out. He came back next morning. I had been out in the field to start the negroes to work, and was just coming to the barn. He told me it was carelessness in me and old Givens, the ferryman, to drown those mules, and he wanted me to get away from there.

He did not want any more to do with me. I said, "Well, I want to say to you it was not my fault and I would not have done it for anything. I was afraid to go the trip, but would not say no. I love you as a father, and if I ever get able will pay you for what you have done for me." He said, "Shut your mouth, I will slap you down!" I said, "No, I will say what I have to say, even if you do." He walked off and left me.

That was one of the saddest scenes of my life—nowhere to go, and did not have a dollar, and was not able to work. I went into the house, told Miss Martin to bundle my clothes and send them over to the home-farm. I then went to where some boys were keeping batch, and cooked for them a few days. I improved fast and soon was able to get about very well, and then I went to see my stepmother. She said I could bring my wife there. I went to A. Beabouts and pawned a coat for \$3.00 to marry. I went back to Mr. L.'s to tell Miss Martin my arrangements. She was well pleased, as she had been told I drowned the mules to have an excuse to leave. I was sitting on the porch when the old man came to dinner. I looked for him to order me off, but he spoke very friendly, and passed by. When dinner was ready he said, "Come to dinner." I did not go. He sent his son Jim to tell me to come, but still I did not go. While they ate I talked to the girl and we made our plans. The old man looked very sulky. He was at the pump washing collars as I started. He called me and I

thought the trouble had come. I turned and walked over to him before I understood what he was talking about. I had let a negro have some money one time when he was gone and he was asking me about that. I told him he could have it on what he had spent for me and if I ever got able I would pay him. He said he did not charge me anything, and if I got so I could work and make a living, to keep it.

I went to town and got my license, came back by there and told the girl to be ready, I would be after her next morning, and for her to tell her uncle. I returned next day. She said she had told him and that he said I was a good worker and if I got able I would make her a good living, but she might have married some one worth something. We went to old Squire Stiert's and were married. This was the 12th of July, 1882. I stayed at my stepmother's a few days and then made arrangements with my brother-in-law to live with him, as my sister had died and made me promise I would see after her children, as her husband was very wild. They had four girls, one grown, another fourteen, and two smaller. I had nothing to keep house with and he had. We agreed to furnish equal parts of the provisions. He did not do anything. We moved on Jasper Blair's farm six miles northeast of Cave in Rock, Ill. We just rented the house, and he agreed to give me work. He did, but only enough to pay the rent, and we soon got out of anything to eat. I went over to Mr. Lambert's and Mrs. L. gave me a sack of flour. I left there after

dark, and as I passed some chickens on the fence I pulled two of their heads off and took them too. So we had bread and chicken. That was the only time necessity ever caused me to steal, and my brother-in-law got me into that. I will say right here that was as near as we came suffering for anything to eat since we have kept house.

I went and hired to my wife's cousin, Mr. Sie Lambert. He had the name of being so mean to hands they would not stay with him. I moved near there, went to work for fifty cents a day, and he boarded me when I was at work. I had to go before day-light and feed and had to feed at night. He gave my brother-in-law a job of clearing ground. He had to grub the small trees and all the saplings. He worked one-half day and quit. I had to borrow \$3.00 when I began work. It took just \$3.00 a week to feed the family and I made just \$3.00 a week, and I had to work rain or shine. I grubbed in the rain when I could not see three hundred yards for the water falling. It was work or poor orphan children do without bread, for their father had left and was not helping me to take care of them. He had whipped the oldest girl with a board and she had left home, so that left three children and my wife to feed and I was the only man to provide for them. The man for whom I was working was mad because I kept the children, and every Saturday night I had to borrow \$3.00 to get food for the next week, and I would hate to ask him for it. He would curse and say I had

better let Moore take care of his own children. I could not turn them out to starve. He said if I would not keep them Moore would take them. I would go off and sit down and study and cry and did not know what to do. I would think of the money I had run through with and that I never before had to humble to any man.

I finally got lame with boils on my ankle and could not walk when I would first get up. One day Albert Dutton, Mr. Lambert, and myself had been working a road through the field and came by the house. They went in to get a drink. I sat on the stile and held my foot up till they came out, and Mr. Lambert said, "Come, let us go." I tried to walk and could not. I fell back on the stile and said, "Sie, I can not go; I will have to quit." He said he could stand that on his tongue. I said, "You might; I can not stand it on my foot." The very fires of hell flashed over my whole being and murder leaped in my heart, and the devil had such power over me that I would as soon have killed the man as to eat a good meal.

I hobbled home and the next day sent for Albert Dutton, who was at work for Lambert. He came. I pawned him my gun for \$3.00, paid Mr. Lambert, and sent Mr. Moore word to come and get his children, so he did. I asked M. D. Price, who married my wife's cousin, to keep my wife till I could work and get some money to buy something with which to keep house. He granted my request, so I went and hired to Jerry Simmons on my father's old farm to dig

potatoes. He gave me one dollar a day. I worked six days, and had a pair of boots made that cost me \$4.00. That left me \$2.00. I thought I would just leave and work for another man. I walked two days. Everybody had all the hands the wanted, as a great many men came over from Kentucky. I did not know what to do. I just had \$2.00, a new pair of boots, and a wife, and she had been boarding a week. I had found out that the majority of my wife's people thought I would leave her. So I decided to go where my wife was and tell her the trouble. When I got there she was sick. A doctor was passing, I called him in and he charged me a dollar, so that left me with just one dollar.

Mr. Price lived in the home with Alex Fraley and had his farm leased. Fraley killed a beef on Sunday morning. I helped him. He got rid of all but one quarter, and some fellow failed to take it as contracted so Fraley was angry with everybody. We went to eat dinner, and Fraley looked at me and remarked, "You had better take that quarter of beef and go to house-keeping and quit sponging on people." That was my first blow like that. I could not eat another bite. I went out to the barn and sat there weeping and reaping what I had sown. Mr. Price came to me and said, "You need not pay any attention to Alex; he does not furnish the grub here, and you are just as welcome here as he is." I asked him if he would loan me \$5.00 till Christmas. He

said, "Yes, and more if you want it." I told him \$5.00 would do.

I went over to Mr. Sie Lambert's, the man I had quit. He had no help and was glad to see me. We soon made a bargain, but better wages than before. I went back, told my wife, borrowed a horse, and went to Shawneetown and bought a skillet and lid, a frying-pan, three plates, three knives and forks, a coffee-pot, and twenty-five cents' worth each of coffee, tea, and sugar, and twenty-five pounds of flour, put them in a sack and brought them to the house where I had kept house with the children, as our clothes were there. My wife had a bed, a sheet, and one quilt. I went to Mr. Lambert's next day and dug potatoes until sundown. We sorted them as we dug them and left the seed in piles on the ground. We then picked up the seed. It was dark and the potatoes were to be covered with dirt. I said to Mr. L. and to Elbert Killgore, "Can't you cover the potatoes and let me go and get my wife?" Lambert said, "You had better finish your day." Killgore said, "Go get your wife, I will finish your day if it takes me all night."

I went to the old house and built a big fire, then went to Mr. Price's after my wife. I had a lamp, but no oil. They begged me to stay all night. I said, "No, we must go to-night." It was night and we had to cross the backwater on a small elm log just about two inches out of the water. The water was about ten feet deep. We came to the water; wife said she would go back and come to-morrow. I said,

“No, you will go now, or never.” I carried the valise over. She got on her knees and crawled. I walked backwards before her and held her by her shoulders, and her dress was floating on the water. I thought she surely loved me. We got to the house, and I pulled out a trunk and invited her to have a seat. After untying the sack and pulling out the skillet and frying-pan and other things, I said, “Here is our house-hold tools.” She looked very sad and I teased her a little while. She began to look around and say, “How can we stay here?” We began to make our plan. She got her first meal on the fireplace. We had an old bedstead, and she had a bed, one quilt, and a sheet. I had a large blanket that I had used for flatboating. I then used it for a saddle-blanket. We had plenty of clothes, and used them for cover.

We got along nicely for a few days. My wife said she was very lonesome and she wanted to go to her uncle’s and get a dog I had there. I told her to go. She was to be back that night. She did not return for three days and nights. We were shucking corn about a quarter of a mile from where I lived. The fourth night after she went we heard her singing very loud. She said, “Just let her stay alone and it will teach her a lesson.” I thought about her crawling the log for me. I went home after night awhile. She ran to kiss me. I pushed her away and she cried. I said, “Where is Flora?” that was my dog’s name. She said, “I forgot her.” She also said

aunt Fannie gave her some chickens, still trying to get me to notice her. I would not let her kiss me. She would cry, and said if I would just forgive her she would never treat me that way again. I asked her if her aunt did not persuade her to leave me. She said she did and then gave her the chickens to keep her from telling me.

We lived there until the spring of 1883, when I made a trade with M. D. Price to move on Alex Fraley's farm and have a share crop. We got pretty well fixed in our home. We lived on Fraley's farm and raised a crop. Mr. Ewing Lambert was friendly with me and let us have a cow to milk.

Finally we went to Elizabethtown. I had an aunt who lived there. She was to furnish the house and I the provisions. On the 30th day of December my wife gave birth to a son. We named him Charles E. Brown. My aunt and my wife disagreed, so when the boy was three weeks old I hired a horse and buggy and started home. The buggy broke down and we had to go back. I then hired a man to take us to Cave in Rock, Ill. I procured horses there and got as near home as we could for water, then hired a boat. The water was very high. This was January, 1884.

When we reached home another man lived in our house and a part of our things were gone and we never recovered them. I then moved to Sie Lambert's and worked for him until fall, when John D. Richardson made me power of attorney over his land

in Hardin County. Lambert was afraid I was going to make too much money out of it and he would lose me. He wanted my work; so he went to Richardson and got him to take the contract away from me, which he did by telling me he would wait a while. He was to give me all the damage I was to get out of parties who had cut timber off his land. I found forty acres stripped of good timber and the damage would have made me a nice lot of money. I was getting after the parties who cut the timber, and when Lambert saw there was a prospect of my getting where I would not have to work for him he undermined me. I left him and hired to John Lambert and worked for him until March.

I borrowed money from Alex Fraley to buy horses. I gave him one-half of the profit. I would buy mares in Hardin and Pope Counties, Ill., paying from \$100.00 to \$110.00 each. I would take them to Union and Webster Counties, Ky., and sell them for \$150.00 and \$160.00 each. I made good money for a while. When trade slacked up, Fraley got scared and wanted me to give him a note and security. I got money from another man and paid him up, and the other man furnished me with money.

I did well for a while, then I got on a protracted drunk, which lasted four weeks. I had traded for a crop of corn at Fords Ferry, Ky., and boarded at Dr. Marble's. I had a stopping-place at George Shear's in Hardin, Co., Ill., and at John Lambert's, Pots Hill, Ill.

I was at Marion, Ky., attending the fair. I was drunk, had been for four weeks. There was a crowd of young men there drunk. One night I got in company with them. Of course, I looked rough. There was one who made fun of me. He told the boys if he could get me out of town he would whip me. One of them told me privately. I told him to just let him work it. So he proposed that we all walk out of town, which we did. He would call me Mr. John Brown. He called for all to form a line and said that when he called the roll all who did not answer I, he would whip. He called Mr. John Brown. I answered differently. I had my saddle-pockets on my shoulder with a quart of whisky in one end and a swamp angel thirty-eight caliber pistol in the other end. He said, "Let us have something to drink; let us try some of Mr. John Brown's whisky." I said, "I have a better quality here; would you like some of it?" He said yes. We were all in line. He was in front of us and I just pulled my pistol out and went to shooting at him. He did not stay to see what would happen. I shot at him as long as I could see him, but was too nervous to hit him.

He went to town. We followed and went in Tom William's hotel. We went up-stairs. It was between 12 o'clock and daylight. We went into a large room. There was one bed on the floor and four beds on stands. One man was in the bed on the floor, the other beds were filled. There was but one quilt on the bed on the floor. We pulled some of the quilts

off the beds and were spreading them on the bed on the floor, where we intended to sleep, when I discovered it was the man I had shot at. I jumped astraddle of him and said, "Hello! here is Mr. John Brown!" I asked him if he wanted some more to drink; he said no. I pulled out my bottle and insisted on his drinking. He said he would. I would rub the bottle over his face, then I would drink luck to him. He seemed scared for fear I would pull the pistol again, and I might have done that, but I had wakened all that were in the room by this time and some one called me. I went to his bed; it was Jim McFarland from Elizabethtown, Ill. He caught me by the arm and threw me behind him in the bed and held me until I went to sleep. When I woke all the gang was gone.

Jim and I went down-stairs and were in the saloon drinking. I went out on the street to see about my horses and the marshal arrested me. Several said they would stand good for my appearance. This was about Thursday. That night a man told me what I had done and said I had better leave the country, so I crossed the river that night at Fords Ferry. George Adkins and Jim McConnel, who now live near Sheridan, Ky., took me across the river. I could not walk alone and Adkins went with me to George Shear's. I laid down, but did not sleep much, for I saw my condition, as never before. I got up next morning, called Adkins and asked him if he wanted to see me drink my last whisky for twelve

months. He said yes. I picked up the bottle with a half pint of whisky and drank it and said I would go back to Marion, Ky., and give myself up to the law. I could not leave my bondsman, as I thought I had filed a bond. I got to Fords Ferry and was so nervous I could get no further. I waited until Monday and went to town. The marshal, Hadley Long, was the first man I saw. I called him to me and asked him what I had done. He told me he had followed us out of town and saw me shoot at the man. He also said he knew it was no use to try to do anything with the gang himself. He said he had been watching us all night, and had gone and got help to arrest us and just as he came around the corner he saw us go into the hotel and he thought if we would stay there and behave he would let us alone until morning, as he did not want to put me in jail. I told him if he would help me out of this I would not drink any more for twelve months and show the people I could be a man. He said he loved my father and used to go to school to him, and for the love he had for him he would let it pass, as there was no writ issued, and the other boys were gone and no one knew them, neither did they know where they went.

So I went and got my wife and child and brought them to Fords Ferry, Ky. I told Ewing Lambert and John that if they would back me I would not drink for twelve months. They helped me to fit up teams and I went to hauling goods from Fords Ferry to Marion, and tobacco from Marion to Fords Ferry.

I did well then for nine months. I ran three wagons in that way. I then went to railroading, took contracts on what was known as the O. V. R. R. It now belongs to the I. C.; runs from Evansville to Princeton. I never drank for a year except when bitters were prescribed for me by the doctor as medicine, which kindled the appetite.

As soon as my year was out I got drunk. My will-power was gone. I never could quit any more in my own strength. I tried to keep it hid from my wife. She and my half-brother, Andrew Brown, and my two children at Weston, Ky., at that time. I was camping at Blackford, Ky., fifteen miles from Weston. I received a check on Uniontown bank, and Bill Sheardon, my partner, and I started there to get it cashed. On our return we called at Linley's distillery and bought a quart of corn whisky. I got drunk. We stopped at Sam Boone's to pay a debt of \$40.00 that we owed him for feed. We went to dinner and fell asleep at the table. They got me into the front-room. Sheardon took my pocketbook out of my pocket and paid Boone and returned the pocketbook to my pocket. There was a man there from Henderson, Ky., on business. Boone and family started to a funeral. Sheardon went to the barn after our horses and left the stranger and me in the house alone. Sheardon had just got to the yard gate with the horses when he heard a racket in the house. The man ran to the door and said I had jumped into the fire. He ran into the house and I had pushed my

head right under the forestick in the fire. He was just ready to jump on the man. I told him not to hurt him, I had done it myself. He thought the man had knocked me into the fire trying to rob me. He found my money all right, but my forehead and the top of my head was badly burned.

We went to camp. George Shear was cook, also our partner in business. He and Sheardon dressed my head as best they could. I staid in camp a few days and took cold in my head. I decided I had better go home, so I did and told my wife I had erysipelas. I told Bob Haynes, a druggist, also a friend, the truth of the matter. He told deaf and dumb Johnnie McConnel, who then came into a crowd where I was and began to laugh and make a great ado, spelling on his fingers, telling the secret. I knew my wife would get hold of it, so I went to the house and told her. To be sure, it was heart-rending to her, for she knew what would follow.

Right here was one of the most trying things of my life. I could see I was ruined, my will-power broken, my home torn up, and my property at stake as well as my life. None but God could mend the chain, and God I did not know, and from what I had seen of professors and preachers, God I doubted.

I soon returned to my camp, and went to drinking very hard. Came home one Saturday night intending to go back Sunday. Wife begged me to stay until Monday, which I did. We just had two children, they were Charles E. Brown, who was three years

old, and Fanny Brown, eight months old. She was getting to be quite sweet to me. She could jabber and play. Monday morning after breakfast I walked out to R. F. Haynes' store. He kept drugs, dry-goods, and whisky. He had a good trade, but no clerks. He asked me to stay at the store while he took a walk. I consented, and while I was there Dr. Bolden's boy came and wanted me to fill a prescription. I told him he would have to wait until Bob came. When he came I told him Joe was there and wanted a prescription filled. Haynes took it and looked up at me and said, "What do you want with that?" I said I did not know anything about it. The boy said, "Fanny is having fits." Haynes said, "You had better go and see; you do not want to give your child this stuff."

When I got to the house it was one of the most heart-rending sights I had ever witnessed up to that time. The babe that was the idol of my heart, and that I had just left a short time before jabbering and cooing, was now having a hard fit, just tearing out her long black curly hair with her little hands. I did not know God. I knew nothing but to do what the doctor said, whether he was of any account or not. I had the poison prescription filled and let the doctor go to work on her. He got her under the influence of chloral and had me to get some stimulant (which he drank himself), and every time she would get from under the influence of the opiates she would have fits.

I think this went on for seven days. Her eyes swelled as though they would come out of the sockets.

My heart was torn, I felt a call as from God. On the seventh night I was sitting by the bed looking at my babe, and was just about to decide to give my heart to God. The doctor and a man who since has been the county judge of Hardin Co., Ill., but died in 1904, were sitting there. They saw I was bothered. They were both infidels, also smart men so far as the wisdom of this world is concerned. The judge was a man whom I dearly loved, and I thought he loved me. I listened to them. Their argument was this: Some people say God will afflict a child for the sins of its parents. One said, "Don't you know that a God who would afflict a child as this one has been and is now for the sins of its parents, is not a just God?" I was listening to their talk. I decided with them, and my child died in a few minutes; and the Spirit that had so often called me took its flight and I went into infidelity and was a total wreck for eight long years. Human tongue can not express it; pen can not write and mind can hardly perceive what I went through. My poor wife and child shed many tears. Christian people, or rather professors, pushed me off, my health grew worse, my life was one of sin and recklessness, my home was a gambling-den and a whisky-shop, full of discord and sorrow.

God pity a poor wreck that is so blinded by Satanic powers and hypocrisy that he can not see the move of God's hand. Day and night, hours and moments,

I would drink until I would get so crazy I would have to be guarded. Then while in that condition I would pray for God to spare my life to raise my boy Charley. He commenced saying his prayers at two years old. At five he began praying for me, and when I would be gone he would see his mother looking so sad and would go and ask her if she did not want him to pray for her.

Just look at the goodness of God in letting the light shine into a sin-cursed home where God was not recognized by man, but by a little five-year-old child of a drunken man and a sinful woman! Yet we could not see. I know of times when I would come home drunk and wife's patience would be so worn out she would scold me. I would leave the house and lie out on the ground and go to sleep. When I would wake up Charley would be lying by me with his little hands and arms over me, so when I would get up it would wake him. I would come home drunk after promising wife, child, and friends that I would die before I would drink any more. I would see my sad wife and child, then I would go out alone and cry because I could not be a man and show my family that I loved them. They thought I did not care. People would tell my wife to leave me, for I did not care anything for her; but she would say, "No; I will try him a while longer." People who talk that way do not have the least idea about the whisky habit. God pity a poor drunkard!

CHAPTER V.

EIGHT YEARS OF INFIDELITY.

Raising Half-brother—Helps Poor and Orphans—A Varied Life—Attempts Suicide—Trouble with Sawmill Men—In a Lawsuit—Broken Up—Hires for Fifty Cents a Day—Falls under Wagon Wheel—Death of Mrs. J. E. Lambert—Agitated—Back to Whisky—Falls from a Fence—Another Son—Child Sick, but Recovers—Continues to Drink Heavily—Delirium Tremens—Takes Last Drink—Sees Self—Goes to Meeting—Willis Bunch—Divine Healing—Prayer Answered—Life at About an End—Counts Cost of Being a Christian.

Now I shall only give a few sketches of my dark life during the eight years of infidelity following the death of my child. I was keeping my half-brother. I did not want him to drink or gamble or chew tobacco, but I did all these things in his sight; so of course he became a gambler and had formed the whisky habit before he was nearly grown. Many parents make this mistake.

Now, during all the eight years of dark life I met with many troubles as well as did a great deal of good to the poor and the orphans. This eight years of my life is almost lost to my memory, or a great deal of it at least, for I was crazy a part of the time and under guards. Nevertheless it was one of the most

business parts of my life. I made and handled more money those eight years than in all the rest of my life. I suppose my books show it. And it did me and my family less good and more harm than all the money I ever had. One spring my assessments were over three thousand dollars, and the next spring they were fifteen dollars in the same town. It seemed God never intended for me to become rich or get to where I could keep money, and if I had, likely I never would have been any better. At one time I made six hundred and forty dollars in twelve days, and it was not long until I did not know where it went to. I would be running public works one year and the next year be working for small wages for some one else. I was intoxicated one time just after a loss of everything I had, and my niece that lived with me married my bookkeeper. He was a sot drunkard and, I thought, had a great deal to do with breaking me up. I was angry with myself, and thought I would kill myself. It seems like a dream, but I was in the barn and had made all arrangements. As I put the knife up to my throat my wife sprang in at the door and screamed and grabbed me. Now some one will say, "He would not have killed himself." But every total wreck that reads this and who has witnessed the whisky habit as a disease will say, "Yes, he would, for he thought that was the only way out." Men sometimes get where they prefer death.

When in the sawmill business I met with a great

loss and was sold out. I had given nineteen hundred dollars for my mill. It brought nine hundred, and my teams and all that I had went accordingly. All that I had left was my household goods, my wife's cow, and my saddle-horse. We did not have three days' provision in the house or six bits in money. I went to the saloon for comfort. I could always get whisky. There was a crowd that had me in a livery-stable (this was in Marion, Ky.), and I would give orders and they would go and get whisky, one quart after another, until I became so drunk that I could not walk. Then they began to try to get my gold watch and chain. I tried to go home, as I lived in the suburbs of the town. They hung on to me and I fell by a brick building. They helped me to sit up. I was leaning against the brick wall. The crowd was still around me. I knew what they were trying to do, but could not help myself only to just hold to my watch. T. J. Nunn, an attorney-at-law who was also a friend of mine, came along the sidewalk by us. I recognized him and called him to come to me, and he came. I told him to take me away from the gang. He put his arms around me as a father would around a fallen son and took me to his office. There were his partners in law, W. S. Cruse and Ed Frank, who also showed me sympathy and love. They tried to reconcile me. I wanted to go home. They took my watch and chain from me and held me there till I went to sleep.

When I awoke Mr. Nunn was by my side. He said,

"Willis, why don't you be a man and do something? why do you let down this way?" I said, "I haven't anything to do with it; I haven't three days' provision, and not a friend on earth." He said, "Yes, you have lots of friends, and you can get anything you want if you will just sober up and be a man. Now," he said, "you can buy a team and go to logging. Do you know where you can get a contract?" I said, "Yes, but I have nothing to go on." He said, "I will go with you to the grocery-store and stand good for your supplies," which he did, and I bought another logging-team and went to logging, but kept drinking, and soon was flat again. Whisky caused it all. God pity a drunkard that has sold his will-power to the devil! You will say I could have quit. You don't know. T. J. Nunn is now judge in court of appeals, Frankford, Ky. God bless him!

While running my mill, the capacity of which was fifteen thousand feet of lumber a day, I was working about fifty men and had the contract for cutting the timber off five hundred acres of land. When the lumber was inspected some of it was not cut to dimensions. I spoke to the sawyer, but he did not pay much attention. My partner, W. P. Sheardon, who now lives at Lamb, Ill., was one of the best fellows I ever saw. He liked the sawyer and did not want to turn him off, but I went and got another man. When he came the majority of the men knew him, as they were all from the same country, but all were strangers to me and Sheardon. I gave orders for the new man

to take the lever, and told the other man if he would stay he could have the edger. I liked him as a hand, but not as the head sawyer. He would not stay. They all started to work.

It was not long until my partner came to the office and told me they were just about to string that man, and I had better let him go and keep the other one. I said, "No; we can not afford to let the hands run our business." He said, "Well, we will have a terrible racket and you will just have to go and settle it." We went down where they were. The new man was surrounded by several men, and had just about eight feet of space. He was walking back and forth. His eyes looked wild and he was very pale. He said, "Mr. Brown, I had better leave, the boys don't want me here." I crowded in where he was, and told them they could not run my business. One fellow strutted by me with a revolver sticking in his hip pocket. I told him that old pistol did not scare me. They claimed to be toughs from Hog's Jaw, Tenn., and they were all well acquainted with Garet, the new sawyer. He told them he had agreed to cut me fifteen thousand feet of lumber a day if I would put the logs to the saw and take the lumber away. He looked at one man named Mat Allen and said, "Can I do this? you have often carried lumber for me." Allen with an oath said, "Yes, you can cut too much to suit me; that is what is the matter with me; I don't want to handle it this hot weather." The

crew all quit, but I kept the new sawyer. He proved to be a good sawyer.

That contract wound up with a lawsuit between me and Mr. J. Pierce, Salem, Ky. We first had a suit in circuit court, Marion, Ky. I beat him and he got a new trial at the same place. I beat him again. He took it to the court of appeals, and I beat him again. In the beginning, before I sued him, I proposed to him to let his bookkeeper and my bookkeeper and his attorney and my attorney take the books and contracts and I would stand by their decision, and I would give him one hundred dollars to settle it that way. He said he could not settle by those contracts. I told him I would sue him. He said he would law me for all he was worth. I told him all right. He could buy evidence, but I proposed to law him honorably and friendly, that I could sit in the court-house and law him all day and sleep with him at night, and that his not paying me would break me up, but I would law him as long as I had money, and then would take the pauper's oath and still law him. I kept my word. I would shake hands with him every morning when he would let me. I did not have to take the pauper's oath, but did get to where I had to work for fifty cents a day before the suit was settled.

Mr. Pierce had refused to cash my orders before I sued him, and after I sued him he went and bought them up, and when I was put on the stand his attorney presented the orders and accounts. My

attorneys objected, and said he had refused to cash these orders and now had gone and bought them in at forty cents on the dollar. The judge said if this was the case, that Pierce bought the accounts and orders since I brought the suit, I did not have to accept them. I said I didn't know that Mr. Pierce had them, but that didn't make any difference with me, as I had sued him to pay my debts, if he could bring up enough against me to pay what he owed me, why, all right; so I accepted the orders and accounts that were just and what were not just I did not accept. The amount I had sued him for was \$1650.60. It cost him \$2500, I was told; and I suppose he holds malice against me yet. I wish to say right here, although it broke me up, I hold no malice against him and am sorry it ever came up. It is all under the blood with me.

After this I went and hired to Garland Carter to work for fifty cents a day, and my half-brother, whom I was keeping, for twenty-five cents a day. He owned a farm of nine hundred acres six miles east of Marion, Ky. He was a large farmer and stockraiser and was known as Hog Carter. He was to give me my dinner when I was working a team so that I could tend to my team. I was to eat my breakfast and supper at home. It was quite a change from working fifty men and having business with the leading firms of different cities, to step down to this position and be bossed by a twenty-year-old lad that didn't know what day of the month the Fourth of July came on. He was very

green and my brother was witty and full of fun and he asked the boss what day of the month the Fourth of July came on. He studied awhile and said he believed about the twentieth. Carter hired several hands. They did not work but wasted the time.

Christmas came and I went to Illinois and made arrangements to move there. I came back and Carter found it out. He took me into the hog-lot and said he wanted me to pick out my hogs to make me meat and we would butcher them while the boys were taking Christmas. I told him I could not work any longer for the price. He said, "You are living all right, are you not?" I said, "Yes, as long as we all stay able to work, but when some of my family gets sick, then I will be left." He said they never did know anyone to starve who worked for him. Now I said, "Mr. Carter, you need a man here that knows how to run this farm and take charge of the hands. I can take my brother and do as much as all your men do in a day." He said, "I will just fix that house for you and furnish feed for your cow and the house-rent free and give you \$28.00 a month straight time, and you take charge of my farm and stock and hands." So we agreed on that. I stayed with him until the next December, and he and I were intimate friends. When I left he said, "Just set your price and stay; I will give it." I told him we had better part while we were friends, as certain parties were trying to make trouble between us.

I then moved to Illinois, rented a farm, but became

dissatisfied and hired to Ed Lambert to work in the river-bottoms, and wife to keep house and cook for hands. We stayed until the crops were laid by. I kept up my drinking. One day I was driving a wagon to Shawneetown fair, and was in front of the other wagons. I had my family and John Lambert's family in the wagon and I was drunk. I fell out of the wagon and the front wheel ran over me and smashed my left breast in and broke four ribs. I was put in the wagon to be hauled home, but the bones jagged me and crushed together so I could not stand the jolt of the wagon. I got out and walked home, took my bed, and Dr. Cassedy was brought. He dressed the wounds, set the bones the best he could, and left. That evening a drunken fellow came and told me the doctor said I would get along all right, and then called my wife just outside the door and told her, so I could hear, that the doctor said there was no chance for me, I was bound to die. I could hear, but I was not scared.

My employer came home and he was mad at me because I had got hurt. He took the hands and went to the hills to his mother's to sow wheat and left my wife, children, and myself without food. I sent for his half-brother, J. E. Lambert, as he lived close by. He came and I told him Ed owed me, and had left me without food or money and if he would furnish us something to eat I would pay him. He said that was all right and as soon as I could go he would take us to his home as his wife was in the last stage of

consumption; so we soon went there. I could walk around a little and be up part of the time and use my right arm. Mrs. Lambert talked to me a great deal that day and told me I ought to be a better man and encourage Charley, my boy, for she thought he was going to be a preacher. Next morning at 7 o'clock she died and was laid away, and her husband went to his brother's. All was left in my charge. My wife and the hands moved our things up there. Night came and I was left with the children while they went after the chickens.

I never felt as bad in my life. I had witnessed many deaths and had stayed where many had died. I was not known as a coward, neither did I believe in ghosts, but I looked for that woman to step in, and I imagined I could hear her smothering. I would look for the door to open. I was rocking the cradle, which our baby was in. Charley was sitting there. He was a very deep child, and I thought a great deal of his judgment. He had kept me out of a great deal of trouble. He looked very sad, and I saw he was studying about something. I thought I would try to sing, and began to hum the best I could: "There is room enough in heaven for all that will come; There is room enough in heaven for me." He looked up at me with tears in his eyes and said, "Papa, I hope there is room enough in heaven for you." I was shocked. I did not know how to answer a seven-year-old child that would make such an expression as that. I studied a moment. I had always been puz-

zled at his actions, so I said, "Charley, don't you bother about me, you do right anyway; 'Every tub stands on its own bottom.' " But I was not feeling right. Wife came, and I soon went to bed and there I lay studying my condition. I resolved if I could get well I would be a different man and not drink and give my family any more trouble.

I improved very fast and in a few days was able to hitch the horse to the buggy and go to town by taking Charley to help me, as I could move but one hand. The appetite for whisky had come and I got drunk and got a jug of whisky. The child had to bring me home. Wife was all out of humor, of course. I took a nap, went out and had the buggy hitched, and started. Wife would not let the child go, as she thought it was better for one to be killed than two. I was on my way to a big rally and dance at Decker Springs and I went as far as John Lambert's. He was gone. Mrs. Lambert was a good woman and had sympathy for me. She said if I would stop there she would go with me. The hands and all the family were going next morning. I held her to her promise and she said she would go if I would not get on a drunk. I told her I would not, and when I would go to drink she would say, "Now what did you promise me?" I loved her as a sister and respected her as such. She was one of the best women I ever saw. She kept me from getting drunk and kept me from getting into trouble. When fellows would call me off to get me to drink she would tell them to let me

alone, for I had to take care of her and that she was depending on me to take her home, and they would let me alone. I returned home, having received a general chastising from Mrs. Lambert, in love, and I was ashamed of the way I had gone off against my wife's will when she had waited on me like a baby while I could not help myself.

Mrs. Lambert was my wife's relative. He and I were both drunkards and great friends and followed fairs. We would be gone on a spree, spend our money, and when we would come home Mrs. Lambert was always jovial and glad to see us. My wife was not so jovial; she would be angry for awhile, or act so; but she was not to blame, it was trying on a poor woman to see a man make a brute out of himself and run through with all they had. God pity a drunkard's wife!

Once I was at town, got drunk, started home, broke my jug, and went back after more whisky. The mud was very deep in the street, my horse got her foot hung, fell on her head, and I fell off. She turned over on me and buried me in the mud. Finally somehow she got off of me and I got my whisky, started out, had a fuss with a negro. When I got home I went to climb over a high fence, as the gate was fastened, fell off the top on a coal-pile and broke my cheek-bone. It knocked me senseless. I lay there until wife opened the door. She had heard me coming and when I did not come in she came to look for me. My eye was swollen shut and the blood was

running out of it and my nose. I thought the negro had hit me and I did not know any better until they found where I fell.

Soon after this, on the 7th of February, there was another son born to us, who is yet living. This made the fourth child born into our family. His name is George. We moved to Hardin County on Sie Lambert's farm near Saline Tip on Saline river. The babe took sick and was sick about six months. He got so low that for three weeks nothing but wine would remain on his stomach. The neighbors got tired of coming. Wife and I would take turns sitting up when I was not too drunk; then she had to sit up herself.

One evening I caught a horse that a party had brought there for me to pasture, and I went over to the store, a mile across the bottom. I did not know anything about the horse when I started, but I found out before I got back that he was blind. I stayed at the store until dark, then started home through a dark bottom. The horse kept falling over brush and logs. I got down to hunt the road and the horse and I both fell off a high bank into a dry creek. When I found a place to get out I went forward the way I thought home was, but I could not find any road. I would call, but no one would answer. I concluded I had better lie down until daylight, so I hitched the horse up, made a pillow out of my saddle and spread my blanket over me to keep off the dew.

When I woke up it was daylight and I was lying almost on the edge of a high bank and the blind horse

was hitched as close to it as I was lying; just a step would likely have killed us both. I went home and found a poor woman that had sat by the bedside of her child all night looking for it to die, and listening for some one to come with the message that I was dead. So you can see the joy of a drunkard's wife. To the astonishment of many, my child got well. He seemed as poor as a human being could be and live, and he got well without medicine.

I soon leased a farm from T. H. Patton for five years. We had spoiled this child, as, when one of us would go to correct him the other would interfere. One day he was very cross and my wife was having trouble with him. I was about to get out of patience, when I noticed his throat was badly swollen. When I examined it I found he had diptheria. I went after the doctor, for that was the best I knew. When he came he told a lady who was there that there was no chance for the child whatever. He would vomit up all the medicine and we gave him up to die because the doctor had said so, but he got well without medicine. Now during all this time I was drinking and I could fill this volume with sketches of my folly in drunkenness, but I have said enough.

About this time a boat came up the Saline river with women and whisky on board. I told my wife that she need not fear, I would never go to that boat, and I kept my word for a long time. The woods caught fire one night and there were several of us fighting the fire. My friend John Lambert was one of

them. He proposed we go to the boat and get whisky. I would not go, but we sent for it and drank all night. Next morning we were out of whisky. We went to his house. He lived four miles from Shawneetown. I went over there and got a jug of whisky. We drank it up that night. Next he and I went to town. My cousin Tom Garlin was there loading stock on the train. We all stayed in town till late, then came to John's and I drank all night. Next morning I thought the house was turned around. I saw I was losing my mind and I wanted to get to my wife, for I would rather risk her taking care of me when I was wild than any one else. I told Tom I wanted him to get me home, so he took me home in a road-cart and led my horse behind the cart. When I got home they put me in bed and I fell asleep. There were some boys there and they drank up my whisky. When I awoke I wanted whisky, but had none. I suffered the agonies of death all night. No doubt this will sound strange to some who do not know what a burnt out stomach is.

I went out into the field to let S. L. Jackson have a load of corn. When I got back to the house I was just about dead. I told my wife I had to have whisky or die, and if she would just give up for me to go to the boat and get a quart I would come right back. She said, "If you won't drink at the boat I am willing for you to go." I said, "I will have to drink just as soon as I get there, but I will just take one drink." She gave up for me to go. I started for

the boat. As I went out of the back gate I never felt so bad in body and mind. I was impressed if I went I would never get back alive, so I went back to my room and to bed. Wife did not know I was there till she heard me groaning. She came in and asked me why I did not go. I told her it was death anyhow and I had just as well die without whisky as with it. There is no use for me to try to tell it as bad as it was.

The next three days was hell on earth. I thought I had undergone all the torture that whisky could bring upon a man, but from that time a new experience commenced and lasted for three days and nights. I told my wife to get me some quinine, which she sent and got. It always relieved me before, but it failed this time. I would eat it, but it had no more effect on me than flour. I would flounce and jump and scare; would jump off the bed and draw the bed with me. Oh, tongue can not tell, pen can not write, the tortures I endured! Sleep had left me and all things calculated to make a man miserable and unhappy would run through my mind. I could scarcely breathe. I could not eat and could hardly talk. I did not want to see anyone but my wife and she could not do anything to relieve me. I made another decision such as I had made many a time before, that if I could live through that spell I never would drink another drop. That was just before Christmas, in the year 1894, and I kept sober through Christmas week.

New Years Day John Lambert and I went to Shaw-

neetown, Ill., and met my cousin Tom Garlin there again. He had taken a load of stock off the boat and was loading them on the train. He and Lambert kept drinking all day. I would not drink with them. When we got ready to start home Tom came with us, but he did not have a horse there. I was riding a big stout horse, so Tom rode behind me. They had a jug of whisky. They kept drinking and would try to get me to drink. I did not until we got to Saline river. As we were crossing at the ford at the Locks we let our horses stop to drink. They drank again and insisted that I drink. I was very cold and in very bad health and was just shivering with cold. They kept persuading me to drink and told me it would warm me up, so at last I yielded to the tempter and took a drink. It had the desired effect to warm me and also to make me want another dram. We went about a mile. Tom got down to walk a piece. He crossed Beaver Creek on a drift, but John and I rode around to another ford. He proposed we would just take another drink, so we did. After a while we came to what is called the Lambert school-house, then they insisted on me going to Mount Zion to church. Mrs. Gula Rose was preaching there, but I had not drunk enough to make me want to go. I tried to get them to go home with me, but they would not. We took another drink, and, thank God, it was my last one. They went to meeting and I went home.

As I went on I never felt meaner in my life to think how near I came to dying from the last previous drink,

and I had vowed to wife in the presence of my children that I would never drink another dram. Now I had again broken my promise. My hopes of proving to my children that I was a truthful man or convincing my wife that I had any honor or ever married her for anything else than to make her life a miserable one, were blasted and I was a miserable wreck. I rode along all alone thinking how my sweet little boy would come and climb on my lap and smell my breath and know that I had again been untrue to them. I was soon passing A. J. Dutton's. He was a Baptist preacher, and my nearest neighbor. He called me and came out and wanted to know why I did not go to meeting. I told him I did not want to go. We had quite a talk, but there was no reason in me. I had no confidence in him as a Christian. I went on home without any good impression being made on me.

Now the trial came. The darkey, Lee Able, who worked for me came and took my horse and put it up and the children ran to meet me. I was not drunk, but had drunk three drinks and did not want them to smell my breath. Wife was next to take a seat near me. I could see she did not smell anything but that cursed whisky, which had made her life a perfect misery for many years. I had lost all hope. I tried to look on the bright side, but there was none. I did not know God. I was just depending on self, and I saw self, and as will-power was exhausted my life was just about ended. The appetite for whisky was kind-

ling like a fire in a stove when there is plenty of kindling and a good draft. I looked around my fire-side and saw that my darling boys all had good sense. There never was an idiot born into my family, as I had always dreaded there would be, nor a deformed child, as I had looked for. There I could see a good woman sitting, who had not only gone down into the jaws of death to bring those children into the world, but had cared for them when I was drunk and a brute. I had promised to forsake all for her. I felt mean and I knew the next drink meant death. I did not know or see my way out; so my life was a misery to me.

In a day or two I took the darkey and went down to my niece's to get her some wood. She lived near the house where meeting was going on. M. D. Price lived near there also. I found John Lambert and family at Price's. His wife and Mrs. Price said they were sanctified. That did not make me think any more of them, though I dearly loved them. John was feeling very bad over his drunk the night before. They all went to meeting but John; I went to my niece's about three hundred yards away. The darkey got wood and I spent the day with my niece. We stopped at Mr. Price's as we went home. They had all returned from church. They asked me if John had been with me. I told them I had not seen him since morning. They looked and saw that a mule was missing from the barn. I said he had gone to that whisky boat. He soon came and it was one of the

worst sights to me I ever saw. They came packing him in the house, a man under one arm and his loving, true, and devoted wife under the other. She was smiling, Mrs. Price was crying. I had seen John drunk many times, but it never looked so bad to me as that time.

I went on home. His wife had a man that worked for them hitch up the team. She had John put into the wagon, then loaded her children in and started for her home. They got to his brother's, J. E. Lambert's, and stayed all night. Next morning his whiskey was gone and he was sober and they went back to church. Next day Mr. Price and I went to Cave in Rock, Ill. As we rode along Price said to me, "Well, I promised John Lambert I would go to the altar with him to-day." I made a few remarks about it and when we got back to Price's they told us that John was a mourner and was deeply interested. I didn't know what to think about that, but I said, "If John Lambert gets salvation I will believe in it."

I concluded in a day or two I would go to meeting and see what they had done to get John Lambert interested; so on the 5th of January, 1895, I went. When I got about half way I met Tal Merrit. She said, "Oh, yes, you are going after religion, are you? John Lambert and Tink Cochran have religion and they are just having a wonderful time." I had told M. D. Price if John Lambert told me he had salvation I would believe in it: so when I got to the church Price and a number of other men were out in the yard.

Price said to me, "And what do you say now, Brown? John has got religion." I said, "I still say what I did say." "Well," he said, "Did you not say that you would get religion if John did?" "No; I said I would believe in it if John told me he had it." So John met me and told me he had it, and I could see a change in him.

The meeting commenced, the people began to testify, and old Mother Cochran began to shout. It put me in mind of my boyhood days when I used to see her and her mother and two daughters shout. Now all of them had gone but her, and she still shouting over her youngest daughter's son, who had professed in that meeting. His name is Frank Walton, but was known then as Tink Cochran, as his grandma Cochran had raised him. I saw Mrs. Lambert and Mrs. Price take hold of her and start toward me, and I knew there was trouble, for I loved her as a mother. She saw me and came and preached and prayed and tried to persuade me to give my heart to God. I would laugh at her. She left me and asked me how I could treat her so. Next Mrs. M. E. Lambert came. I loved her as a sister in the flesh. The boys commenced to laugh, and if she had not left me when she did I would have gone with her to the altar for the respect I had for her and because the boys were all laughing at her.

Finally in stepped a preacher named Willis Bunch. I had heard of him, and he was one of the most peculiar men that I had ever seen. There was none in the

house that had a countenance like him. He hollered amen and a flash ran all over me, but it never touched my heart. He testified to being converted and sanctified, and healed of twenty-three years' affliction, and he said God had taken him from the plow-handles and sent him to preach, and he had seen all manner of afflictions healed. I looked at his fair countenance and thought, "Could a man have such a good countenance and lie?" I had heard of him for several days and cursed him and said he ought to be run out of the country. He asked how many Christians were there. I think three-fourths of the congregation held up their hands. "Well," he said, "how many believe that God will heal in answer to prayer?" About sixty held up their hands. Three hundred held up their hands as Christians, but evidently most of them could not believe that God would answer prayer. He said he was glad that there were that many who believed. He said, "I have been away from my wife and children for eleven weeks and did pack my valise last night to go home, but God showed me to come here and I am somewhat afflicted and I want all that can and believe to lay hands on me and pray for me that God may heal me, and show me what he wants me to do here. I understand this meeting closes to-day and you may think it strange of God sending me here to hold another meeting." So he knelt and there were just two women out of the sixty that held up their hands. One was Gula Rose, of Ridgeway, Ill., who now lives at El Dorado, Ill.; the other was Sally

Grounds, who lived at that place, but is now living at Carrsville, Ky. I was watching all of their actions. They prayed and the preacher rose rejoicing and said he was healed. Sister Rose preached and told the people she had to take her child home for it was sick, but the brother would go ahead with the meeting.

They dismissed and I was going out of the door when I heard the preacher say to Sister Rose, "Did God call you to preach?" She said yes. "Don't you think he will heal your child? do you think he would make you take your child home and leave precious souls here perishing for the gospel? Don't you want us to pray for God to heal it now?" She and Sister Grounds knelt with him. He began to pray. I looked around to see what would be done. Two Baptist preachers were standing up laughing at them. One of them had been preaching in that country for twenty years and one for thirty. He asked God to heal the child, to prove to the people, to skeptics and unbelievers, that he would answer prayer and that his Word was truth. He said amen. I could see a change in the child. The preachers that were making fun turned to me and said, "That is your sanctification." I said, "That was God answered prayer." So there was the difference between the preachers and the infidel.

I started home. Will Garlin, a cousin of mine, who now lives at Cave in Rock, Ill., called me and said he would go home with me if I would come back to meeting that night. I told him I would. So we

started and I began to talk about the meeting and make fun of the testimonies, but I said, "God surely answered that preacher's prayer and healed that child." But I said I had committed a sin keeping my old mule tied up there all day listening to them acting the fool. So the thought of the prayer came again and I was made to say, "But God surely answered that preacher's prayer." When I got home I told my family what I had seen. So we went back to meeting that night. The preacher preached and proved to me that God was the same and that people were living beneath their privileges; that I was a sinner in the sight of God; that salvation was a business transaction between God and me; that it was salvation or hell; and that I could stumble over hypocrites and go to hell, but could not climb over them and get out.

So I went home and studied over my condition all night, and as my mind ran back over my past life I began to see how God had spared my life in many dangers, both seen and unseen, and I realized that my life was just about at an end. I had been told by three doctors that I would die with consumption and that there was no cure for me. I had one specialist to examine my head. He said I had catarrh in the worst stage. I had Dr. Clark, of Marion, Ky., to treat me for heart-trouble. He said it was pleurisy pain and I would have to keep steamed up on whisky and quinine and wear it out. I had tried that for seven years, but got worse. So I saw my disease was beyond the skill of man. I smoked and chewed tobacco

all that night and did not sleep. I never thought of prayer, but was just counting up the cost of being a Christian. I knew if I were to die my creditors would take my property and leave my wife and children out in a cold and friendless world.



CHAPTER VI.

FROM SIN TO GRACE.

"Thou shalt forget the shame of thy youth." Isa. 54: 4.

*"Thou shalt forget thy misery, and remember it
as waters that pass away." Job 11: 16.*

Uneasiness—Largest Deal in Life—Decision to Quit Sin—
Troubled on Account of Sin—Prays for Godly Sorrow—
Illuminated with Pardon—Peace with God and Man—Sanctification—Wonderfully Changed—Call to Preach—Tests Come—Brother C.—Tobacco—The Preacher—A Wonderful Meeting—Healed of Different Diseases—Taught Humility—Tested on Sanctification—Tal Merritt—Pneumonia Fever—Child Healed—Must Obey Call to Preach—Disposal of Property.

A long night passed without any sleep. Morning came. This was the 6th of January 1895. I was worked up in mind as I never had been before. I had done a great deal of business and made large contracts, but I was now on the largest deal of my life. I ordered a horse caught. I thought I was bound to have \$75.00 to run my work. This is the way the devil always would work me—make me think I needed money. I would go and borrow it and the devil would get me on a spree and I would spend the money

and would be in a worse condition financially than I was before. My mule was saddled. I went to get on, and put my foot in the stirrup. As I mounted I decided to quit sin. In the name of Jesus Christ I looked up to the God whose power I had denied and I recognized him as a merciful God, and the Jesus I had refused to serve I called on for conviction. I had seated myself in the saddle when I decided and said, "I will pray six months if I live that long or get salvation if there is any for me." By the time I could think I said, "I will pray as long as I live, let it be six months or six years; I will get salvation if there is any for me." I was afraid I had sinned against the Holy Ghost. I could not cry or weep. I was convinced I was a sinner bound for hell; I was convinced there was a God that would answer prayer, but to just get down to weep like I wanted to, I could not. My heart seemed so hard and my mind would run off on other business; but as I would ride along the road I would say, "O God, have mercy! take everything from my mind and send conviction to my heart that I may weep for the way I have treated you."

I reached the place where I was going to borrow the money. Mr. Hill was out on the farm. He and I had been great friends and were yet. We used to sell whisky together without license. He had since that time made a profession and joined at the meeting-house. As I met him he asked me about the meeting. I told him what I saw of the child being healed. "Oh," he said, "there was nothing in that." He

said that old Bunch was the biggest hypocrite on earth. He had held a meeting there and stopped at his house. I said, "Henry, if that fellow has not got salvation I never saw any one that had." He said, "He has not got it." "Well," he said, "they tell me John Lambert is converted." I said, "Yes, and I believe there is a change in John." He said he was glad to hear it, that John had a good wife. I said, "If John will just let whisky alone he will get along all right." He said he could take a dram or so, or a little, "but the way you and he have done, getting on those protracted drunks, that is what is wrong." He said, "I go into a saloon and take a drink or get a jug of whisky and bring it home with me and drink it." I said, "Henry, Christ and whisky will not stay together, and if John Lambert ever takes a drink he is gone."

Well, he did not agree with me. He had just about discouraged me. I told my business. He said he did not have the money by him, but thought he could let me have it in ten days. So I went on my way home, almost sorry I had come; for now I thought if that preacher was a hypocrite there was no relief for me. I thought of what he said about Lambert, that he could drink and keep his salvation, and I knew he was mistaken about that. So I said, "He is as apt to be mistaken about the preacher." I said, "Lord I know you answered that preacher's prayer, and if I will get right you will answer mine, and if he is a hypocrite there is reality in religion just the same. O God, take this from my mind and send conviction to

my heart!" I just kept begging God for conviction. I felt if I could get where I could weep I could get saved.

When I reached my home the men were cutting wood out in the wood-yard. Lee, the colored man, took my mule and put it in the stable. It was about 3 o'clock P. M. My wife prepared my dinner. While she was doing this I pulled my pistol out of my pocket and hid it away and said I would not take it up any more. I had carried it eight years, only when I would drink until I was crazy and try to take my life, then wife would take it away from me until I would get my right mind; then she would give it back to me again, for she was afraid for me to go without it, as I was always getting into trouble and likely would have been whipped many a time had I not carried it.

When the dinner was prepared I sat down to the table, and wife sat with me. I would look at her and think how I had treated her. I loved her, but had not showed it by my past life. I thought, "Here I am just ready to die and have lived with my wife all these many years. She has been a slave to me and I have never been a husband to her. My life is just at a close and has been a failure." I could not eat. I was going to meeting, but I did not want her to know it. I had a widowed niece named Mollie that lived near the meeting-house, so I told my wife if she would fill up a couple of jugs of milk I would take them to Mollie. I was at the fire still asking God

to convict me. Wife got the milk ready. There was no one in the house but her and me. She came and sat down beside me and the thought came to me, "If I do not tell her I never will get salvation, for she has had more trouble through me than any one." So I looked at her and said, "Can you pray?" She looked me in the face and said, "Willis, I have prayed many a time that God would send you home alive." The tears were running down her cheeks. I said, "I want you to pray that I may get what I am going after. I am going after religion." She said, "I know it."

I went on to M. D. Price's. He was a sinner, a drunkard, and a gambler, but had a few days before talked to me about my getting religion, although he was a drunkard at the time. It now had a weight on me, for he said he had religion one time and there was reality in it. His wife was a good Christian. I had confidence in her. They were at that time both good friends of mine. I asked Mrs. Price to pray for me and told her my decision. I went on to my niece's and told her my decision and asked her to pray for me. She was a good woman, but I never did think before that she had any religion. I went to meeting that night and paid close attention to the sermon and received a great deal of encouragement. I went home; all were asleep. I knelt before the fire for the first time in my life since I had been the head of a family—I got on my knees in my house to ask mercy of God, when I was at myself and sober. When I was

drunk I would pray and be very religious. I went to bed after I had prayed, but kept on praying.

The next morning I went to meeting, and the local preacher came too, and shut the church-door and stopped the meeting. After he had made some insulting remarks, he said, "I am not mad." He looked at me and asked me if I saw anything wrong with him. I said, "There is something wrong with you." This was my neighbor and he had tried to get me to go to church the 1st of January. He stood between me and God the 5th of January when the preacher prayed for the healing of the child, and now was trying to run off the only man that God had ever used to wake up my soul. This was the 7th of January. They got it settled and the meeting went on. But the preacher told the local preacher that he would kneel at the altar and pray God to strike the one down that was wrong, and he would not agree to that, but they had prayer and my neighbor preacher jumped up and said, "Now look at me: if you think I am mad I will sit down." Morgan Oxford said, "I think you are mad, sit down." Several seconded the motion and he sat down.

I went home after night meeting and went down on my knees as before and asked God if there was any salvation for me to show me what to do. I said all I needed to say; I was not yet convicted. I went to bed and prayed until I went to sleep, but did not stay asleep. I went to church the next day, and stayed until after night meeting. The preacher

preached on dreams and visions and proved by the Bible God would give a vision or dream to any man to-day the same as he ever did if they would come in earnest. When I got home I went on my knees and asked God if there was any salvation for me, and if I had not sinned against the Holy Ghost, to give me a dream or vision. "Now, Lord, I have just about lost my faith, and if you do not show me some way I will quit and will never lisp another prayer." I went to bed and went to sleep and dreamed that my sister that was dead, Mrs. Ann Jackson, came to me and asked me about my father and brother that were dead. I said, "Don't you know me? George Brown was my brother, Anderson Brown was my father, I am Willis Brown, I am your brother—don't you know me?" I thought she was about as high as the ceiling above me, and it seemed she just walked back and forth and laughed at me. I thought in my dream sister was in heaven, father and brother had missed heaven and I was not fit to go to heaven, and I woke up crying.

Although a dream it had the desired effect and I realized it was God's way to work upon my soul. I was wonderfully convicted, as never since I was thirteen years old. God showed me just what I had to do to get salvation. I had murder in my heart. I had been seeking the advantage of the law to kill two men. I was willing to quit and treat them right, but I did not want to go and tell them so. I was an Irishman, and it takes God's power to make an Irishman

love an enemy. I kept trying for two days and nights to pray around it, but on the night of January 10, 1895, between midnight and day, when all were asleep but me, after I had fallen upon my knees for the third time since I came from church, I saw it was salvation or hell and I had to go to those men and ask their forgiveness or God would not forgive me. It seemed the Spirit was taking his flight as he did eight years before when I sat by the bedside of my dying child and rebelled against God. It seemed as though the foundation was giving away beneath me and hell was enlarging or opening up to receive me. It seemed as though it was salvation, and right then, or hell. I cried out from the depths of my heart, "I will do anything, Lord."

There was then a great load lifted from my heart. A light shone in my soul that drove away a gross darkness and love leaped into my breast that was never there before. For the first time in life I could realize I loved everybody and God! Oh, glory! tongue can not tell it, pen can not write it, mind can not conceive it, my soul could scarcely hold it. Praise God! it still remains, and as I write this the flow of God's love rolls over my whole being and through my soul and I can down deep in my soul shout, Amen! Glory, glory! God and I only know. Praise God! I wanted to shout aloud, but I wanted to see if I could live it. I would clench my teeth, I was afraid to shout for fear I could not live it.

I would not have cared to wake my family, but I

would think of the hired hands in the other room, and if I could not live it they would tell it. So after a while the great joy left and the devil said, "Now if that were salvation, the joy would not leave so quick; it would stay all the time." I then thought "I love everybody. I am not like I was"; but I did not want to be deceived, and I said, "O Lord, show me if this is salvation." I would rather have had my head cut off than to be a hypocrite, and would yet. God forbid that I ever fail to live my salvation. I went to bed and I was more impressed that it was not salvation. I commenced to pray. I was lying partly on my side. I could not lie on my back or flat on my side without having some kind of spells, something like fits. It began as nightmare, but got to be more than that. Wife perhaps knows better than I do, for I have ridden on my horse many a night holding to my saddle-horn asleep, trying to get to my wife, afraid to lie down until I could get to where she could take care of me. While I was lying in that position praying for God to show me if I had salvation, it seemed as if a tingling went all over me. I thought it was death, for I had been told by the doctor that I was liable to die at any time. I said, "Lord, not my will, yours be done." As I thought this I rolled on my back. I did not know anything for a time. When I came to myself I wanted to shout, but I was afraid I could not live it.

After awhile the joy passed and an impression came, "If that had been salvation, you would have

shouted, you could not have kept from it." I looked back at my past life; I could see I did not feel like I used to. I loved everybody, but I still had a fear. I went to praying for God to show me some way by morning if it was salvation. I went to sleep, and when I awoke next morning I just jumped out of bed telling that God had saved me. The workmen and all heard me. Breakfast was soon ready. As I went to the table the thought came to me that I had always said that Christians ought to return thanks when they ate. I was afraid I would make a mistake, so I let the devil get the upper hand of me and I did not return thanks. I felt that I had done wrong. While eating I said to the colored man that was eating at a table by himself, "When you get done eating get up a span of mules and hitch them to the wagon." I was going to take my family to meeting.

After breakfast I went into the front room and looked out of the window and saw John Davis, and it seemed that I was drawn to him. I commenced to preach to him. He said, "When did that happen?" I said, "Last night." He shed tears. The team was soon ready, and family and I started. I felt the fear again come on me. I thought, I will go and tell it and I can not live it. I began to pray for God to give me power to live it. I felt at peace with God and all men, but I was afraid I could not remain that way. I did not know what God's Word taught, but I did know that there was a hungering and thirsting in my soul for something I did not have.

I went on till we came to Jim Lambert's. He and Sam Lambert and John Russian were out at the fence. I jumped out of the wagon and began to preach to them. They looked at me very straight and I kept up my discourse till I had three mourners. Dr. T. J. McGinnis lived up-stairs. He had made a profession. I was anxious to see him. I ran up-stairs. He looked very sad. I said, "Doctor, I have salvation." He began to walk backwards and said, "Willis, I have not got it." I said, "Get down and get it."

I went on to meeting after I left there. The fear came again and I prayed. When I got to church the preacher was preaching. I never tied my mules or unhitched a chain. I just left them standing. As I went into the house everybody seemed to look at me, and the devil said, "Now you have fixed it; everybody knows you have made a profession, and you can not live it." I never had such feelings in my life. But I thought I had rather die than go back to doing what I had. I sat down and just kept praying. I did not hear much of the sermon.

When the preacher presented the altar he said, "All wanting anything from the Lord come to the altar." A lady went up to be prayed for for healing. I do not know who else. The preacher said, "All that believe in healing, come to the altar and pray with us for this sister." I did not intend to go, but I did go. I do not realize how I got there, I must have walked, but I was so lost in God that I had no recollection of going to the altar. When I came to myself

I was standing at the altar, and everybody was looking at me. I saw I had given it away. There were just a very few there that knew I had been seeking salvation. I had never gone to the altar before. As I went down upon my knees I said, O God, I need prayer worse than that woman. My God, give me power to live what I have professed." As I prayed God lowered his arm and let his Spirit of inspiration teach me what to do.

My business all came up before me. I had a good deal of property around me, but I owed for it all. I had spent many a sleepless night studying about my family, that when I died my creditors would take the property and they would be turned out and have to go to the poorhouse if not cared for by others. All this came before me. I said, "God, settle my business in your way." The Spirit led me to a complete consecration. I just said, "Anything, Lord, I would rather die than not live my profession." When I completed my consecration I had fully sold out to God. As I rose it seemed to me that something rose out of my heart. I just felt as light as a feather. As I looked down at Mrs. Sarah Price whom I had asked to pray for me a few days before, she said, "How are you getting along, Willis?" I went to speak and I just shouted. It seemed to me I had never witnessed anything like it. The filling came; the heavens seemingly opened and the kingdom of God came into my soul. I shouted again and Sister Price ran to my wife, then back to me. She did this three

times, and commenced to shout. She did not seem to know whether I was drunk or not. The sexton came up to me. I said, "Mr. Austin, I have fooled you people, but I have not fooled God." He said, "You have not fooled me."

I never saw as pretty a congregation. I know God wonderfully sanctified my soul. The fear took its flight. God filled me with his perfect love, and since then I have never been afraid that I could not live my salvation. Glory to God! This has been a new world, my home has been a new home; I have been a husband to my wife, a father to my children, a man of my country, and a servant of my God ever since.

In two hours God gave me a clear call to preach. I was at M. D. Price's. He said, "Brown, you are going to preach." I said, "All right, I will preach or do anything God wants me to do." I did not know anything about the doctrine of sanctification, and so did not understand that it was sanctification I had received. I had not read the Bible and had not heard any preaching for years till the last five days, and I had been so deeply engaged about my soul that I had not paid any attention to anything except what would help me to find God.

While I was shouting at the church I kissed an old German named Casper Fink. The people saw me. They looked at me when I went into the church because I had my family with me. It was something new for me to take my family to meeting.

Before I was saved Mr. Austin and his partner had hired to me to dig a well or sink a pump. They had

agreed to dig for so much in the dirt and I was to give them more when they came to rock. They thought I was drunk and so they could play off on me. They put on the drill for rock, but I got on to the game, took a few more drinks, and raised a row with them. I went to the house and got my pistol and came back and discharged them and would not pay them. He heard my experience, then said, "I thought I would come and see what you were willing to do about that well." I said, "What do you want to do about it?" He said he thought I ought to give him \$5.00. "Will that satisfy you?" I asked. He said yes. I said, "I will give it." Then he said, "Well, you have salvation." Of course it was just a two-inch hole in the ground, there was no water there; but I would rather give a man \$5.00 than to have him think I wanted to beat him out of a dollar when I could get it.

The first of January, or a little before, I had turned my neighbor's stock out of my field where he had rented cornground. There were about one hundred acres of corn-stalks there and I did not have enough stock to eat them. He did not have enough corn to feed his stock, but I was mad at him and turned them out. After I got saved I sent him word to bring his stock back and put them in the field, and come up to the house, as I wanted to see him. He did, and I told him what God had done for me. He seemed well pleased and we had prayer—the first time he had ever heard a prayer in my house. I asked him to go with me to meeting the next day. He said he

could not, he was floating timber out of the back-water and he had a large tree to top and float next day, for the water was falling. I did not insist any more on his going. He had, as I said, rented ground of me and we had measured the ground and agreed on the number of acres and the price. He was to bin grain enough on the ground to pay the rent. This he had not done and had just left part of the rent. Now he was a professor, and my other enemy was a professor. Both were Sunday-school superintendents and praying brothers in the Baptist church, and I was anxious to go to meeting next morning. I was feeling good, for I had made friends with my worst enemies and God had wonderfully saved and sanctified me and I loved everybody.

As I was making ready to start to meeting I saw these two enemies that I had the trouble with, and that were so in my way in getting salvation, measuring the ground over. I knew what that meant. I tell you it was a test of faith to see those I had wanted to kill, and had just made friends with the day before, now taking the advantage of me; and the way that man had prayed the night before and said he could not go with me to meeting on account of the certain job, but he had time to go and remeasure the ground that we had agreed on and had it in writing. His object was to get the rent to fit the grain that was left to pay.

So the devil came in full force. The first impression was to take my pistol that I had laid down and go and run them out of the field. I cried out,

“O Lord, help me!” I felt I could pray if I would go to the barn. I did not want my wife and children and hired hands to know I was having such a test. So I went to the barn and fell on my knees and cried to God, but the impression came to me to go to the house. I ran to the house, but had to look down in the field and could see them. I said, “O Lord, help!” I ran into the house, and there was an old Irishman there. He attended to making fires. He went out to get some wood. I thought I would fall on my knees and pray till I heard him coming in then I would jump up when I heard him come. But I commenced crying out to God and did not know when he came in, but I did know before I got up from there that I had victory, and I did not care if there was no rent paid at all.

I went to church. That evening as I came by a store near home this man was there. I called him to come and go home. He said for me to wait at the next house, he would be on directly. I waited a good while, then I made a remark that I could not wait for Brother C. any longer, and I was informed he had passed on long ago. I went home and the colored man that worked for me came grinning and handed me a note and said, “Here is your receipt from Mr. C.” I read it and it stated that he had measured the ground and there was just enough grain left to pay the rent. “Amen, all right.” The darkey’s eyes sparkled, and he said, “Well, you have got her; you would not have taken it that way a few days ago.”

I rejoiced to know I had such a victory over the devil that the man could detect it.

In a few nights Brother C. came by going to prayer-meeting. We had prayer and a good time. He talked of the revival. He said, "Well, Lee gave you that note, did he?" I said, "Yes." He said there was just enough grain to pay the rent at thirty-five cents a bushel, and I had made a mistake in the first measurement. "Well," I said, "are you willing to give what corn there is for the rent?" He said, "Yes." I told him that grain was but thirty cents at the nearest market, which was nine miles, and that I knew the ground was just what we first made it, but I was willing to take it and release him, though I was loser just \$18.00. He seemed well pleased. Wife and children and hired hands looked as though they thought I was crazy.

After I was saved I was tested on my appetite for tobacco. I was a slave to tobacco, whisky, and medicine, and profanity before I was saved. I would smoke and chew at the same time. A sinner friend and I were going to church. My friend said, "Brown, what are you going to do with your pipe? that preacher said it was wrong." I said, "I do not propose to be cranky; I am going to read the Bible after the meeting is over, and if it says anything against tobacco I will quit it." "Oh," he says, "you must quit it, Brown; the preacher says you must quit it." We arrived at church. I put my pipe in my side coat-pocket and took a seat in front of the preacher. He preached on cleansing from filthiness

of the flesh. I began to twist, and as he turned his head and looked away from me, my pipe-stem was sticking out of my pocket. I would try to push it down, but the pocket was not deep enough. I looked at the sinner, and he was laughing at me. I just had to twist and take my medicine.

After meeting was over we started home and I lit my pipe. The sinner, Johnson Russian, commenced on me. I said, "Now, Johns, I will read the Bible and see for myself." He said, "Oh, Brown, you must lay her down; you started to live a Christian; you must do right." I felt bad over it and tried to justify myself, for I did not see how I could lay down the habit I had had for twenty-five years. It had been my comforter in all my troubles.

Soon I brought the preacher to my home to hold a meeting in our community. I then lived in Hardin Co., Ill., near Pots Hill. I had two objects in view, if not three, in bringing the preacher to my house. One was, he was sick with pneumonia fever and he claimed to take God as his healer and I wanted to see if he did. Second, I loved him, for he was the means God had used to lift me out of the ditch. Third, I wanted the truth preached to my associates and to do what I could to cause them to see just as I had. The brother was very sick, and others and myself started a prayer-meeting to get an interest by the time the preacher got able to hold the meeting; though it looked like he was more apt to die than to preach. I came home from meeting one night and he got up and wrapped a quilt around himself and sat by the fire

and talked to me till he was forced to lie down on account of weakness. I then went into a room where a colored man slept and stirred up a fire and sat and smoked for a long time. This was continued from night to night.

Finally one night I was smoking and it came to me I was playing off all right on the preacher, but how about God? If it was wrong to smoke in the presence of the preacher, it was wrong in the sight of God. I can not tell you just how I felt then. I jerked my pipe out of my mouth and fell on my knees and I asked God with all the earnestness of my heart to take away the appetite. I first laid down the thing and turned from the enemy of my soul and my health, and then asked God to help me to let it alone. A great many keep asking God to take away the habit, but just keep up the practise, hoping that God will take away the appetite before they give the thing up. But I saw as never before that I had promised God I would leave all to follow Jesus, but that I was going off the altar to smoke that pipe and chew that tobacco; so I just got right back on the altar and asked God to deliver me and promised I would never get off the altar to get it. I knew Christ was the altar and nothing unclean could touch the altar, (Ex. 29: 37) and I was where, if I stayed on it, I would be clear of filthiness.

Next morning after breakfast I looked up at the fireboard and saw an old pipe, and the thirst was as sharp as ever in my life. I wanted to smoke a great deal worse than I wanted to eat my breakfast. There

was a chair between the dining-room door and the fireplace and I fell on my knees and cried out to God and he with one stroke of the Holy Spirit drove the poison out of my system, and I have never had any desire to smoke or chew since. Praise God for all he has done for me! and that is more than tongue can tell, or pen can write; but, glory to God, the soul can feel and rejoice in the same.

The next test came one evening as I was getting ready to go to prayer-meeting. The preacher said, "Brother Brown, you tell the people that I told you the Spirit said I could preach there Wednesday night. Will you tell them?" I said yes, but I looked at him and thought he did not know what he was talking about. I did not think that I would tell them because I did not believe he would be there. I feared it would bring a reproach upon the cause. As I went to church a great teacher began to talk to me—the Holy Ghost—and made me to see I had to tell what I had promised to tell or I would be a liar, and no liar could enter heaven. As it came nearer the time for the service to close, the worse I hated to tell it. I finally rose up and told what the preacher had said, and the Baptist preacher came in front of me and said, "Do you think he will be here?" I said, "No, I don't." He said, "Has he got pneumonia?" I said, "Yes, in both lungs." He asked me a great many questions and I just told him I would sooner believe he would go to the grave than to preach there on Wednesday night. This was Saturday night. I went home.

The preacher got up as usual and came to the fire with a quilt around him and asked me if I told them what he said. I told him I did. He questioned me a great deal. He said, "Well, Brother Brown, you had a good meeting to-night. I had a vision this morning at three o'clock, and we are going to have the most powerful meeting here there ever was in this country. There are old men and women that will be saved, and many will come and get healed; but there are two men there that you have great confidence in, and they are taking a great part in the meeting, but when they hear the truth preached they will not accept it and will turn from God." Of course he told me who they were. I loved them and had great confidence in them, and this was too strong for me. I said, "Oh, now that is just a little more than any man knows." He said, "Now, Brother Brown, God has laid his hand on you for a work and he has showed me to tell you. Now you keep still and the Lord will show you I am right." So I agreed to wait on his prophecy.

Wednesday night came. He went to church and preached to a crowd. Those men before mentioned were there and they took a great part, and did for a few nights; but finally they took a back seat. After meeting was over one of them and another man went around telling all of us good-by, stating that they were going to another meeting, where they could do some good. One came to me whom I had such confidence in. I broke down and said to him, "I wanted

you to stay here, I am doing all I can to get my friends saved and they have great confidence in you." He said, "There are enough here without me, I will go where I can do some good." They went away saying they would not come back. The other man went home with the preacher and me.

After we got home the preacher said to me, "Did you see those two men leave who said they would not come back?" He just knelt down and said, "I want you to pray with me and ask God to bring them back to-morrow under conviction." I looked at the other man and thought, "If it is not done he will tell it and that will break the meeting." By this time the preacher was down praying and the other man had knelt, so I knelt and began to pray. I felt victory till the preacher said amen. Then I thought, "If it isn't done! and how can it be done?" I put in a restless night.

Next morning by 9 o'clock we were at the school-house, known as the Lambert schoolhouse. The prayer service was over, and at 11 o'clock the preacher had taken his text and the men had not come. I sat down on the rostrum. I desired to take the lowest seat. I was just about to lose faith when the door flew open and the two men rushed in and called the preacher, stating they wanted to testify. I arose and shouted. It seemed the heavens opened and the great darkness had been dispelled by a light from God. Praise God for his love! They said the Lord would not let them go to the other meeting. That gave me great faith in God and was one of the greatest lessons

of my life and did me much good. That has given me faith to stand and see the salvation of the Lord many a time. It was a wonderful meeting; many were saved, sanctified, and healed.

Ten days after I was converted I came to the place where I could see God as never before. I had been told by three doctors that I would soon die with consumption. I had made a study of my life. I saw that oftentimes the people and doctors said I could not live and God had spared my life. I realized that he had done a wonderful work in my soul. I saw I had completely sold out to God when I made my consecration. I saw Christ was the altar and I was on the altar and my life was not my own. I realized God was my Father, and I knew I would do anything to relieve my own child, so I knew God would do as much for his child as I would for my own. I just put God to the test and he wonderfully healed me. I had a complicated case of different diseases—lung-trouble, catarrh of the head, kidney-trouble, rheumatism, piles, chronic diarrhea and heart-trouble. No one knew what I suffered. I never remember of being free from pain when I was sober for several years. After I was prayed for I felt that I had stepped from under a wonderful load. Think of a man being bound down by affliction and pain for fourteen years, and then being perfectly eased from pain, no bad feeling, but free from all bondage!

I was happy and would go to church day and night. After a few days the Lord put me to a test. The preacher and I were sleeping together. I awoke with

a fair case of pneumonia on hands. I thought it was death, as the doctors had told me I could not live through another case of fever. I was breathing very hard. The brother spoke to me and asked me what was the matter. I told him and he put his hand on my breast and prayed for me and the pain left my lungs and I could breathe easy. I went to church that day and testified to my healing of fever. The next morning I had the same test and the result was the same and I testified. The next morning the test came again and the preacher was not there and the devil said, "Now what will you do when the preacher leaves?" The scripture came to me, "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you." I put God to the test and was healed at once.

I went to church and in a boasting sort of way told how God had answered my prayer. God knew the danger there was of my getting exalted. I went home that night and found some of my children sick. I prayed for them and they were healed at once. I had something to boast about then. I made a boasting talk next day. When I got home that night all my children were sick. I was checked a little, but took up courage and prayed for them and they were all healed. I boasted at church next day, and that night they were worse than ever. I saw myself as never before. I asked God to forgive me for not giving him the glory for healing my family instead of trying to claim the glory myself. I prayed for them

and they were healed. I promised God I would give him the glory; so when I got to church I gave God the glory for the lesson he had taught me, and when I came home I found the family all well.

The reader may not understand why God put me to such tests. I did not know anything except as God taught me, and this was God's way of teaching me humility. This seemed to stir the people and make them afraid of God, and there were a good many who were afraid of the preacher, for they thought God would do whatever he would ask him to do. It was the most wonderful time I ever saw. I went through some wonderful experiences. After a number of severe tests, I got perfect faith and that brought perfect deliverance.

It was the custom in the country where I lived not to break into a crib of corn to sell unless the person wanting to buy would take one hundred bushels. When I got salvation I would sell any amount from one bushel up. I had many calls, as there were poor people who could not pay for more than five bushels at a time. After I had helped a man load some corn I went over by the store to settle with him. There I found a crowd of men, and a church-member was among them. He commenced on me about my sanctification, and as he had twenty years' experience in the church and could quote what he called scripture and I did not know much about the Bible, they all laughed at me. I started on. I was intending to go to church, but I decided to go

home and pray till God showed me if I was sanctified.

A Dr. McGinnis, who now lives at Iuka, Ky., was walking along with me. I was studying. I did not want to claim anything I did not have. He said to me, "I would not let that bother me. I would not give your experience for his." I said, "I will know whether I am right or not." I went home. As I walked along praying I decided that God could and would give me a vision the same as he did Paul. I just went to praying for God to give me a vision if I was sanctified, and if he did not I would decide I was not sanctified and would not testify to it any more. After I reached home I lay down on the bed and began praying. My flesh began to tremble and my ears began to ring. The thought came, "It is death." I said, "God's will be done." I seemingly died to this world. A vision came before me. I saw a great many people, and there was a young lady there named Tal Merrit. She was testifying; and a young man named Weatherspoon with his hand on her shoulder was seemingly encouraging her. I saw many other things. The vision passed away. I remember of being at the young man's father's many a time when I was a boy, and they never were too busy to have prayer night and morning. I thought by his faithful Christian life he had led his son to heaven. I was given a chapter to read and impressed to establish a family altar, which I did, and kept it up every night, and finally also in the morning. I never doubted my sanctification any more. One day

at dinner my little boy Anderson said, "Papa, why don't you pray at dinner?" I said, "Amen, if God wants to teach me a lesson through you, all right." We have had prayer three times a day ever since.

I went to church that night and Miss Tal Merrit was there. I sat down across the aisle from her, and was impressed to go and speak to her. I said, "I saw you this evening." She said, "Oh, where? at Jim's?" I said, "At my house." She began to cry and said, "Brother Brown, what is the matter with me? I have felt impressed to go and get you to pray for me. I feel as if I had lost my salvation." I said, "Amen, let us pray right now." We knelt and prayed. She got victory all right.

Now this was an orphan girl that had looked to me for protection before I was converted. I had treated her as a daughter and she had confidence in me as a Christian and a friend. But after this time she married a wicked man, fell away from God, and lived a rough and sinful life. God had mercy on her, as we will show later on, when we give an account of her sickness, reclamation, and death.

The meeting soon closed and the preacher left. Then the Lord taught me another lesson, that I must trust in God, not in man. The day he left I took the pneumonia fever. The people would come in and try to get me to take medicine. My wife was not saved. My oldest son, Charley, was saved. He came to me after I was sanctified and said, "Papa, I want religion." I said, "Charley, you have religion; you

never did any sin." I was honest in what I said. I never knew him to be angry since he was four years old, and he was now eleven. He turned away. In a few days he came running to me and said, "O papa, I have got religion now." I could see a change in his countenance. So he was the only help I had at home to hold on to God.

I felt impressed to send for Dr. McGinnis, who was saved and in the faith, and Mrs. M. E. Lambert, who then lived across from Saline river. She was helping Sister Rose in a meeting at Saline Mines. The water was high in the river and the devil would hold that before me; and then the Baptist preacher lived across from me, and I thought if I send for the doctor to pray for me the preacher would say that I took medicine, so I would not send for the doctor. Well, I learned a lesson on remedies. I had drunk whisky till my stomach was all deranged and gas would form in it. A remedy for years had been vinegar and soda. I was troubled with this and my wife said, "Do you want me to prepare you some soda and vinegar?" I never thought of it being a remedy. I said yes. Just as I swallowed it the thought came, "You have lied to God." You can not imagine how I felt. It seemed to aggravate the trouble. I began to repent and ask God to forgive and promised I never would take another remedy.

I was praying in secret. Wife noticed me and said, "Are you worse?" I said, "Yes; it is no use to try to fool you any longer; if God does not do something for me soon I will leave this world." She said, "We

had better send for the doctor." I said, "No, it is all with God; if he don't want to heal me I am ready to go. If it were left to man I would be dead before you could get him here." So I just held on to God and in thirty minutes I was relieved of that trouble. The opposers talked of coming and pouring medicine down my throat. I trusted God amidst all the darkness until all the people that knew me knew of my sickness.

A neighbor came who had once been a close friend and was at that time. He claimed to be saved at that time. Soon after he arrived the doctor whom I had felt led to send for came. I thought he had come to beg me to take medicine, as he was a near friend of mine. He stayed there till near noon, when he started to leave. He had examined me and said I had pneumonia in both lungs. I asked him to stay for dinner. He said no. He looked at my friend and said: "What did you come here for? just to see how Willis was? I think God sent you here for a purpose, just as he has me. The Lord came to me three times this morning and told me if I would come and pray for him he would heal him." I said, "Amen, I am ready." He prayed for me and I was healed at once and got up, but was weak.

Next morning I took my wife and went over the Saline river to where Sister Lambert was in the meeting. We reached the church. Sister Lambert saw me and began to rejoice; she said she had been praying God to heal me and send me there. She prayed for

me. I received my strength and went right on in that meeting day and night and grew stronger. Praise God for the way he taught me!

Well, it was now spring of the year 1895. I put out a crop, and while at this I had many temptations and learned many grand lessons. I would conduct a Sunday-school, and preach or talk every Saturday night and Sunday and Sunday night, if there was no one else to preach. My wife was not yet saved. We had always rushed and worried every spring. She expected the same, so she commenced the same way. I took things easy. She threw up my salvation to me. Though it hurt me, I never said anything in return. That night we went to have family prayer. I told my little boy to read, also told him to lead in prayer. With a trembling voice he prayed for his mother and for me; asked God to hold me up and not let me go back into sin. He could see there was something wrong. He closed his prayer and we arose. Wife looked at me and said, "What did you do that for?" I said, "If I am a hypocrite, I do not want to pray before you." She said, "You know I did not mean that." I fell on my knees and cried to God to bring my wife to salvation.

The next morning I went to the fields with the hands, and about 10 o'clock I felt led to go to the house. When I got there I found my wife holding our baby boy. He was two and one-half years old. He was choking, and his throat was swollen. He had every appearance of death. I took him. He could

not swallow water. I prayed for him in secret, and he got worse. The impression came to pray aloud, and that that was what I had asked for. I cried out to God and asked him if it was for my wife's salvation to move upon her soul and to spare the child's life and to heal him right then. I got the witness, arose, and gave the child a cup of water. He swallowed as well as ever. He was healed instantly. Wife looked serious, but soon forgot it. She wanted to get rich.

I went along keeping my eyes on Jesus the best I knew how, and living a life that was proving to my wife I had something she did not have. I had a good deal of stock around me, and had a farm leased for three years yet.

I felt my call to preach but also felt my weakness. I kept dreaming of preaching and felt I must go. I would talk to wife about giving my property up to my creditors and go to preaching as an evangelist. She said there was no use of that, for if I had farmed and drunk whisky I could farm and preach. She did not understand my call. Finally I began to lose stock. I lost a lot of hogs. I finally found out that one of the men who had been at daggers' point with me had run them across Saline river. I talked with him about it; he was very independent. I notified him to have my hogs home in three days or pay for them, or I would send the sheriff after him. I felt as soon as I had sent the note that I had made a mistake. I began to pray. He sent me a note accusing me of stealing and swearing lies and murder, and made great threats. I cried to God to help me.

I began concealing myself for two days and nights with God and got the victory, and it came to me that I should law no man. "All things work together for good to them that love the Lord." I said, "Lord I will give up the hogs." And God gave me an overflow of joy in my soul. Then I sent him word I forgave him and would do nothing about them. He threatened to kill me, but I just shouted right along. When I would meet him I would speak kindly. He would make a face at me and not speak, but God kept me.

Then a mare and some hogs that I had died. Every time I lost anything it seemed I must preach. I had a span of match roadster mares. A colored man that was working for me, and Charley and I took them to water with the rest of the horses. One fell and mashed her hip. I drove to Shawneetown and my horse took sick. James Lambert was with me. I said, "This is for me." He said, "I believe it." We took the harness off the horse. After he rolled a while just suffering death I decided to pray for him. He was relieved at once. I told God if he would heal the horse I would turn it and all my property over and go to preaching. After the horse got easy and we were sitting there waiting for him to rest, the devil came to me in an impression that I could let a man take the farm and stock, and farm on shares and pay my debts and have something left for my family. I went back on the promise I had just made God. As soon as I had decided to break the vow the horse got

bad. I tried to pray; I could only pray for God to forgive me. The horse dropped dead. I praised God for the lesson.

I went home and decided to go that night and offer my property to my creditors; so I did. When I got in sight of home, as wife had heard of the horse being sick, she asked, "Where is Mike?" She did not wait for an answer, but just kept calling out, "Where is Mike? is he dead?" I said, "Yes, he is dead." She said the preacher that I was converted under was praying God to take our stock so that I would go and preach. She did not know any better.

I had promised to be at Cave in Rock that night to help a Baptist preacher in a meeting. I had been raised with him, but had not been with him since he was a preacher. I thought salvation made everybody like I was, and I thought we could just work right along together. I had been to his meeting the night before and he had invited me to come to help him. I had promised to do so. It was the first time he had seen me since I was saved. He did not know I believed all the Bible.

Casper Fink was down at M. D. Price's waiting to go with me as I passed. I had another horse brought out of the pasture. The hired girl was excited when I went into the kitchen and asked for something to eat. She said there wasn't anything cooked. I came out into the hall; wife stood there crying. Our little boy near three years old was standing at her knees looking in her face as though he wanted to share her troubles. I said, "Now, wife, listen to me: which

would you rather have had to die, the horse or that child?" "Why, the horse, of course." I said, "It could have been the child just as easy as the horse, and it will be all of our horses and all of our children if I do not the will of God. I am going right now to give my property over to my creditors and go to preaching." I went to saddle the horse. She wanted me to eat my dinner. It was near sundown and I had to go eleven miles. I told her I did not have time. She brought me a handful of provisions. I left telling her she need not look for me until she saw me coming.

I got to M. D. Price's, a distance of six miles, and it was dark. Grandpa Fink said, "This is a pretty time to come to meeting. What is the matter?" I said, "There is a heap the matter; my horse died." Mr. Price looked down. He and his wife were my security for several hundred dollars and had been friends to me and held me up through all my drunkenness. Now it did look like all my stock would die. We decided not to go to meeting that night, and when Brother Fink and I went to go to bed, I said, "Grandpa, I want you to pray. I want you to pray with me that God will show you as well as me if he wants me to give up my property to my creditors and preach." He said he would. He was a man that stood fair with the people, and I knew they would believe him, and I was afraid Price's would not believe me, and I dreaded to tell him, as he was a wicked drinking man.

So we prayed and went to bed. Next morning when we got up Grandpa said, "What did God show you?" I said, "What did he show you?" He said, "I dreamed I was standing on that hillside below your house and I could see all over your corn-field and see your cattle and horses in the pasture and see all the hogs that you were feeding, and I thought, Well, Brother Brown can make money now, he has quit drinking. Just then a big hand moved around and swept it all away, the stock and corn, and a voice said, 'If he don't preach God will take it all.' " I said, "That will do."

After breakfast he and I were at the gate talking. Mr. Price came by. I said, "Mike, God has called me to preach." He said, "I believe it." I said, "He wants me to give up my property and let you dispose of it as you please, and me to go and preach." "I believe that, too," he said. "Well," I said, "I want you to just take all I have now and dispose of it, publicly or privately, just as you please; and if it don't pay the debts I will, if God ever gives me the means." He said, "That is all you can do." So he took charge of all I had.

CHAPTER VII.

FIRST GOSPEL LABORS.

“Then he called his twelve disciples together, and gave them power and authority over all devils, and to cure diseases. And he sent them to preach the kingdom of God, and to heal the sick. And they departed, and went through the towns, preaching the gospel, and healing every where.” Luke 9: 1, 2, 6.

With Baptist Preacher—Wife Saved—Tested—Calls from Different Places—Opposition—Fasting—Instructed in a Vision—Trying Experiences—A Mob—Nashville, Tenn.—Services on Steamboat—At Home Again—Marion, Ky.—The Boy Preacher—Street Preaching—Vincennes, Ind.—Separates from Coworker—Family Sick—Move to Marion, Ky.—With Methodist Preacher—The Afflicted Healed—Carrsville, Ky.

I stepped out on the promises of God, with wife and three children and not a dollar. But, glory to God, I had salvation. Grandpa Fink took me down to the Cave where I had arranged to go into the meeting with the Baptist minister. We met him. He did not seem like the same man. I talked to him kindly, but he seemed to be all out of sorts. He said he did not aim to leave one stone on top of another in Cave in Rock. He said he was going out into the street to preach every day. So he left me.

We went to a house and put up for dinner. After dinner we went down and hunted him up. When we met him, he said he was suffering with the headache. I said God could heal the headache. I put my hands upon his head with Grandpa and we agreed that God would ease his head and convince him he would answer prayer. He looked queer. After we prayed he looked to see if anyone had seen me pray for him. I said, "Is it gone?" He said, "Willis, it is better." I said, "Isn't it gone?" He said, "Oh, I believe in prayer."

He said he was going to invite people to meeting and for me to come and see whom I could get to come. I said, "Clem, do you want me in this meeting?" He said he did, but that the trustees were opposed. He was preaching in the M. E. church. I said, "If you will allow me I will help you, and I will preach. If they will shut me out I want to know it, for they know my life." "Well," he said, "you stay and do as I tell you, and we will make it all right. When you testify do not give it so strong; just say you thank God for Christ's sake that he forgave your sins, and that is enough. They can not stand your strong testimony." I said, "I can not do that; God has done more than that for me, and I must tell it." He said, "You stay, and when I call on you to pray, you pray; and when I preach you go into the congregation and bring the people to the altar."

I told Grandpa to stay all night and I would know by morning whether the Lord wanted me there or

not. I met one of the trustees and asked him if he said I could not preach in that house. He said no, and that he would much rather I was in there than the man that was. Well, we prayed that night for God to show me if he could use me there. I dreamed that he closed Thursday night and that I sent for Charley and we commenced meeting Friday night and that the people just crowded in from all parts. Next morning I told Grandpa what I had dreamed, and told him I would stay and for him to go by my house and tell Charley to come down Friday. Sure enough, the preacher closed Thursday night. After he dismissed I called the attention of the people and told them my boy and I would preach there Friday night if there was no objection. I asked a lady who was present and was a trustee if she had any objection. She said no, but there was another trustee present, I could ask him. He had no objection. I said, "I have seen the other three; there are but five, are there?" So the poor little Baptist preacher was shown right there to have said what was not true, for he had said they were not willing for me to preach there.

The next morning the toughs printed it on boards that Willis Brown and son Charley would preach at the M. E. church that night. They put them up on every road that led out of town. That night we had a large crowd.

Charley came, and they all wanted to hear him. I asked him if he would talk before me or after. He said after. I preached, Charley got up and took a

different text from the one I had and preached. That was his first text to preach from. He was just past eleven years old and small for his age.

I noticed a lawyer in the audience while I was preaching. I had often drunk with him. I wished I could say something to get him saved. He watched me all the time. I heard afterwards he was saved. Some years afterward I met him in Shawneetown. He took me by the hand and led me up to a large window and said, "Sit down here, I want to talk with you. I heard you preach at the Cave and you made a wonderful impression on me." I said, "I saw you watching me, and I was just wishing I could say something to cause you to get salvation." "Well," he said, "you said it; it was not so much what you said, but it was who was saying it—that was what moved me. I just thought if God could save a wreck like Willis Brown and put him up to talk to an audience like that, he could save me." I will not tell his name, but if he reads this and wants to tell it, all right.

After this meeting Charley and I went home and the baby was sick. I went and preached Sunday, came home and he was worse. I felt it was for my wife's salvation. I would pray for him, but he was not healed. Monday morning he was no better. I felt led to go to a neighbor's. I thought the child was going into fits; however I went. When I got to the neighbor's the lady of the house was sick. I prayed for her, she was healed. I went to where a

sick sister was, who was just talking of sending for me. I prayed for her and she was relieved.

I told them I believed our baby was having spasms. When I got home at 2 o'clock I found wife with the little boy on her lap, and it was having one spasm after another. She said it had been that way ever since 10 o'clock. She was afraid to lay him down and he was too heavy for her to carry, so she had just sat and held him in her lap all day. She could reach the water to get him a drink, but could not get any remedies without getting up, and she was afraid to get up with him. I came in, took him out of her arms and laid him on the bed. He had a hard fit. I fell on my knees at the bedside. Wife ran and got the turpentine bottle, there was nothing in it. She held it to his nose, then threw it down and got the camphor bottle and came with it. I saw there was some camphor in it.

I said, "Now, wife, this is for your salvation, and unless you give your heart to God this child is going to heaven." She threw the bottle down, fell on her knees, and that was the first time I ever heard her pray. The fit lasted two hours, and the child was dead as far as we could see with the natural eye. I told the Lord if we were not able to raise him aright to take him to heaven, but not to let him have another fit. Wife gave herself to God. The child breathed. This may seem pretty strange, but it is the truth. This was God's way of bringing my wife to salvation. Now this child was paralyzed from his

waist down. We would pray, but he got no better.

The devil commenced trying to make me sorry for giving up my property. He said I had better have sold some of those hogs and put the money in my pocket to keep us until I got able to preach. Then he would tell me there was nothing in healing. Oh, no one knows but God what a test I went through. I had promised to take care of the stock ten days till the sale, but I got sick and had to go to bed. There were my afflictions, all the symptoms coming back, my child paralyzed, and no one to tell any troubles to but God. It seemed the heavens were brass and my prayers were not answered. Two weeks passed this way. I had almost given up. Pen can not write it, tongue can not tell it, and if they could you could hardly believe what I passed through in those two weeks.

Finally one Sunday I had an appointment, and I thought I would get up and go and fill it anyhow. I got out of bed, but could not dress myself. I had to go back to bed. I lay there till my wife and an old lady who was there came in. This woman did not believe in healing. I said to my wife, "If God has called me to preach, he will make me able to fill my appointment; I am going to put him to the test." I rolled out on my knees, called on God to make me able to fill my appointment as a witness that he had called me to preach. I rose well and put on my clothes and went a mile. When I got there I was a little weak. I told them the circumstances and asked

them to pray for me, and they did. I preached and felt well.

I went home, ate dinner, and was sitting studying over my case and had to go to bed. I summed up the whole matter and decided I would not be defeated by the devil. I rolled out of bed on the carpet, called my wife and Charley and told them to come and pray for me. That was the second time I heard wife pray. She gave up, I got the victory, rose, leaving all doubts and unbelief lying there and rose in the name of Jesus once for all. I prayed for God to open the way for me to go where he wanted me. The next morning John Lambert came after me to go pray for his wife. She had been sick three weeks. I went and several met me there. We prayed for her, she arose and got in the buggy and went seven miles. I had calls from place to place.

I received a letter from a preacher to come one hundred miles to help in a meeting. I prayed God to show me if that was his will. I dreamed it was. I asked God to give me the means to go. I saw in a vision a man with a roll of money and he gave me some to take my trip. I thought I went to Shawneetown and the train had gone, but I soon got another train. I was called to pray for Mitch Brand. He had pneumonia fever and was bad. Grandpa Fink and Mrs. M. E. Lambert, Brand's sister, were there. We prayed for him and he was healed immediately and got up out of bed. He was clerking for his father-in-law, James Newt Oxford. Brother Fink

and Oxford and I went into the store. I showed them the letter from the preacher. Grandpa Fink said to Oxford, "Have you any money in your pocket?" He said yes. He asked him for \$15.00. Oxford took out a big roll of money, just as I had seen in the vision, and gave me \$15.00. Fink said, "You must go right now; I will take you to town in the buggy." I said, "I am ready. I want to go by home." He said, "I will go with you." When we got to my home I told my wife to get my clothes. She began to cry, and as she packed my valise she did so in tears. You may think she did not have anything to cry about.

Let us look at her surroundings. There she was to be left with three little children and one of them paralyzed, and the whole neighborhood against her, and starvation staring her in the face. So she had something to weep about. When my valise was packed, I said, "Let us pray." I began to pray, wife and children crying. I was kneeling by the rocking-chair where my paralyzed child lay. The thought came to me, "If God has called me to preach he will give me evidence by healing my child." I laid my hands on the child and with all earnestness and faith and confidence in God I said, "O Lord, if you have called me to preach this gospel, as I understand it, give me an evidence by letting the power of God go through this child's body and make him walk, and I will live and die for you." I just rose up, not knowing to tell the child to get up and



FAMILY GROUP.

walk, but just felt it was healed. Wife and the other little boy were crying. I wanted to go away. It seemed my heart would melt. I can not describe the feelings I had. The devil said I would go off and could not get back and my family would suffer. Oh, it was the hardest thing I ever did. I hurried to get away where I could not hear the cries of my family, which were tearing my heart. As I went out of the door I looked back at my paralyzed child. The devil said, "You never will see him alive again." I rebuked it the best I could.

When we got to Shawneetown the train was gone just as I saw in the vision. Next morning I got another train. Well, this strengthened my faith. I bought an overcoat and gave wife all the rest of the money, except enough to take me where I was going. I reached the place with \$2.00, and I struck a hard family, an old man and woman, and several grown boys living in a little log house. "Well," they said, "You are that saved saloon-keeper, are you? you are that tough the preacher told us about?" I said, "My name is Brown. Where is the brother?" "He is gone. He said if you came just to go ahead, and if he did not come back, for you to just go on with the meeting." I asked where he preached. "Here," they said, "at our house and over on Fox Ridge. You will preach here to-night, will you? We all want to hear you." They notified the neighbors and they gathered in. I gave my experience, which seemed to interest them. The old man said he would take me

over to Fox Ridge, where there was going to be meeting and he would get them to let me preach in the house. We arrived at the place. The talk came up about the house and the preachers, and others were questioning me about what church I belonged to, and they had just about decided to let me preach. The old man introduced me to some one, stating that I was "that other preacher's partner that was here a while back." They told me I could preach Monday night. Well, we announced meeting. Monday night came; there was a crowded house, but they closed the house.

An old man was there who told me he had two seventeen-foot rooms and a hall between, and I could preach at his house. First we asked the trustee if we could preach in the schoolhouse. He said no; so we announced meeting at the dwelling-house. It seemed the whole country was stirred. I did not know how I was going to fight such a battle. I just went down on my face and asked God to send back that preacher who had sent for me, and he came the next night. He said he had a rig standing at his door to take him another way, but felt so impressed to come back that he went out and prayed and asked God if I was there, and if he wanted him to go to me to give him the money to come on before train time, and that was just thirty minutes. He said he went into the house and a lady who had come in while he was out handed him the money. He sent

the rig back to the stable, took the train and came to me. There was a large crowd.

We announced a meeting at that place for the next night. A man spoke up and said, "Why don't you stop at the schoolhouse?" I said, "The trustee said we could not." He said: "He is just one of the three. I am one, and the other man and I say you can preach there. We don't claim any salvation, but you give out meeting." So we did, and God began to work; but the other minister decided we would close there and go to Wynoose. We did and got in the U. B. house and held a meeting. God began to work. A sister by the name of Annie Murray was healed of a cancer of twelve years' standing. Finally the preacher came. He got up and preached just as though we had not been there. The people said it was the largest crowd he had had an opportunity of preaching to, so he had to make use of the opportunity. Well, he shut us out of the house. We went on to another point, and when we got there a pastor was holding a meeting, and we did not get to stay all night.

We had hired a man to take us thirty miles to get there, and we got him to take us seven miles farther to the railroad, where we took train for Grayville, Ill. We reached there about dark and went to the hotel and put up without money. After we had arrived we were notified that the town was quarantined on account of diphtheria. We prayed nearly all night. We were led to go up town next morning and go

with some farmer out into the country. We did, and while we were standing in front of a grocery-store a man came out. I motioned to my partner and said, "There is a farmer." He spoke to him, asked him how far out he lived. He said six miles, at a little town. "Well," he said, "we would like to get out where we can preach." He said, "We have a school-house there." We asked if we could go out with him. He said one could, and the other could go with his neighbor; so I went with the neighbor. My partner went to the hotel and offered to leave our valises to secure our night's lodging; but the proprietor told him just to send the money back when he got it, and I sent it back when I arrived home.

I reached the little town first. The man I was with did not live there, so I did not know what else to do but go to the home of the old man that my partner was coming with. I learned they were very rich, large landholders and had \$60,000.00 in bank. I had already learned that the gospel I preached was not accepted by the rich; but it was raining and I had no money. I had to go somewhere, so I ventured to the big mansion. I told the old lady the circumstances, that we were going to preach there. She asked me what church I belonged to. I told her the church of God. "Well, what denomination? We are the church of God, but we must have a name." Well, I saw there was trouble on hand. She said she was a Methodist. "Well," I said, "I have seen good Methodists." She said, "Are you sanctified?" I

said, "Yes ma'am." She said, "It is not so; there is no person living sanctified." She said, "You can't sin?" I said, "Yes, but I do not want to and can live without it." She said, "He that saith he liveth and sinneth not, he is a liar." I reasoned with her but saw she was set in her ways. I got her to be friendly with me, but I knew that there would be trouble when my partner got there. When they arrived my partner asked her if she was saved, and they got into an argument and she got mad. Evening came on and we were starting to meeting. My partner said, "Grandma, I will give you something to study about while we go to meeting." She said, "All right." But he forgot it, and I was glad of it.

We went to meeting; had a good crowd. The old gentleman went and paid good attention and seemed well pleased. My partner was a good speaker and could draw the people. Well, when we returned to the house, the old lady was very angry. My partner said, "Well, Grandma, I intended to give you something to study about and forgot it." She said very crossly, "You need not mind, I have plenty to study about." The old man wanted to change the conversation, and he said, "Well, I may get up sooner than you preachers want to. I am going fox-hunting tomorrow and will get up at 2 o'clock." My partner said that was too soon. I saw the old lady was very mad. I said, "That is all right, we can get up when you do." She said, "Yes, you can make out most any way one night." I knew that meant she was

not aiming to keep us another night. So we went to bed, and the next morning at 2 o'clock we were called. As we came down-stairs the old lady was at the foot of the steps. She never spoke. My partner offered to shake hands, but she would not shake. Breakfast was over and the old gentleman asked us to visit an old Campbellite preacher that lived in town, and said he might be back that day and might not. So we went out to the barn and prayed and came to the house. She still was mad. We went and prayed again, came back and she was not any better. We went back and I asked God to show me what to do. I was impressed to leave, but I knew it was useless to go to any other house in town. The old man had asked us to go to his son-in-law's, but I knew that would not work. So I said, "Let us leave the town by faith." This was early in the morning and we could not get a train until evening.

We went to the depot and stayed all day. We would go out and pray sometimes. About an hour before train time these old folks' son-in-law came to where we stood and said, "Have you fellows had dinner?" We said, "None only a feast with God." He said, "Why did you not come to my house for dinner?" I began to make some excuses. My partner took him by the hand and said, "I have a message for your mother-in-law; will you take it to her?" He said yes. He said, "You tell her that I said God said if she doesn't get down and repent for the way she treated us, God's servants, she will die and

go to hell, and that she has not got long to repent in." He looked very sad and went up to tell her. I said, "Now you have fixed it! they will give us a thrashing before we get away." He said, "I can not help it Brother Brown, I had to say it." We went into the depot, it was just a few minutes till train time. We did not have a cent. The depot was full of tough-looking corn-huskers. It was a town filled with farmers that farmed in the Wabash bottoms, and they hired many hands. It was a rainy day and they were not at work.

I was looking for a report from the house we left. I saw one of the hired men pass the depot window. I dropped my head just so I could see his feet as he came in at the door. I was praying. He just came inside and stopped. I watched a minute to see what he would do. I raised my head. He had his hand in his pocket, and he looked frightened. He motioned his head for me to come out. I arose and started, thinking sure I had to take a whipping. He took me to one side and handed me, \$1.00 saying, "Here is a dollar." I said, "What for?" He said, "The old gentleman sent it to you." "What! has he come back?" I said. "Yes," he replied. About that time a buggy ran by with a man just laying the whip to the horse. He said, "There goes the doctor now. That old lady fell a while ago right on the floor and she is nearly dead. She can hardly get a breath." Just as her son-in-law took her the message she fell. Then the poor old man thought,

like Simon of old, he would buy the truth with money.

Well, we had our tickets by the time the train came; so you see God will provide if you will make the start. This was similar to the illustration the old colored man gave of faith. He said, "Here is a brick wall. If God tells me to jump through the brick wall, it is my business to make the jump and God's business to make the hole." So if God tells you to take the train, it is your business to go to the depot, and God's business is to provide the ticket. God don't make any mistakes. If he says go, he will provide the way. When he told the man with the withered hand to stretch forth his hand, if he had said, "I can not," he would not have been healed. When he says, "Speak my Word faithfully," he means for us to obey and he will confirm it with the signs following.

After this we went to my brother-in-law's, where I had some nephews and grown nieces. My brother-in-law and his family were great Methodists. They could not understand how I was so well versed in the Bible, when I had no education and had never read the Bible before my conversion. So he asked me how I learned so much about the Bible. I told him it was by fasting and prayer. He said they had a preacher there who fasted. I asked him how long he fasted, and he said he did not abstain from food entirely, but when he sat down to a meal he would look over the table and whatever his appetite

craved most that he would not eat. I said that was only playing off on his stomach, and was not fasting at all. Jesus fasted forty days and nights, the disciples were men who frequently fasted, Paul fasted three days and nights at the time of his conversion and sanctification, Cornelius was a man of prayer and fasted. It was when the prophets and teachers in the church at Antioch prayed and fasted that the Holy Ghost called and separated Paul and Barnabas for their great missionary work. I fasted seven days and nights—five without water, the rest of the time I drank all the water I wanted—and I received what I was praying for. He said he thought that was punishing ourselves and God did not require us to do that. Jesus set the example, the apostles followed, and Peter said Jesus came to lay an example that we might follow in his steps, and I realize that if every preacher that has started out to preach had been as much in earnest as these men were and had followed their example, they would all have come into possession of the Holy Ghost and power as the apostles did, and they would all have preached the same thing, and there would not have been six hundred and sixty-six ways set out before the people as right, but only the one straight way. Praise God!

We went to my home in a few days. The brother and I talked about different places. He seemed to be led across the ocean. I felt the call to work. I knew I must go somewhere. I had depended upon him as my spiritual father. Then I began to call

upon God to know where he wanted me, and I was led to fast and pray. I did so, and after seven days and nights God gave me a vision. It seemed to me there was a man standing by my side reading a list of names of towns where I must go, and I could plainly understand them. After the vision left me, I lay and studied a while about the trip, then fell asleep, and when I awoke I had forgotten all the places but one. I waited for two days, but I could not think of them; so I began to fast and pray for God to show me, and after two days and nights of fasting and prayer God showed me to go to the first town that he had showed me in the vision, which was forty miles from home, and he would there tell me what to do, as he did Paul when he sent him to Damascus. We had just enough money to pay our way. I wrote to a lawyer there who claimed to be sanctified and had frequently asked me to come and hold a meeting. I told him when I would be there and for him to have some one meet me at the boat. I bade wife and children good-by, but could not tell them anything except that I was going to take a long trip and did not know further than to the first town.

When we arrived, just at daylight, there was not any one at the boat-landing to meet us; so we went to the hotel and stayed till after dinner, when we learned there would be a boat up Cumberland river. We were at Smithland, Ky., at the mouth of the Cumberland river. Just about the time the boat was

due a man came in telling me that his wife and some other sisters wanted us to come to his house. She had attended a meeting where my companion was preaching some time before and was healed of sore eyes. I found a hearty welcome there. The boat was late. There was prayer-meeting at the Methodist house that night. We went; the lawyer was there and gave us an introduction to the preacher, but he did not have much use for us; he treated us very cool. We had opportunity to testify, and when the meeting was dismissed all present came to shake hands with us, except the preacher, the lawyer, and one woman; and there were about one dozen there. We went back home with the parties we had gone with, and the crowd that had come to us after meeting, went along.

We were expecting to go on the first boat. We had not been there long till the lawyer came in and said he had just come over to let us know before we left that he was with us, and his pocketbook was closed against that preacher. About that time the boat whistled. My partner jumped up and grabbed his valise and said, "Let us go." I stood still. He looked at me and said, "Are you not going?" I said, "I don't know where to go; this is as far as God has showed me and I will wait on the Lord." The people began to rejoice, and the man of the house said, "You can preach here at my house." The lawyer looked bad and said he must go. We stayed five days and nights, had a good meeting, but the

lawyer never came. I find a great many that have the "moonshine" holiness he had.

At this meeting several were saved, some sanctified, and a few healed. I fasted and prayed three days and nights and God gave me the vision back, and we started off. The people gave us \$7.00. An old man came while we were there and said he was a holiness preacher and had been away from home for two years, that his unsaved wife had followed him and was sick and tried to make him go home, and that he wanted to send her home, but lacked \$4.00 of having enough money. We gave him \$4.00 of the \$7.00 they had given us, and we had not gone more than fifteen miles until there was \$4.50 given us.

We went to the next town and tried to get a house to preach in. The preacher treated us pretty well. We had prayer with him. The brother that was with me prayed for God to save the Methodist preacher. He did not like that very well.

I was acquainted with the warden of the penitentiary there, and he let us go into the prison. We saw about six hundred poor prisoners, and saw the dogs set on one old colored man. This was at Eddyville, Ky. We went from there to Nashville, Tenn., and preached the first night at the hotel and had a good crowd. The people and proprietor were anxious for us to see Captain Ryman, for they said he would get a place for us to hold a meeting.

After we had gone to our room the brother who was with me told me that God had showed him the

night before that he should deny having a family, and he had not done it, and now we must leave there and go to another town, where he would deny his family, and then he would have power and success. I did not think that was right, but I had such confidence in him I was afraid to think he was wrong. So I went with him to the next town. We just had fifty cents when we reached Franklin, Tenn. When we got off the train we asked an express man if there were any holiness people there. He said yes and for us to wait till he came back, as he had a load then, and he would take us to them. We said no, we would walk. He said he would not charge us anything, so we waited and he came and took us to a grocery-man and gave us an introduction to him, and he was very glad to see us. He went with us to another business man and they went with us to another and so on till they were all together. There were five, as far as I remember. All were well-to-do and had a good business. They were talking about getting a place to hold meeting and we told them we had not sufficient money and would have to have a place to stay. They just dropped us right there and had no more to do with us. We went to the hotel and ordered dinner. While we were waiting for dinner we got into a conversation with a church-member and we told him we were traveling on the apostolic line, and he asked us to speak a glass of water into wine. We told him as Jesus did the devil in the fourth chapter of Matthew: "We should not tempt the Lord our God, for we are

called to preach, and not to turn water into wine for the devil."

We walked out and the streets were full of people and I was impressed to preach to them on the streets, but I did not obey. We had given our last cent for dinner. We heard of a sanctified meeting nine miles off, so we went to a liveryman and pawned him a watch to take us out there. When we got to the town we met quite a number at the store. We got out of the buggy and they seemed glad we had come, and took us to see the preacher. He asked what church we belonged to. We told him God's church. That was enough. We gave our testimony. He walked off and left us. We called him out and told him our circumstances. He said he could not keep us all night, that everybody was crowded. Well, we went to several places and no one could keep us. One man gave my partner twenty-five cents.

I saw a large mansion up in a field, that had a gravel carriageway running up to it, and I was praying and asking God where to go. We had been looking to men and they had all failed, so I tried the Lord and was impressed to go up there. It was then dark. I walked up the steps and rang the bell and a lady came to the door. We asked her for the man of the house. We heard him call out from the inside, "Come in." We told him to come out, we wanted to see him. He insisted we should come in. We went in. He was very kind and offered us a seat. We told him we wanted to stay all night. He

said all right. "You have not had any supper?" We said no, but we did not care for any supper. He told the cook to prepare supper. We told him that we did not have any money to pay him, and asked if he would just let us lie on the carpet, we had only twenty-five cents. "Well," he said, "that don't keep you from being hungry, because you haven't any money. I suppose you are some of the sanctified folks." We told him we were sanctified, but not like those people were. We told him how we had been treated. "Well," he said, "we will go out to meeting to-night." He wanted to see what they would do with us. He said he was a Campbellite. After supper we went over to meeting and testified to what God had done for us. After meeting was over quite a number came and shook hands with us. One man said for us to come back the next day and they would find a home for us for they wanted us there to help in the meeting. Our friend said for us to go back. He was anxious to see what they would do. He went to his own meeting next morning, as it was Sunday. We went to the Methodist meeting and testified again just as strong as God led. We were invited by a number to stay for the meeting, but none had room for us at home. The man who said he would find us a home neither came near us nor spoke to us.

After they dismissed we came out and found our Campbellite friend waiting for us. I asked him if he was going home now. He said he was. I told him we

wanted to get our grips. He went with us. As he went on he said, "Well, they found you a home, did they?" We said, "No; we are going to leave." He asked us if we saw the man that said he would get us a home. We told him we did, but he did not let on that he saw us. "Well," he said, "I thought we would get our widows and orphans and poor people taken care of since sanctification got into our town, but they are making a poor start on you brethren. I don't claim to be sanctified, but you will not leave till you get your dinner, and if I did not have to leave I would keep you brethren here to attend this meeting." He told us that he was a drummer and would have to leave that evening, that he was not afraid to leave us with his family, but the people would talk about it if he did so. We ate our dinner with him, bade him Godspeed and started off about 4 o'clock. When we got out about a quarter of a mile from town on the pike that ran from Franklin, Tenn., to Murray, Tenn., I fell on my knees and cried out to God, "O God, is it possible I have been deceived and led here by the wrong spirit?" There was a voice seemingly spoke to my soul and said, "Jesus had nowhere to lay his head; you are standing on the promises of God." My soul was filled with joy and I arose rejoicing. I picked up my valise and started with my back toward home, determined to see the end of my vision.

We stopped at every house and tried to get shelter over night, but no one would keep us. There

were large mansions with gravel carriage roads leading to the house. The man of the house would always meet us at the door. We would ask them if they were Christians and they would tell us what church they belonged to. We would tell them we were traveling on the apostolic line and would like to stay with them till morning. They all with one accord would begin to make excuses and say they had no room, but told us of a man at a little town who kept everybody that came, that he would not turn anybody off. We came to a house and stopped at dark. The man of the house was drunk and the woman was sick. He said he made no profession, but he believed in our doctrine and would keep us if his wife were not sick, but it was just a short distance to a town and he said there was a man there that kept everybody that came. We reached the town and saw a storekeeper at the back door of the store with a burning lamp in his hand. It was dark. We called him and told him our business. He said he was a sinner, and that he could not keep us, but the man at the next door would keep us.

We called on the next man. He said, "I don't see how we can keep you here. Our baby is sick, but it is no use to tell you to go on, for no one will keep you on this road." He said, "Let me see my wife." He went in to see her. I fell on my knees before God at the gate and asked God to put it in that woman's heart to let us stay all night. He came to the door and said, "Come in." We went in. He

asked us if we had had any supper. We told him we had not, but not to bother about supper, just to let us lie by the fire. He told his wife to give him the sick child and to prepare us some supper. I looked at the child, thought of the commission of the Seventy, and we laid our hands on the child and asked God to heal it, and praise God, it was done. Now it isn't any use for me to tell you there were glad hearts there and a welcome home for preachers. A backslidden father and mother brought to God too. Bless the Lord.

Well, the neighbors heard the alarm and the storekeeper and others came running, no doubt, to see if we were murdering the people, but they found the house filled with the glory of God. They began to beg us to hold a meeting. They had a nice house in town, but they said their preacher had gone on a visit for six months. We told them to get the house and we would hold a meeting. They did not think there would be any trouble about that and the next morning they saw one of the authorities. He said he would go with us to see the other one. So we went, but he said he could not do anything in the absence of the preacher. We asked him if we could have the schoolhouse, as he was trustee. He said he had no right to say. I asked him how far it was to the next district or schoolhouse. He told me three miles. I said, "We will go there," but he said, "It is no use for you to go there; he is an infidel, you can not get that house." I said if he was an infidel

we could get the house, for I once was an infidel and I knew how to work them, but I could not do much with church-members. He tried to discourage us, but we went on and reached the infidel's house. He was a very rich man. I told him our business. He said he was just going to town, and that he did not know whether or not he had a right to let us preach in the schoolhouse, we should just make ourselves at home there till he came back, and he would see the superintendent of the school. So we stayed till next morning and were well treated. He came home that night and told us the superintendent said there was another schoolhouse three miles farther on in a nice grove, which was a nicer place than this, as this was in a lane and there was no place to hitch horses. The infidel said if we did not get a place to stay closer we were welcome to stay with him. We went over and began meeting that night. The Campbellites had meeting there on Sunday, and they were strong in that community. We were invited the first and second nights to remain, but the third night we had no invitation. The people just looked at us and let us walk away, and none of them invited us to stay with them. The Word had come too straight for the Campbellites. We walked about a quarter of a mile and called at a house to get a drink of water, as there was none at the schoolhouse. I was very thirsty after preaching. The man of the house and his grown daughters were there. Just as we left, the lady of the house and some more of the girls came

in. They had been to meeting and knew we had not had an invitation to go anywhere. There was a black cloud rising and heavy thunder and it looked like rain. We had gone about thirty steps from the house when the man called us and asked us if we would not stay all night. I said we did not care, we would do so as we had no place to stop and it looked as if it would be a bad night. We stayed there three days and nights. It rained all the time.

The second day while we were out praying a neighbor came in and left word for us to come up and stay with him. The lady told us about it and I could see she was anxious that we should go, but I wanted the way opened plainer. I was asking God to open the way for a home if he wanted me to stay there. The man where we were kept store and post-office and depot, as it was a railroad station. The third morning while at breakfast the lady said, "Well, this is the day Brother Lackey is to come, and I just dread it, for I have so much to do and the children are not well, and I can not care for company." I knew what that meant. She was tired of us.

Brother Lackey was a Presbyterian preacher. He came once a month, and this man took him out three miles to his meeting-house. This man was a Presbyterian and his wife a Campbellite. After breakfast we went out to pray. I asked God to open a way right then for a home. It had quit raining and the people were tired of us so we went to the store and the man that had left word for us to come

was there. He shook hands and introduced himself as Mr. Nesby. He said, "I live just a little ways up yonder," pointing to a large mansion, "come go up and stay with me." I told him I would wait for the mail. He told me his son was there and was going to stay for the mail, and we could come with him, that he must go and tend to his cows and sheep, as he kept a dairy and raised sheep. The young man talked very freely. He said, "We don't want you fellows to think hard of us for not inviting you the other night. There have been so many 'dead beats' through here that we are afraid to take in strangers; but we have a good room and a bed and plenty of wood, and we have decided to keep you fellows and see what is in you. Just go there and make yourselves at home."

The train came that Brother Lackey was on. We got our mail, bade the family good-by and invited them to meeting. We did not get an introduction to Brother Lackey, as he was rushed to a room, and we left. As we went to our new home I spoke of our valises. The young man said, "Where are they?" I told him at the little town where we just stopped. He said he would go after them with me.

When we reached the house we found a large family, the old man and his wife, and son and his wife and children. The old man who had just a while before left us at the store seemingly all right physically was suffering in his back, could scarcely move, said he was subject to it, and it generally

lasted three or four days. We prayed for him: he was healed instantly. It stirred the family. The old man, his wife and daughter-in-law were professors.

We were welcome visitors and they exhorted us to just feel at home. After dinner the young man and I took a horse and buggy and went after our valises. As we were driving along he said: "We have had a time at our house since you fellows came in here. My brother is just twenty-one. We were cleaning out the barn the other day, and father was helping. Sam said, 'Well, there were but two Christians in the meeting the other night.' 'Who were they, Samuel?' said Pa. 'Those two preachers.' 'O Sam,' said Pa, 'you are mistaken.' He said, 'Pa, just show me another one.' Well, he named several. Sam would tell what they had done. Pa said, 'Well, Sammie, me and your ma.' 'Well, Pa, you and Ma don't claim to be Christians do you? I never knew that before. You claim to be Christians, and let those preachers go away, never asking them to stay all night?' Pa set down the fork and went right to you fellows, and did not see you, but left word for you; then this morning he went after you again."

So you can see God did use that sinner to open up a home for us. Well, we had a good home, and God showed the old gentleman and his wife and daughter-in-law that they had just joined the congregation and had no salvation. So they got saved and all the household but one, who was seeking and said he would not cease till he found pardon.

I had now been away from home for a month and could not hear from my family. I was going through a trial. The brother that was with me had seemingly lost his mind, for he had denied he had a family, and I knew that he had one. He was trying to show me by the Bible where he was justified in saying what he did. I would keep praying to God that if it was not right for him to deny his family he would keep bothering him by making him dream of them. He did not want me to write to my family, for they would find out where he was, and he said God did not want any one to know where we were till he manifested his power through us till his name would go out as it did in the days of Christ. I fasted and prayed a day and a night. I had seen him used of God, so was afraid to accuse him of being wrong. So I took the case to God and he began to have dreams. Every morning when we would get up he would state that he had dreamed about his family.

One morning I was sweeping our room. He was making up the bed and told his dream. I said, "Praise God!" The power of God came upon me and I said, "I have been praying that if it was wrong for you to deny your family God would make you dream of them every night." He grabbed me and began to cry and asked me what to do. I said, "It is of the devil; just confess to the people that the devil made you believe you had to do what you have done." That night there was a large crowd at

the meeting, and while we were singing he cleared his throat a few times and a man in the audience mocked him and he reproved him sharply. We sang another song and he began on the man again. I said, "Hush." I saw he was unbalanced in mind. He said, "Let us pray." He fell on his knees, asked God to forgive him for telling he had no family, and the people began to talk out. He kept up his prayer of confession for about an hour. When he got through I thought they would take him out of the house. I told them that the reason I had shunned them and had stayed with him all the time was because I did not want to give them a chance to ask me about his family, for I did not want to tell them the truth about the matter and had determined I would not tell a lie; for this cause I did not give them a chance to talk privately with me, but had been fasting and praying for God to bring it out, and now I was free and could tell them who we were and where we came from. So I did, but the enemy was stirred and prejudice was raised.

The next day the minister to whom we gave the money to send his wife home came to us. He was fanatical and had fits. He preached that night from the twenty-third chapter of Matthew and abused the people. The next day the man where we stayed called me into his room and told me we had better leave, for there were a number coming after us that night. I said I had not done anything to run for, and I was led there of the Lord and would not go unless God showed me to. He told me that they said I

was all right, but they were going to whip me for being with those other men. I said, "Praise God, I am no better than Paul. I will take it if God permits it, and it will be for my good and his glory. If you don't want me here I will leave your house, but I will not leave the country." He said he did not care if we stayed, only he hated to see the mob take us and he not able to help us. Just a short distance from there they had killed a Mormon preacher. I said I would not go, but would tell the other brethren and they could do as they pleased. I told them, and one wanted to go; the other said he would leave it with me. I said, "I am going to stay." Just at sundown I was carrying in wood for the fire and was praying. I looked at the sunset and it looked a little cloudy. I said, "Lord, if you don't want me to go to the schoolhouse to-night send a hard rain. Now, Lord, you can do this just as easy as you let it rain for Elijah."

While we were eating supper it began to rain. I never saw a harder, steadier rain. We began to sing in our room. The family all came in. We were having a good time when some one heard a noise. They went out on the porch and there were men on horseback in the yard. They called for the preachers. I went out after I had persuaded those in the house to turn me loose. The men said, "We came after you preachers to go down to the schoolhouse to preach. There are some parties who have never met you; there is a big crowd down there." The man

of the house said, "Let them come up here; they can not go in this rain." But they said there were some women down there. He told them they could come up to his house as well as we could go down there, that they were already wet. They left, and pretty soon fourteen came. There were two women. They were given seats. We sang a song and I prayed. We sang another song. I saw the devil was in them. I prayed till they were all on their knees but two, and they were leaning on each other crying. After midnight they left, but confessed they had come after us, but had decided God would answer prayer and so changed their minds. Well, God did a good work there amid all the deception of the devil.

We next went to the city of Nashville and rented a room. We learned Mr. Moody would close a two weeks' meeting at the Sam Jones' tabernacle that night. We went. It was said that eighty-four hundred people were there. Moody talked about thirty minutes from the ninth to the eleventh verses of the tenth chapter of Romans. They took up a collection before he preached. There was nothing said about altar services.

We next attended the Methodist meeting out in the city. They said the preacher was sanctified. He treated us well and asked me to talk after he preached, so I did. He did not have the same sanctification I did, and it would not mix. The members crowded around me after meeting and wanted me to hold a meeting. The preacher objected and slipped out and

left us. Next we went to a hall near the meeting where there were a lot of men going through a form of testifying. The old brother that was with me began to testify and jumped from the pulpit to the door about three times and scared them all and they dismissed.

We went to see Captain Ryman, the great steam-boat man that was converted in Sam Jones' meeting, and had poured out his whisky and turned his saloon into a gospel hall and telegraphed to all his boat captains to throw the contents of the barroom overboard, so I was told. I had heard of him and at one time did a great deal of business with him by letter, but never had met him. The brethren talked to him. I did not know what was said. When they went away I introduced myself to him, told him I used to slip on his boats a great deal and had corresponded with him, and Captain Roundtree had picked me up on the river many a time when I was drunk and took me to my landing, where I ran a saw mill. "Now, God has saved me, and I am here in your city to try to help some poor drunkard get out of the ditch. Can you assist me in getting a place to preach?" He held my hand, and said: "Brother Brown, I am glad to meet you. I remember of hearing of you. Now, I will do all I can. I have no place but the Jones' tabernacle, which costs \$7.00 a night to run it, and it will be too big. I have let the Salvation Army have my hall; if they will let you use it part of the time, all right. When you get ready to leave

the city, come around and I will give you a free pass anywhere my boats run." I told him that we would want to go to Shawneetown and to Evansville in about a month, if the Lord willed. He said all right.

We went to see the Salvation Army captain. He would not let us have the hall, so we preached on the streets, but were stopped. A Jew came up and told us to come with him and see the mayor. We went, and while they went up-stairs to see the mayor I knelt on the sidewalk and prayed. When I rose from prayer there was a crowd gathered around me. Among them was a well-dressed woman, who said, "What kind of religion do you believe in?" I said, "The kind Jesus died for." There was a man who looked very sad. We asked him if he was a Christian. He said no; he was just what I used to be—a drunkard, a wreck. We asked him if he wanted to be a Christian. He said yes. We knelt and prayed with him, and he said by the help of God he would meet me in heaven. I believe there was truth stamped on his heart that will win his soul. The authorities would not let us preach on the street any more.

When we got ready to leave the city I went down to the boat-office to see Captain Ryman. He said all right, he would give us free passes. We went back for our valises. We met the man whom we had left at Franklin and to whom we had pawned our watch, and so we paid him and got it. When the boat was about to leave, Captain Ryman, bade us good-by and

said, "Go on and do all the good you can." As soon as the boat was out in the river we began to sing and started a protracted meeting. We had two sermons a day. The officers of the boat tried to stop us, but we told them we were doing what Captain Ryman said—all the good we could. They finally got reconciled, and it seemed that they were all glad to see the services commence. I have traveled a good deal on that boat since, and they all are glad to see me. There was a great deal of good done, as sometimes there were over two hundred passengers on board.

The old brother that came to me last accompanied me home. When I got in sight of the house I could not wait for the old brother. I said, "Yonder is my home; I will go on, you can come." It was a mile to the house and up a large hill, but the nearer I got the faster I went. I could not see anything that seemed to show that any one lived there. When I stepped into the house my wife was on her knees before the fire ironing some of the children's clothes. She raised her head and looked at me, but made no effort to get up. I stood and looked at her and thought many a thing in a moment. The little boys were playing and did not see me for a while. When they saw me they ran and grabbed my legs, then wife gave a scream and ran to me and said: "I saw you standing here one hour ago and started to you and you disappeared, and I was afraid to start to you for fear you would go again." She said she thought I was dead.

Now this trip of several hundred miles was ended and it had all been traveled by faith. Reader, you may not understand this, but I do. I learned some precious lessons that God could not have taught me in any other way. I saw what it was to forsake wife and house and land and follow Jesus. I saw what it meant to be made white and tried as one tried in the fire. I saw what it meant to forsake all; yea, even my own life to follow Jesus, and I had seen what the words in Mat. 28: 19, 20 mean: "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

Well, the old brother and I began a meeting at our schoolhouse, and a sister was brought there that could not walk and had not spoken above a whisper for three weeks. She told them if they would bring her there and I prayed for her she would be healed. She was healed instantly and rose and shouted with a loud voice. God had called her into the work. She was the wife of a friend of mine that I used to drink and carouse with. It was his going to the altar that caused me to go to meeting, where I got my infidel props knocked down. But the devil had made him think his wife ought not to preach, but she said she would go. He gave his consent. She went with me to a meeting near by, and God gave her liberty in preaching the Word. Her husband called her home to sign a deed to a farm and she tried to stay at home. This was the second time God had raised her up.

The brother that made the long trip with me wrote that he was with his family and had a hall rented in

his home town, and for me to come at once. When I arrived I found his wife sick, and he could not leave the house. I went to the hall over a saloon, and opened it up and lit the lamps. It was raining very hard and in the room below a large crowd were playing billiards, drinking, rattling glasses, and swearing. I began to sing and pray and had meeting just the same as if the hall had been full. They would come up the steps and push the door open and look in, then go back. I kept on till they all got quiet. After a while I put out the lights and came down. They were all around the foot of the steps to see what I looked like. They had found out that God could save a drunkard, or had heard it now.

We gave up the hall and went out into the country, four miles and began a meeting. I was in need of clothes. A little girl that lived with her grandparents near by took the toothache, and I don't think I ever saw any one suffer worse. She would not let them do anything for her, but wanted me to pray. I would pray and she would get better, then worse than ever. So the ninth time I prayed she was almost having spasms. She was down on the floor and her grandmother and grandfather and others holding her. She was screaming at the top of her voice. I just held on to God for her and finally struck the key-note of faith. I thought the old man was not saved and he was crying and she was his pet. So I asked God to heal right then for his salvation. She hushed at once and fell asleep and they were con-

vinced. The old lady took me to town and bought me a new suit of clothes and shoes and hat. I went home, and wife was a little encouraged. I was praying for God to open up a way for me and show me where he wanted me.

I received a call to come to Marion, Ky., a town where I had lived while I was in sin, and where my assessments one spring were over \$3,000.00, and next spring they were \$15.00, assessed both times by the same man. They said I could have the opera-house. I felt led to take Charley and he wanted to go. This was in April, 1896. Charley was twelve years old and had been preaching at the home schoolhouse. We reached there April 15th.

There I was reminded of a drunken vision I had had, or rather a castle built in the air. In the fall before I was converted I was going home from town drunk and I was preaching. I was very religious when I was drunk and would pray, ask the blessing and preach, and I had the trees along the road for my congregation, and I made out that I had been saved and gone to preach and had gone back to Marion, Ky., and that those trees were the people coming and shaking hands with me and rejoicing over my change. I had not thought of that drunken delusion till I had reached the town. As I stood on the corner just at the place and in the position I had seen myself in the delusion and the people came running from the stores, saloon, and court-house, I thought about my drunken delusion. The people

were all glad to see me and it was a great surprise to hear me preach and hold up a Christ that they had heard me deny.

We had quite an interest there, but the people would not accept the brother that was with us. He left with the understanding he was to start a meeting at Princeton, Ky., and we would soon join him there. He went to Princeton, but did not stay long. We got through and as he had written for us to come on, we went to Princeton and began to preach in the court-house. Charley was very homesick; he had been away from his mother about a month, and it was the first time he had ever been parted from her a week. I asked God to give us money to take him home if it was his will for me to take him home. So that night we got the money and started next morning and reached a mining town, where we got off the train to go by water. The superintendent of the coalmines was at the depot and asked us to stay at his house and join a company of preachers there in a meeting; he said they had been having meeting two weeks and no good seemed to be done. We refused to stop, but he begged us to stay for dinner, so we went to his house. He went and saw the preachers and they came and insisted that we stay and preach that afternoon and night. I preached in the afternoon and Charley preached at night to a large crowd. They gave us money to pay our way home and back, as Charley would not consent to stay until he saw his mother and little brothers. We went

home and stayed a few days and returned. The meeting was still advertised and we had large crowds. There was deep conviction, but they would not yield. One Methodist preacher prayed God if there was any one there whose doom was sealed and they were being used of the devil to draw people down to hell and would not turn and were going to hell anyway, to kill them and take them out of the way of others that would be saved. I thought it was the queerest prayer I ever heard. But it had its effect that night. The altar was full and they were about the worst worked-up people I ever saw. Charley was wonderfully used of God.

The news went out to all the neighboring towns about the boy preacher and people came for miles around. One night Charley said he wanted to stay away from meeting and sleep. I let him stay. When I reached the place where we had meeting I could hardly get to the house for the people. The preacher asked me where Charley was. I told him. He said that would never do, for there were people there who had spent their last cent to come there to hear him, and for him just to come and testify if no more. I went after him. He was preparing for bed. I told him what I had come for. He said he could not go, he was worn out. The lady of the house was a Catholic, but seemed to like us. She begged him to go, said her boy could go with him, and when he said what he had to say and the people saw him he could come back and go to bed. So he went. The people

accused him of committing his sermons to memory and saying them like a speech. The boy had heard the people talk and he said to Charley as they went, "You haven't any sermon prepared for to-night?" Charley said, "No; I never do have, but I do not feel God will give me anything to say to-night." I said, "Let us get down here, son, and ask God." We knelt by the walk and I put my hands on him and said, "Lord, if you have called this boy to preach and I am doing your will in taking him with me, give me the evidence by giving him a more powerful message than you ever have, and souls for his hire." He rose and walked ahead of me. I had to rush to keep up. He reached the door.

It was a company store-house about one hundred feet long and forty feet wide and was full of people. The wareroom along the side was full, the windows were full, the streets were full of people. As he entered the door they picked him up and he was handed from one to another till he reached the center of the room, where there was a box erected for him to stand on. The song closed. As his feet touched the box, he said, "You will find my text in the eleventh chapter of John and the thirty-fifth verse: 'Jesus wept.' " Several looked at their watches. He began to preach and the people began to weep. I could not see a dry eye. Everybody I saw was crying, seven preachers, besides me, all crying. I would look at him as he would throw his hands up; he looked more like a marble statue than a boy. I would

think he was gone. Now you may think strange of me having such thoughts; but if you knew what wonderful things God had done for me and what kind of a boy he had been and what he was then, you would not think it would have been any more of a marvel for God to take him like he did Enoch than it was for him to do what he had done for me and the boy also. He closed by saying, "If there is any one here who wants salvation, come to the altar." They who looked at their watches said he had talked just twenty-four minutes. He was grasped from off the box and handed out from one to another, hugged and kissed by men and women until he reached the door. When set on his feet he was joined by his boy companion, who awaited him at the door, and like other children they soon went to bed.

Twenty-four fell at the altar and in one hour all claimed to get salvation. I never paid any attention to the devil after that when he would tell me the boy was not called to preach. One hundred and eighty souls claimed salvation in that meeting, and they were divided into four denominations, and I was offered \$1,200.00 a year to preach. I would not take it, but left with \$4.00. I had full salvation, was saved, sanctified, healed, and called of God to preach the full gospel. "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded

you: and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Mat. 28: 19, 20.

After this meeting closed I felt led to go to the home of my wife's cousin, who was my old chum. We reached there between midnight and day, and found his wife at the point of death. I told him I felt impressed that if he would give up for her to preach God would raise her up. He said he was willing. We prayed and she was healed, and her man went to town and got drunk. Charley and I left and went to another meeting within five miles of the last one we held. I was fasting and praying for this sister and God showed me she wanted to come to the meeting and was looking for me to come after her. I secured a horse and buggy and went and she had her clothes and the little girl's ready and had told them I was coming after her. My wife was there and stayed with the family and she and her little girl went with me. God used her wonderfully in the meeting.

We closed the meeting and came back and my wife had gone home. Charley and I went home with the understanding that we would let the sister know when we went to Indiana to hold a meeting. When I got home my wife said she did not want me to have any more to do in getting the sister in the work for her husband thought it was my fault, and that God had not called her to preach; so we did not go by for her, but we started on a four-hundred mile trip by faith to meet a man, whom I doubted, but

whom Charley thought was all right. I did not want to say anything to him against the man, as he had much confidence in him, but thought we would go and travel with him and find him out.

We bought a ticket for as far as we had money, which was not over thirty miles, and there we preached on the streets and got a house for two services. We got enough money to pay our hotel bill and take us to the next town. We put up at the hotel for dinner, supper, bed, and breakfast. We went to our room and counted our money and lacked just twenty-one cents of having enough to pay our bill. We wanted to try and get a house for Charley to preach. We found the Methodist preacher. He said there were so many rascals traveling that he had to be careful whom he let preach. I said, "Yes, I know there are many rascals traveling and there are some that are stationary, but it is not supposed that a twelve-year-old boy would be much of a rascal, and I just asked for the house for him to preach in." He said the bell was turned over and we could not get a congregation. I said, "All right; God has a house, the sky is the cover and the ground is the floor, and no man can shut the door; we will preach on the streets." We went and saw the marshal and got permission to preach in front of five saloons, which was called Whisky Row. When they found out where we were going to preach they tried to get us to come up on Main Street, so the women could hear the boy. I said no, the drunkards need to hear the

gospel; so we went to singing. Men came running out of the saloons yelling. We knelt and I prayed. They stepped on me and swore and made quite a fuss. I asked God to still their tongues. They all kept quiet and we got up and sang another song, and Charley got up on a box to preach. When he got through they handed him some money. We went to our room and counted what he had received, and it was just twenty-one cents, just enough with what we had, to pay our lodging.

We prayed that night and the Lord showed me to go to that same place in the morning and preach; so after breakfast we went there and began to sing. The gang came running out of the saloons and the people began to gather on the corners.* I prayed again and I preached. One half-dressed fellow made fun of me. I just gave my experience and drew my picture in their minds and it just fitted that fellow. I told how I would work hard all week, come to town to get what my family needed and would get drunk and spend my money, get kicked out of the saloon, and if I heard any one say anything about Jesus I was ready to make fun of them. They all just pointed at that fellow and he slipped back in the crowd and kept still. They crowded up and gave me money. I closed, Charley was talking, and the train whistled that we intended to take. We started on a run. They told me we could not catch the train. I just said, "My address is Willis Brown, Chambers Creek, Ill., if you want to write to me." I do not

know why I said it. I told Charley, "Let us leave our valises at the hotel and have them sent to us." He said no, that would not do. I told him then to take the Bible grip and run to the depot and try to get the conductor to hold the train, and I would go to the hotel and get our valises. I ran and saw the train pull out.

I was lost. I had forgotten the name of the hotel. I inquired where the Campbellite church was, and was told it was just across the street. I knew the hotel was just on the other corner, but the train was gone. I went to the depot and Charley said, "Well, we are left, but 'all things work together for good to them that love the Lord,' and I know we love him. What will we do now?" I said, "Let us go back and preach." We walked a short distance and met a man, who said, "Well, you got left. I knew you would." He said, "You say you live in Hardin County?" I asked if he were acquainted there. He said he wasn't, but his wife was; she was raised there. I asked what her name was. He said Patten. I said, "Josephine Patten?—well, I partly raised her." (She was living with me when she went off on a visit to her sister's and married and sent back for her trunk.) He asked me my name, and I told him Willis Brown. He said he had heard her speak of me so much, and asked me to come and go to his house. We went to her house and she was getting dinner. He called her to come in. She came in and he asked her if she knew me. She said she didn't

believe she did. I said, "You know that boy?" and she jumped toward me and said, "I know you—and is that Charley?" She had left my home when he was about one year old. It was like a father and child meeting, for I had been a father to her and she seemed to feel near to me. When I told her we were preaching, she rejoiced, for she was wonderfully saved, but never expected to see me saved, as I was a drunkard and a wreck when she saw me last.

We ate dinner. She said there was a woman dying across the way and she wanted to go there. They had telegraphed for her children, and the doctors had given her up. She was gone a little while and came running back and said: "That woman told me as soon as I got in that her husband came back from sending a despatch for her children and she heard him tell about seeing a man down on his knees before the saloons praying, and she told him to get that man, for God sent him there for her benefit. 'If that man would come and pray for me I would be healed;' but she said he went and the man had taken the train and gone." She said, "He is at my house; I know him. I lived with him and he is like a father to me. He missed the train and my husband brought him to our house." The sick woman praised the Lord and asked her to go and get me. We went and the house was full of sectarians. I talked to her about healing and quoted Scripture, and asked her if she would believe God would heal her if we would agree. She said yes. We knelt. I said, "Every

Christian that wants God to heal this woman right now, kneel around this bed and pray with us, and everybody kneel." Well, Charley, the woman that went there with us, her unsaved husband, and the sick woman's husband knelt. The rest of the crowd looked mad and stood as we prayed. I said amen, jumped up and went to singing, and the woman that seemed to be as good as dead got right out of the bed and shouted, but there was no one left to rejoice with her except her husband, the man and woman that went there with us and Charley and I, for the rest all ran out scared.

This woman had been bedfast for one year with dropsy, and had been tapped three times. Charley went over Monday morning to see how she was and she called out to him as he came in at the gate and said, "I don't only go into the kitchen where they are getting breakfast, but I help get breakfast; I am well."

When we went there we had no home, no friends, no money to stay all night. Now we had plenty of homes and people begging us to stay. They were mostly sinners who made no profession.

We came back that way in a few weeks and she was sick in bed. We talked with her, and she said she got along fine, swelling all gone and she was doing her work, when a woman begged her to make a tea to keep the swelling from returning, and she made the tea and drank it and it made her sick, and she had been in bed ever since. We asked her if she

would promise God to let all remedies alone if he would heal her. She said yes. We prayed for her and she was healed at once, and rose praising God for the lesson she had learned.

Our next experience was as follows: We bought a ticket for as far as we had money, and reached the city of Vincennes, Ind. We got the permission of the mayor to preach on the streets, and went to the place at which he told us we could preach. Charley went one way and I the other and told the people there would be a boy preach on a certain corner at 3 o'clock. We got the meeting announced. It was 12 o'clock. We were walking down the street. Charley looked into my face and said, "Papa, I am hungry." His words seemed like a dagger thrust through my heart. I said, "Son, I can not help it." He said, "Haven't you got some coppers?" I said, "Maybe I have." We both together raised ten cents. We went and got some cheese and crackers and he ate them, and I prayed while he ate. I tell you I had a battle. The devil showed me many a job to work at that would keep my child from telling me he was hungry; and I have to tell him I had nothing to give him to eat. Then the Lord called my attention to the covenant I had made with him when I started to preach, if he would heal my paralyzed child. I said, "Lord, I will trust you, though we all starve. Abraham gave his son and you furnished a substitute."

The hour arrived for meeting. We were there, and a good crowd gathered around. Charley preached.

They gave him twenty cents. I thanked the people for their kindness and asked God's blessings upon them. A fellow called out, "Sing on, old man, you will do a heap of good here." An old lady came crowding toward me and said, "Amen. What church do you belong to, brother?" I said, "The church of the living God—saved, sanctified, and healed." She said, "Amen, brother, I am the only one in this wicked city standing on the promises of God; come and go home with me." Certainly that sounded good to me, a man one hundred and twenty-five miles from home, and a hungry, tired twelve-year-old boy, and just twenty cents and the sun but an hour high. I carried the box back to the Jew's store, where I had got it, and he said, "Why don't you keep it and preach at 7 o'clock? You will get a big crowd then." I announced meeting for 7 o'clock, and we started with the old lady. She said, "I have to go to a house to get some things I left there; you wait here till I return." We said all right. She went and I felt it was a trick of the devil to get away, but she soon returned walking slow with her head down. She said, "I can not go home now." I said amen. She said, "I went to that house and told them I had found some jewels down there on the street. They want you to come there and get supper. It is two miles to my house, just at the edge of the city. We would have to take a street-car to get back for meeting. We can go to this place and get supper. After meeting you will come to my house and stay all night."

We went to the house. There were several women sewing for a wholesale house. They shut down the machines and we had a good meeting. They all claimed to be sanctified. After supper we went on the street. They all went with us. It is supposed there were four hundred people there. We preached, and there was enough money handed to us to take us to the next town where we were going. We stayed with the old lady. She knew Brother Warner and had attended the Grand Junction camp-meetings. She also told us of Brothers Davidson and Pike having been in that city. She said we believed just as they did. Her name was Mary Eply.

Our next test was in having about four miles to walk through sand, and it was hot. It was just at wheat-threshing time. We stopped to rest in the shade of some elder bushes. I sat there looking at Charley, his big white head and his red face. He was so hot and tired. He looked up at me and said, "Papa, I am going to ask God to take my name off this walking ticket." And he never had to walk any more as long as he kept clear and traveled with me.

We soon reached the end of our journey, and entered the meeting with the party we were looking for. We could see that at one time he had had power with God, for there were people there that testified to being healed of divers diseases. There was one woman whom he had prayed for who had been blind for fifteen years, and she was healed. Another woman was there that had been confined to her bed for two

years, and he had prayed for her different times, but she was not healed. A number of us went to see her and prayed for her and she arose out of the bed, dressed herself and went to meeting, and we closed there because he said the people would not accept the Word. Then we went with that man and five other preachers forty miles and commenced a meeting on the streets and they opened a public schoolhouse for meeting. We had large crowds and a good interest, but the people had no faith in that man. He went into a trance and lay a long time. When he got up he told great things that he said God had showed him. Soon there was a woman fell, and he invited the people to come up and see the power of God manifested. While the people crowded around the lifeless-looking woman he told them what God had showed him he was going to do to that town because they would not accept him. He said lightning would strike the place; so there came a thunder-storm and the lightning struck a haystack close to town, or in town, and it scared the people very much. I heard some talk about him; so I told him there were too many there and the people did not want him there and for him, Charley, and me to go twenty-five miles away to his old home he had told me about, to hold a meeting. After I told him what the people had said, he told them God had showed him in a vision that the people had said certain things and God told him to take Charley and me and go to another place, and told what God would do with them if they did not

repent of the way they had talked about him. It scared some of the people, and one man took his wagon and team and hauled us twenty-five miles.

We arrived at the home of his brother-in-law in the city where he had lived, and they treated us very coolly. The man had to go back home that night, and we drifted around till we heard of a meeting. He said that it was a meeting of the saints, so we walked to the place. Right at the edge of the city, in a dark house, were a few slovenly, dirty people, some blind, some lame, all claiming to take God as their healer. (They were some of his followers, whom he called saints.) Meeting closed, and they sat around and talked. He said his sister-in-law invited us back, but it was so far he did not feel like going. They never took the hint. Finally they all started, except the people that lived there, and we walked a mile with some of them, and he kept hinting, but no one asked us to stay all night. Finally he asked a woman if she would not keep us. She said she would if we would put up with the fare. When we arrived there we found they had just two beds; no one there but the old lady and us. She said her son would be there that night sometime, and it was about twelve then. She made a straw bed on the floor for us. We lay down, and after we were asleep I was awakened by quarreling between the old lady and her son. He finally went to bed, and quarreled till he went to sleep. I then went to sleep, for I had traveled twenty-five miles in the jolt wagon from six in the

morning till one or two o'clock in the afternoon, and you may know we drove fast. Part of the time the team was on a fast trot. We had eaten no supper and had walked several miles and were very tired. I was awakened the next morning by the old lady trying to get the boy up to go to his work. After he left we got out and begged the preacher to leave the city. As he had no money we had to pay his way.

We came to a town, where we stopped to preach, and he said he never asked for a cent. As we went to preach on the streets he told us to give him our money, and he would tell them he had money to pay his way. We did not think, but gave it to him. After Charley had preached to a large crowd on the streets this man got up and began to tell what he had done, of the visions and revelations God had given him, and how God showed him in a vision that he was going to give him a son and his name would be Samuel and he would be a preacher, and in a year the child was born and now was a power for God. I knew his boy. He was a bad boy and did not seem to know there was a God. By this time the people began to leave. He told them he lived by faith, never took up collections, and God always supplied his needs, that he had money to take him where he was going, but said we did not and they could help us if they wanted to. The people just laughed at him and went away and never gave a cent.

We stopped at another town and preached, took up a collection, and he said he was going to preach

that afternoon and he would not ask for a cent but would get money. He preached and I watched close to see if he would get anything. He tried to get away from me, but I kept my eye on him. A man shook hands with him, but I saw the man had nothing in his hand; so I knew no one gave him anything. When we had reached the house where we stopped we talked for a while, but he never said anything about money. I said, "Well, how much money did you get?" He said, "I got money." I said, "I watched you, and you never got a cent." He showed a quarter. I asked him when he got it, and he said the man that shook hands with him gave it to him. I knew he told a falsehood. It was twenty-five cents he had kept out of my money. We arrived at our home and started a meeting, but God would neither own nor bless, and he abused the people and tore down all that was done.

We were called seven miles to hold a grove-meeting. There was a large crowd, but God would not work. I got very sick. I would pray, but it would just appear to me that I was with the wrong man. I told the Lord if it was not his will for us to stay together to call him away. In a few days he received a letter from his daughter, stating his wife could not turn herself in bed, and requesting him to come at once. A brother took us to the house of an old German named Casper Fink. I was very low and he sent for my wife and children. They found them all sick. Brother Fink started to the depot some miles

away with the preacher. Before they got out of sight I was healed. I prayed for my children and they were healed. I began to have a meeting at the house. Next Sunday wife requested me to baptize her in Saline river. We drove three miles. She had a very high fever and could scarcely stand alone. She came out of the water clear of fever and got along well for a few days. We then moved to Marion, Ky.

Wife took a backset and was very low for nine weeks, seemed to lose all faith. The persecutions were very hard. Charley and I had calls, but could not leave home. We received a very urgent call and I went to get a woman to wash and stay till we filled that call. Charley went with me. I told him his mother had lost faith and I believed she would die and maybe she wanted a doctor, and I was going to ask her and if she did I would get one. He cried and said, "Papa, let me talk to her before you tell her that." We came back to the house. I stood out of the house making arrangements for the woman to wash the next day. I could see them in the house. Wife was sitting on the bedside; Charley was on his knees crying and talking to her. I went out to the barn and prayed God to encourage her and send the child's pleading words to her heart and help her to get where she could trust God. When I went to the house it was dark. I read a chapter and we had prayer. While I was praying my wife fell on her knees by me and said, "Pray for me; I believe God will heal me now." After prayer she arose rejoicing.

She looked to be in the worst stage of dropsy. Next morning the swelling was all gone and she was able to do her work.

I then felt the burden of my heart to work for the salvation of souls; so I went around with different denominations for a while, but felt God had some better way. I went to fasting and praying for God to open the way. The Lord gave me a vision, showed me an old meeting-house in Livingston, Ky. This was after five days of fasting and prayer. I had no money and no horse or conveyance. I went to see an old man I used to work for and he let me have a horse to ride. Now all preparation was made to start and I went up town and met a man and asked him about the meeting-house I was aiming to go to. He said it was converted into a barn. I did not understand that. I fasted and prayed two days and nights and God showed me the house again, and that I was to believe God instead of man; so I went. When I was within ten miles of the place I fell in company with a man and asked him about the meeting-house. He said it was there and they had not had a meeting there for a long time and the people wanted a meeting. He told me of a meeting that was going on at the meeting-house four miles from there. I asked the preacher's name. He said Dick McConnell. I said, "He and I used to drink whisky together; I guess we could preach together." I went there that night. He was glad to see me and wanted me to preach. I would not preach till the next night, then I preached

to a large crowd. They had heard I was there and knew what I had been and came through curiosity. After preaching, a number came to the altar. We stayed with one man till 2 o'clock in the morning and he was converted.

We were invited to a house for breakfast. There was a lady there that had been afflicted for seven years. She had been hurt in a cyclone. I asked her if she could not trust God for healing. She had been taught that the days of healing by divine power had passed away. I said, "You get hold of God and see if the God that healed your soul can not heal your body." The Methodist preacher and I went out into the woods for secret prayer. I said, "I want you to agree with me that God will put it into that woman's heart to be healed, and if she is healed God will stir this country and we will have one of the most powerful meetings ever held in this section." We went in prayer; I got the witness. We went to the house; she was sitting on the side of the bed. I said, "What do you think?" She fell on her knees and said, "I think the God that can heal my soul can heal my body." I called the Methodist preacher. He knelt on one side of the woman and I on the other. We prayed, and the power of God shook that woman like she had the ague. I said amen. The Methodist preacher said, "Brown, she is healed." The woman jumped up, shouted, and her father and mother, brother, and sister-in-law, all shouted. She saw a crowd at the

yard gate that had stopped to listen. She ran out there. Her old mother threw her arms around me and said, "Second Paul! second Paul!" I said, "No, it was God who did it, not I."

That little preacher hugged me and shouted like a drunk man all the way to meeting. There was a crowd at the meeting-house and they commenced shouting—Methodist like—and they did not know what they were rejoicing about. We had not got settled down in meeting till the woman that was healed came walking in, and such crying, shouting! One fellow looked at them, jumped and shouted a while. He ran up to me, grasped my hand and said, "I am a Campbellite, but I am going to shout." I said, "All right, shout." Another man ran and took me by the hand, and he was crying and looked comical. He said, "I am going to shout, too." I said, "All right," then he began to shout. I fell on my knees and rebuked the devil.

I was called to go in company with the Methodist preacher to pray for a woman that was going on crutches. We ate dinner and went into the room where she was and sat down by the fire, as it was a cool day. I began to talk to her. The Methodist preacher went to sleep. I had got the old lady's faith to about the highest pitch and I began to talk loud and he woke up and began to talk church to her. I said, "No time for that, this woman needs healing. Let us pray for her." We knelt, and as I said amen she arose and ran back across the room and

hugged her husband. I picked her crutches up from behind the blind and asked her if she wanted them. She shouted and jumped and said no. The preacher looked at me and said, "Could she not walk?" I said no, and she and her husband said no. The preacher threw up his hands and shouted halleluiah, and ran right backwards into the fire. They had not told him she could not walk, and he was not acquainted, as he had just come on that circuit. When we left and were on our way back to meeting he said, "Brown, you are right. We must preach the whole gospel. My wife cautioned me to not follow you off. I told her I was not following Brown, I was following God, and Brown was preaching the Bible." But the conference soon called him down, and the poor fellow let God go to obey man.

There were a number of healings there, and such an interest got up I felt I was not able to do what was to be done. I went off in the woods and told God the responsibility was too great and asked him to send me a certain man, a preacher, and to start him right then. In two days he was there and told the time God moved on him to come and he dismissed his meeting and came. It was the hour I prayed. We had some wonderful meetings; the lame walked, the blind saw, the deaf heard, but the devil had got the poor man under deception and he was just in the way. We kept together nearly a year, when God separated us and he went down. He once was the most powerful man with God I ever saw, but he got

under the spirit of that man I told about previously—the one who had to go home to his wife.

After this Charley and I traveled alone. No one believed as we did, and we tried to fellowship everybody that claimed to be saved, but it would not work, for God alone can make fellowship; man can not make it. We had caught but a glimpse, as it were, of the church. We loved everybody, but did not and would not compromise. As fast as God gave the light we walked in it.

I went to Carrsville, Ky., and held a meeting. Willis Bunch met me there. Yancy Rice and I went to town together. We put our horses at a supposed friend's, and after meeting we went there, as we had no place to stay. The man was asleep and we called him and asked him to unlock his stable and let us get our horses. He did. As we were catching our horses I said, "The people don't want meeting here much." He said they had too much meeting.

We went a mile and a half out to stay all night. I thought I would not go back, but shake my dust. I prayed that night and God showed me to go back. I went, and there were homes opened up. I was called out in the country seven miles to pray for a blind man named J. H. May. His eyes were healed instantly. I went back to the meeting-house and it was crowded with people. I told them what had happened. A man went out there that night to see if it were so. He came back and said the person could see, but he did not believe Brown healed him.

We had a good meeting; twenty-five souls were converted. The donation was \$30.00. The man's family who was working with me lived one hundred miles away, and my family lived within twenty miles. The people told me to let the man have the money to send to his family and they would make me up provisions. I hated to say anything. As yet I had got nothing. I was on my way home, my rent was due, and I asked God to give me money to pay my rent. I was called in to pray for an old lady who had not walked without crutches for seven years. She was healed instantly and walked. They gave me \$6.00, just what I had asked God for not more than twenty minutes before. Praise God for his goodness to the children of men! I always have found him true.

“We may trust him fully

All for us to do:

They who trust him wholly

Find him wholly true.”

CHAPTER VIII.

INTO LARGER FIELDS.

“And when they had gathered the church together, they rehearsed all that God had done with them. Then all the multitude kept silence, and gave audience to Barnabas and Paul declaring what miracles and wonders God had wrought by them.” Acts 14: 27; 15: 12.

At Paducah, Ky.—Miracles of Healing—Mechanicsburg—Newspaper Reports—Called to Metropolis, Ill.—Healings Continue—Tent-meetings—Burned by Gasoline Lamp—Loses Voice—Rosiclare, Ill.—Afflicted with Itch—Youngest Boy Very Sick—God Heals—Smallpox—Young Lady Falls Dead in Meeting—Called to Epidemic District—Death of Tal Meritt—Receives Money to Pay Store Bill—Persecutions—A Book Agent—Charley Goes to School and Joins the Methodists, but is Prayed Out—Family Needs—Baptist Preacher Wants Miracle Performed—Mob Gathers—Newspaper Libel.

After this man and I had parted I asked God to open up great fields for us, and I was shown by the Lord to go to Paducah, Ky. Charley and I were traveling in a buggy. We started. We just had two pennies. We went through the country where we had had such good meetings, expected to preach Saturday and Sunday and Sunday night and get

means to go on our trip and leave our horse and buggy at my cousin's, M. E. Radcliffe, near Hampton, Ky. But the weather was rainy and the crowd small and they did not give us a cent. Monday morning came and I had a test of faith, but was led to start. My cousin said he would send a boy with us to Smithland, Ky., to bring our horse and buggy back, and he would keep them for us. We were expecting to stay all night at Smithland and go by boat from there to Paducah. Yancy Rice was there. He opened the gate for us, and as he shook hands with us he gave me \$1.00, saying we might need it. I praised God, for I knew we needed it. When we arrived at the Cumberland river at Smithland the boy took the horse and buggy back and a man took us across the river in a skiff and did not charge us a cent. We stayed all night in town with a friend and it did not cost us anything. Then after breakfast the boat landed; we went aboard and the boat pushed out. We asked the fare to Paducah and the clerk said fifty cents. Well, we just had \$1.02, so we arrived in Paducah with two cents.

We put up at the hotel by faith and hired a theater building from the U. B. sect and had our meeting announced in the *Paducah News*. There was a small crowd the first night. I preached, and after preaching announced that I would preach the next day at 3 o'clock on divine healing and would pray for those who wanted prayer for healing. I said, "I don't know why God has sent me here, but I am here to be used

to his glory. A lady named Lizzie V. Williams rose and said, "Why, God sent you here. I saw a clipping in the *Paducah News* telling about your praying for some woman that had to walk on crutches and she was healed, and I prayed for God to send you here, and he has. I am afflicted with goiter, my son is deaf, and my husband is paralyzed, and I know God can heal us. I met a man twenty years ago in this faith," she said, "but he has fallen, but God is just the same. I want you to pray for me and my son right now." We prayed and the boy's ears were opened instantly and her goiter was healed.

Then a woman came and asked me to go to her house and pray for her son. He was very low. When we arrived we found they were Jews. I said, "Do you believe Jesus Christ is the Son of God?" He said, "Oh, I will just believe anything to get well!" I turned to his father and asked him what he thought about Jesus. He said he was a good man; so the boy was not healed, but soon died.

We went next day and prayed for the old man whose brain and body were partially paralyzed, and he was healed. We were called to pray for a number of others. A doctor fell in company with us and went with us to several places, then invited us to go with him to his daughter's for supper. So we did, and as we were on our way he entered a grocery-store and introduced us to the proprietor, James Mattison by name. He did not pay much attention to us. We went on and his wife was standing in the yard look-

ing at some flowers. The doctor called her to the fence and told her he wanted to introduce her to the divine healers. He said, "I have been with them this afternoon and saw them heal a number of people." I said, "God healed them." She was almost dead, was just a skeleton, but became interested and promised to come out and hear us preach, which she did. She found out she just belonged to the Baptist sect and had no salvation. Her husband, Mr. Mattison, was an infidel and had paid out several hundred dollars for medicine for her, which failed to do her any good. She had been treated by three specialists of Chicago and the prominent doctors of Paducah, and was then under treatment by a prominent doctor of Louisville, Ky., and he had told them the last remedy was to travel, which they were preparing to do.

She had been an invalid for fourteen years, but she began to pray and got right with God, then came back to the meeting. She took a seat in the meeting; there was a large crowd. She said to the lady sitting by her, "I am dying; I must go home. She tried to get up on her feet and could not. She said she decided she might as well die there as anywhere, so she kept her seat; but after the preaching she managed to get to the altar, where about one hundred and twenty-five people went for prayer. After we prayed for her she arose, shouted, and started for home. It was all of three-fourths of a mile. She never waited for a street-car, but went on foot and ran into the store to her husband and said, "Jimmie Mattison, I

am healed." He said, "You are?" She said yes. She then threw off her hat and ran to her neighbor's and told them, and then ran across the street to another neighbor. James Mattison told me that he fell on his knees, and looking out of the window at her, he knew that it was God that had healed her and conviction struck his heart.

When she came into the store he said, "Jennie, how do you feel now?" She said, "I am well; I am going to get supper," something she had not been able to do for years. He said, "Well, I must get ready and go to church." She said she had lived with him thirty years and had never heard him say that before. They came to church that night and sat about five benches from the altar. After meeting she came to me crying and asked me to go and talk to her husband, that this was the first time he had been to meeting for thirty years. I said, "Let him alone; God has got hold of him." Pretty soon he came and shook hands with me and left \$1.00 in my hand, and said right low, "God bless, God bless you, Brother Brown! you have done me more good than anybody I ever saw." So he kept coming and would catch a chance and shake hands with me and leave a dollar in my hand every time and ask God to bless me. In a few days he was wonderfully converted and took an active part in prayer-meetings for two years. As he was well known in the city God used him to do more good in the two years than the pastors of the forty-six congregations in that city. The last time

I saw him he told me good-by and said, "If I never see you again on earth I hope to meet you in heaven." In two weeks his wife said he was in the garden at work and came running in and said, "I have got to write to Brother Brown," and began to write, but could not finish his letter. His wife helped him. He went to bed sick, just lived a few days, died happy, and went to glory to tell what God can do for infidels.

Now, as we told you in the beginning, we commenced with faith and two cents in money. The way was soon opened up where we had a home, a place to eat and sleep, and the Lord gave enough money to pay the rent on the building, and we had calls from all over the city to pray for people. We had to walk. The people that sent for us were poor and could not give us anything.

A little girl asked me to go and pray for her mama, who had not walked for four years and could not use her right hand. We went, found her in bed, and some neighbors present. They seemed to not have any use for us. She had two girls that worked to pay the house-rent and make the living. We prayed for her and she arose out of bed, clapping her hands above her head, and walked out on the porch shouting. Those women actually looked like they would faint. They had known the condition of the woman for four years. The newspaper reporter followed us, and this old lady signed her testimony with her once paralyzed hand, and those women also gave a statement that it was true.

Now I had left my family in a rented house and had made arrangements that the rent was to be paid in advance or move. They also were getting provisions at a grocery-store and were to pay up every month. They wrote me that the rent was due and the grocery bill was due and they had no money. I had walked on the pavement till my feet were blistered. It was spring of the year and I had on winter clothes and was broken out with heat and had no money to get clothes or pay house-rent or grocery bill. I fell on my knees before God and asked him why it was I had to suffer and my family to be thrown out on the streets, without food, and he had promised to feed and clothe me and my family. God was answering my prayer to heal, and he showed me I was trying to hold up the other brother and keep his family, when he ought to care for his own family. He had then been gone seven weeks and God showed me where he was and I wrote to him and told him I could not care for his family any longer. Before the letter left the office there was money handed me. When I went to mail the letter there were some little children at the post-office begging. I divided my little mite with them. As I came from the office a blind man stood on the corner begging. I divided with him, and it was just a few days till my donations amounted to \$15.00 a day. "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete

withal it shall be measured to you again." Luke 6: 38.

One day while I preached in the theater building I saw two colored women working their way up to the aisle. By the time I finished the sermon they were at the edge of the altar. I said, "If any one wants prayer for healing, come to the altar." They sat down. They just blocked the altar. As the colored people had only a few weeks before made a raid in the city against the whites, the prejudice was very high; so no one else would come to the altar. I talked with them and told them to kneel and we would pray for them. One named Mary McClellan, who lived at Metropolis, Ill., said, "O Lord, massa, I have not knelt in twelve years! what I want is that you pray for me, so I can kneel." I said, "All right, you bow your head, and we will kneel and ask God to heal you." Charley and I prayed for them. She began to shout and jumped up. She would kneel first on one knee and then on the other, then both knees, and began to shake hands. When she came to the lady that was pastor of the U. B. (we had meeting in that building) she took her by the hand and the white woman turned her head away; but the old colored sister shouted aloud and said, "God bless you, sister; it is not the face God wants, but the heart." Just then a man shouted aloud in the back of the building and I looked and he was coming toward me. He grasped me by the hand and said, "Brother, I am pastor of the Northern Methodist church up in town; come up there and preach, and

the house and lights will not cost you anything, and we will feed you, too." So we went.

The paper published our meetings and the healings and it went all over the country, and people came for three hundred miles. One lady that had not walked for eleven years was carried to the altar and walked away. The cases were too numerous to mention. However, a reporter that attended the meeting said fifty thousand different people attended the meeting, over one thousand and three hundred prayed for, over eight hundred healed, and over fifty conversions, and some of them most wicked infidels, gamblers, and drunkards. One day over one hundred came to the altar for healing.

One little girl was tongue-tied, her limbs twisted and her face drawn. They said she had been this way from the time she was three years old. We prayed for her and she was healed instantly. It raised quite an excitement.

One man that was paralyzed in the lower limbs for six years, was brought to the altar. He had been to Dowie, and I had prayed for him ten days before and he got no relief. I told him he need not come back till he was willing to throw down his profession and give his heart to God, so he now said he was ready. We prayed and he arose and walked. He was saved and threw away his tobacco. In a few weeks he was hoeing in the garden and asked a man to give him a chew of tobacco to see how it tasted, and as he shut down on it with his teeth the paralytic

stroke, he said, ran over him and they had to help him to the house. I heard him testify to this.

A little boy six years old was brought there by a little girl. When I questioned them about his parents they would cry and said his father was a boatman and his mother had to stay with the children. I asked him if he ever saw light. He said no. I said, "If we pray for you, do you believe God will open your eyes?" He said, "Yes, sir." They were now rejoicing over the paralyzed man being healed. I said, "Here is some one's child that is blind. He said he believed God would heal him. I don't know him, some of you people may, he said he lived close—no matter. I want every blood-washed saint of God that believes God will heal this child for his glory, regardless of the opinion of his parents, to come to the altar and pray with me. You that don't believe it, stay out; I don't want any unbelief at the altar." A number knelt with us. We began to pray, and the power of God fell. That child shook like a leaf. I got the witness he was healed. I said amen, and raised him to his feet and asked him if he could see light. He said, "Yes, sir." "Can you see the people?" He said he could. A woman held her hand before him and said, "What is that?" He said, "Your hand." They sent him across the altar to get a fan, pointing him to it, and the shout began. As the shout ceased over his being healed I heard a child calling back in the crowd, and it was the little deformed girl mentioned heretofore. She had her

hand over her eyes, and said, "Oh, I see out of my blind eye." She had just discovered it when she saw the blind boy was healed.

We soon dismissed this service and this little boy and his playmate started and he went skipping and playing along. They came to a crowd of men and I saw them examining him, and the child ran on down the street. A man started after them. Some one said, "That is the boy's father." The boy came back the next day with a pair of specs on. I said, "What are you doing with those specs on?" He said, "The doctor said I had better wear them to strengthen my eyes." I said, "Pull them off and tell the doctor and the devil to take them; the Lord will strengthen your eyes." He pulled them off. The father or mother never did come or make themselves known to me, but I was told by a Methodist preacher that a party saw an account in the paper, and the address of the parents, and they wrote to them and asked them if it was so, and they wrote and told them it was just as the paper stated.

I will speak of another case of healing that happened in this meeting. A nurse came after me to see a lady that had been under the care of the doctor for three years and had just gone through a severe operation. I went, she talked reasonably. I had prayer with her, but did not pray for her healing, but asked God to show her that it was his will to heal her, and to give her faith to dismiss man and trust God. She sent after me the next day and I

went. She said she had rested well all night and had not taken a dose of medicine since I was there. I had asked God to give her a good night's rest as a witness that he would heal her; so as she lay there with a lot of pillows between her knees, and had not turned in bed since the operation was performed some days before, she said she decided not to take another dose of medicine and made the nurse say she would not give her any, and said if I would pray for her God would heal her. I prayed for her and anointed her in the name of Jesus, and she made a leap and the pillows and pads flew across the house, and she shouted all over the room and said she was healed.

She got along fine for several days, till the reporter visited her and put her testimony in the paper, then the doctor came. She met him rejoicing, but the doctor scolded her and told her to go in quick, that she was killing herself, and he made her lie down and he dealt out a dose of medicine and ordered the nurse to give it. She said, "No, doctor; I told her I would never give her another dose of medicine, and I will not do it." She had been nurse for this doctor for years. He said, "If you do not give it, I will not give you employment any more." She said she did not want employment from him, and he gave the medicine himself. He borrowed \$500.00 from the woman and told her he would give a note in a few days. He got another nurse and came back in two days and gave another round of medicine. By this time the woman was very low. He told her she was

too weak to attend to the business, he would do it when she got able. The next day she died. Her boys went to him for the note and he said they owed him \$300.00 more. He then published me in the paper and said I killed the woman. The nurse had told me all about this matter, and the night after it came out in the paper I told from the pulpit what he did, and they said he was there, so that was the last public fight he gave me. Now there were many instances in that meeting I could give, but it would make a considerable book; however, I will tell one more case.

A woman was healed and left her crutches. Her husband came with an officer after her crutches and said she was worse than ever. They lived up the Tennessee river. A short time after, probably three months, Charley and I held a meeting in that country. As we left we came to the Tennessee river to cross. The wind was high and it was raining, and we went into a store-boat to wait for the wind to lower. There were the woman and her husband. She was well and walked all right. They looked bad, I never let on I knew them. We took dinner with them. After dinner I said, "Well, sister, how do you get along since you were healed." She said all right, and the man put in and said she had been worse than ever. She just hung her head. He said, "You can not guess what healed her. A tramp gave me a remedy and it cured her. It was polk root berries and whisky." She left the room. The neighbors said she never had anything wrong with her since she

was healed. He just told what he did to get the crutches.

Now, as I have told you, thousands of people attended those meetings and hundreds were healed; the blind made to see, the deaf to hear, the lame to walk, and the dumb to speak. We would preach at 10 o'clock in the morning, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon and have healing services. Then at 7:30 in the evening and have altar services. After altar services we would begin to pray for the afflicted and would be called outdoors to pray for people out in the buggies that could not get in for the crowd. At 12 o'clock at night we would slip off and go to our room and rest and sleep some, and pray for God to keep self out of the way and keep us humble. We would not let any one into our room till 9 o'clock in the morning, and when we opened the door there was generally some one waiting for us to pray for them.

Now we will give a copy of the report we cut out of the *Paducah News*, similar to what was in the paper every day, as a reporter attended every meeting and kept an account of the meetings.

“PRAYERS GO UP FROM PALE LIPS.”

**“Like Ponce De Leon, Many Seek the Fount
of Health and Strength.”**

“SCENES AMONG DIVINE HEALERS.”

“One Long Procession of Pain and Affliction Now Passes Into Mechanicsburg.—Brown’s Cures Seem as Miracles.”

“From many neighboring towns are coming cripples, invalids and blind persons to join the afflicted ones who daily flock to the meetings conducted by the divine healers, Rev. Willis M. Brown and his thirteen-year-old son, Charles E. Brown, of Marion, Ky., at the northern M. E. church, in Mechanicsburg.

“Huge crowds heard and saw the healers yesterday afternoon and last night. Time and again did the father declare that he and his son claimed no supernatural powers, but that the Almighty, using them as his instruments through faith, could cure the halt and lame and suffering. Then the boy would pray and recite passages from the book of St. James and anoint the victims of bodily misfortune, who crowded thick and fast about the altar.

“The scene last night was a strange, weird one. The flickering kerosene lamps cast a pale, yellowish glow over the walls of the plain little structure and lighted up row after row of half-frightened, half-

mystified faces. Pleas, supplications and snatches of Scriptural quotations arose from all parts of the church. Beside the pulpit stood the boy preacher, his features warmed and brightened by religious fervor. Around him were old men, pale young women, sightless children, and tottering cripples, all hoping and fearing for the magic touch, which they prayed might make them whole. The father, worn out by the long sermon, stood alongside the little lad. No one scoffed. No one laughed. The solemnity of the scene laid hold on every heart in that assemblage and locked every mouth to words of levity."

"STILL THE MEETINGS GO ON."

"The Divine Healers."

"Tuesday's *Paducah News* devotes a half column to Rev. Willis Brown and son, the divine healers, and we clip the following from the article:

" "It is no exaggeration to say that 50,000 or more heard the Browns during their stay in the city. The bulk of these were citizens of Paducah and McCracken Counties, but great numbers afflicted by disease or accident came from all parts of west Kentucky, west Tennessee, southern Illinois, and from points more remote. The strangers were drawn by the publicity given the seemingly marvelous cures that the Browns affected. Of those anointed by the faith curists, nine-tenths declared themselves entirely or



CHARLES BROWN AT FOURTEEN YEARS OF
AGE, ON HIS WAY TO PREACH.

partially benefited by the strange methods of salvation for the suffering cripples, and those who had hobbled on helpless limbs for a decade arose and walked. Children who had been blind from birth cried out they saw a glimmer of light before their sightless eyeballs. Old men and women shook off the fetters of rheumatism and walked away, praising the name of the Almighty. Marvelous scenes and doings were these; but they are substantiated by dozens of disinterested eye-witnesses.

“ ‘Figures show that over 1,000 asked for prayers, above 800 freely declared themselves benefited, and half as many more left their crutches as a legacy of thanksgiving to the man and the lad whom they now swear saved them from years of misery and discomfort.’ ”

A man came from Metropolis, Ill., and had a petition signed by a number of people, who said they were afflicted and requested me to go there and hold a meeting and pray for them. I said I could not go and leave the meeting. He went back, and in a few days came again. There were a great many there at the meeting. After meeting was dismissed they called me outdoors to pray for some parties that were out in buggies and could not get into the house on account of the crowd, and a great many handed me money. The man who had come from Metropolis had followed me out, and he called me to one side and asked if I could go. He said they still wanted me. I said, “You see the interest here, and people

coming for hundreds of miles." He said, "Yes, I see you have a nice thing of it here, and are getting a good deal of money. I have no religion, do not profess any, but I understand that God calls preachers to preach to the poor as well as to the rich. Now these people down at our town are poor and have not got money to come here, and are not able to pay you anything. I can not promise you anything but your expenses. I will pay them."

I said, "I will go," so I dismissed the meeting and went. Right here I believe I made a mistake, for if I had kept on I believe there would have been a work established and God would have given me means to pay every debt that I owed, but I was afraid I would get my eyes on money and lose sight of Jesus. A man took my boy and me and a bundle of crutches to a boat, and as the boat would not leave for an hour he said we had better go to his house and get dinner and he and his wife would go with us to Metropolis, Ill. So we drove up the street and a man ran out of the house and called for me to come in. The man we were with said we did not have time. The other man said, "Yes he has time; my child is dying." We ran into the house and the child was lying on Mother Walton's lap. She was the child's grandmother, also the matron of the Home of the Friendless at Paducah. It was taking its last breath and she said it was gone. I said, "I am impressed if you will all fall upon your knees before God and give him your hearts he will raise

this child up." The father and uncle of the child were not saved, the grandmother and mother were, or at least I thought they were saved. We prayed for God to raise the child and prove his power. I got the witness and said amen. The grandmother said, "O Brother Brown, he is looking in my face and laughing." She raised it up and it ate heartily. It had not eaten anything for some days.

We went and ate our dinner, and as we came back the man came out of the house, and the man that was with me said, "How is your child?" He said, "He is dead. It is not your fault, Brother Brown, or God's fault. It is my fault; I broke my covenant with God. The devil made me think it would have lived anyway without my giving my heart to God, and I decided not to be a Christian, and the child lay down and was dead in a little bit." The child was buried that afternoon, and he was saved that night. After that I held meetings in that city and heard him tell to thousands of people at different times that God took the child for his salvation; that if he had kept the covenant he had made with God when God brought the child to life he would have let the child live.

Well, we went on to Metropolis, Ill., and preached in the court-house to a crowded house, and about one hundred or more came up for prayer for healing. There were almost all kinds of diseases that the human family is subject to, and many cripples. All the space inside of the railing around the judge's

stand was full, and I instructed them that as I rebuked the defect, whatever it was, to arise in the name of Jesus and walk out. I said, "If you are blind, expect to see; if lame, expect to walk; if deaf, expect to hear; it matters not what the ailment is, believe God heals when we pray and just rise with perfect faith in God." I prayed for five and they rose and walked out. The people were laughing all over the house. I was impressed that there was not much if anything the matter with those. I came to a woman, and as I rebuked her defects and anointed her she arose, clapping her hands above her head. The scene changed, the people began to cry and shout all over the house, and when I came to find out, she had been paralyzed in one side for two years and had not been able to dress herself. She belonged to the Baptist sect and had signed a petition for me to come there, and the Baptist preacher had gone and talked to her about it and asked her if she thought that man could heal her. She said no; but she believed he was a man of God, and that if she touched his clothes God would heal her. He said, "Do you believe that?" She said, "Do you believe the sun will rise in the morning?" He said yes. She said she believed just the same way that if that man prayed for her God would heal her. They were watching her and saw her throw up her paralyzed hand, and God moved on the whole congregation. Her name is Mrs. Nannie Roby. She is keeping hotel

now in Metropolis, Ill., so I am informed by those who know her.

There was a yellow woman prayed for, who was drawn crooked and carried to the altar on a chair. When we prayed she jumped up and shouted and would kneel and rise and jump. Soon she ran to me and fell on her knees by me and asked me to pray for her again, saying that she had not knelt or walked for eighteen years and she was afraid it would come back on her. I prayed for her and she arose and shouted. I went on praying for others. She came to me a number of times during the prayer services and had me to pray for her so she would keep her healing. Well, a number were healed, and the city was stirred. The next day they flocked to us all day. While at supper a number of people came to be prayed for. The streets were full of people and some preachers. A man was brought into the room while I was eating supper who wanted me to pray for him at once. I got up from the table and went into the room where he was. He seemed to be startled and would not talk to me, but just looked with a frightful gaze at me. I prayed for him. I had terrible feelings and he just fell as though he was dead, and no one knew what was the matter. They carried him out on the porch. He looked to be dead and I went and laid hands on him and said in secret, "O God, raise this man up and take him away from here; don't let him die here and bring reproach upon the cause." He was a cripple. He rose, running,

hopping, and falling toward his buggy. Those who brought him put him in the buggy and started away. They drove about thirty yards and he fainted. They stopped and I went to the buggy and prayed again. He came to and motioned for them to drive on. Later he sent me word that if he could see me now he would be healed, that he thought I was a man he had said he would kill if he ever saw him again, and he said that when I first went to praying for him he was trying to get his knife to cut my throat and God struck him down.

I left there, the people begging me to stay, and people coming for miles. I had promised to go to a Methodist camp-meeting, and did, and have felt I made a mistake in leaving Paducah and Metropolis; for when I went back, the devil, the doctors, and sect preachers, had the people turned against what little truth I did know to teach and I never had such interest any more.

The Methodist meeting was attended by scores of people. W. W. Hopper, a Methodist preacher from Meridian, Miss., was there. He met me and wanted to hear me preach. He wanted to learn something about healing. I said, "Open the way, and I will preach." He went and saw J. J. Smith, the preacher in charge of the meeting. He said he would turn the pulpit over to him, and he could do as he pleased, so Hopper said I could preach. We were at his room talking when it came time for meeting. He said for me to start the meeting, he would be there

soon. So I went and asked Brother Smith to go ahead with the praise-meeting, Hopper would soon be there. He said, "It is yours and Hopper's meeting; I have nothing to do with it." I was young in the cause then and I thought that would ruin the services if Smith did not commence it, so I begged him and told him the people would not know what to think if he sat back and I got up to lead the meeting, as he always did lead. He said, "You and Hopper go ahead."

I began the testimony meeting. Hopper came and I asked him if he had anything to say. He said he just wanted to say a few words before or after I preached. I said, "You talk first." He could see how I was treated. He said, "You all know Brother Brown. I learn he has lived in this country for some time, been a drunkard and a wreck. God has picked him up and recognized him and is using him, can you recognize him?" He said a good deal, then sat down. I got up and took the text, "Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" Isa. 53: 1. I preached two hours or longer, and said, "All that want to be converted, take the seat on the left; all that want to be sanctified, take the seat on the right; all that want to be healed, take the seat in front." Quite a number came to the altar. I said, "You that know you are converted, talk to these that want salvation; you that know you are sanctified, talk to these at this bench that want to be sanctified; and the Lord and I will

take the other bench." I meant the one where they wanted to be healed. There was a man named J. R. Martin at the bench, who said he was deaf in one ear and had the other ear injured eighteen years ago, and could hardly hear loud talking. I prayed for him, he arose shouting, said he could hear the babies cry and could hear as well as ever in life. He was seventy-six years old and said he had been a Methodist for sixty years.

A child with a weak back was brought to the altar. A brace was buckled on its back. It had a head-rest strapped around the head to hold the head up. I told them to take the brace off and put it up on a bench. I told the father and mother to get down before God. I asked the child if it believed when I prayed God would heal it. It said that it did. I said, "When I say amen will you jump down and run?" It said, "Yes, sir." I prayed, and when I said amen the child jumped off the bench and ran through the crowd. The people ran back as though a mad dog had been turned loose. The father and mother said it had not walked since it was three years old, and I think it was seven at this time.

Hopper jumped high and shouted loud and said, "You see how God works when his full gospel is preached." He asked me if I had any oil. I told him I had, and he asked for some and said, "I am going to preach this in spite of sects, conferences, men on earth, or devils in hell." I handed him a bottle of oil in the presence of two or three thousand

people. Some months later he was at the town where I lived. The Methodists would not let him preach in the house, and the people that wanted him got the opera building. He had a good meeting and a number were healed. He was back a year later but had given up the faith, and they let him have the Methodist house. He preached three weeks and did no good, and never had many in attendance. Conference had drawn down on him and he gave up God and his Word before he would give up his conference and sect. He was sick and taking medicine the last time he was there, and the Methodists liked him then, and he could have the house. Well, I do know God gave the people light in that camp-meeting, preachers and all, and they did not walk in it and went into darkness. A number of other things happened there in that meeting that I could tell of, but I feel this is enough.

Now Charley started to school, and I went to holding tent-meetings. I set up my tent at a certain place, though there were but two or three in favor of the meeting. The first night I went to light the gasoline lamp. It was dark and I turned on too much gasoline, and when I struck the match the fire ran all over my hands and went down in the straw and blazed three feet above the lamp. I succeeded in putting it out, but my hands were burned very badly. The flesh on the inside of one hand was cooked. I got the lamps lit and was suffering terribly. I went out in the woods and got down to pray, but

kept watching the tent, for they had said they would cut it down. I saw the people coming in. I started to the tent, but I was in such pain it seemed my jaws would lock. I just went on my face and trusted tent and self over to God and asked God to heal me as a witness he wanted me there. I was instantly healed of the pain. My hands were a clear blister only where the flesh was cooked. I preached, and as I would slap my hands the blisters would burst and the water fly out of them. I went home with a sinner that night and he told me he saw me get burned. He said he thought the tent would burn up, as the straw was a foot deep all over the tent. He said while he watched me he could not see how I put it out. He was a stock dealer and told it all over the country and it advertised the meeting for miles. We had a wonderful meeting.

Charley took sick, as he did every time he started to school. He was so very bad that he lost his mind. The people were talking about me and said I had preached him to death and now would not have a doctor. While he was in his right mind he did not want a doctor, and after he did not know anything I would not have one. I was preaching at a place six miles from my home, which was at Marion, Ky. I lost my voice one day while eating breakfast. The people were Baptists and offered me remedies. I went out into the field and prayed and felt led to go home. I had just closed the meeting there and was to begin a meeting three miles away that night,

but I got my colts, hitched them to the buggy and started home. As I went the devil said, "Now you had better take some quinine or eat a lemon or something, or you can not preach to-night." I said, "O Lord, you can make me speak now if you want to. If you never let me speak while I live I will never take a remedy, I will die in the faith." Using simple remedies hinders faith and grieves God. The impression quit coming for remedies. Then I began to examine myself.

By the time I got home I saw I was clear before God and I could whisper. I told wife to get me some water to bathe my feet and I would lie down and rest. I put my colts up and sat by the fire while wife got the water. I thought I would wash my feet, then pray, and go to bed. The thought came, "If I bathe my feet before I pray, then do speak, I will not know whether the foot-washing or prayer did the work." Charley sat by my side. I gave him to understand we were going to pray. By wife's help he knelt in prayer. In less time than I can tell it I was praying till you could hear me a block away. I felt God would heal Charley right then. As I laid my hands on him I asked God to clear his mind and let me know what he wanted him to do, and heal him and put him in the pulpit with me again. He arose in his right mind. I never went to bed, but I went to my appointment.

The news had got out that I had lost my voice, and the house was crowded as they all desired to see

the result, and I was now a mystery to the people. A woman said I preached louder and jumped higher that night than she ever saw me do before. We had a good meeting. I closed that meeting and went home.

Charley was up, but very weak. He said, "Papa, God has showed me I must give up my school and go and preach." I said, "All right, you can go with me to-morrow." I was going to begin a meeting eighteen miles away at Tolu, Ky. The next morning it was windy and cold. It was in the month of November. I told him it would be tempting God to go out in that cold in the condition he was. He came near crying and said, "Papa, I want to go; I promised God I would go." I went up in town and when I came back it was clear and the sun was shining bright. I told him to get ready and he could go. He said he was ready. We started in the buggy, but had not gone more than two miles when a cloud covered the sun and the wind blew cold. The devil said, "Now you have killed him." I got very cold. I rebuked the devil and told the Lord he could keep him through a cyclone, and we reached the town and the house where we expected to stay. Charley went to get out of the buggy and he was so numb and weak he fell and could not get up. He crawled up on the stile, and some man near by said there was no one at home, and would not be that night. He crawled back to the buggy. I could not turn the colts loose to help him, for they were not broke;

so I reached out and pulled him into the buggy. It was easily done, for he was poor and small. We went to another place and stayed. Charley had to pull himself upon the rostrum. He preached. He gained a pound a day for ten days and had good health as long as he kept decided to stay out of the sect and preach. Well, we had victory and trials right along.

I was holding meeting, and a blind woman came to be prayed for. She said she would be healed the seventh time I prayed for her. I prayed for her every day twice a day till the sixth prayer, when she jerked like a leaf in the wind and it seemed she was choking. I was sure she was healed. I said amen. She jumped up, threw up her hands and ran backwards and sat down again. I said, "It is done." It seemed the Spirit left, and I did not know what to say. I finally said, "Sister, there is something wrong; you pray God to show you." Several agreed to pray that night for God to show her her condition. The next day a simple-minded woman went and asked her if the Lord showed her. She said he did, but she did not know what it was. She said there was just a small veil between her and God. The woman said, "Yes, your tobacco." She acknowledged it was, but would not give it up and did not come back. I saw her after that at a Methodist camp-meeting where God did some wonderful healings, and she presented herself for healing. I asked her if she would give up her tobacco. She said no. I would not pray

for her, and she went into darkness, claiming to be saved and sanctified. There are many cases like this I have met. Before they would give up an idol they would miss their healing and get mad at me because I would not pray for them. I have witnessed the healing of a number of blind people, but they always got humble and willing to obey God before they were healed.

Now we had held aloof from sects, never joining any sect, but we could not find any one like ourselves. We would have grand meetings, and all we could tell the converts was that the Lord would take care of them. We were holding a tent-meeting at Paducah, Ky., and I had not seen my wife and two little boys for three months. A railroad engineer named Chas. E. Ritter, of Paducah, Ky., came into the meeting and requested that whoever preached, should preach from "Jesus wept." John 11:35. The people sat and wept. Just as Charley closed the sermon the man ran and grasped him in his arms and cried out for salvation and claimed to get saved. He learned that I had not seen my family for three months and he gave me money to send for them and said his home was open for us.

They came and had been there just a little while, and I was sitting reading in the room where my wife was, when I felt an impression to go to Rosiclare, Ill. I said, "I feel impressed to go to Rosiclare." Wife said, "If you think you ought to go, I would go." Pretty soon the same impression came stronger.

I said again, "I feel I ought to go to Rosiclare." She repeated, "If you think you ought to go, go." The man came through the room. I said, "Brother Ritter, how much money have you got?" He said fifteen cents. I told him I wanted to go to Rosiclare. He told me that was all he had and I could have it. I said no, and told Charley to run down to the grocery-store and telephone to the wharf and see if the packet was there. Just then I heard the boat whistle. I said, "Never mind, there it is." I grabbed my Bible, grip, and hat, and kissed my wife good-by and started. The street-car was just ready to leave in front of the door. I got on the car, just had one nickel and put it in the slot to pay my fare to the wharf. Wife asked me when I would be back, then said, "But you don't know whether you will go or not." I said, "I will go, for God said go." The car stopped at Market Yard, within two blocks of the wharf-boat. I was running down Broadway to get to the boat, when I met Captain Joe Fowler in front of the boat-office. He was president of the Cairo and Evansville Boat Company, and knew me. He said, "Where are you going, Parson?" I said, "To Rosiclare by faith." He said, "Come in." When I went in he asked me when I was coming back and I told him, "Day after to-morrow." He gave me a pass on the boat to Rosiclare and back.

When I reached that town I was going up the street and saw Brother Needham. He began to rejoice. I said, "I am here, I do not know what for, but

God lead me here." He said, "I know: there is a sick woman, and we have been praying for God to send you here. She said if you would come and pray for her she would be healed." He said, "Let us go up there." I said, "No, wait till she hears I am here, and let her send for me." I went to Mr. Henry Downey's, where Brother Needham was stopping. Brother Needham at that time was a Methodist preacher, and was holding a meeting there. We went to meeting, and that night I preached. We had a good meeting and the next morning he and I took our Bibles and went to the woods and began talking on the subject of baptism and sectism. The result was he came out of the sect, together with Brother Heddon, a man who worked with him, and they now are ordained and preaching in the one body. Eph. 4:4; Rom. 12:5.

At two o'clock in the afternoon we went to meeting, and while I was preaching a woman began to shout and walk up and down, and a pug-dog began to try to tear her clothing to pieces. As she would pass me I would kick the dog, and preach. I was not kicking at the woman, but at the dog that was hanging on to the woman. Now this illustrates how it is when we preach the truth against sectism. The people say we are fighting them. It is not them: we are just trying to knock from them the thing that is hindering their faith.

She kept up the shout for some time. I presented the altar, and a number came to the altar. We had a

glorious meeting. After we dismissed they called me to go and pray for this sick woman. They said she got saved just as the boat landed that I came on. When I went into the house she was lying on the bed. She said, "God bless you, Brother Brown. I saw in the paper where you prayed for a woman and she was healed, and I have been praying in my sins for a year for God to send you here, and I got salvation yesterday, and he has sent you, and I know I will be healed." She had been sick for several years and confined to bed and room for a year. We prayed for her after instructing her. As we arose from prayer I sang a verse and she was looking right into my face. I saw her lip quiver a little, and I said, "Sister, it is done, God has healed you; rise in the name of Jesus Christ." She jumped out of bed shouting. The sectarians and sinners began to fall down and call on God for salvation. Several got saved. Her husband was an infidel and was away from home.

I left that night after meeting. She went to meeting and testified loud and strong. During the meeting a storm arose. The house had been condemned and the people began to go out. I said, "You might as well stay; you can not hide from God." A few days later her husband came home in a skiff. When he landed some parties said, "Bill, your wife is well." He said, "I guess not." They said, "Yes, Brown has been here and healed her." He told me afterwards that he just sat down on the bow of the skiff and could not move or speak for a minute. He said to

them, "Is that so?" They said, "Yes, she went to meeting, and has been all over the town." He said he went to the house and she came running to meet him, saying, "I am healed." He said he was dumb-founded, but he just shoved her away and cursed and said, "You could have got up long ago." He said he knew it was not so but did not want to give up, but he told me he knew she was healed. He had known me when I was an infidel and a drunkard.

I found out she had a daughter in Paducah, where I was preaching, so I wrote her a card and she came to our meeting and got saved. After this I was at Rosiclare and a woman sent for me to come and pray for her. I went in and she was in bed. I asked her what was the matter. "Oh," she said, "Willis, I am sin-sick." She had known me all my life. She said, "I have belonged to the church for thirty years, but that night Angie Kilgore was healed and the storm came and you said we could not hide from God it convicted me, and I have been praying ever since that God would send you here, and I heard you preach the other night, and I have not eaten anything since. I want salvation like you have." We prayed with her and God saved her.

Now we knew no paper that taught as we believed but the *Gospel Trumpet*, and we had been prejudiced against it soon after we were saved on account of one, J. P. Merrill, having been published through it. He is the man that I told of that fell in a trance. He had made us believe that he had not been dealt

with rightly and that it was done just because they did not like him because of his having more power than any of them. So after we found out that he was crooked, we read the *Trumpet* a while, and Charley corresponded with Brother E. E. Byrum. Brother and Sister C. O. Dodge passed through the city of Paducah, where we were preaching, and each preached a sermon in our meeting. We liked them, but it seemed they were so dry, because we had been used to sectism and thought if a fellow did not make a great noise he was not saved, but we decided to see what they taught.

We wrote for a man to be sent to us that could set forth the church, and one came from Michigan. I will not say anything he did, but we thought he was not saved, and the poor fellow has proven since that such was the case. This discouraged Charley, and he said there was no one like us. We then began to try to set forth the church, but did not see how we could without having their names to know who belonged; so in trying to keep a record of their names we soon found out we had a sect. One place they called it "Brown's Holy Baptist Church." I saw that would not do. Charley began to read the newspapers; he posted himself about the Spanish war, and then he got slack in preaching. He took sick presently when we were in Portageville, Mo., where we some time before had as high as one hundred professions in one meeting; once we had preached to a

crowd of people supposed to be three thousand, and had baptized thirty-five in Little river.

At this time Charley had but little faith. We had our tent in town and had meeting morning, afternoon, and night, and no one to preach but me. Charley was a little distance from the tent at a man's house. He would send for me to come and pray for him. I would go and pray for him; he would get better and I would go back to meeting, then he would send for me again. I would be preaching and would send my wife. He would say, "Go back and get papa; he has more faith than you have." I would go; he would get relief, but he finally lost his mind. The world was persecuting and threatening me, and it meant something there, for they tied three men up to a tree and wore several buggy whips out on them, and shot a man down within one hundred yards of the tent when I was preaching. So you see they did not talk just to scare, but they would do. I would not call a doctor; they all knew my faith. I had prayed for people there that the doctor had given up to die, and they were healed and got right out of bed. So I went down a little distance from the tent and prayed. I told God that Charley had now lost his faith and his mind too, and asked the Lord to raise him up and keep the reproach off of the cause.

I got the witness and started back to the tabernacle. I saw him coming to the tent. He was healed, but was very weak and poor, as he had been sick with a high fever for several days. He wanted to go out

in the country a mile to a friend's to stay a while till he got stout. He went, and in three days he came back with his body covered with sores. He could not use his hands and could scarcely sit down. He asked me to pray for him, which I did, and felt he was healed. I said, "Bless God! Charley, it is done." He looked up into my face as blank and said, "Papa, I hope it is." I saw he had no faith, and I just dropped my faith. In a few days he and I were out in the woods. I proposed to him that we would just take hold of God and hold on till he was healed. He said, "Papa it is the itch and the doctor said it was a bug and something would have to be put on to kill the bug." I said, "Charley, the devil made the bug, God can kill it." It did not increase his faith, he would just cry, and I could not encourage him in any way. Charley gave up and used remedies. I had an uncle that was a physician and Charley wanted to go to his house and be treated. I let him go. When he got to uncle's and told his business, uncle said, "My son, I would rather get down and pray for you than treat you. It will ruin your faith." Charley cried and told him papa had more faith than anybody and he prayed for him and he was not healed and he could not stand it any longer, so he treated him.

I dismissed my meeting at Haywood, Mo., on Sunday night. My youngest boy was lying on the rostrum with a high fever when I was preaching the last night of the meeting, and wife, children, and my-

self all had the itch. There was a crowd of toughs in that town that had run a Methodist preacher off just before I went. A sinner had sent teams after me to move my tent there to hold a meeting. They told me there were twenty-two boys that tore up meetings and ran preachers off just as they got there. It rained for about thirty minutes and the cotton-pickers were all in town. When we drove on the ground where we aimed to set the tent, a big fellow began to turn one of the wagons over, others saying, "Turn it over." I just walked by as though I did not notice what they were doing. I said, "Boys, where is the best place to set the tent?" They began to give their opinion, and we agreed where we would set it. There were some logs in the way. They helped me move the logs out of the way, then they helped me put up the tent. Just as they got the side curtains put up a big fellow began to shout. He did not know I was in the tent. He ran back on me. I said, "Praise God! you are a good shouter for the devil; I hope I will see you shout for the Lord before I leave here." He ran out of the tent for a while and then came back and said, "Brother Brown, you must excuse me; I did not know you were in there." I said, "All right, the Lord knew I was in there." The next night he and others were at the altar. Four of them got saved before the meeting closed, and the last day the other eighteen got drunk on hard cider furnished them by a brother of the Baptist church. This was on Sunday. That night they were quarreling

around the tent. I preached till they attracted the attention of the people, and I quit preaching and began to sing. They crowded around the tent. They thought meeting was closing and we would have an altar service. I began telling them my experience, gave an exhortation and they began to weep. Some of them looked very sad. I said, "Boys, don't you want me to pray for you before I leave?" I got on my knees and said, "Come kneel down here and let me pray with you." They just came falling around me crying, and I said, "Now, boys it is salvation or hell. Now, I know you are drunk, but God can kill the effects of hard cider. Get hold of God while I pray," and as I prayed they cried aloud. I told them after the prayer that I was going to leave, and that I wanted to shake hands with all of the professors first and then the sinners, and all that felt I was a man of God and wanted to help me pay my expenses to give what they felt like giving. After the professors got through shaking hands they had given me \$5.00, then those drunken fellows came crying and gave me \$20.00.

Next morning my little boy was very sick. I went to Portageville, a neighboring town, to see about shipping my tent, and when I got back the boy was speechless and could not swallow a drop of water. I asked my wife what she wanted to do. I told her it was her boy as well as mine. "You know my faith," she said. "I do not want to do anything, but I want you to pray the prayer of faith, if you

can. I can not give him up." I prayed, but could not pray the prayer of faith. A man called for me at the gate. I went out and he asked me how the boy was. I said, "No better; I believe he will die." He was a sinner, but belonged to the Baptist sect, and said he did not believe he would die, for God would not treat me that way. He said, "I will go in and see him." He came out and said, "Why, he is sweating; he won't die." I said, "He sweats every time I pray for him." "Well," he said, "I will go and get Charley and Anderson if you want me to." Charley was on the road that we expected to go the next day, and Anderson was at his house seven miles away. I said no, he could not talk to them, and it would be no satisfaction to them to see him in that condition—just as well see him dead. He could not speak to them if they were here.

He left and the people crowded in and looked at the boy. Most everybody that lived in the town saw him that evening, and that night at 10 o'clock there was a large crowd. It seemed to bother him. I told them that we had left the child in the hands of God and that we could do nothing for him only just watch him, and so much noise seemed to bother him; if they would please leave the room wife and I would stay with him alone, and they left, some of them feeling insulted.

I began to pray after they went out and the child went to sleep and at 2 o'clock he woke up, looked at me and threw out his hand at me and said, "Papa

give me a drink of water." He drank a cup of water and said, "Papa, God has touched my body." He was five years old and was my baby boy. He talked with me till daylight. I did not feel like sleep. I told God in my prayer that if he was done with me there to make my boy able to eat his breakfast, and let the sun shine to dry my tent, and furnish me teams to haul it, and I would move for his glory. I could hardly keep him in bed. My wife got up and I told him I wanted to sleep a little while. I did not want to let him out till the sun drove the damp away. He would call his mama and tell her God had touched his body and he wanted to get up and put on his new pants. The man we stayed with was a store-keeper and he had given him a pair of pants. My wife came in to stay with him while I ate breakfast. He kept calling me, telling me God had touched his body and he wanted to get up. I told them that when I was sitting at the table God had told me I had not done my duty there. I had not been having prayer with them. They were all out at their work early in the morning and late at night and they were all unsaved but the old woman. The man would go to the store as soon as he would get up and would only be at the house for meals. I said, "Let us pray." The man knelt with us. When we got up the boy was saying, "God has touched my body; I want to get up." The man said with tears in his eyes, "It is no use for any one to tell me God won't heal, for when I came out of that room last night

I never expected to see that child alive again." He thought a great deal of the boy and had him with him most of the time till he was taken sick. I said, "You ought to go in and see him now." He said he had been in. He said, "I never slept last night till he was healed. I heard you pray and I heard the boy call you at 2 o'clock. I woke my wife and told her Georgie was healed." This man's name is Alfred Newton, of Hayward, Mo.

The sun was shining bright and the boy got up and ate his breakfast. At 2 o'clock I had my tent loaded and was traveling on a thirty-mile trip. We stopped at a place and stayed all night. The devil put a high fever on the boy. I prayed all night and just before day the fever left him. We started at daylight and at 10 o'clock the boy had a high fever. It seemed he would go into spasms. That was what the devil tried me on, as he had had fits before. It was very hot weather and sandy land, no shade or timber along the road. We passed through a town and I stopped at a number of business houses to get water for my boy. They would not give me any, but said there was a pump up the street at the shop. I went and got a cup of water. By the time I got to the wagon the water was warm. It seemed the child would die. The devil pictured it out to me how it would look for a child to die in the wagon on the road, and I thought about stopping there, but had only \$25.00 and knew it would not last long at a hotel with all my family; so I went on. The boy

was healed instantly and sat up just after I prayed for him about 4 o'clock that evening, and he went to eating. There were two sinners with me hauling our tent. They said God healed him. We held a meeting within ten miles of the town where they would not give me water for my sick child and inside of ten days from the time they refused the water that whole string of houses burned up. God confirmed the Word: "Whosoever shall not receive you, nor hear you, when ye depart thence, shake off the dust under your feet for a testimony against them. Verily, I say unto you, It shall be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment than for that city."

Well, Charley was now under treatment at the doctor's, and wife and little boys and I had the itch. Wife's faith was shaken because Charley had let down, and I had to stand alone with Jesus for myself and family. I learned a grand lesson. When I would itch I would pray till it quit, then I would not think of it any more till I would itch again, then I would pray again. It was just broken out under my clothes. Charley got healed and came back to us, and in a few days he discovered he had the itch still. By this time we had gone to the town where my uncle that was the doctor lived, and Charley read his books and found that red precipitate was prescribed for the itch, so he secured some and greased himself. He and I went to another town six miles away, leaving my wife and two little boys at my uncle's. Charley

took cold and his mouth got sore and his tongue swelled till it filled his mouth. You could see the print of every tooth on his tongue. He was salivated by the red precipitate.

I preached in the Methodist house. Charley would sit on the platform behind the pulpit, the saliva dripping from his mouth to the floor. I preached on divine healing. The people and the devil would say, "He doesn't heal his boy." The devil would say, "You had better let up on healing till you all get well of the itch." I would say, "It is God's Word. The promise is to them that believe; I will trust in him though he slay me." Finally we came to Kentucky, within twenty miles of Marion, a town where we had lived and held a meeting, expecting to close there and then go home. I had then been away from home eight months and my wife and children had been with me five months.

Charley had insisted that I use a remedy for the itch. I told him, "No, I will trust God." It had not yet broken out on my hands, but just under my clothes. He said when it broke out on my hands I would use something. So one morning I got up and there were sores between my fingers. He looked at me and said, "Papa you are bringing reproach upon the cause of Christ. I would use something and get that cured." I said, "Never mind, son, God and I will attend to that to-night." When I went to the bedroom, instead of going to bed I went to God in prayer. When I came out of there the next morning

there was not a sore on me. When I went to meeting there was a large crowd. Charley was there. He and I did not stay together. I knelt down in the pulpit in secret prayer while they were singing. I heard Charley come up in the pulpit and sit down on the bench. When I rose and sat down on the bench I turned the back of my hand down where he could not see it just to see what he would do. He took hold of my hand and turned it over and said, "O papa, where are those sores?" I said, "Praise God! they are gone off my hands, and off my back; I am healed." He said, "O papa, I wish I had such faith." I do not believe that Charley ever would have trusted God for healing any more if I had not gained the victory, but I realize God permitted me to go through that test to convince him God's Word was true.

There was a political speech in our town a day or so before we intended to go home, and a colored man was there with smallpox and he exposed the whole town and country, as there were many there; so the town was quarantined. I then took my family with me to Casper Fink's, Saline Mines, Ill., where I have preached every Christmas since I was saved. I held meetings around there till Christmas. The quarantine was then raised at our home town and so Grandpa Fink started with myself and family for home, thirty miles distant. We came to Cave in Rock, Ill., where we crossed the river. It was just night, but they had smallpox there in that town. We stopped at a place three miles out to stay all night. I called

at the gate and inquired for the man of the house. They called me in and showed me his room. I shook hands with the old man and his wife. He said for me to take a chair. I told him I wanted to stay all night, that I had a wagon-load with me. He said, "It is a poor chance here; we have the smallpox. I am just getting up and wife is just breaking out." I talked a while and came out. They asked me if they would keep us. I said no. We had been refused at another place as the old folks were gone from home. Grandpa Fink was a German and said, "Vat's the matter now?" I said, "Nothing much, they have just got the smallpox." Charley said, "O papa!" The German said to the team, "Get up!" My wife, niece, and children began taking on. The German had caught his breath and thought of God and said he wouldn't have them. I prayed for five days and nights and got the witness I would not have them.

I sent an appointment on to a place where I would begin a protracted meeting, and also sent some appointments for meetings while on the way there, on to a certain town. When I went into the town it was a cold day and I took the headache, my bones ached, and I felt as if I were taking the measles and I had had them twice. I preached to a large crowd that night, and when I was fixing for bed they had prayer for me, but I did not get any relief. When I went into the room to go to bed, I knelt to pray. When I was praying I thought of the fact that it

was just nine days since I had been exposed to smallpox. It scared me. The devil said, "You knew you had been exposed, and you have come into this town where you have more friends than in any other place on earth, and you have inoculated all the people here, brought a reproach upon the cause, killed your influence, and turned people from God." I said, "Now, Lord, you gave me the evidence that you would not let me have the smallpox, and I started out on your promises by faith." By this time I felt clear before God, and I said, "Now, Lord, if it will be more to your glory for me to have the smallpox, inoculate the town, lose my influence, and bring reproach upon the cause of Christ, I am willing." By this time it seemed I could feel them breaking through the skin and I itched; I could scarcely keep from scratching. I said, "It is to your glory to heal me. When the leper fell at your feet and said, 'If thou wilt thou canst make me clean,' you stretched forth your hand and said, 'I will, be thou clean.' Now if you will you can make me clean of this smallpox, and I believe you do"—and instantly I was healed and every symptom left. I prayed God to let nobody take them. I never said anything to the people there concerning being exposed to the smallpox for about a year afterward, and then it seemed to scare some of them when I told them, although it had been so long before.

Then I began a meeting within seven miles of Marion, Ky., where I then lived. My niece, Jessie Jackson, had come home with me. She had been

raised a Methodist and had never seen any one healed. I took her with me out to where I was holding meeting. There was a young man where I stayed who walked on crutches. I talked with him and he said he had faith to be healed. We knelt in prayer. My niece was near my side. When I said amen, the man jumped up, threw his crutches across the house and walked. He and I went to meeting together in the buggy. He walked all right except he was bent over a little. My niece was at the meeting; she watched him for several days. Finally she said, "Now, Uncle, if he was healed why don't he straighten up?" Well, he was just like a great many others, he got so far, and God just gave what his faith took in. Jesus said to the blind man, "As your faith, so be it unto you." A divided mind can not get anything from God. Weak faith and doubting God is bringing reproach upon the cause by many claiming to be healed and still sick. When we exercise faith we get an evidence. Then if we stand on the witness and Word we will hold victory. If we do not we will lose victory.

The next meeting was at Shadygrove. I reached there and a man went to see a Methodist preacher to get the house. He was not at home. His wife said for me just to go to preaching, it would be all right with her husband. We had a good crowd the first night. I had previously held meetings close by there. After a few nights the preacher came and he told me to come and make my home at the par-

sonage. As soon as meeting was dismissed I went home with him. When we were seated by the fire at his home he asked me what church I belonged to. I said the church of God. He said I ought to belong to some denomination. His wife said to him, "Hush, hush! don't you name that again," and I stayed there ten days, and church or sect was never named to me by that man again. I never was treated any better by any one, and I preached as straight as I knew how. She was one of the most consecrated women I ever saw. We would have prayer and all go to bed but her. She would pray till she would get happy and go to bed shouting "Glory." When she got up in the morning the man would make the fire in the cook-stove. She would pray sometimes till I would hear him come in three times and put wood in the stove. She never would get off her knees till she got happy, then all the time she was getting breakfast I could hear the halleluiahs and glories and praises go up to God.

She told her experience of washing. She said she had just moved into a town and knew no one. When about half done washing her clothes she felt impressed to go to a neighbor's and take her Bible. The mud was deep, but she took her Bible and went to the house and found a poor discouraged woman there that had not been to meeting for years. She began to read and talk, and she persuaded her to give her heart to God. The woman's husband was a drunkard, knew not God, and was discouraged. She

went back home, finished her washing, and just as she hung the last garment on the line the clothes-line broke and her clothes went dragging in the mud. She said, "Praise God! Halleluiah!" "Now," she said, "I did not praise God because my clothes were muddy, and I had to wash them over again, but praised God because he kept me while I was washing them." Truly "love is not provoked to anger."

Well, we had a good meeting in that town. When I was about to leave the man brought out a nice ham of meat and set it down and said, "Brother Brown, take that home to Sister Brown; tell her I sent it to her." The woman looked at me, and she arose to her feet and said, "Praise God!" She went out of the room and came in with a twenty-five pound sack of flour and set it down beside the meat and said, "Brother Brown, take that flour to Sister Brown; tell her I sent it. Brother Pangburn does not eat meat, but I eat biscuits." Now do you see the lesson in this? He gave what he did not use and condemned and preached against, and she gave what she ate and liked. Now I speak with all respect to the Methodist preacher and I don't think he thought of such a thing, but how many give that which they themselves don't want or need! As I left he said all his churches were open for me to preach in at any time.

There was a preacher in the town where we lived who believed with everybody he met. He preached a great deal in this country and at Shadygrove where the last meeting was. He wrote for Charley and me

to come where he was. We went, but I saw something was wrong. I went a short distance to see a man by the name of Dr. Ramsey, whom I knew when I was a boy. His post-office was Dalton, Hopkins Co., Ky. He was glad to see me; he had not seen me since I was a boy, and was much surprised to find me a preacher. He said he wanted me to come over to Dalton and hold a meeting. I agreed to go and went back where Charley and the other preacher were, and told them what I had agreed to do. The preacher said, "Why, Brother Brown, you have been successful everywhere you went, but you will make a failure this time. God himself can not move that people." An old woman sitting by witnessed the statement the preacher made. I said, "If they will come out God will move them." He said, "They will come and you will have large congregations, but the greatest evangelist that was ever in this country was there, and they just made fun of him. They can not be moved on any proposition." I said, "God can move them." There was a big snow on the ground that night and it turned very cold; the coldest I ever knew of in that country; some stock froze to death in the barn.

Charley and I went to the place. We began the meeting with a large crowd; but they made fun of me while I preached and made quite a bit of confusion by talking and laughing. I prayed God to show me what to do about staying there. The only thing I wanted to know was if it was God's will for me

to stay, I knew he would take care of the rest. The third night after I began my fast God showed me to stay and I would get victory. The fourth night I preached from the seventh verse of the sixth chapter of Galatians: "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." I was impressed that some were getting their last gospel call. I said, "I am impressed some are getting their last call here to-night." They laughed at me wonderfully. In a few minutes I got the same impression again and spoke the same thing. They still laughed. Soon the impression came more strongly. I said, "Mark what I tell you, look around; you see who are here, some one is getting their last gospel call." There was quietness all over the house. I never saw such a change so soon. It seemed that God put a solemnity upon every soul. I presented an altar and told them that I wanted everybody that was ready for death and the judgment to come and give me their hand. There were four out of the congregation that came. One young lady squeezed my hand so tight that it attracted my attention. I looked at her and recognized that I had had an introduction to her. She had been a very close listener to the preaching. She turned around and stood by my side. I gave an exhortation for sinners and invited them to the altar for prayer. I told them to sing. The young lady started the song and she threw up her hands and fell dead. I raised her up on the bench, but there was no appearance of life.

I asked them to sing, but no one could sing. I said, "Sinners, this is for you; come to the altar." There were about twenty who came, fell on their faces and cried to God for salvation. The girl never breathed again. She was dead. She was a hearty, healthy girl about twenty years old, and was not subject to disease or sickness. Her name was Dora Brown, her father's name was Bassett Brown. His post-office is Dalton, Hopkins Co., Ky. God showed that people that he could move them. It seemingly gave a great alarm to the people, and not long afterward there was one of the greatest revivals and reformatations that was ever known in that country.

I went to another town to hold a meeting, reaching there just at dark, and very tired. The meeting was announced, but only a few came out; just one man and wife and several other women. They both gave brilliant testimonies, saying they were sanctified. After meeting was dismissed the man invited me to go home with him and stay all night, and I accepted the invitation. Before we reached the house I saw that his wife was displeased about my going.

When I got there I saw that they were very poor people. We went into a room where there was one bed and a heating-stove with a little fire and a few chunks of rotten wood. A number of children were in the bed. They were whining and crying and scratching, and the thought struck me they had the itch. The lady went into another room and after slamming things around in there for some time, she

called her husband and he went in. After a while they came back into the room where I was. She began to pull the children out of the bed. The ages ran all the way from six months to sixteen years old. They were broken out in sores all over. They came out scratching and crying, and I thought, "They are going to put me in that bed." She spread the cover up a little and went out. The man said to me, "You can occupy that bed."

After they left I looked. The last stick of wood was in the stove and it was a cool night, and I was worn out, as I had been preaching hard for some time. I got on my knees and said, "Lord, you can heal the itch, you can keep me from taking it. I am tired and must have rest, and I am going to get in this bed by faith in you." After I had lain there for a while a tickling began on my neck. I scratched a little and soon it was just all over me. I saw it was the devil trying to put the itch on me. I rebuked it in the name of Jesus Christ and went to sleep.

Next morning when I got up they had breakfast ready. I ate a few bites, went down on the river and prayed God to open up a home for me if he wanted me to stay there. I went back and got my grip and started up through town, just chancing to stop in a grocery store. The man spoke to me very familiarly. He had known me before I was saved and asked me if I would not take dinner with him. I told him I would. He said, "Where did you stay

last night?" I told him and he said, "We can provide a better way for you. I have a good room and nice bed to which you are perfectly welcome." I never had the itch from that time.

I received a dispatch to come South where there was an epidemic raging among the people. It was stated there were seventy-six cases. The doctors did not know what was the matter. The people would die in from three hours to nine days after they had taken it. Their tongues would swell and crack open, their throats would crack open as far down as you could see, and they would throw up dark green looking stuff.

The nearest railroad station to me was at my home. I had to go six miles by skiff to a town within eighteen miles of where I lived. I expected to get conveyance from there, but the teams were all out. I telephoned home to the liveryman to send a rig after me, which he did, reaching my house about thirty minutes before train time. My wife had received a letter from the persons that had written to me, stating to her the nature of the disease. She knew at once that I had started for there and she began to cry and say she did not want me to go. I told her I must go. She got me around the neck, my little boys got me around the legs, all pleading, saying if I went they were afraid I would take the disease and die. I told her that I felt that God called me, and I was bound to go.

As I was going to the depot I passed in front of

a grocery-store where I traded. I had contracted with the man to settle up at the end of every month. We had been trading this way for years. I had now been away a month and did not get any means to spare, consequently I had not paid my bill. When I saw the man I thought of it, but knew if I stopped to explain to him I would miss the train, so I thought I would write back to him.

I went on, traveled all day and all night, and arrived at the place of the pestilence. It was a horrible and heart-rending sight to see mothers and fathers, wives and children, going into eternity without God and without hope. They had all, or a good part of them, heard the truth and had rejected it. I stayed there for a month, or nearly so, praying for the sick, preaching funerals, and preaching every night in the schoolhouse. Three cases were healed in answer to prayer. One got well that the doctor got the praise of curing, and the rest of the seventy-six cases all died.

They wrote for me to come to another place fifty miles from there and hold a meeting. They wanted my son Charley to come too. I wrote them and told them where Charley was, they could get him, and I would come as soon as I could leave. Charley went there and began the meeting.

About the time I was ready to leave there a lady whom I have spoken of before in my experience, took very bad. Her maiden name was Tal Merrit. She married a man named Linberger. She had lost her

experience and they got along very badly, both being very wicked. She had seen many die within a few days and when she took sick she wanted me to pray for her, but her husband refused. She begged him to let me pray for her, but he told her no, that he would leave her if I prayed for her. I was called to an adjacent room to pray for a dying boy. She asked them to open the door so she could look in and see us when we prayed for him. Soon her husband left the house and she sent in for me to come and pray for her. I sent her word back that I was praying for her, and for her to look to God. She sent word back that she was bound to die, and that she was going to hell, and that if I would just come and lay my hands on her I could then go and pray in secret and God would save her. The parties present persuaded me to grant the request, so I did; but when I got to her bedside she grabbed hold of me and would not turn me loose till I laid hands on her and prayed for God to save her soul. I left the room. She soon sent for me to come back. After a while her husband came in. She told him she was bound to die, she was lost if she did not get saved. She wanted him to let me come and pray for her soul's salvation. He said no. She said she was bound to call me in. He picked up the child where it was sitting on the side of the bed and said, "Well, you call him in. I will take this child and leave, and you will never see us again." She looked at her little infant and said, "Good-by, darling baby; mamma

loves you, but I have soon got to leave and unless I get saved I will be forever lost." He left the room and she sent for me. I followed him out and asked him if I could pray for his wife. He said he had nothing to do with it. I asked him what he had against me. He brought up some trouble that I had had with his nephew before I was saved. I told him that had all been made satisfactory with his nephew and me and I had withdrawn the suit that we had in court. He said that he did not know that and consented for me to pray for her. I went in and prayed and she claimed to get saved.

At a late hour in the night I lay down and went to sleep. Just about day they came and called me, telling me she was dying. I asked God that if she was saved he would give me an evidence by letting her die without a struggle. When I walked in and sat at the foot of her bed she saw my pencil in my pocket and motioned for it. She could not speak I gave her the pencil and a piece of paper, and she wrote on it, "Eat." We gave her a cup of milk and bread and she ate heartily and lived about six hours. She got so she could talk and told where her clothes were that she wanted to be buried in and how she wanted to be put away, and then fell asleep in the arms of Jesus without a struggle.

The boy in the other room whom I had prayed for asked God to spare his life and give him his mind so that he could get saved. God did so and granted him salvation. When I told him that I must go he

put his arms around my neck and told me that I had saved his life. I told him no, God had in answer to prayer, and that he must now be a good boy. He said, "Uncle Willis, unless papa gives his heart to God I must die." His father was my associate that I spoke of heretofore as having gone to the altar and got saved, which caused me to go to meeting, where I became convinced that God would answer prayer. He had now backslidden and was very wicked. About this time his father came in. I said, "Talk to your papa that way." He asked him to come and get on his knees by his bed. He put his arms around his neck and said, "If you will give your heart to God, he will heal me," and begged him to pray. He said he would try. He wanted me to come and pray with him for his father. We knelt in prayer, and I believe he tried with all his heart and made a decision there that he would do better. The boy was instantly relieved, insomuch that he could sit up in bed and eat. I stayed another day and his father got so he would not kneel with us in prayer, and said it was no use for him to try to get saved. I lost my faith in that case and left. The boy got worse and soon died and the man became a total wreck. It is a dangerous thing to ignore light, to reject the truth and Spirit of God when you once know it.

I went up where Charley was holding meeting and as soon as I got there I received a letter from home from the grocery man that I have spoken of, stating

that my account was \$13.77. I just had twenty-five cents. I had been so busily engaged that I had let another month pass and never had thought of the grocery bill. I sat down and wrote him and explained to him the circumstances, and told him that I would pay him as soon as I got it.

I was in a small town and it seemed as though there was no possible chance for God to raise money for me there because the people who formed the congregation were all poor. But I knew that where there was no way God could make a way. The next morning I went into the woods to have secret prayer. I talked to the Lord as I would talk to a man. I told him I had forsaken wife, children, and my own life, for the gospel; I had not gone into the danger I had been in to be seen of man, but for the glory of God and the good of souls, and that he had promised to be with me to the end of the world and to supply our every need, and that I wanted him to give me the money to pay my grocery bill, that I might not be a stumbling-block in the way of the man who was furnishing groceries to my family and whom they claimed was an infidel.

I got the witness that God would give me the means and returned to the little town. The man I stayed with was a store-keeper. I slept in the back end of his store and had a key to it. He and a number of men were sitting in front of the store when I came back. I unlocked the door and went back to my room and changed my clothes. It was on Sunday

morning. The man soon came into the store, back into the room where I was and began to unlock the money-safe. He was behind me. The thought struck me that he was going to make change for somebody, and he had told me that he did not do business on Sunday. Pretty soon he touched my elbow and I looked around. He said, "Here; I don't know how you are fixed, but I felt led to give you \$15.00." I said, "Thank God! I just asked for it thirty minutes ago, and here I have it." The next morning I sent the money to the groceryman, and told him how I got it, and asked him if he would still furnish my family as he had been doing. He wrote back saying he would have furnished my family if I had never paid him a cent. He said, "I look upon you as being an example to show what God can do for fallen humanity."

Three months later I arrived home and went up to his store. He was busy waiting on some one, but called a clerk to take his place and asked me to go back to his desk with him and sit down. He sat down and looked at me very strange and said, "How are you getting along?" I said, "All right; I am saved." He said, "It was quite a miracle how you got that money, wasn't it?" I said, "Yes; but God is the same to-day, and he promised to provide." He replied, "What is your faith? what church do you belong to?" I said, "My faith is that God will do what he says. His Word is true. I belong to the church of God, the one that Jesus said the gates

of hell could not prevail against." I then explained to him my faith and belief. He said, "I believe in that kind of religion." He and I are yet particular friends. His name is Ab Henry, Marion, Crittendon Co., Ky.

Charley and I had started East to hold a number of meetings in different places. After we held the first meeting it seemed that God laid it on me to turn right the other way. I came home to Marion, Ky., where we then lived. The place where I had to go was about sixty miles off and away from any transportation—trains or river. I borrowed some horses to ride and we started. We arrived at the place on Thursday evening. I told them the Lord had sent me there to hold a meeting. They said they had been praying for God to send a preacher by the time their school was out and their school would be out the next day, so they knew that God had sent me.

They shouted the first night I preached, but the third and fourth nights they did not shout nor amen. God sent the truth so it uncovered sin and a good many concluded God had not sent me. The professors began to persecute. They got the world stirred against me and the devil howled, but this made no change in the preaching. So the last night of the meeting, just as we presented the altar, the pistols began to ring on the outside of the house and the rocks and bullets began to pour in at the windows. The people began to fall on the floor, some knocked with stones, and some dropped down to keep from

getting knocked down. Large long-legged men crawled under the short benches of the schoolhouse. Charley crawled under the desk where I was standing. I could not see any one that was on their feet, but one brother was behind me holding to me, jerking and saying, "I feel like praying." It was a good time, everybody was down. There was one sister who knelt by my side. She had often said she could not pray aloud, but she now prayed louder than any one else. Some of the sinners ran out and began to shoot at the gang, and they ran off. We prayed for the brother that was hurt the worst, God healed him, and gave victory. Praise God! He has promised to be with us always, even unto the end.

Now there are a few more experiences I feel led to give. We bought a gospel tent at Dalton, Ga., had it shipped to Paducah, Ky., and began a meeting. The parties that had promised to pay for the tent went back on their word and would not pay for it and I was praying God to open up a way that I could pay for the tabernacle. Charley received a letter from a company wanting a man to act as agent to employ agents to sell a book. He wrote and told them he was just a boy and could not make legal contracts, but his father had done considerable business and he would take it. He referred them to the banks at the town where we lived and the county officers of Marion to find out my reliability. In a short time I received a letter from them stating that they accepted me, also enclosing two contracts for

me to sign. They had already signed them and I was to keep one and send them the other. The offer was good; it reached to as high as \$100.00 a month. First month \$75.00, second \$85.00, and then \$100.00. I was to canvass the book thirty days, and then act as general agent to hire agents, for which they agreed to give me \$100.00 a month. There were testimonies from a number of preachers, stating it was a good book and an honorable business. I wrote them several times before I signed the contracts, asked a number of questions, and made a number of propositions. I would write to them and pray God to not let me get the contract unless it was his will, but I looked at the debt on the tent and the \$100.00 a month. So while I would write and pray God to keep it from me if it was evil, I would rather wish it was so that I could get it. I finally told them my business, and if it would not hinder me from my preaching and they would let me hire agents by letter and keep up my gospel work, all right. They said they would do it. They wanted me to put in six hours a day. I then told them if they would allow me to put in two days in one I would canvass the book while in that town and I would take the contract. I asked God to not let them do it if it was not right, yet wishing they would accept it. They wrote back that it was all right.

I would start out in the morning and ask God to help me sell so many books. I would sell the number, then would preach at 2:30 in the afternoon and 7:30

at night. I soon found it hard to preach. I would dread to get up to preach. The crowd began to get small. I would put in two days in one. I had put in twenty days and had sold thirty-three books. I got wonderfully troubled. I went to sell the book to a Methodist friend. He said, "What profit do you get on this book?" I said, "I do not work for a profit; I get \$75.00 a month if I do not sell a book." "Well," he said, "I don't want the book. I thought if you got a profit I would give that amount and not take the book. You pray over this matter and see if you are not in the wrong business." I got uneasy and that night in place of going to bed I went to praying, and like Jacob of old I told God I could not let him go till he let me know what to do. God showed me I should give the thing up and write the parties I had promised the book to that it was the wrong thing and I would not deliver it. This looked pretty big to tell the people a thing was wrong when I had talked so hard to make them believe it was right, and give up the \$75.00 then just about due, and I did not have a cent and had my family with me. I said, "Lord, I will give it up." I did and notified the parties I would not deliver the book, resigned my position and would have no more to do with it.

So I found out the devil could slip in a deception on us even while we prayed if we did not open our hearts and say, "Now, Lord, thy will and not mine be done," and mean it too. While I was asking God to show me, I was in my heart hoping he would

show me that I could sell the book and get the \$75.00 a month. Our heart must be as a clean slate if we want God to write his will upon it.

The next morning I started down to see the superintendent of the packet company, as God had showed me to leave the city and go into the state of Missouri. On the way a woman gave me \$5.00. I went into the boatoffice and asked Captain Fowler what he would charge me to take my tent, family, and another man to Cairo. He said \$5.00, and I asked if he would wait on me thirty days. He consented, and I said, "All right; I will go day after to-morrow." I bundled my tent and shipped for Missouri.

Another time I went with a tent into a town and held a meeting. I put the tent up, announced meeting, and people came out. After preaching I dismissed them. All left and no one asked me to go home with them. I had prayer, turned out the gasoline lights, and lay down on a plank with my Bible for a pillow. I got up next morning, washed and for breakfast had prayer. Meeting time came and it passed by just as it did the night before. The congregation left and none invited me home with them. I told the Lord I would stay there three days and nights, and if he did not open a home I would shake the dust and leave that town. That evening at 5 o'clock a girl came and said, "Mama said for you to come up to my house and get supper." I said all right, went and found a welcome and a good home. I told a large crowd of people my experience that night in their town. They seemed

ashamed of the way they had treated me. I told them my bed was hard, but my dreams were sweet, and my food was that which the world knew not of. The altar was filled with sinners for salvation; so God got the glory, and I got the experience, for which I give God the praise.

Now the time came when Charley began to weaken in the faith. He said there was no one like us. The Methodists had talked with him. So he told me there was a holiness school in Wilmore, Ky., that offered to take him through for \$100.00. A preacher that claimed to be out of sectism said if Charley would go home with him to Tennessee and hold two meetings he would insure the \$100.00. I told them it was a sect institution and the next thing after he got there they would want him to join that sect; but they said no, it was a holiness movement. He begged till I let him go. I took him to the woods with me and told him to let us agree in prayer that God would give him \$100.00 clear of expenses on that trip if he wanted him to go to that school. He agreed to it and we knelt. I prayed so earnestly about it that Charley got uneasy and quit praying.

So he went on and held two meetings and came back to me with \$12.00 and a letter from a Methodist preacher, stating he had had a talk with the president of the school and they agreed to see him through the school. He showed me the letter. The writer said that if Charley did not have the money to go, to write him at once and pack his clothes and

the money would come on return mail. He asked me what I thought about the letter. I told him I did not put any confidence in it at all, for a man that would lie to God would lie to him. And this man had at one time asked me for a bottle of oil in the presence of about three thousand people after I had prayed for a paralyzed child and it was healed. I gave him the oil and he said he would preach divine healing in spite of churches, bishops, presiding elders, conferences, men on earth or devils in hell. He had preached for a year and when the conference came down on him he turned from God and held to the conference.

All I could say did no good; he wanted to go. So I took hold of faith to bring him out of school. I ate just one meal a day for thirty days, preached three times a day, and would pray some nights all night. I got the witness he would come out of school. In a few days I received three letters from him, wanting me to send him money to come home. He had directed his letters to a place where I was to be, but I was delayed ten or fifteen days, and he just kept writing. That was how I got three at once. I sent him the money, and when he came he said the president of the school made him sign a note for \$18.00, and he wanted to go to school at home.

So we moved to Hickman, Ky., at once, and he went to the college there for two years, but I found out he had joined the Methodist sect. I then set in to pray him out of the sect, and held on to God



CHARLES E. BROWN.

for two years before I got him out, and then for six months before I got the sect spirit out of him. But praise God, the petition reached the throne and the devil was defeated and I had the pleasure in August 1903 with some other brethren to lay hands on him and witness his ordination in this evening light. He is now in the work, his heart fixed on God and his determination is to go through on the narrow way.

There is no one knows but me what I suffered over his going into sectism. I will try to give you a little understanding about it. He commenced traveling with me when he was eleven years old. When I preached he was sitting in the pulpit; when I prayed he was by my side; when I went to pray for the sick he was by me with his hands on the sick, and I could hear his little voice crying out, "amen;" when I went to secret prayer in the grove he always went by my side; when I was on the railroad train he was by my side; and wherever I was, he was there, and whatever I did he had an amen, so we stood as one for five long years. God gave us many victories, and we witnessed scenes that will only be told at the judgment, and victories that no one knows of but God and us. Then the time came when I was left alone with Jesus, seemingly not another one on earth believing as I did. When I would get up to preach I could neither see nor hear Charley; when I would go to secret prayer he was not there; when I would pray for the sick he was not there; when I would go to my bed-room he was not there. So you see the

devil kept rolling this over me and it was a burden that Jesus only could bear. But I thank God he stood by me through all these tests and trials and heard my earnest petition and granted the same and delivered my boy and gave him back to me to again stand with me in the pulpit and herald the truth, and go with me to rescue perishing souls from a never-ending hell.

I realize that Jesus came for our example to make the way so plain that a wayfaring man, though a fool, should not err therein. I found out by experience that the fourth chapter of Matthew is one of the grandest lessons laid down in the precious Book. I remember one time I began a meeting at a place known as one of the roughest in the state of Illinois, on Eagle Creek. There were a number of drunkards, gamblers, infidels, and outlaws there. It was just after I had held meeting on Christmas at Casper Fink's, where I have preached every Christmas since I have been saved, and such an interest was awakened that we moved the meeting to the meeting-house in the community.

Well, the first night there was a small congregation, but seemingly the power of God got hold on the people. I made a proposal to the congregation that after prayer as we sang a song we would shake hands with every sinner in the house. About the time I saw they were all scattering through the congregation of Christian people I said, "Let us pray," and as they knelt in prayer I told them to pray for

the one that was near by. It seemed every one was under conviction. God began a work then in the hearts of the people, and in a short time there was quite an interest. Hard-hearted men that had been at dagger's point for years, carrying revolvers, seeking the advantage of one another to take life, came to the altar, made friends and fell on their knees and cried for salvation.

The whole country was stirred, but seemingly the people did not know that I had a family at home, had to pay house-rent, buy fuel, and every bite they ate; so an impression came that I had better go to the various cities where I had calls and they would pay my expenses. I had calls to go to different places and money offered to pay my expenses, and I had better go there and preach while it cost so much to keep my family through the winter. But the impression came for me to pray, so I did, and decided to stand and see the salvation of the Lord. I received a letter from Mary E. Minner, Tolu, Ky. She had been healed at a meeting that I held at that town. She asked me when I would be home. Marion, where my home was, was eighteen miles from where she lived. I said, "Lord willing, I will be home the 10th or 11th of January." So I closed the meeting where I was. The donation was very small, and I told the people God had done a wonderful work there, but would have pay for that meeting if he had to take it in dead horses or cattle. Some days afterward a man's horse got sick. He called for

a neighbor to treat the horse, and while he was getting ready to come the man said, "I would rather have given Brown \$50.00 than to have lost that horse." But he lost the horse.

I reached home on the 11th day of January, and on the 12th Brother Minner, the husband of the woman that wrote to me from Tolu, drove up with a loaded wagon. The load consisted of provisions all the way from canned fruit to sacks of flour and hams of meat, almost everything that was good to eat. He handed me a sealed envelope, and when I tore it open there was money in it to pay my house-rent and buy my coal, and a list of fifty-two names of the people of the town of Tolu with the amount that they donated given beside their names. A short letter stated that they presented that to me as a New Year's gift. So I saw the scripture fulfilled in Matthew where it says that we shall worship none but God.

Another time I went into Morely, Mo., to hold a meeting and to preach on divine healing. There was a Baptist preacher there who arose in his congregation and testified. It seemed from the testimony that he was going to accept the truth, but soon he began to pour out his poison. He said: "Brother Brown, I want a revival here; the people want a revival here; if you will do what I tell you—drink a pint of laudanum, and it doesn't kill you—you can bring a revival about. I will buy the laudanum. Will you drink it? You have told us of your miracles and

works, show us some of these, we want to see them.” When he sat down I arose and said: “You old preachers put me in mind of two little boys I have heard of; one rich and the other poor. The rich boy was rattling his money, and the poor boy said, ‘You can’t show me a nickel.’ The rich boy went to show it and the poor boy shut his eyes and said, ‘Show it to me! show it to me!’ You preachers cry out, ‘Show me something! show me!’ and when God manifests his power in your presence, instead of opening your eyes you close your eyes and say, ‘Show it to me.’ Now if I were a preacher of the gospel and doubted the Word as you do, I would get into my buggy and drive eighteen miles to old George Suttle’s, one of the leading men of Dogwood Ridge, and tell him that I wanted to see Angeline Stewart, the woman that was healed of blindness in a meeting that Brown held there in that community. Go talk with her and hear her testimony. Besides there are a number of others there that were heald. Now, so far as drinking the pint of laudanum is concerned, I would not do that any quicker for you than Jesus Christ would speak stones into bread for the devil.”

There was a man in the congregation who was a drunkard and a gambler and who had known me and of one of the meetings that I held in Paducah, Ky. He moved up behind this preacher and as the congregation was dismissed he touched the preacher on the shoulder and said, “Sir, my wife is a Baptist and she believes in divine healing. Our child was

at the point of death. She fell on her knees after the doctor had given her up. God heard her prayer and raised the child from death. I am a gambler and a drunkard, profess no salvation at all, but I believe the Bible. I know that man Brown and know some of the statements which he has made from the pulpit this afternoon to be true. I lived within four miles of the city when he held a meeting and the blind, lame, deaf, and dumb were healed."

The Lord commenced sending forth the truth on sectism and the people began to fall out with me. A mob gathered at the meeting-house one night to mob me. A man came and invited me to go out a distance from the house to talk. I did not suspicion anything and went. He told me that the best thing I could do was to close my meeting and leave the country, for the people were dissatisfied with my preaching. I told him I could not help it, I had announced meeting till Sunday and unless God showed me differently I would stay. He said he was authorized to shut the door, as he was sexton. I said, "You can shut the door, but I will preach outdoors."

There was a man a little ways from us that spoke up. I thought I knew his voice, but could not see, as it was dark. He called this man that was talking to me by name and said, "What are you doing there?" He said, "Just talking; you go into the house and we will be in shortly." I said, "This brother tells me he is going to close the door, and that he is authorized to do so." The man asked

him who authorized him to shut the door. He made several excuses, but could not tell. He said, "I am the trustee, and I authorize you to not close it," and he decided he would not.

The mob was standing in the shade of the house with all arrangements made to take hold of me. I just walked on into the house and saw then what was working, but began to sing and they came marching in. I said, "Let us pray." I knelt down and began to pray. When I got through praying, after rebuking the devil and asking God to lay his hand upon every opposing power, to give me a message from heaven that would uncover sin, and promising I would stand on his Word and the covenant I made with him, though it cost me my life, I arose and sang a verse and took my text and began to preach. God laid conviction on the whole congregation, and the leader of the mob came up after meeting was dismissed and shook hands with me and told me he was my friend; and as he went home that night he told the people I had proven myself and he would stand by me as long as there was a button on my coat.

Leaving there, we came to Dover, Tenn., and took the boat. Charley preached in the Campbellite meeting-house to a large crowd. As the boat would not be there till the next night they asked us to preach the next day, which we did. After we left, the editor of the paper in Dover published me, saying that on Sunday morning there was a very small congrega-

tion in attendance at the different churches and that on Monday night a man named Brown with his company came into the town and they had meeting, preached to a crowded house, and also on the next day; however, he said there was something peculiar about it, as it was a young lad that did the preaching, but the old man was suspicioned of some things and found guilty. The parties where I had stopped also put in a report against me.

A brother cut the report out of the paper and sent it to me at my home. I was not much surprised when I saw it, but felt impressed to go and show the clipping to the county judge, as he was a particular friend of mine. He glanced over it and said, "Willis, that is libel." He jerked down a sheet of paper and wrote a remonstrance against it. He signed it, the county officers all signed it, the bankers signed it, and the leading merchants of the town of Marion, Ky. One of the leading lawyers of the town named Ollie James took the recommendation and went to Dover, Tenn. He put up at the hotel when he got there. While eating his breakfast he asked the lady if she were acquainted with the editor of the paper. She said, "Yes; this is his plate right by you. He will be in for breakfast directly." He asked if there was more than one paper, and she said no. He asked her to introduce him to the editor when he came in, and she did.

Mr. James told the editor when he got through eating he would like to talk with him at his room.

When the editor stepped in Mr. James locked the door and said, "Sit down; I want to talk with you." He said, "Did you publish that?" and handed him the piece that was clipped out of his paper. He said he did. "Why did you do it?" "Well," he said, "the people said it was so." "It is supposed that you should know it was so." He then handed him the recommendation and said, "Look over that." He, trembling, read it over. Mr. James said, "Now you can see what you are into. That is a self-made man and a gentleman, our townsman, and we do not purpose to have such a report going against him. There is not a man that signed his name there but that will spend every cent he has to defend this man." He looked him in the face and said, "Don't break me up." He said, "I don't want to break you up, but want to give you a chance to set this man right before the people, or I will sue you for \$40,000 slander." He said, "Let us go to the court-room and see my lawyer." "Very well," he said, "I won't take advantage of you at all." They went up to see the lawyers and they began to plot and set the time they would have the trial there. He said, "You don't need to make any arrangements for my coming here. I will not come to your door to find you, I will sue you under United States court." This brought them to terms and there was a reconciliation made. It was made right, and what the lawyer got out of it I don't know, neither do I care. It was not the money I was after, but just wanted every-

thing clear there between the people and me that would prevent me from holding up Christ before them.



CHAPTER IX.

WITH THE LORD'S PEOPLE.

First Meeting with the Saints—Joined by Coworkers—On Road to Moundsville, W. Va.—Provisions Low—Lydia Kriebel—Moundsville Meeting—Back to Kentucky—Camp-meeting at Dorena, Mo.—Slandorous Reports—A Sad Experience—Afflicted with Rheumatism—To the Pacific Coast—Various Experiences—Instances of Prayer Answered.

Now I will give an account of my first meeting with the saints. I was holding a meeting at Portageville, Mo., and received a letter from Bro. H. S. Jenkins, East Prairie, Mo., asking me to go to a camp-meeting, and said they were in need of a preacher. Said that his wife had been there and was acquainted with the trustees, and if I would go he would write to them and tell them about it. I told him the Lord willing I would go. He wrote and told them about me and that I would come. It seemed that God then put a stir in my soul to go. So Bro. Jenkins wrote me that his wife and son and Ada Ford would take a train at Charleston on a

certain day for the camp-meeting, and I could join them at a station on the road; so I did.

We arrived and the people seemed very shy, but there was no other preacher from a distance. They insisted that I preach. I began to preach, the Lord began to witness, and the interest began to increase; God was owning and blessing his Word and saving souls. One evening while preaching, a buggy drove up with W. G. Schell in it. It seemed there was an impression or fear ran over me that Brother Schell would not fellowship me or recognize me. However, after we dismissed the congregation, they all went running to meet Brother Schell. He was greeting the brethren and I walked toward him rather slow. When I got within about ten steps of him he began to shove the people to one side and push his way to me, grasped me in his arms and said, "God bless you, Brother Brown! I never wanted to see a man as bad in my life as I wanted to see you." It seemed to me that every cloud blew away and I had perfect confidence. God blessed his Word and our fellowship and we had a good meeting.

There were some parties there who had come and brought some bad reports against me. I had just learned it that day. As soon as they saw that Brother Schell recognized me they began to call me to one side, making their confessions and asking forgiveness. Brother Schell insisted that I should go to Moundsville. I told him whenever I felt the Lord moving that way I would go. It went on for some-

thing like a year before I had the impression to go. But I began to take the paper, correspond with Bro. Byrum and with other brethren, and it seemed that a perfect unity and fellowship existed, though I had not met the established saints and no brethren except Brother Schell. I kept on holding meetings at different places and prayed God to send me a company of workers, as I could not sing and had lost all desire for sect songs or sect worship, and there were no saints in the community where my field of labor was.

I began a meeting at Dogwood Ridge, Mo. God wonderfully owned and blessed his Word, the devil got stirred, sectarians got mad, persecutions raised, but the truth found way to a great many hearts. Two blind women were healed, thirty-eight others claimed healing, and thirty-five came out of sectism. All this time I was praying God to send me some one to help in meetings. I had been asked by the citizens of Hickman, Ky., the town where I then lived, to hold a meeting, and the merchants there had rented a hall for thirty days, requesting me to preach there for that length of time. I took hold of God by faith for some true workers to help me in that meeting.

On Saturday night before I closed my meeting at Dogwood Ridge on Sunday night, Bro. J. H. Ball and wife landed at East Prairie, Mo., seven miles distant from where I was holding meeting. Ada Ford and Sister Riker were praying God to send them some conveyance to go to the meeting

next day. Brother Ball had a wagon and team, he and his wife traveling alone, praying the Lord to help them get some one to travel with them. They came to the meeting the next day and we talked over the matter and prayed over it, and they agreed to go home with me and help me in the Hickman meeting. During the meeting we found out it was the hand of God that had put us together and we decided to fix up a gospel wagon and go in company working for the salvation of souls. At the close of the meeting Ada Ford decided in answer to prayer that God had joined her to the company; so we had to build a house on Brother Ball's wagon. We started out to work in southern Illinois, western Kentucky, and southeastern Missouri, up till the 19th of March, 1902, when we felt led of the Lord to start to the Moundsville camp-meeting.

I had received a letter from Lydia Kriebel, Essex, Ill., asking me to come there to pray for her. They also sent \$15.00 to pay my expenses. I felt it was the hand of the Lord providing means to start the journey, as I did not have a dollar, and was praying the Lord to open up the way to Moundsville. I wrote and told them that we would come by that way. We started and by the time we were one hundred and fifty miles from home our money had given out. We drove into a schoolhouse yard and camped and fed our horses. Ada Ford and Anderson Brown, my little boy, both knew that I was out of money. They began to tease me about getting some-



COMPANY OF WORKERS. W. M. BROWN,
J. H. AND FANNIE BALL, AND ADA FORD.

thing. I told them that I could not, I did not have any money. Sister Ball looked up to Brother Ball and said, "Joe, how much money have you got?" He said, "A quarter." "O Lord," she said, "why are we way out here, with nothing to feed these poor horses and nothing to buy anything? what will we do?" I said, "Sister Ball, God will provide." She said, "I don't know whether God is in it or not. We ought not to have started on this trip till we knew we had money enough to go through." Ada said, "Sister Ball, we have a chance now to learn some of the experiences that we have heard Brother Brown tell about." She did not seem to want to learn them. Anderson said, "Why, Sister Ball, this isn't anything. I have seen the time when we had but one meal in the house and did not know where the rest were coming from, and God has always provided. God will supply our needs."

We talked and tried to encourage her, but she looked back toward home, yet was afraid to go back on account of the dream she had had before we started on the trip. She wanted to go home and asked us to agree with her that God would show her what to do. She dreamed that she saw Lot's wife, so she concluded from that that God did not want her to look back, and she was afraid to start toward home.

God provided means for us to get the next meal and feed for the horses before we were out; however, we got down to where we had to trust God sure

enough. One day for dinner we had nothing but a potato and half an onion, a few scraps of meat, and a loaf of bread. Ada made soup of it and we had plenty and to spare, but nothing for supper and no prospect of anything. By the time supper came on God had provided means for supper.

We drove into Paxton, Ill., just after dark. We had just three cents in money and a little bit of meal and feed for the horses. I felt that I was going to get money there. I did not know how, but supposed I would get it through the mail. As soon as we got there I went to the post-office, but it had closed. I got no mail. I began to pray to God for our supper. The Lord provided, and when I got back to the wagon they were singing. They had just had prayer. I slipped up and threw some meat into the wagon; they stopped singing and Ada said, "Where did that come from?" They did not know it was I, they supposed some one else threw it in. When I stepped in they had a season of rejoicing. We had a good supper; God provided means wonderfully. We started from there next morning with \$2.25, and we reached Brother Kriebel's on the 10th of April with seventeen cents, and no provisions or horse feed.

We had never been in the North or met any of the Northern saints and the devil made some of us suffer terribly before we met, especially the sisters, thinking that they would not accept us. The closer we drove to the house the worse we dreaded it. How-

ever, we drove up in front of the gate and stopped. I opened the door of the wagon and stepped out, and Brother Addison Kriebel was standing to grab me in his arms. I had met him in southern Illinois. He said, "There is Sister Ball and Sister Ada. Here is Sister Lydia." It was just like getting home; tears flowed freely, the grace of God burned in our hearts and fellowship burned, and we realized we were all one in Christ Jesus.

Sister Kriebel had been a subject of prayer for several years, had been afflicted many years, and it seemed she could not get healed. Every time we would pray the Lord would witness with his Holy Spirit and we would be made to rejoice, yet seemingly she could not get victory. We began to fast and pray, also the whole church, as we were having meeting every day and night. After two days and nights of fasting and prayer it seemed God took the fast off most of the church and off Sister Kriebel; in fact, she was nearly dead.

The Lord put it on me to preach on little things. Some of the young saints had made a covenant that they would not eat until she was healed. After meeting they came to me and asked me what was the matter. She seemed to be a good woman, God seemed to witness in the prayer, yet she was not healed. I tried to explain to them that the least shadow of a doubt could keep the individual from getting victory, it did not matter how much we wanted her to be

healed. She must meet the conditions of the Word, believe the Word, doubting nothing.

I went to my room that night and on my face before God I asked him to move on her heart and mind and show her what was in the way and help her to meet the conditions, that there might not be a reproach brought on the cause or the young saints driven from God. When I came down-stairs next morning she said, "Brother Brown, God has shown me some little things." I said, "Amen, will you do them?" She said, "I have promised God if he will take the will for the deed, I will do them at the first opportunity." "Well," I said, "God will do that." While at the table eating breakfast she began to cough and choke. She was so weak she could not raise the phlegm. She fainted and was carried from the table and she looked like death; however God held his hand on her and did not let her die. She soon recovered so she could breathe, but was very weak.

Brother Kriebel and the hands all went off to work. After dinner time Brother Kriebel came in. She told him that she had decided to take God at his Word and be healed. He came into the room to have prayer and I was straightening up the books in my valise. He went to his desk, or library, to get me some books that he said he would give me. She was sitting leaning back in the rocking-chair and said, "James, pray for me; I can not wait." I looked at her, and she looked like a corpse. Brother

Kriebel said, "In a minute," but kept on looking through the books. She again said, "O James, pray for me, so I can lie down." Brother Kriebel, Brother and Sister Ball and myself were all that were in the room. Mother Walters came in. It seemed that the very glory of God shone down from heaven. I said, "Amen, let us pray for Sister Kriebel."

The books were dropped and we knelt in prayer. She was sitting in a chair. She said, "Do you want me to get on my knees?" I said, "Just as you please." She said, "I feel I should be more humble on my knees," and we prayed. I said amen, sang a verse and said, "Sister, do you believe in the Word, doubting nothing?" She looked perfectly calm and quiet and said, "I do." "What is to hinder you, then, from being healed?" "There is nothing," she said, "I am healed." "Amen," I said, "get up." She raised to her feet, sat down in the rocking-chair and said, "There is not a pain in my breast, there is not a pain in my back. Praise the Lord the work is done!" "Now," she said, "I have always been wanting to shout as a witness to my healing. I decided this time to take God at his Word and believe him. It is done and I never strained to believe, but just simply believed God." She began to rock in the chair, jumped to her feet, gave a scream, and seemingly for thirty minutes she bounded like a ball over the room. Her long hair dropped down her back and she just looked like a pile of bones jumping

through the room. There was no color, no appearance of life, to look her in the face.

As soon as her shout was over she did up her hair, something she could not do before, grabbed her wraps and said, "Mothers Walters, come and go with me to Sister Shepherds." When they got outside of the gate I called to her and asked her if she wanted to lie down and rest? She said, "No; bless God I am healed, I am not tired." She walked one-fourth of a mile and back, and testified and shouted praises to God in meeting that night. God had given her the witness to perfect healing.

We had a good meeting there. Some few souls saved, some sanctified and some healed. We closed and started on our way to Moundsville. The donation there was \$50.00 and all the provisions we could store away in our wagon. We reached Kankakee, Ill., on Saturday evening, stayed over Sunday and started from there on Monday morning. Donation there was \$10.00, more provisions, and some bed-clothes. I sent some money to my wife and children. We were a little careless while we had plenty and did not keep prayed up. God soon let the test come again, but we held on to God by faith, never missed a meal, nor was there a time but that we had feed for the horses. We reached Moundsville with seven cents.

It had been a mystery to us to know just how we would find things there. We had been notified to watch, to not expect too much, and to be careful,

and I don't know all the admonitions we did get. It seemed as soon as we met the Family at the Trumpet Office there was a perfect fellowship. It was not my intention to preach while there, but went to learn. I made that statement in my testimony. Two or three services passed over. A brother took me to one side, said he wanted to give me an admonition and asked me if I could stand it. I said I could. He said: "You said you came here to learn, not to preach, and the brethren have prayed the Lord to send you here. While you can learn a great deal from the brethren, we can learn something from you on divine healing and we want you to preach; the brethren and the church are wanting you to preach." I still had no idea of preaching.

One evening the Lord began to move on my soul, scriptures began to come to my mind, and I began to feel like preaching. As we came down-stairs an old brother slapped me on the shoulder and said, "We have got hold of God to give you a message to-night; you must not play Jonah." I went in and took a seat back from the rostrum some distance. After prayer they sang a song, waited, and nobody took the pulpit, so they prayed again. While on my knees I said: "Lord, if you want me to take the pulpit, keep any one out of it till the song closes, and by your help I will take it. I depend on you for the message and for the grace; I can do nothing myself."

For the first time in life I saw what it meant to

get up before a crowd of older ministers and hold up Jesus Christ. The song closed and nobody started for the pulpit. I sat for a little while and trembled; the first time I had ever felt this way. I rose and started for the pulpit, shaking like I had the ague. As I stepped on the rostrum every fear was gone, my soul was filled with the glory of God, and I preached, feeling it was directed by the Holy Spirit. The subject was rather on the apostolic church. I set forth the idea that as it was in the apostolic days, so the church would be in this evening time when the hangers-on were cut off and the saints measured up to the Word of God and moved out by faith. It seemed that the church enjoyed it, and the preachers.

A night before that I had taken a brother to one side and told him that I had received a letter from my family, that they were in need at the time the letter was written. I said, "I have always been able to pray the prayer of faith, but now I can not. When I go to pray the devil says, 'If you had stayed at home and preached, your family would have been supplied; but you have taken this long trip just to see and be seen, and you need not expect a support.' " He said, "Brother Brown, he is a liar; I know that God has sent you here. We prayed for God to send you, and I am agreed with you that the Lord will supply your family before we can send it to them." I lay on my face before God that night till I got the witness that my family would be supplied. Just

after this brother and I were through talking some one knocked at my door. Brother Ball stepped in and handed me my mail. In the first letter I opened there was a check for \$20.00. I had just written a letter to my wife by faith, just as though I had the money, and had not sealed it. I showed the letter to this brother and the check and told him the circumstances. I said, "God will answer prayer." The tears ran down his cheeks. He said, "God bless you, Brother Brown, and left the room."

I witnessed some great things at this meeting. I set forth divine healing just as I had been preaching it. As I would pray for the sick and afflicted, God continued to stretch forth his hand and witness to the work. We had a glorious meeting, yet I could feel there were some of the brethren that did not understand me, as I never had been among the true saints in the ministry of this reformation and my ways were peculiar to them.

We had what you might call a confidential meeting. There was a proposal made in the ministers' meeting in the presence of ninety-five ministers that if there was anything between any of the brethren that we could not have confidence in them to work with them if we met them out in the field to speak of it right there, and if not to not bring up any trouble after we had left there. I arose in the congregation and told them that they had heard different reports about me, as I knew there had been one man sent to us to help us. In place of helping us

he had driven us farther from the truth, went back and told false reports on me, and some of them had believed it until they met me. I said, "If you know or see anything wrong in me I want to know it now. Speak of it publicly or tell me privately. I want to leave here with perfect confidence in the brethren, and want you to have confidence in me. If there is anything wrong in me I want to know it." There was no one that said a word.

My company and I went to Morehead, Ky., to a camp-meeting. We then started for Louisville, where we expected to take the boat for Hickman, Ky., where my family then lived. Upon arriving at Louisville and inquiring the fare we found it was too much, so we drove through to Evansville. I had written to Captain Joe Fowler, superintendent of the Evansville and Cairo Packet Line, for rates. He sent me a permit for four, myself and company. We took the boat at Evansville and went to Paducah. There Brother and Sister Ball took the team and went to some of their relation's out twenty miles to rest a few days. I came to my home at Hickman, Ky., and Sister Ada went to her home at East Prairie, Mo.

In a few days we met at a camp-meeting at Dorena, Mo., but seemingly there were no arrangements made for the meeting, yet it had been announced in the paper. Great persecutions arose from the sectarians. We prepared some seats in the grove and commenced services. There was a small congregation the first night. There had been no preparations made

to take care of anybody. We made arrangements about sleeping. A brother brought in an old stove and fixed up a table, another brother brought a few potatoes; this was all we had. After meeting when preaching was over, I told them we had come to hold a meeting in the name of Jesus, that we intended to hold it in spite of the devil, and said, "You may think we are not going to have any supper, but we are going to eat supper after meeting; we have potatoes in the stove roasting now."

One man got up and made a great talk and worked up the minds of the people. He said: "These people are of God and the Lord sent them here to rescue perishing souls, and we should not have the shame laid on us that they had not anything to eat." "Now," he said, "this meeting is going through if I have to pay every dollar myself. I want all in this congregation who will give \$1.00 in provisions or money to come and give me your hand." Fifteen or twenty gave him their hand, and some threw down the money. The provisions were to be brought in the next day. One man that lived close said he would have some there for breakfast. We went up where the stove was, to eat our potatoes. The boys had slipped up there and stolen them, except a few that one of the brethren had taken out and hid away; so we defeated the devil at last, and he did not make us lie, for we had potatoes for supper.

The Lord began to bless the Word, the interest grew, and people began to get saved. But there be-

gan to be a great stir and some persecution. Some ruffians notified us that they would shoot the lights out, and if we did not run they would shoot lower. When we dismissed the meeting I asked all of the saints of God to come to the meeting-house. I went and they followed me. The crowd followed and threw clods and clubs at us as we went, shouting at us to get behind the cross, used many slanderous words, and said many hard things. After we got into the house two sisters went to the door to look out and to hear them. I told them to come back and pay no attention to them at all. "If you will stay in here," I said, "you will be perfectly safe; God will protect you." One said she wasn't afraid, and about that time an egg hit her on the chest, broke, and smeared her clothes all over. I said, "If you would have listened you would not have gotten that." They finally dismissed and left.

Brother Ball read some scriptures and told them we had met there for the purpose of agreeing, and asked, "How many can agree now on the Bible?" The whole church decided they could agree. I said, "What I want to know is whether God wants me to stay here or not. I am willing to lay down my life right here, if God says stay. Let us all get down here now and agree that God show us, give us the witness, if he wants us to stay. We prayed till 2 o'clock. The Holy Ghost fell from heaven as on the day of Pentecost and every soul was moved.

Every saint decided to stand the storm and see the salvation of God.

The next night the Lord laid a message on me. While I preached they threw rotten eggs and paw-paws, but God threw on the power, sent forth the truth, and it seemed they could not hit me. The eggs would go above me, pawpaws would go by me; but none of the saints were hit. There was a woman sitting right in front of me that belonged to the Methodist sect. She had brought a bucket of eggs there, we learned later. As the boys would throw them they would hit the limbs right over her and break and fall on her. She was catching all the eggs. She told one of her children to go out and tell them to quit that, and that they were watching them. I told them they could throw, for God wanted me to deliver that message; that the devil could not kill me till I got through; that God could melt the bullet from the time it left the gun before it got to me if he did not want me killed. The Lord witnessed to the truth and the majority of the congregation sat spellbound, and God proved by signs following that he was God and had a people that would stand true and did not fear men or devils.

My son Charley was in that meeting, but was holding to sectism. He has told me since he has gotten out into the light that that meeting did more to draw him to the truth and convince him of the wrongness of sectism than anything he had ever seen. He said as he saw God's ministers stand and face the

threats and the pistols and preach the truth he knew that sectarians would not do that.

Just as we were leaving Moundsville I received a letter from a sister at Dogwood Ridge, where I had announce ' a camp-meeting, stating that every arrangement was made for the meeting and the saints all wanted me to come, and many of the sinners; but that a man had died there had once accepted the truth and come out of sectism, fought the truth and spoke hard things about me and went back to sectism, then he had fits and the saints prayed for him for four hours and God delivered him. He then said that he would accept the truth and stand by the right, said he knew I was a good man, and he was going to send me some money as soon as he sold his grain. In a short time he was overpowered by the sect spirit, turned against the truth, and took fits. The doctor said it was hysteric fits and that the gospel that I preached had given him the fits. They could not do anything for him and in a few hours he died. His brother said that I was the cause of his death and I could never preach another sermon in that country; if I ever undertook to do so he would shoot me down in the pulpit. Others that belonged to the secret orders, and outlaws, had taken sides with him and the mob arranged to take my life if I came. I handed the letter to some of the brethren as I left Moundsville and told them to read it in the ministers' meeting and to take the case earnestly to God, praying that he would lead me in

regard to the matter. I decided if God led me there I would go, though it cost me my life.

The time came on for the meeting just after the Dorena meeting and I, in company with others, went. As soon as we got there I was informed that there was a man there from the town where I lived who had stated publicly that I had abused his sister, tore her clothes, cut her neck and mistreated her terribly, and had run away from that town. A brother present heard this statement and said to him, "Can you prove that?" He said, "I can." He replied, "You have it to do. Brother Brown is coming here to hold a meeting to-day or to-morrow; if he is that kind of a man I want to know it, if he is not that kind of a man he does not need to lie under it. If you don't prove it I will send you over the road." He said he would prove it.

In two nights he came to meeting and I asked this brother to bring him out to one side and introduce him to me; so he did. He said, "This is Brother Brown; I suppose you are acquainted with him. This is the man you told me about." "No," he said, "he is not the man. I know this man; he is little Charley's father. It was another preacher Brown." I said, "I am the only preacher Brown at Hickman; I am certainly the man you were talking about. Will you get up before this congregation and state I was not the man?" He said he would. After prayer service I arose in the congregation and talked for a while and told the great reports and slanders

that came against me at times, but God had uncovered it all to prove to the honest hearts it was false. I told them of the report that had been about my conduct in the town where I lived. I said, "The man that reported that is in the congregation." He rose to his feet and said, "You are not the man." I said, "Will you confess you lied?" He said, "You are not the man I was talking about." He told one of the brethren the mob was ready, and had told him the names of the people that were going to hang me, and pretty soon he came to the altar for salvation.

I went close to him and was praying in secret. I commenced to talk to him, he began to cry out and soon threw up his hand and went to shout. I said, "I rebuke this shouting, professing devil in the name of Jesus Christ and command it to be still, and pray God Almighty to hold you here till you confess your sins." He quieted down. I said, "Now you have lied on me. You have lied publicly, you must confess it publicly. God will never save you till you do it." A brother whom he had talked to said, "You know this is the man you talked about, you told me it was he; now you have to confess or you will go to hell." He said he would go to hell before he would confess it publicly. "I am willing to confess to you that I lied, but to get up before this congregation and do it—I will not do it." I said, "I will pray God to hold you here till you do." God laid his hand on him for four days and nights. Finally he came to the place, rose before the congregation,

told them he had lied on me, that he never knew anything wrong about me, and that the devil had just made him make up that tale without a foundation. The gang that was in with him was in the congregation. It showed up later that he had been sent there to make a profession and get on the good side of the saints, that the gang might have a better chance to get in their work.

The man that said he was going to kill me drove within fifteen feet of the rostrum in his buggy, so I was told. When I got up to preach he sat there and looked at me. While I was preaching there was an alarm something like a small clock-alarm began to ring at his buggy. I said, "Don't pay any attention to the devil, souls are at stake, it is salvation or hell, listen to the gospel. He soon turned and drove away. We received a telephone dispatch from New Madrid, Mo., asking if I had been hanged; said it was reported by a man that had seen him buy the rope and start to the meeting on Saturday night to hang me. The man that got the dispatch sent word back that he was there at meeting, I preached there, no disturbance, and nobody hung, I was still alive. The meeting closed with victory, God got the glory, the devil was defeated, everybody got away alive, for which we give God all the glory.

I will now relate a sad experience. Through a number of discouraging circumstances, and by coming in contact with a few who were not up to the standard of healing, I somewhat lowered the stand-

ard, and became conscious of the fact that I was losing power along this line. My ways and manners differing somewhat from other brethren, until they became better acquainted with me, no doubt I was somewhat of a trial to some. All these things discouraged me, and I held back and did not exercise the gift as I should. My great desire and sympathy for suffering humanity was lessening, and I became so I could pass by the afflicted and those in wheeled-chairs, and invalids, with as much ease as most anybody else. This I had never been able to do since God had saved me and called me to the ministry, for it seemed that when I would see an afflicted person the very Lion of the tribe of Judah was roaring in my soul, and I felt that I wanted to get my hands on them and claim our power that was granted in the commission to rebuke the disease and affliction. There are many instances that I could give that caused me to let down, while I did not intentionally aim to do this. I thought I would keep still in general camp-meetings or assembly meetings, and that when I got to myself I would preach and practise divine healing just as I did before. God knows how I have suffered.

The time came when I thought it was the will of the Lord for me to go to Florida, and through California and the Western States, making a trip of probably a year. After I got about three hundred and fifty miles on my way, holding meetings, about the 10th of January, 1904, I felt a soreness in my

feet. The next day I felt it in my ankles and knees. I then discovered it was rheumatism, but seemingly had no resistance against it. I could not get hold of God for healing. This seemed strange, as for the past eight years I had victory over disease; I had had many trials and tests of afflictions, but never had missed a meal on account of afflictions, nor failed to be able to preach a sermon at any time that it was announced.

On the twelfth day of January I preached in the afternoon. My limbs pained me so I could hardly stand on them. That night I could scarcely undress myself and get into bed. I began to pray and ask what was the matter, and the Lord began to reveal my past ministry; showed me where I had let down and where I had lost my zeal in divine healing and my interest in suffering humanity. In the beginning of my ministry and for seven years, I would have time to stay with individuals that were afflicted, fast and pray with them for ten days at a time, or until they would get victory. Now I had just got so I would go and pray for parties, sometimes for hundreds of miles. They would get up and seemingly be healed, no doubt were. I would leave them and tell them to trust the Lord, when I should have stayed with them until they got the victory. In many instances after I would leave, the test would come, their faith would give down, and reproach be brought on the cause.

One case the Lord especially brought to my mind

that night, was Sister Myers, of Louisville, Ky. I went from Hickman there, a distance of about 300 miles, reached her bedside at 3 o'clock in the morning, found her very low. She had been bedfast for several weeks and seemingly had no faith at all. The family and saints had almost given up praying for her recovery. I talked with her until 5 o'clock, prayed for her and she got right out of bed. I then told her that I would have to go up in the city to see a young lady that was copying my book, and she insisted that I should be back by 9 o'clock as that was the hour of her chill. I told her she must put her trust in the Lord and not in me. She said she did not put her trust in me more than my faith, and that she did not have faith and she wanted me to be sure to be there the hour of her chill. So I was there at that time. Her husband and her children and son-in-law gathered in, looking for the chill. It came. We wrestled with God for probably thirty minutes, and she seemingly was getting worse. We claimed the victory in the name of Jesus. God overruled and stretched forth his hand, rebuked the chill and sickness, and she was healed, got right out of bed, helped to fold up her bed, went about the house the balance of the day rejoicing.

I had a company of workers at Hickman, Ky., and a hall rented to preach in, and I told them I must return that night on the night train in order to be in the meeting at Hickman. They insisted I should stay a day or two until she passed through the tests.

I told her to trust the Lord. I preached there that night, quite a number of sectarians and outsiders came to the meeting. The Lord wonderfully blessed his truth. Sister Myers led the singing and rejoiced during the preaching. It seemed God sent conviction to the hearts of the spectators, and they were convinced that God had healed her. At the close of the meeting we had healing services. A number were prayed for. Quite a number of the outsiders insisted on my staying and holding a meeting; but I arose and bade them farewell, left Sister Myers shouting, her daughters and Brother Myers following me to the steps begging me to stay with them a few days. I returned home. Next morning at the chill hour the devil sent the chill. Their faith gave down. Sister Myers took her bed, laid there for weeks and reproach came on the cause. Those that were convinced then doubted. God showed me it was all caused by my not staying and holding up the shield of faith and agreeing with her against the enemy.

Many other cases the Lord showed me, which I took a stand against and promised God that by his help I would stand on the Word, fill my place in the body regardless of men or devils, and be true to my calling from that time on. Seemingly the next morning I could scarcely get my clothes on for the stiffness of my limbs, and every impression for me to go any farther on my trip had almost left me, and I seemed strongly impressed to return home. However, I employed a wagon and team to take me and

my wife, son Charley, and Sister Millie Kirchner a distance of twenty miles to where we were to take the train to go to my next appointment; but I decided before I got to the railroad to go by old Brother Casper Fink's. I thought I would stay there until I better understood the mind of God. I had got easy and dropped asleep several times on the road; as I had not slept any the night before, I was very sleepy. When we came to the gate where we went in to Brother Fink's farm I felt all right and thought I would jump out and open the gate. When I attempted to do so I could not get out. This seemed to unnerve me, a fear came over me, and my mind ran back to the other three times that I had been helpless with rheumatism; and when we came to the yard gate, where we had to get out of the wagon, they went to help me out and a stroke seemingly struck me on the top of my head, ran clear through my body, and every nerve was wrecked and my brain was just all in a jerk and quiver. All the past experiences that I had had in divine healing seemed just like a dream. I could not grasp faith. When they would pray for me, it just seemed that it was all with them and they had to exercise the faith and the authority over the disease. I was helpless and powerless.

I felt impressed still stronger to go home. I asked Sister Millie to agree with me that if God wanted me to go home he would give a pretty day on Monday and make me able to walk. This was on Saturday.

Sunday night while they were sitting around the fire singing, the Lord touched my body and I got out of bed and walked to the fire. Monday morning it was nice and warm, and I could walk and I told Grandpa Fink to get up his team to take me to Equality, Ill., where I could take the train for home. This was a distance of sixteen miles. He said, "If this is of God all right, but if it is Brown you will never make the trip." I told him it was of God. They placed an old-fashioned rocking-chair in the wagon and put me in it. Brother Fink, my wife, Charley, Sister Kirchner, and myself started for Equality. The horses were fast travelers, and the ground was rough, but thawed on top, which made it slick. The wagon would slide into the deep ruts and holes, and it seemed that it was just taking the life out of me. They had the chair tied to the side of the wagon. When we were about half way I felt that I would die. I asked Brother Fink to stop the wagon, telling him my physical strength had given way and I could not stand it any longer. Death was right at hand. The thought came to me that God had showed me to go home, and if so he would not let me die on the road. I said: "O Lord God, my observation did not take in these rough roads, but my faith takes in everything that is in this trip. You showed me to go home, you will not let me die on the road, and in the name of Jesus I rebuke the devil and the powers of the devil and claim life through faith in Jesus Christ." The weakness gave way, strength came into

my body, and I recovered. I stood the balance of the trip to town all right. Next morning Charley went on to my appointments, and my wife and Sister Millie started home with me, a distance of 350 miles by rail. We had to make two changes during the day and night. I had two more weak spells the same as the first that I have spoken of. God brought the same thought to my mind, that if he had showed me to go home, which I was certain he had, he would not let me die on the road. I looked to God and trusted him, and the result was the same; I recovered.

Now you might think, "Why did you not hold your faith up and not get into this condition?" My mind was like my nerves, just jumping from one thing to another, and I could not keep anything on my mind. Therefore I could not hold up any shield of faith. We reached Kankakee, Ill., some time that night and I was taken to the home of Father Kirchner, 552 Rosewood Ave., where every precaution was used and every assistance that could be rendered was given to make me comfortable. Brother Cole of Chicago was notified and came down. I told him my condition the best I could and the way that I viewed the matter. It seemed that God revealed to me more clearly than I had realized it for years the meaning of the commission that Jesus gave to his ministry in the first verse of the tenth chapter of Matthew. I saw in this that the reason why Jesus gave them power over unclean spirits to cast them out and to heal all manner of sicknesses and diseases, was that one possessed

with unclean spirits has no power within himself to cast them out, that is, can not exercise faith in God because of the power of the devil. I saw, too, why God had given power to the ministry to heal the sick. It was because there were many in the condition that I was in then on account of being racked with pain, scorched with fever, and brain-power destroyed, so that they could not exercise faith. If they were in line with God and would put their mind with the mind of the minister so far as they were capable and in this way take a stand against the disease, this would give the minister the authority or the permission to use the authority that was given from God by the Holy Ghost to rebuke the disease. This I tried to explain to Brother Cole, knowing that he was a man of God and believed in the commission. He prayed for me. The Lord honored the prayer and relieved me of pain, yet I never got the witness of healing. He had to return at once on account of his sick mother.

The church gathered in to pray for me. I told them my condition the best I could. I told them that the commission in the sixteenth chapter of Mark, commencing at the seventeenth verse, belonged to the church of God. "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." "Now," I said, "we are the church of God. Do you claim the commis-

sion?" They said they did. I told them that it meant perfect agreement and fellowship. Soon I discovered they were in another room holding a consultation. I made inquiry what the matter was and learned that there was some misunderstanding or difference that they were trying to agree upon. This made me doubt their having the commission or agreement. Soon they came in, laid hands on me, cried aloud to God, and wept bitterly and seemed that with all their hearts they desired my healing. God did touch my body and rebuked the fever and healed me of what I supposed was pneumonia fever and delivered me from pain, but I did not get the clear witness of entire healing. They soon all went home rejoicing at the thought that I was healed. I went to bed and slept a while and woke up in as bad a condition as ever, except that the fever was gone. I became discouraged, seemingly lost all faith and dropped back, losing all that I had gained, though the fever did not return.

In a few days my wife took me home. On the 27th day of January Brother Cole came to my house, stayed with me and cared for me a week and prayed with me. On the 30th day of January the church gathered in, and they had meeting at my house and prayed for me. The Lord touched my body and relieved me of pain and I got the witness of healing. I went to the table and ate my dinner. The saints all went home and Brother Cole unthinkingly went a distance of three miles to stay all night.

It turned very cold, a real blizzard of wind and snow. I woke up that night with every symptom back. I could not move a limb and it seemed that if I could have moved a limb it would have broken off. Seemingly I lost hope again. Brother Cole returned next morning and told me that just about the hour that I woke up and found myself in that condition the impression came to him that he had made a mistake in leaving me and that I would fall asleep and the devil would put the tests back on me and I would wake up and, not being able to help myself, would give up and die. He took hold of the Lord for me where he was. It was such a bad night he could not think of coming.

Now my reasons for giving these two instances and referring to their leaving me in the way they did is to show you the need of the ministry or the church staying right with the individual when God witnesses to the healing and holding on to God for him until he has perfect healing. I believe that if at either of these times they had just stayed with me and kept up the shield of faith against the devil and kept me encouraged, I would have gained the victory.

However, these afflictions continued until the 14th of March. I received a letter from Brother Byers, of Lodi, Cal., encouraging me, telling me God's promises, and telling me that he was holding on to God for my recovery, and desired me to come to the Lodi camp-meeting. It was a very lengthy letter. Many precious promises were brought to my mind. While

Charley read the letter to me, I again began to see the goodness of God and his promises to heal the afflicted. On that night I began to pray for my healing, not more earnestly seemingly than I had before, but with more faith of receiving something. Somewhere between midnight and day it seemed every pain was gone. I said, "Is not this healing?" My right arm was lying helpless, and I told the Lord if he would let me throw my hand above my head, I would stand on his Word this time in spite of the devil and would not go back on the witness that he had given me. At that moment I threw my hand above my head, felt perfectly clear of pain, as well as at any time in my life, realized that I could easily jump out of bed and run across the room; but I was so tired and worn out from want of sleep, as I had not slept a natural sleep since I had been afflicted, I dropped to sleep in a few minutes, and when I awoke could not move a limb. The enemy suggested to me that there was nothing in prayer and that if I would just exercise my nerves a little and work up a circulation I could move. I tried with all my power to move without prayer, but I could not. I asked the Lord to forgive me for the thought of accepting the proposition of the devil, and rebuked the disease in the name of Jesus, claimed the healing by the Word and the witness that I had just received, and every symptom left. I dropped to sleep again and soon woke up in the same condition as before. The result was the same, and this continued until 6 o'clock in

the morning, when I claimed victory in the name of Jesus and jumped out of bed; but the battle kept up.

No doubt but that it will be a wonder to many why God permitted me to pass through such tests as I have just given. I will try to explain why it was for my good and God's glory as well as a benefit to others. As I have already shown, I had thrown on the individuals that were afflicted a responsibility that God had laid upon me. I mean when one was not capable of grasping faith, in place of my claiming the commission that God gives his ministry and exercising faith for such persons, I would rather accuse them of not being in line with God and just go through a form of prayer and go away. This is where many of God's servants have failed and gone and left persons afflicted, bound by the devil, leaving them with their hands tied behind them, and acting as though they meant them to get loose and then they would help them. I will try to tell you what I mean by being tied. When I was afflicted my mind was in such a state I did not know when I was hungry, only when I would see food, and oftentimes would not know when I was thirsty, only when I would see water or some one would speak of it. I would not know when I was cold, except by my pains. Everything seemed as a dream. Now everybody seemed to sympathize with me. The saints would come, kneel around me, and cry and weep, and beg God to spare my life. It was the best they knew to do. If they had just known to claim the authority that God, in

Mark 16: 17, 18, gives his church over devils and over diseases, and with a boldness in their souls had rebuked the powers of hell and claimed my freedom, I would have been healed. Now I knew this, but could not make any one understand it.

At one time Sisters Susie and Lydia Kriebel while in prayer arose, both at once, and came across the room and laid their hands on me with the authority that Peter and John laid their hands on the lame man at the gate of the temple, as you can see in Acts 3: 6, 7. They commanded me to rise in the name of Jesus Christ and be well. The power of hell gave way, and I did as you see in Acts 3: 8 the lame man did, and all present saw me walking and praising God. Verse 9. Now had they known to stayed with me I would have held the victory; but they all left, the pains returned, and I fell back into the ditch.

Now to better make you understand my condition I will give you a little of my experience while I was down bedfast. One night my nephew, Geo. W. Jackson, was waiting on me, and a pain went from the top of my shoulder down through my left breast, just missing my heart a little. It was like a bullet fired from a gun. My nephew was unsaved, and while he had been raised in the Methodist faith, he had been taught the day of healing and miracles had passed. I prayed in silence for a while, but the pain got worse and more severe and I began to pray aloud. The young man loved me as he did his own life. He wanted to do something, but as he was unsaved he

could do nothing but lean on me and weep, for it seemed as if death was near. God gave me presence of mind to hold on to Him until I felt the authority over the pain. I commanded it to go in the name of Jesus and it went. I said, "George, praise God, it is gone." He said, "Uncle, I am glad of it." Now I dropped into a doze and my mind seemed to leave me. I roused up and it seemed as if my shoulder belonged to some one else and was lying on the bed by me for me to take care of. This kept up all night. Now you see in this condition I could not exercise faith. Now I can look back and see where I have prayed for parties and it seemed their minds were in that condition, and I would require them to exercise faith. In such cases God wants his ministers and church to hold on like the church did for Peter when he was in prison as you will see in Acts 12: 4-7.

Another experience while at Father Kirchner's, 552 Rosewood Ave., Kankakee, Ill. Mr. Whistler, an unsaved man, was taking care of me. One night I roused up (I could not sleep a good sound sleep for one month and a half) and wanted to turn over, but I did not know where I was. I saw Mr. Whistler sitting in the other room inside of the folding doors and knew he was the nurse that was taking care of me. I wanted him but did not know how to call him; so I remembered that when I would make a noise he would come to me at once, and he was stout and could move me so easily and could place me better than I could tell him. I kept trying to think

of his name and wanted to call him, but did not know who he was. I made a noise and he came and took me in his arms and turned me in the bed. I still did not know him nor where I was, nor how I got there. He sat and talked with me about an hour and a half. I could talk. I remembered what we talked about. He said he thought I had overdone my strength in preaching too steadily and that was what had brought on the nervous prostration and rheumatism. But I told him, "No, God is teaching me some lessons." He said he would go into the other room and let me rest; so he went out and sat where I could see him. I lay there trying to think who he was and where I was. I happened to think I saw my wife going up-stairs to go to bed that night and Sister Millie Kirchner was with her; then I remembered that they had brought me there, and then it came to me that I was at Millie's father's. I called Mr. Whistler and told him what had happened and how I did not know all the time I was talking to him who he was. A few days after they had taken me home I heard that Mr. Whistler was saved; so just as soon as I could get to hold a meeting I had a chance to hear him testify and pray in public. It made my soul to rejoice to think I had suffered so and that God had brought one man to salvation through my affliction, and there were others convinced and brought to salvation, and unbelievers were made to realize that God would give his servants power to

stand the torture and opposition of the devil and yet trust in him.

It seemed that in the daytime I could not pray, I could not get my mind staid on God; but when night came all would get still; then I could pray and would pray all night most every night. While praying one night the thought came to me about the Hebrew children in the fiery furnace. I thought how hot the fire was and what their surroundings were and how no doubt they felt the heat, and the thought came, "It was bad enough for them, even though Jesus was with them, as we know that the Word says the king looked down into the furnace and said, 'Did not we cast three men bound into the midst of the fire?' 'Lo, I see four men loose, and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God.' Now if they had murmured and complained Jesus would have left and it would have been much worse for them. In fact, they would have burned up." I said, "O Lord, it is bad enough with you in this furnace of affliction; and it would be worse without you, do not leave me. I will trust you, I will stand on your Word. If every joint twists from the socket and every limb loosens from my body and I die, I will die in the faith that I preach. I will not bring reproach upon the cause of Christ or turn from the faith to the puny arm of man, but will prove by my life and death that there is a reality in the gospel that I have preached and the faith I have taught others." I could then better see another reason why

God had permitted my affliction. As well as to bring to my memory some grand lessons that he taught me in the beginning and to show me the need of my standing on the commission and claiming it as God had given it to me, it was to show the truth to others who had said that if I had a test I would not stand, for during eight years I had had sweeping victory over disease and affliction in my own body. While I had many tests and was afflicted often, I neither had missed a meal nor failed to preach a sermon on account of my affliction. Now they were convinced of the fact that I would stand no matter how hard the test would be.

In a few days I went to Kankakee and preached a few nights, then I came home and on the 23rd day of April I started to California. However, the devil told me that I would go out there to preach divine healing and I would get down again with nervous prostration and would be an invalid on the hands of the people. As I passed through Chicago, I stayed there from Saturday until Monday night. Sister Cole told me that she had been impressed in the beginning of my affliction that my case was one of continuance that would be a face to face fight with the devil, and that every inch I got I would just have to crowd the devil off it. This encouraged me some, as this had been my experience. As I was crossing the mountains on my way to California I had my bed made in two chairs in the car, and I woke up in the morning and I had lost the use of

my right lower limb. The devil brought to my mind what he had warned me of since I left home and said now I had lost the use of my limb before I reached California and would be a cripple. I said, "In the name of Jesus I will get out of this chair." I made an effort, as did the paralyzed man whom Jesus told to stretch forth his hand. When I got to my feet and undertook to step on them it seemed for a step or two it would break my foot. God gave strength and rebuked the lameness and I walked to the back of the car. I had many instances of this kind while on the trip.

At Kansas City I got in company with an unsaved man who seemingly took a great interest in me. He would wait on me and care for me. When parties would raise the window and let the draft come on me, I would ask them to put it down, and if they would not he would make them put it down. He went with me to Stockton, Cal. By this time the Lord had wonderfully strengthened my faith and encouraged my heart, and I almost had complete victory in my body.

After I reached Lodi there was considerable wind and it seemed very damp and this was very hard on me. The enemy tried to scare me and the symptoms kept coming; but I kept praying and rebuking, telling the Lord he had sent me there and I would trust him to make me an example of divine healing. I had my room at Brother J. W. Byers' dwelling, a half mile or more from the camp-meeting ground, and

I slept up-stairs. One morning I got up and could not put my heels to the floor. The devil came with his impositions again; he told me that now I was just as he had told me—an invalid. I rebuked him and told him I would not walk on my toes for him. I earnestly besought God for victory and got it and came down-stairs flat-footed, and walked to the campground, preached on divine healing for the afflicted and the Lord healed and gave us victory. So this was the battle continually while on the coast.

In company with Brother and Sister Byers and their son Laud I went to Springfield, Ore., to attend the camp-meeting. There was a woman there possessed with devils. She was not able to control her mind. Several days passed by and there were no steps taken to get her delivered. Some said it was best to send her home to keep reproach off the cause. I said no, that we advertised for all that needed or wanted help from God to come to the meetings and she surely needed help. As I was preaching one day she would point her finger at me and make fun of me and walk the benches and lay down in the tabernacle and roll. I saw the devil intended to take the camp-meeting. I said, "I set my foot on this campground and claim it for God, and the devil can not stay here." Brother J. W. Byers said amen. When I closed the sermon the altar was presented and she was getting more restless. During altar services I went back where she was. She was guarded and cared for by some sisters. She struck at me. I rebuked the

devil, and the devil said through her, "What did you come here for?" I said, "To defeat you." She made another pass at me. I said, "In the name of Jesus Christ I rebuke the devil and command you to keep your hands off me." She turned away laughing and said, "You hate the devil, don't you?" I said, "Yes, I have no use for him, and he can't stay here, but Rosa can stay." Her name was Rosa. The devil said through her, "If I go away, Rosa will go." I said, "No, she will not. We command you to leave this ground." By this time Brother Byers came back. We took hold of her, led her up to the altar, and several laid hands on her. However, some did so that had no authority or power over the devil, neither did they expect her to be delivered. She would look in their faces and call them imps and tell them they had no power over the devil. This continued for about an hour and a half. There was a little boy there very badly afflicted, but I had decided that he was possessed with devils, and as he came into her presence she began to point her finger and make a great ado, and the boy almost had a fit. His mother took him in her arms and ran away. She said, "There is one of them."

So we decided to take her to a tent away from the congregation, and there we began to talk and examine to see whether or not we had perfect confidence in all there and could agree. Some were excused from the company and so none remained but Brother and Sister Byers, Brother Hatch, another

sister and myself. In fifteen minutes she was delivered, but as she had been raving for days and nights her body was worn out. She fell asleep as soon as delivered. We seemingly could not keep her awake. It was just about night, and we decided to let her go until morning. We thought that after she had got a good night's rest we would make an effort to get her saved.

My son Charley came that night about 2 o'clock, and as he was not acquainted and did not know where I was, he went into the tabernacle and stayed until breakfast. He found out where I was and came to my room and told me that there was a woman down there who had run him out of the tabernacle; that there was some one with her caring for her, but it did not hinder her from coming after him. I said, "This is the woman that was possessed with devils, let us go down there." Before we got to the tent where they were we could hear something like a dog barking. When we went into the tent she was down on her hands and knees just like a dog, baying and snarling. A big stout man picked her up, and laid her on the sofa in the cook-tent. I laid my hands on her and commanded her to keep still in the name of Jesus. She shut her eyes and made out she was sleeping. Charley and I went around to the gospel-tent where they were having worship.

After the breakfast-bell rang, Brother and Sister Byers, and Brother Hatch and I were holding a consultation whether we should eat breakfast or take her

case, as we had been fasting and praying for her. Just then we heard a woman scream and looking, we saw her coming down through the bushes, jumping over poison-oak about one and one-half feet high, making for the timber. There was a woman calling for us to stop her. Sister Byers and I started towards her and she ran around a brush heap from us. Another brother met her and she turned back, and we caught her. She was perfectly wild and in a tremble all over; it seemed that she could not speak a word nor understand anything that we said. She just made a noise like some animal. We took her again to a private tent. Brother and Sister Byers, Brother Hatch, the lady that took care of her and I agreed again in prayer, and she was delivered almost immediately. She began to fall asleep, but we rebuked the devil and the sleepy spirit and insisted on her getting salvation. God heard our prayer and broke up her heart and she wanted to be saved, but she was afraid she could not live it. She told us where the devil had taken advantage of her and how she had got possessed, but we assured her that God's grace was sufficient to keep her. And by earnest prayer and encouragement, she commenced to seek God and seemingly was forgiven of her sins and made happy. She went to the breakfast table with us and as she went into the cook-tent she began to embrace the sisters and rejoice. There was a wonderful miracle performed. A woman who not over thirty minutes before had left that tent a raving maniac, seemingly

not knowing anybody, and could not speak a word, was now clothed in her right mind and with salvation. She had been to the lunatic asylum, and I understood had had two operations performed upon her.

In a short time symptoms began to come again and she made some manifestations, but we prayed for her and held on to God that she would be delivered or recovered. So finally it came to me it was her affliction and that as she would give way to her affliction and become discouraged the devil would take possession of her. I noticed that while she was possessed and the most critical she would throw her hand on her side and complain, and I asked if her side hurt and she would say no. When she was in her right mind I asked her if her side hurt and she said it did and she suffered pain. I talked with the brothers and sisters about the case and we agreed for her healing. God healed her and she held the victory, at least she did until we left there. She was clothed in her right mind, saved and sanctified.

I believe the majority of those who are in the lunatic asylums are possessed with devils. It is a mystery to some how people get possessed with devils. My opinion is that many get this way when they leave the truth or when they give up and doubt God. Say, for instance, one knows the truth and just turns from it and tries to have his own way. This shuts off from him God's Spirit and opens his heart to the devil and he takes possession. Others probably that are afflicted, when tested very hard, give way to the affliction, doubt

God, and lose their faith; then the devil takes possession. Let us be true to God, walk in the light that he gives us, keep a rebuke in our souls against the devil, and claim our freedom that is promised through the blood of Jesus Christ.

I feel that in my affliction God showed me more clearly what the ministers' privileges are and what their responsibilities are. First, Jesus was a minister; hence he was an example for the ministry. He preached as he wanted his followers whom he calls to preach. However, he told them in John 14: 12, "Verily, he that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father." This meant, "I am no more here in the flesh; I give you my authority over devils and diseases." Mat. 10: 1: "And when he had called unto him his twelve disciples, he gave them power against unclean spirits, to cast them out, and to heal all manner of sickness and all manner of disease." Now notice he shows the ministry their authority over devils to cast them out, also authority to command diseases to depart. This is not just that we say the word because Jesus said so, but we have the gift and authority from God as we see in Acts 3: 4, 5: "And Peter, fastening his eyes upon him with John, said, Look on us. And he gave heed unto them, expecting to receive something of them." Now this man was lame and a beggar, and when Peter spoke to him he expected something. He did not know their financial condition, but when he

gave heed Peter told him their financial condition. Ver. 6. Peter said, "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee." What did he have? would be the question. Praise God, he had a gift from God, and he gave the lame man the benefit of it, and he that never had walked was commanded by him in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth to rise and walk. In the 7th verse we read, "And he took him by the right hand, and lifted him up: and immediately his feet and ankle bones received strength."

Now Peter and John had something. Where did they get it? Jesus gave it to them when he was on earth. Mat. 10: 1. One might say, "What was it?" It was power to command devils in the name of Jesus to depart and diseases to loose their hold. Why did Jesus give them this power? Because he was going to the Father and he wanted his work to go on here. Why did he choose these men? Because they were clean through the Word. John 15: 3: "Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you." How were they clean through the Word? By obeying it. John 17: 8: "For I have given unto them the words which thou gavest me; and they have received them, and have known surely that I came out from thee, and they have believed that thou didst send me." Now they believed this in their hearts, not just with the head as a great many do. This is the way Jesus wants his ministers to believe to-day. They were clean through the Word and Jesus had given them the authority to command devils to depart and

diseases to go away. How do you know we have this authority? John 14: 23: "Jesus answered and said unto him, If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." Now if we obey God we have the Father and Son with us and can command diseases and devils to go in the name of Jesus, because we have him, for we have kept his word. Well, some ministers can't. John 14: 24: "He that loveth me not keepeth not my sayings: and the word which ye hear is not mine, but the Father's which sent me." If we do not keep his sayings we can not have faith, therefore we can not have authority. We see Jesus said some words in Mat. 10: 7, 8: "And as ye go, preach, saying, The kingdom of heaven is at hand. Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils: freely ye have received, freely give." Some say they do not have this gift. If God sends you to preach, you have it. Acts 10: 34: "Then Peter opened his mouth, and said, Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons." Heb. 13: 8 says, "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

There is some more of Jesus' Word he wants us to keep. John 13: 34: "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another." It is necessary that ministers of God obey this; for if they are called to pray for the sick, and they do not love one another, they can not agree. Jesus said in verse thirty-five,

“By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.” If God lays a responsibility on one and all the rest pray with him and agree, if they are not where they can lay hands on, if it is praying for the sick or a case of devils, and as the prayer ascends they from the depths of their hearts say amen, this will help push the prayer through to the throne. If the ministry do this the church will follow and then the ministry and the church will represent the body of Jesus Christ when he walked on earth and as he prayed the Father in John 17: 18: “As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I sent them into the world.” What to do? Preach the kingdom of heaven is at hand, heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils. This means the ministry represents Jesus when he was on earth and God will work through them as he did through Jesus. For this reason we must be clean—no malice, no guile, no enmity, no envy. If God uses one more than another just say, “Amen, Lord, if it is for him it is for me, for you have no respect of persons,” and thus just earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered to the saints. Jude 3. We can see in Acts 5: 12 what this was: “And by the hands of the apostles were many signs and wonders wrought among the people; and they were all with one accord.” Verse thirteen: “And of the rest durst no man join himself to them: but the people magnified them.”

Now Jesus said, “Love one another as I have

loved you." He loved us so well he laid down his life for us. Some preachers do not have this love. If God uses one more than another, some get envious and will slur and probe and stone, so to speak. Now God can not use that kind of ministry to represent Jesus Christ. Well, I suppose there are thousands of healings now where there were hundreds in the beginning of this work, for there are more believers over the world and there are one hundred preachers now to ten then. Yet there are so many who go away from the camp-grounds not healed. Do you suppose when the people laid the sick in the streets that the shadow of Peter might pass over them, that any of the other preachers fell out with Peter. Let us see in Acts 5: 15: "Insomuch that they brought forth the sick into the streets, and laid them on beds and couches, that at least the shadow of Peter passing by might overshadow some of them." I believe the brethren were praying unitedly with Peter, seeing God could use him, and never thought of trying to make the people afraid or ashamed to call on him, and by so doing cause many that had faith in him to go away. In verse sixteen we read: "There came also a multitude out of the cities round about unto Jerusalem, bringing sick folks, and them which were vexed with unclean spirits: and they were healed every one." Now show me the apostolic consecration and love, and I will show you the apostolic faith and healing as you see in Acts the 5th chapter. This is the ministry and the church that Jesus is coming after, and it must

come to this before it is what God designed. Then the bound will be delivered from wheeled-chairs, crutches, props, and canes; and invalids and the world will believe on Jesus, and John 17: 21 will be fulfilled: "That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me," and it may be as it was in Acts 5: 14: "And believers were the more added to the Lord, multitudes both of men and women."

I will now give an experience I had with a man. He had once preached the gospel and brought others to the light, but he disobeyed God and got possessed with devils. When I first met this man he was a most pitiable sight, as he was blind and wanted help, and so bound was he that he would lie and could not help it. He would cry and beg for help, and as he had done this so often the brethren that had dealt with him and were acquainted with his case had lost confidence in him. My heart ached for the poor man, as I thought I discerned his case, and thought probably the brethren that had dealt with him did not just see his condition. They lost sight of the devil and put all the blame on the man. They were perfectly honest in this and thought they were doing the right thing for he had done this so often. They told him when he got ready for help they were ready to help. He said he was ready and willing to do anything, but I saw that the trouble was, he was in

trouble and he could not do anything. He went on for several days.

He seemed to have hopes of getting help through one brother I had gone there to meeting with, and he kept calling on him, asking him to push his case before the ministers and saying he was suffering death and was afraid to take his chances any longer. The brother and I talked with the brethren and encouraged them to take up his case. I told them he was perfectly helpless and powerless as far as his will-power was concerned and would be until the devil was rebuked. So they agreed and we took him to a room. He came in almost trembling and said he was afraid he would not live through it. He said he feared the devil would kill him, that he had been in that condition once before and Brother Warner worked with him all night. The brethren talked to him for a while. He confessed and would promise anything and would lie. I told them there was no use to talk to him, he could not tell the truth until the powers of the devil were broken. He knelt and was weeping and crying, calling on God, and seemingly his heart was all broken up; but just as soon as we laid hands on him and rebuked the covetous and free-love spirits he just made a lunge and got up to his feet, although six men had hold of him. Four other brethren took hold of him and we held him flat on his back on the floor, and it was wonderful how the devil did manifest himself through that poor man for over an hour. He would squirm, bark like a dog, jabber, and then beg for air

and rest, and say he was dying. Then he would call us all names, and although he was blind he seemed to know just who had hold of him and where he was. There were two brethren he did not like. He would spit on them. He turned black in the face and the veins of his neck swelled up and he almost choked to death, and the phlegm would just fly out of his mouth on those brethren, until they had to hold a handkerchief over his mouth to catch the phlegm. He would call the names of some of the brethren and would call some a snake and say, "Look at that snake." Then he would tell us he loved us and to let him hug us, and would cry and then laugh—the most disgusting laugh I ever heard, and then accuse us of loving money.

Finally we told him he was not trying to take a stand against the devil. He would beg and try to get us to loose our hold on him. Seemingly when he thought he had a chance he would make an effort to get up. He said one time, "The Lord can cast them out, but Brother ——— can't" (calling the name of a brother that had hold at his arm). He gave a lunge and drew his arm almost loose from the brother. We told him that he was just giving way to the devil and that if he would take a stand against him with all his heart God would deliver him, and he began to take his stand against different spirits as we named them and he just named over a number of spirits or devils and said, "I do take a stand against the lying devil, the free-love devil, the religious devil, the self-

humiliating devil, the covetous devil, and the money devil." and a number of others that I can not think of. When he named the last one he was delivered, and almost exhausted. After he rested a while he began to call on God for salvation, and got saved. Oh, what a wonderful difference in the looks of the man!

Do not put too much responsibility on those possessed with devils, for in many instances they have no power to resist the devil until he is rebuked by some one who has authority from God and is not ashamed of the gift. Now the agreement means something. I have learned by experience that several I have helped deal with that were possessed with devils were not delivered because there was not an agreement. I mean that those who lay on hands, sometimes seem to be perfectly ignorant as to the meaning of casting out devils, even expecting to see something with their natural eyes. Some I have met did claim that they did see something. One man and woman claimed they cast out a green devil, that they saw it run across the floor and tried to catch it. The same parties claimed they had cast seven devils out of one woman and she had two yet. But I am glad that these parties do not belong to this reformation. Some of the other brethren and I went to talk to them. They were camped on the saints' camp-ground and would have nothing to do with the saints, not so much as to shake hands or even let the brethren haul their baggage from the depot. The man rebuked us and turned to me and said, "I rebuke you; don't you

feel it?" I said, No. You have rebuked me, and what does it amount to? Now in the name of Jesus I rebuke you," and God stilled his mouth.

Now there was another man in the same meeting. He claimed he was a saint and that he was possessed with devils once and delivered himself, and said he was saved at the time he was possessed. When the brethren went to cast the devils out of a woman at the altar who was almost wild he laid on hands and the devil was well pleased. The brethren asked him to please take his hands off, so he got offended and seemed mad. The next morning we took him into the ministers' meeting and tried to show him his condition. He would not listen to us, but accused the brethren, condemned the reformation and said he would preach anyhow, and for us to just attend to our own business and he would do the same. I said, "Let us pray." I asked God to bind that man and not let him pour out his poison and false doctrine and deceive anyone else. The brethren all said amen. The very presence of God was there. I said, "Now, Lord, you have said what we bind on earth shall be bound in heaven. Now we bind this man and believe you put the seal of the Holy Ghost upon it." All the ministry said amen. Several said, "He is bound." The man said to me, "You have prayed a wicked prayer and you will have to confess it; for another person prayed that way once and he had to come to me and confess it." I said, "In the name of Jesus you are bound and you will not be loosed until you

confess.” He said he would leave. I said, “We do not want you to leave, for we love your soul; but we turn you over to God; you will not listen to us.” So he left and seemed to be miserable. Since that time I have met one of the brethren that were present, and he told me that man had come back and asked his forgiveness and confessed that he treated the brethren and all the ministers wrong. This was a perfect agreement and God put his seal on it.

This man was a street-preacher, a No Sect, and never had been with the saints more than to meet some of the brethren. He willingly kept the devil. Had he willingly took a stand against him, as the man we just spoke of, God would have given the ministry power to cast him out. God gives his ministers power over the devil and diseases, but not over the minds and wills of people. They must will to give Satan up and with all their power take a stand against him, then the ministry can cast him out. Otherwise it matters not how much praying might be done nor how much desire we may have to deliver an individual, it can not be done without his consenting so far as he is capable. Now in several instances I have prayed for insane people, that is, those whom the devil had such complete power over that they could not exercise any mind, and they were delivered much easier than it would be to cast the devil out of any one that had a mind and will and would not use it. In one instance I saw a number of brethren lay their hands on an individual that was possessed with devils. He would

continually take a stand with the devil and tell them they could not do it, and they could not cast it out. He said he knew what he had to do that he had to be willing to confess, but would not do it, but that he did not want to go to hell, but would go to hell before he would confess. He said he had confessed much, but there was something back, and sometimes he would say, Oh, murder, murder!" He was not delivered. Since that I heard he went to an asylum and died in that condition.

GOD WILL ANSWER PRAYER.

I realize that if we will keep in touch with God he can make known unto us his will. When I had been away from home for four months I had started to my home, but stopped at a camp-meeting. It was probably three hundred and fifty miles from my home. I was satisfied the Lord had sent me to this meeting and it seemed that the devil had done everything that he could to prevent the work from being accomplished that God designed; but there was a perfect agreement in the true ministry at that place and the Lord began to work, in uncovering sin, exposing the devil, and accomplished his desire. That night I was wonderfully impressed to go home, yet the meeting was not closed. I prayed over it until the next meeting. I asked some of the brethren to agree with me, and I could not get rid of the impression. I started on the first train. When I reached Essex, Ill., within three

miles of where I lived, a brother and sister who were my neighbors and who had come into town, told me that when they started she said they would meet me in town, that I was coming home. My wife, she told me, was very sick, and I was needed, and she had asked God to send me and she was satisfied that I would be there that morning. When I got out home and prayed for my wife the Lord instantly raised her up, and she was able to go with me to town the next day after my trunk and in a few days went with me to a meeting. This was not the first time by many that this had happened, neither was it the first time that this sister had told them that I would be home at a certain time. When I first began to preach as an evangelist it seemed that the Lord would always impress my little boys when I was coming home, and they would often tell their mother that I was coming and would stand out looking for me when I would get there. This may seem strange to some. However, it is no more than God has promised in his Word. "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."

Now another instance of prayer being answered. My niece was a Methodist and seemed opposed to the saints. Though she seemed to have the utmost confidence in my salvation and in what I practised, yet she had opposed the saints because they would speak against the Methodist sect. I received a letter stating that she was nearly dead with consumption. I wrote to the sister that notified me to watch her closely and

if she began to sink to send me a dispatch and I would come at once. I began to ask God to spare her life till she could have another chance to get saved and she got up. I wrote her that I wanted her to attend the camp-meeting with me, and when I went down where she lived she told me she would go for my sake if I would pay her expenses, but she wanted me to understand that it would be just with me and that she expected no benefit, neither did she have any use for the saints, and one brother especially, who had spoken in a sermon against the Methodists. I asked a sister in the city to agree with me that if my niece had passed beyond the reach of mercy and could get no benefit by going to the camp-meeting, for God to just overrule and not let her go, but if there was a chance for her getting a benefit and the Lord could do anything for her, to overrule the power of the devil and make her go to the meeting. The next morning as we were going to start to the meeting I called at her room and asked if she were going? She said she reckoned she wasn't going. I said, "Very well, I am in a hurry, I will go on." I just started and soon after I got to the depot she came to the depot and told me if I would still stand to the bargain she would be there in two or three days. I said, "Very well," and went on praying to God to overrule and not let her come unless he could do something with her. She came and tried to stiffen up against the preaching, but the preaching and the praying got hold of her heart and she began to see her condition and

promised me that never again would she fight the saints, that it was the truth, and that she had never witnessed such a meeting. "I wish," she said, "that father were here; he has no idea what kind of a meeting this is." So we see God answered prayer in this case.

In another instance I was traveling and lost my trunk. The contents were worth something near fifty or sixty dollars. I sent two dispatches and could get no answer. I told Grandpa Fink, who was with me, that I was going to ask God, that I had sent two dispatches to man, now I would send one to the Lord. So we knelt in prayer in a sectarian home where we had been a number of years before, and they knew me and knew my life before I was saved. I told the Lord I would wait in that town until the next morning for the trunk. I said, "Now, Lord, send it, I know you can, and you promised that if I abide in you, you would do what I ask of you. Now I believe that you will move your mighty hand and bring my trunk here by morning." I expected that God would do it. Next morning on the first train my trunk came.

In another instance I was holding a meeting near Joy, Ky., and made my home at Ollie Trimble's. I received a telegram from Sister Laura Ford of East Prairie, Mo., to come at once, as her daughter Ada Oliver was very low. I reached there on Friday evening, and found her just at the point of death. The church was there holding on to God for her life, but

seemingly had not much faith of her living. She was suffering with her head and back of her neck and spine and had been suffering severely for several days. We prayed for her and the Lord relieved her of pain. We held on for victory and prayed several times, and the Lord heard prayer and raised her up. That night she ate her supper; the next morning she got up, dressed, and ate her breakfast, and on the next morning. On Sunday morning she walked to meeting two-thirds around a square through the hot sun and sand and led the singing. Sinners were convinced, saints knew that God had almost robbed the grave, so to speak, and nearly raised the dead and restored her to life. Professors said there was nothing the matter with her. Nevertheless the same individuals had been there and had wanted to do something for her and begged them to use medicine and said if they did not she would die.

Another instance was Sister Emma Trimble where we held a meeting at the time we received this telegram. She seemed very low and had suffered with pain in her head until the seam of her head had come open and there was nothing but the skin and muscles that held the bones together. You could move the two front and back parts separately. She could not stand the air on her head at all, and had to keep her head bundled and wrapped in a shawl. We prayed for the Lord to strengthen her. She would get up and lead the singing with her head in that condition. It seemed we could not exercise faith

for her healing. Finally she told us that she had asked God to take her during that meeting if it took that to bring her husband to salvation. He said that never would bring him to salvation, and asked why would God afflict her for his salvation. I told him that she was his idol and God could reach his heart through her affliction easier than by afflicting him. He said he would not surrender. After we returned from East Prairie, we found her very low, not able to get up. We had no faith at all to pray for her. She said she had not faith to be healed. He was seemingly broken up in his heart, had thrown away his tobacco, but said he just could not pray. They called for us to come to dinner and I said, "Let us pray." We knelt in prayer and the Lord wonderfully moved on Mr. Trimble's heart. We asked God to bring about this matter in his own way to his glory, but to spare the sister's life. After prayer he fell on his face by his wife, told her he was willing to do anything, but could do nothing, was perfectly bound, could not pray, but was just in misery. We asked him if we rebuked the devil, would he try to take his stand with us. We prayed with him and he said he took his stand. We saw the Lord had moved, but it seemed he could not understand that he was pardoned. He went out of the room and came back with the very glory of God shining out of his face, and threw his arms around me and said, "It is settled; I am going to stand for God." We prayed for Sister Trimble and she got up and went to the table

and ate some dinner, but seemingly did not get along just as well as we expected.

Somehow or other we could not exercise faith. There were some things on my mind that hindered my faith. I had the greatest confidence in her, but I heard something and I did not know whether it was true or not. I went out one morning to the barn to pray over the matter, and when I came in Sister Kittie Helmantoler came out on the porch where I was and asked what I thought of Sister Trimble's case. "Well," I said, "she is in a bad condition." She said, "I can't do any more; I am dumb; I have given her up. I believe she will die." I said, "It would not do for us to let down, for it is just our faith that is keeping her alive. I am going to talk with her. I am not satisfied on some points." I went and talked with her and showed her where she had an idol. I told her what I had been informed. She said this was false. I had all confidence in her and believed she told me the truth. She said she took her stand for God and against everything that God was against. We prayed for her and she began to get up to dress. There was meeting and I went on to meeting.

Her husband's uncle was at the meeting. He was an unbeliever, but a church member. He asked me how she was. I told him she was all right, and I reckoned she would be at the meeting directly. He said, "I will go up there and stop that." "Well," I said, "I pray God to put a rebuke on you before

you go there." My reason for speaking to him this way was because a few days before he had come in just as we had prayer. She was rejoicing and it seemed the Lord had touched her body, but he sat down by her bed and began an argument and she lost faith, got discouraged, and gave up. He went on up and met them coming. He insisted they should turn back and said it would never do for her to go out there. His nephew told him they were going to meeting and she wanted to go. As they drove up to the brush arbor where the meeting was, he was following along behind the buggy. I asked her if she wanted a rocking-chair that was in the arbor to sit in. She said yes. He told her to stay and she had better sit in the buggy. He said, "I told her to stay at home, but she didn't" Just then her husband had helped her out of the buggy. She ran in the arbor shouting. She looked almost like a walking corpse. Old gray-headed men and women and hard-hearted sinners broke down and wept. God stamped the truth on hearts there that will never be forgotten. His Word was confirmed and faith was established in the hearts of some at least.

We closed the meeting there that day and on the next morning I started home. However, I visited some other places on the way home. It was a distance of three hundred and fifty miles to my home, and I did not reach there until the Saturday morning following. There was a telegram there from Brother Trimble, asking me to come back at once; it said that Sister Trimble was bad off. I started the next

morning and reached there Monday about noon. I saw the trouble; Brother Trimble had kind of held back, failed to walk in the light, had refused to be baptized, wanted to see if he could live his profession, and no doubt the devil had tried to make him believe his wife would have been healed anyhow; but when he took a stand and her faith seemed to increase we agreed in prayer. The Lord raised her up instantly, and she went with him to town a distance of two and one-half miles that afternoon and in a few days she went a distance of sixty miles with her husband and me in a carriage.

Now I feel it would be to the glory of God to give a little account of Brother Trimble's conversion and show how other women having unsaved husbands should bring them in prayer and should insist holding on to God for them, even if there are no visible results, until God hears. Six years ago Sister Trimble asked me to agree with her in prayer for the salvation of her husband. He then was going astray pretty bad; he had got to drinking very much, chewed tobacco and smoked, and looked at professors and would beg her to stay with him and not go to meeting. He could not stand the preaching and would get under conviction when he would go to meeting any place where the pure gospel was preached. He had become disgusted with sectism. Had made a profession once before and probably had had salvation. So we continued in prayer and the agreement, and she did all in her knowledge that she could for his soul's

sake. He quit drinking, smoking, and much of his wicked life, and to a great extent lived a better life than a great many professors; but he could not control his temper and would get angry and took stubborn spells, yet his life was wonderfully changed. She came to the place where she was willing to give her life for his salvation, and God heard her petition and fulfilled the promise that he made in the Word where he said, "If two shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven."

Now the great trouble is, people get discouraged and give up before they get earnest about the matter. We see in the case of Peter's imprisonment in Acts 12, beginning at the fourth verse: "And when he had apprehended him, he put him in prison, and delivered him to four quaternions of soldiers to keep him; intending after Easter to bring him forth to the people. Peter therefore was kept in prison, but prayer was made without ceasing of the church unto God for him. And when Herod would have brought him forth, the same night Peter was sleeping between two soldiers, bound with two chains: and the keepers before the door kept the prison. And, behold, the angel of the Lord came upon him, and a light shined in the prison: and he smote Peter on the side, and raised him up, saying, Arise up quickly. And his chains fell off from his hands. And the angel said unto him, Gird thyself, and bind on thy sandals: and so he did. And he saith unto him, Cast thy gar-

ment about thee, and follow me. And he went out, and followed him; and wist not that it was true which was done by the angel; but thought he saw a vision. When they were past the first and the second ward, they came unto the iron gate that leadeth unto the city; which opened to them on its own accord: and they went out, and passed on through one street; and forthwith the angel departed from him. And when Peter was come to himself, he said, Now I know of a surety, that the Lord hath sent his angel, and hath delivered me out of the hand of Herod, and from all the expectation of the people of the Jews. And when he had considered the thing, he came to the house of Mary the mother of John, whose surname was Mark; where many were gathered together praying. And as Peter knocked at the door of the gate, a damsel came to hearken, named Rhoda. And when she knew Peter's voice, she opened not the gate for gladness, but ran in, and told how Peter stood before the gate. And they said unto her, Thou art mad. But she constantly affirmed that it was even so. Then said they, It is his angel. But Peter continued knocking: and when they had opened the door, and saw him, they were astonished. But he, beckoning unto them with the hand to hold their peace, declared unto them how the Lord had brought him out of the prison. And he said, Go show these things unto James, and to the brethren. And he departed, and went into another place."

So it was in this case--as the chains bound Peter,

so the chains of darkness and the devil bound this poor man; and as Peter was bound to the Roman guards and feared to move lest they would wake and his life would be at stake, so it was with this man—he was bound by his associates, and though willing to favor us, thought if he accepted God and salvation they would make fun of him and he could not stand the persecution. But she kept on in earnest prayer to God, never ceasing or giving up, no matter how discouraging things were, and still claimed the promises of God, and she was heard. By her life and prayers and in an unexpected way the Lord smote him and told him to arise and repent and believe the gospel. He could not see any way out, and after he was led to the iron gate it looked to him that it was impossible for it to be opened. He could not pray and he could not open the gate, but the petitions that went up to God burst the bands and the Lord opened the way and light shone on his soul. But as it was with Peter when he got outside the prison, he could hardly realize that it was true, but after he felt the fellowship of God's people and saw that he was cut loose from the world and that he no longer feared his associates he was convinced that he was delivered.

Now there was another instance that occurred while there, which I wish to relate and which I feel was for Brother Trimble's benefit and to establish him more in the faith. I looked out of the window one

morning and saw one of his horses that he drove and it seemed to be very sick and was rolling. I said to Sister Trimble, "That horse is sick." We stood looking out of the window and the thought struck me to go and pray for him. I went out there, and asked God to stretch forth his hand and convince and establish the faith in the heart of Brother Trimble. He was standing a little way off, looking at me. Sister Trimble was looking out of the window. The horse was instantly made well and had no more trouble. Any one doubting this statement may write them—Ollie and Emma Trimble, Joy, Ky.

I was once sent for to come and pray for a man who had been given up by the doctors to die. I went in company with old Brother Fink, a man of whom I have frequently spoken in this book. When we arrived at the yard fence some parties met us that came from the house and told us that we must be very quiet, as the man was just dying and they did not want any noise. When we reached the hall door another party requested that we should walk on our tiptoes, that he could not stand any noise. When we got into the room where he was we found quite a large congregation and all very quiet. The man was sitting up in bed, leaning against the headboard, and had no clothes on his body down to the waist. He had a large sore on the back of his neck, and I saw the leaders in his neck. His shoulders and arms and body, as well as his face were swollen, and he seemed to be sleeping. I sat and watched him a

while. Then I spoke to him and asked him if he were saved. He roused up a little and said yes, and dropped to sleep again. I called him again and asked him if he felt that he was ready for eternity. He opened his eyes and said yes, and dropped to sleep again. I drew my chair closer to him and said: "Do you realize your condition? do you know you are just ready to step out into eternity? Your light is seemingly going out in this world and you are going to take a long step. Can you see where you are going to? do you see where you are going to land? Do you remember that six months ago when in this room I asked God to bring this family to God? God has answered prayer, the time has come. Are you ready for death?" He said no. I said, "Do you want me to pray that God will rebuke the powers of hell and the influence of this medicine, so that you can have the right exercise of your mind and get hold of God for salvation? also that God will save your soul and heal your body and spare your life, so that you can do something to his glory?" He said he did. While we knelt and laid hands on him and prayed for him it seemed the very power of God was present. His mind was cleared up and he began to call on God for salvation. We had the witness of his being saved and rebuked the disease in the name of Jesus, claiming his life and healing in the name of Jesus, and he arose, shouted and leaped. He ran out of the house into the yard, shouting and rejoicing.

His wife came running to me and said she wanted

me to pray for her. His sister-in-law said, "Do you believe now that God will answer prayer?" She said yes. "Do you believe that he did heal your husband?" She said she did. "Well, you did say it was of no use to send for Brother Brown, for God would not heal." "Yes," she says, "but now I do believe." "You know now that he heals?" "Are you saved?" She wanted to be prayed for that she might hear; she was hard of hearing. I said, "If you will give your heart to God he will heal." She said she was willing to do anything. We knelt with her in prayer for her salvation. The Lord witnessed to the same. We rebuked the deafness and claimed victory in the name of Jesus and God opened her ears, and she began to run through the crowd over the room looking for her husband. He had just come back into the house. They had not been on very good terms, living very disagreeably. Peace was made between man and wife, God was glorified, and the man ordered the salve to be washed off the afflicted place on the back of his neck, saying he would leave it all with God. The swelling all went out of his body and face and his neck healed up as well as could be expected, and he lives yet. Strange to think, just thirty minutes before they could not bear any noise, now shouts and screams and rejoicing could be heard and all seemed to enjoy it.

There is another instance that comes to my mind where God wonderfully answered prayer and gave his people freedom. A sister wrote me a letter from

the town where she lived, stating that there was a man there who had sold whisky for some time contrary to the law and had so acted and conducted himself as to gain the confidence and good-will of the majority of the citizens of the town. He also had made them believe that they had just as well grant license and get some benefit out of them, for he was going to sell whisky anyhow. In this way he succeeded in getting the license to sell whisky openly. They erected a caboose and when one would get drunk they would put him in and fine him. It had brought about great dissatisfaction in the town and country. She wanted me to agree with her in prayer that God would overrule and move the whisky traffic out of the town. Soon she wrote me again notifying me that the saloon-keeper was badly afflicted and that they did not think he would live, and for me to hold on to God, which I did and also sent him a ten week's subscription to the *Gospel Trumpet*. He was sent up to the doctors and returned home in much better health, as they thought, and seemed to be getting along very well. I passed through the town and had a talk with the sister. She told me the condition of affairs, but that she had not given up, she was still holding on to God, and for me to agree with her that God would answer her prayer. In a short time I received a letter stating that unexpectedly the saloon-keeper had dropped dead. The next account was that license was ruled out of the town. So God will hear and answer prayer.

There was another time that I wrote and asked permission of a certain minister to preach in a meeting-house in a town where I was well acquainted. He did not answer me and I wrote to the sheriff for permission to preach in the court-house. He refused to let me have the court-house. Charley and I were going to make a trip shortly and it seemed that we must go past that town, yet it was a little inconvenient to make the trip that way on account of the mud and bad roads. We reached the town by means of a skiff. Very early in the morning we expected to go out on the mail-hack, but when we made inquiry there was no mail-hack. They were carrying the mail by horse-back and informed us that the mud was side-deep to the horse. We went to a livery stable and asked the proprietor what he would charge us to take us to the place we wanted to go. He said he would charge us \$7.00 and we pay all expenses. I told him I was no insurance company, and I would not agree to do that. He might tear his wagon and harness up and it might cost more than I would be able to pay. He said he would see and went away, but soon came back and told us he could not take us at all, that it was impossible to make the trip. The lady where we ate breakfast said she was anxious that we should preach, and that since the time that I had asked permission to preach in the church lightning had struck the cupola and knocked it off the house, and she believed I could get the house. She sent after the preacher. He came and was very

willing for me to preach, providing it was agreeable to the trustees, and we went and saw them and they had no objection. We began the meeting and then the liveryman came to me and told me that he would take me for the \$7.00. I told him I did not care about going now. Then he said he would take me for nothing if I wanted to go. I said I would not go, I was going to stay and hold a meeting. When I came to find out, the reason why he was so willing to take me for nothing was, they were going to have an election in a few days and vote for license and they were afraid my being there would hinder them from getting the license.

One afternoon as I was coming from the meeting I met a man that I had had considerable trouble with before I was saved. He was the one that I spoke of farther back in this book that I had had a fight with and had caused me to go to jail. I asked him if he would not go to meeting. He cursed me and said he had not been to meeting for ten years and never expected to go any more. I asked his brother that was in company with him and he said he had not gone to meeting for twenty years and would not know how to act. I talked to them for a while and the one who had not been for twenty years promised to go to meeting. The other one still talked rough to me and said he would not go. The next afternoon I met them at the same place as I came from the meeting. I asked them again. The man that promised to come excused himself and told me that he intended to come

and he would come still. The other said he did not want anything to do with me or the meeting. I talked with them for some time. The next afternoon as I came from meeting they were standing and talking at the same place I had met them before. I said to the one that had promised to attend the meeting, "Well, you didn't come to the meeting." He began to make excuses, but still promised to come and soon walked away and left. The other one seemed more kind to me that day and I asked if he would not come to meeting, but he still would not consent. I stood and talked with him from 3 o'clock to six. During this time I gave him my experience, told him what my life in drunkenness had been, which he knew was so, and also had been his experience. He had been wealthy and in good circumstances and now he was down to nothing, knew not God, and the family was almost suffering. I saw his eyes fill with tears and I reached out my hand to him and said, "Won't you come and go to meeting?" He said, "Yes, Willis, I will be there to-night." "Now," I said, "your brother told me he would come and didn't come, and you have said you would not, now will you come?" He said he would.

That night he was at meeting and his little boy sitting by his side, who I afterwards learned had pleaded with him frequently and begged him to quit drinking. He paid very particular attention to the sermon and the next morning he shook hands with me with tears in his eyes and said, "Willis, I am

glad I went to meeting. I am convinced you have something; you are not the same man you used to be. I would give the world if I had what you have." After talking with him a while, he told me he wanted me to let him have some money. I told him that I had but very little money and that I was not expecting to get anything there and would need it to get away from the town, but I would divide what I had with him. He said, "You remember you owe me a saloon bill." "No, I owe you no saloon bill; you and I had a settlement long ago and our financial business was all squared up." He said, "Well, my family are all suffering and I have not a bit and nothing to get anything with." I said, "I will give you half a dollar." He said that was not anything to supply a large family that were hungry." "Well," I said, "I just have two dollars and will give you one, not on any old saloon bill, for I owe you nothing, but I make you a present, if you will use it for your family and not drink it up." He said he would not drink it up and that he was not going to drink any more and was going to do something the next day that he had never done in his life and that was to vote against license. I gave him the money and went on to the house where I had promised to go and took dinner with the preacher.

While sitting in his room and looking across the square, he told me that was where this man lived. I told him of the circumstances and just then we saw him coming with his arms full of bundles. His

children went running to meet him. He went into the house and I saw through the door that he kindled a fire in the stove, and I watched them cook the meal and saw them sit down and eat it. Some time after, he came to where I was at another town holding a meeting and told me that he had voted against license and had not drunk a drop and was determined to do better and asked me to pray for him. After a little I heard he was appointed marshal in the town. The next I heard he was drinking, and in a couple of years I heard he had shot and killed a man and had gone to the penitentiary for twenty-five years. So we see his fate by not walking in the light God gave him and standing to the vow that he made. God always gives warning and makes the last call to souls for salvation. I fear it is so with that man.

Another time I had come to a town to hold a meeting, and the evening that I arrived there were two physicians from the city some distance away that had come to perform an operation on a man who had said to the saints some time before that he would give them \$150.00 if they would heal him, and if they did not he would give the money to the physicians. There was another man in the town that had the same affliction and was acquainted with this reformation and knew it to be the truth, and his wife had lived salvation before him for seven years. He never had opposed her faith and he let her have her own way with the children, and she had trusted them to God for the seven years. The Lord had

heard prayer and healed them often and also had healed her, but he did not want to pay the price and get salvation; so he said that if this man got along all right he would have the doctors to perform an operation on him. The next morning he went down to see the man that was operated on. He was asleep and the doctors told him that he was getting along nicely and as soon as he came from under the influence of the medicine he would be all right, that it was not going to hurt him a bit. He returned home and told his wife that he was going to have them perform the operation on him, the other man was getting along all right. She came to my room and told me the circumstances and asked me to agree with her in prayer that God would stop him from being operated on. I said, "I will agree with you in prayer that God will put a fear upon him and send conviction to his heart, and if he considers the call it will stop the operation." We knelt in prayer and while praying the thought came to me that the man who had been operated on would die. It seemed that the prayer had gone through and that it was God's way. I had no more to pray for. I told her that God would answer prayer, but did not tell her the particulars.

She went home and when she got there she learned that the man was dead. Her husband was very badly scared and said he would not be operated on at all. She told what we had just prayed for him. He said, "You tell that man to come down and I will

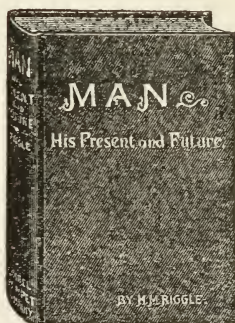
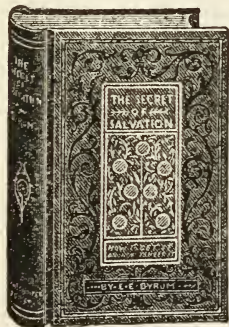
take him some of the best pictures he ever had and will not charge him a cent." I went to see him and he took the pictures and I talked with him about salvation. He was very reasonable and said that he wanted to be saved, but thought he could not run the business he was in and be a Christian, as he was in the picture business and had to take worldly pictures that God could not approve of. "Well," I said, "you need a partner." He said he had had a partner, but had none now. I said, "I can recommend a partner that will help you in your business, and if anything is not profitable or he does not want to go into it he will object and let you know." He inquired who it was and I told him it was Jesus. He said he guessed that was the best. However, he would not pay the price. He came to meeting and heard the preaching and seemed to enjoy it. We left him without salvation. Soon afterwards we saw through the *Gospel Trumpet* that he had gone through a wonderful test. The Lord called one of his children to eternity, but they stood true to God so far as trusting him as their healer; but I feel that had he yielded before to the call of the Lord which we have just spoken of, they probably would never have passed through the last test. May the Lord help us to accept the warnings that come from God and avoid trouble.

May God bless this book, and enable those who read it to trust and obey him. Pray for me that I ever keep humble before God.

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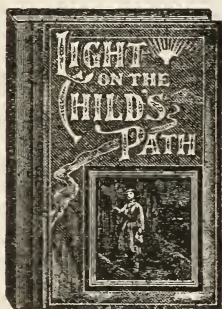
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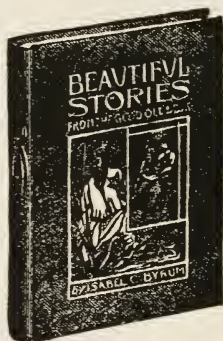
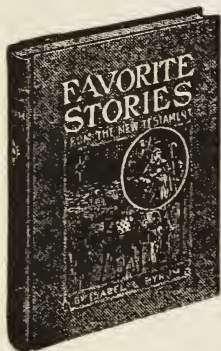
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