

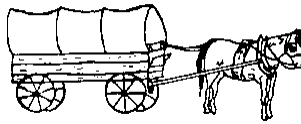
Pioneer Evangelists

of the Pacific Northwest



John L. Green

Pioneer Evangelists of the Pacific Northwest



By
John L. Green

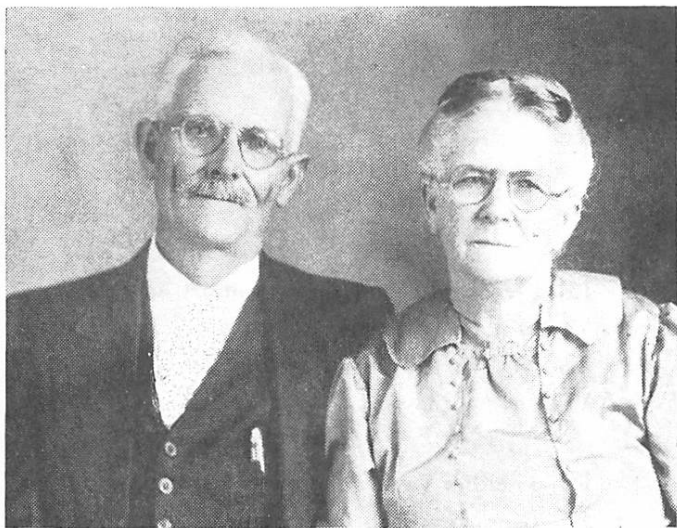
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Brother and Sister John L. Green

Reprint Publisher's Preface

Requests have come to us to reprint this very interesting and inspiring book of the life and experiences of the John L. Greens, especially of their pioneer gospel work in the Pacific Northwest.

With this reprint edition we inform the reader that the author, John L. Green, departed this life in October, 1941, and his wife in June, 1965. Both are interred in the Belle-Passi Cemetery at Woodburn, Oregon. As of this date, six of their nine children survive—four daughters and two sons. All are in their 70's and 80's. Their permission was granted us to reprint their father's book.

Out of print for many years, the original book is herewith reprinted verbatim in full with the hope that its publication will be an inspiration and a challenge to the present and future generations.

—Lawrence D. Pruitt, Publisher
Guthrie, Okla., October, 1979

Lord teach my soul, since thou art love,
That I may better know,
To live that love, to show that love,
Wherever I may go.
Love neither vaunts nor seeks its own,
But bears reproach and shame,
And like its giver, meek and kind,
Doth ever love the same.
Love seeks to shed its fragrance sweet,
Alike to friends or foe,
That grace and mercy all replete,
In Christ the world may know.

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Our Only Apology

Some twenty years ago, Brother A. L. Byers, a very dear friend of ours, wrote an article on our experiences as pioneer ministers, and published the same in the Gospel Trumpet, of which he was then the office editor.

Some twelve years later the present editor, Brother C. E. Brown, asked for and printed some twenty-seven chapters in the same paper, the results of which, many of the saints and friends have urged that they be printed in book form.

These requests have had their part in directing our minds and hearts in the channels of prayerful consideration, yet the major cause is the ever increasing desire and burden of our hearts to leave to the world our testimony of the Lord's grace and goodness to us, and that the same may not be lost to the memory of our own children.

Titus 2:11-14 reads: "For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that denying ungodliness and wordly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, who gave himself for us that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works."

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We have the blessed assurance that these scriptures have proven true in our lives. We also long that (Psa. 116:15—Precious in the sight of the Lord, is the death of his saints, and Rev. 14:15—Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth that they may rest from their labours and their works do follow them) may be true in our death.

We both are so indebted to the Lord for his support and divine guidance that we desire to acknowledge His special help in protecting and preparing our young lives for his service. And this we do humbly by affixing and prefixing a few chapters to those already mentioned, hoping it will encourage other young people to dedicate their lives to the Lord and His service.

Love is not love which alteration finds,
Or bends its pursuer to pursue,
But love is love, when like its giver kind.
Lays down its life for I and You.

—The Author.

The Author and the Book

With the many years acquaintance, our life work in so many respects having been so much alike and with the high esteem I have always held this man of God, causes me much pleasure to note a few items of interest as a contribution to his book. His conversion took place, also his earlier Christian life, his call to the gospel work and his earlier ministry, before our acquaintance. I well remember the time when my parents in Illinois made a visit to mother's sister at Mahaska, Kansas. While they were there, they met Brother Green's parents whose hearts were open and hungry for the gospel and the truth of this Zion message. Through this means, this young man later became interested, converted,

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and illuminated with the transcendent beauty of Zion. He received the divine call, obeyed the same and began his work in the ministry. In one of his first meetings a business man became interested in the message and was saved; also his wife. Some years later they moved to California and located in Oakland. They became members of my congregation. They lived and died in the faith. Their lives were radiant and their departure triumphant. These were some of the sacred trophies of dear Brother and Sister Green's early ministry.

If I remember correctly, we first met these gospel workers in Denver, Colorado, in an assembly meeting. At this time they were on their way in obedience to an unmistakably definite call to the far-off field of Oregon. At the same time we were on our return to our field in California, having been back home on our first trip east.

One of the first impressions in meeting Brother Green was that he had a consuming passion for souls and this seemed to fairly drive him with an irresistible urge. It was easy to see how he could make this daring venture into the regions beyond. We never learned how Sister Green became persuaded and willing to make the step neither have we ever heard that she murmured nor complained in this life of sacrifice. We recognized in her the God-given companion of a God-sent minister. These dear workers have proven to a coming generation that God never requires anything of us but that He will supply the sufficient grace.

I think it was about the second year after their arrival in their new field of labor that I had the great pleasure of an invitation to attend the first camp meeting of the Church of God in Woodburn, Oregon. It is needless to say that I was made to rejoice when I saw the goodly number of precious souls who had been won to this truth, and all of them were enjoying the blessed camp meeting. From this time on we visited back and forth from our fields of labor in many camp and assembly meetings. The work grew rapidly requiring more than natural strength of the few

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laborers. The mutual fellowship and sympathy which grew out of the conditions, circumstances, difficulties, testings, conflicts, and conquests produced a bond of appreciation of each other that never has been broken.

I believe that I fully anticipate the motive of the author in writing this book, as expressed by the great psalmist in his declining years, “Now also when I am old and grey headed, O God forsake me not until I have showed thy strength unto this generation and thy power to everyone that is to come.”

Yours in the faith,

J. W. Byers, Monrovia, Calif.

A Retrospective View

As we review the past and what many of the early ministers and saints have meant to us, our words and pen fail to give expression to our appreciation. Neither can we mention each one, most of whom have gone to be with Jesus. But we do want to mention that of dear Brother and Sister J. W. Byers, who were like parents to us and with whom we labored so often during the early years of our ministry.

They were so kind in their corrections, patient in their instructions, upright in their example, that it was comforting, inspiring and instructive to be with them, and we always have felt we had been made stronger, and better prepared by having been with them.

Some forty-four years ago we were in the midst of a hard fought battle in a new field, when we received a letter from Bro. Byers, in which, among other things, he said: “Brother Green, be encouraged; let us be faithful unto death. Let us never give up, never give down,

never give out and never give in. A soldier may return from the battle with his face, arms, chest and entire front wounded, lacerated and bleeding, but the same proved him a faithful soldier who had faced the foe. Let us never return with wounds in our back as such are received when in retreat . . . Let us never spell appointment with (dis) but always use a capital His, then Rom. 8:28 becomes real in our lives.

Brother Byers was far my superior in education, social culture, public speaking, and in most every way. No doubt I was often a trial to him, but he never let it be known. He always treated me as his equal, if not as his superior. He always made it so easy for me to preach in his presence, for I knew he was upholding me by his faith and prayers. Thus Brother and Sister Byers hold a warm place in our hearts, and our debt to them will remain unpaid, except as the Lord rewards them in that day.

A Grateful Acknowledgement

Since writing the foregoing, I have received a letter from our beloved Bro. Byers in which he suggested on his own volition that he write the introduction to our book. I am unable to express my appreciation of the same, and accept his offer with a feeling of heart-felt gratitude, mingled with a sense of unworthiness of such an honor.

Since then wife and I attended the 1939 camp meeting at Reedley, California, where we met both Brother and Sister Byers, the first time in almost two decades. A joyful meeting indeed, but we were made to realize how soon the glory of youth and the duties and activities of our short day of life are past.

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May God grant that no cloud nor shadow dim the glory of our setting sun, and that our testimony be like that of the Apostle: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all of them that love his appearing."

John L. Green

By A. L. BYERS

(A Reprint from the Gospel Trumpet)

The subject of our sketch this week, while falling a little under the required limit of thirty years in the ministry, is nevertheless a pioneer in every sense of the word. His early life was spent in the new Wild West, and he was the first to take the reformation light and truth into the northwestern country, the North Pacific States. When he landed at Woodburn, Oregon, on October 30, 1893, he was the only evangelist known to the saints north of San Diego, Cal.

He was born in Green County, Iowa, April 16, 1868. In the summer of 1871 his parents settled on a homestead in Washington County, Kansas. Here, in the midst of hardships, discouragements, and poverty, his parents reared a large family. It was a number of years before they had a public school; consequently of education there was a dearth. In later years, however, Brother Green, as many have done, applied himself individually to study, to gain what he could in this manner.

Brother Green acknowledges that the greatest boon to his early life was the Christian training of his God-fearing parents though for a time he became quite wild and sinful. There were some events in his life that served to lead him to regard divine things. His parents

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have always affirmed that when he was about one year old, he took a severe illness and died. Some neighbors who were present at the scene pronounced him dead, straightened him out, and asked for some pennies to place on his eyes. At this his mother's heart was overwhelmed, and she fell at the bedside and to the best of her understanding gave herself to God and promised to do all in her power to rear her child for his glory if he would bring the boy back to life. Instantly her child was restored to life and health, made as sound as he had ever been.

Another striking answer to his mother's prayer occurred in the fall of 1875 on one of those heavily grass-covered plains of Kansas. A strong wind was blowing from the South, and signs of a prairie-fire warned the family of coming danger. The farm was surrounded by a wide "hedge-row," which in ordinary times would have been perfectly safe, but on such occasion it was absolutely nothing. The grass was the heavy bluestem, much of it very tall, with a thick ground covering. On came the fire with terrible speed. It looked like a solid fire leaping hundreds of feet into the air, and it was burning homes and stock. All the family had was represented in the little house and barn, and the father was twenty-five miles away.

The mother took the children and the cow to the back part of a rye-field and told the children to lie close to the ground. Then she ran back and took her place directly in front of the house, with the open field of grass in front of her. The stable, made of poles, brush, and straw, was about ten rods north of the house and had no protection. The mother was heard calling on the Lord until the fire came so near that its roar drowned her voice; but when it had passed by, the mother, house, stable, etc., were all there. The fire had separated directly in front of her, gone around all the buildings, and come together again back of the barn—a miracle, indeed. The

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mother said that when she kneeled down she resolved not to open her eyes lest the sight weaken her faith, and to perish, if need be, on the promise, "Ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."

Brother Green ascribes the bringing of this reformation truth to his home neighborhood to a visit of the writer's father and mother to their relatives in that section of the country in 1889. It was the means of having G. L. and Mary Cole and others come later. Brother Green was saved and also sanctified in a meeting held by Brother and Sister Cole and company in the fall of 1890. His wife to be, whose name was Lydia Wheeler, was also saved in the same meeting. They were married the following March.

After his marriage Brother Green remained on the farm for more than a year. He began to feel God's hand upon him for gospel work; but as his wife was not so inclined, he kept it in his own heart and began to ask the Lord to call and prepare his wife so definitely that she would give up all and go joyfully, never to flinch or go back to temporal life only. He became exceedingly burdened and prayed almost day and night to that end, but in secret, as he felt sure that if she did not get it direct from God she could never leave all and continue to stand true. The Lord wrought on her so completely that she took the lead in urging that they go. She has never flinched or wavered since, but has stood by her husband in every test. He says that if labor, sacrifice, suffering hardships willingly and for the sake of others helps to rate reward, hers will be greater than his, although she does not preach from the pulpit. She has been a succorer and a mother to many.

In August of 1892 they left their home, friends, and everything, and started out to work for souls. At first they wanted to lean on others too much, but they soon saw that their only hope was the Lord and accordingly swung out to rely fully on him. The first year

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they spent in Kansas and Nebraska with unexpected success, laboring sometimes with different brethren. In 1893 the Lord gave them to know definitely that he wanted them to open up new fields on the Pacific Coast. It seemed a long way off, but they had learned that obedience was their part. They landed, at Woodburn, Oregon, as strangers in a strange land. They began their work in a cottage-meeting the same night they arrived, and till this day those meetings have never died out. In a short time the Lord raised up a little congregation that has always held the fort and stood by the work.

For more than sixteen years Brother Green made Woodburn his home and pastored the work as best he could, spending the greater portion of his time in evangelistic work. At one time they moved temporarily to Portland to open up the work there. With less than ten dollars in sight they rented a large hall and living rooms on a corner and began meetings. At first no one was interested, but by the end of eight months there was a congregation of ten or twelve. In two or three years others took hold of that work and built it to what it is now. Many times Brother Green has worked during the day to meet expenses and then preached at night.

In 1895 they received a call to Coos Co., Oregon. It meant a trip of nearly three hundred miles over fearfully rough roads. He borrowed one horse and bought another on time, with the understanding he could cut wood and pay for it when he returned in the fall. (The brethren, however paid for it while he was gone.) He fitted up a light wagon and started, giving out literature most of the way. They reached their destination all right, but the man who wanted them to come was of no special help to them in any way. They had to rent a house, and as they were strangers and had no money, it was either work and preach or not preach. He held

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meetings first in the Methodist house, then in private residences. One of his horses died, and he was compelled to buy another and pay for it cutting wood. A short while before they had to leave, a few began to get saved and others became interested. But they were obliged to go on account of rain, snow, and bad mountain roads. His farewell sermon was from Romans 8:28. He said, "If you hear of our missing the road and rolling down the mountain and being killed, remember it is for our good, and we shall count it so." A good many were killed that way in those days, when the roads were so treacherous.

The next day when they were trotting along, high in the mountains, a bolt suddenly came out and the wagon tongue dropped on one side, throwing them against the bank and quickly turning the covered wagon, with trunk, boxes, etc. on top of them. The horses went on with the gears. Brother Green soon extricated themselves and found all were alive. It seemed to him a voice from the skies asked, "Is it for your good?" With joy he answered aloud, "Yes, Lord; it is all for our good." The team ran, breaking every breakable thing about the wagon and bending the steel axles, and then went over the steep bluff. They were found lying on their backs far below. It was only the Lord that spared the team to them. Sister Green and child and their niece walked on to a village, and a freighter hauled their wreck out also.

Brother Green had no money to speak of, excepting some subscription money received the day before for the Gospel Trumpet, and that was less than four dollars. They prayed earnestly to God to help them home. He went to the blacksmith and told him of their condition and asked him to repair the wagon and hold it as pay. He would go on twenty-five miles and secure work, and later come back and pay him and get the wagon. The blacksmith smiled and

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said: "I think I have been in this business long enough to know a white man when I see him. If you will sell me your face for the price of fixing that wagon, I will buy it." He dropped everything and the two went to work, and by the time Brother Green's money was gone for feed and board, he and his family were ready to go on singing. Brother Green stopped a while and worked, sent the money back, then went on through mud and snow.

One night while on this trip they were out very late trying to make a certain place, as stopping-places were few. It was very dark; they could not see the team or each other. All at once they went plunging down a steep place into a lot of water. As they could see nothing, they could not tell where they were. But the team went up the other side and took them safely to their desired stopping-place. The people thought it a great mystery, as a bridge which it was necessary for them to cross had been out for two days. The next morning they went to investigate and found that the team, as if guided by a divine hand, had left the road several rods and crossed at the only place possible, although not acquainted with the road. They felt that the Lord had again spared their lives.

Within several years other ministers came to the Northwest, and all the brethren in the Coast States managed to get together occasionally, and thus the work became united. For years the home of the Greens was the stopping-place for the saints traveling through the West. Sister Green worked incessantly preparing foods and fruits and cooking for those coming and going. Once she kept account of the free meals served at their table for three months, and the number was in excess of seven hundred seventy-five. Of course, those stopping with them often assisted and some helped provide. But so far as Brother and Sister Green were concerned, everything was free. Brother Green testified that without his wife's help and

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encouragement he could never have stayed by the work during the first five or six years in Oregon. She would hold the fort for weeks at a time when he would be holding meetings elsewhere. Thus, we see that this brother and sister were truly pioneers.

The writer wishes to add a little interesting anecdote in Brother Green's life, which also illustrates God's answer to prayer. In the summer of 1911 the writer visited the Pacific Coast. Appreciating his long service at the Gospel Trumpet Office, Brother Green arranged that he should participate in a deer-hunt in the mountains of southwestern Oregon. In this hunt several of the party obtained deer. But Brother Green, though he worked hard tramping over the mountainsides and through canyons, failed to get a deer. The rest of the party, of course, felt sorry for him. The writer returned to his home and his work at the Trumpet Office, and about three months afterward received a letter from Brother Green, from which he quotes as follows:

"I very much appreciated your kind letter and remembrance. I am sure that there is no part of the trip that I look upon with regret, but, on the contrary, it affords pleasure to recall it. Of course, a little more game would have added to the satisfaction of success.

While I and the children were in the hop-fields about sixteen miles south of home, I asked the man to excuse me one afternoon. So I went up the mountainside for a mile or two, but saw no deer. I was a little tired, and I bowed in prayer and asked the Lord that if I could not go to the deer he should send one to me. I traveled on a while, then started for camp, and when about one-fourth mile away I came into an open place and I felt impressed to stop and sit down, which I did. In three or four minutes I saw a buck coming on a hard run directly toward me and in the way my gun was pointing. When he came close, he bore a little to my right, and when he was not more

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than fifty feet away I fired, the bullet striking him directly behind the ears and nearly cutting his head off, but yet not wasting a pound of meat. He dropped instantly dead, only lifting one hind leg. At once my prayer came to remembrance, and I felt thankful, for I believe the Lord sent the deer.”

(With this the series of Pioneer Sketches closes. A number have suggested that these sketches be made into a book. If that is desired and undertaken, the biographies can be made fuller and also the list can be extended to include others.)

My Early Christian Life



My Early Conversion

As conditions surrounding my early life are mentioned in a later chapter, I will come directly to my early conversion.

At the age of about fifteen, I attended two lengthy revivals and being under deep conviction, I sought earnestly for possibly three weeks, being the first to the altar and the last away.

I expected some physical shaking up as a witness, or some great light or power that would make me leap or shout. But having an honest heart the Lord kept me from such false evidences. My case seemed to baffle all. I went home determined to seek till I found.

I read the New Testament almost incessantly, even while working in the field. I prayed much. Months passed and I became desperately in earnest. The scriptures began to clear and divide into subjects.

One day I dropped to my knees and prayed in the anguish of my soul for the Lord to save me then. All at once the Spirit brought a number of scriptures to my mind on being saved by faith. Again I cried “what is faith?” and the answer came, “The substance of things hoped for.” My faith took hold and I arose a saved boy, with the joy of Rom. 15:13 in my heart.

I soon took my place in family worship, and in public services as best I could. The Lord wonderfully helped me, and for nearly one year I lived a victorious life during which time I had many remarkable answers to prayer, the memory of which I still cherish as tokens of the Lord’s goodness to me.

My Fall

I was now receiving much light on the general principles of the Christian life, especially on right living, fellowship, unity and the one church or family of God, This continued until the following winter when I was persuaded to join the U.B. sect contrary to my own light and desire. From that hour a terrible darkness began to settle down over my soul; I prayed, even with weeping and fasting, but to no avail.

I soon realized I was backslid, and rather than live as a hypocrite, I stop professing, and for six years I have nothing to refer to but a backslidden and misspent life.

I did not surrender however without a struggle to again find peace to my troubled soul, which struggle was long and hard, but futile, as the darkness only increased with the increase of carnality.

My Last Ray of Hope

When every other effort had failed, I became almost exasperated. It occurred to me that my last and only hope was to bind myself under an oath that I would live right, and not yet yield to the carnal nature which was now becoming so marked in me. If I had not been saved from all these things I would no doubt have been willing to justify myself in such a life. But I had known what salvation could, do for the soul, and nothing short of that could satisfy.

I secured a number of horse shoes, then placed a cheap ring on my finger and with them in sight I bowed with uplifted hand, taking a vow that henceforth I would live right, and that as my eyes fell upon any of these it was to remind me that I was to do so.

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I then placed the shoes in the most conspicuous places, such as at the well where I watered the stock, another on the barn door, one at the gate, others on the fence near my work. This was my last hope and if it failed I was to quit professing. It is useless to tell you all was an utter failure, for sin had dominion over me, and before the sun went down all my hopes were blighted.

I believe it was the next morning when the bible was handed to me for worship; I refused, saying I was backslidden and had, decided not to profess further and be a hypocrite.

My parents pled and prayed for me a long time, insisting that I count it only a trial and go ahead, but my mind was made up and I stopped professing.

Dear reader, it may seem I have here been dealing in foolishness, but these invulnerable evidences have forever settled it with me that it is not in man to live right of himself. He must have the blood applied, and then walk in the light with a humble heart.

The Lord Loved Me Still

We read in the Bible how the Lord is married to the backslider. That is how He loves him still, and pleads for his return to the fold.

I was like the lost sheep in the wilderness, and the prodigal son who had left his father's house, and was perishing with hunger, but thank God, Jesus was true to the parable of the kind loving shepherd, who leaving the ninety and nine in the fold, followed the lost sheep till he found it, and having found it he carried it home in his bosom.

During these years I was often deeply convicted, and like David, the terrors of hell got hold upon me, and yet I went into sin

almost unchecked. It seemed almost useless to ever try again to get right with God. I thought I had reached, a place that no other man had ever reached, a sort of whirlpool in the midst of the surging waters, from which I could never free myself but soon go down forever.

Another Broken Vow

As I returned home one night from a place of dancing and revelry, the Lord begun to talk to my soul, and I could not refrain from weeping bitterly, yet I was so tired I lay down, saying, Oh Lord if thou wilt spare my life and let me rest till morning, I will again try to give my heart to thee. I fell asleep and on awakening I found the sun quite well up and the stock needing care. Besides it was corn plowing time, and being rushed, I arose, hastened to my work, but oh how the Spirit strove with my soul, yet I did not yield.

That day is one to be remembered in my life. The enemy even suggested that I drown myself and end it all. I said, "Oh that I knew there was no immortal soul in man, and no future state, then death would be a relief," but I had read of the terrible fate of those who die in sin. I knew therefore that death would not be a relief from the sorrows of my soul, but with all hope passed I must spend eternity with the lost. As the scriptures hath said, "The wicked shall be turned into hell with all nations that forget God." Psalms 9:17.

The Prodigals Return

It was in the fall of 1890 during a revival meeting, that my Mother, Brother and Sister Cole and others, spent a day in fasting and prayer that I might be saved. The general meeting closed on Sunday night, but an ordinance meeting was announced for Monday

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night in a private home. I attended with no feeling of conviction so far as I recall, until near the time to close.

I then noticed Sister Cole go into a separate room with a troubled countenance. She returned shouting Victory! She again went to the room, taking Sister Kaser, and again came out shouting Victory! She soon returned to the room, with both the sister and my mother.

On entering the room she said, "Sister Green, someone must be saved tonight or be forever lost." To which my mother replied, "That is my boy!" I could hear their agonizing, but could not distinguish a word.

All at once God spoke in clearer than audible tones to my soul, "Son, why do you treat me so; I loved you and gave my Son for you, and He died in love for you." It was enough. The deep of my heart was broken up. Tears flowed. My whole being quaked, and shook as a leaf.

A rank sinner arose trembling, and said, "Here is my neighbor, Johnny Green. Johnny, if ever a man needed salvation you need it. I am a sinner but advise you to get saved tonight." To which I answered, "Mr. Lowry, you advise me. Come on and we will get salvation or die trying." At this he and two other men fell with me on our knees in the middle of the room and surrendered our lives to the Lord.

As I started the Spirit spoke to my soul, saying, "Are you willing?" to which I cried, "Yes." This was repeated three times, with more meaning and depth to me than I have ever been able to make known to others, except it be by my life and labors for my Saviour.

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No sooner had I reached the floor, than all the wrong things of my life rushed before my soul, as if to say, will you forgive, will you confess, will you ask forgiveness, will you restore, etc., to which my only response was, “Yes, yes, yes,” and as swiftly they passed on and a sweet heavenly peace flooded my soul, and I arose, saying, “The Lord saves my soul from sin and condemnation tonight.”

All this took place in much less time than it has taken to write it, yet it has lasted nearly 50 years and its glory increases in my soul as I near my Heavenly Home.

After this another three weeks meeting was held in which some 30 souls were saved and baptized. And it was during this meeting that I offered my body to the Lord as a living sacrifice, according to Romans 12:1, 2 and was sanctified, according to His precious will. See 1 Thess. 4:3; 5:23 and. John 17:16-23.

Restitution

We read in the Bible, “If the wicked restore the pledge, give again that he hath robbed he shall surely live,” Ezek. 33:15. Also to confess our sins and forgive our enemies; I was not without some things to do along these lines in order to clear myself before God and man.

As I have said before, when I went to my knees I surrendered with all my heart to the will of God to obey every jot and tittle of His word. I began at once to correct my past which meant something to me.

The first was with a young man with whom I had had serious trouble. The house was packed. I was up near the minister, the services were just ready to begin, when I saw this young man and his lady friend come in. I had decided to always take my first

opportunity to do right, but Satan whispered, not now, he will knock you down and that will break up the meeting, but I went in the name of the Lord, and as I drew near my soul was moved with love for his soul. I had not expected to do more than ask forgiveness and offer to shake hands, but I fell upon his neck and asked his forgiveness weeping. He also broke down and asked my forgiveness, and we wept together. On looking around, it seemed the entire audience was weeping.

I went to a very wicked man and handed him some money, saying, here is that money I won from you on that race, telling him I had given my heart to God and did not feel free to keep the money; it had a great effect on him.

I had a number of such experiences which time and space forbids to mention, by which I made friends, won the confidence of those I had wronged, and cleared my conscience of every stain.

The Church Question Settled

During this meeting my attention was not especially called to the church question, but about the close I began to recall memories of the past. And knowing that the brethren taught one church only, and against sectism, I began to be deeply concerned, and decided I was now going to settle this question for all time, by the word of God.

The ministers were preparing to leave us. I went to Bro. Cole and telling him my decision, asked him if he would take down a few of the leading scriptures on the subject. I was not caring for any comment on the same as I wanted to get it alone from the Word. He gladly consented to do so, and insisted that he give a skeleton of thought, which to my memory run something like this:

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The Bible Church

In prophecy, Isa. 2:2; Mica 4:1, 2

The last day is the gospel day, Heb. 1:1, 2

Who built this church? Mat. 16:18

When built? Ans., at Pentecost, Acts 2:47

Name? Church of God, 1 Cor. 1:2; 1 Tim. 3:14, 15

Purchased with His blood, Acts 20:28

A pure church, Eph. 5:25-27

Christ the door, John. 10:9

No man can open this door. Rev. 3:8

The class book in heaven, Heb. 12:23; Luke 10:20

Also called a body. Col. 1:18

Only one body, with one head, Eph. 4:4

Who sets us in? 1 Cor. 12:18, 28

How? By the one Spirit, 1 Cor. 12:12, 13

Each saint a member, 1 Cor. 12:27; Eph. 5:30

All have fellowship, 1 John. 1:3-7

Division condemned, Rom. 16:17; 1 Cor. 1:10-13; 2 Peter 2:1-3

This outline served as a great help in searching the scriptures for the Bible church, and I was soon clear and discerned it was a divine organization, but I also saw that the New Testament was replete with warnings against divisions and an incoming flood of sectarianism that would sweep over the world, and ultimately constitute the “Great Mystery of Babylon” of Rev. 17th and 18th chapters.

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I then purchased the history entitled, “A History of All Christian Sects,” to 1880, that I might investigate the origin of all the modern sects, and found that everyone was founded by some man or woman and was of far too late a date to be the church of God. Not only so but the church of God was purchased by the blood, came into existence by virtue of the new birth, and included every child of God on earth, and while sectism only divided them and yoked them up with sinners who had no fellowship with Christ. And in the most part sprang into existence as the direct result of strife and division.

Thus my soul has been at rest for forty-nine years so far as this subject is concerned.

Providence in Marriage

I was neither reared, nor did I possess by nature the faculties of a society boy, and it might of seemed to those who knew me that I had but little concern as to what my future would be, but I did. I early entertained the thought that marriage was sacred, and would be the one step that would affect one's entire life. And no matter what else I might fail in, I must guard on that line. I felt I must never choose until I could, as it were, “marry the whole family” so that her parents would be to me as my own, also that my parents could love my wife as their own daughter.

The time came that a young lady came into my association, a real lady; industrious, modest and entertaining. Our associations were of some duration, and our friendship became almost inseparable, and would have been if it had not been for a silent monitor in my soul which seemed to warn me to not take the step. Although unsaved. I decided to take warning. This was possibly the

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hardest step I had ever taken solely for the sake of right, and the preservation of my life for future usefulness.

My parents greatly admired, and I may say loved, from her childhood, the young lady who afterward became my wife, often speaking of her modest lady-like ways.

We were both saved before we were married, and it was not without much prayer, asking the Lord to take both our interests and future usefulness into His control and leadership, that we took the step. And now after nearly fifty years, we can truly say our peace has been like the river, (Isa. 48:18) and our love for each other increases with the years.

I pen this chapter hoping it will be of benefit to other young people in choosing their life's companion, and not allow fleshly desires or hasty and rash decisions to control them in this matter.

Marriage is too sacred and involves too much to take an uncertain step, as a failure in the same is infinitely too great for anyone to sustain the loss.

My Mother's Council

As a young man I was blessed with the council of a Godly mother. In early life, I was unable to place the proper value on such council. Nevertheless, in after life it proved of great value in our married life.

Previous to our marriage, mother came to me, and after talking over a few points, said, "Now my son, I have one more special and last request. When you get married, never try to correct your wife by using mother's name, how she did this or that. Never refer to your parents as having done things better than your wife or her parents."

To this I gave my promise, which I have kept sacred to the present. Although in our early married life, I sometimes wished things might be done more like mother used to do. But by due consideration and a little forbearance, our likes and dislikes became assimilated and we passed over what might be termed the adjustment period, safely and without a ruffle.

I now look back on my mother's council with great appreciation, and recommend it to all mothers as good council for their sons.

A Tribute to My Wife

In Rom. 16:1, 2 the Apostle Paul pays a godly tribute to a godly woman saying, "She was a servant of the church and a succorer of many" and of myself also. It took consecration, sacrifices and toil, a forgetting of self and personal comforts. Many weary steps, and sleepless hours were spent in prayer and anxious planning, with possibly not a few tears for Pheba to merit such a recommend.

Many people wait until after the person is dead to place the flowers, or speak of their merits, but Paul was frank to acknowledge the merits of this worthy saint while she was yet living. And as I call to remembrance the years of faithful toil and service, the unflinching consecration and true cooperation of my dear wife. The sick that have been ministered to, the outcasts taken in, the weary refreshed, the destitute cared for and the many fed by her hand, I feel deep within my heart, she too has merited a like tribute, having been a faithful servant of the church and a succorer of many.

All this added to the heavy responsibility of caring for a large family has never caused her to lay a straw in the way of my going forth at any time, or ever once trying to hasten my return home.

Our joys and sorrows, battles and victories, gains and losses, in fact, all our aims in life have been mutual.

To her I owe much of whatever success I may have made in the Lord's work or otherwise. May God bless and keep her faithful unto the end.

A Wife's Contribution

As I was not reared in a Christian home, although my parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Wheeler of Mahaska, Kan., were refined, honorable and highly respected, I have nothing of special note to mention, prior to the time I gave my heart to my Saviour and dedicated my life to His blessed service and the welfare of others.

I do appreciate that my parents taught their children to be reserved, modest, dress the whole body, and avoid all appearance of nakedness or shallowness, which is so prevalent today and calling for such a heavy toll of virtue, and human life.

I appreciate the tribute my husband has given to me. I have done my best, and given my best to the cause for which Jesus died. Yet I have only done that which was my duty, and to the Lord alone be the glory.

We were both saved near the same time, thus our trials, battles and victories have been quite mutual.

I appreciate the help, kindness, and expressions of love and confidence shown to us during the years of our labors, also what my husband has been to me, and his loyalty to the cause we both love.

Only the Lord can reward all in that day when He comes to give unto every one according as their work shall be.

With a prayer that every word in this book will be pleasing to the Lord, and a blessing to precious souls, and that I may be faithful unto death, I am your Sister in Christ and His glad service.

—Mrs. J. L. Green

A Trial of Faith

We were married March 3, 1891, and on March 10 we moved, to ourselves, where I had hired out to run or help run another man's farm for that year. Up to this I had all my time to read, study, pray, visit and attend meetings, which kept the spirit of inspiration running high in my soul, but now conditions must change. If I did my duty I must get to work early and by the time all my work was done it was late, so about all the time I had for those things was our morning and evening worship. As a result my feelings began to subside. The ecstasy seemed gone, and I finally became troubled over the situation. Satan saw his opportunity and accused me vehemently, saying I was backslid. I feared to say I was not and I was afraid to say I was. My prayer was something like this, "Oh, Lord if I am backslid, show me." The more I prayed thus the worse I felt. I then thought I had better take my place as a sinner and go to the public altar and repent anew. At this a great fear came over me. If I was to say I was backslid when I was not I might sin against the Holy Ghost, but if I said I was not when I was, then I would just be a backslidden professor, and be lost in the end. The suffering of my soul and mind became something indescribable. Then Satan whispered you know all sin can be forgiven except the sin against the Holy Ghost, so you had better commit one known sin, then you can repent intelligently and get saved.

It seems strange that one can be so tempted, but I was, and got the consent of my mind to do so. The next thing was to decide what

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sin to commit. I stopped my team to decide. Satan whispered, “Swear.” My whole being revolted, and I said I cannot do that for the Lord saved me from that; I shall die and be lost rather than use that sacred name in vain again. He then suggested I force myself to anger, and abuse the team to the extent of sin. And again the same feelings of revolt, with the same decided answer. Again to purloin from the man I was working for, but I was under obligation to be faithful, and the salvation of my soul covered that also.

At this point Satan whispered, “You are too sensitive, you can’t find anything you were not saved from,” and then presented the fact that I was not married at the time I was saved, and that I might do something against my wife that might be sin, such as be cross and complain at her cooking, etc. Again my soul revolted. It really seemed that the Spirit of God and angels cried: “No!” “The Lord saved you from such.” Besides I had promised both God and my wife I would be true and kind to her, and I again said in my soul, I will remain as I am and be lost rather than allow these things in my life again, and thus sin against the goodness of God.

At this point, the Lord began to talk to me, saying, “Child, do you not see that I have saved you from all these things, and the desire of sin? What more do you want? Why do you seek for feelings? They are deceitful, but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever.” A flood of joy and glory came into my soul, and I grasp a new revelation of living by faith and obedience irrespective of feelings.

This experience helped me in after years to comfort other souls who were passing through like trials, and I relate the same here, hoping it may yet help others.

Our Decision Tested

As mentioned elsewhere, Wife's parents were very good to us, gave us a good farm of 160 acres, furnished our house with new furniture, stove, cooking utensils, tableware, in fact everything they thought we needed to keep house. Also a good milk cow. All went well until we decided to enter the ministry. What must we do with all this? To sell and spend the money in a cause they were not at all interested in, or to rent the farm and let it run down would incur their displeasure, and not be treating them right. There was but one thing to do. That was to return it all to them. But how could we approach them? How could we break the news? We needed both grace and wisdom, which we believe the Lord imparted to us.

This was a terrible shock to them. As lightning from a clear sky Father plead with us not to do it. Offered to furnish all the money and guarantee that I clear not less than \$1000 a year if I would go into the cattle business with him for a period of five years. This was to be over and above my own farming. But it was settled, we had heard our Saviour's call and must go. He then asked: "Can you demand sufficient salary to support our daughter?" I answered, "No." That the gospel we would preach promised our support and we were going to trust the same, and that our labors would be without money and without price, except what the people gave of their own free will.

He exhausted all his reasoning ability to persuade us to remain. He then lost his patience, saying he did not want their daughter dragged around like a Gypsy. And that it took a man of some sense to preach, and that he would keep everything for us, as I would be back on the farm, in the poor house or in the asylum before spring. To which I replied: If I found I was mistaken I would humbly acknowledge the same, ask forgiveness, return to the farm and do

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my best to make amends. But we must first give the Lord a chance to use us.

This was 47 years ago. We have never preached for a salary, asked for a dollar, taken up a collection for our own support, or went hungry for a meal, although we have reared a large family, and our home has been your home. And we both have the blessed assurance as did Paul. “We have coveted no man’s silver, or gold, or apparel.” Yea, ye yourselves know that these hands have ministered unto our necessities, and to them that were with us. We have shown you all things, how that so laboring ye ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, “It is more blessed to give than to receive.”

Yes, He who notes the sparrow’s fall
And clothes the lily fair,
Is watching o’er His trusting child
To answer every prayer.
Your every need He will supply,
Your every sorrow share.
The trials He will let you feel
He’ll give you grace to bear.

Parents Won

It was great joy to us when by the time five years had elapsed, Wife’s parents had changed their mind, became perfectly reconciled, and remained warm and kind until their rather recent deaths. And, as for me, I loved them as my own parents.

As to our support and financial situation, that remained between God and ourselves. We have known what it is to pray “Give us this day our daily bread.” Have been “pressed on every

side.” Have worked hard, economized and trusted for wisdom to direct our every step. Have bought, built and sold a number of properties, generally doing quite well. The Saints have also done their part wherever we have built up a work. We deem it fitting at this point to say that just prior to wife’s father’s death, he deeded a residence property in Florida, and a farm in Kansas to her, the proceeds of which we will use in the publication of this work, and the spreading of this soul-saving gospel to a lost and sin benighted world.

My View of the Ministry

As ministers of the gospel we are called to preach from the entire book of God. To do this we must walk hand in hand with Abraham, Moses, David and the prophets. Our ministry will agree perfectly with theirs, but it means more than this, we must walk both hand and heart with our blessed risen Saviour. He must be our light, life, love and righteousness, for it is God’s will to reveal His Son in us. He is the unveiled glory and majesty of all that was shrouded in symbolic and prophetic mystery.

He must dwell within, and we must love him with all our soul, mind, might and strength, then we will preach Him and not ourselves, nor any human creed. And He alone will be exalted. “And if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me.” He alone is the head of the body—the church, the fullness of Him that filleth all in all. Eph. 1:2, 3. “And of his fullness have all we received, and grace for grace.”

No sect machinery, associations, class books, boards or committees to govern the spiritual operations of the body of Christ, for that prerogative belongs to Him only, by His word and the Holy

Ghost. All our motives and actions will be motivated by our love to God and souls for whom the Saviour died.

My Call to the Ministry

Shortly after my conversion I began to feel inclined toward the gospel work. This feeling increased with time. The desire and burden became strong. Yet there was a difficulty in my way that bothered me. I kept even from communicating the same to my wife, as there is where the difficulty lay. She had said to me one day, soon after we were married, that there was one thing she had always said she would not do and that was, she would never live with a preacher. For some reason she had entertained this feeling for years. So one day I ventured to tell her how I felt, in the following words: "I believe, Dear, if ever I do the perfect will of God I shall have to go into the ministry." She did not speak a word, but looked straight ahead. I saw the entire affair was beyond my reach. God alone must change her mind. Even if I should persuade her to go she would never be equal to the requirements.

I saw the Lord must put the same burden upon her heart, so I began to pray and became greatly in earnest. I prayed almost incessantly to that end, yet so far as I remember I never approached the subject to her again, but I saw she was becoming more spiritual and interested in spiritual things. One day almost to my surprise she came to me and opening her heart, told me how the Lord had been talking to her, and she was sure we should give up all and dedicate ourselves to the gospel work.

That was a happy hour to us both, and we were soon making plans to that end.

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This was again a definite answer to prayer, and made the Lord seem very near to us.

When we were married my wife's parents were very kind and good to us. Besides buying all of our furniture, things necessary for housekeeping, and a cow, they gave us a good farm of one hundred and sixty acres, saying that was our home that they might keep their children near them. We moved on the farm the following spring, putting it in crop. They showed us many kind favors not mentioned here, truly meriting our love and respect.

We knew our expected change would be a hard blow to them as they were not interested in the Lord's work. This was our greatest problem. What should we do with what they had given us? And how should we proceed to avoid giving offense. It was then made clear to us that we should give all back to them if they would accept it.

We decided, to sell our most inferior stuff first, so if we failed to go it would be all right and we would buy new in its place, at the same time letting no one know of our intentions, but we were not able to sell anything.

One day wife asked, "Are we going or are we not? If we are then go to Father, and tell him so. Ask him to take all back that he has given us, then let the public know our stuff is for sale."

I saw the point. It was to dismiss the doubt and settle it that we were going. This was a hard step to take, fearing they would think it was all my choosing, and their daughter would suffer privation, and possible shame, as the work in those days was far from being popular. But I took it. It is useless to say it was a stunning blow to them, and they used their best influence to induce us to stay, making exceptional financial offers, but it was now settled that we were going.

We then made public our intentions and soon sold everything except two of our best cows, for which there seemed no sale.

A Storm of Criticism

No sooner had this news reached the public than a storm of criticism began to gather, and soon broke upon us. The decision of some was that I had become so engrossed in religion that my mind was becoming dethroned, and steps were taken by different ones to help me see my mental condition. One dear old friend was more determined than others, coming to me boldly and saying, "Johnny, I am an old man, and have seen others go as you are going, and I am going to be honest with you. You are losing your mind, and if you do not take our council you will soon be in the asylum." But he suggested that I still had enough mind left that if I would dismiss my religion, the reading of the Bible, and my purpose of the ministry for one year, I would so recover that I would be in better condition to decide in behalf of my future welfare. His strongest argument was that a sane man would spend his life to secure a home, and none but an insane man would give up a home, as we were doing, to go out to preach; also, that my views were erroneous in trusting God for everything. He continued his effort some hours. I treated him kindly and thanked him, but told him our decision was made and without repeal.

Many expected to see us make a failure, and come to shame, but we took it kindly, knowing they meant it for our good, looking at things only from the human standpoint.

We sold all except our two best cows, but it seemed impossible to sell them. We had set one o'clock on a certain day as the time to start for the Robinson (Kan.) camp meeting. Time went on, and the cows were unsold. My parents had come to go with us. All my

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efforts failed to dispose of the cows. I prayed the Lord to help me sell them. The very morning came. We were packing and loading our wagon. The forenoon seemed to fly away, and different ones began to say: "You must do something with those cows."

I said, "I have done all I can. I believe the Lord will help me sell those cows by one o'clock today."

Noon came and no signs of a sale. I kept working and praying: "O Lord, I believe you will help me sell those cows; so we can leave this house by one o'clock."

My father, who was naturally conservative, begun to tell me he feared I was going beyond reason and would become fanatical. Only about fifteen minutes remained, and all was ready to go. My brother was bringing the team. But the cows were still unsold. I still felt sure the Lord would hear, and walked out to the road praying: "O Lord, send us a buyer and send him now." I looked down the road and saw a man coming at a very fast gait. I turned and went to the house, praising the Lord, for I believed the Lord was sending him.

He was driving a swift animal and drove in as if the Lord had told him to be on time. On seeing our wagon loaded he said in surprise: "Johnny, what does this mean?" Not having heard of our going, he then asked, "Have you sold out?" I said, "All but two cows," to which he asked what kind, saying he wanted to buy two more. On giving the price, he said, just leave them in the pasture and he would get them that night. He settled for them in time for me to jump in the wagon and start the team at the same time, holding my watch up to my father showing him we had not missed the time one minute.

Again my soul was strengthened and we all rejoiced. It was our privilege to meet this same man and his wife thirty-four years later

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in Oregon, and to tell him how the Lord used him to help answer our prayers.

We drove about one hundred and twenty-five miles to the Robinson (Kan.) camp meeting. This was a wonderful meeting to me. I received much light and strength.

We saw a number of brethren we would gladly have gone with, but we did not feel to ask such a favor. We prayed the Lord to move on them to ask us. Now it seemed the tide had turned. Our prayers were unanswered. Nothing came the way we expected. No one gave us a word of encouragement, even after I had publicly expressed our desire, saying I would be glad to do the manual labor of keeping a tabernacle in the field, and wife would do the cooking for a company of workers. Oh, how the enemy did assail us with accusations, saying, “No one sees anything in you.”

I especially admired two young ministers, and hoped that I might go with them. One came to me, giving me a strong reproof for something I was unconscious of. The other expressed to another minister, saying: “If the Lord can use that fellow he can use anybody.” For which he humbly asked my forgiveness a year later.

Soon all had left the grounds, leaving wife and I alone, standing by our trunks on the camp ground. These were testing times to our decision. If my father and mother had not already gone with my team, we might have yielded and returned, but I was glad they were gone, that we might not have that temptation to meet.

Learning to Crawl

As we thus stood by our trunks on the vacated grounds, we felt like a young ostrich in the desert. We were left alone, we were at liberty to go anywhere or remain there. Everyone else had a place

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and had gone to that place. It seemed the very surroundings spoke solitude and defeat. I said to wife, "What shall we do?" Then it occurred to us that a certain sister who had come from Illinois had often spoken of having been in the work, and desired to be out again, and that the train had not yet left the station. I hastened to see her and found that she was there, but had no money to go on. An agreement was soon reached, in which she was to do the preaching and we were to bear the expenses and help what we could. We surely drew a sigh of relief, and all were glad.

By the time we returned to wife and the trunks, a dear brother who lived out a few miles returned for a load, and seeing our situation, urged that we go out and stay a few days with them. We did and enjoyed that home and visit very much, and as the next day was threshing time, wife and I both gladly helped, so felt we were not a burden. We also became acquainted with the little church there, who became an encouragement, and very dear to us.

About this time new difficulties began to confront us. It was becoming plain that our new sister was not a proper person for such work, and that we had made a mistake in promising to go with her, and see the way open for her to hold meetings. But our word was out, and she was expecting it. Yet we did not know what we could do alone, or how we could get rid of her in an honorable way. We again resorted to prayer, and threw ourselves upon the mercy of God.

About this time she met a man and was soon married. So our company was dissolved. We were again alone and at sea, but a little wiser and I think a little better prepared for the work that was yet awaiting us.

As a child that has cried, kicked, and exercised itself sufficiently is no longer content with the cradle or its mother's arms;

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so I was losing hopes of getting to go with others as a helper, or receiving the expected help from others. At the same time a feeling that we must begin to take responsibilities and stand alone was manifesting itself.

I said to my wife one day, "I feel the responsibilities of trying to preach the gospel to those not saved at all, or to those already established, would be greater than we could possibly fill, but if we could find a place where there are a few newly converted, we might be of some benefit to them, and thus get started."

We had heard of just such a place at Forest City, Mo., and decided to go and look the situation over. On arriving we found Brothers McDaniels, A.A. Kinzie, and Sister Sillers had just arrived and had their large tabernacle ready for meeting that night. Our hopes were again blighted, and we let no one know of our desire or feelings. However, we stayed several days, both of us finding lots to do visiting, encouraging, and helping several in their temporal work, also had a few prayer meetings with others in private homes, besides attending the regular night services. We felt encouraged, but saw we could not remain there to advantage, as they expected to supply that place. We then left for Hiawatha, Kan., where we joined Brothers T.A. Phillips and R.M. Haynes and their wives in a meeting. The memory of this meeting, the help they were to us and the influence of their godly lives will long linger on the pages of our memory.

While there they encouraged me to move out. I found quite a lot to do, and our daily Bible readings were of great help to us. In private study the Lord would so open the Scriptures, and flood my soul with messages of truth that I often wept because there seemed no outlet, and the world offered no opportunity.

The brethren urged that I fill the pulpit, which I finally found courage to try. A good crowd was present. I arose and walked to the

pulpit, opened my Bible, and was speechless. The pages of my Bible looked like Greek to me. I could not read a word. I decided my Bible was wrong side up, I turned it some three times. The sweat came out all over my body. I actually felt it going down over my body. All was silent except the low prayers of the brethren behind me: "God help Brother Green." Here the enemy was on his job. He accused me vehemently, telling me I was a fool and a failure and out of place, that God had left me, that I might know I was not called. Even there I prayed and said: "Dear Lord, you know I love you and have done all to your glory, and I do not believe you will take this way to show me that I am not to work for you." I decided to stand right there until a victory came in my favor. I did and presently the pages became clear, the thoughts of the day returned, and for fifteen or twenty minutes I spoke with perfect freedom, and a great joy filled my soul.

At the close of the meeting a business man came forward, and taking me by the hand, said: "Young man, this is your first time to fill the pulpit, is it not?" To which I replied, "Yes, sir." He then said: "I am not a Christian, but I believe in Christianity, and I want to encourage you to keep on. I got lots of good out of your talk. There is something good in you. Don't be discouraged over your embarrassment."

This and words of encouragement from others were a great help, for I know it was the Lord that helped me. Yet my struggles were not over.

Swinging Out Alone

The meeting at Hiawatha closed, and the other workers left the country for other parts. Wife and I were alone once more as we were on the camp ground at Robinson. What should we do? What could we do? I said to Wife, "We must cease to lean and depend on others.

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We must do one of two things, either sink or swim. Which shall it be?" She was in favor of trying to swim. I then asked, "Where shall we go?" Her answer was, "I will go with you to the end of the world, so be free to make your choice."

I remembered that while we were yet on the farm, we had a great desire to see the work opened in Fairbury, Neb. I suggested we take train for that place, rent a hall, and begin a meeting. We then took the first train out. Once there, Wife remained in the depot while I went to locate a lodging.

I walked up town, and while yet on the street a terrible fear seized me. Here we were only fifteen miles from our old home and friends; it looked like running back into temptation. If the trials were too heavy, or our friends came and persuaded too strong, we might yield and return to the farm, and our hopes forever be blighted.

I found myself trembling with fear and returned to my wife saying we were too close to our old home and friends. We were again at sea, and by inquiry found the first train out was westward bound. We looked at the map, and chose Smith Center, Kan., as our next stop, and the place where we must decide forever whether or not the Lord was calling us to the gospel work. We bought our tickets and arrived there about seven thirty p.m. and put up at the hotel that night.

We arose quite early next morning. It seemed we were almost alone in a new world. A new system of things seemed to have suddenly evolved upon us. We were now facing the world and the work of our blessed Master from an unexpected angle. All alone, no one to lean upon or council with; how different from all we had hoped, planned or expected. Yet we were soon to assume the responsibilities of real gospel ministers, a position we had not

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thought to assume possibly for years. I truly feared and trembled, but felt I must do what I could.

Before noon I had the Masonic Hall rented, notices out, and a meeting quite well announced for that night. The afternoon was spent in prayer and reading the Word, all alone in a vacated building outside the city. This was to be the deciding night of my life. I must be sure I was placing into God's hands every faculty of my soul and being, then if the Lord saw fit to leave me to myself I would know I was not to be in the work, and would return to my wife's father, acknowledge my mistake as I promised I would, and go back to the farm which was then held for us.

Many times that afternoon, these words would come to me, "Open thy mouth and I will fill it," and as often the enemy would whisper the words of a minister I had once heard say, "Yes, he will fill it with wind." So the struggle went on. The time came that I must go. I prayed, "Lord, we have left all to follow thee; we are willing to suffer for thy sake and to teach the people to observe all thy Word; I have done my part in announcing a meeting; I will now go to the hall; I will take my place in the pulpit; I will open my Bible, and then Lord, if you do not give me words, there is but one thing more that I can do, and that is to open my mouth which I will do. Oh Lord, on these conditions I humbly lay myself on the altar for thy service, believing thou wilt dispose of me as seemeth good and just in thy sight," and I started to go. Just at this time a strong feeling came over me that that text might not be in the Bible, and I had better make sure lest I open my mouth without a promise back of me. I turned to my concordance and soon found the text, and to my surprise it read, "Open your mouth wide, and I will fill it." My eyes seemed to set on the word "wide" and with it the scene of a foolish man standing before an audience with his mouth wide open. I again

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fell to my knees imploring the Lord to give grace to be even a fool for his name's sake. That I might know I had done all I could, I there decided I would not only open my mouth as to speak, but I would open it as wide as I could and stand before the people in that way, and then, and not until then, I would know beyond any degree of a doubt that I had met every condition possible for a mortal man to meet.

I went to the hall comforted in my decision, knowing that I pleased God in furnishing Him a willing heart.

I shall never forget this meeting. I went to the hall with fear and trembling. Thoughts something like this occupied my mind. Here I am a worm, the weakest of all mortal beings; I have never manifested any ability for the ministry, and the ministers themselves see nothing in me, and could not use me in the most common place. Yet I am here to represent the God of heaven and earth; the Creator of all things and Jesus Christ his son, who gave his life to purchase this gospel that the world might be saved. I am to represent a cause which involves the welfare of all the world, a cause which angels rejoiced to tell, a cause to which patriarchs, prophets and holy men have devoted their lives, and for which the apostles and a million martyrs have died. Am I to bear the same message that angels have borne? Oh, what am I that I may stand in rank and file with them, and have even a little part in the carrying out of such a plan? How I longed that I might have at least a little place in such a work! Yet this meeting was to be the final test as to whether the Lord could use me or whether I was to return to the farm. All my future depended upon the Lord's disposition of me that night.

When we arrived, a goodly number had already gathered. We seemed to be in a heavenly atmosphere. We enjoyed the prayer and song service. I walked into the pulpit, remembering my covenant

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made with the Lord that I would open my mouth wide, but I soon forgot it; for as I opened my Bible the joy of the Lord came into my soul and his glory filled my whole being. My mouth opened of itself, and the Spirit kept a clear, definite line of truth before my mind for possibly one hour, and the people showed more than ordinary interest.

I felt like Jacob when he said, “Surely the Lord was in this place, and I knew it not. This is none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven.” I had wrestled long and hard, but the blessing came.

It was no longer a question as to whether the Lord could use me in his work. All the things of this world faded from view. I had learned the sequel. It was not I, but the Lord to work in me. My part was to keep humble and devoted to His will, that He might have his way with me.

Many spoke highly of the meeting, and some would hardly believe that was my first meeting. Again I realized the Lord had given definite answer to prayer.

The meeting took on a real interest from the beginning. We sent for Brother and Sister Kriebel, of Kenesaw, Neb., to come and help. A number of souls were saved. After this meeting the four of us traveled together holding meetings in new fields. It was during these months the work was started in Cornell, Neb., where some twenty-five were saved. Cornell is a sacred spot, and the church at that place is still dear to our hearts.

A Humiliating But Valued Experience

Just prior to our leaving for Oregon we were conducting a revival at Cornell, Neb. The attendance and interest was excellent.

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Up to this time I had always sought the Lord earnestly for, and received a definite message for the occasion.

On this special day a brother gave me a tree if I would make it up into wood for my widowed sister who was locating not far away. I began early, and everything went well until noon, when I began to feel I should stop and go to prayer, and study, for a message. I intended to, but kept risking just a little farther. It seemed the Lord was striving that I stop. Then I thought, just so much more and then I will.

About this time the enemy began to whisper. Oh, you will get along all right, you always have. I listened to his suggestions, and the urge to go pray and study left me. About this time Satan whispered. Really you are doing fine. Who knows but you will make a second Moody! I rather consented that such a thing might be possible.

I remembered how the Lord had wonderfully blessed my soul in the past when preaching on the subject of faith, and that I still had the scripture references. So I decided that would be all right and worked on until quitting time.

I found my old notes but they were lifeless to me, and seemed to shame me. My feelings became indescribable. I tried to pray, but in vain. I felt as if God had forsaken me forever. I was haunted on every side, as if demons were laughing me to scorn, and throwing into my face: You are quite a preacher, you will get through some way. You are really doing fine. You may become a second Moody. I knew I had grieved God. We started to meeting. I was tempted to slip out of the rig and not go. We arrived and all the yard was filled with teams and rigs. The house was filled to overflowing, even the standing room. The devil tried to get me to lie and say I was sick and

could not conduct the service, but I dare not do that and thus commit a willful sin.

The nature of our good meetings had changed. No one could sing and no one could pray. I arose, whipped, humiliated and dumb. I broke completely down, and acknowledged my true condition and when I had paid the uttermost farthing the Lord had mercy and His glory flooded my soul. A new subject was given me and while yet speaking four men who were heads of families came crowding forward without being asked, fell at the altar and got saved. It seemed, that heaven came down to greet our souls, and I got my lesson that I amount to nothing without God.

Our Call to the Pacific Coast

One morning, shortly after this meeting, while in Atwood, Kan., wife and I read in the Gospel Trumpet where a brother was calling for a meeting near Spokane, Wash. We then bowed in prayer for the same, and as we lingered, there came an assurance that God heard our prayers and would care for that call. At the same time it seemed the Lord asked me if I would be willing to go so far away, it was so real I said, “Yes, Lord, I will go anywhere you lead.” From that we felt pressed in spirit to carry the light of this reformation to the Pacific Coast, and we began to arrange for the same.

We had now made many friends and had seen a goodly number saved whom we felt were dearer to us than our own lives. We had spent most of our money, but this did not bother us in the least. We knew we had given freely of our means wherever needed, and we felt sure the Lord would not forsake us even though we were strangers in a distant land.

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We then returned to pay a visit to my wife's people and to bid them and our old friends farewell. The time came to leave. My wife's parents were to take us to the station. As I stepped into the carriage a very solemn feeling came over me. I thought: "I am now leaving the people among whom I grew up, a people who knew my life of sin, the people before I accepted Christ as my Savior. They know the high standard I profess and teach, and if there is yet a word, act, or deed that should be corrected that has not been, it will meet me at the judgment where it will be too late." I began to pray, "O Lord, if there is one wrong in my life that has not been made right do bring it to my mind now." And the Lord brought to my mind one dollar that I had got unjustly from a man in a horse race some two years before, but it had never come to my mind since I was saved.

I then began to pray the Lord to send that man to town that I might meet him and restore the money. We had just four miles to go, and he had one. The Lord knew I wanted to meet the man and that it was for his glory. As we drew near the town I saw the man coming on horseback. We met right where our roads met. I said, "Mr. Holaway, you are just the man I want to see." He laughed and said, "Well I just took a notion to come." I told him why I wanted to see him and, giving him the money, told him why I had not done it before. He then said, "Johnny, I never cared for the dollar, but I often wondered why you made things right with others and not with me."

I left the place and people as clear in my soul as the sea of glass and strengthened in faith. This was in 1893. I did not meet this man again until June 1, 1930, when it was our privilege to pay him and his wife a short visit at Mosier, Oregon where they then lived, and where we met as real friends after thirty-seven years. My

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consciousness of having done the right increased the joy of that visit.

Leaving our home people we made a few stops on our way, the last of which, before leaving the home churches, was Cornell, Nebraska, where a week's meeting was planned. Here we were joined by Brother Willis and Sister Anna Kriebel, who, to my surprise, came to me and said they felt that I should be ordained. I do not remember that such a thought had yet entered my mind, and it was a little hard to consent as I feared I had not been in the work long enough and had not been sufficiently proved. However, on the last night of the meeting, after a glorious ordinance service, I received my ordination by the laying on of their hands and the invoking of God's blessings upon me and my life's work. We then bade all farewell and left for our new field of labor.

It was our privilege to attend the camp meeting in Denver on our way. Most of the saints in that meeting were the product of Bro. D.S. Warner's first company, and as Paul said in 1 Cor. 3:2, they were his epistles. Surely they were a zealous, Spirit-filled people, the memory of whom is still an inspiration to me. It was in this meeting that we first met Brother and Sister Byers, who afterward proved a great blessing to us. Our next stop was in Woodburn, Oregon.

Our Oregon Work



Our First Home in Oregon

As I have said before, our money was short. The country was under the strain of a financial panic. Money was almost out of the question. Wages ranged from fifty to sixty cents a day and that was generally taken in trade. This was only a while before our first child was born; so we must have a home. A home was necessary if ever we were to see the work established under our labors, and to this end we began to pray. I bought one acre on the outskirts of town for \$120. I paid \$45.00 down. This left us about \$2.50 in cash. There was not another dollar in sight, and I had no idea where a stick of lumber or a pound of nails was to come from, but our faith and courage ran high, knowing what the Lord had already done. Because of our anxiety to see the work established in our new field, we were strengthened to press on.

About this time a man said to me, "I have a lot of lumber such as siding, flooring, finish, and shingles that I will exchange for work, splitting rails." He set a price by the day or by the hundred, but I took it by the job. The timber was already cut in the right lengths and constituted an old tram way. I was furnished board and tools. I began at break of day. I sang, prayed, and worked with all my might each day till night stopped me. I made five dollars a day and paid only \$7.50 a thousand for the lumber. The man was greatly surprised that I split so many rails. He then said he would give \$16.50 for grubbing a certain tract of land, if I would take it in lumber direct from the mill at \$4 a thousand, as the miller owed him. I went to work, and never let my fires die out till the job was done, which was a very short time.

I remember this man standing with hands on hips the first evening and saying, "I have never seen a man in all my life that

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could turn as many stumps as you can.” I had all the lumber I wanted in just a few days to build and finish a small four-room house.

The lumber secured, the next problem was the hardware, windows, doors, and the building of the house. I asked this contractor if he would not exchange work with me and oversee the work. I also secured two other men. They were to be on the job the next Monday morning, I believe. Yet I had not doors, windows, or nails, but I felt I should go ahead in the name of the Lord. The men came and began drafting and sawing. I had a feeling of hope that God would give me favor with the man. On my way I stopped at the post office, and to my joy I received a letter which read as near as I remember, “Dear Friend Johnny, enclosed is a check for \$14.50, the amount I owe you. Although I was not to pay it till May, I have felt strongly impressed to send it. Hope it will arrive in time to do you good. I am as ever, your sincere friend, Harry Peak.”

Imagine my joy. I went direct to the dealer, lay the bill before him, and asked, “What will that cost?” To which he replied, “\$14.40.” I gave him the post-office order and he gave me a dime. Again I could scarcely restrain the high praises of my soul, for the Lord had again given definite answer to prayer.

The men worked long hours and fast, and in just a few days our home was complete and every cent paid for.

Our First Furniture

As our house neared completion, we began to pray the Lord to help us secure the needed furniture; we had nothing but our bedding, dishes, and clothing. The Lord heard us, and we did not have to wait. Just as we were finishing the house we received another \$7.50 from some of the dear saints among whom we labored in the East, and,

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going to a bachelor who wanted to leave the country, we asked the price of his stove. He said he would take his trunk and clothes and move out for \$7.00, which we gave him gladly.

The outfit consisted of a good No. 8 cook stove, drop-leaf table, bedstead and spring, three chairs, a rocker, cooking utensils, tub and washboard, lantern, pails, several good carpenters' tools, and a few other things. All good stuff. It was almost like a gift. The next day we moved into our new "Missionary Home" and there with a few saints we knelt and dedicated it to the service of God.

The doors of that home were always open to the people of God and his work as long as we lived there. Praise God; as I write the tears of gratitude fall, and my heart goes out in praise to him who said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Sowing the Seed

About eight months after we arrived in Oregon, I awoke one Sunday morning with a great burden upon my heart, feeling as if I were needed, and should prepare to go somewhere. I communicated the same to the brethren in the forenoon meeting and asked an interest in their prayers that I might fully know the mind of the Lord in the matter.

On our way home we called at the post office and received a letter which contained an urgent call to come at once, on account of severe illness. Signed, Wm. Reed, Albany, Oregon.

We had only twenty cents in money, and but little in the house for wife to live on. I wanted her to keep the twenty cents, but she refused, saying she would trust the Lord. I started about eight o'clock Monday morning, walked all day in the hot sun. In the evening a man passed me with a fine rig, and I ventured to ask him

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for a ride, but was refused. At this the enemy attempted to try my faith and accuse the Lord to me; so I stopped and went to prayer, and by chance opened my Bible to the thirty-seventh Psalm. Oh, what strength, what heavenly inspiration, what comfort it brought to me! It had never called my special attention before, but now it was like the Lord was talking audibly to me, and using it as a direct answer to our earnest prayers and fastings for several days just previous, that we might become more effectual, and better prepared for the work of the Lord. My whole being seemed filled with the glory of God. All night I walked on in the rain which had begun to fall. I arrived about six o'clock Tuesday morning, tired, muddy, and thoroughly soaked, having covered a distance of about fifty-four miles. While there the Lord performed a miracle by healing Sister Reed, who was very low.

I learned that Brother and Sister Reed had accepted the truth under Brother Warner's teaching, and had often entertained him and his first company while living in Onarga. They were loyal supporters of the Gospel Trumpet in its very infancy and remained so till their death.

We always enjoyed going to their home, for not only were their hearts and home open to us, but we always received helpful thoughts and a spiritual uplift to our souls, and they, being dead, yet speak to us.

About the year 1895 I went to Lebanon, Oregon, and held a few meetings in a private house, after which I decided to save my money by walking home. I had a new pair of shoes and a few dollars and felt good to think of going home with some money. It was a fine, balmy morning in spring, and I set out on foot, grip in hand. I took my bearings to the north, leaving the railroad as far as ten or twelve miles, and was soon out in the thinly settled forest. However, it was

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not long till the sky was covered with clouds and the rain falling, and I became as wet as could be. The road was filled and overflowing with water. I could not keep out of it; so kept the narrow, ungraded road regardless of water, which was sometimes quite deep.

I do not remember of passing a house or person during the entire afternoon. About dusk I came out at Kingston, and there turned my course west to the railroad, reaching West Stayton after most people had gone to bed. I tried different places for lodging, but was refused. I was wet, hungry and very tired. My shoes had both burst open from the soles till they would hardly stay on my feet. I finally went to the last house near. I asked to stay, but the reply was not favorable. I insisted, at the same time praying. I finally heard a woman speak from the adjoining room, saying, "Papa, keep him." I was then shown an upper room. I removed all my clothing and was soon enjoying a good bed, but I assure you it was an unpleasant task getting into my clothes the next morning.

Breakfast being over, I paid, my bill, after which I asked the privilege of sitting by the fire to dry my clothes. I then explained to the woman of my work and how I came to be there. I gave her a Gospel Trumpet and one of those large tracts on the church Brother Warner, and talked on the subject also. It was possibly two years later when I went to this place to hold a revival. This woman gave her heart to God, saying my visit and those tracts and Trumpets brought conviction to her heart, and prepared her to get saved. She and her neighbors had read and reread them until they were worn out. She said she had often prayed that the Lord would send me back as she had no knowledge of where I lived.

During our first ordinance meeting there, this sister came to me saying. "Here, Brother Green, this money has been burning my soul ever since we charged you for your lodging that night."

This was Sister Vannuyse, who still lives in the same place, whose home is still open to us, and whose life has truly adorned the gospel, and has been useful in leading others to the Savior.

Our First Trip Into the Waldo Hills

Shortly after our arrival in Oregon I heard of a Mr. and Mrs. Livingston, who had lived near our home in Kansas and had been very close friends of my parents from my early childhood, but had left the country shortly after their marriage, and all track of them had been lost. It seemed the hand of Providence had destined that they hear this message and become helpers to us in our early struggles, but not until a transformation took place in their lives, although very good moral people and professors in a formal church.

I set out to find them which I did, some twenty miles east in what is known as the Waldo Hills country. I stayed overnight, spending most of the time talking over the scriptures. They were very kind, and treated me fine, but my ideas of a holy life, baptism by immersion, washing of the saints feet, and especially that there was but one Bible church and it composed only of saints, and that all other religions constitute the great spiritual Babylon of Rev. 17 was indeed ridiculous to them. However I received a very cordial invitation to return and bring my wife for a good long visit.

About this time a fine young man who felt his call to work in the Lord's vineyard came from near Colfax, Washington, to work with us. I found him to be a jewel. This was Bro. Jas. B. Peterman,

who later opened the work in Kansas City, Mo., and was much used of the Lord until his death.

Our Second Visit to the Livingstons

Several months had now passed and we planned to visit the Livingstons, but to improve the time by holding a revival in their neighborhood.

We arranged that Brother Peterman go a day or so ahead, secure the school house and announce a revival. I also sent a note introducing Bro. Peterman and asked them to receive him as ourselves, but this was too much. The atmosphere had changed. The cold reception they gave almost crushed his spirit. However he secured the house and had the meeting well-advertised when wife and I arrived.

We were met with the same disdainful indifference. It was a terrible blow to my wife, as well as Bro. Peterman. It was plain the folks were ashamed of us, feeling the people would blame them for our coming. Bro. Peterman and wife felt they could not stay. I did not dare to get hurt, or even let my countenance recognize the contempt shown to me, but played ignorant, and forced myself to cheerfulness. I insisted that wife and Bro. Peterman just leave the matter all to me, assuring them all would be well.

The First Service

The time for the first service arrived. The house well filled. The Livingstons took a seat in the extreme back corner, but the Lord was there and His glory fell upon us. He wonderfully anointed for the entire service.

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I knew we had won the respect of the people. And just before closing I explained that wife and I felt we would like to visit the Livingstons a day or so, but did not feel we could do so except we also improve the time in the Lord's work, hence the meeting, but Bro. Peterman, being a stranger, was not counting on such, and if there was anyone in the neighborhood prepared to lodge and board him, we would pay them for the same, and be glad to do so, and that after a day or so wife and I would be at liberty to visit any and all who wished us to do so.

Many rushed forward and offered free lodging to all of us, even urged that we come. This was so unexpected that it seemed to hurt our friend's pride, and she came forward also, and reproved me for such a proposition, but I insisted we were no bums, and would not think of imposing a lengthy stay on them. We were all urged to return and make our home right there.

The next night they took their places a few seats forward, and the following night found them still nearer. A heavy conviction settled upon their souls.

One night Mrs. Livingston stayed up all night reading, praying, and comparing my Bible with hers. The next morning it was plain to be seen she had wept much, but we rejoiced like Paul in 2 Cor. 7:9-11.

The following night in meeting, she arose, saying I want to get saved, but I feel I have some confessions to make. First, I have been a professor and nominal church member among you. But I now see that I never had salvation and am no better off than any other sinner. She then asked all to forgive anything they had seen amiss in her life. She then turned to us asking our forgiveness for the way she treated us, at the same time saying she had feared the people would blame them for our coming, and that she did not suppose I could

preach anything. They then made their way to a self-chosen altar where they both found the Lord after which they and some of their children became a great support to the Lord's work in these parts. They passed on some 23 and 30 years ago. Their son, Bro. W. H. Livingston, was a faithful servant of the church until his death three years ago. God bless his sainted widow and her children.

Brother Peterman's First Sermon

It was during the above mentioned meeting that I felt Bro. Peterman should move out and preach the gospel, but all my persuasions failed. I felt sure he was the proper material and that once started, he would never stop. I determined to bring this about and yet in a way that he would not know my purpose. So one night I said to the audience that I felt I must go to Woodburn the next day, and must leave the meeting with Bro. Peterman. That I wanted everybody to come, every saint to pray and be at their best, and for Bro. Peterman to give them the very best he had.

The next morning I felt sorry for him, as he pleaded for me not to go, or be sure and get back in time for the meeting. I went walking quite a little of the way. I spent the evening praying for the meeting.

On my arrival the next day I was greeted with enthusiasm, praise of the sermon and the meeting in general, and that a dear young man had got saved at the public altar.

That experience put confidence and inspiration in him and he never stopped until he laid the cross down to accept the crown a number of years later.

It was he and his companion who in the meantime opened and built up a good work in Kansas City, and I was told it was his ardent

and unceasing labor for that work which he so much loved that was responsible for what might be termed a premature death.

A Short But Profitable Meeting

In the spring of 1885, as mentioned in the article by Bro. A.L. Byers, we received a call to Coos County. While on our way we met and became acquainted with Brother and Sister E.M. Beebe, who at that time was operating a foundry in Springfield. They asked us to hold some meetings and offered a fairly good room in the foundry which was soon cleared, seated and ready for services.

A man and his wife from far up the Mohawk River attended one day and both sought the Lord. They took some literature home with them and gave it to the sister's parents Grandma and Grandpa Carlton who rejoiced on seeing D.S. Warner's name thereon with whom they once belonged to the Winebrenarian denomination. They also embraced the truth with all their heart. So did Brother and Sister Beebe, who later went to Australia to work for the Lord and died there. Bro. Swatzer and Grandpa and Grandma Carlton were also faithful unto death, and their lives a benediction to early work. Sister Schwatzer is still living and attends the Eugene congregation, and may the Lord bless and sustain her.

Thus the short meeting was the means of six souls seeing the light and getting clear.

Our First Camp Meeting

In the year 1894 the camp-meeting spirit began to burn in our hearts. The undertaking seemed a great one for so few and when finances seemed so scarce. Some thought it could not be done, but the zeal and faith of a number really knew no limit, and a camp

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meeting was announced for the year of 1895. The sisters began early to can fruits of different kinds. The brethren gathered it in. All planned from early spring, and it was wonderful the bountiful supply of that meeting in every way. We sent to San Diego, Calif., for a tabernacle, on which we must pay the freight both ways.

The first evidence of the Lord's caring for the financial side was before the meeting. I saw I must have some money to pay freight, etc., and went to the Lord in earnest prayer. Just then a brother and sister who had got saved in some of our first meetings in Kansas visited us and on leaving gave me a twenty dollar gold piece. In a few days another brother sent ten dollars to me, which more than covered all our preparatory expenses. The ministers at that meeting consisted of J.W. Byers, San Diego, Calif.; F.N. Jacobson and wife, O.A. Chapman and wife, Colfax, Wash.; John Daugherty and E.E. Byrum, of Michigan. As I remember now all expenses were amply met. Our table was free to everybody, and no charges or collections were made.

The influence of that meeting was far-reaching for the truth. One man who got saved at that meeting said, "I was in trouble. I was leaving the country on foot over the Santiam Route. I kept seeing those camp-meeting bills on bridges, trees, etc., every once in a while. I would stop and read, and especially notice the words, 'Church of God,' and 'full salvation.' " A desire came into his heart to attend, but not until he had traveled many miles, could he get the consent of his mind to do so. But he did, walking back a distance of some seventy-five miles.

Brother Byrum speaks of a miracle or two in his book, "Secret of Salvation," that were wrought in that meeting. A number of souls were saved.

Early Experiences Along the Santiam

My first trip into the Santiam country was, if I remember correctly, in 1894. I walked much of the way to a point eighty miles from home. I was welcomed into the home of dear, old Father and Mother Osborn, then living near the Santiam post office, but who have long since gone to their reward. But their kindness to me still speaks. The memories of that home and the kindness of all that family, including the in-laws, linger with sweetness in my soul. God bless those who still live. From this home I worked the country, visiting, giving out “Trumpets” and tracts, and holding services both at the school houses and in private homes. A little seed was planted in Sweet Home and Waterloo. A few took their stand, for the truth, and a number of warm friends were made. I went home happy in my Master’s service and especially so as I found the little congregation at home doing well.

It was not long until a call came for meeting in that locality. Sister Osborn and her son came after wife and I in a lumber wagon, taking several days to make the round trip. Those were the days of “money famine” in Oregon. There was no money to finance anything. After our meeting at Santiam we were taken in by Sister Turnidge and her kind, though unsaved husband, of Sweet Home. Here a sort of warehouse with most of one side out was our meeting place, but we were thankful for it, although not much more than a good influence was created and a number of friends were won.

From there we turned our attention to Waterloo. Here the way was closed so far as a public house of worship was concerned, and I was told the minister of the place used his influence against me. Nevertheless, a small grove was secured, arrangements were made, and a series of meetings begun. As we had no lodging there my wife could not attend much, and I was compelled to go alone some of the

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time, walking ten miles in making the round trip, and I alone holding meeting in the open air— a small object indeed to fill such a large place, but I did my best, and, homes were soon opened to us.

It was at this meeting we became acquainted with a man and his wife living near Lacomb, some eleven miles away in the hills. On being invited, I went home with them one Friday night. The next morning the questions and Bible study began, which lasted till noon, covering the subjects of salvation from sin, holy living, sanctification, and the Bible church. After dinner, when I was about to start for the meeting, the sister said, “Brother Green, I want to ask you just one more question.” And with her eyes glancing toward my shoes she asked “Where do you get your financial support?” At first a deep sense of chagrin tried to flash over my soul but I answered, “I am trusting the Lord; I have no one else to look to. I know your thoughts, that I must soon have shoes or his name be dishonored.” To which she said, “Yes, it looks that way.” The shoes were the worst that I have ever been compelled to wear. I had blackened my socks to keep them from showing conspicuously through three or four holes. But my faith moved up a little and I said, “Sister, I know my shoes are bad, but I am praying for shoes or the work to earn them.” She gave me to understand she would watch the situation. I left that home praying the Lord speedily to supply. The next morning I received a pair of shoes, sent by two men some miles away, who knew nothing of our conversation. I preached Sunday evening and this woman and her husband came. I noticed her eyes were often on my shoes. At the close of the meeting I said, “Sister, the Lord sent the shoes and in a way unexpected.”

She was fully convinced that God heard and answered my prayer. They, too accepted the truth of this reformation. That was

some thirty-five years ago, and it was my privilege to meet this sister at our camp meeting last summer.

Stormy Experiences on Hamilton Creek

At the close of this meeting we were invited by a man and his wife to come to their home and hold a meeting about ten miles east, on Hamilton Creek. Here enough of interest happened to fill a book, but most of the details must be left out for want of space. All went smooth for a while, but when this sister took her stand for the truth her husband became enraged and seemed to lose all control of his reason. One morning he called us in council saying if we did not have her confess she was a sinner and therefore a liar—because she professed holiness—he would leave her, as he would not live with a liar.

I asked what his charges were, to which he said he had carried one handkerchief in his pocket for three weeks without washing. To which she answered, “John, all your other handkerchiefs were washed, ironed, and in that drawer.” His next charge was that her mind was so on religion that she burned her coffee while roasting, and the third and last that she left the door open and a chicken went in and picked into a roll of butter. To which I said, “I cannot accept your charges.” He then declared he would leave her. We were still in their house.

The next morning I awoke very early with Ps. 2:1 ringing in my mind. “Why do the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing?” I felt the Lord was talking.

I told my wife that something unusual was before us, and we needed to pray. About that time a knock came at the door below and a boy asked for me to come, saying his father wanted me to come to

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his house some two miles away. I was soon ready to go and this enraged man said, "I guess I will go along." So about dawn we started over the winding trail. As I remember it but few words passed between us.

On our arrival at the home of Sister King we found that her husband who had been away from home running a threshing machine had heard that I was tearing things up and causing people to lose their minds. He had heard that his wife, though a church member, had confessed to being a sinner, made some restitution, gone to the altar, and claimed to be saved. This to his mind was a sure evidence of insanity. So he had come home during the night and had spent the time trying to convince her of her danger and to give up her idea and desire to be rebaptized, but to no avail.

On entering the house I saw he had been crying, his eyes were swollen, and there was a look of revenge on his face. Both men went out and talked matters over, after which they returned. Mr. King said, "I want to see you outside." I arose and followed as he started down to the creek about seventy-five yards away. I thought sure he meant to throw me in, but I said in my heart, "Lord, I will go and not resist." But a little to my surprise he stopped near the water and said, "I want to know why you are causing all this excitement, breaking up homes, and causing these women to go crazy." I said I was not doing anything like that. He then informed me that I had already separated Mr. Wirt and his wife, and now his wife was crazy and would likely have to go to the asylum soon. He added, at the same time that she wanted to be rebaptized that day, but warned me under penalty not to baptize her, and never to speak to her again in private or public, nor to communicate with her in any way, either by friend or letter.

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Then he said, "Do you see that fence?" To which question I answered, "Yes, sir."

Then he said, "Now, get over it and never set foot on this place again."

This I firmly refused to do, saying, "I have done you no wrong. I have acted as a man in every sense of the word, and I will not go away as a villain. You may throw me over the fence, but I will not go under such conditions." His demands were strong, but my protest was firm. I said, "If you will consent to my going into the house I will advise your wife to defer her baptism and not present herself as a candidate. But if not I will baptize her if she presents herself." To this he finally agreed, saying, "Let your words be few."

We walked in and I said, "Sister King, you see how your husband feels at present. My Christian advice is that you defer baptism for the present. Your husband will soon be ready to be immersed with you." To this she said, "Praise God; that seems right!"

The hour for the forenoon meeting arrived. The two sisters took their places in front with my wife, composed and with victory. The house was full. The Lord blessed in preaching. At the close of the service the first man, who was something of a Tertullus, arose in the back of the house, and with quite a display of oratory, publicly declared that I had broken up homes, ruined lives, and separated him from his wife and home. With great eloquence he appealed to every home-loving and law-abiding citizen to join in ridding the community of such a dangerous man. At the close of his speech Mr. King arose, saying, "I want to corroborate Brother Wirt's testimony. My home is destroyed. That which was once a happy home, is no home to me anymore." The majority of the community were in my favor, and a stormy exchange of words followed for a few minutes.

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I then said, “Let us pray.” I dropped to my knees and began praying. As I mentioned the men the first man cried out and said, “Let Wirts alone and pray for Green.” Calling me a vile name he came rushing up the aisle, saying in a loud voice, “I’ll see that he stops.” But when he was within about two seats of the front a large woman grabbed him and threw him down in a seat so hard it must have come near to breaking the seat. She said, “John Wirts, this is all of the devil,” to which he said, “Do you call me the devil?” She answered, “I did not call you the devil, but I do not know but you are.” I then closed the meeting.

In a few minutes a long string of husky looking men came filing in, headed by Mr. King, who as spokesman said, “We have decided to give you till sundown to get out of the community with all your belongings. And you must never be seen here again.” To this I said, “Men, if you find a place for me before the Lord does, use your pleasure, but when you want to get saved tell the Lord it was all forgiven on my part.”

This was to have been the last meeting. I had to walk about ten or twelve miles that evening, and on my way I went aside into the thick timber. Falling upon my face, I cried unto God for wisdom and grace. Opening my Bible, I read the 27th Psalm. Oh, what a comfort to my poor soul. I was far away from friends, among strangers, and my life threatened. But this Psalm dispelled all gloom and brought the Lord very near. I never read this Psalm but that I remember that hour alone with the Lord in the foothills of the Cascade Mountains.

The Devil Defeated

After the stormy meeting and things mentioned, a goodly number gathered and wondered if I was going to let them run me out or make it look so. I said, “No, I did not feel I should.” So I promised

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to return for meeting the following Friday to continue over Sunday, which caused lots of speculation as to what would take place.

Returning to the threat of Mr. Wirts to leave his wife, he was as good as his word. Being the school teacher at this schoolhouse, which was located on the main public road up the valley, it afforded him an excellent chance to make a real display and testify to many of the trueness of his statement. Immediately after the meeting was over he hired his board of an old man and his wife who were avowed atheists, who lived near the schoolhouse and was soon moving all his belongings in a large wheelbarrow. His home was something over a mile up the mountain, which was barely one half mile from the schoolhouse, and as it took three loads to bring them, he spared no opportunity of making a display and telling all he could of his leaving.

That week he became cross, irritable and almost unbearable in his school. The directors talked of turning him off unless he did better. He became half sick, and on the following Friday night he watched for his wife and meeting her at the door begged her forgiveness and asked to come home. Her answer was, "John, I did not send you away. You went on your own choice, and the terms of return are the same." The next morning he took the same big wheelbarrow and started to wheel this stuff back up that mountain side, but it was too heavy. He had to hire two of his schoolboys to pull while he pushed. It took about all day. There was lots of traffic, and of course all had a laugh. His pride was humiliated, his body was weak, his conscience was goading him. He spent all that night in prayer, seeking God, but saying he would never condescend to ask my forgiveness. His wife continued to tell him that the Lord would require it. Near morning he surrendered, and wanted to hunt me yet that night. His wife could scarcely restrain him. But the next

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day we saw him coming across the field and straight to me in the presence of a number of people and humbly asked my forgiveness, taking all the blame.

As for Mr. King, he was not so easily convinced of his wrong. On Friday morning, quite early, he came to where wife and I were stopping and called for me and asked why I had not heeded his warning. He again ordered me to go, saying he had labored hard to hold the men back during the night, but could do so no longer and that as soon as he should inform them that I would not go they would be there and he did not want my blood on his garment. But I told him all was forgiven and to let them come. I was to preach that night and for them to come. He then tried to appeal to my sympathy and that I show some mercy to him and his poor wife, and I assured him his wife was saved and in her right mind.

When he saw that his efforts were futile he walked slowly away saying, "Now you must expect the worst, for I know when I tell the men the stand you take I cannot restrain them longer, and they will hang you. But I have done my best to save you." I still insisted that he tell them that all was forgiven and that I was quite ready and willing to cease my labor and to go to my reward anyway, and especially so since I was sure my cause was just. With these words we separated, and he was soon lost sight of in the timber. I saw him no more till I met him near Silverton, Ore., where he came by team, some three or four months later to have us come and baptize him and his wife. This was a happy meeting indeed, where tears and joy flowed together and the praises of the Lord were heard from all the saints present.

The next morning my wife and I accompanied by Bro. James B. Peterman in his initial work to the ministry, set out with Brother King on our second trip to Hamilton Creek to enjoy the hospitality

of his home, while holding our second meeting. This was a good meeting and at the close a number were baptized and among them was Brother King. I fancy I can still feel the thrill of joy that filled all my being as I walked into the water and as we stood together while Brother King talked to the large crowd on the shore telling them how he had been in the wrong and how God had shown mercy and saved him and the love he now had for the truth and the saints.

Sister King is still living and rejoicing in this glorious truth. Brother King passed to his reward a few years ago. Upon his death he willed a beautiful Oxford India paper bible to me, from which I am now preaching the gospel.

During his life their home was ours and they often remembered us with offerings as a token of their Christian love and confidence.

S.T. King's Testimony

S.T. King, Loomis, Calif., writes:

“In confirmation of what Brother Green has written I would say there was enough of interest which took place during their stay in our community to fill a fair sized book. I am sorry to say I was one of the principal agitators and persecutors. Although it was no doubt the means, under God, of my salvation and the Scripture was fulfilled which says the Lord will cause the wrath of man to praise him. This was in the year 1894.”

“Wife and I were both members in good standing in the Christian Church up to this time.”

“I was away from home running a threshing machine at the time. The news soon reached me of a great excitement caused by the preacher. When Saturday night came I went home, found my wife

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claiming to be saved, sanctified, and living holy, all of which I believed was to take place after death or for angels. And to my great surprise she had lost confidence in our experience and our church policies and was expecting to be baptized the next day. I was almost paralyzed. It sounded like blasphemy to me. I settled at once that she had become unbalanced in her mind and was a subject for the asylum, and that preacher was the cause of it all. An indescribable feeling of sorrow mingled with anger seized me. I tried most of the night to get her to recant, but, no, not on one point. I decided something must be done; so, I sent for the preacher. I took him out, told him how we had sent my wife crazy, warned him sternly not to baptize, speak to or communicate with her in any wise, after which I showed him the fence and ordered him to get over at once and never set foot on the place again. He would not go, saying he was not a culprit and would not leave as such. Here time and space demand that I pass by much of interest.”

“We went to the forenoon meeting. Another agitator was there who urged me on and stirred up a mob spirit. At the close of the meeting he arose and gave quite a speech, saying the preacher had broken up his home and would ruin any community if let go. I believed him and arose and testified he had broken up mine. A number of men soon banded together and filed in, headed by myself, who gave him our decision to give him till sundown to be out of the country with his belongings and never return again. But he firmly declined, saying, ‘Do as you will, but as for me I will stand by my post.’ And he did, staying more than a week, during which time I held the men back, and also visited the preacher with threats, entreaties, etc., to go.”

“At one time I tried to provoke him to do something that I might have as an excuse to hit him for, but his kind, gentle way kept me

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from it. I became chagrined and disgusted at myself, because every plot and purpose I made against him failed. Oh, I became desperate. Conviction had begun to grip my soul, and I had begun to cry unto God like Jonah in the whale's belly. On one occasion I went to the woods to pray. I became so earnest and loud that a neighbor living some distance away heard me and came to see what the trouble was. As I opened my eyes I saw him standing nearby. He asked, 'Thurston, what's the matter?' I replied, 'Oh, that preacher has been praying around here till he has set my wife crazy.' He suggested the trouble might be in me."

"The men I have just referred to would have done anything I said, and I now see it was the Lord that preserved Brother Green's life, and saved us from doing something desperate."

"The meeting closed. The preacher and his wife left the community, but I was in deep trouble. Week after week I read my Bible and prayed, but I was not quite ready or willing to ask the preacher's forgiveness until one day in the bitterness of my soul I cried, 'Yes, Lord, I will do or be anything that I may find peace.' Then I was directed to Matt. 5:25: 'Agree with thine adversary quickly.' And again I cried, 'Yes, Lord, I will.' And the peace of God came into my heart. I arose and went to the house. My wife knew I was saved, before I told her, or even got to her. Oh, how we rejoiced together."

"I wrote Brother Green, asking forgiveness, and later drove more than sixty miles over bad roads to have him and his company come and hold us another meeting and baptize both wife and myself."

"This was thirty-six years ago and we are still rejoicing in a free and full salvation."

Opening New Work

In the fall of 1895 Brother and Sister Kriebel, of Kenesaw, Neb., with whom we had labored in Kansas and Nebraska; also Brother and Sister Randolph, came west to join us for the winter. Taking our household goods, the six of us went to Salem, Ore., where we rented a house, and made that our home for some months. A few souls were gathered out, mostly as a result of their consecrated labors. That was the beginning of the present work there. Finances were extremely close. More than once I have sat down to their table when bread and a little lard for butter were the principal articles on the table. Yet they were cheerful.

Bro. C.T. Timmons, who has been a faithful supporter of the Portland work, in fact of the work in general, was the first person to accept the truth under their labors.

During this time Brother Randolph and I started on foot to Albany. A cold rain set in, and by the time we reached Independence we were soaking wet, and Brother Randolph, not being very rugged, was worn out and begun to chill. A cold settled on his lungs from which he never recovered.

Up to this time Montesano and North River were the only points reached by the truth of this reformation in Western Washington. Brother G.W. Bailey had preceded me some months to these points and had done a good, thorough, though small work. He too had sacrificed and endured hardships to reach those people. On North River one man set the dogs on him when he assayed to come to his home, but that man got saved later and became a real supporter of the work. Those early saints have made Montesano a bright spot in the memory of the early ministry.

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It was from this congregation that four young ladies dedicated, their life service to the work of the Lord. The first was Sister Sophia Hines, who was teaching school when saved. She came to our home and traveled for some time with us in the work, and to her I owe much for her valuable help in many ways, especially in pointing out my errors in language.

While yet at our home she became burdened for missionary work and went to Mexico and Lower California, where she spent her short but active life, which came to a close with victory.

The other three became the wives of ministers (they were sisters) E.W. Greeley, E.H. Ahrendt, and E.E. Byrum. All are faithful to their calling so far as I know. Oh, for more consecrated young people as they were.

My first trip was made just a little at a time, and furnished me many experiences, tests and joys that I cannot mention. I was always supplied with literature and gave out freely. I worked often during the day and traveled at night to save lodging expenses, as I could sleep well on the train or boats.

I scattered literature in Centralia, Olympia, Tacoma, Seattle, and South Haven, where I held meeting for about ten days. I also stayed about the same length of time in Tenino. The results of these meetings still live.

At Montesano I held a few meetings, after which I started through the heavy forest for the North River country, reaching Brother Picos' rather late in the afternoon. I had never met them before, but they had heard of me. As I arrived the whole family seemed carried away with joy, and I was treated as a returning brother who had been absent for years. In just a few minutes Brother was off on the gallop to ask his few neighbors in. We had a joyful

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meeting; a few got saved, and I believe three or four were baptized. From these Brother and Sister Pico, with two or three little children, accompanied me several miles farther up the river to the Hines' home.

Our only conveyance was a small pony and a sort of long, narrow sled, made to fit the trails through the timber. The children were placed in this, and the rest walked; as it rained all the way we who walked became very wet. The lines were small ropes some twenty feet long and possibly more, so he could let the pony cross the little creeks and pools of water after which he could work his way around.

We were surely sorry looking, but happy when we arrived. Again we were received with open arms and expressions of gratitude. And all, from the father to the youngest, seemed, equally glad. I believe it was here we held our first ordinance meeting in western Washington. From there I was accompanied to the Howard home still farther up where we again had several days' meeting, and a real joyful time in the Lord. Those people were poor, but rich in love and faith. This country may seem small and easy to travel through now, with roads and autos, but it was not easy then.

I returned from this tour feeling God had blessed it to the salvation of several souls. The way was now opened for the gospel in other fields. Many new friends were won to the cause, and our work was now extended almost to the British lines.

Eight Months of Opening Work In Portland, Oregon

Having felt the burden for some time to see the work opened in Portland, in 1897, we decided to step out by faith and trust God to

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help us accomplish this task. As usual we did not have the means, and no promise of help from anyone to speak of. All told we had less than ten dollars in sight, and from the human standpoint we had undertaken the impossible.

We rented a hall at Thirty-fourth and Belmont. This was a good hall with three rooms to live in besides the assembly room, well furnished. The location was not so good, being so far out, but it was the best we could do. The first month's rent was to be paid in work.

This was possibly among the most strenuous eight months of our ministry. We worked very hard, both at manual labor and in the mission work, visiting, scattering literature and preaching, sometimes to very small crowds. I also did what I could to visit the little church at Woodburn, and a few other places, which in turn did their best to stand by us.

It seemed next to impossible to get an interest started. These were testing times for us, yet we felt we must not yield to any discouragement. There were also encouraging features all along.

At one time I heard of a people who believed in holiness and who had thrown their home open for people of all denominations to come and hold meetings, but as we had met so much of that kind of "union" it did not appeal to me strongly. I soon forgot all about who or where they were or who told me, but later I began to feel a desire to find them. This desire steadily increased until it became intense, and I began to search. Much inquiry gave me no clue as to where they were. I finally became convinced that it was the Lord talking to me, and accordingly postponed our forenoon meeting to the following Sunday, and earnestly asked the Lord to help me find them so that I might attend their meeting on that day. My search was fruitless that week. Sunday morning came. My wife and niece were to remain at home while I still searched, saying I would, now go to

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the St. Johns district and inquire of people on the street and a house or so in each block.

We had bowed in prayer that the Lord would direct me to them. I was prepared to start when there came a rap at our door, and there stood a Jew with whom we had become acquainted, and whose friendship I had won. This was his first visit to our home and was somewhat of a surprise until he explained himself by saying, "Will you please pardon me, but you have been upon my mind much during the last few days; so I thought I would call and see how you are and bring you this little token of friendship." He handed me a large basket of fruit, nuts, candies, an American flag, and other nice things. I invited him in, but he declined, saying, "Oh, I see you are prepared to go somewhere." I rather insisted that he be seated and stay awhile, at the same time telling him why I was going, to which he replied, "I know where those people meet, I can take you, and, by the way, I believe it is just about the time they meet."

The women were soon ready and we all went. He took us to the place, and we found the meeting in progress.

We found quite a good crowd and the meeting well under way. We seated ourselves together, and I soon noticed an elderly man and woman who somehow drew my special attention, and I purposed to make their acquaintance if possible. In giving testimony I said I was saved by the gospel and to the gospel; therefore it was my duty to live by, and practice all the gospel. This brother and sister shouted, "Amen, Praise the Lord." The minister started the bread and wine around in observance of the communion. Each of our company passed it on without partaking. I noticed the countenance of this old couple change. I then felt I must give our reason for doing so.

I then explained in a few words the one body, the church, as being the result of the crucifixion of Christ. That we might be

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reconciled into one body by the cross, and that we being many are one bread and one body in him, and that the communion service not only pointed to his death, but was figurative of that spiritual unity, I also explained how we had fellowship with all Christians, but since seeing the beautiful church of God, I was done with all sectism forever.

The countenances of the elderly couple lighted up, and grasping my hand said, "Praise the Lord, brother, the Lord sent you to us." They asked if I could come to their home the next day, which I promised to do.

We returned according to promise the next day and spent much of the day with them. They told us of their years of trials in the denomination, and how it had seemed to them there was clearer light than they had. They had left the sect some three years before and tendered the use of their home for union meetings, but it had not been satisfactory, as it resulted in confusion and viewing of the preachers who came there to proselyte and advocate their crooked doctrines.

They explained how they had prayed for the true light, and had covenanted with God the week before that if He would send it by the close of this special meeting they would do all they could to be true and walk in it, but if not, they would take it for granted they were to return to the denomination that evening and ask for admittance, and stay there the rest of their lives.

They said they sat praying and hoping someone would come and bring what their hungry souls were longing for, and when we came something seemed to say, "They have the light."

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9fv It took our testimony and explanation to save them from joining the sect, and our visit on this day to help them see the light and reveal the one church to them.

This was dear old Brother and Sister Epperley, who became a financial blessing to the work in Portland for a number of years. They have now gone to their rest.

We soon had a nice little congregation, which by the help of other ministers has never gone down.

This brother and sister, like Philip, began to bring their friends. They had several the next Sunday, among them a woman by the name of Holmes who took her stand firmly for the truth. She also joined the others in bringing her friends. She said, "I know a sanctified man who is a Baptist minister, I am sure he will accept this light." The next Sunday or so, he came in just after I began to preach on "The Divine Organization of the Bible Church." The Lord carried the message to their hearts and several praised the Lord aloud for joy.

When I closed, the minister was the first to arise with tears falling and his hand raised heavenward, he told how Sister Holmes had said "come and see" and that he had both seen and heard what his soul had longed for years. He there bade farewell to all sectism, saying, "I now see the body of Christ." We then started for each other, and greeting, fell upon each other's neck, and wept for joy.

This was Brother C. H. Hale who afterward wrote one of our much used tracts in dialogue form, entitled "What Church Shall I Join?" He was a great help to the early work as a singer, having been a teacher of vocal music.

Sister Holmes soon passed on to her reward. So far as I now remember, everyone who accepted the truth at that time has long

since received the summons and gone to the other world. Yet they live in my heart and shall continue so till I meet them over there.

Grandma Reed Thinks the Lord Has Come

In the year 1895, my wife and I, in company with another brother and sister, who were wonderful singers, made a trip from Salem, Oregon, to Brother Reed's home, arriving there at a late hour when they were sound asleep.

It happened that just before they had been reading the Bible on the subject of the second coming of the Lord, how he was to come as a thief in the night, and with all his holy angels in flaming fire, taking vengeance on the wicked and them that know not God. They had conversed on the thought of being ready, thus leaving their mind ready for the occasion.

As we drove into the yard we were singing that blessed old song, "River of Peace." The stillness of the night and clearness of the atmosphere blended with the joy of the Lord in our souls and made it seem more heavenly to us. We stopped the team in front of the house and continued singing, when suddenly we heard a loud voice exclaiming, "Glory! Glory! Glory! The angels are here! The angels are here! Glory! Glory! Glory! The angels are here!" A sudden crash was heard, and then Grandma was in night clothes out in the yard with uplifted hands, still shouting "Glory!" Grandpa soon followed trembling and horror stricken. As his wife leaped from the bed he cried, "O Mother, don't leave me, don't leave me." The Scripture had come to him like a flash, "Two shall be in one bed, the one shall be taken and the other left." His wife had run against a center table, knocking it over, breaking a large lamp and shade, and scattering a few other things. At this grandpa thought that

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the windows were broken and that grandma had gone to join the angels.

It was sometime before they could become composed enough to take in the situation and realize it was only a few friends. Grandma finally said, "I love you all, but am truly disappointed." Grandpa said, "I am glad it is not the judgment. I now realize I am not just ready to meet God, but I must now settle my account and make my calling sure." He was a real good man and claimed to be right, but both grandma and I had tried to help him see he indulged in jokes, sarcasm, and a degree of lightness unbecoming a Christian. As he went to his knees he said, "Mother has often told me that my tongue would be my eternal overthrow if I did not get help from God." From that time he was a different man.

As to Sister Reed, I preached her funeral a few years later at her own request, and from a text she had chosen for the occasion: "She hath done what she could."

Her last testimony was that she was saved, at the age of twelve years and she knew of no stone unturned during the many years of her Christian pilgrimage, and that the hope of heaven was bright.

Brother Reed and Bro. Wm. Randolph, who had accompanied us on that night, have also long since ceased their labors and gone to rest. Thus we and the work lost a home and friends such as only the grace of God can give.

Answers to Prayer

During the early spring of 1898 we became in need of some money to complete our outfit for tabernacle work for that season. We felt we must have at least seventy-five dollars with which to start, and prayed for that amount. But it did not come. A little later I

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made a trip to eastern Washington, but the desire for the tabernacle work continued. So one day I went out alone to settle the matter. As I there committed it to the Lord, I thanked the Lord and ceased to ask, feeling that he had heard.

In a few days I received a letter from the Gospel Trumpet Company with just seventy-five dollars in it; also an enclosed letter from Brother Brunner, of Smith Center, Kansas, saying he desired to send the money to me, but did not know my address, so asked them to forward it to me. This strengthened my faith.

Sister Brunner was the first person saved in the first meeting we held after starting in the work, and her husband was saved shortly after. They, too, have passed on, leaving the assurance that they were going to a blessed reward.

During the winter of 1898-99 a "Gospel Trumpet" fell into the hands of a poor afflicted woman who lived at the time with her parents about twenty-five miles southeast of Portland, Oregon.

At this time I received a letter from Bro. E. E. Byrum in which he asked that I go and see this woman, at the same time enclosing a letter he had received from her, in which she had made an earnest appeal for help in prayer. The letter also contained the fact that the father, brother, and husband were not saved and were not favorable to trusting God for healing.

I had never heard of them before. But I took train to Portland at once. There I secured a horse and buggy; also got old Brother Hale to go with me. As we traveled we prayed. The enemy constantly buffeted me with the thought that she was so low, and that the father, brother and husband would be present with opposition, and if we anointed her and she was not healed, it would bring a public reproach on God's cause in that country. I felt a desire to arrive at a

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time when the men were not present. I found myself at times battling with a sense of slavish fear. I surely cried unto God with my whole heart for victory over the situation, and praise the Lord, he gave it.

As we came within a mile or so of the place, the Lord began to talk to my soul, saying, "If your wife's people were to visit you, and they had heard from your enemies that you were stingy and negligent for their daughter, not regarding her request for the necessary things of life, which would you rather have her do, come boldly in their presence, asking for such things as she needed, or act as if she were afraid you would deny her, and try to catch a time when no one was around so as to avoid the shame if you should deny her?" And I said, "Lord, I would want her to come boldly in the presence of both them and my enemies." And the Lord said to me, "So do I want you to come to me boldly in the presence of both my friends and enemies, for it is only my enemies who say I will not answer your prayers."

The joy of the Lord filled my soul. I said to Brother Hale, "The Lord is going to heal the woman," telling him what the Lord had got to my soul. He also believed.

All fear departed. I knew without a doubt she would be healed. God had now settled it in my heart.

We arrived and found the father and brother present. Both seemed to fear there would be excitement, which might cause bad results; but we assured them there would not be. We told her we would anoint her in the morning, and she would be healed.

The young man said if she were healed he would become a Christian. The next morning we arose rather early. We read some of the promises to the woman, had prayer, and anointed her. She said,

“I am healed! I am healed!” And so she was. The young man was as good as his word, and later gave his heart to the Lord.

This was Bro. Walter Dean of Portland, who after forty-one years is still saved and preaching this glorious truth, and sometimes fills our pulpit at Hubbard. His wife is also a true saint. The lady who was healed is Sister Nora Rickey whose testimony follows:

Confirming Testimony of Healing

Boring, Oregon.

“Dear Reader and especially the Afflicted,”

“In testimony of my healing and what the Lord has done for me I will say, when my third child was about three weeks old I took a backset, which caused a complication of female diseases to set in. I grew worse steadily and became very poorly. A physician told me I could never be well without an operation. I consulted another who told me the same thing. By this time my heart had begun to bother me very much. I became so weak I could hardly sit up to have my hair combed. I would take bad spells, when they would have to work with me for hours, thinking the next would be my last.”

“I realized I did not have long to live, so arranged for the future care of my darling children. I began reading the Bible, and saw where God promised both to save and heal those who believed for it. But where could I find the elders who believe, and would obey the word? I was much encouraged by a dear, young sister, who was at the time a Lutheran to put my trust in the Lord.”

“Just at this time a “Gospel Trumpet” fell into my hands, and the moment I read it I knew I had found those who saw the Word as I did, and practiced it. I wrote immediately, pleading with them to

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send someone to me if anyone was near enough, telling them I could not live long unless the Lord helped me.”

“Bro. J. L. Green was then at Woodburn, Oregon. They wrote him, and he and another brother came over miles of rough, corduroy roads. It was twenty-five miles to the nearest railroad station. It touched my heart to realize the love of God in them for souls, to come so far through the rain and mud and over such roads just to see me, and I so unworthy. I seemed to get a glimpse of God’s love to me through them, and my faith took hold. I there surrendered my will and life to God without reserve. They anointed me, laid on hands, and prayed for me. I was healed completely. Praise our God forever and ever!”

“The next day I got up, swept the floor, and walked almost a quarter of a mile. In one week I was in a tie camp cooking for my husband and two cousins and doing my own washing. God did a complete work.”

“The people all over the neighborhood were moved and flocked in to see if it were true. One old woman said, ‘I could never have believed it if I had not seen it with my own eyes.’ ”

“Surely God, is good to those who put their trust in Him. This was forty-one years ago, and I am still praising God for his saving and healing power.”

Your sister in Christ,
Mrs. Nora Richey,
Boring, Oregon

My First Trip to Eastern Oregon

During the winter of 1894 I saw that Brother F. N. Jacobson, who had come from the East and was holding meetings in northeastern Washington, was to be in Pendleton, Oregon, on a certain day. This would bring him within three hundred miles of us. My desire to meet him became uncontrollable. I had now been some time alone, and I felt I must take advantage of this opportunity for the sake of the work and the benefit I would derive.

As usual I had but little money, not nearly enough for the average traveler to think of going, and especially in the dead of winter; but I felt I should go and decided that nothing should stop me. After doing my best to prepare for the comfort of my wife and child I gathered up my tracts, papers, and books and set out, determined to be as saving as possible.

I walked the railroad to Oregon City, a distance of twenty-one miles. I then took the electric car to Portland for twenty-five cents. I visited a mission there and gave out literature there and elsewhere. I knew I must take cheap lodging. I saw a sign on the road which read, "Beds at the Quimby House, 5 cents." I am even now almost ashamed to say I went. I knew it could not be what I should desire, but committed all to God, and slept safely, and no ill befell me in any way.

I secured loaves of bread a day old which sold two for five cents. I made one to do me two meals.

From there I took a river boat to The Dalles. I then counted my change and inquired about the fare and found I would have just five cents over the fare. So I bought my ticket to Echo and walked the last twenty-five miles, arriving a little before sundown with \$1.05.

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I began inquiring, but no such person as Jacobson had ever been heard, of at Pendleton, Oregon. Night came on, so I took a bed in the hotel for twenty-five cents. I went up on the street and sang the song, “Listen sinner to the voice of thy reason’s noble choice,” after which I preached to quite a number and then retired for a good night’s rest.

The next day was Sunday. I had eighty cents. I was a stranger three hundred miles from a friend. And it was winter. What should I do? I knew my trust was in God; so I went to prayer and fasting. But as I could not keep the room late, I went out to the north on the hill overlooking the city and there I found a suitable place and gave myself solemnly to reading, praying, and searching my consecration and moving up on every possible line. I pledged the Lord I would be true and do his will if it took my life.

The language of David in Ps. 37:25 kept coming to me. “Once I was young, and now am I old yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread.” But the enemy would whisper, “But you will see it.”

This fight kept up until noon, when I again fell to my knees saying, “O Lord, I am now going to open your Word and read until I find a promise that covers my needs and that is mine, and it will be you speaking to me.” And to my great joy my eyes fell on Phil. 4:6: “Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.” This Scripture had never called my special attention before, nor did I know that such was in the Bible. But, like a flash, the Spirit made it real in my soul, magnifying most of all the “with thanksgiving.” I leaped to my feet and exclaimed, “Thank you Father. This is good enough. It contains your care for me.” Then I finished reading the chapter to the nineteenth verse, which again

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filled my soul with joy and confidence. I arose with a feeling that I would go down to the eastern part of the city and give out tracts and visit the people. The Lord had all things prepared for me, and I knew it not, except by faith.

I descended the hill, crossed the creek, and followed my impression to take the first street to the east. I had gone something like three blocks when I saw an aged man coming slowly from another direction a block away. Something said, "Stop and talk to that dear, old man about his soul." At first I thought it not wisdom, but it seemed I could almost hear the Lord say, "You promised to do anything I wanted you to," and I said, "Yes, Lord, I will." On his arrival I passed the time of day, and he stopped to talk. I then said in a casual manner "You have quite a city," to which he assented. Then he asked if I were a stranger and how long I had been there, and again where I hailed from, to which I said, "The Willamette Valley." The next question was, "Have you ever met a man down there by the name of S. S. Sheldon?" To which I said, "Yes, he stayed all night with us last Monday night. We lived on cornering farms for twelve years in Kansas. In fact his wife and my mother are a little related."

He then explained how they had been boys together at the same school, got married at the same time, both moved into the same rented house, and live together for several years until Mr. Sheldon left the east for Kansas. He also said that it just seemed like meeting an old friend, and that I must go with him to his house and see his wife, as she too would be glad to meet me. I did go with him and found it like the home of my parents.

This man made his living by teaming, but at this time his son was in the hospital, and he himself was so afflicted he could not work hard. He had two large teams which he would not untie from the stall lest they hurt him and get away.

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They urged strongly that I stay with them. In the meantime I had written Brother Jacobson. I stayed with the old couple till the following Saturday. On Monday morning a man came to hire this man to haul hay. I urged that he haul it and I do the work. I earned him over twenty dollars that week.

In the meantime I communicated with Brother Jacobson and he notified me that the death of his child had caused the delay, and that he and Brother Martin would be there Friday night. I still had fifty cents with which I secured a bed in the hotel. I met them at the train and took them to the hotel, and to my boarding house for breakfast. From that day that home was my home as long as those old people lived. The old lady gave her heart to the Lord.

Our Next Experience

The man who was supposed to meet the brethren at Pendleton, Oregon, and convey them to their place of meeting never came, and but little knowledge could be obtained of his whereabouts, except he was a widower living some sixteen miles north, where very few people lived at that time. The snow was on, and the weather cold. It was thought best for Brother Jacobson not to attempt the trip. So provisions were made with a farmer living in that direction to take and care for him. My friend tendered the use of his team and wagon, and Brother Martin and I started in quest of the rancher. We had quite an experience finding the way, but arrived at a nice farm residence about eleven o'clock at night.

Brother Martin went to the door and called, explaining our mission. And to our surprise the old German flew angry, said he had never asked for a meeting or for anyone to come to his house. Brother Martin then asked to stay the rest of the night, but was sternly refused. I then called out offering to sit by his fire if he had

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no bed, but he refused, saying he did not want anyone sitting up in his house while he slept. I then said, "Well, just give us some grain sacks and we shall sleep by his fire." Yet he said, no, we could not stay under any consideration.

I then said, our team was worn out wading the snow and we were cold, and I was going to stay. At that I drove to the barn, rushed the team in, and had them unharnessed and fed before he got out. When he arrived he growled, but said, "Well, if you are going to stay you will find oats in a box." But I said, "Oh, thank you, brother, I have found them and have fed the horses."

Brother Martin had been a Presbyterian minister and being a very refined, sedate man, was now at a loss to know what to say. But I felt sure the Lord directed my action, and that I should, be bold. I was now satisfied the man had once known the truth or something of it, and so it was, for his wife had been a real saint in Bro. D. S. Warner's time.

When we entered the house the Lord opened the way for us to talk to him of his soul's need of salvation, and it seemed the Lord, also gave us the right words to say.

It was not long until the man was on his knees seeking pardon, which he surely obtained. He then said, "Brethren, I must ask your forgiveness for my ill-treatment and the falsehood I told you when I said I had only one bed, for I have two good ones." We were soon nestled in a nice feather bed and rested like children. However, there was no way for meeting there, but this brother became the financial support of the work in those parts. At one time he gave the money to buy a new tabernacle, new harness and wagon, and a good team, to the ministry. At another time, he gave \$500 to the missionary home in Washington, and I was told that in his will, he remembered the

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Gospel Trumpet Company. He was a real blessing to the work, died with victory, and I expect to meet him in glory.

As for we brethren, we held meetings for three weeks in new places around and west of Freewater which served to help open the work later. When we separated it took all the money that was given in to take the other brethren home, and I was left again alone and penniless, farther from home than I was before.

I still remember the feelings I had as they stepped on the train with a ticket and started for their families, and yet I knew if I had not been there and taken the responsibilities they would never have had a single meeting. But I then remembered my experience at Pendleton, and soon had victory over it all.

I went to Weston that afternoon and learned that the midnight train was to give a special fare of one cent a mile to Portland; so I went to a man I had become a little acquainted with, borrowed five dollars, and was home the next day happy and strengthened in faith.

My First Trip to Lassen County, California

Brother Van Velden, who was a faithful minister, was the first to open the work in Lassen County in the northeast corner of California.

In the winter of 1900 he sent me an urgent call to come to help him in a revival in Cedarville. Arrangements were made that he would drive to Bieber, a distance of fifty or sixty miles, to meet me, while I was to go by train to Sisson and from there to Bieber by stage, a distance of some sixty miles over the Cascade Mountains. At Sisson I purchased a few things for my lunch on the way, holding in reserve the amount of the stage fare, as I understood it, but when I

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came to pay the fare I lacked five or ten cents. I returned to the merchant and asked him to take back a can of something, which he gladly did; so I paid my fare but had no money left.

We drove till late at night to reach Fall River, where all went to a hotel. I asked the privilege of remaining in the stage the remainder of the night, which was rather cold, as there were several inches of snow on the ground. We arrived at Bieber about ten the next day, where I met Brother Van Velden for the first time, also a dear family of saints, who treated us royally. We had meeting that night and the next day started on our journey to Cedarville.

Here we had a very good meeting, several being saved. A few were baptized on the last day of the meeting in one of the warm springs a mile or so out of the city. The next day, I believe it was, two young men went bathing in this same spring and were drowned. Both of these young men, also their mother, had been under conviction during the meeting, and it was reported they all wanted to come to the altar and get saved but were forbidden by their father, who was an austere man.

Our baby boy was not well when I left home, and it was a test of faith to go, knowing I was to be far in the interior where I could not be called soon or return easily. But as missing one train would break into all plans both wife and I felt we could place the child in God's hands and I should go. It happened the stage mail was blocked just after my arrival and it was several days before I received any mail. But I had learned not to worry over these things committed to the Lord; so I kept trusting. One day a number of letters came. The one written the day after I left began by saying, "Praise the Lord, Papa, the Lord healed Percy. He began to get better shortly after you left and is well today."

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Not only was my child sick when I left home, but our provisions were low; neither did I have the money to leave with my wife to purchase any more, yet she insisted she would trust the Lord and come out all right.

One day a letter came saying, “I want to tell you how the Lord answered prayer. This morning I cooked and ate the last food we had for breakfast; Sister Jordan sent me word she would be up to take dinner with me. I began to pray, ‘Lord, give us this day our daily bread.’ She came, and we enjoyed the forenoon. I went to secret prayer several times, yet nothing came. The time came to set the table, which I did, then slipped off to prayer again. I told the Lord I had done all I could. About that time a rap was heard on the door. When I opened the door there stood a little girl with a basket. She said, ‘Here is something Mamma sent.’ It was a nicely cooked chicken, a loaf of bread, some butter, etc., and before she left another came with a number of nice things. So we had an abundance, and Sister Jordan never knew but what I had plenty all the time. I felt so thankful. I wanted to tell her how the Lord supplied, but feared it would look as if I wanted to make my condition known.” This letter greatly encouraged my soul to keep on trusting.

I wish to say here, though often tested to the last, we have never lacked a single meal in all the years we have trusted the Lord, and much of the time have had an abundance and to spare.

Experiences in the Desert

Early in the history of the work in the West, Bro. G. W. Bailey and James Bamford and their helpers, equipped with the new tabernacle and outfit supplied by the German brother of Pendleton, made their initial trip into the Yakima Valley and pitched the

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tabernacle in Yakima City. A good little work was established. I soon visited the work and held a revival. A little later I was requested to bring my tabernacle and help hold a camp meeting in company with other brethren. One thing stood in the way. We were then keeping a dear, old brother who was afflicted sorely with rheumatism and was so near helpless that my wife felt she could not take care of him alone. Yet I felt I should go.

I had a good team and spring wagon for the trip. I had been told that a rough trip was good for rheumatism. So I resolved to go by team and take Grandpa with me. It took a great deal of talk and encouragement to get his consent.

Our tent and belongings were placed in the bottom of the wagon bed, then on that a bed spring that just fit, and on that a feather bed which came nearly level to the top of the side boards. It was a real task the first time to get Grandpa in, although a sort of stairs was prepared. At first he was much troubled, but he loved God and soon became encouraged.

The first night and morning were the worst. The second we started over the old Barlow toll road over the Cascade Mountains leading around the southern base of Mount Hood. The road was up and down, winding here and there. I drove very hard and crossed in two days, driving fifty-five miles the last day as the road, though winding among the tall timber, was smoother. More than once Grandpa would raise his head and say, "Johnny, are they running away?" That night he was much improved. The next day he rode in the spring seat. The next day we made a short drive, stopping with friends; but the next was hard. We crossed the Columbia River at The Dalles, and took the Sandy road for Goldendale. We drove late, arriving at a brother's home just as they were retiring. They were

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recently from the East. They had been writing me to come and hold a meeting, but had no idea of my coming by team.

I called at the door and asked if we could stay all night. The man was reluctant, but his wife said to keep us. I suggested, we might sleep in the hay barn and was granted the privilege. This was a trial to the old brother. He was a big, whole-hearted saint, and his home was as open as his heart. But to me it was all right.

The next morning the brother came out as I was feeding and began to inquire as to where we were from, where we were going, and how we come to get on that road. I answered all questions without giving the desired information. He finally said, "Will you please pardon me, but is your name Green?" To which I said, "Yes, Brother Hargas, I am Brother Green, and this is Brother Reed." He felt bad and said, "O Brother Green, why did you not let me know who you were, for I would have taken you in." I answered, "Brother, I am no better than other men, and I thought it a good opportunity to know of your treatment of strangers." His wife had said, after I went to the barn, "Papa, I believe that is Brother Green." He did not sleep much that night.

We were soon enjoying a good breakfast and were always welcome in that home afterward as long as Brother Hargas lived. May the Lord bless Sister Hargas who, though old and feeble, was still living the last I heard.

About this time a brother living at Eltopia, Washington—some eighty miles east of Yakima—was writing me to come and get a fine horse that he wanted to give me. At the close of the camp meeting I secured a saddle and started for the horse. I arrived at Eltopia about sunrise, very tired and feeling a little sick. But as I had only three days till I must be in a meeting at Cowecha I felt I must start back at once. Now my difficulties began. The men were all gone. The horse

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was not broken to ride. So I started on foot, hoping to hire someone to ride him at the little town. But I found no one; so I decided to start on across the sandy desert, a distance of twenty miles to the Columbia Cable Ferry. I had never been over the country before, but I got my bearings and started. After going a few miles I began to feel worse. The day became very warm. I had gone so far I feared to turn back, but kept trusting for the better ahead. By noon it seemed the heat was unbearable. My feet and head seemed burning up. I was faint and weak. I attempted to find shelter under a large sage brush, but I could not endure the heat there.

A terrible thirst seized me. My mouth became parched and my mind seemed determined to leave me at times. I knew I was in great danger unless the Lord sent help. I prayed earnestly and remembered the prayers of the saints that I might have a safe return. Oh, how I clung to the promise, "Ask, and ye shall receive."

In my distress I felt to leave the course that others were supposed to go and strike in a more westerly direction. And I did, although it was through a trackless desert. My condition became desperate. The heat waves were very near me and really blinding. It proved to be the hottest day of the year. It seemed I could go no further. And as I cried in the earnestness of my soul for God's help, I caught sight of a cabin directly in front of me a little way, which had been hidden by the heat waves. This encouraged me, and I made my way to it. I count this as the means of my life being spared. I removed most of my clothes and lay down in the shade of that cabin till near sundown, when I started on, feeling it was sure death if I remained long there. I prayed and plodded on. Several times it seemed my strength had left me, and I lay down. Only those who have had a like experience know what I suffered. I finally sank down and lay over a small sage brush till it seemed I could feel

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myself losing consciousness, and for a moment I despaired. Then it came to me that my wife and the saints were praying, and I must believe that God would answer. I said in these words to myself: "O Lord, I will stir myself; I will walk as long as I can move." By His help I got to my feet and went on a few steps. To my joy I saw the guy poles of the ferry. A few steps more and the great Columbia River lay at my feet. Can you imagine the gratitude and joy of my soul when just a few moments before it looked as if another range of hills lay just before me, which also added to the despairing features of my condition?

Once at the water's edge I drank, but I forced myself to refrain from giving way to all my thirst. I removed my clothes and waded in and remained for some time, drinking often, yet thirsting. I finally lay down on the bank and fell asleep only to dream of my thirst and awake with my whole being calling for water. I rang the ferryman, who took me across. I drank one pint of water. I ordered breakfast, but I could eat only a few bites at the most. I drank four glasses of water, rested for a half hour, and again returned to the well and drank. The people expressed fears that I would drink to my hurt. Here a man rode my horse, after which I rode him. I took a quart jug of water which I drank before noon. At noon I ordered dinner, but again could not eat much, but my thirst was still raging insomuch that the woman marveled at the amount I drank. The day was hot and I was suffering.

I then went to a secluded spot in the Yakima River and lay in the water for some time. On returning to the hotel I drank one more glass of water and my thirst was quenched and I felt normal, and felt no more ill effects until our next meeting was over and we were on our way to Centerville, Washington, where I was billed for a revival meeting.

A Spell of Typhoid

We left Cowecha feeling as well as usual but the second day out, while stopping to feed the team on the summit of the mountains before reaching Goldendale, Washington, I was suddenly taken very sick with what proved to be a severe case of typhoid, contracted from the above mentioned experience.

My wife was notified, who came and brought both the team and myself from The Dalles to Portland on the boat and driving the team on home from there.

I was a very sick man, but the saints prayed earnestly, and after some days, it seemed the Lord spoke to Bro. Bamford, who was in Seattle and knew nothing of my sickness, to come and see me. He did, and the moment I saw him, I felt sure I would be healed. In a few moments he and my wife anointed me and prayed, and the fever left me and I was instantly healed though very weak. I had lost in flesh till I was by far the lightest I have ever been since I grew to manhood. I then gained in weight so fast I soon became several pounds heavier than I had ever been before or since. Surely we owe our life and praises to the dear Lord.

Our Branch Office of the Gospel Trumpet

Shortly after we became settled in the work in Oregon I began to desire and pray for a printing press. I located a used one and bought it and was soon turning out four-page tracts, bills, cards, etc.

About this time, Brother Bailey and Brother Barnford arranged to run a branch office of the Gospel Trumpet at the Saints Home, some 9 or 10 miles out from Colfax, Washington. A large shipment of books, tracts, etc., was received. They also purchased a larger

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press with a good supply of type and other equipment, with the intentions of doing a lot of tract work.

This location soon proved too far from the express and post office so they shipped, the same to Portland, Oregon, expecting to establish the branch office there. This also failed and the books were never unpacked. The brethren opened and ran a mission in a hall at 213 Ash Street, but decided to ship the stock of books back to the company.

Although I was not responsible, having had nothing to do in the affairs up to this time, yet I felt it was not treating the company just right to ship the stock back after so much handling, which would mean a very heavy loss to the company. Besides the literature was here and I felt it should be used in the west, yet there proved to be but one alternative and that was for me to release Brother Bailey and assume his responsibility, thus making Brother Bamford and I partners, not only in the disposition of the literature, but to pay the debt of considerably more than \$1000, if I remember correctly.

Our Office

We at once built a very nice two-room building; one room furnished with shelves, desks, drawers, etc., suitable for the literature—the other a press room.

The books once placed looked nice and caused a feeling of gladness. Brother Bamford stayed by me faithfully until the building was completed, painted, and a large sign placed, which read EVENING LIGHT PUBLISHING CO. A notice of sale was run in the Trumpet. Brother Bamford then asked to be excused that he might find a location for his family, which he did in Seattle. There he became so involved in the gospel work that he never returned to

assume responsibilities, which proved to be in the Lord's order, as he became a great factor in raising up the work and building the first saint's chapel in that city.

Our Tracts

In the meantime we ran out many tracts, mostly of our own composition. Some proved very efficient, especially those entitled "Saints of God, When and Where," "The Body of Christ, Do You Discern It?", and "The Kingdom of God—A Present Kingdom."

We were soon filling orders for these tracts from far and near. I became concerned as it was demanding much more of my time than I had expected to give. It looked like I must give up the work of printing or be crippled in my ministry, so I resolved on giving up the former, for I had only intended to do that during spare time, or as it were, on the side, but I learned it took more than spare time.

I have often wished I had kept this door open and trusted the Lord to furnish the proper help to carry it on.

A Heavy Burden

Our debt looked almost staggering and more so as some of the books proved very poor sellers, and we seemed to have more of these than of others. However we set to our task. The saints and friends here bought \$100.00 worth of books which we donated to the Oregon State Prison. Wife and I sacrificed all we could of my own means and every dollar the books brought in we paid on the bill. Thus in a few years we had the debt almost paid, and the brethren graciously forgave what remained.

We still had above \$500.00 of the original stock on hand, which we placed on exhibition at our camp and general meetings, and gave them away.

Believe me, I felt a great load roll off when that debt was settled.

A Trip Into the Blue Mountains

In the spring of 1902 I moved my family into the Walla Walla country that we might labor for a few months in those new fields. We rented a furnished house in Milton, Oregon, and soon learned of a man who was a reader of the "Trumpet" who had never met the saints, but who desired to. I first walked to Weston to find him. I there learned he had gone some twenty miles into the Blue Mountains to cut wood. I returned home and in a few days started to find him, walking all the way.

At Freewater the wheat was about ten inches high and waved the beauties of spring as I left. I climbed so fast that by night I was passing over banks of snow in place some four feet deep. It was almost a miracle that I found him in those lone mountains, arriving about sundown. Two brothers and their wives were in a rather small log cabin, but when I made my mission known I too was welcome in their home. That night one other man was invited in and we had a blessed meeting. The one brother was already saved; the other and the two wives got saved that night. I believe I stayed two nights and then descended the mountains. I do not remember of ever being more stiff and sore than I was after that trip, caused by climbing and descending the mountains. In fact, I could hardly walk for several days, but I felt abundantly paid.

The results of the trip did not stop there. One of those sisters took sick shortly after and died with victory. These brothers had a sister at Rainier, Oregon, to whom they wrote about what they had found. They urged that I go and carry the message to her, which I did that fall, with the result that she took her stand for the truth. Her husband also got saved later. This was Brother and Sister Brant, who have been a great help to the work and were well known to the church in the West, but have gone to their reward. This was the beginning of the work in Rainier.

Our Daughter's Healing

As I was helping in a camp meeting in Grants Pass, Oregon, about the year 1904, I received a message from home saying our little girl Nellie was dangerously ill. I returned answer that I would come on the next train, which would be that night. The services were in progress and a brother was preaching. I went to my tent, threw myself across my bed, and called on God to spare my child's life. At the close of the preaching I entered the tabernacle and requested prayer, and the service soon turned to a glorious praise meeting. The joy of the Lord filled my soul and my faith took hold of the promises. I arose saying in these words, or nearly so, "God heals my child. If I do not believe God heals my child then I do not believe that God is on His throne; so I will not go home, I will get a letter tomorrow saying she is healed." Some of the unsaved criticized me, and many purposed to watch the mails.

As the postman drew near the camp the following day, all were watching to see if I received the expected news. I was first to meet him at the edge of the camp, and received a letter giving the hour of our praise meeting and saying, "Praise the Lord, Nellie is healed. She opened her eyes at such a minute and said, 'Mamma, I am

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hungry,' after which she slipped to the floor, and is now out playing. If you have not started, you need not come." Again there was rejoicing in the camp.

The child had been quite sick up to that hour.

Some two or three years later this same child took dangerously sick with cholera infantum. We had the saints of Woodburn pray, but she continued to get worse until at last we thought she was dying, and called the other children to see her. We were having a struggle to give her up, and, feeling heart-broken, I stepped to the telephone and, calling central, asked that she call our local deacon, also Brother Jordan, of Hubbard, and Bro. G. T. Neal, of Portland, and have them all remain on the line at once. They did and I said, "Brethren, Nellie is dying, we need your prayers." I returned to the bedside and said to wife, "O Mamma, if she must go, let us be sure she dies the Lord's and not ours." It seemed I saw her go to the Lord, and a joy filled my heart. I cried aloud, "Praise the Lord." At that instant she opened her eyes and looked at us. Then I said, "Oh, she is healed." And she was from that minute, although too weak as yet to speak. The fever was broken and she soon gained her strength. This was a real miracle.

Taken For a Junk or Hide Dealer

In the years 1897-98 I assisted in a couple of meetings in Stayton and won a number of friends and well-wishers. Again in 1901 my brother and I loaded our tabernacle and equipment in a one-horse wagon and drove through the heavy dust and heat to this town.

The next day we worked very hard clearing a grove and pitching and seating our tabernacle. It was getting late. We must

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have feed for the horse; so before preparing myself for the meeting I hitched up and rushed off to the feed barn. I was not ragged but unusually covered with dust and sweat. I hated to go, but time and conditions demanded it.

While at the barn where a number of men were gathered, one man asked a number of questions trying to ascertain my business, all of which I successfully evaded at first, but the inquirer was not easily foiled and finally asked, "Are you gathering junk?" "No, sir." After a short pause he said, "Pardon me, please, but may I ask what is your business?" "Yes, sir," I replied, "you are at perfect liberty to ask, and know my business, but I confess on account of my appearance I am a little ashamed to tell you I am here to help in holding a revival meeting," and explained how I had been working. Then I gave them all an invitation to attend. He asked what church? I answered, "The Church of God." "Oh," said he, "do you know a preacher by the name of Green?" Yes, sir." "Will he be at the meeting?" "Yes, sir." "Will he preach tonight?" "I cannot answer as to that," I replied (as Brother Bamford had just arrived to assist). He then said, "If I knew that fellow would speak I would go, for I enjoy hearing him."

Fearing lest I should speak and he might think I had not told the truth, I then said, "By the way, I am the man. But I am not sure that I will speak." He was much surprised and rather protested, that I was not the man he had listened to before, but when convinced, he and his companions had a hearty laugh at the joke, and some assured me they would be at the meeting.

Later this joke was passed on until it reached a brother in the East, who wrote a good article for the Gospel Trumpet on ministerial deportment in which he referred to this incident, saying one minister had been taken for a hide buyer and junk gatherer. But

that did not serve as a trial to me, as I knew he did not understand the situation, and that it was only for Jesus' sake and his blessed cause I had had the experience.

In fact in all my early ministry I took as much of the hard and menial work as I possibly could to open the way for others. And I gladly do the same today so far as my strength will permit.

My Lost Glasses

During the spring of 1919 I was stopping with a fine family for a few days near Axtell, Montana. This man gave me an invitation to go with him for a load of coal some two miles away and across the prairies. While he mined the coal I walked all over the mine and up and down the canyon.

When we returned to the house I found I had lost my glasses. They had dropped from my pocket somewhere, and as I had walked much of the way, to keep warm, I had no way of knowing whether they were lost in the grass on the way to or from the mine or around the mine. I had a meeting announced for the next day and had to have them. The chances for finding them looked small, yet I started with a prayer. Later I prayed, "O Lord, direct my feet to the lost glasses."

I continued to search and pray for a long time. It begun to look as though I would not find them at all, and as I stood upon a large bank of waste coal I prayed, saying, "O Lord, you have said, 'Ask and it shall be given,' I have asked thee to direct my feet, but they have not been directed." Just then something seemed to say, "You have not asked that I direct your eyes." I then prayed, "O Lord, direct my eyes to those glasses."

I had just finished my request when my eyes were drawn instinctively to a certain spot some two rods away. I had not even moved my feet or turned my head. I stood gazing at the spot, trying to ascertain if my glasses were really there, but could not by sight. Yet my feelings were so profound and such a joy came into my soul that I could not doubt that my glasses were there, and without moving I gave thanks to the Lord and then walked to the spot. There lay my glass case almost covered with slack coal, just a small part visible, and it had the same color as the coal. I knew the Lord had heard my prayer and helped me find my glasses. On returning to the place where I was staying I told the people of my experience, and although strangers, they rejoiced with me.

How the Lord Led a Business Man to Help Me

We moved to Billings, Montana. It cost five dollars a day for the cheapest hall that could be had. As there were but a very few saints, and they were in the most part poor people, the time came that we could not pay that rent. But it seemed the Lord showed divine intervention by giving us favor with the school board, who gave us the use of a vacated school building. We had no seats nor could we find any to rent.

A revival was announced. We must have seats. I had searched almost everywhere for a part of two days, then some of us went to prayer and while there it occurred to my mind I should go to Mr. O'Malley and ask for lumber to make the seats with. I arose at once and went. I asked for the lumber and promised to pay for it inside of thirty days, to which he said, "Yes, you may have all you want." After making out the bill, he marked it, "Donated," and handed it to

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me, saying, "I am doing this out of respect to you and your work, and do it gladly."

Later the city council required we install and connect with the sewer. At that time I had the money and let the job on a cash basis, promising to pay when the work was done. The plumber kept delaying. A sudden change took place in some temporal affairs. Sickness called my wife suddenly away; that also took quite a little money. Just about this time I returned home one evening to find he had rushed the job with several men and was just finishing, and of course expected his money.

I had to tell him I could not pay him until the next day. He seemed afraid and asked, "What hour?" I said not later than four, although I came near saying noon. I was a stranger. Money was hard to get, and the banks were loaning very little. I went from one broker to another. I prayed and searched diligently as I ever did in my life. It was after three when I entered the last loan office, and the proprietor said it was impossible to get a dollar to loan.

I walked out on the street. I had but a short time in which to pay the bill. I poured out my heart to the Lord. I remembered how he required me to keep my word good, and the confidence of the business world, and I knew he was my only help, yet I must pay it according to promise or I would bring a stain upon his cause as well as myself. I did not know which way to look or turn. Just then something seemed to say, "Go to Mr. O'Malley. He will tell you."

I turned at once, went to his office, asked if he knew of any private party who might loan \$50 for a short time. He reached for his check book saying, "Yes, I can." He refused even to take a note, saying, "Mr. Green, I am sure if you live you will pay it. But you need be in no hurry." He then asked if the members of my

congregation was helping pay for my car which I had recently bought, to which I replied in the negative.

He then reached in the money till, and, giving me two dollars, said, "I am going to give you this in the name of the company, and I know they will be pleased."

I could not restrain the tears as I thanked him and hastened to the plumber. I entered, his office just a few minutes before the hour and he said, "Well, you have kept your word, but you surely haven't much margin." Others were present as he told of some who promised but failed to keep it.

Again I have great reasons to thank the Lord for the money and such a friend as Mr. O'Malley proved to be. He was a strong Catholic. He has favored me in many ways since, and will ever hold a place of highest esteem and appreciation with me.

My Christmas Hat

I was billed to take the seven o'clock train on Christmas morning, 1923, to hold a revival at Cornell, Nebraska. The brethren had sent my fare in advance. I was much in need of a hat and to this end I prayed often for some days previously, but no hat came.

On entering the house after dark Christmas Eve I took my hat off and as I hung it up I said to my wife, "If I had the money to spare I would surely go now before the store closes and get a hat," To which she said, "Papa you go and get it, and we will get along somehow." But I felt I must leave a little money with them. Just then I said in my heart, "Lord, I am willing to go with this hat if thou art willing that I should." A great joy came into my soul as I knew I had left the matter all in his care and his way would be best.

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While I was yet rejoicing a messenger boy came bringing a sealed envelope from a large business firm in the city. On opening it I read, "Compliments from the Hart-Albon Company. This is to buy you a new hat as a Christmas present." These words were written on the lower edge of a \$7.50 check. I cannot here describe my feelings at that moment. I was a perfect stranger to every member of that firm, and they to me, except as they had seen my name in connection with the church activities in the daily paper. I knew God had heard my prayer and answered it.

After giving thanks I stepped into the car and went to their office. I first spoke to the office lady, asking some questions, and explained how the money had come in direct answer to prayer. She stepped from behind the desk, saying, "Mr. Green, is it not true that God will care for his own if we will trust him?" and then said, "I wish you would meet Mr. Hart and Mr. Albon and tell them what you have told me." She then took me to their offices, and, having introduced me, she said to them, "I want Mr. Green to tell you what he told me." I did. They stood and taking my hand, said, "We are glad you told us of this incident. We are glad to know that we have been instrumental in helping to answer one man's prayer." I then hastened and got my hat just before the store closed. My heart rejoiced in the literal fulfillment of Isa. 65:24.

Our Present State Camp Ground

Shortly after settling in Oregon I had my attention drawn to the tract of land where our State Camp meeting is now located. I thought, "How well suited for a camp ground!" A desire took hold, of me that the church should own it for such. The impression grew to prayer for it. Others joined in, and we felt we had it before any material evidence was in sight. All the members and ministers in

Oregon felt we should have it, and a concerted effort brought it in a way that we all felt was the Lord's doing. Today we have as good, if not the best camp ground on the coast.

To The Memory of My Father

My language is too poor to express the gratitude I feel and the respect I owe to my departed father. The memory of whose life makes the name father a sacred name to me.

My father was a man of honesty whose word was depended upon by all who knew him. A man who endeavored to inculcate the same in the hearts of his children. The value of careful planning so as to meet every obligation promptly. A man of toil. He governed his family, yet merited our respect.

He helped preserve our union in time of war, and was a loyal citizen in time of peace.

He attended strictly to his own affairs and never meddled in that of others. In short he was a real father, and I revere his memory and still feel my loss.

My Business Principles

A man's reputation with the business world has something to do with his success or failure in the ministry. I saw before going into the ministry that I must "have a good report of them that are without." 1 Tim. 3:7.

No one is too poor to be honest. And an honest man will deny himself to the extent of real sacrifice, that his obligations may be kept. He will not invest in luxuries, foolish and unnecessary things, or keep up with the finery of the world and let their bills go unpaid.

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I esteem the respect of the world as sacred. I have carefully followed the above principles. I have seldom asked my brethren or friends for financial favors. I have generally kept my business between the business world and myself, especially since I have known of some ministers who drew upon the confidence and charity of their brethren, and then betrayed them by not meeting their obligations as they should.

I have asked for credit and done business with the banks—that I could easily have avoided—but for the sake of becoming better acquainted, and establishing a reputation as a worthy citizen.

I have always been able to obtain, and up to the present, I cannot call to mind one promise unkept or one cent unpaid at the time agreed.

I have generally kept our bank quite well informed as to our true financial strength or weakness; the object of borrowing, and the manner of spending; also our gains or loss in the same. We have enjoyed a close friendship this method has given us with each bank with whom we have done our general business.

If in my absence my wife came in need of money to carry on, she too could ask for what she needed, and without question borrow the same on her own personal note.

I greatly appreciate this record. Also my Father's council and the Lord's helping the same. I hope my example will be appreciated, by my children who must bear my name to the world.

I also gratefully acknowledge the help my wife has been on this line, as she has always sacrificed to the limit, rather than make obligations we could not meet.

I shall here subjoin a few statements from leading business men where we have lived, and with whom I have done considerable

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business. It has not been without vigilance, sacrifice and prayers that I have gained these and many more such friends, and obtained these valued, recommends.

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Grants Pass, Ore., Sept. 9, 1918

To Whom It May Concern:

We have known Mr. J. L. Green for over five years and have found him absolutely reliable in every respect, and can heartily recommend him for any line of endeavor in which he may go into.

Yours very truly,

Jewell Hdw. Co.,

D. W. Fry, Sec.

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Grants Pass, Ore., Sept. 9, 1918

To Whom It May Concern:

This is to certify that I have been acquainted with Mr. J. L. Green for eight years and know him to be a man of honesty and integrity, and in every way, both business and character, above reproach.

I take pleasure in recommending him in any capacity or transaction that he is capable of fulfilling.

Respectfully,

S. Laughridge, Medical Doctor

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Grants Pass, Ore., Mar. 25, 1919

To Whom It May Concern:

This is to certify that for several years past Mr. J. L. Green has been a customer of this bank. During that times we have extended to Mr. Green small credits in the all of which has been entirely satisfactory. At various times we have extended to Mr. Green small credits in the way of loans and he has always met them promptly, generally before they were due. Mr. Green stands well in this community; is a man of clean character and high Christian ideals.

We believe Mr. Green will carry out any obligation he undertakes if within his power to do so. It gives us pleasure to recommend him to anyone who may have business transactions with him.

Yours very truly,

Josephine County Bank,

Sam H. Barker, Cashier

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Grants Pass, Ore., Mar. 26, 1919

To Whom It May Concern:

I have been acquainted with the bearer Mr. J. L. Green for several years. I have given him credit whenever he has asked. He has always been prompt in payment, and I consider him an honest, upright and industrious man and worthy of respect, and I gladly recommend him to your consideration.

Yours truly,

Pardee Grocery,

J. P. Pardee, Manager

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Billings, Montana, Mar. 19, 1924

Rev. Mr. J. L. Green
City

Dear Mr. Green:

We understand that you are leaving Billings for an indeterminate period; we hope it will not be for long. As our acquaintance and business relations with you have been so pleasant we naturally do not like to lose a man of your type. However, we bespeak for you the same high regard in which you are held here, wherever you may go.

If at any time, Mr. Green, you should need reference we will deem it a favor that you call on us as it will be a real pleasure to subscribe our name to a statement telling of the high esteem in which you are held in this community, and that your credit is and has always been unquestioned.

Thanking you for the nice business we have had from you and wishing you abundant success both in your spiritual endeavor and material well-being, we are

Very truly yours.

O'Malley Lumber and Coal Co.

By J. P. O'Malley, President

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Billings, Montana, October 24, 1925

To Whom It May Concern:

This will introduce to you Mr. J. L. Green, who has been a

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valued customer of this bank since his residence here, and whose business we have greatly appreciated.

Mr. Green is now removing from our midst, and we gladly give him this letter of introduction, stating that he is a man of good character and standing, and from our experience, he looks after his obligations as he agrees promptly.

We are sorry to see Mr. Green leave us, and some other community's gain will be our loss. Heartily commending him to your most favorable consideration, we are,

Yours very respectfully.

Security Trust and Savings Bank,

W. A. Waldron, President,

Billings, Montana

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Vida, Montana, Aug. 27, 1925

To Whom It May Concern:

Introducing Mr. J. L. Green, formerly from Vida, Montana. We have known Mr. Green for about eight years and value his acquaintance very highly. We have always found him to be a man of high moral standing, a good citizen, a community worker, a man of sound judgment and, a good practical Christian.

His dealing with our bank has always been very satisfactory. His word has always been as good as the proverbial U. S. Bond. We feel sure that he will succeed in any line of endeavor he may choose to follow. We take great pleasure in introducing to you, Mr. J. L. Green.

P. M. Krebsbach, Cashier,

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First State Bank of Vida, Montana

Canby Union Bank

Canby, Oregon, May 31, 1938

To Whom It May Concern:

This will introduce to you Mr. J. L. Green, a valued customer of this bank for many years. During this time our relations have always been pleasant and, he has merited our fullest confidence and respect.

We know him to be honest, conscientious, fair in his dealings, and of good Christian character. Any courtesies extended him will be appreciated by,

Yours very truly,

C. E. Johnson, cashier

In Conclusion



The Bride the Lamb's Wife

I feel the constraining love of God in my soul forbids that I close this book without one chapter dedicated especially to the subject of the “church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth,” I Tim. 3:14-15.

It is called the church of God because it belongs to Him, by right of creation and redemption, as it is the product of His redemption plan, and the object of His love.

He sent His son to purchase, Acts 20:28, and build it as He said, “I will build my church”, Mat. 16:18. He loved it and gave Himself for it, Eph. 5:25. It is the fulfilment of prophecy as expressed by Solomon and Isaiah, “I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valleys,” Cant. 2:1-2. “All fair and no spot in her,” 4:7, undefiled and the only one of her mother.” 6:9 which is the new covenant, Gal. 4:21.

It is the New Testament Zion, Heb. 12:22, as foretold in Isaiah, the sixty and sixty-second chapters.

She is that beautiful woman that the Revelator saw, carried by the two great wings. That is the Eastern and Western, or Greek and Roman divisions of the Catholic sect, into the wilderness of Catholic darkness for 1260 years after which she had to pass through the cloudy or protestant era, as spoken of in Rev. 18:1, “Leaning upon her beloved, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners, the bride, the Lamb's wife,” with the same beautiful garments of righteousness she was clothed with in the morning light, Rev. 19:7-8; 21:9.

It is called the body of Christ because He is the head, Eph. 1:22, 23; Col. 1:18, and every saint of God on earth is a working member in that body, I Cor. 12:1.

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It is called the church of God, because it includes every member of His family in Heaven and on earth, and is named after Himself, being so named by His own mouth, Isa. 62:2, and because it includes only those who have been born again, John. 3:3, I John. 3:1-10, and whose names are in the Lamb's book of life in Heaven, Lu. 10:20, Heb. 12:23, Rev. 20:12; 21:27.

It is the church of God because it is governed solely by his spirit and words. No human discipline, laws or by-laws, no class book or church register, no human organization, associations, boards of committees, by which it is known or not known, as all such human rule belongs to spiritual or sect Babylon.

Last, but not least, every member is joined or added to it by himself through the operation of His spirit, I Cor. 12:13, 18, 28, and has fellowship with God and each other, I John. 1:7, but if we say we have fellowship with God and walk in darkness we lie and do not the truth, V.6.

May God hasten the day when every saint of God on earth will discern the body of Christ, and flee the wreckage, corruption and doom of fallen Babylon, to the honor and glory of our risen Lord.

Our Present Work

Hubbard, Oregon, July 5, 1939

Although we have always been active in gospel work, devoting our labors mostly to new fields, yet we have passed over the incidents of the last 20 years or more.

However we deem it fitting to say that some three years ago we bought a property suitable for worship, built us a dwelling and begun a new work in this village.

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Several souls have been saved, some moved to other parts, some seven or eight have gone to be with Jesus. Our Sunday School record stands today at eighty-nine. Several of our young people feel the hand of God upon them for the ministry and are being used in the same.

We are especially happy to say we do not need or use any superficial means, such as play parties, movie going, ball teams, church suppers, etc., to hold them, for that which draws the older people to the Cross draws them. And their love and loyalty to the Lord and His cause takes the place of all these things.

As to ourselves, we realize our labors will soon be over and we shall be at rest.

We know not how, or why, God loved us so,
That He should give His Son to die for those so base;
That He should die to wash away our sins,
That we one day redeemed, might stand before His face.
We know not how He dwells within our souls,
Or how His light can lighten every part,
But this we know, His love our being does control,
His peace and love abounds within our hearts.
We know not how, or when our Saviour shall return,
Or how the grave shall yield its silent dead.
Yet this we know there is a judgment day,
As Jesus Christ our risen Lord hath said.
To earthly things we soon shall bid farewell,
That we may join the ransomed gone before,
That we with all the holy Angel band,
May sing our blessed Saviour's praise for ever more.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Green

