

The Revival in Tin Town



Effie M. Williams

The Revival In Tin Town

By

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“Trials and Triumphs of Eva Grant”

“The Infidel Doctor of Salem”

“The Man of His Counsel”

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Chapter I

Proud Mrs. Sawyer

“Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.”—Prov. 16:18.

The westbound limited steamed out of the St. Louis station one evening in late October carrying with it many passengers bound for some far-western destination. There were elderly men and women, young men and maidens, young children, and even small babies with their mothers and nurses. There were business men going to some town in the West in the interest of the firms which they represented, newlyweds going to California to spend their honeymoon, fashionable society women going to Long Beach to spend the winter and enjoy the balmy air of that place and escape the bitter, biting cold of their own northern cities and there were those who were not there for any particular reason only that they were going West to see the country.

Among all the passengers there was one woman upon whom all cast their eyes as they passed her in her apartment in the Pullman and it was only in keeping with human nature that they should, for she lay back on pillows which were arranged in the seat and the whiteness of her face contrasted with the pillows on which she rested. She was robed in a pink satin kimono with pink satin boudoir

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slippers to match and upon her hands, which were folded across her lap, sparkled the diamond and the ruby, while a large cameo set with four diamonds clasped her kimono at her throat. A nurse in white cap and apron was her constant attendant and while the train was in the station a well-dressed man assisted in getting her on the train and helped to make her as comfortable as he could in the apartment which had been reserved for them. He lingered by her side until the last "All aboard" was heard, holding her jeweled hand and stroking it tenderly. As he turned to leave the coach he lifted her hand to his lips and kissed it in an affectionate way and then bending over, he pressed a kiss upon her forehead. She returned the greeting and lifting her hand patted his cheek. He then exchanged a few words with the nurse, turned again, waved his hand at the woman lying on the pillows, and left the coach. As the train began pulling from the station those in the rear of the coach caught sight of a man with his face buried in a handkerchief, shaking with convulsive sobbing while a woman which resembled the one lying among the pillows stood resting her hand upon his shoulder, the tears coursing down her own cheeks.

There was the steady puffing of the engine, the steady grinding of the rolling wheels, and soon the city was left behind and the train was rolling across the country toward the land of the setting sun. The shades of evening gave way to that of darkness when the train came to a standstill for its first stop on the westward trip, and among those who got aboard were Dr. Nesbit with his wife and daughter. These three were taken to an apartment in the same pullman with the pale woman who lay among the pillows, their reservation being across the aisle and two seats back. The reservation directly across the aisle was occupied by a very plainly dressed, gray-haired woman who could be called unattractive save for the kind expression upon her face and the kind glance of her eye. As the train moved along she

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very often looked toward the pale woman among the pillows and as she would catch her eye would give her a most pleasant smile. This was repeated quite often until at last the smile was returned and as the nurse returned to her patient bringing her a drink she found a smile playing about her lips and she said, "Well, I declare, I believe my patient is getting better already, for just see what a pleasant smile you are wearing. I wish you might see yourself. But I should like to know just what is the cause of all this and what were your thoughts."

"I was just thinking how true that old adage is, 'Smile and the world smiles with you.' You see the woman across the aisle from us," said the pale-faced woman faintly, nodding her head toward the place where the plainly dressed woman sat. When the nurse replied in the affirmative she continued, "Well, I never saw anyone with such a smile as she has. I have been especially attracted by it ever since we entered the coach, and she has such a pleasant face. I know she is entirely out of my class, for she is so plainly attired; but she surely has a sweet face and when she smiled at me I just had to return it. There seemed to be a sort of magnetism about it."

"I am glad she is where you can look at her occasionally," replied the nurse, "and I hope she will smile often, for this seems to be doing you more good than anything else has done you for some time. If you keep on smiling like that I believe it will not be long until we shall see some pink in your cheeks again," and she pinched her on the cheek in a teasing manner.

"It will take more than a smile to put the pink in my cheeks again," replied the pale-faced woman as she turned her head wearily on the pillow and pretended to look out into the gathering darkness.

It was not long until the nurse and Dr. Nesbit were engaged in conversation, for each was helper of the other in their profession. After conversing with the nurse he felt free to visit her patient also,

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and she was glad to learn that he was going farther on the journey than they were and was offering his services at any time should they be needed. The pale-faced woman was a victim of the white man's plague and was going to a sanitarium in Arizona with her private nurse to fight the disease and try to regain her health. Many on the train offered their services should they be needed and among them was the white-haired, plainly dressed woman from across the aisle.

Night settled down and the porter arranged the berths for his passengers, that of the pale-faced woman being arranged first, the nurse helping her to prepare herself for bed. The trip that day had been very tiresome for her and she was soon sound asleep. When the plainly dressed woman learned that the nurse meant to occupy the upper berth of her patient she insisted that she might exchange her place with her so that she should be directly opposite her patient and therefore nearer her and much easier to wait on her should she be called in the night. As she insisted so strongly the exchange was made and all retired for the night.

As the nurse had given her patient some powders she felt that she would rest through the night and therefore she went to bed without the least bit of anxiety about her, although she had been with her for several weeks and just a few days had passed since she had fought hard for her patient to rally from a severe hemorrhage. It was then that the attending physician had advised a higher altitude for her as the last and only resort for her and she now was with her on their way to a sanitarium in Arizona to try every means available to restore her to health again if such could be possible.

Two hours passed and the nurse awakened to see about her patient and found her sleeping soundly. She again retired to her own berth and was soon fast asleep again, only to be awakened by a gurgling sound from the berth of her patient. Upon pulling back the

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curtains and turning on the light, she found her struggling to get her breath and the blood was flowing from her mouth, covering the pillow. She had been taken with another hemorrhage. The nurse called the porter and began to do that which she could to stop the hemorrhage and also to quiet her patient, but all to no avail. She then had the porter to call Dr. Nesbit, but he had heard the commotion and donning his dressing gown he was just stepping out from behind the curtains when the porter reached his berth. He, too, called forth all preventatives and restoratives that he knew in his professional line, but still the hemorrhage was not stopped. He looked the nurse in the eye and shook his head. This did not escape the notice of the patient, and as best she could between the flow of the blood from her lips she gasped, "Must I die?"

Just at this time another appeared on the scene and the gray-haired, smiling-faced woman from across the aisle appeared at her berth. "Must I die?" again gasped the patient. To which the nurse replied, "We have done all we know to do and we are fighting for you just as we did a few days ago. You know you pulled through that time and we are doing just as we did then. Dr. Nesbit is doing just as your own doctor did, so let us not give up hope."

Another gush of blood came from between her lips and again the doctor shook his head. Here the gray-haired woman said, "You need not die, for when we have done all that we can and yet to no avail there is one who can still help us and that is the Lord. Look at Him at this time and He can help you and wants to help you. Shall we ask Him to give you relief at this time?" The pale-faced woman nodded her head and the doctor and nurse both stepped back from her berth as the woman from across the aisle slipped down on her knees beside the berth and asked God to undertake and do that which was impossible for man to do. The train thundered on over the rails

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in the darkness of the night, but the simple prayer of one of God's children reached the throne from that Westbound limited train and the prayer had not ended until the flow from her lungs had stopped and she ceased to spit up any more blood or to gasp for breath. The hemorrhage had entirely ceased. At the close of the prayer she lay very weak and exhausted among the blood-stained pillows, but breathing regularly. Her jeweled hand lay across her breast and the diamonds sparkled with the rising and falling of her chest in her breathing. At last she opened her eyes and catching sight of the smiling face at the side of her berth she smiled back at her saying, "I feel better and I thank you for the interest you have in me."

A half-hour passed and there was no sign of the hemorrhage returning so the nurse began to remove the soiled linen about the bed. After this task was completed, the patient called for a drink and when the nurse came with a glass of water for her she was shocked to see her sitting upright in her berth and holding the hand of the woman who had prayed for her. She laid her down among the pillows quickly as she could saying, "Oh, you must not exert yourself in any way, for you might bring another hemorrhage on yourself again and we do not want that."

The pale-faced woman lay back down among the pillows but with a smile of satisfaction upon her face. The doctor returned to his berth, the gray-haired, smiling-faced woman to hers, leaving the nurse with her patient, who lay quite still and obediently swallowed the resting powder which was given her. But the powder did not bring sleep to her eyes, for she lay there thinking of the years that had passed and also the remark which she had made to her nurse that afternoon regarding the white-haired woman across the aisle. "No, she is not of my class," she said to herself over and over again, "for she is living in a higher realm than I am. She can reach God and I

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cannot.” Her thoughts carried her back several years when as a young girl she bowed at an altar of prayer and there wept out her transgressions before the Lord and felt his pardoning grace upon her soul, but with the activities of school and then college, and then of society, God had been crowded out and she had given place to the selfish things of life. God had blessed her with a splendid voice, which she had been careful to train, but when trained she had not used it in any way to glorify God and now it had been reduced to not much more than a whisper. Her hands, which were covered with sparkling gems, had often been her pride as she swept them over the keys of the piano and she had studied hard and labored that she might acquire this skill, only to use it to entertain others. How glad she would have been now to exchange the jewels on her hands for the satisfaction of knowing her hands had ministered help to someone else. Tears coursed down her cheeks as these thoughts came racing through her mind and in her heart she said, “If God will but spare me I shall try to do something for him yet and do all I can to redeem the time which I have wasted thus far. I have been a very proud woman and boasted of what I am and who I am, but I see that I have never been anything but a selfish, egotistic simpleton, thinking that the things of the world are all we need. If I could but recall the years that have passed since I knelt at the altar and for the first time in my life prayed through and felt God had heard and forgiven me I would make Him first in my life, but I have wasted my life. I thought the woman across the aisle beneath my class because of her plainness of dress, but I find she is living in a much higher realm than I am.” She lay for several hours thinking of the past and as the early morning dawned fell asleep.

She was still sleeping when the porter came through calling for breakfast and as the news of her sickness of the night went through the coach and the passengers found she was sleeping all tried not to

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disturb her. If it was necessary for them to pass down the aisle they would tiptoe past her berth and women with children went to the rear of the coach lest their prattle should disturb her. When she awakened at a late hour in the morning she found that the woman with the gray hair and smiling face had left the train, but not until she had taken her name and address both at the sanitarium and at her home, leaving word with the nurse that she would send her some literature and that she expected to see her some time later. She felt very sad to know that her friend of the night before had left the train, for she had desired very much to express herself in her appreciation for the interest which had been manifested in her, but as she felt very weak and exhausted the night before she did not do it. She looked forward, however, to receiving the literature promised and decided in her heart that she would read every word of it, for strange as it seemed to her, there was a feeling in her soul that through some unknown source there was coming to her the thing for which she longed, and that was health, the greatest blessing that the world can give. Wealth had failed to give it, society had failed, and her friends and medical professors had failed, and that was the thing which she desired. Her pride was being humbled and her heart opened to the source of all health and happiness. The remainder of the trip was made without any further disturbance on her part and in three days she was in the sanitarium in Arizona eager to do all that she could to get health. Her nurse marveled at the change which had come over her, for never had she seen a more patient woman, and often she was greeted with a smile as she came to her bedside. The task of waiting upon her became a pleasure because of her congenial manner.

Chapter II

Shattered Hopes

“Boast not thyself of tomorrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.”—Prov. 27:1.

The city of Bluffton, which extended for some distance along the Wabash River in the State of Illinois, was a thriving, prosperous little city and often boasted of its rapid growth. In a few short years it had grown from a few hundred inhabitants to many thousand, and this was due to the good location for manufacturing plants and to the good supply of water. With the coming of each new manufacturing plant, the city increased in population until now it was considered one of the most wide-awake and prosperous little cities in the State. It received its name because it rose high on a bluff which overlooked the river and extended some distance back. In the early history of the State it had been known as “Sawyer’s trading post” because, with the opening of the West, Mr. Sawyer came to that place and opened up a trading post with the Indians, bringing firearms, tobacco, beads and other trinkets, and the Indians’ firewater from the East, floating these down the Ohio to the mouth of the Wabash and then taking them overland by ox cart, or otherwise to the trading post. These were exchanged for the Indians’ furs and the furs sold to a firm in the East at a great profit. As the task of getting these things to the trading post was very laborious, the trip was made only

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twice each year. One trip in the fall, that supplies might be brought for the winter, and again in late spring when the furs which had been collected through the winter were disposed of, and supplies brought again for the summer.

It was here that Mr. Sawyer lived and reared his family of seven children, four boys and three girls. Here he also acquired a good bit of wealth for the land for some distance around the trading post belonged to him, and at his death was distributed among his children. With the setting apart of the State and the dividing of sections and counties, "Sawyer's trading post" gave way to the more suitable name of "Bluffton," and this became the county seat of that particular county. But the name of Sawyer is so closely connected with the town that no one inquires into the progress of the city that he does not hear of Jake Sawyer, the first man to come to that place and establish a trading post there. And in appreciation for him, and that he may never be forgotten, a large monument stands at the head of his grave, in the old cemetery near the city, and the inscription upon it not only bears the date of his birth and death, but also the date of his coming to that place and establishing the trading post there. A life-size monument, said to be an exact resemblance of Jake Sawyer and said to be in the exact place where he once had his trading post, stands in one of the city parks. This was placed there by the citizens of the city on the one-hundredth anniversary of his coming to that place when the park was dedicated.

So the name of Sawyer stands out prominently among the citizens of Bluffton for it really means something to them. Mr. Sawyer was noted for his business ability which was handed down to his sons, his grandsons, and his great-grandsons. Some of them were very profitable farmers, while others chose the mercantile business and in this became very prosperous. Stephen Sawyer, a

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grandson of the old trader, chose the latter as his life's work and not only became a prosperous business man but also very much noted in the political realm. Twice he was chosen as judge in that judicial district, once was elected as senator, and his name appeared also as a candidate for governor of the State, but in this he was defeated. Two children were born to him, a son and a daughter, and upon these two he lavished all the attention that a fond father could give. He had great hopes for the son to aspire to the place which had been denied him so he was sent to a law school there to prepare himself to be a politician. The life work chosen for him by his father did not suit him, and after a few months he returned home to settle down in Bluffton as a partner with his father in the large mercantile firm there, and soon across the front of the building appeared the sign Sawyer and Son Mercantile Co.

Paul Sawyer, the junior partner in the Sawyer Mercantile firm, was a man well-liked by everybody for he adapted himself to circumstances and soon his father overcame his disappointment in his son's choice for he saw he was a natural business man and very wide awake. The profits of the firm increased under some of his suggestive changes and soon the elder partner felt safe to leave the business to his son's management.

While in college, Paul met a young lady who was the daughter of an eastern banker and the next June after he entered the firm as junior partner, there was a very fashionable wedding in this eastern town and after a brief honeymoon he brought his young bride to Bluffton. Although she had been reared in a much larger city, she soon settled herself to her surroundings and became leader of the society or the so-called "better class" of Bluffton. No social functions could be carried to perfection if Mrs. Paul Sawyer were not there. To her closest friends she was not known as "Mrs." but

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they very familiarly called her "Sarah." She was very beautiful and just the kind of woman the would-be society folks of Bluffton needed as a leader. Paul Sawyer looked on with pride as he saw his young wife was the leader among all his friends and no means was spared to keep her there. He put forth every effort that she might excel all others in every way. None dressed quite so well as she and none had the jewels such as she possessed. She, too, had been reared by an indulgent father and no means had been spared that she might become a leader. She had a lovely voice and, being musically inclined, she had become a professional in voice and with the piano. Her singing and playing were sought after and she was in demand at every social gathering. She had grown up a selfish, spoiled child and now was fast becoming a selfish, spoiled wife. But, much as she was being spoiled, there was an unselfish love in her heart for she idolized her husband and there was nothing she would not deny herself that she might please him. There was also another to which she gave almost an equal share of affection and that was a twin sister, Mary. These two were very much alike in appearance but entirely unlike each other in disposition, for Mary had an unselfish disposition which had been noticeable even in early childhood, for the very best of everything was always given to her sister Sarah and she was not satisfied unless that could be. It was very easy then for their father to send Sarah away to school where she could be educated in music and Mary feel contented to remain at home. Sarah could see these good traits in Mary and loved her for them almost equal to herself. Mary did all that she could that Sarah should complete her education and then wished her all that life could give to her in happiness with the husband of her choice.

Paul and Sarah were indeed very happy together and many plans were made for the future. The firm was prospering and one day when Paul came home to lunch after an invoice had been made,

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he told Sarah of the prosperous outlook for the next year, adding that he had decided he wanted more people to see his beautiful wife, and if the next year proved as prosperous as he hoped for, they would take a trip abroad to be gone for a year, visiting places of note in the East. Sarah was too overjoyed to express herself in words, for this was what her heart had longed for for some time, and as soon as Paul returned to the store she wrote Mary of the contemplated trip abroad. Paul and Sarah had now been married eight years and much of the business in the firm was carried on by him without consulting his father for Paul was indeed a shrewd business man. But in their prosperity they had forgotten the one great thing in every life, the great God who gives mankind every good thing in life. Not that Sarah had never known what it meant to know God, for when a small child, she, with her twin sister, Mary, went forward to an altar of prayer and God had forgiven them of their transgressions, but as school work came and then college, and her music and the desire to be a leader, God was crowded out of Sarah's life and seemingly forgotten. As each year brought more to her that she felt she wanted she would often say to her husband, "How lucky I am. It just seems that the very things I want fall into my lap. How I wish Mary were not so old-fashioned and had a little bit of my luck." Mary had been considered old-fashioned by her because of her strict pious ways. For when Sarah would invite her to some social gathering or to some questionable amusement Mary would always decline the invitation and many times when invited would say, "I have an engagement tonight for I must be present at the church for I am expected to make a talk in the meeting tonight." Sarah would always make light of her sister, yet in her heart she admired her very much. The many things that came her way were considered luck by her, when in reality they were only the unselfishness of someone else. When the trip abroad was thought of, it seemed to be the crowning event of her life and to

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her just another streak of luck. She and her husband talked daily of their trip abroad and made many plans.

Three months passed since the invoice was taken in the store and Paul looked forward to another prosperous year for the firm and dreamed of a trip abroad with his beautiful, proud, young wife. The warm breath of spring had melted the snow and ice and everywhere could be seen the steady march of summer to the Northland again. Warm rains came washing away the trace of winter, only to give way again to another biting blast from the North. Only those who live in these climes know the suddenness of such changes. The elder Mr. Sawyer went to his place of business that morning the latter part of March as well as he had been for years, for he had never missed one day from his business because of any illness to himself. Of this he had often boasted for he was an exceptionally strong man for one of his age. Not long after entering his place of business he was taken with a chill and had to be taken home. A doctor was immediately summoned but could not make a complete diagnosis of the case that day. The next morning, however, symptoms had developed until the doctor pronounced him very seriously ill of pneumonia and requested that a nurse be with him all the time. The nurse came, but he gradually grew worse and the morning of the fourth day passed into eternity.

With the passing away of the elder Mr. Sawyer, the business was left entirely to Paul and after the estate was settled the sign above the door was changed to Sawyer Mercantile Co. The elder Mr. Sawyer had been a great help to the firm and none realized it as did Paul, but he had become so thoroughly acquainted with the work that soon everything was running smoothly as before.

Two months after the death of the elder Mr. Sawyer, Paul's wife presented him with a son which she named Paul Hartson, the latter

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being her own name before marriage. Paul was indeed a proud father and dear, unselfish Mary was with her sister, helping in every way she could. An efficient nurse was her constant attendant also but Sarah seemed not to gain strength as she should. Three months before the birth of her son she developed a cough which now would not leave her, and although she took all kinds of nourishments and tried to gain strength by proper eating and exercise, the color faded from her cheeks, the luster from her eyes, chills and fever followed, and the attending physician pronounced her a victim of the white man's plague. When her young son was four months old she was taken with a severe hemorrhage which almost cost her her life, and the physician then suggested a higher altitude for her and arrangements were made to take her to Arizona as soon as her strength would permit. Dear, unselfish Mary again came to her assistance by caring for the young son while she should be away, while a competent nurse was found to go with Sarah to the sanitarium and care for her after she got there, that she might not feel that she was among strangers entirely.

During all the preparations for the trip, Sarah remained very quiet and when asked for any suggestions as to what should be done or what she would prefer she would always reply, "Just as you like," or "It doesn't make any difference to me." It really made no difference to her for she knew that her case was beyond the reach of medical skill.

The morning set for their departure dawned and Mary helped Sarah prepare for the trip. As she could not sit up long, she wore a loose kimono and took enough pillows with her that she might be made just as comfortable as possible while on the trip. As each preparation for her comfort was made, she looked on as one in a trance, making no comments. Through it all she remained unmoved

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and continued in this manner until she bent over her sleeping child to give him a “goodbye” kiss before leaving. She stood for some time looking into the little baby face while heavy sobs shook her frame. “How can I leave him?” she repeated over and over. Bending over again she kissed the little fat baby hand and said, “Mother wants to live to rear her boy and I shall do all that I can to come back to you, my darling baby,” then turning to her husband she let him assist her down the steps and to the taxi which was waiting to take them to the station. Paul and Mary accompanied her to St. Louis, leaving the young son in charge of a neighbor until their return in the afternoon.

While waiting in the station in St. Louis, Sarah looked into Mary’s face and said, “This is my trip abroad.” She sighed heavily and continued, “We can make plans but we do not know whether we can ever carry them out or not. I surely did not think one year ago that I should be taking this trip, but I did think last year this time that I should now be making preparations for a trip abroad.”

Mary patted her sister’s shoulder affectionately and said, “I think the wise man, Solomon, was right when he said, ‘Boast not thyself of tomorrow for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth’ don’t you?”

A faint smile played about Sarah’s lips as she said, “Still my little Quaker maid, aren’t you?”

“Yes,” replied Mary, “and I ever expect to be. I have brought something along which I prize very much but which I shall let you have for this trip and I trust you will read it.” With this she handed her a Bible which had been given to her by her Sunday school teacher when she was but sixteen years of age, as a reward for committing and repeating the most Scripture texts in the class. Sarah knew how she prized it and declined taking it with her, but Mary

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insisted so strongly that she consented with the promise that she would read it when she felt that she could.

The West bound limited train was called and the four of them passed through the gates. After bidding Mary “goodbye,” Sarah was assisted on the train by her husband who helped arrange the pillows to make her as comfortable as possible and lingered by her side as long as he could. At the last call for “All aboard,” from the conductor, he bade her a tender “goodbye” and left the train. As he reached Mary’s side, he broke into convulsive sobbing. Every ray of hope for her recovery had died and he felt that when he saw her again it would be only to look at her cold, lifeless form in a casket.

Chapter III

Hope Rekindled

“The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him, in those that hope in his mercy.”—Ps. 147:11

Three weeks passed and Mrs. Sawyer could plainly see that she was not getting any help from the treatment given her in the sanitarium. She would have her morning's chill, followed with fever, and then those weakening night sweats. Although she did all that had been asked of her to do she could plainly see that her case had got beyond human aid. Each day brought her a letter from her husband urging her to be encouraged and do all she could that she might regain her health, telling her how he needed her and how he was looking forward to having her with him again and picturing the enjoyable evenings they should spend together with their little son. Each day she would write him, if only a little line, but never mention her condition and always end her message with a promise to do all that she could that she might be a well woman once more.

One Saturday morning as she lay in a chill the nurse brought a square package to her and also a roll which had been sent to her by mail and had just arrived that morning. Each package bore the postmark of a town in southern Missouri and the return address was to Mrs. J. R. Roberts at that place. The nurse recognized the name

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immediately as the white-haired, smiling-faced woman from across the aisle in the Pullman. Mrs. Sawyer was not feeling well enough just then to notice either the package or the roll but asked the nurse to lay them aside until she should feel well enough to examine the contents. This she did and nothing more was said about it until that afternoon when a letter arrived from Mrs. J. R. Roberts telling Mrs. Sawyer that she had sent her some literature which she was asking her to read and that she was very much interested in her and was praying that God would restore her to health again and if she would carefully consider the things which she read and compare them with her Bible she would find there was hope for her even though all earthly help had failed.

After reading the letter she became curious to know just what the packages contained which she received that morning and asked the nurse to bring them to her. The roll was first undone and this proved to be a number of copies of the Gospel Trumpet, a religious periodical of which Mrs. Sawyer had never heard. She lifted one of the papers and turning the leaves began to read the different headings of the articles which it contained. None seemed to interest her especially until she glanced at a page which read, "Divine Healing," and under this heading was another which read "Are the Days of Miracles Past?" And following that was an article by E. E. Byrum telling of many cases of healing which he had witnessed, some of blindness, of deafness, cancer, fevers, tuberculosis, paralysis, rheumatism, and almost every other disease known, even to cripples being made to walk and the dead to be raised. At the closing of the article the question was asked, "Why are the days of miracles not past? Because we read in Heb. 13:8, 'Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and today, and forever,' and as Jesus healed all manner of sickness and diseases among the people when He was here on earth, He can do the same today and is doing it when called

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upon as in days of old.” Following this article were a number of testimonies of those who had been healed and some of the diseases their attending physician had pronounced incurable.

Opening the other package she found a number of books, among them “Two Hundred Genuine Instances of Divine Healing.” This she began reading carefully and each word gripped her heart. Several testimonies were read and she then put the book aside and lay in deep meditation. Her thoughts ran along the line of God’s goodness to others and why His goodness and mercy should not be extended to her also. So far as human aid was concerned she knew that all had been done for her that could be done, and any help that she could receive must come from a higher source. But how to reach that source was more than she knew.

The afternoon waned, the evening advanced, night settled down, and still she had not reached any place where she felt she could safely land her frail bark, for her faith or hope for recovery was very weak. As she lay in the still hours of the night at last she lifted her heart to God and as the tears coursed down her cheeks said, “O Lord, if there is any chance for my recovery, let me know it by delivering me from my daily chill and I shall seek thee with all the earnestness of my soul.” This was a very simple prayer but it brought the desired result, for God heard and was ready to answer.

Mrs. Sawyer slept at last and the next morning awakened with a lighter heart than she had known for some time. She ate heartily of her breakfast of bacon, eggs, and milk, following this later with some fresh fruit, and then went for her daily walk and her sun bath. The morning advanced and the nurse watched her closely for the return of the chill but there was no chill that morning and when eating dinner she said, “Well, Mrs. Sawyer, you will have some good news to write to your husband, for you have missed your chill

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and that is an indication that you are getting better. I am sure that now you will begin to respond to treatment and begin to get strength.”

“Yes,” replied Mrs. Sawyer, “I shall have something good to tell him, but not as much good as I hope to tell him later. But, Nurse, you know as well as I do that if I am ever a well woman it will be because some higher power makes me well, for I know that I have gone beyond the reach of medical aid. I mean to do all that I can to get well again, but I know it will have to come from God.” She then related her experience of the evening before and the promise she made to God to seek Him with all the earnestness of her soul, and she continued by saying, “That is just what I mean to do, for I desire to be spared to rear my little babe more than any other thing in all the world, and whatever it takes or whatever I am required to do that I may get well, I mean to do it.”

The nurse stood as one transfixed and could scarcely believe her ears as those words fell from the lips of the former proud and fashionable leader of Bluffton society. But as her profession was along an entirely different line, she could not advise her but said, “Well, I have always thought that so long as there is life there is hope, and I have seen some of the most stubborn cases cured, and yours may be one of them.”

“If I am ever well it will not be because I have been cured, but because I have been healed,” replied Mrs. Sawyer.

Days passed and Mrs. Sawyer read the books and the papers that Mrs. Roberts had sent her, comparing each of them with the Bible which Mary had given her to take with her on the trip. This book opened as a new revelation to her, for she found things therein that were entirely unknown to her before and she began seeking the Lord with all the earnestness of her soul. Her prayer of a few simple

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words soon became one of a begging for pardon, a plea for mercy, and a dedication of self to God and to His service. As she prayed she sought God's Word, measuring herself to the standard it required as God's will was made known to her.

Two weeks passed and one afternoon as she lay propped up among the pillows she again opened her Bible and began to read from 1 Pet. 3. Each word seemed to grip her soul. The third and fourth verses were read and reread, "Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." As she read these scriptures she thought of the many changes of apparel which hung in her closet at home and which had cost her husband a large sum of money. She also felt conscious of the jewels that sparkled on her hands and the pearls in the safety vault at home. These were all ornaments and expensive ones, used to try to adorn the outer person. She looked at the solitaire on the third finger of her left hand which had been given her by her husband before marriage, and then at the diamond set band which he had placed there the day of their marriage, and thought, "Surely God will not require me to remove them, for it seems that is such a little thing, and I prize them so highly." But with this thought came the experience of Naaman the leper who came to the man of God to be healed and then did not want to bathe in the muddy stream, preferring the clear stream of Damascus. Then the thought came to her, "It is the things which we prize most that God asks us to give up, for we must want Him more than anything else. I have had my jewels and my costly apparel, but they cannot give me now what I most need. That must come from God, and I can only get it by doing what He tells me to do. I can

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understand the plainness of Mrs. Roberts now, for she was adorning herself to please God.”

She lay for some time in deep meditation and then for the first time since her marriage slipped her wedding ring off her finger and together with the other jewels laid it away. She then lifted her heart to God, saying, “Lord, I mean to go all the way and do everything that is required of me.”

That night she was quite wakeful, and as the nurse was not with her in the still hours of the night she slipped from her bed and kneeling beside a chair in which she had placed the open Bible she laid her head on its open pages and lifting her heart to God prayed that He would reveal more of His Word to her, and again dedicated herself to Him and to His service and asked Him if He would but touch her and make her well. It was not only a sick body, but also a sick soul that cried unto God for healing, and the same Christ who heard the cry of the blind man at the roadside heard the cry of the former proud, fashionable society leader of Bluffton and said, “I will, be thou whole.”

There were no words which she knew to express her new-found joy. She wept, she laughed, and praised God all together, and when the nurse came in through the night to see if she was resting as she was accustomed to rest, she found her walking the floor and praising the Lord between spells of weeping and laughing. She tried to quiet her lest she should disturb others and at last did to such an extent that Mrs. Sawyer could tell her what had happened. Tears coursed down the nurse’s cheeks as Mrs. Sawyer related her experience, but all that she could say was, “I am glad and only hope that it will last.”

The next letter which Mrs. Sawyer wrote her husband was to tell him of her new-found joy and also that she had found the great Physician and He had healed her so that she could come back to him

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and to her young son a well woman again. This was almost more than Mr. Sawyer could believe and at first he thought that his wife's illness had been such that it surely had affected her mind. So he wrote her nurse, inquiring what his wife meant by saying she had found the great Physician and had been healed. The nurse replied, telling as best she could what had taken place and concluded by saying, "We do not understand it, but something has taken place, for your wife is gaining strength and has been pronounced able to leave the sanitarium. But as I know it must be getting quite cold in Bluffton at this time I wonder if we should let her come home just yet. I question whether this would be just the thing to do, for much as we are pleased to know that she is rapidly recovering we fear that the least cold might start the ravages of the disease again. She insists that she be home for Christmas, but I am quite sure that she will let you do the deciding."

This letter brought a reply from Mr. Sawyer urging his wife to try to content herself a few weeks longer as the weather was quite cold and he feared should she leave the sanitarium just then she might make it worse for herself instead of better and much as he looked forward to seeing her again he would feel much better should she remain where she was for a few weeks more. He concluded his letter by saying that she could expect a lovely Christmas present for being such a good girl and getting well again.

To this letter Mrs. Sawyer replied that she would do as he desired, only she asked him not to send her any articles of jewelry for Christmas, but the thing she most desired was a nice new Bible. Imagine the consternation of Mr. Sawyer as he read this letter from his proud, fashionable, society-loving wife. Never before had she made such a request as this, but as she had asked it of him he was surely ready to grant it and the most expensive Bible that he could

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find went to his wife, together with an expensive toilet set which was inlaid with gold.

January passed and Mrs. Sawyer's condition was pronounced such as for it to be perfectly safe for her to return home, for her lungs had healed and the symptoms of the disease were no longer noticeable. So the first week in February she was released and she and her nurse prepared to return to Bluffton. Before leaving, Mrs. Sawyer went shopping in the little city which was near and returned with a modest traveling suit and hat to be worn on the return trip.

There was one happy woman who started on the return trip East, and the heart that had been so heavy a few months previously now sang with new hope and bright anticipations for the future. The jeweled hands which had been folded so listless across her breast on the trip West were now stripped of their jewels and dedicated to God to reach out to the poor and the outcast and to do whatever they could find to do.

Mrs. Sawyer was met by her husband as she alighted from the train in the St. Louis station, and he marveled as he saw the natural look in her face and the natural sparkle in her eyes once more. Truly there had come a wonderful change in Sarah, but just how wonderful had been that change it remained yet for him to know.

Chapter IV

The Baldwin Family

“Because they regard not the works of the Lord, nor the operation of his hands, he shall destroy them, and not build them up.”—Ps. 28:5.

Not long after Jake Sawyer came West and settled at Sawyer's trading post another man with his family started from Virginia toward the land of the setting sun. This man was Willian Hunt. He did not stop along the Wabash River but moved farther inland and there on the broad prairies of the State took up several claims and settled down to improve the land. As he was a very energetic man and had plenty of assistance, the broad prairie around him began to blossom like the rose and soon other families came West and settled near him. In the course of a few years there was quite a settlement and soon a town sprung up which bore the name of Huntsville. Mr. Hunt reared quite a large family and planned a large farm for each of them and his children were well provided for at his death.

His son Henry was as energetic as his father and the property which was left to him was well cared for and he became a very prosperous farmer. When Abraham Lincoln called for volunteers Henry was assigned to a government position which took him to Washington, D. C., and occupied all his time. At the close of the war

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he still retained this position and spent only his vacations on the farm at Huntsville. Three children were born to them—two daughters, Mary and Minnie, and a son, David. These children were graduated from college and David then was graduated from a medical university, returning to Huntsville with his young bride to launch out in his medical profession.

In the town of Bluffton there was a young man who formed David's acquaintance at a banquet which was given in honor of the graduate students from the medical university and the law university, and as these two were among the number and from near the same place, they soon formed an acquaintance which ripened into warm friendship. This young man was Colonel Baldwin, a son of one of the most aristocratic families in Bluffton. As these two young men became friends it was only quite natural that when the young doctor settled in Huntsville with his young bride to extend an invitation to the young lawyer to visit them. The invitation was accepted and it so happened that at the same time Colonel Baldwin made his visit, David's sister Minnie was also there, and if there had been a warm friendship between Colonel Baldwin and David Hunt it was doubly so between these two young folks. Before Colonel Baldwin's visit ended he informed Dr. Hunt that he intended to make Minnie his wife. This pleased the doctor very much, in fact he had planned the meeting of these two young folks, and with the marriage of these two there would be the uniting of two of the most prominent families of that section of the country. Not only were these families the most prominent in the country but they also possessed such a degree of pride that Minnie was often referred to as "that proud, stuck-up Minnie Hunt."

The wedding took place the following year, and Colonel Baldwin with his wife came to Bluffton, where he opened up a law

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office and became very prominent in his profession. Three children were born to them—Hattie, Esther, and David, the latter a namesake of Dr. Hunt's, the only brother of Mrs. Baldwin.

Colonel Baldwin seemed to have been born under a lucky star for he began to have more calls for services in his professional line than he could fill, and soon there were two others with him which comprised a law firm. The case for a large manufacturing concern was won by Colonel Baldwin and the profits gleaned from this were such that a large home was built in one of the most desirable residential districts of the little city and folks turned their noses higher at "that proud, stuck-up Minnie Baldwin."

Although Mrs. Baldwin was very aristocratic and very proud she was also very kind and no servant could be found who would speak one word against her, for she tried to be especially good to all her help. She was a member of one of the most fashionable churches in the city also, although she was very seldom seen in any of the services. Her money, however, went to its support and in such quantities that had she never attended services of any kind there would have been nothing said about it for fear of some slight offense. Her pastor arranged to call upon her quarterly and always received a liberal contribution from her when he did so. She was also very prominent among the club women in the city and her name headed the list on the charter of several different clubs. Although she was seldom seen in the church of which she was a member she was often seen at the club and often entertained the club members at her home. She was a woman of the world and much taken up with things pertaining to the world, and thus the name of God was never heard mentioned in the home in any reverential manner and the Word of God entirely crowded out.

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But the proud are brought low by the mighty hand of God, and Mrs. Baldwin was not an exception, for she came down with a severe affliction. She called the best physicians of the city and of other cities and then went to consult with specialists, but all told her the same thing—that they could do nothing for her. She was given up as hopeless so far as medical aid was concerned.

Among her club friends was a woman who was a strong believer in Christian Science, and a reader among them.

She came with her literature and began to talk to Mrs. Baldwin, telling her that folks today just think they are sick, but if they would only think right they would be all right. Mrs. Baldwin listened attentively, for she was as a drowning man trying to catch at any straw. When the woman left her that day she asked for some literature to be left that she might study into Christian Science and understand it better so that she might be healed.

The literature was left and the woman promised to return every week to explain what might be somewhat puzzling to her. Mrs. Baldwin was also asked to compare the statements of Christian Science with the Bible, which she promised to do. This she did and soon became so interested in reading the Bible that the book on Christian Science was often not thought of for hours at a time, and when she did try to read it there was nothing found therein of very great importance. Somehow she could not make the book on “Science and Health” and the Bible agree. Mrs. Baldwin read in Ps. 34:19: “Many are the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.” As she read more and more she found where many of God’s people had been afflicted and God healed them. The reader returned at the end of the first week, only to find a very skeptical pupil. In fact, Mrs. Baldwin was so skeptical that the reader said, “Oh, Mrs. Baldwin, you may never expect to

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get anything through Christian Science so long as you have no faith. You must just believe in it and believe you are getting well and you will soon see that you are free from disease, for the more you think you are free the more you are free.”

“That may do to talk about,” replied Mrs. Baldwin, “but when I have night after night of suffering and pain, I cannot think that there is nothing wrong with me. I know that I am a sick woman and that unto death. I have been reading your book and also reading the Bible and somehow it seems I cannot make the two agree.”

“That is because you do not understand,” replied the reader. “If you would only be willing to take the testimony of others you might, too, be well.”

“I desire healing very much,” replied Mrs. Baldwin, “but I fear I shall never receive it if I must believe that I am not sick, because I think that I am sick. I know that I am sorely afflicted, and cannot get well from any source known to man.”

The reader talked and persuaded but all to no avail and when the afternoon had passed Mrs. Baldwin was no nearer ready to embrace Christian Science than when she first approached her on the subject. In fact she seemed farther from it; so as she bade her “good evening,” and took with her the literature which she had left on her former visit, saying as she did so, “I am sorry that you cannot be persuaded to put your case in our hands, for I am sure that you would never be sorry and am quite sure that you would be made extremely glad.”

“I appreciate the interest you have shown in me,” said Mrs. Baldwin, “and thank you very much for it. I have not been able to see things as you desire me to see them, but I must tell you that there is one thing you have got me to see, and it’s myself. You told me to

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read my Bible and compare it with the teachings of the book you left me and in doing so I found that I have been far short in what that Book required me to do. In fact I did not know that the Book contained so much good until I began reading it. I became so much interested in it that I was loath to lay it aside to read your "Science and Health." I find that it is the Book for me for somehow when I read it I feel that I am reading the truth, and I get a message each time which I feel is meant for me. I mean to keep on reading it, for I feel that it will do me good."

Mrs. Baldwin's visitor of the afternoon left her and as she lay back among the pillows she took a retrospective view of her life from her childhood until the present time, recalling many incidents which had been almost forgotten for years. She recalled the time when with a number of other young folks near her own age she gave her hand to the preacher in token of a profession of faith in Christ, and with them stood while some water was sprinkled on her head, accepting that as baptism and with them had her name placed on the church ledger as a member of that church. She then recalled the time when she called for a letter to be presented to the pastor of the most fashionable church in Bluffton and she was received among the members of that particular church as one among them. She had been very prompt in paying her dues and had been considered a member in good standing for years, but as she now began to look back over her life she found how far short she had fallen. She closed her eyes wearily and sighed as she said to herself, "How foolish I have been to spend my time with clubs and other gaieties and neglect the most important thing in the world. I am a church member but I know that my soul is not right and how can I go out to face God as I now am? How foolish I have been to trust the care of my soul to someone else."

Chapter V

Baldwin's New Tenants

“Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.”—Heb. 13:2

Hattie Baldwin sat on the Baldwin porch, wearing a very troubled countenance. It was a beautiful morning in early May and all nature seemed in response to the bright sunshine which streamed down through the leafy trees. Birds flitted from limb to limb, some busy with house-building in the fork of some of the leafy branches, others singing as they flitted here and there about the Baldwin lawn. But Hattie Baldwin did not see the sunshine nor hear the warble of the birds, for her thoughts were far away. She had just left her mother's room in company with her uncle, Dr. Hunt, and as they had reached the porch she had asked the question, “Uncle David, I want you to be honest with us all and let us know just what you think of Mother's condition. Do you really think we have any occasion to be alarmed?”

Dr. Hunt stood looking down for some time and then, raising his eyes spoke to his niece and his voice quivered with emotion as he said, “My dear girl, you have every cause to be alarmed, for your mother is in a serious condition and I fear cannot last more than a week at most. She has Bright's Disease in its worst form, her blood

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pressure is high, and I fear another attack such as she had last night will result either in a stroke of apoplexy or paralysis. She is a dreadfully sick woman and I fear will be with us only a short time."

Hattie's face paled as her uncle told her this, but she said, "I thank you Uncle David, for telling me just how you feel about her." As Dr. Hunt walked away she sank into a chair on the porch and covering her face with her hands wept bitterly. She sat thus for some time; then she was attracted by the click of the gate latch and looking up saw a colored woman coming up the walk. The visitor paused as she reached the front step and very modestly asked Hattie if this was the Baldwin home. Upon being told that it was, she then said, "I was directed here by Pearl Natterby, a woman who once worked for you. She said that your servant house was not occupied, as the cook which you now have does not stay here all the time, and as I am looking for rooms, I should like to know if I might occupy them for a few weeks. I shall pay you any rent that you might ask for them."

"Who are you, and where are you from?" inquired Hattie.

"My name is Annie Jackson and I am from Chicago," replied the colored woman. "My husband and I are both ministers and we are here to do some missionary work among our own people and while doing so would like to get some rooms. I can give you good reference if you desire." As she said this she drew from her hand-grip a folded paper and handed it to Hattie and as she read it she found that it was a letter of recommendation signed by a number of ministers of the Church of God, stating the honesty of A. F. Jackson and Annie Jackson as members of good standing and good report and worthy of the confidence, fellowship, and support of those among whom they should labor.

After reading this letter Hattie looked at Annie as she stood before her and noted her appearance. She was not like some colored

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folks whom she knew. She was scrupulously neat and clean and used excellent language as she conversed with her. After some time of silence she then said, "I could not tell you whether you might get the servant house or not and my mother is very ill and may not care to be bothered about this, but I shall go see her and if she feels strong enough to talk to me I can let you know. Just step around to the back porch while I go to see her," said Hattie as she went to her mother's room carrying Annie's letter of recommendation with her.

She found her mother lying propped up on one arm as she entered her room and ready with the inquiry, "To whom were you talking, Daughter? I thought I heard someone say something about being a missionary. I listened very closely but could only get an occasional word now and then."

"It is a colored woman who wants to rent our servant house for a few weeks. She says she and her husband are both ministers and are here to do some missionary work among their own people. She gave me a letter of recommendation signed by a number of ministers of the Church of God," said Hattie as she handed her mother the letter that Annie had given her. "But Mother, if you do not feel well enough please do not bother with it. I told her I would come to see you and if you did not feel well enough we would not bother with it."

Mrs. Baldwin read the letter that Hattie gave her and then looking her daughter in the eyes said, "I should like for you to send her to me, for I should like to see her before I consider letting her occupy our servant house."

"Oh, Mother," exclaimed Hattie, "do not bother with it, for it might only make you worse and you know you do not want a strange colored woman to visit you in your room."

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“No, Daughter, it will not make me worse,” said Mrs. Baldwin, “and I should like to see her before I consider letting her occupy those rooms. Go tell her I want to see her before letting her have the rooms.”

Hattie could scarcely believe her ears. To think that her mother was asking her to bring a strange colored woman into her rooms when she had never permitted their own help to enter her room, but had always requested her servants to keep away unless she should ask them there for some special work. Hattie did not know it, but the words, “church of God” was what had attracted Mrs. Baldwin, for she had been reading her Bible very much and had read the “church of God” so many times in it that she had begun to wonder what kind of church that was. She had never heard of it except as she had read it in her Bible, which had become a new book to her since her affliction. Just the day before as she had read of the church of God she had asked herself the question, “I wonder if there is such a church on earth as the one that is mentioned in the Bible.”

She glanced up as Hattie led Annie into her mother’s room, saying as they entered the door, “Annie, my mother, Mrs. Baldwin,” and Annie bowed low as she acknowledged the introduction with “Your respects, Mrs. Baldwin.” Then Annie told the reason for her calling that morning, stating also that she and her husband were doing some missionary work among the colored people and should like to find rooms and had been referred to them because their servant house was not occupied at that time.

Mrs. Baldwin listened while she related her story and then said, “But what kind of ministers are you and with what church are you affiliated?”

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“We are with the Church of God,” replied Annie with a smile.

“What church is that?” inquired Mrs. Baldwin. “I have never heard of it before; I mean I have never met anyone who was a member of that church.”

“I belong to the same church that Paul speaks of in the Bible,” replied Annie, “and the one for which Christ gave himself. The one He founded on a rock and said ‘the gates of hell shall not prevail against it,’ the one which is the bride of Christ.”

“I never heard of that church before,” said Mrs. Baldwin, “and I should like to know what you teach.”

“If you read the Bible you will know what we teach,” replied Annie smilingly, “for we teach that man shall live by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God. But here is some literature which will better explain what we believe.” And Annie gave Mrs. Baldwin a pamphlet entitled, “What Is the Church and What Is Not the Church?”

As she did this Hattie then said, “Mother, you are not able to be disturbed in this manner. You are not talking to Annie about rooms, but you are getting yourself all worked up about the church and it will only make you worse to get all excited.”

“Now, Daughter, I am not excited at all and I am sure that this will be no worse for me,” said Mrs. Baldwin calmly. “But you may let Annie have those rooms for three dollars per week if she wants them and I shall let you have the money for being so nice to me and caring for me as you do.”

“I thank you very much, Mrs. Baldwin,” said Annie as she turned to leave the room. “I am so sorry to find you so ill, but I want to tell you that Husband and I believe in prayer and when we pray

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together in our home we shall remember you and ask God to heal you.”

This was something new to Mrs. Baldwin and she could not find any words for a reply, but as Annie left her room she said to herself, “I have never had any colored help of the type that Annie is. She is so modest and yet she has a boldness that I have never seen in any of her race. I wonder what I shall find out about her while she occupies those rooms.”

Mrs. Baldwin then turned her face to the wall and sighed heavily as she again said to herself, “I fear I shall not find out very much about her, for my days on earth are very few.” Tears began rolling down her cheeks and when Hattie returned to her room she found her weeping. Laying her hand upon her shoulder and patting her in an affectionate manner, she said, “Now, Mama, I feared that your asking Annie to come into your room would be all the worse for you. I could scold you real sharply were it not that you have been so ill. I really do not understand why you asked me to bring her here to see you. I did not want to do it and now here you are all to pieces and crying because she had to tell you something about religion. I do not see why I did not take things into my own hands and not let her come in here at all. I do not want you to cry like that, for it will only make you worse and you know we do not want that. You know you had a hard night of it last night; so please, Mama, listen to me and do be quiet and I shall not let you be disturbed anymore.”

“O Daughter, do not be so alarmed about me,” said Mrs. Baldwin, “for I shall not be any the worse for having Annie come into my room and I could not let her know anything about the room until I had seen her. She impresses me as being different from any colored help we have ever had, and as she left the room she said that she and her husband would ask the Lord to help me. That is what

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struck me so forcibly, for do you know that she is the only one who has ever been in my room since my illness that has offered to do such as that?" Tears began rolling down her cheeks again as she continued, "You know, Daughter, that my own pastor made no such offer and has not been to see me since I have been so ill."

"I know he has not been to see you," replied Hattie, "but it is only because he knows that you are so ill and that you do not need company and the least bit of excitement would only make you worse. So he has not called upon you, because of your condition. And I wonder what he will think when he finds that a colored woman has been invited into your room and that you are all excited about it, and especially if it should make you worse."

"Do not talk to me like that," said Mrs. Baldwin, "for I shall be none the worse for her coming into my room. But I could not help but be moved when I thought that the only one to say they would remember me when they prayed was one of the black race. But I shall try not to cry anymore," and she reached and patted Hattie on the hand. "I do not want you to be so uneasy about me, for you have been so good to wait on me since I have been ill. You have certainly been all that I could ask in a daughter and I shall try not to make you any more uneasy about me, but I want to read that little pamphlet and if you will prop me up in the bed with pillows I shall be very comfortable." Hattie did so and it was not long until Mrs. Baldwin became quite interested and by the time that she had finished reading the little pamphlet was convinced that she had never really been a member of the church, had never entered in by the door, but had only joined an organization made by man.

Again she called for her Bible and she began to compare it with the reading of the pamphlet, but found it quite different from when she had compared it with the teachings of "Science and Health," for

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she found that every word in the pamphlet corresponded with the Scriptures and in fact was scripture itself. "How wonderful," she said as she laid the little pamphlet aside after having read it the second time. "I never read anything so clear and plain before; I wonder why I have never heard such as this until now."

Chapter VI

Annie Becomes a Helper

“If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land.”—Isa. 1:19.

Annie Jackson and her husband, Andrew Jackson, had been occupying the servant rooms in the Baldwin back yard three days when one morning Annie came by the Baldwin house and saw Hattie on the back porch wearing a very troubled expression on her face. After giving her the usual “good morning” greeting she was passing on by when Hattie said, “I am in trouble this morning and really do not know just what I shall do.”

“What is wrong?” hastily inquired Annie. “Is the Missus worse?”

“No, Mother is no worse,” replied Hattie, “but Isabel just sent us word that she fell last night spraining her ankle very badly and so cannot come today and I do not know what I shall do, for Sister has gone to school and I must be with Mother all the time.” Isabel was the colored girl who did their work and this was very inconvenient for them at the present time. Someone tried to stay with Mrs. Baldwin all the time, for they never knew when she would be attacked by a severe painful spell and need immediate help. “I just

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do not know what I shall do,” said Hattie, “for I cannot leave Mother to try to get someone.”

“I shall be glad to help you in any way that I can,” said Annie. “I just started out to make a few calls this morning and invite some folks out to a meeting which we are beginning next week, but if you need me and think that I can help you in any way I shall be glad to make the calls some other time, for I know what it means to have sick folks about the place and need assistance.”

“I surely need someone,” said Hattie, “but can you cook?”

At this inquiry a smile came over Annie’s face as she replied, “Give me something to cook and I shall show you how well I can cook.”

So Annie returned to her rooms, donned her kitchen apron, and was soon washing dishes at the Baldwin sink, and then preparing the noonday meal. She went about her work with such ease that Hattie soon left her and went back to her mother’s room telling her what had taken place. The noonday meal was well prepared and Hattie was convinced that Annie knew how to cook.

The next morning after Mr. Baldwin had gone to his office and the two younger children were off to school Mrs. Baldwin asked Hattie to assist her to her chair that she might sit up for a while. This she did, but as Mrs. Baldwin sat down on the chair she was seized with such severe pain that Hattie had great difficulty in getting her back on the bed again. How she suffered, and Hattie did all she could to relieve her suffering, but yet she knew that all that could be done for her was to give some drug which would only deaden the pain for a while. Hattie had been her mother’s nurse all through her illness and she had seen her sufferings until it had become almost unbearable to her and now as she saw her mother suffer until great

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beady drops of perspiration broke out on her forehead and she lay groaning, it seemed more than she could stand; and not wanting her mother to see her weep, she left the room, calling to Annie to stay near so that if her mother should call she could go in to her, for she could not stand to see her suffer as she was.

Annie stood near the open door and when Mrs. Baldwin called she walked up to the bed and said, "Miss Hattie had to step out of the room for a while and asked me to stay near if you should call. What can I do for you?"

"Lift me on the pillows and place one under my back," said Mrs. Baldwin faintly. This Annie did, and with the ease of one who knew how. And as she placed the pillow under Mrs. Baldwin's back she reached for a towel which lay on the bed and wiped the perspiration from her face. As she did this Mrs. Baldwin groaned loudly and said, "Oh, do something that will relieve me, or I just cannot stand it, for it seems the pain is too severe for me to bear it."

"I would gladly help you if I could, Mrs. Baldwin," said Annie, "but I do not know what to do unless I should pray for you. Do you want me to do that?" Mrs. Baldwin nodded her head. Annie then asked where the seat of the pain was, and laying her hand on the place indicated by Mrs. Baldwin, she very quietly and in a few words asked God to take away the pain and give Mrs. Baldwin ease. Her prayer had not ended until Mrs. Baldwin was perfectly easy, and looking up into Annie's face said, "Annie, every bit of the pain is gone."

"Thank the Lord," said Annie as she began to arrange some things about the room to make it more presentable, but as she moved about the room Mrs. Baldwin noticed that her tears fell fast and she would often have to wipe them away. After she had arranged the room she then said, "What shall I do for you now?"

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"I do not need anything done for me now," replied Mrs. Baldwin, "and I am so glad to be easy again. But I read that little pamphlet that you gave me and you may have it back."

"Oh, I do not care to have it back again," replied Annie, "for that is some literature that we have to distribute among the people. Would you like some more?"

"I surely would," replied Mrs. Baldwin, "for I never found so much truth in such little space in my life as is contained in that little pamphlet. I compared it with the Bible and find it is truth all the way through. I never heard such things as there is in there. I joined the church when I was very young; however, since I read that pamphlet I have found that I never really belonged to the church, but only had my name on a ledger without really knowing anything about God."

"That is too bad," said Annie as she reached the door, "but I shall tell Miss Hattie that you are feeling better and send her in and this afternoon I shall bring you some more literature that no doubt will give you more light." She stood in the doorway for some time looking at Mrs. Baldwin and then, taking one step into the room, said, "Mrs. Baldwin, give God thanks for what was done for you this morning and remember He is just as able to make you entirely well as He was to take away the pain from your body." She then left the room and, meeting Hattie in the hall, told her that she could now go into the room, for her mother was not suffering any more.

Mrs. Baldwin did not tell Hattie what Annie had done, but the girl noticed how the room had been straightened and said, "Annie seems to be quite handy about the place, doesn't she?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Baldwin, "I believe she will prove to be the best help we have ever had."

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That afternoon Annie came to Mrs. Baldwin's room with her arms full of literature. There were a number of Gospel Trumpets, and tracts on almost every religious subject, enough to keep her reading for days. Hattie was sitting by her mother's bedside when Annie rapped on the door and when her mother again admitted her into her room Hattie could scarcely control herself, and when Annie again left the room she began by saying, "Mama, what in the world do you mean anyway? This beats anything that I ever saw. How can you do this?"

Hattie then listened as her mother told her of the incidents of the morning when Annie was so concerned about her that she asked the Lord to take the pain away from her body and give her ease. She related how Annie had laid her hand on her and the pain had ceased before her prayer had ended, and she also stated the words of Annie as she stood in the doorway telling her to thank God for what had been done for her that morning and that God was just as able and willing to heal her and make her entirely well as He was to take away the pain from her body that morning. She then said, "Daughter, Annie is not trying to impose herself on me, for she is trying to keep her place as a servant in the home and she is quite modest about conversing with me and never makes any advances. I asked her to bring me the literature, for I found more truth in that little pamphlet that she gave me than I have found in anything that I have ever read. She said she would give me some literature that would give me more light and that is what I want. Daughter, I have been a member of the church ever since I was a young girl, but since I read that little pamphlet and compared it with the Bible I found it is truth and I have never been born again. I have had my name on the church ledger as a member, but I am not ready to meet my God. I am not a Christian in what it means to be a real Christian."

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“O Mama, why do you talk like that?” inquired Hattie. “You know that you have always tried to do your part in keeping up the church and although you never attended every service you always did what you could to keep it going. I am sure there is no other member in the church that has given any more into the treasury that you have.”

“That may all be true,” replied Mrs. Baldwin, “but I know that I am not prepared to meet God. Annie tells me there is healing for me and if so I mean to find out what God requires of me to do.”

“Mama, what do you mean?” expostulated Hattie. “If you want to get light, why not try to get it from some of your own people?”

“Daughter,” said Mrs. Baldwin calmly, “if you were on the ocean miles from land and should fall overboard and a hand should be extended to you to lift you from that watery grave would you question whether that hand was black or white or would you grasp it to lift you?”

“Well, that would be quite different,” said Hattie. “You are not where you could not get help from your own people.”

“I am among my own people, as you say,” replied Mrs. Baldwin, “but I do not know whom I could send for that would help me now, and so I shall accept the help that the Lord sees fit to send unto me.”

“Mama,” cried Hattie, “I do not understand you. I never heard you talk like this before. I wish I had never let Annie come into the house.”

“You should be glad she is here,” replied Mrs. Baldwin, “for what would you do now had she not been here to help you out?” All Hattie’s persuasion amounted to nothing and she was so surprised

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to hear her mother talk as she did, but when her father came home that evening and she related the incidents of the day to him he replied by saying, "Let your mother alone and let her have her way. Do not contrary her in anything, for your uncle told me today that it would be impossible for her to get well. If she can find any pleasure in reading the literature that Annie gives her, let her alone and let us make her last days pleasant for her." So this ended all Hattie's protestations against Annie, and Mrs. Baldwin was left alone with the literature given her.

Chapter VII

Annie Becomes a Helper (Cont.)

God is ever ready to give the honest heart and the hungry soul what they need and the literature given to Mrs. Baldwin by her colored servant was just what she needed to help her get to God. She had not been reading long until she found the way to God opening up to her and with all her soul began seeking Him. As she sought the Lord she would read His Word. One afternoon as she lay upon her bed she opened her Bible and began reading from Deuteronomy 4, and as she read she saw herself as one who had turned away from the Lord and forgotten Him, trying to get by with helping to keep things going in the church by her liberal contributions. When she reached the 29th verse she paused and read it again, "But if from thence thou shalt seek the Lord thy God, thou shalt find him, if thou seek him with all thy heart and with all thy soul." She lay meditating on this verse for some time, but read on, "When thou art in tribulation, and all these things are come upon thee, even in the latter days, if thou turn to the Lord thy God, and shalt be obedient unto his voice: (For the Lord thy God is a merciful God;) he will not forsake thee, neither destroy thee, nor forget the covenant of thy fathers which he swore unto them." She closed the Book and laid it aside, saying, "It said in the latter days if we turn to him and be obedient unto his voice he will not forsake us." She lay for some time thinking

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and at last formed the conclusion that if she desired to hear his voice she must read his word and do the things that she found in there for her to do. Again she opened the Bible and began reading and this time from Isaiah 1. When she reached the 18th verse she felt that it was really the Lord speaking to her soul, "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." This verse sounded so good to her that she read it again and again, but she read on, "If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land; but if ye refuse and rebel, ye shall be devoured with the sword, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." How plain God's Word seemed to her and she could understand it was His voice speaking to her! In her heart she decided to do just as it required her to do. So she began seeking the Lord with all her heart. As she came to the Lord they could reason together, and soon she found peace to her soul. There was no great demonstration other than a real deep settled peace in her soul as she knew that she had done all that the Lord required of her to do. She then searched His Word to know what He required her to do that she might be healed, for His Word said, "The willing and obedient shall eat the good of the land," and she wanted to approach him with confidence that she was not only willing but really obedient to all that He asked of her to do.

One day she was reading from the thirteenth chapter of John and when she read from the 17th verse, "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them," she called to Annie, who was doing some work in an adjoining room, and asked her what about that chapter. Annie very modestly told her that the Church of God not only taught feet washing, but practiced it, for it was a command given by the Lord, closing her remarks with, "You know, Mrs. Baldwin, there are some people who say they are willing to do

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anything, but when it comes to some things that they do not like very well they then refuse to do it and that is the reason why so many people cannot reach God with their prayers.” As Annie spoke these words Mrs. Baldwin thought of the scripture she had read a few days before, “If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land.” And she decided that there was no part of the Word but what she would obey.

Annie went back about her work and Mrs. Baldwin went on reading. She read St. John through, but the 7th verse of the 15th chapter kept going through her mind again and again, “If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.” She began reasoning to herself, “If I abide in him and his words abide in me I can ask what I will and he has promised to give it unto me, and the only way that He can know that I am abiding in Him is to do the things that He asks me to do and if I do all that He asks me to do then I can come to him and say, ‘Lord, you know that your word is abiding in me, for I have done all that you have asked me to do,’ and as God cannot lie He will grant me whatsoever I ask of Him. I know that God can do anything and I want Him to make me well, but how can I approach Him and say His Word is abiding in me when there is nothing that I have done to prove that I mean to do all that He asks me to do?” She lay for some time in deep meditation and then, raising her hand toward heaven, said, “Lord, I mean to go all the way with you and I shall prove that your word is abiding in me. Yes, I’ll do it, Lord.”

The next morning when Hattie came into her room she asked her to bring her a basin of water and towel, which she did, asking her what she wanted with it. Mrs. Baldwin replied, “You may leave me now for a while, but I want you to tell Annie to come here.” She then handed Hattie a letter to post for her, saying as she did so,

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“Daughter, you do not know how much better I am feeling. Isn’t it wonderful the change that has come over me? I still have a great deal of soreness across my abdomen and my limbs are puffed a great deal and my head also feels quite heavy, but I have had no more attacks of that excessive pain. You do not know how thankful I am for it.”

Hattie bent over and kissed her mother on the forehead, saying, “Yes, Mama, we are all thankful that you are better and are not suffering as much as you did, but why do you want me to tell Annie to come to you?”

“I want her to help me a little, while you go to post that letter,” replied Mrs. Baldwin, and Hattie, feeling satisfied with this explanation, left the room, calling to Annie as she left the house to go to her mother’s room.

Annie came into the room and found Mrs. Baldwin sitting on the side of the bed, something which she had not done for some time. Asked what she wanted with her, Mrs. Baldwin said, “I want you to help me to that chair and then remove your shoes.”

Annie looked at her as if dumbfounded, and then said, “What do you mean, Mrs. Baldwin?”

“I want you to help me to that chair and then remove your shoes, for I want to prove to the Lord that His Word is abiding in me so that I may ask what I will and it shall be given to me. I want to wash your feet.”

Here Annie began to remonstrate, but Mrs. Baldwin insisted as much as Annie remonstrated and so the result was that Annie helped Mrs. Baldwin to the chair and obediently removed her shoes, but not until Mrs. Baldwin had said, “This is one thing that the Lord told us to do and said we would be happy if we knew this and did it. I could

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not wash the saints' feet among those whom I know, for I do not feel that they are any better than I was. Annie, you are the only saint I know of and I am doing this that I might prove to the Lord that I am abiding in Him and that His Word is really abiding in me." So Annie brought the basin of water and the towel to Mrs. Baldwin and as best she could she washed Annie's feet, wiping them with the towel that Annie had girded about her waist. When she had finished she then said, "Now Annie, I want you to wash my feet." Annie obediently knelt before her and her tears fell and dropped on the feet that she was washing. This was no more an act of humility for Mrs. Baldwin than it was for Annie, and the tears fell from the eyes of each of them, but Mrs. Baldwin felt relieved, for she could now approach the Lord and say, "Lord, you know that I am abiding in you and your word is abiding in me." After this task had been finished, Annie then helped Mrs. Baldwin back to bed and went about her work for the day, but her tears fell until she could scarcely see what she was doing. Mrs. Baldwin, however, lay quietly in her bed with a much satisfied expression on her face and she was happy because she knew that she had obeyed the Lord.

That night as she lay meditating on the incidents of the day while all was still in the house, she lifted her heart to God and, approaching Him in real confidence, she asked Him to touch her afflicted body and make her well again, placing her faith on that promise that if she would abide in Him and His word abide in her she could ask what she would and He would do it for her. Her faith reached God and she felt the healing touch, taking away all the soreness and giving her strength. So rising from her bed she walked the floor and praised God. Hattie slept in an adjoining room and was awakened by the noise in her mother's room. She came immediately to see what was wrong and was horrified to see her walking to and fro in the room and praising God. She tried to quiet her and get her

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back to bed, but it seemed that only stirred her all the more, and again and again she would clap her hands and say, "Praise the Lord! praise the Lord! I am made well. God has healed me. I was willing and obedient and am now eating the good of the land." As Hattie could not understand this, she only stood and looked on as her mother gave vent to her feelings.

Chapter VIII

The Campmeeting

“Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled.”—Matt. 5:16.

The next morning after Mrs. Baldwin’s healing she assembled with the rest of the family at the breakfast table, a thing which had not been done for a number of weeks, and as they seated themselves at the table she said, “Let us offer thanks to the Lord for the food before we eat.” Bowing her head, she thanked God for the food, asked His blessings upon it, thanked Him for the privilege of being with the family at the table again and also for touching her body, asking Him to go with her that day and help her to live for Him. As this was the first time such had ever taken place in the Baldwin home it seemed to take away the appetites from the rest of the family. As Mrs. Baldwin reached out to help herself to a hot biscuit and some butter, Mr. Baldwin interfered by saying, “Now, Mother, I cannot permit you to do that. I am glad that you are better and are feeling able to come to the table with us, but I cannot permit you to eat such foods as shall only work against you. You know that you are not to eat such things and I cannot permit you to have them,” and reaching across the table, he took the biscuit from her hand and removed the plate on which she had placed some butter.

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Mrs. Baldwin looked at her husband and with a smile on her face said, "I had not thought of being on a diet for so long, but I do not feel that it is necessary to remain on one now, for I am not sick at all. In fact, I never felt so well in months as I do this morning. I know you do not understand it and neither do I, but I can tell you the Lord has healed me and I am a well woman."

"Well, I cannot permit you to eat those things which work against you until we have permission from the doctor," replied Mr. Baldwin. He stood looking at his wife for some time and then his chin began to quiver and his voice to tremble as he said, "You do not know how bad I hate to do this, for I should like to see you eat. I am only doing this for your own good. I fear you are a little excited and when the excitement wears off should I let you go ahead and eat improper foods it would only make you worse; so I cannot permit it."

"Very well, then," said Mrs. Baldwin calmly. "I shall eat only such foods as you think proper for me to eat until I have permission from the doctor."

"I shall send David down to see you," said Mr. Baldwin, "and if he says it is safe for you to eat anything that you want I shall surely see that you get it," and he turned and walked away, leaving his own breakfast untouched. There was very little breakfast eaten by any of the Baldwin family that morning, for Mrs. Baldwin could have only some fruit and this she did not care for.

True to his promise, Mr. Baldwin called at Dr. Hunt's office and informed him of what had taken place and also asked him to go see his sister and give her a complete examination. Something had taken place with her he knew, but just what that was he could not explain. So at an early hour Dr. Hunt drove up to the Baldwin home and was met on the porch by Mrs. Baldwin herself and was surprised

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to hear the words, "Well, David, I am a well woman again, for the Lord has healed me."

"I am surely glad you are better," said Dr. Hunt, "but I should like to examine you before I conclude that you are a well woman again."

"All right," replied Mrs. Baldwin, "I shall be glad to submit to an examination, for I am terribly hungry and Mr. Baldwin says that I cannot have anything to eat until I have your permission, and you do not know how tired I am of eating only fresh fruits and raw vegetables. I wish that I might have a good steak with some good, rich gravy for my dinner today."

Dr. Hunt made a complete examination, leaning back in his chair occasionally to say, "Well, that beats anything that I ever saw in all my life." A few days previously he had called upon her and found her so sensitive that she could not bear the weight of his hand on her abdomen, but now she could bear heavy pressure and without the least sign of any pain. He also tested her blood pressure and found it low instead of high, a thing which was marvelous to him. After he had spent some time making a thorough examination, he said, "Well, I cannot understand it, but I shall have to pronounce you a well woman with the exception of weakness. Your blood pressure is a little low, but not enough to be alarming, for that can be easily built up. Something has surely taken place, but what that is I do not know."

"Neither do I know just what has taken place," replied Mrs. Baldwin, "but I am like the blind man that came to the Lord and said, 'One thing I know, whereas I was blind, now I see.' That is what I can say, I came to the Lord and while I do not understand what He did for me, I know that whereas I was sick and nigh unto death, now I am well."

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“And I am truly glad of it,” said Dr. Hunt, “more so than I can find words to express, for you have surely been a very sick woman.”

“No one knows that any better than I,” replied Mrs. Baldwin, “and no one can appreciate what has been done for me as I can. But may I now have something to eat?”

“Eat anything that you want,” said Dr. Hunt, “and as much as you want so long as you are reasonable about it.” Mrs. Baldwin walked to the door with Dr. Hunt and as he took his departure he laid his hand upon her arm and said, “Minnie, I do not understand what you are telling me about the Lord healing you, but I can tell you that there has been a miracle wrought in your life. It beats anything that I ever heard of in my life and is almost as marvelous as we read about in the Bible.”

It was truly marvelous, for Mrs. Baldwin was a well woman, and a hungry one. Not that she could not eat to satisfy a natural hunger, but she was soul-hungry and asking Annie for more literature to enlighten her. She was so eager to measure to all the word of God. None rejoiced more that she was a well woman again than did Annie, for she felt that God had used her in some way to get help to someone. But while she was rejoicing in that she had been used of God, Mrs. Baldwin was testing her fidelity to the Lord and Annie was unconscious of it.

Mrs. Baldwin had had so many servants in her home that she felt none were so good that they did not need watching, and she had often made the remark that when she had a servant that went about singing some good old religious hymn she felt she needed to watch her closely, for she usually missed something. So she thought she would try Annie and see if she was different from the others. So accordingly when Annie began sorting the clothes the next wash day, she found a piece of money in one of Mrs. Baldwin's apron

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pockets. Mrs. Baldwin was standing near when Annie found the piece of money and she handed it to her. The next week there was a piece of money in an apron pocket and Mrs. Baldwin was not about when Annie sorted the clothes. But she laid the money up and when Mrs. Baldwin came into the room told her where she could find it. Mrs. Baldwin thanked her and picking up the money, went to her own room, saying to herself, "Surely there is a difference in Annie and the other help that I have had about me but I want to make sure." The next week when Annie came to do the washing she asked Mrs. Baldwin for permission to have the afternoon off, as she had heard of a sick woman among her own people that she should like to visit. As Mrs. Baldwin always gave her help one afternoon off in the week, the request was granted and Annie went hurriedly about her work to get done what she could before leaving that afternoon. So she hastily assorted the clothes before putting them through the washer. In doing so she was not so careful to examine the pockets as she had been heretofore and so the washing was done, the noonday meal prepared, the dishes cleared away, and Annie was excused for the afternoon, leaving Mrs. Baldwin to say to herself many times that afternoon, "She needs to be watched like all the other help that I have had. I guess there is none that can really be trusted."

Next morning Annie came in as usual and after the morning's work was done began to iron the clothes that she had washed the day before. Mrs. Baldwin was seated in her room, when all at once there came a rap on her door and before she could give the invitation to "come in" a very excited Annie stood in the doorway holding out her hand and saying, "Oh, Mrs. Baldwin, just see what I have done. I did not examine the pockets of your apron when I sorted the clothes yesterday and I took these bills through the washer and then through the wringer, and just see how they are. I am afraid that they are

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ruined." Mrs. Baldwin took them from her hand and there were two one dollar bills all crumpled together and pressed together in a wad.

"Oh, I am so sorry," said Annie as Mrs. Baldwin took them from her hand. "I should have looked more closely when I was sorting the clothes, but I was thinking about the woman that I was going to see and I fear that I have ruined them so they will not be of any use any more."

"Do not be alarmed about them," said Mrs. Baldwin, "for I need to be more sorry than you do. I put them in the apron pocket purposely and if they are ruined it is no fault of yours."

"Put them in there purposely!" exclaimed Annie, as she looked at Mrs. Baldwin wide-eyed. The truth then dawned upon her, and sinking down into a chair, she covered her face in her apron and sobbed aloud. Then lifting her head, she said, "O Mrs. Baldwin, I have many temptations just like others have, but I would not lose my soul for all the money that you possess, for my soul is worth more to me than all the world."

From this time on Mrs. Baldwin felt that she had a servant that she could trust. She asked her many things concerning the ways of God. In this Annie was slow to speak, but would often give her literature on the subject on which she desired light. The first of June came and one day when Mrs. Baldwin had asked Annie concerning some subject relative to the Bible she said, "Mrs. Baldwin, I would very much like to tell you many things which I feel that you should know, but I feel that it would be best for you to get it from your own people."

"That may all be true, Annie," said Mrs. Baldwin, "but I do not know of any of my own people to whom I can go to get the instruction which I desire."

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“I know of some who can give you the light for which you are seeking,” said Annie. “There is soon to be a camp meeting, and if you will only go there you shall learn many things which your soul is hungering for, I am sure. I know you are hungering for more of God, and the Lord told us, ‘Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.’ If you will only go to that meeting, I am quite sure that you will find there the things which the Lord would have you to do.”

So that part was settled and when the meeting convened, there was an investigator there, one who had never attended those meetings before. This was none other than the lawyer’s wife from Bluffton. She felt the solemnity which comes over one when one first enters the campground and said to herself, “Surely God is in this place.” She said nothing to anyone, but drank in the sermons that went forth from the pulpit, promising God to walk in all the light that might be shed on her pathway. Surely she had never seen such people in all her life, for everybody seemed to be running over with joy. She could hear, “Praise the Lord!” and “Glory to God!” everywhere she turned and the prayers of these people seemed freighted with power such as she had never seen among any people. The first night as she retired she knelt beside her bed and while in prayer she said, “Lord, thou knowest my heart. I want to follow thee all the way; so bring to me those things that thou dost desire me to do.”

She proved that she wanted to go all the way, for before she left the meeting to return home she followed the Lord in baptism. Hearing that Jesus Christ promised to send the Holy Spirit to dwell in the heart of his people, she presented herself, and sought for this experience and obtained it. She could well understand some of the things that Annie had told her when she said there were some things

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which she should learn among her own people. Not only did she learn of the things which would be a blessing to her soul, but she found more about how God desired his people to live in this world and she returned home to dispose of her jewels and use the means in helping to get the truths which she had learned to others in her own town. But as she began to tell of the goodness of God persecution began to come her way. Soon her pastor visited her, but he found a woman zealous for God and ready to have her name erased from the church ledger. She also informed him that her means from now on would be used to get the truth to souls. The former proud Mrs. Baldwin became a missionary doing work from house to house and carrying literature and telling of the goodness and power of God to save from sin, to fill the soul with His Holy Spirit, and to heal the body of all its diseases. Her husband and children remonstrated, but all to no avail, for her soul was so full of the love of God that she felt that she must tell it to others in some way. So she did her part in casting her bread upon the waters and waited patiently that it might return.

Chapter IX

Tin Town

“But when he saw the multitudes, he was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted, and were scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd.”—Matt. 9:36.

Paul Sawyer was very much surprised to find his once fashionable, society loving wife so changed, but he was none less surprised than those among whom she had moved for so long. Bluffton society looked for another leader, for Mrs. Sawyer now had no time to attend their club dinners nor any of their social gatherings. Some of her friends tried to persuade her to resume her place among them, only to hear that she was now done with all forms of worldliness and intended to let the Lord have the rest of her life. Her modest apparel seemed not to escape their notice and some of the women remarked about it, to which she replied that she meant to dress as becometh women professing godliness. She was indeed a different woman and all her former friends marveled at the change.

One day a friend of hers called, one who had been a very close friend before her illness, and after conversing for some time and trying to persuade her to come to a social gathering that evening only to see her decline to accept the invitation, she said, “I declare, Sarah,

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it seems to me that you surely have died and someone else has returned in your place. You are so unlike yourself.”

Mrs. Sawyer laughed as she replied, “My dear, you could not have explained my case any better than you have, for I did die and Jesus Christ is now living in my stead. Sarah Sawyer is dead, but Christ is now alive in me to dwell there, to live and to do of his own good pleasure. I have given myself completely to him, that he may completely direct my life. I want to follow him wheresoever he leads.”

“That is all very well,” replied her friend, “but I do not think that you should turn away from old friends and just bury yourself. You are too young to think of just sitting down and doing nothing. It hurts me to see you turn from us like this, for you know how dearly we all loved you and felt we needed you.” She covered her face and began weeping in her handkerchief, as she said, “Oh, please, Sarah, do come to our club dinner tonight, for it has been so long since you have been with us and I have told several that I meant to see that you came tonight and they are looking forward to it. Please do not disappoint us.”

Mrs. Sawyer drew her chair near her friend and said, “I do not want to hurt your feelings, and neither do I want to disappoint you nor other of my friends, but I want to ask you if Jesus were here in person would you invite him to your club dinner tonight and if you should, would you expect him to attend? And if he should attend do you think that you could feel comfortable in his presence and choose him as your partner for the dance which follows the dinner?”

“Oh, Sarah,” exclaimed her friend, “why do you talk like this? You know we can none of us get as good as Jesus was. You do not claim to be that good, do you?”

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“No,” replied Mrs. Sawyer, “I do not claim to be that good, but when I was ill and all hope had been abandoned for my recovery I then found the Great Physician. I met him as blind Bartimaeus met him and cried out unto him for mercy, promising him that I would follow him all the way if he would but spare me to rear my little son. Every other means of help had failed, but He healed me and I love Him with all my heart for it and want to do nothing that would displease Him. I am measuring my life by the Word, which He left us, and searching it daily to know just how He would have me live, what He would have me do, and where He would have me go and I shall tell you of some things which I have found.” Getting her Bible, Mrs. Sawyer again resumed her seat and opening the book began reading from Matt. 4:4, “ ‘But he answered and said, It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.’ That is the way I have found that Jesus wants me to live and what He wants me to do is found here,” and turning she read 1 Cor. 10:31, “ ‘Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.’ I find there what I shall do and as to where I shall go I will read you again in 1 Peter 2:21: ‘For even hereunto were ye called: because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow in his steps.’ Your reply to my question proved to me that if Jesus were here in person you would not ask Him to attend your dinner and if you did you would not expect Him to be present and you would not feel comfortable in His presence should He do so. As I have started out to follow the Lord I must go only where His steps lead me. There was a time when I enjoyed being among you and being your leader, but I am a changed woman now. I have been made new and all things have become new to me. I know what kinds of times you have at your club dinners and I want to read something more to you. In

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1 Thess. 5:22 I am told to abstain from all appearance of evil and much as I do not desire to hurt your feelings I must please my Lord.”

Mrs. Sawyer’s friend sat as one spellbound while Sarah read to her her reasons for not attending the club dinner. She knew there was no need for pressing the invitation further, but she said, “I should say you are a changed woman and I cannot understand why you would want to throw your life away.”

“I do not feel that I am throwing my life away now,” said Mrs. Sawyer. “But I do feel that I was throwing it away while I moved among you, for I lived only for myself. I tried to see if I could not dress better and have more jewels than any of you and thereby lived a selfish life and was only throwing away what God had entrusted to me to use to His glory. But I now mean to let my life be one of service to others. First my Lord, then my husband and little son, and then others whom I may find that I can serve. God spared me to my baby, and I mean to let Him use me as He wills.”

The friend and visitor of the afternoon left fully persuaded that Mrs. Sawyer was indeed a changed woman and one that they did not need among them. Her visit to Mrs. Sawyer was related that evening at the dinner and many of the women breathed a sigh, saying, “Too bad, too bad.”

A few mornings after Mrs. Sawyer’s friend had called upon her she was seated at the breakfast table with her husband, when she said, “Paul, I wish you would give me an allowance all my very own that I may do with it as I please.”

“What is wrong now?” inquired her husband.

“There is nothing wrong,” replied Mrs. Sawyer, “but I should like to have some money all my very own to do with as I desire.”

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“Don’t you do as you please with the money that you have?” again inquired Mr. Sawyer.

“Yes,” replied his wife, “but I do not feel that it is my very own as I would if you should give me a certain amount. I desire this very much or I should not be asking it of you.”

“Oh, I see,” said Mr. Sawyer laughingly, “you are getting the fever like all the rest of the women; you want to be independent, don’t you?”

“No, that is not it,” replied Mrs. Sawyer hastily, as her voice began trembling. “I am too glad to be spared to you and our little boy to think of such a thing. I do not want to be independent of you, but I only want some money as my own to spend as I please and feel that I am spending my own.”

Mr. Sawyer was moved at this reply, for he was truly glad that his wife had been spared to him although she seemed to be so much different from ever before. So placing his arm about her shoulder, he said, “You are worth all the money you might ask of me, so name your price.”

“I do not want to name any price,” said Mrs. Sawyer, “but I wondered if there might be some way that I could earn a little money.”

Mr. Sawyer laughed at this remark, saying, “I see you earning money. You take care of my boy and that is all the work that you need to do, unless you make some collections for me.”

“That would be fine,” said Mrs. Sawyer smilingly, “I would make the collections and keep the money.”

“If you collect the rent for that store building and house down on River Street you may have the money,” said Mr. Sawyer.

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“Down on River Street,” said Mrs. Sawyer, “that is down close to the river in Tin Town, isn’t it?”

“Yes,” replied Mr. Sawyer, “and if you will collect the rent from those two buildings you may have it. I always rent them so that I only have to make one trip each month and as the rent is due today you may start on that job this morning if you desire.”

“Oh, thank you,” said Mrs. Sawyer, as she accompanied her husband to the door. “I shall go this morning and collect my money. I can leave the baby with Mary unless she desires to go along and if so we can take him with us. I shall have Tom to drive me down there.”

Tom was the colored boy who tended to the stables and the yard and was also their driver whenever the carriage was used and before Mrs. Sawyer’s illness it was often used, for she made many calls. Mary did not care to go out that morning. So the baby was left in her care and Tom was called to get the carriage ready. When it was driven around to the front of the house Mrs. Sawyer instructed Tom where to take her, informing him also of what Mr. Sawyer had given her that morning.

Tom drove along through Bluffton as he had done many times before. It seemed a treat to get to drive the carriage again, for this was the first time that he had been privileged to do so since Mrs. Sawyer’s illness. He passed through the main part of the city and then headed toward the river. It was not long until they reached Tin Town and the many marks in the yards and alleys told how the place had received its name, for there was rubbish and tin cans everywhere while half-clad children played in the dust in the street, dirty and ragged. Mrs. Sawyer leaned back in the carriage and took in the situation. Her heart sank as she saw the wretchedness of the people and she sighed, “Oh, I did not dream of there being so much poverty

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and wretchedness so near to me. How these people need my Christ, for they are as sheep without a shepherd.”

At last Tom drew up before a store building on River Street which had a dwelling house adjoining it. Across the front of the building she read “STAPLE and FANCY GROCERIES AND MEATS” and under this was “MIKE WODGJCHOWSKI, PROPRIETOR.” As she knew the storeroom was occupied by a Polish grocerman she knew this was his name, although she could not pronounce it. Along the side of the building was an advertisement for Armour’s Ham and Bacon. This she took in at a glance as she alighted from the carriage and started to enter the store.

As she stepped to the door she was almost knocked down by a little boy who came darting around the corner and collided into her. The collision made her stagger and sent him sprawling on his back. He was soon jerked to his feet by an infuriated woman who seemed to appear from nowhere in particular, who, grabbing the young ruffian by the collar, shook him unmercifully, all the time giving him a sound berating.

“Ah, it’s a runnin’ off that ye air, is it?” said she as she slipped her fingers down the boy’s shirt collar in a more secure hold. “You little spalpeen, it’s the divil that’s in ye that ye would want to run off from your mither and she nadin’ ye so much to mind the baby. Ye’ll not be knowin’ that yer name’s Mike O’Haverly if ye don’t git yerself back there and mindin’ yer mither. And mind ye now, if ye don’t it’s the skin off yer back that I’ll be takin’ and make it up into shoestrings or my name’s not Betsy O’Haverly.” And with a kick which sent the young lad sprawling into the street, she cursed him and said, “Git ye home and be quick about it.” The boy slowly arose to his feet as she disappeared around the corner, and followed after her.

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This scene of combat brought a number of spectators who looked on very unconcerned as if it was a very common affair in their midst. Mrs. Sawyer had attracted no attention until Mrs. O'Haverly disappeared and then curious eyes were turned upon her and the colored boy in liveried attire who stood holding the reins at the carriage. Singling out a man of foreign appearance, wearing a butcher's apron, Mrs. Sawyer advanced toward him saying, "I should like to see the proprietor, please."

Straightening himself and pointing one finger toward himself he said in foreign accent, "I am the proprietor." And leading the way into his place of business, he turned with the question, "And what can I do for you, please?"

When he was informed that she was Mrs. Sawyer and had come to collect the rent, his attitude changed immediately and he began to tell about the slackness of business and the need of a lower rate of rent if he should be able to continue in business there. Her eyes took in the untidiness of the room at one glance, while the odor of stale meat, fruits and vegetables greeted her nostrils. She found herself at a loss to know just what to say to her tenant, but as she wrote him a receipt for his money she said, "I shall leave all that with my husband, for all I can do is to call upon you once each month for the rent." At this he muttered something in his own tongue, which she did not understand. Handing him the receipt, she said, "How do you pronounce your name? I wrote it on the receipt and it is on the front of the building, but I could not pronounce it."

"It is Wad-jeschow-ski," replied the proprietor as he stepped with her to the door, where she thanked him and bade him a pleasant "Good day."

Mrs. Sawyer then went to the house adjoining the store-building and was met at the door by an Italian woman carrying a baby in her

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arms. In answer to her inquiry the woman replied, "I no speeka mooch English," at the same time calling loudly, "Tony, Tony." In answer to this call a small boy about seven years of age came running around the house, to whom the woman made several remarks in the Italian tongue and then said to Mrs. Sawyer, "Tony, he speeka English." She then began conversing with the boy who in turn made known the motive of her visit to his mother. She was then invited into the house and was surprised to see the neatness of the room, although so scantily furnished. The baby was laid on a cot which stood in one corner of the room and the mother went to another room to get the money with which to pay the rent. As she left the room Tony went to the cot and began to play with the baby and in his play bent over and kissed it. He would jump at the baby and it in turn would scream with laughter. The mother stood watching them for some time, when she returned to the room and then handed the money to Mrs. Sawyer. As she wrote out a receipt for the money she asked the name and Tony said Marjello. He then said, "Mama can understand English, but can't talk much," and Mrs. Marjello understanding what he said, looked at Mrs. Sawyer and nodded her head and said again, "I no speeka mooch English." She then lifted the baby in her arms, giving it a kiss on the cheek, and patting Tony on the head she followed Mrs. Sawyer to the door. Here Mrs. Sawyer turned and taking the baby's hand she began to talk to the child, an act which seemed to please both Mrs. Marjello and Tony very much. "What is the baby's name?" inquired she of Tony. He replied, "Mary Catherine." She then told him she had a sister Mary and he in turn told his mother, but she nodded her head to let him know that she had understood. She patted the baby's hand again and then bade them "Good-day" and walked away. She was about to enter the carriage when her attention was attracted across the street by the scream of a child. She looked across the street and

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saw a little girl receive a number of slaps from an infuriated woman whose loud, angry tones mingled with the screams of the child. The woman was speaking German, and being familiar with the language, she understood the cursings and bemeanings that were heaped upon the child. Her heart sank as the awful cursings and bemeanings fell upon her ears.

She entered the carriage and spoke to Tom to drive home. As they drove along she noticed again the filth and wretchedness in Tin Town and thought of the happiness in her own life. She thought of the Italian baby and then of her own little son at home; she remembered the kiss the Italian woman had placed on the baby's cheek and the pat on Tony's head and said to herself, "That woman loves her children as I love my son." Many were her thoughts as she was being driven back home and it was really a relief to her when they reached her own home.

"Well, what do you think of Tin Town?" said Tom with a grin as he assisted her to alight.

Mrs. Sawyer stood for some time with a faraway look in her eyes and then turning to her coachman, replied, "Tom, you know we often hear of a country that is Godforsaken and I feel that if there is any such place on earth it must be Tin Town, yet I know that God loves every man, woman, and child that lives there," and with this remark she turned and entered the house.

Hanging in Mrs. Sawyer's bedroom was a picture of Christ surrounded with a number of children. There were some from every race and of different nationalities. Above the picture were the words, "For These He Died" and below it "Suffer Them to Come Unto Me." Mrs. Sawyer had just put her little son in his bed for the night when her eyes fell on that picture. She had often looked upon it, but this evening there was something new about it, for in the fair-haired boy

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so close to the Christ it seemed she could trace a few lines of resemblance to the Irish boy who that afternoon had so nearly made her lose her balance, while the little dark-haired babe which he held on his knee brought to her mind again the little Italian girl in the Marjello home. She gazed long at this picture and many were the thoughts that went through her mind. Again looking at the words above the picture she breathed a sigh and said, "Yes, I know Christ died for them all."

Chapter X

Serving The People

“But whosoever will be great among you, shall be your minister: and whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be servant of all.”—Mark 10:43, 44.

Summer advanced and in the month of August the heat became almost unbearable and there was much sickness among the people. Especially was this true among the Tin Town population and as sanitary conditions were not very desirable along the river frontage, disease spread rapidly and scarcely a house could be found where there were not one or more that were sick. In Bluffton proper conditions were much better because of the sanitary laws and the care that was given.

It was time for the rent to be paid on the Sawyer property in Tin Town and Mrs. Sawyer made her call on the storekeeper and then to the Marjello home, but when she came to collect her rent there she found Mrs. Marjello seated beside the little cot in the corner of the room where lay Mary Catherine, the little baby. Mrs. Marjello had a paper in her hand which she moved to and fro over the baby, trying to keep the flies away. Near the bed was a pan of water and occasionally Mrs. Marjello would take a cloth off the baby's head and dip it in the pan of water, wring it out, and then place it on the

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baby's head again. Mrs. Sawyer stood watching and the rapid breathing of the baby showed that the fever was very high and that she was a very sick child. As she looked upon this little suffering child she was moved with pity, for she thought of her own little son and what it would mean for her should he, too, be ill.

Mrs. Marjello left the room that she might get the money to pay the rent. While the mother was in another room Mrs. Sawyer noticed how the flies gathered about the sick child and stepping to the side of the cot, she picked up the paper and began to chase them away. When Mrs. Marjello returned and found her at the cot it seemed to please her, and as she took the paper from her hand to resume her place beside the child she said, "I tank you." Tony then came in and Mrs. Sawyer began asking him questions about the baby and she found that the doctor whom they had called a few days previously had pronounced it typhoid fever and had advised them to use ice packs on the child to reduce the fever. She asked many questions, to which Tony would reply, often speaking to his mother to know just what to tell her. In the conversation she found that they could not get any ice, as they had so many other things to buy. She then spoke of a mosquito netting to be put over the bed for the baby, but was informed that they could not spare the money for that either. Mr. Marjello had steady work, but his wages were not sufficient to get the things that they really needed for the comfort of the child in her illness. Mrs. Sawyer thought of her own little son and then of the money which had just been given her and it smote her conscience. As she turned to leave the house she said to Tony, "I shall be back in a short time." She then went to the carriage, where Tom was waiting for her, and giving him a piece of money, she told him to go to the ice plant, which was a number of blocks down the river, and bring back a piece of ice, and if she was not there when he returned to wait for her. She then told him of the illness of the Marjello baby

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and turning, she started toward the city proper. Tom stood looking at her and then said, "Missus, would you not like for me to drive you where you want to go and then I can go for the ice?" To which she replied, "No, Tom, I am only going to the nearest drug store, which is only a few blocks away, and I prefer to go alone." Tom then drove in the opposite direction toward the ice plant and as he returned with the ice he saw Mrs. Sawyer coming back with a bundle under her arm. He was soon to find out what was in the bundle, for she asked him to carry the ice into the house and then to chip some fine enough to go into an ice bag which she had bought at the drug store. This she placed on the child's stomach and putting a piece of ice in the pan of water she began to place cold cloths which were wrung out of this on the child's head. She then opened another bundle and began to unroll a number of yards of mosquito netting, which she unfolded and placed over the cot. Mrs. Marjello stood back and looked on as Mrs. Sawyer began to minister to the needs of her sick child, while Tony followed her about eager to do anything that she might ask him to do. When she had made the child as comfortable as she could she turned to go, but she could scarcely get away for Mrs. Marjello trying to express her gratitude to her for the interest which she had taken in her baby. Tony followed her to the carriage and as she was about to enter he modestly said, "Good lady, would you care if I took a piece of ice to Mike O'Haverly? He is sick and wants a drink of cold water and they have to carry water from across the street because their well is dry and before Mrs. O'Haverly can get it home it is warm. I would like to take him a piece of ice so he could have a cold drink."

"Surely, you may take him a piece of ice," said Mrs. Sawyer, "and you may tell your mother that I shall come back again tomorrow to see how Mary Catherine is getting along, and I may go over and see Mike O'Haverly also." She drove away, but as she

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looked back before turning the corner to go up the hill to the city proper there stood Tony where she had left him looking after the carriage. Mrs. Sawyer was moved as she had not been for many days and a peace had come into her soul for which she could never have found words to explain or express, and as she drove along those dusty streets in Tin Town she said, "Lord help me to minister to the needs of the people in such a way that I may help to win them to Thee."

When the carriage disappeared Tony turned and ran back into the house. He told his mother what Mrs. Sawyer had said, and was soon crossing the vacant lot which lay between them and the O'Haverly home with a piece of ice for Mike that he might have a cold drink of water and also to tell him of the good lady who bought the ice and the mosquito netting and also a thing that she put some ice in and put on Mary Catherine's stomach. Mike O'Haverly's eyes opened wide as Tony told him about the good lady who had made it possible for him to have a good drink of water. "But that is not all," said Tony, "she said she was coming back again tomorrow to see how Mary Catherine is getting along and that she might come over to see you."

"When she comes you tell her that I thank her for my good drink," said Mike, as he closed his eyes in a contented manner. "I feel that a few drinks like that will make me well."

Mike had been a very sick boy, but was improving, though not able to be out of bed, and as his mother did washings for other people it was very little attention he received. No doubt, he would have improved faster had he received the attention which should have been given to him. As there was so much sickness in Tin Town, everybody was busy caring for his own and so the sick had very few callers. Mike had lain for days without anyone coming in to see him

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except Tony, and so when he was told that the good lady who had helped Mrs. Marjello so much was coming to see him the next day he looked forward to it eagerly.

Chapter XI

Serving The People (Cont.)

“But whosoever will be great among you shall be your minister: and whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be servant of all.”—Mark 10:43, 44.

True to her promise, the next afternoon Mrs. Sawyer called at the Marjello home and found the baby much improved, but still very ill. She found Mrs. Marjello very attentive to the little child and as the ice was all gone she sent Tom for another piece while she went to call upon Mike O’Haverly. When she had gone into the Marjello home she had been surprised at the neatness and cleanness in spite of the scarcity of furniture, but as she entered the O’Haverly home and was led into the room where Mike lay, her heart sank, for the house reeked with filth and Mike lay on a bed void of sheets. The mattress on which he lay was almost black with dirt and the comforter which covered him looked as if it had not been washed for months. The O’Haverly baby crawled upon the bare dirty floor almost as nude as an infant among the Hottentots in Africa, with dirty face and unkempt hair. As Mrs. Sawyer stood by the bedside of Mike, the baby caught hold of her skirt and pulled up to a standing position and looked up into her face while a smile spread over the little dirty face. Mrs. Sawyer’s heart was moved, for in the little dirty-faced almost nude baby before her it seemed she could see her

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own little son had he been reared in such surroundings. Everywhere she looked spoke of poverty and wretchedness and her heart cried out, "Oh, how they need my Christ!"

She talked to Mike, but he only answered her in just as short sentences as he could, for it seemed that he was very backward and rather shy and also very weak from his illness. Tony, however, was full to running over and free to speak to the "Good Lady" that had brought ice and an ice-bag to help Mary Catherine.

As Mrs. Sawyer turned to leave, Mike said, "I thank you for the ice which you sent to me." At this Mrs. Sawyer turned and said, "You are surely welcome and I have sent for some more ice, which Tony will share with you and you may have another nice cold drink again. And do you not think you would feel better if you could have some clean sheets on your bed?" At this Mike looked about him and his face flushed as he said, "Good Lady, I guess I would, but my mother has to work all the time. You know my dad he died and my mother has to wash to get something for me and the baby to eat. I helped all I could by selling papers before I took sick." Mrs. Sawyer listened to Mike's story, while a lump raised in her throat and she thought of her own little son. Mrs. O'Haverly was in the washhouse and Mrs. Sawyer could hear the rub, rub on the washboard, which told her that she was busy with a washing for someone while her own family was being neglected and left destitute of the real necessities of life. As she turned to leave, Mike called to his mother and she came into the house, but she did not recognize Mrs. Sawyer as the woman that Mike had collided with some time before when she gave him such a sound berating because he was trying to escape taking care of the baby, but when told that she was the one who had sent the piece of ice to Mike she could not express her thanks satisfactorily to herself, but over and over again she would tell Mrs.

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Sawyer how “beholdin” she was to her. It seemed that her Irish tongue was loosened and she told how sick Mike had been and how she had to sit by him night and day for two weeks, thinking he would surely die. Tears rolled down her cheeks as she told of his sickness. When Mrs. Sawyer left she made the promise that she would return again and see what she could do to help Mike.

“And it’s many thanks that I am a givin’ to you, my good lady,” said Mrs. O’Haverly. “Mike is a good boy and it will be doin’ him good for folks to be comin’ and seein’ him.”

Mrs. Sawyer left the O’Haverly home with a burdened heart such as she had never felt. The thought came to her many times, “These people need my Christ.” And with this thought came another, “I wonder what Jesus would do should He come among these people?” Then she recalled the words of the Lord when all came to him bringing those who needed his help and he turned none of them away but ministered unto their needs. As she again entered the carriage to be driven home she said to herself, “I wonder if there could be a Talmage, a Moody, a Finney, a Frances E. Willard, a Florence Nightingale, or Sarah Bernhardt among these people if only they had a chance.” With this thought came the words of Grey in the Elegy written in a country churchyard,

“Full many a gem of purest ray serene;
The deep, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is blown to blush unseen;
And waste its fragrance on the desert air.”

As this thought came to her she said, “O Lord, if there is a hidden diamond among these people that can be polished so that it may shine for thee, help me to find it.” A happy thought came to her, which she made known to her sister Mary when she got home. The idea met with her sister’s approval and she promised her support

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but not before she had patted Mrs. Sawyer on the shoulder and said, "Ah, my little Quaker sister." The proposition was that they should visit in Tin Town and minister to the needs of the people there and then to try to show them their need of the Christ. As Mr. Sawyer had given the rental from the buildings in Tin Town to use as she desired, she thought of no better way than to visit the sick and administer to them what they really needed. Accordingly, the next day when Mrs. Sawyer returned to see Mike O'Haverly her sister Mary was with her and these two brought a clean mattress, sheets, and pillows for Mike's bed and also a new nightshirt for him. As this was the first time Mike had ever seen such a garment, they had quite a time getting him to put it on, especially when they asked him to let them give him a bath before cleaning up his bed. This he stoutly refused to do for some time, informing them that he never took any bath only as he went swimmin' in the river with the boys. But after a great deal of coaxing and persuading, Mike was given a bath, his hair was combed nicely, and he lay on a clean bed in a new nightshirt between clean sheets. Mrs. O'Haverly, knowing that Mrs. Sawyer had promised to return that day to see how Mike was, had tried to clean the house as best she could so that Mary did not find conditions such as Mrs. Sawyer had found them. The Marjello home was visited also and the baby found to be much better. As they left to enter the carriage Tony was standing near the store building with a number of boys and he pointed out Mrs. Sawyer to them and said, "There is the good lady that I told you about. Ain't she beautiful?"

This remark reached Mrs. Sawyer's ears and as they were driving home she said to her sister, "Mary, I have never felt so happy in all my life. I have been to many social gatherings when others pointed me out as the most beautiful woman there, and I have moved among the people when I knew that all eyes were turned upon me, but I never felt the satisfaction that I now feel."

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“That is because you are not living a life for self,” replied Mary. “You know, real satisfaction and true greatness only comes when we know that we are helping others and have been of some good to someone. I have tried to get you to see that for a long time.”

“Yes, I know that you have,” replied Mrs. Sawyer, “and now I see that you are like another Mary of which we read, the one who had chosen the better part that could not be taken away from her.”

Mrs. Sawyer felt so good over her day’s work that she could no longer keep it from her husband. So that evening she told him what they had done. He stoutly forbade her doing such as that anymore, and said further that he wanted her to stay away from Tin Town. Upon her inquiry as to why he forbade her doing such, he said, “I do not care for my wife to be a slum worker, and Tin Town is a slum. I would be too embarrassed for words if others found out what you have done.”

Mrs. Sawyer sat looking at her husband for some time and then said, “And I would give much if they only could feel the satisfaction that I feel in what I have done today.”

“Yes, but I did not marry you for such work,” retorted Mr. Sawyer in a somewhat angry tone.

At this Mrs. Sawyer stepped to his side and laying her hand upon his shoulder said, “Paul, you married me a proud, selfish, society-lover, but God was not pleased with that mode of living and when I was fast perishing with that dreadful disease, tuberculosis, and there was no other means of help for me but God, I sought Him with all my heart and dedicated myself to Him promising Him that He might use me whenever and wherever He desired, giving myself entirely and unreservedly into His hands, and He made me a well woman. I now ask you which would you prefer, a green mound in

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the cemetery which you could visit occasionally and on which you could place some flowers and then tell your son of the mother that was buried there or have a mother for your son even though she might minister to the needs of those who live in the slums of Tin Town? I ask you again, which do you prefer?"

Mr. Sawyer sat spellbound as his wife asked him this question, but he said, "I do not understand what you mean by wanting to go to such a place, for surely there is much that can be done in your immediate neighborhood and among your own friends."

"I can do nothing among my friends, for they do not feel that they need anything," replied Mrs. Sawyer, "and these people need someone to help them and I must say I have found no such happiness and satisfaction in all that I have done in life as I have found today."

"Well, I just can't understand it," said Mr. Sawyer.

At this Mrs. Sawyer led him to her room and to the picture which she herself had looked at just a few evenings before. Pointing to the words above the picture, "For These He Died," she drew attention to the little dark-haired girl in the arms of the Christ and said, "That is the little Marjello baby," and then to the fair-haired boy at His side she said, "And that is Mike O'Haverly." Then pointing to the words below it, "Suffer Them to Come Unto Me," she said, "My Christ wants all of them and I am only trying to help Him reach them."

"It may be all right," said Mr. Sawyer, "but I must say I never saw such a change in anyone as there has been in you, for two years ago you would not have been willing to take a drive through Tin Town, much less to visit in the homes there."

"I know that is true, Paul," said Mrs. Sawyer, "and there has truly been a change, for with me 'Old things have passed away and, behold, all things have become new.' "

Chapter XII

A Sunday School

“And they took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus.”—Acts 4:13.

The visits of Mrs. Sawyer and her sister Mary in Tin Town became an everyday expectancy and many homes were found where they could minister to the needs of the people and no one was passed by where they could get some good to them. Many sick ones received help in some way from these two ministering servants, many homes were visited and many helped. As there were many deaths among the people these two were not slow in extending help at this time and as they ministered to the needs of the people they also told them of the Christ. As they one day visited in a home where death had been and extended to the bereaved ones all the help they could, they then pointed them to Him who only can give the help that lies beyond mortal power and that is balm for the aching heart. The mother in the home grasped their hand and through her tears said, “I knew that you had been with Jesus because of the work that you have been doing among the people.” So in every home these people were pointed to One who could give them the help that was needed.

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Christmas time came and Mrs. Sawyer and Mary were very busy, for they were preparing Christmas baskets for the needy ones in Tin Town. In many homes which they had visited they knew that the little ones there would be denied anything special on this occasion and many of them would even be denied the real necessities of life. So they prepared baskets of food that all might have a good dinner, and these were delivered Christmas morning. In each basket was food, and also some fruit, nuts, and candy. The next trip that Mrs. Sawyer made to Tin Town she was surrounded by crowds of little children, each one trying to express their thanks and appreciation for the good basket of food, fruits, nuts and candy. Some of them also had received some much desired toy and their joy over this knew no bounds. To all the children she was "The Good Lady" and on this trip many of the little girls ventured to kiss her hands. She looked upon them again and said to herself, "They are as a flock of sheep without a shepherd," and just then a happy thought came to her.

While visiting among the people that summer and ministering to their needs she passed a building that had been used as a mission, but had been closed for many months. Upon inquiring about it, she found that there had one time been a people there trying to work among the residents of Tin Town, but the man who was their leader became so harsh and bitter toward the people that he had been driven out and no one had thought it advisable to make any effort to open the mission any more, for the residents of Tin Town were looked upon by many as people beyond redemption. But as Mrs. Sawyer looked upon the children that crowded about her she was struck with the thought that they needed help and so she immediately took steps again to open the mission to Sunday school for the children. After receiving the right or permission to use the building she then visited the children and found them not only willing but eager to come to a

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Sunday school that she would conduct. Not only were the children glad to hear such news, but many of the parents promised to attend also. So accordingly after a number of weeks in which she made all the necessary preparation a Sunday school was opened in the old Mission Hall in Tin Town and Mrs. Sawyer was surprised at the number that attended the first Sunday. It was quite a problem to know just how to handle them, for she only had Mary as her helper, but they went ahead and Mary entertained them with her stories while Mrs. Sawyer made use of her voice in singing and also in teaching the children some songs. The parents of the children seemed to enjoy it as well as the children and all promised to attend the next Sunday. Mrs. Sawyer noticed that Tony Marjello listened attentively to the songs which she tried to teach them and in which he took part, she found he had an unusually clear voice for one of his age and as he lingered after all the other children had left she called him to her and began asking him about singing and if he would like for her to teach him to sing. His black eyes sparkled as she conversed with him and she, finding a willing pupil, began to teach him. She then told him she would be at the mission hall on Wednesday of that week to teach him a song which she wanted him to sing before the school the following Sunday afternoon. As she had helped the Marjello family so much during the illness of Mary Catherine, Tony would have done anything that the "Good Lady" would have asked him to do and as he delighted in singing and in music also it was very easy for her to persuade him to sing. Tony came to the mission to learn his song. He was a willing and attentive pupil and Mrs. Sawyer saw in him a real genius if only he could have his talent cultivated. As Tony informed his mother of what Mrs. Sawyer meant for him to do, she too was present the following Sunday afternoon to hear Tony sing before the crowd and Mrs. Sawyer could not help but notice the smile of admiration on her face

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as he sang that song, "Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me, the Bible tells me so." Following this song Mary then told the children how Jesus one time called all the little children together and he took them on his knee and blessed them and told them how he loved them and said there would be many little children in heaven. She told it in her own characteristic way, taking the children in the story to the seaside and then to the land where Jesus spent much of His time with His disciples and where He fed the multitudes and then healed the sick, closing her story with the thought that as Jesus was gone He told us to follow in His steps and He expects us to do the same things that He did. At this Mike O'Haverly turned to Mrs. Sawyer and said, "Was that why you brought me something to eat and helped me when I was sick, because Jesus told you to do like He did?"

Mrs. Sawyer sat dumbfounded, for she could not find words to reply to Mike's question, but at last she said, "I helped you because I saw you needed help and then I felt that is what Jesus would have done had He been here and I want to do as He did."

Mike's eyes opened wide as he said, "If that is the way Jesus did I do not see why everybody would not love him."

Each Sunday found an increase in the number who attended the Sunday school at Tin Town and while it was quite puzzling to Mary and Mrs. Sawyer as to what to do with all of them they did the best they could and the children enjoyed all that was being done for them and were very respectful to the women. After a few Sundays Mrs. Sawyer tried to instruct the older folks while Mary tried to get some lesson to the children through her stories. After telling the love of Jesus she then began to tell of the love mankind should have for each other and how Jesus expects us to treat each other and how we should do in our homes, in school, in church, at play, and

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everywhere we go. The children not only listened to her, but her stories soon began to bear fruit in their lives. Mrs. Sawyer added to the Sunday school her beautiful songs, which the children enjoyed and which would warm the hearts of the older ones. There were many discouraging times to the two women as they looked at the task before them and then at their own inability, but they kept on trusting God and doing what they could and thus spring waned and gave way to summer with its scorching heat, but still the Tin Town Sunday school was being held in the old mission hall and the interest did not lessen with the heat. Mrs. Sawyer still moved among the people as the “Good Lady” and Mary as her helper.



It was the last week in June and Hattie Baldwin was receiving a caller from among some of the so-called better class of Bluffton. The conversation had waned somewhat when Mrs. Baldwin entered the room in time to hear the remark, “By the way, Hattie, have you heard about Paul Sawyer’s wife?” And upon being told that she had not, she then listened to the story of how she had gone just simply crazy about religion and had taken off all her jewels and would not have anything to do with any of her old friends any more but was associating with the toughs in Tin Town and had started up a Sunday school down there. She then told of her visiting them the summer before and how she helped them and even to the extent of cleaning up some of their dirty houses. “Can you imagine such a thing from a woman like Sarah Sawyer?” said she to Hattie.

“No, I can’t imagine such from a woman like her,” said Hattie, “but why did she do it, what reason does she give for such actions on her part?”

“Well, I really do not know as I have never talked to her myself,” replied the visitor, “but I have been told that she got it into

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her head someway when she was sick that she would die unless she would work among such folks as that and she claims that when she promised the Lord to go among them that God healed her. Can you just think of such a thing in enlightened America and among such folks as the Sawyers? I was perfectly shocked when I heard it. You know she has always been so proud and such a leader among us, and to think she says the Lord healed her. You know such as that is not done in this age of the world.”

Hattie had no more to say and Mrs. Baldwin remained quiet also, but the next day Mrs. Sawyer received a caller in the person of Mrs. Baldwin and at the close of that short visit there was the promise of another helper in the Tin Town Sunday school. Accordingly, the following Sunday afternoon the Baldwin carriage stood in front of the old mission hall in Tin Town and Mrs. Baldwin gave her services in the Sunday school.

But the school was not to remain with such few helpers very long, for the literature that Mrs. Baldwin was scattering from door to door in the city of Bluffton was reaching honest hearts and as each leaflet bore her name and address there came some inquirers to her wanting to know more about some things which those leaflets contained and where they could get more such literature. As the honest heart is always open to the truth soon there were two more women, Mrs. Edgerton and Mrs. Brady, who were giving their services in Tin Town and doing all they could to reach the people there. Accordingly classes were organized and soon Mrs. Sawyer could see that she was conducting a real Sunday school where God’s Word could be taught to the people and His love be shown to them. Not only did they meet in the old mission hall for Sunday school but once each week these five women met in a midweek prayer meeting, which was also well attended, for if the residents of Tin Town

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enjoyed nothing else in the prayer meeting they were held by Mrs. Sawyer's beautiful songs.

God's cause moves on when hearts are burdened and all work together and that was true in Tin Town despite the many discouraging times that had been there. It was not long after the prayer meetings began to be held there that souls began to inquire what to do and each prayer meeting night found someone seeking the Lord. Mrs. Sawyer rejoiced when she saw Mike O'Haverly bow at the altar one Wednesday night. Losing sight of everything that was about him he prayed through until victory came. As he arose from the altar he turned to the crowd in the hall and said, "Why should not I want to love and serve such a Jesus! He gave His life for me and I want to love Him well enough to give my life for Him."

That evening as Mrs. Sawyer sat in her room with her husband after returning from the mission hall in Tin Town she said, "Paul, you objected and even forbade me going among the residents of Tin Town, but I want to tell you that I am a happy woman tonight for I am winning the people of Tin Town to the Lord. They are coming one by one." She then related the conversation of Mike O'Haverly adding, "and it was the love of the Lord in my heart that made me feel an interest in those people. Paul, I never knew what living was until the last year. Before that I existed and moved about among the people, but now I am really living, for I am forgetting self that others may be helped and hear of the Christ that has done so much for me."

Chapter XIII

The Revival in Tin Town

“And the Lord said unto the servant, Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in that my house may be filled.”—Luke 14:23.

Summer waned, giving way to an early autumn. As crowds began increasing in the little mission hall in Tin Town the women, who labored among the people so faithfully, redoubled their efforts to reach the people, for they had decided as soon as a minister could be found they would hold a revival. The Sunday school had proved successful and showed a gradual increase. As a number had been saved in the prayer meetings held in the hall the women now had others to help them. Mrs. Sawyer was still teaching Tony Marjello songs, and she found him to be a remarkable pupil. She felt she had found a diamond, which, when polished, would surely shine for the Lord. Mike O’Haverly could not do enough for the woman who had been so good to him in his illness, and since he had been saved his life was so changed that all in Tin Town remarked about his being such a different boy. Mrs. Sawyer presented him with a Testament shortly after his conversion, and this was his constant companion. It was quite a task for him to read it at first, but he was so desirous of knowing just what Jesus wanted him to do that he studied hard, and it was not long until he could read his Testament understandingly.

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He wanted to pattern his life after the One who loved him so much that He died for him. He advanced rapidly along spiritual lines, and soon his prayers were heard in their midweek meetings and his testimonies were freighted with real victory. Again Mrs. Sawyer saw another diamond which she felt sure would some time shine for the Lord, and she delighted in anything that she might do that she felt would aid in the polishing of it.

But Mrs. Sawyer hungered to see some of the men and women in Tin Town won to the Lord. Some women had surrendered, but not as she desired; so she labored on, visiting and doing what she could to help those who needed her help. In this way she came in touch with the majority of the families living along the border of the river. All the children received her gladly, and she was called the "Good Lady" from Bluffton.

Mrs. Baldwin had been corresponding with a number of ministers whose names she had found in the Gospel Trumpet, and accordingly the latter part of November she informed the women at the mission hall that she had heard from Brother and Sister Dare, who were both ministers, that they could be with them any time for a meeting and stay as long as the Lord directed. This was good news to all of them and resulted in a meeting being announced to begin the following Sunday evening.

Mrs. Sawyer requested the news reporter to make an announcement of the meeting in the "Daily News," which he did. When some of the Bluffton folks read about the meeting to be held at the mission hall in Tin Town they laughed and made many unkind remarks about it. They considered it a joke, and only another meeting in which the policemen of the city would play a prominent part, for many times there had been efforts made to have a meeting there only to result in a riot in which the police would be called in

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to keep peace. As this had been the result of meetings which had been held there formerly naturally it was supposed that it would be the result of this one.

The latter part of November came, and the Sunday arrived on which the meeting was to begin. Bro. and Sis. Dare were there at the mission hall to do what they could to teach the people of Tin Town of the love of the Savior. Mrs. Sawyer added to the meeting her beautiful songs which went to the hearts of all her hearers. Bluffton residents scanned the pages of their paper daily to see if Tin Town had again called for aid in restoring peace. But instead of finding such as that in the paper they read of the wonderful meeting which was being held in Tin Town—where the word of God was being preached and was reaching hearts. This seemed so unnatural that it aroused the curiosity of the Bluffton folk, and many of them went to see what was going on in Tin Town. They, too, were attracted by Mrs. Sawyer's beautiful songs and marveled at the good order in the hall even though it was filled at each service. The real secret of their good order was that she, who had been among them for so long, feeding them when hungry, and ministering to their needs when they were sick, was now before them; and the life which she had lived in their midst compelled them to give both order and respect. They had no desire to do other than be their best for her who had ministered unto them when they were in need. Not only did she receive their respect but it extended to those who were her helpers in the meeting. Those Bluffton folks heard the real gospel preached under the power and anointing of the Holy Spirit, and they saw men and women bow at an altar of prayer and there pray through to victory. Men who had been at swords' points came to the altar, and there before God cleared away their differences and were saved, clasped in each other's arms. Gossipy women, who had caused much trouble with

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their slanderous tongues, straightened up their lives by making things right with their neighbors, and then found the Lord.

News of the meeting spread fast, and one evening Hattie Baldwin expressed her desire to go. This pleased her mother very much as she had been having many persecutions in the home because of her work among the people of Tin Town. Mrs. Baldwin had told her of the meetings and she had heard of it through others until she decided she wanted to go to see for herself. So, accordingly, when the Baldwin carriage drew up before the hall that evening both Mrs. Baldwin and Hattie alighted from it and entered the hall, Mrs. Baldwin taking her accustomed place at the front while Hattie occupied a seat near the door. It was now the middle of December and the weather was quite cold. But the large stove in the hall heated it quite a comfortable temperature as Mike O'Haverly was janitor. He saw that the stove was red hot and the room comfortable before meeting time. As the crowd assembled and packed the hall none thought of the cold weather.

Mrs. Baldwin sat where she could see Hattie. As Mrs. Sawyer sang in her lovely, clear, soprano voice, she saw that Hattie was moved, and also very much surprised. She stared open-mouthed as Mrs. Sawyer gave forth a real message in song. This was followed by prayer, and then Tony Marjello came before the audience in that crowded hall and sang those wonderful words that were penned by Hattie Buell, "I'm the Child of a King." This song seemed very fitting to the surroundings in Tin Town, and Tony, even though only a child, seemed to sing with all his soul, and this went straight to Hattie's heart. Mrs. Baldwin saw her wipe the tears from her eyes. As Hattie looked about her she found that her tears were not alone, for many were weeping, and when Tony reached the last stanza, "A tent or a cottage, why should I care? They're building a palace for

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me over there; Tho' exiled from home, yet, still I may sing: All glory to God, I'm the child of a king." So impressive was this song that many cried out and at its close Bro. Dare wept aloud. Mrs. Sawyer was also moved for she saw before that audience the "diamond in the rough" which she was trying to polish to shine for the Lord. A testimony meeting followed in which a number took part. Mike O'Haverly arose to add quite a lengthy testimony, telling how Mrs. Sawyer had ministered to his needs when he was unable to care for himself thus putting a desire in his heart to know the Christ, and concluded by thanking God for salvation that changes one and makes one want to think right, to talk right, and to live right. This was almost more than Hattie could stand, and her tears flowed freely.

Mrs. O'Haverly rose to her feet as Mike sat down and in her Irish way and with her Irish brogue said, "And it's a few words that I am wantin' to say, too, for it's a changed woman that I am. For when Mike began comin' to Mrs. Sawyer's Sunday school and she began tellin' him what a boy like him ought to do, and he was that changed that he began to lovin' and a mindin' of his old mither and a readin' of his Bible and a tellin' me what he meant to do. It was a studyin' that I was as to what had come over the child. And when Mrs. Sawyer come to my house and asked me to come to the matin' I says, 'Shurre and it's a comin' to the matin' that I am, for I am that much beholdin' to you for the way my boy is doin'. And I wan to see what you do down at that hall.' So I come to the matin' and here I heard Mike pray for his old mither, askin' God to help her to get saved just like he did, and I felt that bad it seemed that my heart was a tearin' out of my bosom. And when folks went to the altar, a kneelin' and a cryin' and a prayin' I felt that bad that it is dead I would have been had I stayed in my seat. So I knelt there and I cried and I prayed and Mike he knelt there too and he prayed for me. But

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I felt worse and worse. And then Mike he said to me, 'Mither, don't you think you better be askin' Mrs. Hainey to fergive you for talkin' to her like you did?' And when he said this I just cried harder than ever for it was meaner and meaner that I was a feelin'. I felt that mean for talkin' to Mrs. Hainey I was ashamed to look at her. But Mike he said agin, 'Mither, tell Mrs. Hainey you are sorry and ask her to fergive you and then tell God you are sorry and ask Him to fergive you, and you will make it all right,' fer it was a cryin' out to God to fergive me that I was. I said, 'Mike, I will,' and when I looked fer Mrs. Hainey, there she wus right by my side and she a cryin' and a callin' on God to save her. Well, I just put my arms around her and asked her to fergive me, and it was then that she threw her arms around me and asked me to fergive her, which I was only too glad to do. And then a big load lifted off my heart, and I felt that I could fly. I just begin huggin' Mrs. Hainey and we both was a laughin' and a cryin' all at the same time. I tell you it is a changed woman that I am fer I love everybody." This testimony was followed by a number of others which Mrs. Baldwin could see affected Hattie very much. And then when Bro. Dare delivered a message on the Great Love of God and showed how unappreciative the people were for all that God had done for them it seemed to be the last thing to break through Hattie's pride. For when an invitational hymn was sung she was the first one to make her way to the altar, and although she had quite a struggle, she stayed there until God spoke peace to her soul. As she rose Mrs. Baldwin's shouts mingled with hers for what God had done for them.

The meeting closed the last week in December and a number of the Bluffton residents congregated on the river bank to see the largest number that had ever been baptized there step into the icy waters of the river and follow the Lord in that humble ordinance. Shouts were heard from many as they arose from their icy grave. As those who had laughed when they read of the meeting which was to be held in

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Tin Town now looked upon these happy people, they said, "I should never have thought that any good thing could come out of Tin Town."

In a few weeks the evidences in that part of the city which gave to it the name of Tin Town were no longer seen for those who were saved in the meeting not only began to clean up their lives but also to clean up the rubbish about their places. Their neighbors did likewise, and no longer were tin cans and rubbish found in yards and alleys, for Tin Town was indeed changed.

At the close of the meeting Bro. Dare and his wife were persuaded to remain and be pastors of the flock. And as the little hall was far too small to accommodate the crowds that would assemble there from time to time Bro. Dare began to look about him for a suitable place to build a new structure large enough and Bluffton was considered as the proper place to build such a structure. So a lot was bought in a suitable location and preparations made to build a church building there. But when other religious professors heard of the plan, Bro. Dare was visited by a number of ministers who strongly objected to his coming to Bluffton, telling him that it was all right for him to labor among the people of Tin Town but they did not want him to come among them in the city proper. Upon being asked why they should object so strongly he was informed that they did not want so much demonstration manifested there as had been in the Tin Town revival. And they did not care for any of their people's hearing the doctrines which he taught: salvation from sin, a clean life, holiness obtained through the baptism of the Holy Spirit in entire sanctification and unity. As these were Bible truths Bro. Dare could not sacrifice them for the whim of some of his persecutors. So the church was built, and the residents of Tin Town came up the hill to attend services in the new church building in Bluffton.

Chapter XIV

Labors Rewarded

“By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.”—John 13:35.

As the truth had spread in Tin Town it also spread in Bluffton. Mrs. Baldwin kept a good supply of literature, which she distributed among the people, and honest hearts soon began to inquire into the way of God and to seek to know the way more perfectly. Bro. Dare and his wife were untiring in their efforts. They made many calls among the people in Bluffton, being received by some and by others turned away. Both Bro. Dare and his wife were powerful in prayer and they answered many calls from among the sick with good results. In this manner many were won to the truth. Soon the little church building was well filled at each service with those eager to hear the gospel which fed their soul. Bro. Dare did not shun to declare all the counsel of God, and the word was confirmed by signs following, for many were saved and believers were filled with the Holy Ghost, while many who were sick were healed. But while this was taking place persecutions began coming from every side. Many who were church members saw their need of something more and coming down before God obtained a real experience of salvation. This was more than some of the religious leaders could bear, and they again called upon Bro. Dare with the proposition that they

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would pay him any amount that he might ask for his church building if he would only get out of the town and not preach there anymore. This he refused to do. And then came the proposition that they would buy the building at any price if he would but confine his labors to Tin Town, if he was not willing to leave the city entirely. But he only said, "Brethren, you are too late to offer any such proposition. You cannot stop the progress of the truth that I am preaching for too many of your own people have seen the evil of your dead formal religion and would never be satisfied with that kind any more since they have found the pure religion which is the only kind that really satisfies the soul."

Seeing that their efforts were fruitless, Bro. Dare's opposers left, but not until they had threatened him that if he would not sell the church he would have to put up with the consequences. Another church building was erected directly across the street from the church building where Bro. Dare preached to his followers, and a Sunday school was organized which seemed to flourish for awhile, even to capturing some of the children who had attended the other place. But it was not for long. Soon all could see the difference and were back with Bro. Dare again. Much advertising was done by the church across the street. But all that one could see as he passed by Bro. Dare's church was a bill board which said, "The Church of God." Then followed the hours for services and Bro. Dare's name as pastor.

One Sunday, as services closed at each place, the people began to leave for their homes. Only a few left the church from across the street, but on the steps and about the door of the Church of God a number congregated and stood conversing together. Many of them were seen clasping hands in a friendly handshake while, "Praise the Lord," was heard on the lips of many. The pastor from across the

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street was leaving the church with a member of his congregation, and as they reached the door they stood looking on the scene about the Church of God. Turning to this member the pastor said, "Brother, there is one thing that we will have to admit, those people really have love one for another. I have never seen such love manifested among any people as it is manifested among them."

Fifteen years have passed since Mrs. Sawyer first began making her visits to Tin Town, and many changes have come into the lives of all since that time, but still the worshipers in the Church of God at Bluffton manifest that love for each other that is convincing to all who come among them that indeed they are the followers of Jesus Christ. Many problems have confronted them. The enemy has tried in every way possible to break the fellowship and confidence of the people, but that perfect love among them has been the means of settling every dispute and keeping the unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace.

Mrs. Sawyer has seen her labors well rewarded. Tony Marjello, as her pupil, became a master of the organ and then of the piano and then of the pipe organ. His voice is often heard in their services in some special number which moves the hearts of the people. He has given his talents to the Lord that they might be used of him. Mrs. Marjello was slow to see the light as she had been reared in the Catholic faith. But by patience and love and untiring effort on the part of the workers she at last yielded to the Lord. Mike O'Haverly heard the call, "Whom may I send, and who will go for us?" And answering, "Here am I," he entered the great harvest field of the Master and is gathering what sheaves he can. Two boys who were gathered from the slums of Tin Town are shining brightly for their Lord.

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Hattie Baldwin also dedicated herself to the Lord, and feeling the hand of the Lord upon her, is laboring as a minister. Though she and Mrs. Baldwin lived the real love of God in their life in the home, Mr. Baldwin, Esther, nor David would accept the humble way. Each claim membership with one of the fashionable churches of the city. Annie Jackson, the colored worker who brought the light to Mrs. Baldwin, has passed to her eternal reward.

Mrs. Sawyer had the privilege also of again meeting the woman who gave her such good attention while on the train. With joyful heart she told her of the good that had been accomplished by the literature which she had sent her while she was in the sanitarium. Truly it pays to cast our bread upon the waters, for God will bring it to shore, and that to feed hungry souls.

In the congregation in Bluffton there are Swedes, Irish, Italian, German, and English. There is a mixture of nationalities but the love of God has so melted each heart that national barriers are forgotten and former creeds and traditions are swallowed up in love for each other. The oneness for which Christ prayed is found among them, for they are all one.

We do not hear of Tin Town anymore among the residents of Bluffton, for it has passed away with better sanitary conditions and better working conditions among the people. The old mission hall no longer stands along the river front, but the revival which once was held there is still found in many hearts, which will keep it burning until that day when God shall say, "It is enough, come up higher," and then heaven shall be enriched and the glory of God burst anew from these victorious souls because of the revival in Tin Town.

