

TRIALS and TRIUMPHS OF EVA GRANT



"Kneeling there in the shade of that tree on that September morning, Eva poured out her heart to God until she felt the touch of His hand again upon her soul."

**TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS
OF
EVA GRANT**

By
EFFIE M. WILLIAMS

FAITH PUBLISHING HOUSE
Digitally Published by
GOSPEL TRUTH PUBLISHING
www.churchofgodeveninglight.com

Originally Published by
Gospel Trumpet Company

PREFACE

(By the present publishers in May, 1963)

Sis. Edith (Smyth) Wall of Dallas, Texas, who was personally associated with Sis. Eva Grant for a short time after the latter left her parents' home, possesses an original copy of this book which she treasures very highly. However, she loaned this copy to Sis. Opal Kelly of Oklahoma City who definitely felt led of the Lord to take the book to Bro. R. H. Douglas who was ill with the flu and trusting the Lord for his healing. Sis. Douglas read the book to him, and with an inspiration of faith in God, the Lord did touch and heal his body. Surely the Lord works in marvelous ways His will to perform. Bro. Douglas was so impressed with its contents that he said he wanted to have it reprinted, even if he had to pay the entire cost. Realizing that its message of faith and courage in the face of great obstacles should be placed before the reading public, Bro. and Sis. Douglas of Edmond, OK contacted the present publishers with the proposal that it be reprinted. This edition is the result, and Sis. Wall's long-felt desire and prayer for its reproduction has been answered.

Evidently, Sis. Eva did not have the light on the various lines of truth, but she was in favor with God as she walked in the light that God had revealed to her soul. No doubt she was aware of the "compromise" that was taking place at that time, and in her case especially was fulfilled the Scripture which reads "that the righteous is taken away from the evil to come." Isaiah 57:1.

For reasons better known to the author of this story the real names of all the characters are not used.

With a very few minor changes, the wording of this book is substantially the same as the original.

As you read this true life story perchance a teardrop will fall on the page in sympathy for this brave young Christian girl who chose to leave her father's home, not knowing where to go, rather than give up her Lord and Savior. May the sketch of this short life filled with sorrow and suffering, battles and victories through Christ, and at last crowned with eternal bliss be an inspiration to every reader.

This little volume is sent forth with the hope and prayer that it will be a blessing to you as it has been to many others.

—The Publishers

May 8, 1963

(For additional information about Sis. Eva Grant, see page 93.)

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Trials and Triumphs of Eva Grant

CHAPTER 1

THE HOME

Eva trudged along the dusty highway on that September morning with a heavy heart. Her body bent under the weight of the heavy suitcase she was carrying which contained all her belongings. Although her wardrobe was scanty, the weight of the suitcase made her stagger. Stepping to the side of the road, she sat down in the shade of a large tree and, removing her hat, buried her face in her arms and sobbed aloud.

“Oh, Mama, Mama, if you were only here,” she sobbed. “I need you so much. There is no one to whom I can go, no one else who understands.” For some time she sat there sobbing. Then lifting her head, she let her eyes rest on a house which stood on the brow of a hill some half-mile distant. The bright September sun shining upon it dazzled the eye with its whiteness; the large red barn rose clear to her vision; the willows which grew along the brook that ran around the base of the hill and then on across the meadow could be seen waving and nodding in the breeze; the orchard which covered the hillside was now yielding its rich, ripe, red fruit of autumn. The apple trees were laden with fruit and as Eva sat gazing there by the roadside it seemed the September sun cast its rays upon them in such a way as to bring out the richness of their rosy tints, inviting her to return.

“My home,” said she, as the blinding tears again coursed down her cheeks. “O God, this is so hard to bear.” Kneeling there in the shade of that tree on that September morning, Eva poured out her heart to God until she felt the touch of His hand again upon her soul and the assurance that all would be well. Rising to her feet with eyes uplifted, with hand raised heavenward, and with steady, un-

shaken voice she sang, "Jesus, I my cross have taken, all to leave and follow thee; friendless, poor, despised, forsaken, thine henceforth my all shall be." Then lifting her suitcase, she trudged on down the road. The sun seemed to shine brighter; the load did not seem to be so heavy. A mockingbird singing from the top of a tree awakened a responsive chord within her breast and she sang as she trudged along leaving her home and her brothers, being pushed out by a cruel father with orders never to return again.

Eva's father, Robert Grant, had not always been a cruel, harsh, unloving parent. When a young man, he wooed and won the affections of Lucy Davis. He was a well-respected, sober, quiet young fellow and when these two married all thought it a good match. Mr. Grant was a strong, stalwart man of muscular build, weighing more than two hundred pounds, while Lucy was small, weighing less than one hundred pounds. It was because of her strength of character and the fact that she was an orphan and needed a home and someone to care for her that all thought it a good match. For Robert Grant was surely strong enough to take care of her and support a family.

He proved to be a good worker and all went well for some time. Robert and Lucy bought a little place and settled down. Both were well acquainted with hard work and soon began accumulating things, getting a good start in life. There was a small mortgage on the place, which they were striving to lift. Their house was furnished with the barest necessities. They did not care for that, but toiled on, looking forward to the time when the little place would be theirs and then they could think of having some of the luxuries of life. Lucy's heart sang as each payment on the mortgage was met. How she strove to economize on every line, happy in so doing.

Three years passed and the Dare family moved near them. They were very rough and unlike any of their former associates. But as is the custom in rural districts, visits were exchanged and upon one occasion at the Dare home a jug of whiskey was brought out and passed around. Robert and Lucy declined the invitation to drink;

and how proud Lucy felt of her husband as he refused that day, stating that he had never touched a drop of liquor in his life. The visits to the Dare family were quite frequent and often Robert went alone. Although strong in physique, he was not strong enough to resist temptation and soon took to drinking. His father before him had been a drunkard and the appetite soon took hold on him. Lucy was glad when the Dare family moved away, for she thought now that Robert would be as before. But no, he sought drink elsewhere, seldom returning from town unless in an intoxicated condition. Many times their savings were spent for liquor. The payments on the mortgage were not met; and soon the little place was sold and they were moving from one place to another.

CHAPTER II

THE GRANT CHILDREN

The first children to come to the home of Robert and Lucy Grant were twin girls, Eva and Neva. Two years later a boy, Harry, was born to them. Two and a half years more and another son, Edgar, made his appearance. Three years later a little daughter, Pansy, came as a real sunshine in the home. The twins were now not quite eight years of age.

Lucy was an ideal mother to her little flock in spite of her extreme poverty. She had hoped as the children began coming into the home that Robert would see the need of reforming, especially when she bore him a son. But strong drink had won the mastery and many nights were spent by her alone with her little flock. Lucy had always been of strong character, but motherhood developed within her rich graces which had been entirely hidden heretofore, and she lived an exemplary life before her children. They grew up in the atmosphere of love and fear. They feared the big, broad-shouldered man who walked through the house with heavy tread, whose voice never carried a kind expression and whose violent outbursts of temper often made them seek a hiding place. Well they might fear him, for many times, when he was so enraged, they had felt the weight of his heavy hand upon them in an abusive way. But much as they feared the father, they loved the good, kind little mother who never failed to tuck them away at night with a good-night kiss, speaking comforting words to them after brutal treatment from the hand of their father.

The children were unlike, differing in appearance and disposition, even to the twins. This was noticeable in them from birth. Eva, the larger at birth inherited the looks and disposition of her mother, while Neva was the image of her father, inheriting his disposition also. This made her a favorite with him as well as with his people. If presents were given to them by the father's relatives,

care was taken to give Neva something nicer than that given to Eva. On one occasion an aunt presented each of them with a brooch pin. Neva's was a beautiful pin of considerable value while Eva's was very plain and of very little value. The price for such a pin could not have exceeded twenty-five cents. Eva received her pin, and thanking her aunt very kindly, went to her room immediately, where her mother found her some time later weeping as if her childish heart would break. Guessing the cause for such grief, she gathered the child in her arms and while her own voice shook with emotion said, "Don't cry, Eva, dear, remember Mama loves you if no one else does."

"Yes, Mama, but you love Neva too, just as much as you do me, don't you?" sobbed the child.

"Surely, I love Neva," replied the mother, "but Eva is the little girl I can always trust. I can always depend on her. She has never disobeyed me. Isn't that worth more than all the brooch pins Auntie could have given you?"

These words were effective, healing the little heart, and Eva wiped away her tears, washed her face and with a smile of happiness upon her face went to play with the other children. Her heart sang all the time, "My Mama trusts me."

At school the different dispositions of the Grant twins were most noticeable. Neva's high temper often got her into trouble and as Eva was known to be her twin the anger of her schoolmates often extended to her and she very often had to suffer for some things Neva had done, though she herself was entirely innocent. But Eva was a studious child and made rapid progress in her studies, being promoted to the fifth grade at a very early age. Being so studious and obedient made her a great favorite with her teachers, and she escaped many punishments which her sister Neva received. How diligently she studied, for she was desirous to learn.

When Pansy was three years of age she contracted a fever and as Eva had always been nurse-girl for her, she was continually by her side, relieving her mother that she might attend to other duties about the house. For several weeks Pansy lay a little sufferer and

one evening as Eva and her mother sat by the little crib they saw a contraction of her muscles, a shrug of her little shoulders, a faint gasp, and the little sufferer passed away. Death had stolen in and claimed her unexpectedly as they sat watching.

Then came the funeral, the laying away of the little body in the cemetery, the coming home to see the little playthings, the dresses, and the little crib which always brought memories of the little one who was really the sunshine in the home. She had been very much like Eva in disposition and, therefore, a pet and favorite with her. Though no tears came to Eva's eyes, there was a heaviness in her childish heart which took away her appetite, and in a few days Eva, too, was smitten with the same affliction. For weeks she lay under the scorching fever but rallied at last. There were no more rosy cheeks for her, no more romping and playing with the children, for the fever had left her body in such a weakened condition she had to be cared for as a hothouse plant. Living so far from school, she was unable to attend so must remain at home. Many times as she watched the little brothers and sisters start off to school carrying their dinner pails, while she had to remain at home, she would burst into tears. But although thus handicapped, she did not fail to apply herself and in that way she did not fail to keep up with her class at school.

Eva's affliction made life all the harder for Lucy Grant, for she had depended upon her so much and now must shield the child in every way she could, and of course all the responsibility fell upon the mother.

CHAPTER III

EVA'S GREAT LOSS

Days passed into weeks, the weeks lengthened into months, and the months into years. The twins had now reached their thirteenth year. Neva was well developed for one of her age, but the years brought no such development for poor, frail Eva. All the family shielded her except her father. Many times she would stand speechless as he railed out upon her with cursings and abuses. She knew, too, what it meant to feel the weight of his heavy hand. Mr. Grant was seldom sober and the entire family reaped the effects of a temper inflamed by intoxicants. But the mother never quailed before her children even when it seemed that blows would surely follow. What a brave little mother she was!

One evening Mr. Grant returned from town and was drinking heavily, which made him very quarrelsome. Supper was waiting and Eva, seeing her father's condition, left her supper untouched and hurried to bed that she might escape his abuses, which she knew would be given. How she trembled as his cursings reached her ears! She feared, too, that the dear mother would come under the weight of his heavy hand, but to her surprise she heard her speak in a low, kind tone, "Supper is waiting, Papa. You better wash for I have prepared a special dish for you." She then heard her father washing at the sink and as her bedroom joined the kitchen she could hear them through the half-open door. There were no harsh words on the part of the mother, but in a kind tone of voice she related the incidents of the day, even to some childish prank of the boys, which made Mr. Grant forget his anger and he joined with them in hearty laughter. The special dish was a strawberry shortcake, of which he ate heartily and which changed his mood, for he arose from the table and spent some time in romping with the boys. This was an unusual occurrence.

“How can she do it?” questioned Eva to herself. “How can she be so kind and so calm when he abuses her so much. I do not understand it. She is so fearless when we are all so afraid.” She lay for some time pondering over the events of the evening before she fell asleep. The next morning she was awakened by her mother’s kiss on her forehead. Throwing her arms around her mother’s neck, she said, “Mama, I do not understand how you can be so kind to Papa when he treats us all so bad. How can you speak so kindly to him when he curses you so?”

“Lie still for a few moments and I will tell you why,” replied Mrs. Grant. She passed from the room and in a few moments returned with the open Bible in her hands. Seating herself on the bed beside Eva, she read Proverbs 15:1, “A soft answer turneth away wrath: but grievous words stir up anger.”

“Is that why you are always so kind to all of us?” inquired Eva.

“Yes, daughter,” replied Mrs. Grant, “I have found when a soft answer does not turn away anger it is best to remain quiet, for bitter words only kindle the flame and make matters worse than ever and I pity your Papa. He was a dear, good man before he took to drink.”

“What a wonderful, brave, little mother,” said Eva as she reached out and patted her hand affectionately, “but, Mama, do you feel well? You look as if you were in pain. Are you?”

Again Mrs. Grant bent over and pressed a kiss upon Eva’s forehead, gazing long into the upturned face. “My dear little thoughtful girl,” she said. “Mama’s little comforter and helper. Mama can always depend on her little Eva. No, I do not feel well at all this morning. You know I have not been well for some months, but I have kept going for you children’s sake. I feel worse than common this morning, but perhaps it will wear off as the day advances.”

A feeling of fear gripped Eva’s heart. Rising immediately, she assisted with the morning’s work, doing what she could to relieve her mother. As the day advanced her fears subsided. She saw her mother prepare the noon-day meal and eat heartily of it. After dinner Eva insisted that she lie down and let her clear away the dishes. This she did. Neva was assisting her father in the field and they,

too, went to their work. Eva quietly washed the dishes and swept the kitchen, putting things in order, and then tip-toed to her mother's room. She found her sleeping. About mid-afternoon as Mrs. Grant tried to arise, she was seized with a dizziness that gradually grew worse. Eva called Mr. Grant and Neva from the field and a doctor was immediately summoned who pronounced Mrs. Grant in a serious condition. The day wore away and night approached. The younger children passed by Mother's door and she called them to her for their good-night kiss and they went to bed and to sleep as carefree children will. But not so with Eva. There was no sleep for her. A good neighbor, hearing of Mrs. Grant's illness, spent the night with her, doing all she could to relieve the sufferer. Many times through the night Eva stole into her mother's room and the mother, seeing her anxiety, called her, patted her hand in her good, motherly way, and said, "Go to bed, Daughter, you can do me no good and you need your rest or you will be sick, too, and you know we do not need to have two sick here at the same time." Bending over, Eva kissed her mother's forehead and again heard her say, "Mama can always depend on her little Eva." It was past the midnight hour when Eva went to bed, but those words were ringing in her heart and in spite of her anxiety about her mother she felt happy and soon fell asleep.

Next morning she was aroused by the arrival of a relative and, dressing hastily, she stole into her mother's room but there was no affectionate look to greet her. Taking her mother's hand she spoke to her and received the motherly pat as before. She passed out of the room with a heavy heart. Neva was preparing the morning meal and Eva picked up the milk pail and started to the lot to milk the cow. She felt she must be out of doors. Passing the barn she saw her father standing in the doorway. He called to her. As she drew near him she saw tears were rolling down his cheeks. Laying his arm about her shoulders, he said, "Eva, we will not have a mama very long for she is going fast." Then he broke down and his frame was convulsed with heavy sobbing. It was then that Eva saw his better nature and her heart warmed to him as never before. Her tears fell

with his but she went on and performed her task. Her tears fell until she could scarcely see how to milk and while she was sitting there on that old milk stool her heart went out to God entreating Him to spare the little mother that meant so much to the home. "Spare her," she cried, "and I will always serve you, Lord," but it seemed that she was crying out into space. Then came the thought, "How can I ask anything of the Lord when I have done nothing for him?" She arose from milking and upon entering the house found her mother sleeping. How quietly everyone tiptoed about the house fearing that footfall on the rough bare floor would awaken her. The day advanced and toward noon all could see that she had relapsed into a sleep from which she would never awaken. Then as the April sun cast its lengthening shadows eastward, ready to dip beneath the western horizon, Lucy Grant passed into eternity.

Kind neighbors and friends assisted the family in every way that they could and when all arrangements had been made Lucy Grant lay in her casket, her white shroud adding to the loveliness of her face from which had passed every trace of care and worry. The smile which she always wore seemed to play around her lips even in death and she lay as one who had fought the battles of life, conquered and gained the victory. Two days later she was carried to the cemetery and the family returned to a home that death had indeed robbed of that which made it home.

During all the arrangements for the funeral and even when her mother's casket was lowered into the grave Eva went about as one in a trance. She wept when the thought of her mother's death came to her but when the blow really came the wound was too deep for tears. Her pale face became paler and her body trembled but tears would not come to her relief. She returned from the grave and upon entering the house she looked about her in a dazed sort of manner. The April sun shone in through the curtainless window but there was no cheer in its rays for Eva. The light seemed a mockery to the darkness and the sadness of her own heart. Night came on and the children prepared to retire but there was no one to call them to her for a good-night kiss as there had been just a few nights previous,

no kind words for each of them and no affectionate motherly pat as they were tucked away for the night. Eva prepared to retire and while undressing she caught sight of her mother's Bible lying on the old bureau in her room. This brought back to her the conversation just three mornings previous. Picking up the book, she folded it to her bosom in a caressing manner and when she did so it seemed she could hear her mother's voice again as she said, "Mama can always depend on her little Eva." Tears came and for some time she shook with convulsive sobbing. Placing the Bible under her pillow, she laid her head upon it and cried herself to sleep.

CHAPTER IV

EVA'S SPIRITUAL AWAKENING

The spring waned and summer's scorching sun came, ripening vegetation, seemingly a greater yield than any previous year for the Grant family. Heretofore the burden of the truck garden had rested upon Lucy Grant but she had been quite ably assisted by the twins and also by the older boy so that Robert Grant soon found he could depend upon his children and by giving them a little supervision, the garden which had been planned in the spring by the mother, was well cared for by the children. The children took pride in their labor. They did not forget to cultivate the flowers which Mrs. Grant had loved so much and the garden not only yielded good things for the table but also a blending of colors most pleasing to the eye. The sweet pea vines were carefully trained on a trellis which Harry took pride in erecting. Nasturtium, petunias and the purple pansy bloomed together in a bed which had been carefully prepared and the early autumn flowers, the aster, cosmos and chrysanthemum were also carefully tended.

Mr. Grant was not slow in observing how interested the children were and he spent many hours with them in the garden which gave him an appreciation for his children such as he had never before had. He showed no less interest in the flower garden than in the truck patch and this seemed to bring out the better part of his nature and the hours spent with the children passed very pleasantly for all. They were really enjoyed and looked forward to with eager expectancy. As he had no one now upon whom he could shift his own responsibility his evenings were spent at home with the children and when the Eighteenth Amendment closed the saloon of the little village his money no longer found its way over the bar and there were new dresses for the girls, new suits for the boys and new shoes for all.

Kind neighbors and friends were not slow in instructing the girls and rendering assistance whenever needed and soon the girls became good little housekeepers. They were good cooks and learned to make their own dresses and garments for their little brothers. How busy they all were! There was the rush of mornings to prepare breakfast, then the milking, the feeding of the little chicks, doing up the morning's work in the house, then preparing the noonday meal. Neva tried in every way possible to shield Eva as her mother had done, so always did the harder tasks and left the lighter work for Eva to do. The dish washing, keeping the house in order and the mending were all left to her. The darning of socks and stockings was always a loathsome task for her and many times temptation was strong for her to shirk this task. One day she hurriedly darned her father's socks, rushing through that she might join the other children in the yard. There was no neatness about them when she hurriedly placed them in the bureau drawer but when she did this she caught sight of a garment which had been her mother's and immediately she heard the last words her mother spoke to her, "Mama can always depend on her little Eva." A sting of pain went through her heart, tears sprang to her eyes and with a guilty conscience she again picked up her father's socks. Taking out the work which she had done, she did not lay them aside again until she had darned them neatly. Then as she placed them in the drawer for the second time she said, "Yes, Mama, you could always depend on your little Eva and I mean to make others feel that they can depend on me, too." Then kneeling beside a chair she buried her face in her arms where Neva found her some time later sobbing as only one can sob whose heart hungers for the loving touch or the sound of a voice that has been stilled by death. No one knew of the battle Eva had fought and won but she and God but she had won a great victory in early youth which helped her to be an overcomer in later years.

The summer advanced and Mr. Grant had plowed his corn for the last time. This gave him a few days of leisure time and he told the girls one morning while eating breakfast if they could get a

neighbor to care for the cow and chickens they could spend a few days with their aunt in St. Elmo and he would take the boys and visit a relative in the northern part of the State, one whom he had not seen for a number of years and had given him an urgent invitation to pay him a visit. The girls found the neighbors glad to care for the cow, as their own cow was giving no milk at that time and they were glad to get the milk for their family's use. So Friday morning Mr. Grant and the children drove into town leaving the team and the girls at the aunt's and Mr. Grant and the two boys boarded the train for a few days' visit away from home.

The aunt lived near a family by the name of Rhodes who had two daughters, Lucy and Anna. Lucy was the same age of the Grant twins and Anna two years older. As the girls had often visited their aunt, an acquaintance had been made which ripened into warm friendship and when the Rhodes girls heard that the Grant twins were there they came over, inviting them to go with them to a tent-meeting then in progress and informing them that they had been attending and that both of them were saved. This sounded like some strange story to Eva but she listened as they told of the great crowds that were attending the meeting and numbers that were being saved in each service. With the aunt's permission the twins ate supper with the Rhodes family and went with them to the services that evening which were in charge of Mrs. Massey, an evangelist from a distant town. The tent was crowded and as Mrs. Massey rose to address that great crowd of eager listeners, something stole over Eva and she sat as one spellbound listening to the story of God's love, compassion and mercy as well as His judgments and His wrath. As she listened she decided in her heart, "When I am eighteen I mean to be a real, true saint and try to be the kind of woman Mrs. Massey is." An invitation hymn was sung and Eva, glancing at Neva, saw tears rolling down her cheeks and her body trembling as with a chill. A number went forward for prayer and as Lucy Rhodes laid her hand upon Neva's shoulder saying, "Go, Neva, you will never regret it," Eva saw her sister, too, bow at the mercy seat from which she arose a few moments later with a glow of joy and peace upon

her face. But no amount of persuading could be used to get Eva to yield. She had decided, "When I am eighteen I shall then be a real saint."

The meeting closed on Sunday evening and Mr. Grant returned Monday, taking the girls back home with him. On learning of Neva's conversion he laughed and made all kinds of sport, causing her very much trouble. Neva read her mother's Bible daily and when she informed her father that she intended to be baptized, he flew into a rage, forbidding her this privilege and not permitting her to leave the place for a number of weeks. Her mother's Bible disappeared also and was never found. This proved too much for the poor child and she gave up in despair. This was a hard blow for Eva, for she had admired her sister so much for the decision she had made to serve the Lord, but thought there was something in conversion so desirable that one would keep it through all circumstances. She had seen her poor, dear mother kept through so much that this was a hard blow to her indeed. But still her heart assured her, "When I am eighteen I mean to be a real, true saint." God saw the honesty of her heart and the seed that had been sown by the evangelist was finding fertile soil in which to germinate and bring forth fruit in due season.

School time came on and the children were very busy indeed. It was a rush of mornings to do the work, then pack their lunch and walk one mile and a half to school, then rush home in the evening to prepare the evening meal and do the chores. But each had their special work to do and did it. The cold weather proved too much for Eva and many times she was compelled to remain at home and content herself with watching her brothers and sister off to school and she unable to attend.

CHAPTER V

EVA'S AFFLICTION AND CONVERSION

The autumn passed and with the approach of spring Mr. Grant moved to another farm about eighty miles from the previous home. This was a lovely place with a nice orchard, beautiful shade trees and large yard and barn lot. The girls were delighted with their new home and took great pride in furnishing it and putting things in order. Nice white muslin curtains hung at the windows, new furniture was bought and the living room and the bedrooms were covered with rugs while the bare floor in the kitchen was scrubbed to almost snowy whiteness. The girls were indeed ideal little housekeepers.

Moving so late in the spring they did not put up the heating stove and a cold rain set in which made it very uncomfortable. The heat from the kitchen stove was not sufficient to clear the house of the cold and damp and Eva contracted a severe cold which terminated in pneumonia. For several weeks the little sufferer was confined to her bed. Although the fever abated, she was still unable to sit up. The attending physician said an abscess was forming on her lung and she must have proper care and attention. As all the work was now left to Neva, Mr. Grant hired a girl to assist her that Neva might give more time to the care of Eva. In just one week the hired girl took down with the measles, exposing all the Grant children. And while she was yet scarcely able to be about the four Grant children all had measles. Kind neighbors cared for them until they recovered but as Eva was already in very delicate health the measles settled in the weakest part and the abscess already forming grew rapidly. A physician from the State Board of Health came to diagnose her case and said the abscess had completely closed the lung, leaving no air passage and that an operation would be an absolute necessity. Even that, he said, would only be temporary relief, as the abscess was of a tubercular nature and a Higher Power would have

to undertake or she would never be well. The pain was almost unbearable and her body wasted away to a mere shadow of her former self.

The operation was performed, an incision made, and a tube inserted into the lung to drain out the pus, the physician stating that it would all be drained out in about eight weeks. No anesthetic could be given because of her weak condition and the operation was almost more than she could bear. The pus drained, but left her so weak that her voice was reduced to a mere whisper. As the incision required dressing every hour, Neva was constantly by her side. What a tender, kind nurse she proved to be, doing all she could to relieve the little sufferer. The eight weeks lengthened into that many months and there were three openings instead of one. Two years and a half and there were seven. Another operation was necessary that a tube might be inserted to drain it properly and allow the other openings to heal. Poor Eva, the pain was indeed severe and her weight reduced to sixty-eight pounds, while her body was drawn in a crooked position. Though suffering a great deal, she was able to sit up at times and she did not lack care and attention, for Neva was a good nurse and kind neighbors did not fail to bring some choice dish or dainty gift to the sick girl. But sometimes when the pain was so severe she could not receive company.

One day she lay on the bed feverish and suffering when an automobile stopped at the gate and Neva remarked, "There come the girls."

Eva said, "Oh, I do not want any company today, nor anything to eat, so I shall pretend that I am asleep and you need not tell them any different." And closing her eyes she lay as if asleep and resting well.

The girls spoken of were the Rhodes sisters but they stayed only a few minutes and when leaving Lucy handed a small package to Neva to be given to Eva when she should awaken and with a kind good-by they were gone.

"Oh, how beautiful!" exclaimed Neva as she entered Eva's bedroom and as Eva opened her eyes she saw a little book with

celluloid backs. The book was a New Testament and upon opening it she read on the fly leaf, "From Lucy and Anna Rhodes with prayers and best wishes for a speedy recovery." How Eva's face burned with shame as she thought how deceitful she had been. She began turning the pages of the book and found many scriptures were enclosed with parentheses or underscored in ink. How she prized the little book as so much gold. It was the only Bible in the house. But with the Testament given to her the Rhodes sisters had also brought a number of copies of the Gospel Trumpet which Eva read and reread again and again. A testimony was read which caused much meditation on the part of Eva and one day while reading this testimony again, how God had raised a sister after two physicians had said her case was hopeless, she said to herself, "I wonder if it be possible that I can be healed!" Picking up the little Testament she opened it and her eyes fell upon a passage of Scripture enclosed in parentheses. Here she read, "If ye abide in me and my words abide in you ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." There was a heavy line under the last "shall." Something stirred within her and, closing the book hastily, she rested her head on the back of her chair and tears streamed down her cheeks. The Holy Spirit was talking to her heart. "I know I am not abiding in Jesus," said she to herself, "but I mean to abide in Him and have His Words abiding in me. But I wonder if this was meant for me?" She sat for some time in deep meditation, then again opening the book said, "I wonder what I shall find this time?"

The book opened and her eyes fell upon another marked Scripture, which she read: "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst, come. And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." Again she noticed a heavy line under "whosoever."

"Water of life," repeated Eva again and again. "That is surely what I want, but how can I get it? I mean to keep reading for surely this little book will tell me how I may abide in Him."

Near the Grant home was a little country church, but as Eva had been ill for so long she had not been privileged to attend any of

the services. As she now looked from the window, she saw the little church in the distance and called to Neva, "Sister, when will there be services again at the little church?"

"There is Sunday school every Sunday," replied Neva, "but they have preaching services only twice each month. I believe next Sunday is their time for meeting again, but why do you ask?"

"I was just thinking I should like to go," replied Eva. "I am sure Papa would let you drive me down there in the buggy."

"But you are not able to sit up so long, are you?" exclaimed Neva, "and besides the seats would be very uncomfortable for you, and how would you get in and out of the buggy?"

"I have been thinking about all that," replied Eva, "and have formed a plan which I think will be all right. I shall try to go only for the preaching services and we can take two pillows along. I can sit on one and rest my back against the other so the seats will not be so uncomfortable for me after all. Papa can lift me into the buggy and you can help me out after we get there. You know it is much easier for me to get out of the buggy than it is to get into it and with your assistance I am sure we can make it all right."

"But how about getting into the buggy when we start home," inquired Neva laughingly.

"Some of our good neighbors will surely be there," replied Eva, "who will give you all the assistance needed to get me into the buggy again but we shall have to get Papa's permission to go first."

Neva laughed heartily at Eva's plans to attend services the following Sunday, making the task of lifting her into and out of the buggy just as ludicrous as possible, and many times would Eva join with her in her merriment.

At the supper table Eva approached the subject to her father, telling her plans and asking his permission. "We shall have to wait and see what kind of day it is," replied Mr. Grant. "If it is a pretty day I do not care if you think yourself able for the trip." And thus the subject was dropped, but there was a little frail girl whose heart sang all week and when Sunday morning dawned with a clear sky and bright sunshine she could scarcely control herself and wait to

get started to services. The old family horse was hitched to the buggy and Mr. Grant lifted Eva and set her down on the pillows which had been carefully arranged in the seat. Neva then took her place beside her. She picked up the reins and with a laughing remark to her father drove away. Mr. Grant stopped for some time watching them as they drove away, then turning to enter the house said, "Poor girl, I fear this will be all the worse for her but her wishes might just as well be granted for she can't get well and before another winter we shall have to carry her out and leave her beside her mother."

Entering the house, he was confronted by Harry, who said, "Papa, do you know why Eva wanted to go to church today?"

"I guess because she gets so tired of staying so close at home," replied Mr. Grant. "You know this is the first time she has been off the place since we moved here. I fear it will do her no good but I could not refuse to let her go when she asked me. I wished very much that it might be a bad day today so that I could have an excuse for her remaining at home."

"She is going because she wants to get religion," said Harry. "Why, Papa, have you not noticed how different she has been for several weeks? She reads that book the Rhodes girls gave her all the time. I am sure she wants to get religion."

"Well, let her have her way," replied Mr. Grant, "for she can't get well and let us make things just as easy for her as possible."

It was only a short drive to the church and the girls soon arrived. Services had already begun and as they drove near the church to hitch the horse the song "Where the Healing Waters Flow" fell on Eva's ears. She listened and caught the words, "Oh, there's joy and peace and love where the healing waters flow."

"That is just what I want," said Eva to herself, "joy, and peace, and love and a touch of the healing waters."

She was supported by Neva in alighting from the buggy and entering the church. It was the first service Eva had attended since the tent meeting conducted by Sis. Massey three years prior when she had decided that when eighteen years of age she meant to be a true saint of God. What a contrast the two girls made! Neva, well-

developed for one of her age, with round face and rosy cheeks and weighing about one hundred and twenty pounds, came in with an arm encircling her twin sister, whose little crooked body weighed less than seventy pounds and whose pale, pinched face told of months of pain and suffering. All eyes were turned upon them as they entered and a good brother hastily set before them a chair in which the pillows were arranged and Eva had as comfortable a seat as if she were in her own home.

The minister arose to address the audience that morning from the subject "Pure Religion—How Obtained and How Retained." He advanced step by step, explaining repentance, confession, forsaking and believing to obtain the pure religion that would prepare one for heaven. Then he showed that the retaining of it would be through faith and trust in God, much communing with the Father and obtaining the deeper spiritual grace of entire sanctification.

That minister did not know how eagerly his words of truth were being grasped by the little, frail girl who sat facing him. The very truth she wanted to hear was being unfolded to her and the way to God made so simple that it was easily understood. The message ended all too soon for Eva, so eagerly did her thirsty soul drink in God's Word, but she decided then as she sat there facing that man of God she would repent, confess, forsake and with all her heart believe God's promises. The services over, a kind neighbor lifted Eva into the buggy and the two girls drove home but Eva returned a different girl for she understood the way of God unto salvation and her heart was calling out to God.

After dinner Eva asked Neva to help her to the barn where she could be alone and read. So taking her Testament she went to the barn and when Neva returned to the house Eva knelt there in the hay and poured out her heart to God as only a really penitent soul can. All afternoon was spent on the hay and as she arose at Neva's call she said, "Lord, if I never feel any different I mean to believe your Word and I know I have repented, confessed, and forsaken and now believe with all my heart and ask you to strengthen and help my unbelief." There was no outward demonstration and no

emotion but a settled peace came into her soul. That night before retiring she knelt beside the bed in the presence of her sister and thanked God for the day, asking Him to grant her the full knowledge of His salvation and the assurance that she was really His child. For five days she went each afternoon to the barn and each evening knelt to thank God for the day. The evening of the fifth day as she knelt by her bedside she cried out, "O Lord, make me to know that I am truly Your child and that You have accepted me." As she uttered these words her faith took hold on God, the blessings of God poured into her soul and she arose leaping and shouting and praising God. The glory of God was everywhere and she forgot about needing a support to assist her from one room to the other but leaping and shouting she went from room to room praising God. She had found the peace and joy her heart longed for and, although unknown to her, healing in the life-giving fountain open to all.

CHAPTER VI

PERSECUTIONS LEAD TO A DEEPER EXPERIENCE

A few weeks passed and all could see the wonderful change in Eva. No longer was it necessary to be helped from room to room but she went alone and her voice which had been so weak ever since her affliction, was now raised in snatches of songs and in praises to God. Her new-found joy and healing was so wonderful to her that it occupied her thoughts and was the sole topic of conversation. Neighbors who came in were met with the greeting, "Praise God, I am sweetly saved and God has healed me." And her conversation was wholly on the goodness of God. As Daniel of old she sought the Lord three times daily and in doing this she found the consolation for which her heart had hungered ever since the death of her mother. She had found the real Friend; the One on whom she could lean and the One who could understand the real motive of her heart. Many times the remark was made by members of the family, "If I could live like Eva does I would get religion, too but I know I could not live it."

For a few weeks Eva was unmolested in her exaltation of the Lord, for many times Mr. Grant had remarked, "Let her have her way for she cannot get well and if she finds any enjoyment in her manner of living let her alone." But as the weeks went by and her sunken cheeks began rounding out, her eyes began to sparkle with new life, her step became more elastic and her voice stronger, he began trying to silence her on the subject that was first in her heart. One day their neighbor, Mr. Bleiler, stopped in for a few moments' chat and remarked about the noted change in Eva, which gave her the opportunity to again tell of the goodness of God. He sat staring as she told of her experience, but noticing the look of disapproval on her father's face she went to her room. She heard her father remark as she passed out, "Mr. Bleiler, do not pay any attention to

what she says for she has been sick for so long that her mind is almost gone.”

“Her mind gone!” exclaimed Mr. Bleiler, “it is hard to believe such a thing, for I never heard a better sermon than that to which I just listened. And you will have to say something has taken hold of the girl, for she is getting well.”

“I think it is a case of mind over matter,” said Mr. Grant, “for she has had nothing to think about but her sufferings for so long that her mind dwelt upon that and nothing else. Now her thoughts are directed into another channel and she does not notice the affliction so much. I am sure that it will only be for a short period of time and she will be the same as before. But I am ashamed for her and you do not know how embarrassing it is to me for her to rave as she does.”

“Embarrassed and ashamed!” exclaimed Mr. Bleiler. “I do not think you need to be on my account at least. Were she a daughter of mine I would give her all the encouragement I could for whatever it may be you can see that it is doing her more good than anything else has done. And as to her mind I do not think you have any cause for alarm, for if her mind is ruling over her affliction she must have an exceptionally strong one to do so.”

“Her mind nothing!” very indignantly retorted Edgar, the younger brother, “there is nothing wrong with her mind. If there is it would be a good thing if some more in this family would go crazy.”

None knew that Eva was a listener to this conversation but it had all reached her ears and it sank deep into her heart. A desire again to confront her father and resent the unkind things said about her seized her but she knew it would not be the right thing to do. Scalding tears burned her cheeks, then picking up her little Testament which she hugged close to her heart, she left the house by the rear door and crossing the lot she went to her retreat in the old barn. There she lay on her face before the Lord weeping and calling upon God for more grace. The afternoon shadows began to lengthen and still her heart was calling out to God. When almost in despair she

lifted her face heavenward and cried out, "Lord, fill me with so much of Thyself that I shall be able to stand against every opposer keeping the victory and love in my heart for everybody." As she uttered this prayer a wave of glory swept over her soul and she arose again shouting the praises of God. Entering the house she cried out, "I feel like I could run through a troop or leap over a wall. Glory, glory, glory," and the family, not knowing the real meaning of such an expression, concluded she was really losing her mind.

After this experience Eva realized a life of constant victory and a close walk with her Savior but with it came a heavy burden for souls and a desire to tell others of the Lord and lead them to Him who meant so much to her. Not having the privilege of attending services, she knew not what blessing had been bestowed upon her other than a victorious life and the richness of God's grace in her soul.

Again Lucy and Anna Rhodes came to her as God-sent messengers. They drove over to the Grant home, asking that Eva be allowed to spend a few days with them. To this Mr. Grant readily consented remarking that he would be glad to have things quiet around there for a few days. How hard it was for Eva to bear these taunting remarks but how glad she was for the opportunity of visiting with her friends again, for with the visit she would also be privileged to attend services, a thing which she very much desired.

The Rhodes sisters did not tell her there was a meeting in progress at St. Elmo until they were almost home but there was a little frail girl whose heart sang and who stole away as soon as possible to be alone and thank God for His guiding hand and for friends that were really interested in her spiritual welfare.

Bro. and Sis. Mills were caring for the little flock at this time and also conducting a series of meetings. How Eva drank in those messages of truth and how her heart rejoiced for she had measured to all she knew. The message on repentance found a hearty response in her soul, for she had taken every step and therefore knew what it really meant. It was in this meeting that she felt the hand of God

upon her to do some personal work and as the invitation hymns were sung Eva would go and invite sinners to come to God and none could resist the pleading tone of the little frail girl standing before them whose little crooked frame trembled with emotion as she pleaded with them to be reconciled to God. God blessed her soul and numbers found their way to God.

On Sunday morning Bro. Mills addressed his congregation from the subject, "Sanctification, or A Deeper Life with God." As he advanced in his discourse Eva's face shone with the real glory of God and in the midst of the message, unable to retain herself longer, she arose and began shouting the praises of God. She said, "Brethren and sisters I am sanctified but did not know what it was until this morning." She then told them of her experience a few days previously. Many wept, others praised God with her. Bro. Mills did not complete his message but invited those who desired a deeper life and closer walk to come forward and a number bowed at the altar for prayer. The Holy Spirit fell and a real Pentecostal feast was enjoyed by all. This was a real day of victory for Eva.

The meeting closed and Eva prepared to return home. As she bade the good minister and his wife good-bye Bro. Mills held her hand saying, "Sis. Eva, Do you not feel a call to the work of the Lord?"

"I feel a deep burden for souls," replied Eva, "and a desire to tell what God has done for me but I am too ignorant and unlearned for anything more. Why, I haven't any Bible."

A smile came over Bro. Mills' face as he said, "Haven't you a rich Father? Why do you not ask Him for one?"

"Indeed I have a rich Father," said Eva quoting the words of Hattie Buell, "My Father is rich in houses and lands; He holdeth the wealth of the world in His hands; of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold, His coffers are full, He has riches untold. I'm a child of a King."

"Ask largely of Him then and you will receive largely," said Bro. Mills as Eva stepped into the car. "Remember He has said, 'If ye abide in me and my words abide in you.'"

“Yes, yes, I know what you mean,” said Eva as with a wave of her hand she drove away. She visited with the Rhodes sisters as they were driving along but the remainder of the scripture Bro. Mills had quoted to her kept ringing in her ears—“Ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you.” There she lifted her heart to God in prayer and said, “Lord, send me a real Bible that I may fully study all Your Word.”

Although Eva had enjoyed her stay with the Rhodes family she was glad to get back home again and greeted Neva very affectionately. Not long after the Rhodes sisters had returned home Neva informed her that her father had taken a neighbor woman, a widow, out driving the previous Sunday and said she feared it would result in something bad for all of them.

Eva’s heart sank. This woman was a real menace to the community. Her children had been taken from her and sent to charitable institutions because of her life before them. The thought of such a woman coming in to take her mother’s place was almost more than she could endure. She approached the subject to her father but was informed that “she was too little a fish to meddle with his business and that he was plenty able to take care of himself.” She then took it to God but the fear was not erased and the next Sunday evening as the children sat down to their evening meal their father entered with this woman. Leading her up to them he said, “Children, come meet your new mother.”

Neva stood with her back to the wall. Her face reddened and her eyes blazed with rising anger. “Mother,” said she, “do not think that I shall ever consider a woman my mother who will send her own children away and leave them out to strangers. No, indeed, she is not my mother.”

“Huh!” was all that Harry had to say.

“She can be my mother if she is good,” said Edgar, “but if she is not good I won’t have her,” at which remark even Neva had to laugh.

All this time Eva sat staring at the new mother and comparing her with her own real mother. Again the last words of her mother

came to her, "Mama can always depend on her little Eva." Rising, she extended her hand and said, "For your sake, Papa, I shall call her mama and try to be a good little daughter to her." And putting one arm around her new mother's neck, she kissed her on the cheek.

CHAPTER VII

HARDER TRIALS FOR EVA

For a few weeks all went well in the Grant home. The stepmother took up the burden of housekeeping and as mistress of the home thereby relieving Neva of many duties which were hers heretofore. From the first evening she entered the home Neva did not try to hide her resentment toward her and as the days passed this became hatred. Mrs. Grant tried to be kind at first but this soon gave way to her baser self and Mr. Grant awakened to the fact she was entirely different from the good, patient wife who had mothered his children. No amount of reasoning prevailed. She became stubborn, self-willed, of a quarrelsome nature and being unclean of speech, many were the curses and vulgar remarks heard from her lips. She began finding fault with the children also calling them lazy if they did not work and finding fault with them if they did anything. In no way could she be pleased with anything they did. Eva received most of her abusive outbursts, as she was still unable to work, but tried to do all she could. Many were the family quarrels when she would turn to Eva and say, "You lazy little imp. All you do is sit around and read that old Bible." Many were her threats toward the poor child and her precious Book until Eva would secrete herself somewhere when she desired to read and always carried her Testament with her so her stepmother could not get it for fear some of her threats would be carried into action. Through it all, however, Eva clung to God, asking Him to keep her and protect her and also help her to love her stepmother and reverence her as the mistress of the home.

The twins were now seventeen years of age and Neva, being well developed and strong, was exempt from her stepmother's abuse. Instead, the stepmother feared her, as she had one time proved that she was well able to take care of herself by resorting to blows, for she so mastered the situation that she was left entirely alone there-

after. But her hatred toward her stepmother grew as the days passed.

The Long family lived neighbors to the Grants and their eldest son Everett had walked home with Neva a few times. When Mr. Grant learned of this he forbade Neva's walking with him or having anything to do with him in any way. The first command she obeyed but she kept up a secret correspondence with him receiving notes from him and sending replies to him. One rainy day late in September Eva noticed that Neva was quite busy all day washing and ironing and packing a suitcase. As it was cool Eva stayed close to her room and Neva made many trips into the room always saying some kind word or giving an affectionate pat. As the family prepared to retire that night Neva again came into the room. Stepping up to the bed she bent over and kissed Eva's forehead and said, "Good-night and good-bye, little sister. It makes no difference what happens or what I do, I want you always to remember that Neva loves her pale little sister." She stood for some time holding Eva's hand and then passed out of the room. Eva was restless all through the night and slept very little. Shortly after all was quiet in the house she heard an automobile stop at the barn lot but only for a short time. Then the engine buzzed again and the car passed on by the house. The next morning when the family was called Neva was not there. Her bed had not been occupied that night, her clothes were gone, and a note had been left for Eva telling her not to worry, that she had gone with Everett Long to be married.

This was a hard blow for Eva for her sister had helped her to face the anger of her stepmother and she had looked upon her as a protector but now she must face it all alone. For some few days Eva was confined to her bed unable to eat or sleep but pouring out her heart to God she received grace for the trial and determining to make the best of it and look on the bright side she consoled herself with the thought of what nice times she would have writing great long letters to Neva, a thing which she had never had the privilege to do as they had spent but one night apart. How lonesome it seemed without Neva but she began writing her a little each day thinking she would have a great long letter already written ready to send to

her when she heard from her. But in this she was greatly disappointed for when she received a letter from Neva her stepmother denied her a postage stamp with which to mail her letter and watched closely that she did not give it to anyone to mail for her. She could not take this to her father because he had been so angered because of Neva's elopement that she knew it would not do to mention it to him. Neva seemed to understand the situation for she wrote often even though she got no reply to her letters. How Eva called on God to help her and in some way supply her with means to get a letter to Neva. Some weeks after Neva had left home a package came to Eva. Edgar brought it to her from the mailbox. How eagerly she opened it as she recognized Neva's handwriting. What could Neva be sending to her? "Praise the Lord!" said Eva as she lifted the lid on a lovely box of stationery with each envelope stamped all ready for the address. There was nothing now to keep her from answering Neva's letters. Although Neva's letters were full of love for her and how happy she was with her husband not one word of dissatisfaction was written in Eva's answers. Her heart was too full of God to speak of anything but His goodness to her.

As autumn and cool weather advanced Eva was compelled to stay indoors as she could not bear the least cold draught. This placed her in her stepmother's company a greater part of the time. Only God knew of the abuses heaped upon her daily. Not one time did she complain to her father. Christmas time approached but Eva was not so well and therefore could not enter into any of the preparations about the place. A neighbor girl came to see her and after telling her what she desired for Christmas said, "Eva, what do you want the good old saint to bring you?"

"I want health more than anything else in the world," said Eva, "and that would be the best Christmas gift I ever received in my life if I could just get that."

After the girl left the stepmother used the expression of Eva's desire to nag and taunt her saying mockingly, "you want health, do you? Well, why don't you stir around a little then instead of sitting around doing nothing all the time like you do? I don't see how you

can expect to get anything when you are so trifling and so lazy. You can sure thank your stars if you get anything this Christmas, I'm telling you. As for me, I'd rather give you a dose of poison to help you along a little than to give you something that would give you health. That's how I hate you, you little imp."

Christmas morning dawned but there were no presents for any of the children and when the fact was mentioned to Mr. Grant he remarked, "You children are all getting too big to cling to such childish notions." That night as Eva undressed for bed she noticed how nicely the covers were turned down on her bed, a thing unknown to her heretofore as she always kept her own room. Kneeling she thanked God for the day and for the best Christmas present she had ever received, the gift of His own dear Son that brought salvation to her soul. Again the Holy Spirit witnessed to her soul, giving her strength. On rising she threw back the covers to get into bed when she found that water had been poured in the bed and the covers turned down over it. As she made the discovery she heard a loud "Ha, ha," in the other room and her stepmother called out, "Eva, how do you like your Christmas present?" Eva burst into tears and called to her father to assist her. They spread the bedding around the stove and Mr. Grant remained with her, keeping fire until the bedding was dried sufficiently for her to go to bed. Her pillows were wet with tears that night as she called on God to help her to love her stepmother as she should. "Oh, Mama, Mama," she cried, "I need you so much. No one seems to understand or care for me in the way that you did."

Eva always took a glass of water to her room, placing it near her bed because when restless she often became thirsty and as it was cold she did not want to expose herself to the cold by getting up to get a drink. There was no sleep for her that night and as she lifted the glass of water to her lips the odor of carbolic acid greeted her nostrils. Again she called to her father but all seemed ignorant of how it came to be in the glass. Eva knew, however, someone had put it in the glass while she and her father were drying her bedding, for she got the water from the water bucket when preparing to go to

bed, had taken a drink from the glass then, and knew there was no carboic acid in the glass then and there was none in the water that was left in the bucket.

After this incident Eva feared her stepmother as one would a venomous reptile for she knew not when nor in what manner she would strike. Many nights after abuses had been heaped upon her and threats made against her Eva would lie awake fearing to go to sleep lest the threats be carried out and her life taken. As she was very frail the constant fear and the losing of so much rest was too much for her and as winter waned giving way to the warm breath of spring Eva was on the verge of a nervous collapse and the family physician was called again. To add to her affliction there came an opening in her side again which began to discharge pus from her lung. The physician advised perfect quiet, complete rest with plenty of fresh air and exercise when feeling able and foods that would build up the body. Being unable to help herself the greater part of the time she could not do this and so gradually grew worse. No care was given her. She never got her meals unless she dragged herself to the table. Through it all she never found fault with anyone nor complained but took her case to God in more earnestness than ever before.

One morning after a painful, restless night she asked permission of her father for Brother and Sister Mills to come out and pray for her. To this he gruffly replied, "There will be no such thing carried on under my roof and the best thing for you is to get such nonsense out of your head and act like someone with a little sense." Eva pleaded with him telling him that it was her only hope and that all relief she could get would be what was found in the strength of the Lord, but he only replied more firmly, "It is settled. Those people shall never enter my door." Having heard that anointed handkerchiefs were sometimes sent, Eva decided to write to Sister Mills, explain everything as best she could, and ask for an anointed handkerchief to be sent to her. This she did giving the letter to her brother Harry to post for her. Three days later there came a reply stating that they had taken her case to God and were sending the anointed

handkerchief with confidence in God that Wednesday evening they would place her case before the congregation in their midweek prayer meeting and at eight o'clock she should apply the handkerchief and the entire congregation would be agreed at that time that the Lord would heal her. Receiving the letter in the morning's mail she spent the remainder of the day in earnest prayer and as the clock chimed eight she applied the handkerchief to the opening in her side and in simple childlike supplication lifted her heart to God. She felt the healing power of God go through her body as an electric shock and rising from her bed she walked the floor and praised God. Members of the family remonstrated, trying to silence her, and telling her it was only excitement and she would only make herself worse. For some time she continued to praise God, then retired for the night and enjoyed a complete night of sound, undisturbed, refreshing sleep for the first time in a number of months.

CHAPTER VIII

DOUBTS SWEEP AWAY

The morning after Eva received the healing touch she arose, dressed herself, and kneeling thanked God for His goodness to her and then went to the kitchen where she prepared the morning's meal and called the rest of the family to breakfast. The meal was eaten quietly, as no one seemed in any mood for conversation. After all had finished eating Eva prepared to wash the dishes, a thing which she had not been able to do for some time. How her heart sang as she cleared the dishes away. She stepped off the back porch to throw out the dishwater and when she did so a weakness seized her so that she was unable to get back into the house. The enemy came in like a flood and as she had had no instruction as to the workings of the enemy she was unable to resist him. She became cold all over, shaking as with a chill. In her weakened condition she was unable even to form a word to call upon God. Her father became alarmed and again called the physician and Eva again began to take medicine though she knew all had been done for her that medical science could do. How she needed someone to give her some encouragement, but God always works everything out all right in his own good time and never forgets nor forsakes the one who has an honest heart.

The incidents of the previous evening were related to the physician and greatly enlarged upon and when he returned the next morning to inquire about his patient Eva was feeling much better and asked him what he thought was wrong with her. He replied, "Too much religious excitement just now. You must remember you are not living in the days of Bartimeus or the widow's son of Nain. Christ is not here now as the great Healer and you will have to content yourself with taking the next best remedy."

"But doctor," inquired Eva, "do you not think that Jesus really opened the blind eyes and raised the dead?"

"I have no right to dispute it," replied the doctor.

"But that is not the question," said Eva, "it is not whether you have a right to dispute it but do you really believe it?"

"Yes, I believe it," replied the doctor. "But you must remember that Jesus is not here now and if He were He would perform a more perfect cure on you than what you claim you received. God does not do things half way; when He does something it is perfect."

"That is just the difference in us," said Eva. "You believe that Jesus was and did and I believe that Jesus is and is doing. Doctor, Jesus was crucified and laid in the tomb but the grave could not hold Him and He arose. He is a living Christ to me and as real in my heart as He was to Bartimeus or the widow's son of Nain. Let me read something to you." Opening her little Testament, she read in Hebrews 13:8: "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to day, and for ever."

A flush suffused the doctor's face for a minute. Then he laughingly replied as he took Eva's hand, "Well, I am much older than you are and I am not here to argue with you about such things, but if you find a living Christ to raise the dead or to heal you that will be all right with me for I am doing all that can be done for you and you must be just as quiet as you can or you will never be well again."

"I know you are doing all that you know to do for me," replied Eva, "and I thank you very much for it, too, but you know that it will take a Higher Power to make me well for I have gone beyond the reach of medical aid."

"I do not think it will be necessary for me to make another call," said the doctor as he picked up his satchel and turned toward the door, "but when you are well you now have an invitation to call on me, for I want to see you again. I may be a little gruff but I was with your mother when you were born, I heard your first cry, and I am really interested in you. If you can find healing anywhere I shall be glad to know of it. No one shall be more delighted than I to see you a well girl again."

"Thank you, Doctor," said Eva, "I shall remember that invita-

tion and some day you shall hear my rap on your door.”

“I truly hope so,” replied the doctor as he closed the door behind him.

For some time Eva lay in deep meditation. Over and over came the question, “Why is it that this has come upon me again when I know God touched my body?” Opening her little Testament she began reading the fourth chapter of Matthew. As she read how the devil turned to the Savior the third time she said, “That is just what he is doing to me. O God, give me grace to bear it all and go through with victory. Help me to be patient, Lord, and wait on God and help me to resist the devil.”

April waned and the middle of May advanced. One day Eva lay on her bed thinking of the many times God had answered her prayers when the thought of a real Bible again came to her. “Surely I shall not be disappointed in this,” said she, “for God has promised to give us all things and to supply our needs and He can see that I need a Bible and have no way of getting one except as He gives it to me.” Again she opened her Testament and this time read how the unjust judge dealt with the widow because she importuned with him and immediately she slipped off the bed and on her knees again to ask God with all the earnestness of her soul to supply her with a Bible. For some time she remained on her knees and then arose with confidence in God that He had heard and would answer. Three days later Edgar again brought her a package from the mail box and upon opening it she found a lovely new Bible. With the Bible, by the same mail, was a letter to her bearing the postmark of a small town some miles distant. It read as follows:—

“My Dear Unknown Friend:

“You are a stranger to me and I to you but please accept the Bible I am sending you by this same mail as a gift from the Lord. I am an agent for this Bible and was in your vicinity some few weeks ago and heard about you. I expected to call upon you when I returned but the company has sent me to another district. So I shall

not have this privilege. I want to tell you why I am sending this Bible to you at this time.

“After hearing of your illness and your conversion I have thought of you a great deal and three nights ago I was very restless and could not sleep. Something seemed to keep saying to me, ‘Send the girl one of your Bibles.’ I have been a Christian for a number of years and always plan to give the Lord one-tenth of my earnings. So I told the Lord that I would spend this much of His share for a Bible and send it to you. So please accept it as a gift from God. If you read it prayerfully I am sure that you will find the things for which your heart craves.

“An Unknown Friend.”

Eva was too overjoyed to speak. She kissed the Bible then, laying her head upon it, she wept real tears of joy. She now had a real Bible of her own and another prayer had been answered. The promise, “Ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you,” was being realized in her life.

April, May and June passed and still Eva was unable to sit up. How the days dragged but with her precious Bible she found much consolation and spent many hours reading God’s precious Word. There were now seven openings in her side, all discharging pus, which was very offensive. These required dressing several times daily. This was quite a task for her but the Lord gave her strength to do it. Although her stepmother was unkind to her, her father was kind and her two brothers tried in every way they could to do something for her. She was not neglected at mealtime, for Mr. Grant carried to her the choicest of foods. She felt she had much for which to thank the Lord and this she did constantly. But she grew weaker as the days passed. Her pale pinched face and drawn body told of nights of suffering and days of agony. How she longed for Neva or for some kind saints to be with her but this was denied her. There was only One to whom she could go and daily she pressed her case to Him Who knows and understands and her sufferings did not seem so severe while His constant presence brought satisfaction even in her illness.

One morning the first week of July a young man, a former schoolmate, called to inquire about her condition as he was passing by on his way to Vandalia. Eva was not suffering so much that morning and they had a pleasant visit talking of old school days and some amusing incidents that occurred while they were in school together. As she had but few visitors she enjoyed the short visit with this young man and when he rose to go she begged him to remain longer but he remarked, "No, I shall have to go now, but I will leave you something to entertain you for awhile," and at this handed her a roll of papers, saying, "Mrs. Hugo heard that I was going to Vandalia today and brought these over this morning for me to leave with you, as she thought they would help you to spend these long days." Eva thanked him kindly and he took his departure but he had not gone far when Eva was searching the pages of a paper and finding something that did her soul good. The bundle of papers were a number of copies of the Gospel Trumpet and some Young People's Friends.

She read the testimony of a woman who had been healed and then the enemy came again with all the symptoms and for some time she was worse than ever but she resisted the enemy and again the healing power came and she was made entirely well to the surprise of all her people and a number of physicians. This was so near like her own case that Eva felt she was almost reading her own testimony. She laid the paper down and began to scan the pages of another. In it was an article written by C. W. Naylor on "Doubts, Their Cause and Cure." As she read this article she saw why she was again under the hand of the afflictor and immediately her heart went out to God. She could see that she had let doubts rob her of the victory. With renewed faith she again pressed her case to God while scalding tears fell upon her pillow. For some time she lay upon her bed weeping as she thought of what she might have been had she only understood how to resist the enemy and conquer doubts. Again she slipped to her knees by the bedside and laying her head on the Bible she said, "O Lord, I thank you for your Word that means so much to me. You know I love it with all my heart. It is truly abiding

in me and I am trying with all my strength to abide in it and You have told me to ask what I will and it shall be done unto me. You answered my prayer in sending me stationery and stamps that I might write to Neva. You sent me a Bible that I might have all of Thy Word. Now, Lord, heal me that I may be well and do something for Thee.” Laying her head over on the paper containing the article she had just read she said, “I thank Thee, too, for such a paper as this and godly people who can write those things that will bring encouragement and light to needy ones like me. And now, Lord, take away every doubt, let the healing power come again, and I will never doubt You nor trust in any other than the Lord.” As she spoke these words the healing power of God came again, her faith mounted above doubts, symptoms and everything that had hindered heretofore and she arose and again went from room to room praising God. The remainder of the day was spent in perfect ease. There was no pain, no suffering, no discharge from her lungs and that night she enjoyed for the second time since she became afflicted a night of sound, undisturbed, refreshing sleep. But the enemy was not to be defeated without a hard fight and the next morning he came in like a flood as he had before but the spirit within her soul enabled her to lift the standard of faith against him and resist him so strongly that he had to flee. In two days the openings in her side were healed and the third day she rode with her brother fourteen miles in the buggy to see the Mills family at St. Elmo. As Sis. Mills answered her rap at the door Eva greeted her with “Praise the Lord, I am healed!” She told them of the incidents which led to her healing. She then fell into Sis. Mills’ arms and they two wept and praised the Lord together.

Eva stayed with the Mills’ family for a few days and also visited her aunt and the Rhodes girls. She also kept her promise to the old family physician by calling upon him.

“Well, you are a wonder,” said he after hearing Eva’s story.

“Oh, no, I am not a wonder,” replied Eva, “but I am serving a God Who has all power. My Christ is a living Christ. The same yesterday, and today, and forever.”

CHAPTER IX

EVA LEAVES HOME

Eva remained at St. Elmo for a few days and attended services, also doing some personal work by visiting in the homes of some of her acquaintances. Many doors were opened to her that had heretofore been closed to any form of religious worship and calls for cottage prayer meetings were given so that the good pastor and his workers were kept busy. Many showers of refreshing from the presence of God were felt in these meetings and a number of souls were saved. Eva moved out and was used of the Lord in many ways. She became powerful in prayer and exhortation. Few sinners could resist her pleadings as she entreated them to be reconciled to their God.

On Sunday evening, the last evening of her stay with the Mills' family, they all went to the little chapel for services. As they were walking along Eva remarked to Sis. Mills that she had had a peculiar burden all afternoon that it seemed she was unable to cast on the Lord and inquired of her as to what she thought it might be.

"Perhaps the Lord wants you to preach for us tonight," replied Sis. Mills. "Bro. Mills told me before we left home that he seemed at a loss to know what to deliver to the people tonight. He has not been able to get any special thoughts for a message for tonight."

"Me, preach!" exclaimed Eva. "O, Sister, you know I am no preacher. I am sure that is not why I am burdened for the Lord knows how ignorant I am. You know it would not do for me to undertake such a thing. What would the people think of me if I should do such a thing?"

Sis. Mills laughed but said, "It is not what others think of us that should concern us most but what the Lord desires us to do and we need to keep our hearts open to Him. If we move as God want us to He will take care of the rest and make it all right with the people."

“Yes, but how would I look trying to take Bro. Mills’ place in the pulpit?” said Eva. “The people are coming tonight expecting to get something to feed their soul and if I should undertake such a thing I am sure there would be some disappointed people in St. Elmo tonight especially after the services would be dismissed. No, no, Sister, I think you have made a wrong guess this time as to what my burden is.”

Again Sis. Mills laughed but remarked as they entered the chapel door, “My dear, if you should try to preach you would not be taking Bro. Mills’ place but only filling your own. You know there is room for all of us in this great vineyard in which we are laboring and each can make a place that will not be robbing another brother or sister.”

Bro. Mills had been some distance in advance of Eva and Sis. Mills and as they entered the chapel they saw him going to an adjoining room. He came out some few minutes later with a very troubled expression upon his face. He seated himself beside his wife and Eva heard her ask him the question, “What is wrong, have you not been able to settle yourself on any line of thought for tonight?” Bro. Mills sighed heavily and shook his head.

“Perhaps he is trying to see if you will be as instant out of season as you are in season,” said she. “This may be an out of season time.”

Bro. Mills smiled at this remark and Eva said, “Oh, do not worry, you know the Lord does not fail and I am sure He will give you a message in time.”

“Of this thing I am sure,” replied Bro. Mills. “My Lord will give me a message if He does not see fit and think it best to give it to someone else.” And with this remark he stepped into the pulpit and announced the opening hymn. Some time was spent in song service and in prayer and as the hour hand on the clock pointed to eight Bro. Mills sat down and said, “Well, it is time for the Word and I do not want to stand in the way of anyone.”

As he spoke these words something stole over Eva such as she had never known before. She rose to her feet and as she did so it

seemed she could see a countless number of people before her moving steadily toward a dark abyss.

She opened her mouth to cry out and knew nothing more until she again glanced at the clock and saw it was eight forty-five. She saw, too, that she was in the pulpit with her Bible opened lying on the pulpit stand. She then saw Bro. and Sis. Mills sitting there with tears streaming down their faces while a number of the saints were on their feet praising God. Others, too, were weeping. She was unable to understand it all and turning to Sis. Mills, she said, "What is wrong? Have I been intruding and have got in the way of someone else?"

"No, no, no, child. I should say you have not been intruding. You have been giving us God's Word and we are wanting some more just like it."

Eva sat down and leaning her head upon Sis. Mills' shoulder wept like a little child. Bro. Mills then gave the invitation for those who desired to seek the Lord to come forward and a number bowed at the altar for prayer, among them the young man who had brought the roll of papers to Eva some few days before. As Eva stepped out of the door that evening she was confronted by their family physician who grasped her hand and said, "Eva, I will have to say again that you are a wonder."

"No, Doctor," replied Eva, "I am no wonder, but my Christ is wonderful."

Eva returned to the Mills' home. She spent the night with them and the next afternoon they took her to her own home. News travels fast and the services of the previous evening had already reached the Grant family and Eva confronted a very angry parent. He forbade Bro. and Sis. Mills' entering the yard and told Eva she should never again visit them and that she must either give up her crazy religion or leave home and never return for he would have no one of his family stay around him and make such a fool of themselves as she had done the previous night. After speaking some encouraging words to Eva and telling her that they would pray for her Bro. and Sis. Mills drove away.

Eva had seen her father angry many times before and had heard him make many threats while angry that she knew he did not mean and never carried out and she thought that possibly his anger would abate after a few weeks and she could again have the privilege of attending services. She took care that she did not mention the name of the Lord in his presence or speak of anything pertaining to religion. She was also unusually kind to him in every way that she could be. Her kindness reached also to her stepmother who now could not find so much to abuse Eva about as she was now doing her share of the work about the house.

One Sunday in late September the Rhodes family drove up in their automobile and asked Eva to go home with them for a few days to which she replied, "You will have to get Papa's permission for he has not let me leave the place for a number of weeks."

"Surely we will get his permission," said Mr. Rhodes and stepping from the car he advanced toward Mr. Grant who was standing in the yard. "We thought we would drive by and see if Eva could not come and spend a few days with us. May she?" said Mr. Rhodes as he extended his hand to Mr. Grant.

The proffered hand was ignored and Mr. Grant confronted him with an angry scowl. Pointing to the car he said, "You get in your machine and get away from here and I don't want to see you about here again. The sooner you leave the better satisfied I will be. It is such folks as you that have helped to put such nonsense in her head that the devil himself can't do anything with her. She is not going with you now nor ever so long a she makes this her home."

"Please, Papa," said Eva, "let me go with them. I am sure that there will be no harm done in letting me go to spend a few days with old neighbors and I am not needed so much here, am I?"

"No, you are not needed so much here with your crazy religion," retorted Mr. Grant, "and you either give that up or you give up your home for I do not mean to stand for any such stuff to be carried on here." Then turning to Mr. Rhodes he said, "The sooner you leave the better pleased I will be."

Eva burst into tears as Mr. Rhodes turned and walked away. They drove a short distance down the road. Then he related his interview to the family and stopping the car they all wept together. They were weeping with those that wept and also asking God to give her her freedom that she might serve Him in the way her heart desired.

The next morning Eva packed her scanty wardrobe in a small suitcase and going to her father said, "Papa, I have made my choice. I love you with all the love a daughter can have for a father but I love my Christ more than anything in this world. I should like to stay with you for you know I need a home and this is the only one that I have but I can't give up my Christ. You cannot destroy my love for you and I shall never cease to pray for you. I want you to remember that each evening before I retire I shall ask God to bless you and care for you and you can go to sleep with this thought, 'Eva has prayed for me,' and if you ever need me in any way let me know."

"All right," said Mr. Grant, "but you be sure that you do not bother around until I send for you, will you?"

"I shall try to, Papa," said Eva, "but there is one thing that I ask permission to do before I leave. I want to read something to you. May I?"

"Go ahead and read all you want to, but I mean what I have said," replied her father, "you either straighten up and act like someone who has a little sense or you leave. Now take your choice."

"I have already made my choice," said Eva, "but this is what I want to read to you." Opening her little Testament she read Matthew 19:29: "And everyone that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life." "Papa," said she, "that is what I am doing. I am not forsaking you because I do not love you or want to get away from you but I am going that I might serve my Christ and I am resting on that promise that He will give me a hundred homes and one hundred parents to care for me."

“Well, don’t think that I shall run after you,” said her father, “and do not squeal when you get short of funds either for you know what you can do.”

“My funds will never be any shorter than they are now,” replied Eva, “for I am leaving without one penny in my purse but I mean to trust God and I am sure that He will take care of me.” Throwing her arms about her father’s neck she kissed him on the cheek and said, “Good-bye, Papa, some day I am sure that you will send for me.” Then putting on her hat and lifting her suitcase that contained all her belongings, she passed out of the gate and started down the road. How heavy her heart was although conscious of God’s presence! She walked on some distance when turning for a look she burst into tears. Calling upon God she received strength and soon went on her way singing the praises of God. “I am now as my Savior was,” said she as she trudged along the dusty highway that September morning. “For He said the foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head and that is my condition also. As He has gone the way before me He will know how to care for me and I am going trusting in Him.”

As she reached the brow of a hill some distance from her home she stopped and looked back for a last long look. Poor girl, she did not know how long it would be nor under what conditions she would again enter its portals.

CHAPTER X

TRUSTING GOD

When Eva left her home that September morning she knew not where to go nor what it would mean to her but she started out trusting in the Lord Who was more to her than anything else in the world. As He had answered her prayers so many times, she felt assured that He would not fail her now. Again and again His promise in Psalm 27:10 came to her: "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

It was fourteen miles to St. Elmo but she bent her steps toward the good pastor and his faithful wife for she felt that in them she would find true friends and they could also instruct her as to what course to pursue in the future. On foot, alone, without one penny in her purse she trudged along not knowing how she should get to their place but she had made her choice and was trusting God to take care of her. She was scarcely more than one mile from home when a car passed and she recognized their neighbor, Mr. Bleiler. He stopped and invited her to ride, an invitation which she gladly accepted. As she sat down in the soft-cushioned seat her heart filled to overflowing and she burst into tears. Feeling that an explanation was due she told Mr. Bleiler her story and his tears fell with hers. She related how her father had treated Mr. Rhodes and what he had said about her even to the remark that "the devil himself could not do anything with her." Mr. Bleiler sat very quiet for some time so overcome by emotion that he did not try to speak. They drove for some time when at last he spoke, "Well, Eva, you know I do not make any profession of religion at all but if I understand anything about it—if you have got to the place where the devil himself can't do anything with you it seems to me you are in a good place for the Lord to use you for I have always heard that the two can't work together and you have to be the servant of one or the other. I do not

understand how your father can take the stand that he has against his own child and one who is as frail as you are.

"If you were strong and able to work and make your way it would not seem so heartless to me. My home is not much but such as it is I offer to you and you are welcome to stay with me as long as you care to. I am sure that you will have to do more than I feel that you have done for me to push you out." Reaching his hand down into his pocket he drew forth a bill which he handed to Eva saying, "I do not intend to see you start out without a penny either. Here take this and remember if you ever need a friend you will find one in your old neighbor."

Eva hesitated. She did not know whether to accept the money or not. "Why do you hesitate?" inquired Mr. Bleiler. "Do you expect the Lord to come down and rain money into your lap when you need it? You surely need money now and you are welcome to what I have offered you and I shall feel much better if you take it." At this Eva took a ten-dollar bill from his hand, the most money she had ever had as her own. How she thanked him for it but most of all she thanked the Lord for she felt that He surely was taking care of her and she could trust Him fully for all her needs. Mr. Bleiler left Eva with the Mills' with a promise from her that if ever she became stranded she would let him know.

November passed and the month of December drew near with its cold, icy, biting winds. With it came a letter to Eva from her sister Neva, who was then living in the central part of the State, with a request from her to come spend the winter with her as she really needed her. Eva replied that she would be glad to come if only the way would be provided. So in a few days she again received a letter containing means for her train fare. This was what Eva desired and had asked the Lord to open the way for her that she might see her sister. And here the way was not only opened but a home was offered to her for the winter and also she would have opportunity of attending services as she chose. Neva had been very much concerned about her when winter approached as she feared she would not be cared for and after she talked to her husband about

it they agreed to send for her that she might not have to be exposed to the cold.

How glad she was to be with her sister again and also to nurse the little four-months-old son that Neva proudly laid in her arms on her arrival. In spite of all that she endured Eva was real happy and her zeal for the Lord knew no bounds. How she needed someone to help her and instruct her for her blunders were many. Her pastor was faithful to her and did not fail to give encouragement when she needed it nor to give her the counsel needed to help her over the hard places for a young babe in Christ. Many hours were spent at the pastor's home where she would open her heart and receive much needed help. Although her blunders were many they were never repeated when pointed out to her for she only made them steppingstones to lift her and get her closer to her Lord. She developed rapidly for she was desirous of being her very best for God and she sought him with all the earnestness of her soul to make her the woman she should be. In constantly communing with the Lord she developed a personality that so hid her crooked frame that those with whom she came in contact saw the deep richness of her life.

Winter passed and the rainy weather of spring came and with it a heavy cold for Eva from which she did not recover for a number of weeks. With the cold there came three openings in her side discharging pus from her lung. How discouraged she became at times but still she held on to God claiming healing in spite of signs and symptoms. She remembered her promise made to Him when all doubts were swept away and she received healing the second time and she was standing on His promises to her knowing this was only an imposition of the enemy and a test of faith. Other afflictions came also but she resisted them in the name of the Lord claiming victory. With the afflictions there were also other things to bear in the congregation and in the home that sent her to her secret place of communion with the Lord, where she poured out her heart to Him thereby receiving the much needed grace to stand and be the real example that she desired to be. In the congregation there was a young girl that Eva desired very much as a friend but who resented

her strongly. Many were the unkind remarks made to her and slights which were hurtful and often caused her to go home in tears but through it all Eva treated all so well and manifested such a spirit of love that hearts were warmed to her and she could rejoice over the slights and unkind remarks. She felt that God would surely bring her through as shining gold for she was surely trusting Him.

As June approached a number of the congregation prepared to attend the camp meeting held at Anderson, Indiana. How Eva desired to go! Again she visited her pastor. Eva was a very timid girl but as her pastor was a woman she could open her heart to her and this she often did.

“Why do you not prepare to go?” inquired the pastor after Eva had made her desire known. “I see nothing to hinder you from going for if you will go I will gladly stay home and let you go in my stead for I feel that you need the meeting.”

“Oh, I could never do that,” replied Eva, “for I should feel like a thief if I should go. I know you want to attend the meeting and I am sure I shall not rob you of your opportunity.”

“Are you trusting God without any limit to His power?” asked her pastor kindly. “Can you tell some of the things that He has done for you?”

“Surely I can,” replied Eva. “He has supplied me with clothing, a home, brothers and sisters and real kind fathers and mothers, and I do not think there is any limit to His power.”

“Why do you not trust Him to supply you with the means to take you to the camp meetings then?” said the pastor. “You have not forgotten your favorite promise have you, ‘Ask what you will, and it shall be done unto you’?”

“I shall do it,” said Eva quickly, “and I am sure the God that supplied me with a Bible from an unknown source can supply me with the means to attend the camp meeting. Will you ask the Lord to help me and supply me with the means that I may go to camp meeting?”

“Surely I will,” replied her pastor. “Let us ask Him now.” And kneeling she petitioned the Lord to help Eva, strengthen her faith in Him, and supply her with the means that she might attend the camp meeting with the others from the congregation.

Eva returned to her sister’s home with a feeling of trust and confidence in her soul yet at times the enemy would come with doubts. But Eva had trusted the Lord and found Him faithful to all His promises so that doubts could not long remain. How the means should be supplied she could not even imagine but she was not asking in what way they should come, but she was willing to let the Lord work this out in His own good way.

The next day Neva sent her to town to do some shopping for her and as it was a beautiful day she decided she would walk instead of riding the streetcar as she was accustomed to doing. The walk was quite tiresome to her and as she reached a park near the business district of the city she sat down on one of the benches to rest for a few minutes.

While she was sitting there a young man came up and sat down on a bench a few feet away from her and soon another young man came by and stopped to talk with the young fellow sitting near her. Eva had not noticed the young man particularly when he seated himself near her but as the two entered into conversation she could hear them distinctly and noticed that the young fellow spoke with difficulty and between spasms of coughing. From the conversation between the two she found that he had just returned from Colorado where he had been for a number of months trying to regain his health but instead he gradually grew worse and the physicians had sent him home as his case was incurable. As Eva listened to the conversation her heart was moved with pity for the young man for she saw what would have been her own condition had not God extended His healing hand. Rising she confronted the young man. As she always carried her little Testament with her she withdrew it from her purse and opening it she said, “Pardon me, please, if I seem to be too presumptuous but I was sitting here and could not help but hear the conversation between you two and I am glad that

I can tell the young man that there is still hope for him.” She then related her own experience reading God’s promise to him and with all the earnestness of her soul pleaded with him to surrender all to God and take Him as His word has spoken. So engrossed was she in the thought of getting help to the young man that she had not noticed what had taken place around her. As she looked at the young man she saw tears rolling down his cheeks and that he was greatly moved. “Oh, Brother,” said she, “we have a God Who has all power and when humanity fails there is still unlimited strength in the all-powerful arm of God. I want to read some more to you and then I shall have to go. In Hebrews 13:8 we read, ‘Jesus Christ the same yesterday [and that means the time He cleansed the lepers, raised the dead, and healed poor unfortunates like you and me] and to day [and that means at this present time], and for ever [and that means all time that will be in the future].’ And now I want to read you the promise that I call my promise and the one on which I rest. In John 15:7 we read, ‘If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you.’ Brother, I have tried the Lord on His promise and He has never failed me. I have been abiding in Him and have let all His Word abide in me to the best of my knowledge and wherein I have lacked I have asked Him to open my understanding and then as I come to Him He knows my heart and I can tell Him that I am abiding in Him and that His Word is abiding in me and I have confidence that He will do as He has promised. I have asked Him for clothing and He has supplied. He has also given me a home, supplied me with stationery and postage stamps that I might write to my sister and given me a Bible. But most of all when I was suffering and in need of His healing touch I could rest on that promise, for I was truly abiding in Him and as I asked Him for healing He did not fail me for His promise is true and His words are all settled in heaven that they cannot fail.” Extending her hand, she said, “Brother, I shall include you on my prayer list and if you will seek God with all the earnestness of your soul He will not fail you but you can make my promise your promise also, that whatsoever you ask will be granted unto you.”

She turned to walk away and a deep flush mounted to her cheeks as she saw that quite a crowd had congregated while she was talking. In her embarrassment the young man who had been conversing with the afflicted boy said, "Lady, that talk was worth a dollar to me," and from the crowd came, "and me, and me, and me," so taking his hat he passed around among the crowd and then handed Eva four dollars and a half. Thanking them in tears she walked away.

As the young man will now pass out of our story, I shall state that a few weeks later Eva met him again very much improved in health and he told her he had made her promise his also and that he was again going west to be with a sister living in Arizona.

CHAPTER XI

THE CAMP MEETING

As Eva left the park that afternoon the enemy whispered to her, "Now what have you done? You have told that young man that you are healed and you know there are three openings in your side now discharging pus from your lung and your body is so crooked, how can you make anyone believe that you are healed? You had better keep quiet about this until you can say truthfully that you are healed for when you are completely healed your body will be straightened out and you will be a good specimen of healing. As it is people will only laugh at you," Such thoughts as these and many more like them surged through Eva's mind as she left the park. So feeling very much crushed and cast down she turned her steps toward her pastor's home.

As the pastor answered her rap at the door Eva fell into her arms crying like a little child that had been severely punished for some wrongful act. It was some time before she became composed so that she could speak and then she said, "Oh, Sister, I have done something awful. I just know you will scold me for it." And breaking down she began to cry again.

"No, dear," replied her pastor as she gathered her in her arms again in her good motherly way, "I shall not scold you for if you have done wrong I feel that you have been punished enough already—but sit down and tell me all about it."

"Will you promise that you will not scold me," inquired Eva as she sat down beside her.

"Yes, I will promise that I will not scold you," replied she, "but I will have to tell you if I see you have made a mistake. I never want to scold anybody but if I see they are erring in any way I want to warn them. But what is this terrible thing that you have done. I am anxious to hear."

Eva related the scene in the park as it has already been related and the sister pastor sat a silent, attentive listener until she had finished her story.

“How much money did you receive?” inquired she.

“Four dollars and a half,” replied Eva, “and what shall I do with it? I do not know. I feel so queer about it. I can’t take it back and how could I have refused taking it when they took up the offering for me. And tell me did I do wrong in telling the young man about my healing? And am I healed when there are still three openings in my side discharging pus?”

“I shall have to answer your questions one at a time,” replied her pastor. “First, what shall I do with it?” Pointing to the place in the room where the afternoon before the two had knelt and asked God to supply the needed means for her transportation to the camp meeting, she said, “Do you remember how we yesterday asked God to supply you with the means to take you to the camp meeting and you said you were not suggesting to God what way to supply it but that you would be willing to accept it anyway that it came?” Eva nodded. “God has just as remarkable ways to supply you with money as He had to supply you with a Bible so keep the money and feel that it has been sent of God the same as your Bible was.

“Second, did you do wrong in telling the young man about your healing? I am very much amused at your question when your testimonies have been so full of the desire to tell others about the healing power of God and now when you have the opportunity to tell a needy one you feel that a scolding is due you. God healed you that it might glorify Himself and in what better way can you glorify Him than in telling others who need Him as much as you did? God does not expect us to be selfish else He would not have said, ‘Freely ye have received, freely give.’ So as God gives to us He expects us to give out to others. No, sister, you did not do wrong. Tell it wherever and whenever you can that others as needy and as hungry as you were can hear there is still hope for them when all else has failed. But be careful that you do not cast your pearls before swine to be trampled upon.

“And now to your last question, Am I healed? I must tell you that you are healed just as much as you believe that you are healed. If you doubt it you are not healed that much but if you claim it in spite of all that the enemy brings before you then you can testify that you are healed and feel no condemnation. You have been listening to some suggestions of the enemy is the reason that you have felt so bad. You need to resist him with all his accusations and give no room for doubts to come in again.”

Rising Eva stamped her foot upon the floor and speaking to the invisible foe said, “Get thee behind me Satan, I have listened to you long enough; I am healed and mean to claim it in spite of all that you may say or do.” Then as she seated herself she said, “But, Sister, I have only four dollars and a half and I must give the Lord one-tenth of that. So that does not look like means for camp meeting.”

“What did you ask God to give you in your petition to Him regarding your going to Anderson to the camp meeting?” inquired her pastor.

“I asked Him to supply me with the means to go to camp meeting,” replied Eva.

“And how much is needed for that?” again inquired the pastor.

“Well,” said Eva, “there is an excursion over Sunday morning to Indianapolis and I could go that far for two dollars and seventy-five cents but I do not know the fare from there on.”

“I do,” replied her pastor, “for I have made the trip several times. It is one dollar and thirty cents. So after you have given the Lord one-tenth of the amount you received in the park how much do you lack for car fare?”

A smile spread over Eva’s face as she said, “I have the exact amount but how about the fare back and the means to take me through the meeting?”

“Are you trusting God?” smilingly inquired her pastor in answer to the puzzled look upon Eva’s face. “Do you not think if He supplies you with the means to get you there He will take care of

you while there? Claim you favorite promise more fully as your own and ask what ye will."

"I am going to camp meeting," said Eva as she arose. Glancing at the clock she saw the afternoon had almost passed and she had not done the shopping for Neva. So after exchanging a few more words and inquiring regarding the services for the following Sunday she took her departure, saying as she closed the door behind her, "I am going to camp meeting and I am still trusting God." After she left, the pastor knelt again and, pouring out her heart to God, prayed for the girl who had been cast out because of Him and was willing to face the world for His name's sake and prayed, too, that she might make Eva's promise her promise to the extent that she might trust her God fully. She arose from her knees confident that God had heard and would answer in His own good time and way.

The time for camp meeting drew near and Eva told her sister her plans. The sister tried to persuade her to remain at home but Eva replied, "I am trusting God and I am sure that He will take care of me and supply my needs." Seeing she could not dissuade her in her plans and intentions Neva then entered into them with her. She had material for a new dress which she made and gave to Eva and lent her a number of her own garments which helped a great deal and for which Eva was truly thankful. At every turn she could see God's hand truly stretched forth to aid her.

The Sunday morning arrived on which she should start to the camp meeting. Four dollars and five cents was tucked away in her purse and had been for some time but no one knew anything about conditions with Eva except her pastor and her sister. She arose early but found that Neva was up before her and had prepared her a lovely lunch to take with her on the train. She had included enough in the lunch to last Eva for several meals and as Eva kissed her sister good-bye Neva handed her two dollars and fifty cents saying, "Take this, Eva, it is all that I have and I have kept this out of the allowance Everett has given me for my weekly groceries. I wish I could give you more for that seems like a small amount to carry one through a camp meeting."

“God will supply all my needs,” replied Eva, “and not only that but I shall return a well girl once more.” She stepped to Neva’s side measuring herself to her, and said, “Some day I shall stand beside you as straight as you are and weigh as much as you do, if not more.” And with a “ha, ha” and a wave of her hand she started for the train.

There were a number at the station when Eva arrived and others came. It was quite a jolly crowd but among them all there were none more happy than Eva and none with the scant purse that she had. She revealed this secret to no one but she had confidence in God that He would supply her need. After purchasing her ticket at Indianapolis she had the two dollars and fifty cents that Neva had given her that morning and lunch for about three meals. Arriving at Anderson she paid the taxi driver fifteen cents to convey her to the camp ground, which left her two dollars and thirty-five cents. Registering at the Registration Bureau she gave one dollar and twenty-five cents for a bunk in the dormitory which left her one dollar and ten cents. And as she always gave the Lord one tenth of all means that came into her hands into the offering she dropped a quarter which was the Lord’s share of the amount that Neva had given her that morning. This left her eighty-five cents and she had come to spend the entire week at the meeting.

Monday she arose early for the morning prayer services and as she was given opportunity she arose to add her testimony with the others.

God moved on hearts as she told how she was driven away from home for trusting God and many of the saints wept as she told how God had supplied her needs. She did not mention her trip to the meeting, however, for that was a secret between her and God. As she left the auditorium at the close of the meeting a brother met her at the door. Touching her on the shoulder to call her attention he said, “I was greatly moved by your testimony this morning and while you were talking the Spirit said to me, ‘Express your sympathy by action as well as words.’ So here is a part of my appreciation for one who will be willing to face the world as you are, relying

wholly upon God,” and he handed Eva a ten dollar bill which she received and thanked him with all her heart. Later in the day a sister gave her five dollars which made fifteen dollars for her. After she gave the Lord His share she had left thirteen dollars and fifty cents to carry her through the meeting. God had verified His promise wherein He said, “Give, and it shall be given unto you, pressed down, heaped up, and shaken together.” With joy she sought out her pastor to tell her the glad news. She said, “Now I can pray for others since God has supplied my needs.”

The meeting seemed almost like a wonderful dream to Eva and she often remarked after listening to a wonderful message which lifted her and fed her soul, “If this is just a gathering of a few of God’s saints here on earth how can we stand to meet them all with the Savior in that great gathering that will be some day?” It was surely a wonderful time to her and she enjoyed it all the more because she felt God had opened the way for her to attend and was supplying her needs.

As she had never had the opportunity of following the Lord in baptism at the first baptismal service she was the first one in the pool and when she had followed the Lord in that humble act she felt she could rely on the promise made in John 15:7 more strongly than ever and trust God more fully. So the following day she entered the prayer room where prayer was being offered for those needing help from the Lord and as Bros. E. E. Byrum and J. W. Byers laid their hands upon her and prayed that God would heal her the power of God went through her body and she felt that the work was done. The next day the openings were closed in her side and they never returned. She was completely healed.

A few days before the meeting closed Eva met an old friend on the camp ground who asked her to make the trip home with him and his party in a car. One who came with him had been called home and that left room for her. Eva gladly accepted and as this saved her car fare home and as she had tried to be as economical as she could be while at the meeting when she returned home she had six dollars and seventy cents in her purse. There was fifteen cents

more than she had when she started to the meetings. There was much to tell her sister about the meeting but most of all she could tell how God cared for her and healed her and she was a well girl at last. She found that God never leaves nor forsakes but truly cares for His own and she could claim the promise and rest assured that if she would only abide in Him and His words abide in her she could ask what she would and it should be done. God was truly bringing things to pass in a wonderful and marvelous way.

CHAPTER XII

HOME AGAIN

Days lengthen into weeks and weeks into months while months lengthen into years bringing changes to all. Such had been the case with Eva but her life had been filled with active service until she scarcely noted the swift passing of time. After her healing at the camp meeting she entered the ministry filling calls as they were given to her and her labors were so effectual that soon there came more calls than she could possibly fill. Although very busy in the Lord's service she did not fail to think of her own physical need and with the proper food, plenty of bodily exercise and fresh air her crooked body soon began to straighten, her face to fill out and her pale cheeks to take on a natural color. God had indeed performed a perfect cure. As she developed along physical lines she also developed along spiritual lines and all could see in Eva a life that was wholly dedicated to God. Her labors among the young people brought noted results and numbers of young men and women were won to the Lord through her efforts. She never failed to tell them to make her promise theirs for she truly claimed it as her own and felt that all things she desired would be given to her if she would only abide in Him. For three years she had not failed to ask the Lord daily to touch her father's heart and she was asking and relying on her favorite promise. Not one word had she received from him since she had left home that September morning three years before. Many times she desired to go home, and how she longed to see her father. Although he had driven her away from her home she loved him still and felt the deepest sympathy and pity for him. She saw it was the enemy working through him and felt that he would be a real father if he could only be made to see himself. Every night before retiring she would lift him up before the Lord in prayer. After two years of evangelistic work Eva received a call from a congregation in the state of Kentucky to accept the pastorate. As she had held a

meeting there and the call was unanimous she accepted taking another sister with her as her assistant. There we shall leave her for awhile as we pay a visit to the Grant family.

There seemed to be no special change in the Grant family for some time after Eva left. Mr. Grant worked harder than ever and kept aloof from all his neighbors never visiting any of them unless it was on some special business. As his money was no longer spent for liquor he found he could use it to good advantage in stocking his place and also getting necessities for himself and family. The buggy was discarded for a new Ford and the rich fruitage of his fields spoke plainly that he was a prosperous farmer. Many changes were made about the place. Fences were built, sagging gates were put on hinges and the entire place took on an attractive appearance. But while the place became more attractive all these changes brought no change to Mr. Grant nor his wife. Eva's name was never mentioned; or if it was, never with any degree of relenting. And so the fall and the summer of the first year passed since she left and autumn set in again. Mr. Grant had not been tiring in his efforts to accomplish great things that year. He was pleased with the yield of his crops but he had been laboring early and late for all of them and as he disposed of the hay, wheat and corn at a goodly gain and housed his feed for winter he began to make plans for the next year. He wanted more land that he might cultivate crops on a larger scale. This was not denied him for he rented a large tract from a widow who lived near them and as he was ambitious he planned big things for the next fall. So the winter passed and the spring of the following year advanced finding Robert Grant working early and late. But as warm weather came and he found that he was not as strong in physique as formerly and after having to be carried from the field, he thought best to consult a physician. So the old family doctor was consulted who told him his condition was such that he could not exert himself without danger as his heart was in a very bad condition and any physical exertion or excitement might prove fatal to him at any moment.

This was bad news to him as he had planned largely for that summer and now he could see his plans all being destroyed. As he could not be in the field he must leave the work to others and he knew none would do as he desired. Mr. Grant's physical condition did not soften his disposition and he became very cross and irritable. The work did not progress as fast as he desired and this only irritated him the more. Many were the scenes between him and his boys until in the midst of hay harvest Harry, feeling that he could stand it no longer found employment elsewhere. This left Mr. Grant either to lose all his hay or find another hand. Harry's leaving only made Mr. Grant more irritable and he could not keep a hired hand more than a few days. Poor Edgar took all the abuse although doing all that one of his age could possibly do. The oats and wheat were harvested but the oats were never threshed as heavy rain set in and the oats sprouted in the shock. Only a part of the corn was gathered because of heavy fall rains that made it impossible to get into the field. A great amount of this rotted in the field. Of course the widow's rent must be paid and after summing up the expense of the summer Mr. Grant found he had farmed at a heavy loss. It took more than was raised on the widow's land to pay her rent. So Mr. Grant decided that the next year he would only try to farm the place on which he lived as Harry had left him and he could not keep hired help. He had made great plans the year before only to see them carried away as a leaf before a strong gale.

As cool weather came on Mr. Grant improved in health so much that early spring found him again in the field pushing the spring work. His disposition was no better than the previous year and many remarked how Edgar had their sympathy and it would not be long until he, too, would do as Harry had done.

Now with the approach of warm weather Mr. Grant awakened to the fact that his improvement in health was only of short duration. One day in early May he was driving some hogs from one pasture to another and as they became somewhat unruly it took quite a bit of energy and exertion to get them to the desired place and in so doing he became very much heated. After closing the gate

he sat down to rest for a few moments and when he tried to rise he found he was unable to stand. He gradually grew worse and the old family physician was again called. Mr. Grant was forbidden to leave the house for a number of days. Then he was told to visit the doctor at his office. A few days of rest and he became able to be up and about again and so called at the doctor's office. After a thorough examination the old doctor laid his hand on Mr. Grant's shoulder and looking him in the face said, "Bob, I have known you for some time. Do you consider me your friend?"

Mr. Grant looked at the doctor with a puzzled expression upon his countenance as he said, "I have always counted you such but why do you ask me such a question?"

Ignoring the question asked by Mr. Grant the doctor continued, "If you consider me your friend and I know something about you that is of vital importance that you know you would expect me as your friend to reveal it to you would you not?"

"I surely would," replied Mr. Grant.

"Very well, then," said the doctor, "I shall feel free then to tell you about your condition. You are in far worse condition now than you were when you last called upon me. I advise you not to worry, exert yourself, or become angry for the condition of your heart is such that it cannot stand any more pumping than what it is doing at present. You need exercise and plenty of fresh air and I advise long walks each day but do not walk fast enough for any strain on your body whatsoever. Walk very slowly for you have a bad heart leakage. Your heart is doing all the work it can do now to keep you alive and any excessive strain will surely prove fatal. By being very cautious you may live for some time but that is the only hope you have, for I can do you no good other than giving you advice and there is nothing known to medical science so far as I know that can give you the relief you desire. I am telling you this because I am your friend and if there is anything that you want to finish in your life now is the time for you to get busy."

The doctor kept his hand resting upon Mr. Grant's shoulder as he walked with him to the door of his office and as Mr. Grant turned

to walk away the doctor said, "By the way, Bob, I saw Eva the other day and isn't she looking well? It is nothing short of marvelous what a change there has been in that girl. You need some of that girl's faith for she has brought health from a source unknown to the majority of people. She is a wonder. You know I heard the first sermon she preached and it has stayed with me. You know the last time I visited her I thought her condition as serious as I now think yours but a wonderful change has been wrought in her. My boy, you should be proud of a girl like that."

Mr. Grant bade the doctor good-day and getting into his Ford started on his homeward trip but there was a different man returned to the Grant home than left that morning to visit the doctor at St. Elmo. He knew that the doctor had spoken the truth to him and he also knew there were many things which he needed to do before he could feel satisfied and the prime thing was to see Eva. The family noted the change in him and none welcomed it more than Edgar for he had been the one who had suffered because of his father's anger and irritable disposition. He followed the doctor's advice that he might have some time to try to undo some of the things which he had done.

May passed away and June came on and with it a letter from Eva to her father the contents of which was a great surprise to him, but the letter was welcomed far more than he could express. Now he could write her and invite her home as she informed him that soon she was to be a bride and the letter was an invitation for him to attend her wedding.

The invitation brought a reply from him and also an invitation for her to come home for the wedding also stating the condition of his health. No word of apology was mentioned in the letter but the invitation to come home was enough to bring praises from Eva's lips as she read his letter, the first one she had ever received from her father. Through blinding tears which were tears of joy she read John 15:7, and said, "I thank thee, Lord, that I have made that promise my promise. I can surely rely upon it for I have found Thee faithful that promised." She soon wrote her father that nothing could

have been done for her on his part that would have afforded her more satisfaction in the way of giving her a wedding present than to plan a home wedding for her.

Three days before the date set for the wedding Mr. Grant drove into town to meet the train that was bringing Eva back home. As she alighted from the train tears coursed down his cheeks as he looked upon a form almost completely straightened, a rounded face and pink cheeks so unlike the pale, little crooked form he had seen leave his place three years before. He could scarcely believe his own eyes. Could this be the same girl? His mind traveled back over the lapse of years and he could see in the girl before him a girl who several years before had stood by his side, had taken the step which this one was about to take. Eva's face recalled to him a wedding day of more than a quarter of a century before when a girl just like Eva became his wife. He received Eva with open arms and in tears said, "O Eva, I could not keep back the tears when I saw you for you are a living picture of your mother when she married me more than twenty-five years ago."

Eva, too, was greatly moved at the reception given her by her father and did not try to hide her tears but said, "I am glad that I resemble my mother for I remember her as the best woman that I ever knew." With this thought came the memory of the last words she ever heard her mother utter, "Mama can always depend on her little Eva."

The drive home was made almost in complete silence for both were filled with their own thoughts. What occupied Mr. Grant's mind was never known but Eva could not help but recall the time just three years before when she traveled over the same road a fugitive from home driven away by an angry father without one penny in her purse. As they reached the brow of the hill which brought the Grant home in full view Eva glanced to the side of the road and saw the tree whose shade protected her from the September sun when she cast a last, long glance at the home she was leaving and where she lifted her voice to God and received the necessary grace to enable her to go on with Him. The picture was real to her mind and

settling herself down farther in the cushion, she said, "I thank Thee, Lord, for it all."

The same hard lines were upon her stepmother's face but she did not remonstrate at Eva's warm affectionate greeting and like her husband expressed surprise at Eva's appearance. She could scarcely believe that it could be the same girl who left three years before. Edgar was almost beside himself with delight at having Eva back again and as soon as he could whisper to her said, "I knew all the time that your religion would not make you crazy."

Her bedroom was almost as she had left it. The same bed in the same corner of the room, the same dresser, everything almost as she had left it three years before. Memories of the past flitted through her mind as she gazed about her. It was in this room that she had received the never-to-be-forgotten Christmas present and the poison in her drinking water. It was here also where she had spent so many lonely hours and days of intense pain and suffering. It was here, too, that she had felt the healing touch of God and many times received His blessing upon her soul. The spot was indeed dear to her. Lifting her eyes heavenward she said, "I thank Thee, Lord, that in all the trials Thou hast caused me to triumph. Help me to be more faithful in the future than I have in the past that I may hear of Thee as I have of my mother that You can always depend upon me."

After supper Eva found her father sitting on a seat under the grape arbor and seating herself beside him she told him of her plans for the future and of the young man who was the man of her choice. He was a young man who had been won to the Lord through her efforts, a noble young man of whom any young woman could be proud to say, "He is my choice."

Mr. Grant also told Eva of his condition and what the doctor had told him closing with the remark, "Daughter, I could not die until I had seen you and known that everything is all right, for I did you wrong. I am so sorry now that I did it and would give the world if I could only recall my actions." Laying her hand upon her father's shoulder Eva said, "Do not worry about that any longer, Papa, for

everything is forgiven and you only did the right thing by me after all. It seemed so hard for me to bear at the time but if you had not pushed me out I might not have been as useful in the hand of God as I have been and done the good for others that I have. Through my leaving home I have received some valuable lessons and have been a blessing to others. No doubt I should never have met the noble young man who is to be my husband and whom I love so much had I remained home. You see God has a purpose in everything and works in mysterious ways that He might bring all things to pass for our good."

"I am glad that you look at it in that light," replied Mr. Grant, "but it has been laying heavily upon me for some time and I am glad that you are back and that I can make things right with you again in a measure."

The twilight hour passed and still they sat there talking. The moon shone from a clear sky making their surroundings almost as clear as day. At a late hour Mr. Grant suggested that they retire. "I should like to have one prayer with you before retiring. May I?"

"Surely you may," said Mr. Grant as he knelt beside the bench on which he had been sitting, "and this will not be the first time that I have been on my knees for I have bent them many times the past few weeks."

There under the grape arbor father and daughter knelt as Eva poured out her heart to God in praise and thanksgiving for His many blessings to her and for the privilege of again being at home with her father. How she entreated the Lord to have mercy upon her father, to instruct him and lead him into the light and also to lay a healing hand upon him. Mr. Grant's tears fell with hers as she petitioned God in his behalf and when they arose from their knees he placed his arm about her shoulder and said, "Daughter, I feel better now than I have felt for some time. I do not feel such heaviness in my chest as I have had heretofore.

Eva looked up and smilingly replied, "Jesus has lifted the load."

"I have prayed that He would," replied Mr. Grant as they turned and walked up the well-beaten path toward the house. At her room

door Eva turned with a cheery goodnight and again Mr. Grant said, "Daughter, I am proud of you for you have been a great help to me tonight."

Again there came a voice out of the silent past, "Mama can always depend on her little Eva."

CHAPTER XIII

EVA'S DREAM

Eva awakened with a start the next morning from a much-troubled dream. As she looked about her she began wondering where she was. The sun was streaming in through her window and as her gaze rested upon familiar objects she recalled the incidents of the preceding evening and although the dream seemed so real to her she thanked God that she was home once more and that she had never doubted Him but had held fast to the promise He had made and she had claimed as her own. Rising, she dressed hastily and then kneeling at the side of the bed where she had often knelt before she thanked God that she could approach Him with real thanksgiving in her heart for all that He had done for her and that she need not come to Him at this time begging for a touch from His healing hand to relieve her sufferings, but could thank Him for health once more and also that her father had relented. After asking for grace to carry her through the day she arose and went to the kitchen where she found her stepmother busily preparing the morning meal.

"Good morning, Mother," cheerfully said Eva. "How are you this morning and where is Papa?"

"O, I am all right," replied Mrs. Grant, "and your father is still in bed. He had the best night last night that I have known him to have in a number of months. He slept the entire night. Usually he is very much disturbed through the night but he had an undisturbed night last night and when I awoke this morning I slipped out of bed quietly that I might not disturb him—he seemed to be resting so well. I shall call him in time to get ready for breakfast."

"I am surely glad to hear that," said Eva, "but I had a dream that disturbed me very much this morning. In fact, I was awakened from it with a heavy load upon my heart. I have never had a dream quite like it, it seems so strange."

"I have always heard you should never tell your dreams before breakfast, but tell me about it anyhow. Let us risk it this time," said Mrs. Grant laughingly. "You may have to call on someone else to interpret it for you but I should like to hear it anyhow."

"All right," said Eva. "I am not afraid to tell it before breakfast for if there is anything to it that will make no difference. I dreamed that I was walking along a narrow path which was straight as far as my eye could see but I was all alone. To my right there seemed to be a heavy forest some distance away and I was fearful for awhile that some wild animal might come from the woods and do me harm but as I saw lions, tigers, leopards and other ravenous beasts come to the edge of the forest only to be blinded by the great light that shone about me I became more reconciled and marched on, humming, 'I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, over mountain, or plain, or sea; I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.' I went for some distance when I saw Papa stagger from the forest and come directly toward me and enter the path at my side. I locked my arm in his and we walked together a few steps when a dark cloud as black as night settled down upon us and I could see nothing. I stopped for I could not see which way to go and was fearful to take one step in such darkness and as I did so I felt my arm slip from Papa's arm and he was snatched away from me. I cried out and then felt a hand on my arm leading me and I stepped from the cloud into the light again and there stood Fred Reed, my husband to be, holding me by the arm and as he looked down into my face he said, 'Do not be frightened, sweetheart, for I shall go with you through the clouds of your life as well as through the sunshine.' I awoke then but I wonder what it can possibly mean. Have you any interpretation for it?"

"That is rather a strange dream," said Mrs. Grant, "and I am unable to see any meaning to it but I do not believe in dreams very much anyhow. But breakfast is ready and I guess you had better call your father now. I guess he has had enough rest and I am sure that he will feel much better this morning after such a night of complete, undisturbed sleep."

“Papa,” called Eva as she stepped to her father’s door, “breakfast is ready.” But there was no response. “Papa,” she said again, this time in a louder tone of voice, but still no response. Stepping to the bed she laid her hand upon his hand, which was resting outside the coverlet and found it icy cold. Her cry of alarm brought Mrs. Grant and Edgar. The cloud had indeed settled upon her for her father was cold and stiff in death. Yes, Death had stolen in while he slept that night. He had been dead for a number of hours before the family knew it. Eva could understand the meaning of her dream now. She needed no interpreter.

The day set for Eva’s wedding dawned with a sun riding in a clear sky. The bridegroom came, not to take the marriage vow, but to lead his bride up to the casket where lay the remains of her father and to follow with her the long procession to the cemetery where they laid him beside the wife of his younger days. As they returned from the funeral Eva related to them the incidents of the first evening of her return home which brought great satisfaction to the family, especially to Harry, who had been away from home for some time. He was ready to forget about the past and think only of the last few weeks of his father’s life as they were told to him by members of the family. Death had erased bitter memories and brought in sweet remembrances instead.

Again Eva thanked God that she had made the promise in John 15:7 her promise for she had asked that God would give her her father and she was thanking Him that she had realized the fulfillment of that promise, if only to have him to walk with her a few steps in the straight way. The prayer under the grape-arbor was a never-to-be-forgotten incident in her life as she recalled it many times. The walk from the arbor to the house was the realization of her dream of a few steps in the straight way with her arm linked in that of her father’s and this was a source of great pleasure to her. Her tears were few, for with the tears would come praise and thanksgiving unto God.

It was hard for Eva to consider marriage so soon after her father’s death but as Fred Reed had procured a marriage license

before receiving word of Mr. Grant's death, three days after the funeral Eva went with him to the home of a former pastor and there became his bride.

As Eva felt the need of schooling, after a brief honeymoon, the young husband returned to his official duties and Eva returned to her pastoral duties with the church in Kentucky but tendered her resignation that she might attend school that fall.

CHAPTER XIV

VICTORY THROUGH JESUS

July, August and September passed by on rapid wings. There was so much for Eva to do and crowd into these few short months before she could leave for school that fall. Besides her pastoral duties there were several meetings which she had promised to conduct and this must all be got out of the way before she could leave for school. Then there were the camp meetings which must not be forgotten and in which she must take an active part. So there was no leisure time for her. Every day brought her a letter from her husband and she found time to reply. How she rejoiced that God had given her such a noble man on whom to lean and one who could go with her through the trying things of life, one to whom she could turn and feel that she could be understood, a companion such as she had one time known in her mother. Though each moment was crowded with active service for the Lord she looked forward eagerly to vacation time during the Christmas holidays when she would spend her vacation with him at his government post in Virginia.

How the days flew by and how God blessed her in the meetings which she conducted. Numbers found their way to God. It was difficult to resist the earnest pleadings of one who lived so near to God and Eva's influence became far-reaching. The middle of September advanced with one more meeting for her to conduct before leaving for school. This was in a small town in southern Indiana.

The second week of the meeting was very rainy and as Eva was leaving the church one evening, having preached and labored very hard, she was soaked with the drenching rain. This gave her a severe cold and completely unfitted her to continue the meeting. So she returned to her little room in Kentucky for a few days' rest and quietness so she could be built up and able to preach her farewell sermon the following Sunday evening. A few days with her assis-

tant, who gave her special care and attention, and she was feeling much better so much so that Sunday evening found her at her post of duty ready to deliver her parting message to her much-loved congregation. Her message was really an exhortation to continue in the faith and remain true to God. The saints were moved to tears as they thought of this being the last service having Eva as their pastor for she had served them faithfully and was endeared to all of them. Sinners also wept as they took her hand that evening bidding her "good-bye." Her life had been exemplary before them and she had won their confidence and their love.

Rain set in during the service and as Eva was leaving she got wet again. Although she changed her clothes as soon as she reached her room she began chilling and during the night became violently ill. Morning found her with a raging fever and her assistant sent a message to her husband which brought him to her bedside two days later. All could see that the end was not far off. Eva lay a patient little sufferer and when asked what she wanted to do her reply was, "I want to stand on my promise, 'Ask what ye will and it shall be done.'" The praise of God was found to be continually on her lips and her delirious hours seemed to be living over again some days of labor in the Lord's service or looking forward to what had been a bright anticipation to her when she entered school that fall.

Her husband was a constant watcher by her bed and Saturday morning as he sat by her side holding her hand she looked up into his face and in a strong voice said, "Darling, I shall have to leave you but only for a short time."

"What do you mean?" he inquired as he bent over her.

"I mean Jesus has called for me and I shall have to go and leave you," said she, "but it will only be for a short time and then we shall be together again. I love you dearly and as much as I desire to be with you I desire more to be with my Lord and I soon shall be. But if you will only continue faithful we shall meet again."

Tears began to fall from her husband's eyes and did not escape her notice. Reaching up she touched him lovingly on the cheek, saying, "O Fred, do not let one tear fall for me for I can say as did

Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, and I am now ready to be offered and there is also a crown of life laid up for me which I shall soon wear." At these words she seemed to be endowed with super-human strength and rising up in bed she began to speak in a steady, unshaken voice, leaving messages to be delivered to numbers of her loved ones who were not permitted to be with her in her illness, not forgetting the sister pastor who helped her when she first started in life for herself. For her she said, "Tell her that she has been a great encouragement to me and helped me through many hard trials and may God bless her for it." To her brothers and sisters she left the message to get right with God and meet her in glory. For two hours she sat there talking, leaving messages for one and another of her friends and relatives, then turning her eyes heavenward with uplifted hand she sang these words:

"The service of Jesus true pleasure affords,
In Him there is joy without an alloy;
'Tis heaven to trust Him and rest on His Words;
It pays to serve Jesus each day.

"It pays to serve Jesus, it pays every day,
It pays every step of the way;
Tho' the pathway to glory may sometime be dread,
You'll be happy each step of the way.

"It pays to serve Jesus whate'er may betide,
It pays to be true whate'er you may do;
'Tis riches of mercy in Him to abide;
It pays to serve Jesus each day.

"Tho sometimes the shadows may hang o'er the way,
And sorrows may come to beckon us home,
Our precious Redeemer each toil will repay;
It pays to serve Jesus each day."

As the last words of the song died upon her lips she looked at her assistant who was standing at the foot of her bed, and said, "Sis. Ivah, we have sung that song together many times and no one understands the full meaning of it any better than I do. I shall never sing it with you anymore but I want you to sing it at my funeral." Then placing her arms about her husband's neck she said, "O Fred, you shall never know how much I love you. I want you to make my promise your promise also. You have been so good to me. May God bless you and keep you true and faithful to Him." Again raising her eyes heavenward she stretched forth her arms and cried out, "Mama, Mama, I'm coming. You can always depend upon your little Eva." Then falling back into her husband's arms she gasped faintly, "Lay me down and agree that God will take me without a struggle." He laid her down on the pillow and there with one long breath taken, she closed her eyes, a smile flitted across her face and she was gone. Instead of being permitted to attend school that fall she had finished in the great school of life to receive her diploma from the Master's hand—a crown of life.

Her remains were brought to St. Elmo where her funeral was held from the little chapel where she delivered her first public message, the great floral offerings bespeaking how she had been loved and appreciated by all. A minister whom she had often visited and who was with her during her sickness and death conducted the funeral assisted by Bro. Mills. A solemn hush fell upon the audience as he arose to read the scripture taking for his funeral text, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Eva's life had been such that had the good minister spoken nothing else than these words it would have been a satisfactory funeral sermon for she had fought and won the victory through the Lord Jesus Christ.

Many passed by to view the remains among whom was the old family physician. He paused for some time beside the bier sobbing

aloud. Laying his hand upon her cold icy hand he said, "A wonderful life has been lived. Surely she was a perfect Christian."

On that October afternoon her remains were laid beside her mother in the little country cemetery. Though the brothers and sister felt the death of their sister keenly all turned to the young husband with pity and sympathy for her death was a severe blow to him. But as he had made her promise his also he knew to Whom to go to find balm for his aching heart. As Jesus had been dear to his bride of a few short months He was also dear to him and amidst his grief he could yet look up and say, "I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou didst give her to me if only for a few short months."

Some few months after Eva's death Neva attended services at the little chapel in the town where she was living and a call was made for a complete consecration and dedication of self to the Lord. Among those who came forward was Neva. At the close of the prayer that was offered Neva arose and with others lifted her hand and sang,

"I'll live for Him, who died for me;
How happy then my life shall be.
I'll live for Him, who died for me;
My Savior and my God."

Eva's former pastor was present and as she saw Neva lift her hand and sing with real victory in her actions and tone of voice, her eyes filled with tears as she thought of the one who had gone and who had prayed so earnestly that this day might come. Lifting her heart to God she said, "Thank God her prayers are being answered and 'she being dead yet speaketh.'"

PERSONAL INFORMATION AND COMMENTS

As many years have elapsed since this book was originally written and published, the reader will, no doubt, appreciate a few additional facts about Sis. Eva Grant, the central character of this true story. The following information and personal comments were recently forwarded to us by Sis. Edith (Smyth) Wall:

“Sis. Eva Grant was born July 27, 1902 and passed on to be forever with her Lord on September 25, 1926. Her earthly house is interred in the Fairview Cemetery, north of the highway between Brownstown and St. Elmo, Illinois. Her photograph is enclosed in her tombstone. Her husband’s name was Fred Redlen.

“My folks lived close to St. Elmo and they knew Eva better than I, as I began working in St. Louis about the time she started preaching which, I believe, was about the year of 1922. I had never been saved, and when 18 years of age I became ill with heart trouble and returned to Illinois with my parents. My heart would seemingly quit beating and I would be so frightened because I was afraid to die. My mother, who was a real saint, called the minister at St. Elmo named Lem Childress, an uncle to Morris Childress who went to jail several years ago for trusting the Lord for his child, and also called Bro. and Sis. Dave Ginger. They came out, anointed and prayed for me. The Lord gave such relief and sweet rest that I couldn’t seem to get enough sleep. At that time I knew so little of what was required of one getting saved and I can’t remember of asking the Lord to forgive me of my sins. However, I felt that since the Lord had done so much for my body I must be saved.

“Bro. Childress asked my parents to let me go to visit in his home at St. Elmo a few days and then attend the camp meeting in southern Illinois. Eva was staying at that time also with some of the saints in St. Elmo. That was the first time I met Eva and there I spent the night with her. I well remember that she coughed so much

that night as she wasn't completely healed yet. She and I went to the camp meeting in a Model T Ford with Ola and Mary Richardson. We two shared the same straw bed in the dormitory. I seem to have a faint recollection of her preaching at the meeting. However, I shall never forget about the car overturning on our way back home. No one was hurt and we sang and praised the Lord for His mercy. Eva was bubbling over continually giving thanks and praise to her God.

"I attended meetings only a very few times when I was a child. My mother was saved but we were only permitted to attend meetings when the saints held a tent meeting or a revival in St. Elmo. I remember Sis. Massey, of whom Eva speaks, holding a meeting. I knew Dr. Durst who treated Eva and later went to hear her preach after God had miraculously healed her. I never knew any of Eva's relatives.

"Eva visited my folks after I went back to St. Louis. My sister was at home and recalls her visit. She also visited one of my schoolmates—a girl who was dying with tuberculosis. Eva visited everyone she could trying to encourage people to live for the Lord.

"A few other saints now living also knew Eva personally and could perhaps give more details than I. Yet my experience of meeting and spending a few days with one so close to the Lord means much to me. I have talked a long time of having her life story reprinted. I am so thankful that you are doing it and for Bro. Douglas' sincere interest in the same.

"I am surely encouraged to live for the Lord, the One who died for me."

—The Publishers

May 8, 1963

THE END

