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The Romance of A Heavenly Princess

By

Bertha-Charlotta Doering



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The Romance of A Heavenly Princess

As Told by Herself

By

Bertha-Charlotta Doering



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MRS. C. A. PIERSON
of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

In Love and Gratitude Dedicated to
Her Closest Friend, Mrs. Charlotte A.
Pierson, Whose Faithfulness and Self-
sacrifices Has Made This Book Possi-
ble.

A PREFACE OF INTEREST WHICH YOU OUGHT TO READ.

A little more than two years ago while conducting in the Swedish language some missionary meetings in a large Scandinavian Church, I picked up a story written by Mrs. Gene Stratton Porter, the well-known lover of woods, flowers, birds, and God's wonderful world in general,

When I first noticed the book on a table in my temporal residence at New York City, I had no intention of reading it. In fact, I did not understand the English enough to be able to read any book or article in that language. The attractive pictures from the *Limberlost* in this particular book, however, drew me to such an extent that I felt quite a desire to see what it was all about, and so with a dictionary to assist me I started, very slowly and painstakingly, to read. Gradually it began to dawn on me that the English (at least the kind which Mrs. Porter employed) was a very beautiful language indeed, and at the same time my desire to get better acquainted with it deepened. Greatly attached to Mrs. Porter's style of writing, I kept on reading her books until I understood every word of her vocabulary, and had a fair amount of words for my own use. Had it not been for the charm and beauty of Mrs. Porter's language, I may have kept on among the Swedish speaking settlements in this country without every trying to acquire any English at all.

PREFACE.

Now, the point which I wish to make of the above is this: Having had only TWO YEARS of practice in the English language, and with no grammatical study whatever, would not YOU think it possible to be just a little bit lenient and forbearing in your criticism of this book? Surely you will not expect me to master the English in such a way as to create the language of this life-story a joy and a pleasure like the books, for instance, of Mrs. Porter.

There are some things, however, which may help as an excuse for the existence of this autobiography. While the books of the mentioned Authoress are fiction, THIS IS A TRUE DESCRIPTION FROM REAL LIFE, and while hers are great literary masterpieces to the glory of mankind, THIS IS WRITTEN WITH THE SOLE OBJECT OF GLORIFYING GOD—*DEO SOLO GLORIA*.

To be still more explicit, I have THREE MOTIVES in sending out this little paper-missionary.

Firstly, I wish to add my own testimony to that of others of God's faithfulness and fatherly love in Jesus Christ, proving to you that He is a very real and personal God, Father and Friend, willing to hear and to answer prayers.

Secondly, I most keenly desire to make you interested in the FOREIGN MISSIONARY WORK as well as in the HOME MISSION,

PREFACE.

knowing as I do that "the harvest truly is plentiful and the laborers few."

Thirdly, I would like very much to have this book a financial success in order to get some money to deposit in the Heavenly Bank.

My heart is torn of love and compassion for the Laplanders in Lapland, the neglected Indian Tribes of the United States, the heathens in Africa and India and elsewhere. It has always been my most puzzling problem how to be enabled to divide my time, strength and life for the ministry to a whole world, and I have arrived at the conclusion that the best and most practical way is to have SUBSTITUTES. Being unable to GO everywhere I have asked my heavenly Father if I may not support missionaries in the places where I will be unable to be in person. YOU MAY HAVE THE HONOR AND PRIVILEGE TO HELP FATHER TO ANSWER THAT PETITION OF MINE BY DOING YOUR VERY BEST TO DISTRIBUTE THIS BOOK.

Thanking you for all and everything you can do in behalf of the Lord's cause, I am, my friend and co-worker,

Yours in the Royal Service of our great King,

BERTHA-CHARLOTTA DOERING.

Los Angeles, California, May 17, 1921.

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CHAPTER I.

HER GRANDMOTHER.

Orust is the name of Sweden's greatest island, located in the province of Bohuslan, the sea of the most vigorous Lutheranism. The island in question is divided into parishes, and every parish has its gray or whitewashed church, belonging to the State Church, with tower and church-bells, surrounded by a graveyard. In every well ordered parish there is a postoffice, a school house, and one or two general merchandise stores. Every parish has also a landed proprietor, sometimes two, who divide the power and the glory with the provost of the parish. Besides these named, the schoolmaster, the postmaster and the merchants belong to the "aristocracy" of the community. Perhaps I ought to add the information that the occupations of said people also constitute their titles. If for instance you were to address a letter to one of these great personages, it would not be advisable to forget this important thing. To write simply, "Mr. August Berg" or "Mr. Erik Jakobson" would not do. It must be "Mr. Merchant August Berg" or "Mr. Schoolmaster Erik Jakobson".

Outside this fashionable society life of the parish we have the common people, those that work for starvation wages on the big estates of

the great landowners. They are called cottagers, which means that they lease a small house and a parcel of land from the landlord, and in rent for this, work for him for three or four days a week. The privileges of the cottager are few indeed, his obligations many, and his outlooks for the future none. It is for him a hopeless toiling and drudging from childhood, and few there are, who at a ripe age, have reached the point that they, as a reward for a whole lifetime of slavery, can call the home and the little patch of ground their own. Their daily fare in general is potatoes and salt herring, which is eaten raw, and bread of the coarsest kind, together with coffee. Yes, the writer has visited homes where the wages of the whole family put together did not suffice even to pay for the herring and the coffee. Then they had to use only salt on the potatoes, and roasted oats served for coffee. Not to be wondered at therefore if America seems to the younger generation as a golden Canaan, the promised land of milk and honey. And if you travel among the Swedish-Americans in the northern, eastern, and western states you will find that the majority of them have come from that class. Being used to hard work from the old country, they did not become indifferent when they arrived here; but gladly and hopefully they worked, doing their best: and as they were reliable and came from a hardy and industrious

stock, it did not take long before they made headway. Usually within a short time they earned their own homes, had pianos and front porches, and were just as independent and big as their former lords in Sweden.

However, turning back to Bohuslan, I must admit that among all the Swedish provinces this particular hotbed for Lutheranism was the least beloved and most often looked down upon as something akin to an uncivilized heathen field. The missionaries of the free religious element sometimes love to dwell upon their persecutions in darkest Bohuslan. How they were received with mockery and derision. How they were pelted at their meetings with rotten eggs, dead rats and stones. How sometimes they were whipped like mischievous boys caught out on mean pranks instead of treated as the messengers of truth and peace. How it was an almost every-day experience with them in their going from house to house to be received with foul abuse, and often how they had to retreat faster than wanted in order to escape getting a pail of dish-water thrown at them or having the dogs set on their heels. How in many houses the deck of cards and the whiskey glasses occupied the most prominent place on the table, while the Bible lay dusty and forgotten on the shelf or on the bottom of the trunk.

In this province, on the island of Orust, we

find the manor of Borgholm in the Borgholm parish. At the time when this story begins the owner had died, and Mrs. Britta, his widow now ruled in a wise but somewhat autocratic manner. I will not here engage to tell of her power and efficiency, her kindness towards the working people, her piety and charitable disposition. Enough is to say that she was a great character and an exceptionally pious woman; respected and loved by her many dependents, and well known in every province on the island for her virtues and good deeds. She had two small sons, Frithiof and Hjalmar. Both were goldenhaired and blue-eyed, and gave the mother-heart great hopes; but not a long time after the father had left, the angel of death came and took away little Hjalmar. After this the all absorbing love of Mrs. Britta was centered on Frithiof, her only remaining child. With her nurse girl, the young Anna, Mrs. Britta often spoke quite openly as to her hopes and wishes in regard to the son. "I think that Frithiof in all probability will be a minister of the gospel," she repeated fondly over and over again, "It is one of my most pleasant day-dreams that either he or a child of his becomes a messenger of God."

At length the day arrived when Frithiof with great honors graduated from college, and was legally declared of age. In accordance to the last will of his father he now became the owner

of the family estate Hutten. "If Hutten were only a little closer to Borgholm," he said, as he bade goodby to his mother, "How will I ever be able to get along so far away from my own dear mamma?" He looked manly and full of life as he stood before the mother, with the hard-earned college cap on the back of his head. "God bless and keep you, my son," Mrs Britta answered, "remember that whether home or away you are ever in my heart and in my prayers:" but when she said this, she did not know how changed he was in habits of living and thinking; how he, during the last year in the big city while at college, had greedily embraced the so-called "modern lights; and how these "new thoughts" and the doctrine of "free love" had blinded his sense of honor and ensnared his soul; how wine, cigars, and loose women had played such a prominent part in his life, that by this time the association with his pious mother was for him not only unwelcome but almost unbearable. No wonder therefore, that deep down in his heart he felt quite exalted at the fact that there would be a considerable distance between the two family estates. It did not take long, however, before rumors began to reach the mother's ears about the dissolute life of her son. More and more openly his wild orgies and foolish adventures were discussed, and at the same time his letters home became fewer and colder in their tone.

Not far from Hutten was the beautiful manor of Gripsholm, and here lived the only sister of Mrs. Britta, the imperious and powerful Mrs. Emma. It was to her that the mother, bowed down and crushed in spirit, came to find help and advice. There had come to her many sleepless nights and days full of bitter sorrow and tears. "Surely it must be most important things which drive you to come such a long way as frail as you look," her brother-in-law exclaimed as he helped her out from the old family carriage. "You are right, it is important indeed," she replied somewhat tremblingly, "my son's life and eternal happiness is at stake, and for me, there is no peace until I can see his face again." "But Sister, you know he is not fit to be seen by anyone, least of all by you," protested Mrs. Emma. "Why, of course, he can always be seen by his own mother," said the sister bursting into tears, "in fact, I must see him. You will realize he is my only son and my all." "Very well, you shall see him then," the Baronet hastened to assure her, "only you ought to rest a little after your long and tiresome trip. Then in the afternoon we will take you to Frithiof. If he is sober, he will surely be made to talk to you." The uncertainty and restlessness of the unhappy mother could not, however, be endured very long, and soon the two sisters were on their way to the Hutten manor. "Let me go in first and speak to

the boy," Mrs Emma said beseechingly, "and meanwhile you can visit with Anna, his old nurse." "What, Anna, my old faithful maid, here?" said Mrs Britta, greatly surprised. "Yes, she is married to one of Frithiof's subordinates," her sister explained, "just follow the forest path and you will easily find her cottage. There is a little thing in her home which I want you to see."

Squeezed in on all sides by gray mountains lay the Vadstena Cottage. The house was painted red and looked inviting enough, surrounded as it was by blooming fruit trees and fields of grain. Down by the creek, not far from the cottage, a dark featured manly little chap was occupied with the carving of a sailboat. At his side toddled a three year old girl, golden-haired and blue-eyed. As if nailed to the ground, Mrs. Britta stood for a long while, looking down on the two children. "Very likely they belong to Anna," she assured herself, "but the girl looks exactly like Frithiof at the same age—his very picture." "The Baroness here!" exclaimed a voice beside her. "Anna, tell me, who's child is this girl?" the lady asked without taking her eyes off the child. "It is Bertha-Charlotta, the daughter of the Baron," Anna said simply and without evasion, "I have cared for her ever since she was born. In fact she was born in my cottage." "And who is her mother?" Mrs Britta asked

slowly. "Martina, his old playmate and present housekeeper." With a face pale from pain and emotion, the proud Mrs. Britta kneeled at the side of her granddaughter, taking the little one up in her arms. "God bless you, Bertha-Charlotta, and make you a blessing," she said with a suppressed sob in her voice, "may all the good and beautiful things for which I have prayed for your father come to your life instead. May you in all the days of your life walk in the road of righteousness and truth; and above all may you be saved from the mortal sin of being a Judas to your best friend, betraying the one who loves you most." As she uttered these words, the color rose in her face and the voice rang clearer and stronger, and became almost prophetic as she added, "May the virtues which I hoped to find in Frithiof, the love and faith which conquers death, and honesty and truthfulness, the traits I value highest of all, be the most prominent in your life." With a smile she then arose and placed the child in Anna's arms. "Love her as you love your own little boy," she said, "her share of father's and mother's love will be piteously small. We must therefore give her double as much of our own love and attention." Tears shone in the eyes of her faithful servant. "The Baroness knows full well that I will do my best for the little one," she said.

A few moments later Mrs. Britta stood out-

side the mansion, and her sister came down the steps to meet her. "Frithiof is only half sober and it is impossible to talk to him," she said compassionately, "it really would be far better for you to return home, and then come back some other day, when he is more fit to receive you." She stopped suddenly and gazed with surprise on her sister, noting her strange, tense look and manner. "I think it is just as well that I should see him now," she said perfectly calm and unconcerned, "it might happen, you know, that I would never get the time to come here again."

In the big drawing room where they were received by the young man, there was a strong odor of wine and tobacco, and his greeting was accompanied with oaths and abusive epithets. "No sermons, I beg of you," were his first words, "for here I am master and do just as I please." Made to feel how very unwelcome they were, their visit was cut short. "There is only one thing I would like to know," the mother said in parting, "where is your confirmation Bible?" "Will be glad to accomodate you," he said with a cruel laugh, "it has always been in the bottom of my trunk. It is still there." Then without a further word she entered the carriage, ordering the coachman to drive home. When she arrived at Borgholm it was quite late in the afternoon: and as the maid was taking from her her hat and cloak, she reeled suddenly, and would have

fallen if the girl had not been strong enough to hold her up. In answer to the girl's cry, the other servants came running in, and with loving hands Mrs. Britta was laid on a sofa. After a few minutes she looked up and there came over her face a radiance of surpassing peace and heavenly happiness. "Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done," she whispered with a transfigured face and folded hands, and as she came to the last words in the Lord's prayer, "for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever," her soul went home to God. No one did understand what the son felt or thought because of the sudden departure of his mother. He seemed thereafter to become more and more hardened, sinking deeper and deeper into the mire of sin and vice.

"Where is my wandering boy tonight—
The boy of my tenderest care,
The boy that was once my joy and light,
The child of my love and prayer?
Once he was pure as morning dew,
As he knelt at his mother's knee;
No face was so bright, no heart more true,
And none was so sweet as he.

O, where is my boy tonight?
My heart overflows, for I love him he knows,
O, where is my boy tonight?"

CHAPTER II. HER CHILDHOOD DAYS.

The read-painted cottage down in the valley really looked somewhat old, but the surroundings were much prettier. You should have been there a beautiful morning in May about twenty-seven years ago and seen what I saw down there in the valley. You should have seen the well kept, small fields and the newly budded, sweet smelling birches. You would have fallen perfectly in love with the abundance of rich colors and above all the fragrance.

Perhaps the reader like the writer has had the privilege of having seen the glory of such paradisaical places as Southern Switzerland, Southern California, Southern Arizona, Southern Texas, and Southern Florida, the glorious spots of palms and roses: but even so, you would have been compelled to admire if you had beheld the flower-covering of my little valley between the gray, mossy mountains. Yes, here between massive granite mountains and thick fir forests it was that Bertha was born and lived three years of her early life. True, her first home was only a cottager's small house, and her fostermother, "Auntie Anna," had in her younger days been nurse girl at the manor Borgholm. Yet, on the somewhat stormtossed heaven of her childhood,

old and faithful Auntie Anna was the brightest shining star . . . a real mother could never have been kinder. The young master at the mansion had always been the very apple of her eye, and when he confided his daughter to her care it became a most natural thing for her to transfer a part of that love to the little one. But, oh, how it grieved the good woman to see her beloved Baron, goodhearted and gifted as he was, tread the path to eternal destruction. Had not his mother borne the reputation of being the most God-fearing lady on the whole island? and now their Frithiof, the only son, full of those new ideas of atheism and free love, a worthy pupil of Voltaire and Ellen Key. Yes, what was more, when the noble and lovable mother pointed out to him his vicious mode of living, and that the wages of sin is death, hadn't he with biting satire and much profanity told her, that there was no God or heaven or hell; and hadn't she, the well-beloved Baroness, through the terrible mental strain been felled by a stroke of apoplexy and died without being reconciled to her erring son. Poor, tenderhearted Anna could hardly bear the thought of it all. Yet, all the more she loved his child, treating it as she would have done had she been a nurse at the mansion.

When Bertha was about three years old, her golden yellow hair, her blue eyes and tilted nose presented such a striking likeness to the haughty

father that he could not stand the sight of her on the territory of the manor; and thus it came to pass that Anna one day found herself compelled to turn her little darling over to other fosterparents. Luckily enough, Captain Soderberg was a good and kind man, and his wife was warmhearted and fond of children. They were childless themselves, had an elegant home just inside the limits of a certain city, and were more than glad to appear like a shining twin-star in the life of a little girl. Unhappily, however, this particular little girl had a temper, an inheritance from her father—she being in everything her father's daughter: and already the first day in the new home, just as Auntie Anna was preparing to bid her goodby, she began to show the fact that she had a will of her own, a very decided one at that. The old nurse had barely gotten outside the door, with one finger in each ear she couldn't hear, when the child threw herself on the floor, kicking and screaming with all her might, "I want my Anua, I want to go home, home, ho...ome....ho...ome"—but after a whipping, the first one in her young life, she consented to calm down, and soon felt at home, quite satisfied with her new mamma and papa.

Captain Soderberg now took upon himself to teach her the gentle art of reading and writing, and succeeded in this surprisingly well. It came

harder for his wife to teach the little heathen some simple fancy work. It never happened that she as a reward earned a single cookie or a piece of chocolate on account of any sewing or knitting or any other kind of housework: and never was Mrs. Soderberg rewarded with anything either. Indeed, for all her dutiful and wellmeaning attempts to teach such good and fine things she got nothing but scowls and tears and utter lamentations. The captain on the other hand always had a willing and happy pupil whenever it came to writing and reading. In fact she was considered as quite a wonderchild in this direction. When Bertha was four years old, Auntie Anna came on a visit, and what was more she had with her another woman, a most unexpected visitor. The stranger was a stately, dark complexioned woman, with hard, embittered features. Bertha, to be sure, was her child, her own flesh and blood, but she had never before seen the girl, never held her in her arms: and it was only in order to please the insistent Anna as she had come along, wholly against her own inclinations. Mrs. Soderberg anxious to show off what a miracle in reading the girl had become told the little one to read a chapter from the New Testament. The tall silent stranger seemed painfully touched when she saw the Bible in the hands of her daughter, and she made a motion as if intending to rise and take her leave, but Anna held

her back. “Love suffereth long, and is kind, love envieth not, love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemingly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Love never faileth.” The girl though too small to read the words plainly kept on without stumbling through the whole chapter, and finally came to the last verse, “And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is LOVE.” It seemed to give to this mother without love something like a torture to sit and listen as the child read the chapter of faith and hope and love. “We must go now,” she said with difficulty. “Surely you are going to kiss the girl before you go,” said Anna, the insistent, “this may be both the first and the last time.” There came something like a tear in the black eyes of the unnatural mother as she bent down, kissing the forehead of her little daughter. “Perhaps I am doing wrong in leaving her like this?” she said wistfully. “No, no, she has a better home and future where she is,” Anna reassured her quietly. “That’s true,” the mother said with a sigh, “I can not bring her up in the godless surroundings where I live.” Then as if ashamed of herself, she left with hurrying steps the place

which had witnessed the first and last glimpse of her motherheart.

In the well equipped editorial suite the two brothers Per and Jonathan were sitting. The first named was a tall, thin man with features betokening a good character. He was editor-in-chief and business manager of the most prominent religious paper in Sweden and besides enjoyed a well-earned recognition in literary circles. The younger brother, Jonathan, was associate editor and had general charge of the political department. He as a rule wrote the leading article of the day, and besides was sole editor of the Sunday Special. It was not disputed that Jonathan was a good journalist, and in some fields a livelier and better writer than the elder brother, but he lacked his brother's fine, Christian principles and sterling character. Even in outward matters he was a complete contrast to his brother, his somewhat stout, set figure giving him the appearance of the jolly, happy-go-lucky kind. "I can not make myself like the way you edit the Sunday supplement," the editor-in-chief complained somewhat impatiently, "it looks to me as mostly clippings, and not only that, but old worn out stories which most everybody has read before." "True, but what can I do with the material I have," Jonathan answered with a shrugging of his shoulders, "of course manuscripts are

pouring down every day, but needless to say most of them are not even worth the ink, and the scribblers who are any earthly good at all demand compensation; but time and again you have told me that you will not pay any honorarium for contributions to the Sunday supplement. So, there we are." "Surely you can not expect me to pay as much for fiction as we do for articles on burning, all-important questions of the day," Per protested with a little show of heat, "still, I suppose we could afford to pay a few crowns for a real good, original story if that is what you want." "Well, that is something at least," the younger brother admitted, "then perhaps you will tell the cashier to pay a five-crown-bill or two to one of my most industrious and worthy authoresses?" "Authoress," the elder brother repeated a little suspiciously, "who is she? a new love-affair?" "Call it whatever you please," Jonathan said in perfect good humor, "she is a fine friend of mine and a splendid little writer." Besides she is a head-nurse in the Hospital, using her leisure time to work for us. Her stories are taken from real life and are of a strictly religious nature. In fact all that you can wish for in that direction." The brother seemed interested, "How did you get hold of her?" he inquired. "That was easy enough," Jonathan said, "she sent her manuscripts to me, and as it was not hard to understand that the

stories came out of her own experiences, I became interested. Thus it happened that I asked her for an interview. I knew that she was on night duty and could use part of the day for her own affairs. Anyhow our good mother invited her home, and from that day on we have seen each other quite frequently. Now, on my request, she has written a story from her childhood days, and as every line is from real life, you may care to read it." "Very well," consented the editor-in-chief, "only I want you to read it to me while I am eating my breakfast. The boy from the restaurant is just coming with the tray, and I am sure you have had yours already at home with mother."

"THE REFUGE OF THE HOMELESS, written for the Sunday supplement by Bertha Charlotta," the editor began his reading from the manuscript. "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." (Psalm 27:10.) The individual make-up of a person and the circumstances of one's life generally give indication to which calling one is best suited; and if I should make an effort to find out what my particular mission in life is, I think it would be quite an easy matter to decide. Perhaps, if you follow me a little while, some of you will in the same way be able to figure out what the will of God is in your case. Of course, in the beginning of my young career, when my

powers of reflecting on things were developing, I did not see the path which was before me as clearly as I do now. The reason for this was really that I felt so hopelessly alone and kind of suspected that I was in a somewhat haphazard way thrown out in a cold, heartless world. I had never, as have the most of you, lived under the protection of a real home with a faithful mother and a kind father; but slowly, as the feeling of being forsaken took a stronghold of me, my heart began also to grope for a fostress: and who in such cases is a better refuge than He, who has said, “ Can a woman forget her child yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee.” Thus it came to pass, that the consciousness of immortality in my soul found its divine origin to be like an infinite ocean of fatherly love. Then more and more unreservedly I laid down my many perplexing problems and trials, secure in the assurance that my heavenly Father knew about it all and was perfectly able and willing to help me out. Particularly I remember two miraculous answers to prayers, which will always be connected with my earliest memories; but, maybe I should not use the word, “ miraculous.” You see it is NATURAL and in accordance with divine law for God to come to the help of His children. It would indeed be miraculous if He did not. My fosterparents lived in a city in the province of Bohuslan, and they had over the

summer left me in the care of a kind cottager on my father's estate. The wife, "Auntie Anna," had first been my father's nurse and later on mine, and there was no doubt that she would do her best to give the little city girl as pleasant a summer visit as possible. It did not, however, please my father to have me so near him and thereby risk that I, poor unwelcome child, should come in his way. Was it not enough that he paid for my education and provided me with a good home in the city, but should he also be obliged to endure the sight of me? It is not to be wondered at that his hot temper boiled over, and that he at once started to plan how he could get rid of this unpardonable nuisance. Consequently the very first morning after my arrival in the country he sent the manager of his estate to me and asked if I would not enjoy a little trip through the beautiful roads of the forest. Of course, I was glad for the chance to ride, and my happiness was without bounds, when the kind man also gave me a little kitty as a companion on the trip: and so, perfectly contented, kitty and I, we started out in the great comfortable carriage drawn by two prancing white horses. Though to begin with, the trip was very pleasant, it seemed to me after a few hours that it looked longer than a journey like that ought to do. And as kitty was becoming quite restless I ventured to ask in a cautious way, if it might not be time to

turn and go back. "Oh, no, my little lady, not yet," the man smiled reassuredly, "we must first of all go somewhere to get a bite to eat. A good friend of mine is living near here, and we had better make her a visit while we are so close by as this." Later on in the afternoon we came to a road that seemed to get very narrow, and after having tied the horses to a tree we went along a path which took us to a small gray cottage. To put it mildly, there was not much to that little hut. One could almost expect it to tumble down any minute: and sorry to say, the old woman, the owner, who came to the door to let us in was in no way an improvement on the landscape. Cold shivers went down my spine as I beheld this monster of ugliness, and in my somewhat vivid imagination I saw her as an old witch, transporting herself through the air on a broomstick. While the coffee pot was on the fire in the open hearth and the old woman looked her kindest, the driver said that although he was very thirsty for a cup of coffee, he would first go and look after the horses. Who could tell what those young horses would do when left alone, perhaps get tangled up in the reins or tear themselves loose and run away. Such things could very easily happen, and then we would have to *walk* home; and something must have happened, because the man did not come back. I waited one hour, and I waited two, but the man

never returned. He may still for all I know be roaming around in the great woods, searching for his horses. It was, however, quite a wonder that my nine years old brain did not turn in the insane fear that got hold of me, when I found myself left in the care and keeping of the old "witch." It must have been for that mission in life, of which I will speak further on, that God designed to save me.

That night I cried myself to sleep, and the following morning, before I had time to make my impressions clear, the old woman took me with her out in the woods to pick berries for breakfast.

Of course, the whole thing was a little different from what I was accustomed to in the elegant and orderly home of my fosterparents; and it surely may be forgiven me that this morning in question, I started crying afresh, while kitty at my side acted just as distressed as I, mewling piteously. This little duetto, however did not seem to be greatly appreciated by the woman. Indeed her patience must have been tried beyond endurance for I observed a somewhat threatening jerk in her sooty fist. Scared as I was I stopped the music just as the old woman without any seeming reason dealt her only daughter the blow which from the start was aimed at poor me. My fear had now reached its highest point and without further warning I set up as loud a scream

as my lungs permitted. "You miserable brat, keep quiet!" the woman hissed wrathfully, "I might as well drown you in the creek first as last." "Oh, no you better wait a while," the daughter advised sullenly, "Who knows if the gentleman at the manor cares to pay after the deed is done." "Yes, you are right," the elder woman admitted grudgingly, "he will have to turn over some more money before we go to any further trouble." After having listened to this a little too openhearted family discussion, I felt justified in resuming my howling with renewed vigor. At this the old matron, losing her patience completely, grabbed me by the nape of the neck, throwing me into a small, dirty clothes closet; and here it was that I remembered that I could not very well be in a worse predicament than that my heavenly Father knew of it, and consequently would be quite willing and able to help me out. Calmed by this growing feeling of protection, I went down on my knees asking my Father to come as quickly as possible with the needed help. Then greatly consoled, I laid myself down on the hard floor with the thought of sleeping away the time that would elapse before the one that was to get me out of that awful place would arrive: and Father, knowing as always what was needed, sent me a most merciful sleep. This was early in the morning, and I slept peacefully on until late in the afternoon. Then

I was awakened by kind friends, who laughing and crying for relief that God had not permitted them to come too late, took me up in their arms, while kitty stood by, purring happily.

One of these messengers of God was the Baroness of Gripsholm, the sister of my late grandmother, the other was old, faithful Auntie Anna. The latter had, through the intervening hand of my Heavenly Father, been informed as to the meaning of my kidnapping, and with her honest heart filled with horror and dread she had walked afoot the whole night in order to reach the manor of Gripsholm for help and advice. The lady of the manor was in many respects like her sister, the pious mother of my father, and shone all through my childhood as one of the brightest and kindest stars. With her usual determination she now made up her mind at once, and before morning dawn they were already on the way in their long search for me; and thus it came to pass that late the following afternoon I was once more on the road, but this time to meet a brighter spot than the somewhat queer idyl in the woods. In triumph and great rejoicing I was now taken to the beautiful manor of Gripsholm, and here I was permitted to remain a few weeks until I had recovered from the terrible nerve shock I had gone through. To let me return to Auntie Anna was out of question, to send me back to my fosterparents was still

worse as there raged a great controversy between them and my lordly father concerning my upbringing; and to risk my father's chagrin and anger should he find out about my stay at the manor of Gripsholm was far from advisable. After careful consideration it was finally decided to hide me away with an old maid far out among the many small isles along the coast. My new "auntie" who was seventy years of age, made her living by keeping two boarders from the mainland, one was ninety years old and the other eighty. Between these old girls my young life was made pretty nigh unendurable. They were insistent, oh, yes very much so, that I should be quiet, and they saw to it that no bad tendencies cropped out in me. Luckily enough, I was a quiet child, who did not wish for anything better than to be let alone, sitting in a corner with my books. And when I was through with my books, I always took great comfort in a stumpy lead pencil, for you must know, I was already then not only authoress but editor as well. It is true no printer's ink had as yet been bestowed on my literary creations, but neither had any merciless critic slashed my dreams to pieces.

In the late summer evenings, Aunt Tilda, as I called her, was wont to tell me sagas (myths and heroic tales of the ancient Scandinavians) so as to hinder me from straining my eyes in the dim light. Soon, however, I found that her train

of thoughts were somewhat mixed up. When I asked her brother, the light-house-keeper on our little island, about this I was told that only a few years ago she had suffered from insanity; and after that I had caught her over and over again uttering half-crazy words and acting in a queer way, I became not a little frightened. One night, for instance, when during the day I had happened to break a cup, I was awakened by her standing at my bedside with a big switch of birch in her hand. This particular switch I had time and again noticed in its proper place behind the hearth, but it had never before hovered quite as near. Somewhat stunned in the beginning I succeeded finally to recover my power of speech, demanding to know what it was all about. "Oh, I beg your pardon," said kind "Auntie Tilda" greatly embarrassed and distressed, "I am sure it is not my intention to whip you while you are awake. Yet, I am perfectly assured that you were careless with that cup and that it is my duty to chastise you accordingly; but loving you as I do I could not very well hurt you except when you are asleep." After this nightly episode I felt more frightened than ever, especially as the two other boarders were helpless and from age and sickness confined to their beds. Then it was that I in real earnest started to remind my heavenly Father about these new troubles of mine. Consequently I began soon to feel re-

assured and expectant knowing by experience that I would not have to wait long for an answer. Only a few days later, in accordance with my expectation, I received a message from my foster-parents. They wrote that they could not be without me any longer, and even if my father should become angry, I must return to the city by the next boat. Well I remember how poor Auntie Tilda went with me to the little steamer, "King Rane," and with tears in her eyes bade me farewell. A few days later her insanity broke loose again in all its violence, and with an axe she killed the two boarders as well as her brother. The people out there on the little islands tell to this day about how wonderful it was that I got away, and they say that nothing could be plainer in this particular instance than THE INTERVENING HAND OF MY HEAVENLY FATHER.

"Just to give up and rest
All on a love secure,
Out of a world that's hard at the best,
Looking to heaven as sure.

Even to hope, through cloud and fear,
In darkest night, that the dawn is near;
Just to wait at the Master's feet,
Surely now, the bitter is sweet."

I have always felt that an utmost and abso-

lute reliance on the Lord is necessary in life. Indeed I believe that there is no perfect happiness and peace in store for us until we get to the place where we have an unlimited faith in the fact that "all things work together for good to them that love God." Yet, knowing this, I must admit that my lot to be a guest and a stranger everywhere has not always been an easy one; and many a time, when wearied unto death at the outlook of ever carrying the tent-poles on my back and my home in the suitcase, I have been in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better."

For six years I worked among feeble-minded, insane, tuberculosis, and persons with other diseases. This was for me a daily reminder of the uncertainty of life, how health, youth, and beauty were subject to decay and death. The most beautiful scenes I witnessed was when a dying Christian bravely and triumphant went to meet his Maker. "Death, where is thy sting? O, grave, where is thy victory?" On the other hand, I felt an undescribable terror, when I heard and saw the anguish of the wicked in their hour of death; and with more fervor I prayed to God to let me live a righteous life, so that I might die the death of the righteous. After several years of hard hospital work, I suddenly took sick and had to undergo a dangerous operation. Completely broken down physically, and

near the brink of eternity, I felt very happy in the thought that I would soon be permitted to see the King in His glory. I was perfectly satisfied to exchange the cross for the crown, and calmly resting on the promises of God I awaited the final promotion to come up higher. While laying on the high, hard operation table, I felt as I was borne and lifted closer and closer in the arms of my heavenly Father; and when the nurse tied me down, and I looked through the glass roof up towards the blue firmament, it seemed that the white clouds were angels' wings ready to carry me home. I thought I heard dear voices sing: "Home, home, over there on yonder shore white robed hosts are waiting for me to come home." I knew that the blood of Jesus had made me clean and ready for death, and that His name would open wide for me the pearly portals of heaven.

"Why should I anxious be?
Glad day, glad day.
Light appear on the shore.
Storm will affright no more.
For He is at hand today.
Glad day, glad day.
It is the crowning day."

This time, however, I was disappointed. As yet I was not allowed to lay down the sword. My life-work was not quite ended, and the soul

was not ripe enough for harvesting. Yet, a little while was given me to fight the good cause; and as health and strength returned, I consecrated my life as never before to the service of the Lord. AND THIS I TAKE TO BE THE MISSION WHICH THE LORD HAS GIVEN ME, TO BEAR WITNESS WHEREVER I GO OF HIS FAITHFULNESS AND LOVE."

"Well, that was really a fine testimony," the Editor-in-chief said approvingly, when the brother came to the close of the manuscript, "the only thing that puzzles me is that a girl like that can find any pleasure in a company such as yours." "You are very frankspoken, are you not?" the younger man replied somewhat nettled, "as for Bertha, you need have no worry. She has already given me the cold shoulder and intends to go to Lapland as a missionary in a day or two." "God bless the girl," the other one exclaimed heartily, "I will tell the cashier to send her fifty crowns as my contribution to a good cause."

CHAPTER III.
HER FOUR YEARS AMONG THE
FEEBLE-MINDED.

"Hello, girls, have you heard that we have gotten two new attendants today?"

"What is it you are saying, Hannah? Have you seen them?"

"Yes, the Superintendent, Miss Holmquist herself, has just brought them to the institution. The name of the one is Signy, and she is the daughter of a school teacher somewhere in Dalecarlia; the name of the other is Bertha, and she is like Melchizedek in this, that no one knows where she is from, as she seems to have neither parents nor genealogy."

"Like him in years too?" queried one of the nurses.

"Oh, no, no!" expostulated Hannah, with a grimace. "She is merely a half-grown kid, perhaps sixteen at the most, and Signy is of about the same age, although not so hopelessly childish as the other. And just to think that those kids are to take the places of the old attendants! Miss Holmquist said that they would be allowed to try halls "3" and "4" in the First Division, and that they were to be placed on duty this afternoon. I have just this to say, that the honorable Superintendent will have to look after the new specimens herself; I don't worry my brains as

to how they manage their halls. Besides, they will of course be companions to those in the attendants' room of the Division, so that no one of us need have anything to do with them. But hurry up, you girls who are to go on duty! Our scant noon recess is already at an end, and we have to be off and relieve the forenoon guard."

Four of the attendants answered the call, and all wended their way through the magnificent, extensive park belonging to the institution. Arriving in the vicinity of a large open space, about in the center of the woods, they saw that the forenoon guard were resting with their charges, being weary after a long promenade, and Miss Holmquist with the new attendants had joined them.

"Did you hear of the peasant who came to see the Superintendent the other day, and when he at last found her, lifted up his voice and spoke and said: 'Have I the honor to talk to the head idiot?'"

"Hold your tongue, Hannah," hissed attendant Emma, "you exaggerate like a trooper and he like an author! Don't you see that Her Grace has her eyes on us, and we have to try and look devout?"

"What, you curtsy so profoundly already!" continued Emma, with a giggle, as Hannah in her eagerness to scan and criticise the newcomers

nearly turned a somersault over a stump that lay in her path.

Attendants Anna and Johanna walked quietly conversing at some distance from the other two. "Poor children," said the latter, sympathetically, "no doubt they have left their homes for the first time, and of course they have come here with no conception of what it means to care for idiots."

"I too feel sorry for them," replied Anna, "and we must do what we can to protect them from Hannah's and Emma's influence. As you know, we have prayer meeting in our attendants' apartment tonight, after we have put our children to bed, and we can commence by inviting them. Maybe both of them are Christians."

"And if not," suggested Johanna, "they may become such."

Poor little Signy and Bertha! It was by no means easy for them to adapt themselves to their new surroundings. They had never before seen a feeble-minded person, and to be all of a sudden brought in the midst of a hundred yelling and absurdly acting idiots was an experience that threatened to overthrow their composure. A boy of about the same age as the new attendants was the first one to present himself. On his exceedingly slender and unsteady legs he skipped toward them with incredible speed.

"Wha—wha—what is your name?" he yelled

in the most excited manner putting his long, lean arms about Signy's neck. "M—m—my n—n—name i—is Ri—Ri—Richard."

"Don't be afraid," said the Superintendent, noticing the frightened girl's pallid face as she vainly strove to liberate herself. "Richard is one of our very nicest boys."

"Come here to Aunt Alma," she continued, addressing the constantly chattering boy, "and promise me always to be kind and obedient to your new attendants."

The next sight was a woman of fifty years, whose lower extremities were completely paralyzed. She sat in a high basket chair, and her head was abnormally large and ugly, in shape resembling that of a horse.

"Aunt Alma, Aunt Alma, come here to little Ebba," prattled the old woman, while the saliva flowed in a broad stream down her chin.

"Look here, this is Ebba," said Miss Holmquist. "She is a daughter of one of our most brilliant women writers and is the pet of us all. And as she sleeps in the Little Children's Hall No. 3, Sister Bertha will have her in charge. As you see, poor Ebba is entirely helpless, and she has to be lifted several times a day. She is pretty heavy and troublesome, but I guess you can manage her."

"How do you do, Miss Holmquist!" said a manly voice. "Oh, yes, these are the new at-

tendants. My name is Uno Verner. I belong to a wealthy and prominent family; my brother owns a large business establishment in Stockholm and is personally acquainted with the king. I play all kinds of instruments and have myself a guitar, harp, flute, and organ. Besides I live in the Sylvan Cottage and have an attendant of my own. You are most welcome to visit me there." And courtesly doffing his cap he walked away with a dignified manner.

"Can that really be an idiot?" asked Signy, under her breath.

"Yes, he is one of the children," said the Superintendent with a winning smile. "You see, my young friend, we never use the word 'idiot'; we prefer to call them 'children', and no matter how old they get they always remain children in understanding."

"That reminds me," said Signy, thoughtfully, "of a sexton who used to show particular reverence for an idiot who was in the habit of attending the services in his church. On being asked why he always bowed so much deeper to the feeble-minded man than to any one else, he replied: 'Because his understanding is with God.'"

"Yes, therein lies a profound truth," said the Superintendent, gravely, "and none has a better claim to the kingdom of heaven than these unfortunate and defenseless people, whose only, but great, advantage lies in their childlike faith

in God. They are not so 'wise' that they can entertain doubts concerning the Lord's existence. It is often touching to behold their childlike confidence in His loving care and hear their simple child prayers. But to return to Uno, regardless of his childish self-conceit, he is really a talented musician. He is master of almost any instrument, and although entirely ignorant of notes his ear is nearly infallible, and yet, though a man of thirty years, he is a child in every other respect. We have another boy of his age, who also is in a way a genius. He draws and paints the most beautiful sketches, and one of his paintings took a large prize at one of our provincial exhibits. Not long ago he made me a present of a drawing of the institution, including all its seven buildings, and it was indeed a masterpiece. We have also some older girls, who are daily occupied with the most intricate embroideries, and several of their articles have taken prizes at the annual provincial exhibit. We have also a manual training department, where most of the older boys execute many and amirable pieces of workmanship. But regardless of this fact they can never be turned loose to shift for themselves but must always be led, watched, and treated as children."

"What a dreaming, beautiful face!" remarked Bertha, pointing to a girl of fifteen years, who was sitting meekly on a stump with her hands devoutly folded.

“Oh, that is little Eva,” replied Miss Holmquist, smiling, “she is our nightingale. No one can have a prettier voice than she.”

“Who talks about Eva? Eva is a good girl today! Eva asks who it is that talks about her. Yes, she does! Eva wants to know . . .”

“Doesn’t Eva know me today?” asked Miss Holmquist, gently interrupting her.

“Is it Attendant Anna? Or Millan, maybe?”

“Can’t you see it is Aunt Alma?” cried a brave boy who was standing near by.

“Oh, yes, it is Aunt Alma! Eva has been good today! Maybe papa will come and see Eva soon, she is so good. Shall I sing a song now, because Eva is so good?” So saying she stroked her cheek and began to sing: “Tryggare kan ingen vara än Guds lilla baraskara.” (Safe in the arms of Jesus.)

The two newcomers stood with tears in their eyes when the little songstress had finished.

“How beautiful!” exclaimed Signy; “but I fail to understand how she can remember all the verses without hesitating on a word.”

“It is really surprising,” replied Miss Holmquist, “how easily she retains entire songs in her memory whereas she can never remember, for instance my name or that of her attendant, although she has heard them hundreds of times.”

“The most of the children look cheerful and happy,” remarked Signy.

“ Yes, they do not know much about the cares of the world. It was different, however, some fifty years ago, when there was not in our entire country a real home for feeble-minded, but they were most generally quartered on the poor farm, where they were exposed to the worst kind of neglect, as well as contempt and abuse. My predecessor, Miss Carlgren, was pioneer in the field of caring for the feeble-minded in this country, and she it was who founded this, the first largest, and, I may add, the most modern institution of its kind in Sweden. Now we have a state institution for the care of the feeble-minded in every province, and the commissioners of the various provinces are charged with the duty of seeing to it in the most particular manner that the feeble-minded children get proper protection and care. Miss Carlgren was an instrument chosen by God to champion the cause of these unfortunates. She lived and died a saint, loved and honored by all classes of society.”

“ But,” concluded the Superintendent with a sigh, “it was no easy matter to take up her cloak and satisfy the demands that were placed on the successor. Still I have endeavored to do my duty, not laboring as an eye-servant to please men, but seeking to serve the Lord in these His least brethren, knowing that what we do for them we also do for Him. ‘Their angels always behold the face of the heavenly Father.’”

“ However, I must return to my office. The city parson, who is also president of the institution, is coming here in the afternoon and will hold evening services in the chapel, where the attendants gather with their children morning and evening. There are various things I might add respecting your work, but I will now turn you over to the older attendants. The most of our attendants are sincere Christians, who have a deep sense of their responsibility and their obligations toward the children entrusted to their care and perform their work as before the Lord. We have, for instance, ‘ Charlotte in the Sylvan Cottage ’ with her twelve grown boys, and if any one can be said to be perfectly faithful and devoted to her calling, it is she. For more than twenty-five years she has stood at the same post as a real mother to these boys, who oftentimes try one’s patience very hard. But I have never found her anything but happy and contented with her task. Besides her we have the attendants Mathilda, Mary, and Christine, with others, who have all performed a most meritorious and praiseworthy work for 25 or 30 years. At present, however, we have some younger attendants who have not yet seen fit to devote themselves wholly to the interests of the institution and the children. And yet we cannot remove them as long as they discharge their duties properly and treat the children well.”

Miss Holmquist now introduced the two young attendants to the four on duty.

"Your new companions," she said, "can for the present accompany you as two extras till they get somewhat acquainted with the children." And as Sisters Anna and Johanna have charge of apartments "1" and "2" of the same Division as Sisters Bertha and Signy, I commend them to you in the most particular manner, asking you to aid them as much as possible, informing them as to their various duties till they can perform them unaided."

Miss Holmquist had barely taken her leave when an elderly lame man made haste to pay his respects to the young attendants.

"I have the honor of introducing Mr. Theodore Erikson," said Hanna with a mischievous leer. "In the first place he is one of our most appreciated shoemakers, and above all the famous lecturer of the institution, universally admired for his fluency of speech and eloquence."

Theodore bowed, evidently greatly flattered.

"It is always a pleasure," he said, "to be recognized for what one really is, and as we are excused from shoemaking today I have decided to divert you this afternoon by means of a discourse on practical matters. Concert Master Uno Verner and some of our principal musicians have kindly proffered their services for the entertainment, and it is needless to say, that we have

arranged this festival in honor of the new attendants. We therefore hope to see you one and all in the large playroom after drinking coffee."

All promised to be there, and at the appointed hour were ushered to their respective places on benches running along the walls, while in the middle of the room, on chairs, sat the stolid looking concert company with the limping lecturer, now wearing a flower in his buttonhole.

The opening selection was:

"Bah! Bah! Lamb so white!

Have you any wool?

Yes, yes, little child!

See, the sack is full!"

"Catch on?" whispered the incorrigible Hanna. Evidently it is the new attendants who are the 'lambs.' Those songbirds of ours always take pretty good aim."

The next selection was:

"On starlit Christmas morning

To Bethlehem I go."

"Didn't I tell you so?" grinned Hannah. "Aren't they showing discernment and taste in their choice songs? Can you imagine anything more impressive than a Christmas carol in the middle of summer? But something still more touching you might have witnessed once last year. Miss Holmquist had been absent for a

year or more on a study tour through Europe. Her object was, of course, to study idiocy and observe how it was disposed of in other countries, so that she might use her knowledge on us poor creatures at home. Well, with united effort we raised a portal of honor at the main entrance when the day of her arrival drew near. We made special efforts to fix up a song of welcome, which we did our utmost to pound into those heads which we deemed promising enough. When at last the hour had arrived and the driver had driven to the station to get the object of our longings, we were all, children and attendants, lined up in two long rows, one on each side of the driveway leading to her house. Then, time and again, we impressed on the minds of all, that as soon as the leader said 'one, two, three,' all should join in the song of welcome. And to be real sure of their obedience we represented to them that if they would sing real nice, Aunt Alma would undoubtedly, in honor of the day, serve extra good afternoon coffee with belongings. I guess so! When the cab with Miss Holmquist passed beneath the portal of honor and the leader's baton was raised, 'one, two—' a voice began:

'Up through the air, across the deep sea, and over the earth in tempestuous flight,' and to stop them when they had once got a start was, of course, impossible, so the song of welcome

had to be reserved for a more suitable occasion."

"We have today the sad duty of welcoming a couple of child attendants who, so to speak, are not yet dry behind the ears," began Theodore Erikson, and thereupon he went on with a flood of incoherent nonsense which neither the peals of laughter from the attendants nor the remarks of the more sensible children could stop. But at last his eloquence exhausted itself, and some one in the crowd began to sing:

"Mother's little Ole went to the woods."

After this final song all trooped out.

Later in the evening, however, there was a really solemn hour in the chapel, when the parson spoke in a sincere manner in words easily comprehended by the majority of the congregation. And before as well as after the discourse the rich tones of the organ accompanied the song of the children. The Superintendent followed the new attendants to their department in order to aid and encourage them in their new duties, and soon all the children sat in their beds, ready to say their evening prayers.

"Now fold your hands," commanded Miss Holmquist. "God, who lovest"

"God, who lovest children all," repeated the children, "Watch and keep me, lest I fall, And, where'er on earth I wander, Lead me to my home up yonder. God bless Aunt Alma, God bless our teachers, God bless our attendants."

“And may the Lord especially help and bless the new attendants,” added Miss Holmquist with a smile.

“God bless our new attendants,” repeated the children.

A half year had passed since Signy and Bertha took up work in the Johannesberg Institute for the Feeble-minded. They were now well acquainted both with the children and the work, and on the whole they were content with their lot.

It was in the year 1907, and the spiritual awakening which then passed over the country had left its impress also on the personnel of the institution. Several of the attendants, who during the evenings had attended the revival meetings in the city, had been led to a happier spiritual life with God, which was especially noticeable in their every-day life among their comrades and the children. The clergy of the town worked hand in hand with a couple of visiting laymen, and one of the latter sometimes led the customary services in the meeting-house. As he frequently found some difficulty in expressing himself, he used to have recourse to certain queer guttural sounds. In particular he seemed to have a strange partiality for the phrase “one thing and another.” So it happened that young Attendant Bertha sat night after night, when he had the

word, and thought: "Here it comes!" And come it did—"one thing and another." At last, when she could stand it no longer, she took courage and asked him to choose some other auxiliary phrase, which, after many fruitless efforts, he succeeded in doing. But as his choice fell on "My brethren and sisters," she was still sorely vexed in her honest endeavors to keep sober, for as a rule his little audience consisted entirely of "sisters."

Then came the autumn of 1907, when the above mentioned "Sister Johanna" felt called to go out as a Bible woman, and accordingly left the institution in order to take up studies in a Bible school. In consequence of this Signy was transferred to Sister Anna's Division, and Bertha got a new room mate. The new angel of mercy came from the Samaritan Home in Upsala and let on that she was no dunce when it came to institute or hospital life. Alma Svenson was quite an independent individual, but she was both handsome and warmhearted, though she was full of fun and mischief. And it was not long before she had both Bertha and the rest under her influence. One day Bertha was making the children's beds in her hall, singing as she did so:

"There's sunshine in my soul today

More glorious and bright . . ."

But poor Bertha had no ear for music, and her singing was sadly out of tune—sometimes up in the skies, sometimes down in the dust of the

earth. While thus occupied she was surprised by Alma.

"Your voice isn't bad at all," she said, "but you shouldn't fidget up and down like that. Take it more easily and evenly. Listen to me." And Alma sounded her nightingale voice while Bertha stood beside her admiring and supremely happy, for if there was anything that girl loved it was good music and singing. In this way Alma conquered a large place for herself in Bertha's heart. She could have followed her in any kind of mischief in order to be rewarded with a song.

One evening after the children had been put to bed Alma came with a brilliant scheme.

"Anna and Signy are to have coffee in their room tonight on some unknown pretext," she said, "and as they have evidently forgotten about our existence, I have thought that we might come unbidden. I am sure you will have no objection towards returning good for evil and giving them a pleasant evening entertainment."

"Of course not," promptly assured Bertha. "What is your scheme?"

"Nothing less than that we are to arrange for a serenade outside of their room, and I have prepared a number that's just fine. We will take Magnus's big scrub pan that is out in the shed and place it in their vestibule, and perhaps you will be kind enough to wind our alarm-clock as far as it will go and make it go off just as you

put it on the tin pan. Then you stand by and mew like a half score of mad cats while I wrap some tissue paper about a comb and elicit as sweet tones as possible. But get a move on you before Miss Holmquist comes and makes her round."

"Alma, what will she say if she comes?"

"What about it, you little idiot! Are you afraid? When did that begin?"

"I tell you I am not afraid," maintained Bertha warmly, "but you know I think a lot of her and . . ."

"Now listen, you childish brat," said Alma with a sternness that brought conviction, "we will not offend her in the least. We have just finished our work for the day, and the night guard has gone on duty. Besides the children sleep like logs, and no one can forbid us to have a little fun."

But during Alma's and Bertha's preparations for the evening entertainment Attendants Anna and Signy were sitting in their room together with some of their most intimate Christian friends from the city. They sang, to the accompaniment of their guitars, several of their favorite songs, such as:

"I left it all for Jesus;
 My heart—I left it too.
 Not I, but He, shall keep it,
 He formed it all anew."

Then, after reading a chapter out of their Bibles and exchanging thoughts on what they had read, they all knelt in prayer. It bid fair to become a blessed and inspiring prayer meeting, when suddenly they were interrupted by a deafening crash accompanied by a most unearthly mewing and grating. Frightened and pale, the praying ones sprang to their feet.

"It must be the evil one himself who is causing this disturbance," said one of the visitors, trembling and weak-kneed.

"At least a couple of his tools, if not himself," suggested Anna.

The next moment they had opened the door to the vestibule and recognized the poor offenders. Needless to say, the two musicians looked as if they had wished to be at least half a mile under ground.

"We didn't know that you had visitors," they stammered, blushing furiously.

"Yes, and prayer meeting besides," said Signy with somewhat of her father's school-master-tone. "You have plainly gone on the devil's errand tonight in disturbing us in this hair-raising manner."

"It may all end well," said one of the visitors, "if you will take your alarm clock and tin pan away and then come back and confess your sin before God and join in our prayer meeting."

"Yes, and we are certain that you would not

have done this if you had known what we were doing," added Anna with one of her kindest and sunniest smiles.

The two unhappy girls obeyed, meekly carrying off their musical instruments and promising to return.

"Are they Christians?" asked one of the visitors sympathetically.

"No, Alma at least is not saved, although we hope soon to win her over on the Lord's side," replied Anna. "As to Bertha we are not in the clear. At least she has no control of her haughty and stormy temper. Otherwise she has, as far back as she can remember, prayed to God and loved His people."

Alma and Bertha returned completely humiliated and broken in spirit, and the meeting ended with great rejoicing, for they both sought and found pardon and peace.

For some of the newly saved, however, it was not so easy to begin at once to practice their religion in their daily life. They lived in a kind of intoxication that seemed to give them the idea that they were now above their former duties and every-day interests. Now they wanted to sing songs and read devotional literature in the day time and in the evenings put the children to bed as soon as possible, that they might hurry off to the meetings. There they could keep on with testimony, singing, and protracted meeting till late

at night. As a result, the next day they were far too tired and sleepy to pay proper attention to their work, which was performed in a rather perfunctory manner.

The Superintendent, who always seemed awake to the interests of the Lord in the place where He had placed her, was frequently constrained to administer a rebuke to the delinquent attendants, which, however, was not always taken in good grace. She was herself an elderly experienced Christian and knew that the work which God has given us is by no means a side issue, but on the contrary something which we should make the best possible use of to His glory.

In contrast with her companions, Bertha was not much given to either singing or readings postils; still it was somewhat difficult for her to live always in the world of reality. Her dreaming thoughts flitted around here and there in the world, and in the pocket in her white attendant's apron she always had pen and writing paper in readiness. For sometimes the poetic spirit came upon her, and of course she could not let it go by unheeded. Whenever the summer weather permitted the attendants took a promenade during the day with the children in the extensive Johannesberg Park. In the meantime it was nothing uncommon to see several of the guards cluster together, deplly absorbed in matters of their own concern, while Bartha sat by herself

far away in dreamland. As a rule the children played around them in an orderly manner, but occasionally one of the most independent would stray out of sight.

"Bertha, do you see Annie or Eric?" it would come from the trio.

"Naw!" she would reply in a quite distant manner.

"But what on earth are you doing, since you do not look after the children?" they would ask in sudden alarm.

"Writing poetry!" was the laconic reply. "What are you doing?"

Practicing a farewell song for our pastor," explained one of the trio with a sigh, "but one can never serve God in peace! Now we have to squander our precious time by hunting that youngster."

One day Alma came with beaming face.

"Do you know, Bertha," she said, "Miss Holmquist told us today that a head attendant had been engaged to help her regulate the work, and the best of all is that she is a Christian."

But Bertha was suspicious and would not be carried away by the general rejoicing.

"You will see that the days of gladness are at an end," she said gloomily.

The day came when the Superintendent installed the new head attendant, "Sister Ljung," and everything looked promising for a week or

two. The new member of the staff was awake and observant, but kept quiet and pleasant until her fast growing plans had reached maturity. One day the intelligence spread like wildfire to all the buildings of the institution that the attendants that evening were invited for coffee and prayer meeting to Miss Ljung's. The majority of those invited had made preparations to go to the revival meetings in the city, but as no one wanted to be discourteous they all made their appearance at the appointed time in the head attendant's room. To the surprise of all and the horror of Bertha they found great heaps of clothes piled up.

"Sit down and make yourself at home," beamed the hostess. "We shall surely pass a pleasant evening together, especially as we are in position to accomplish a needed missionary work and thus combine business with pleasure. Our seamstresses here are so loaded down with sewing that it will doubtless be a pleasure to you to lighten their work. The clothes you see here belong to your children and need mending; therefore let us go to work with united efforts. In the meantime we can encourage one another with suitable songs, and one of us can read to the rest out of some good book. Afterwards we will have prayer meeting and refreshments."

The guests felt bitterly disappointed. What kind of a new arrangement was that—sit and

mend rags during recess—did you ever hear anything like it! But there was nothing to do but to keep in good humor and try to look happy. All could sew except Bertha, who scarcely knew how to hold a needle. In this Sister Ljung instructed her with exemplary patience, while her awkward pupil put on such an air of martyrdom that her companions almost forgot their own wretchedness for the pleasure of beholding the tragic expression of her face. The first sewing bee was not the last, but more and more of the attendants dropped out, and at last so few attended these gatherings that they had to be discontinued. Miss Ljung was not so easily discouraged, however, and if the attendants didn't want to give up their evenings, she argued, they ought at least to be willing to spend the spare moments from their ordinary work in the sewing room. Only a few of the older attendants would put up with the new regulations; the rest knew no bounds to their indignation. And Bertha showed the most revolutionary tendency of them all. If they had only been asked to do something else! But to mend rags! Could anything more senseless be imagined! The head attendant seemed to have a special liking for her too. If she tried to steal away to her room after finishing her day's work, Miss Ljung would unfailingly descend on her like a thunderbolt with her hateful: "Won't Sister be so kind and help us in the sewing room

now, unless you are occupied with something more important?" Undoubtedly there were numerous things which in Bertha's eyes were much more important, but convinced as she was that the materialistic head attendant was incapable of judging of the value and importance of more intellectual pursuits, she saw that she had no choice but to suffer in silence and patience.

One day when Sister Ljung as usual had picked her up Bertha was still further exasperated by finding the sewing room empty.

"Where are the rest of the attendants?" she asked, very near the boiling point.

"They had to darn their children's socks," replied Miss Ljung in a mildly evasive tone, "and they preferred to sit in their rooms and do it."

"I can imagine they are darning socks," the poor girl hissed within herself, her exasperation becoming acute at the recollection that her companions that afternoon were to have a little coffee party all to themselves. And here she had to sit, alone and forsaken, with this terrible woman, with her mania for sewing! No wonder Bertha went to work with bitter thoughts in her heart and a threatening storm-cloud on her brow!

"A saint could tire of this constant mending of rags, rags," she said to herself. "I might as well hand in my resignation first as last! In the

name of common sense, is there no other place where I can stay than here at Johannesburg?"

"What are you working on?" Miss Ljung asked mildly.

"Mending a pair of old trousers," replied Bertha with extreme disgust.

But the head attendant was undismayed. She drew closer in order to better examine the garment.

"My dear child, what is this like?" she said almost sternly. "You are sewing on a shirt sleeve instead of a trouser leg . . ."

But Bertha's temper was already boiling over. "You are the most unendurable person on earth," she sputtered with a little stamp of the foot, "to force a poor creature to this disgusting work, which I am neither used to nor understand!"

Sister Ljung stared at her for a moment, then went and sat down on her chair by the sewing machine, leaned her head in her hands and burst into tears. Bertha's temper cooled off instantly; she felt ashamed and humiliated.

"Why do you cry?" she stammered penitently. Please don't cry! Forgive me!"

"Oh, child," sobbed Miss Ljung, "I have all this time that you have hated me loved you with a mother's love and only sought your welfare. I have sought to teach you that for a Christian no occupation is too simple, for our Savior has by

His example honored and hallowed labor. We must remember, that all that we do in word or deed must be done in the name of the Lord and to His glory. He does not look at the greatness of our calling but at our faithfulness, and only by conscientiously accomplishing the least as well as the greatest of our daily tasks do we prove ourselves to be His true followers. And he that is not faithful in the least will never be entrusted with anything greater."

From that day Bertha was a different individual and Sister Ljung's right hand in the work. No one could be more willing to employ every spare moment in the sewing room, and no one showed greater diligence or skill there than she. But it was not with altogether pure feelings of joy that her companions watched the change. One day, as she sat by the dinner table, as many as possible gathered behind her chair and uttered cries of astonishment.

"To think that it has gone so far with her already!" said some in hushed tones.

"You will see that she hasn't a long time left," said a couple of others as if with suppressed tears.

"Yes, she is too good for this sinful world," sobbed the rest.

Bertha laughed: "What are you fussing about? What's the matter?"

"We are not fussing at all," replied one with

mock indignation. "We are simply admiring your quickly sprouting angel wrings."

"But why this flattering and touching attention just today?" queried the new-made angel.

"Because we have heard that Sister Ljung is going away on her summer vacation and that you in her absence are to have charge of the sewing room."

Four years Bertha was employed as attendant at Johannesberg, and this period was quite happy and carefree. The majority of the feeble-minded were in good health, but there was also an invalid department, where Death at times paid his visits. However, the death-beds at which the attendants had to be present were devoid of horror or mourning. These invalids as a rule had no idea of what death meant, and without anguish or fear they quietly fell asleep to awaken in the bright land where no longer a body ravaged by disease should stand in the way of their spiritual development; and to the surviving relatives their departure was generally a relief, a blessing in disguise. Yet some of these children had parents who loved them more tenderly than if they had been normal children; and whether these feeble-minded were blessed with a handsome form or were deformed in the extreme, they were their parent's darlings. Yet, however beloved these children might be, there

was no one who cared to hinder their spirit's flight when it finally soared to a fairer and better world. Sometimes, when one stood contemplating such a finished life, the thought would come to one's heart: "What purpose has this child's life served?" It is something we can not fully explain, but there is every reason to believe that it served some purpose, conscious or unconscious. In the first place it seems that the very sight of these feeble-minded ought to inspire every normal person with gratitude to God for his own great privileges. And in the second place, if these unfortunates had been born normal, perhaps they would not have employed their gifts to the glory of the Creator. Was it not then a greater grace of the Lord to cast a veil over their understanding than to allow them to use it in all its vigor in the service of sin? Oftentimes also a feeble-minded child is a punishment and a reprimand for the sinful life of the parents. Thus one family, in which both the father and the mother were drunkards, had furnished the institutions with five sons, all of whom were hopeless idiots. Finally the helpless condition of these children gave both attendants and relatives abundant opportunity for the exercise of patience in the service of love. Nor is the work among the feeble minded of less importance than the care of the sick and unfortunate with normal minds.

During Sister Bertha's last year at Johannesburg a new king ascended the throne of Sweden, and the new ruler made the customary tour of the country. He visited also the town in whose outskirts Johannesburg is situated. The governor of the province happened to be a warm supporter of the institution and president of the board of directors, and he gave us an inkling that he, with King Gustaf, would make a hasty inspection of the institution. Accordingly a portal of honor was raised at the great entrance, and the entire personnel, with the children in their holiday attire, were lined up on both sides of the road. Among all whose brains were somewhat developed, there was, of course, intense excitement at the prospect of something so grand as to behold His Royal Majesty at close quarters. Only the superintendent, who during her study tour had been granted audiences in some of the royal houses of Europe, knew that the king was a very human personality and not so altogether different from other mortals. Each of the children had picked a bouquet of wild flowers for the purpose of strewing them in the king's path when he arrived. It was a hot summer's day, and poor King Gustaf was compelled to stand for hours on the market place listening to flowery speeches. Among others there was a very conceited school teacher who was determined at any cost to shake hands with the king. He had pre-

pared a little speech, but he got off in the very beginning, and could only stammer: "Mister King!" Anyhow, the no less loving subjects at Johannesburg had to stand and wait for the monarch for full two hours. In the meantime the flowers wilted and faded. But when finally the high guest arrived the suspense was at an end, and it was doubtful if King Gustaf ever met with a more impulsive and ceremonious reception than was tendered him on this occasion. Nearly every one of the children extended their hands to him with the wildest enthusiasm, giving him the most cordial handshakes. But before he could shake hands with them they had, of course, to be relieved of the poor dead flowers which they were eager to present to him. That the withered greens were to be placed under his feet and not in his hands they had long since forgotten. But no one need think that the king frowned on the meager token of love or allowed even one flower to fall to the ground. On the contrary he looked as glad and appreciative as if they had presented him with the most beautiful roses, and at last, when he returned with the governor to his automobile, he had his arms full of daisies, bluebottles, and forget-me-nots, which he took along with him on his journey. And when the king of Sweden did not despise or reject the demonstration of the feeble-minded children, how much more tender must be the

heart of the King of kings! How often we feel downhearted and sad because our sacrifice of love to the Lord is so insignificant and unworthy! But if it really is the best of which we are capable, we can feel assured that He will never disdain our service of love to Him.

Something analogous to this royal condescendence is related of a gentleman who one day returned to his home after an extended trip. He was the happy father of two bright boys, but he had also a little girl who was feeble-minded. The two normal children had each picked a bouquet of beautiful, fragrant flowers, which they presented to their father. Their little unfortunate sister tried to imitate them and held out a little bundle of sticks and straw, saying: “Take my bouquet too, Papa!” With tears in his eyes the father pressed her to his heart and tenderly placed her sticks in a flower vase on his desk. The little girl did what she could to show her love for her father, and he was not slow to appreciate it.

“Let the little ones come unto Me!”

Said the Savior, “and hinder them not!
For in heaven my Father they see,
And on earth, too, not one is forgot.”

CHAPTER IV.
SHE STARTS OUT ON HER
MISSIONARY CAREER.

"But Jonathan how is it that you never take time for prayer meeting and so seldom seem interested in religious things? At times I even feel as if you were not a Christian, and this uncertainty is day by day getting harder and heavier."

"Bertha, Bertha, what is the use of taking everything so dreadfully serious? Suppose I am unable to measure up fully to the common practical type, what are you going to do about it? Throw me over?"

"You, an editor of a religious paper, not being a true Christian," she said, not without a certain coldness in her voice. "Then you would be nothing less than a humbug, a deceiver of the public." "Really, you must not worry your dear head on that account," he protested smilingly, "I assure you, my dear brother Per supplies the paper with all the religion that is needed."

"Well, there is at least one thing which I now am more able to decide," the girl said in a somewhat milder tone, "and that is, that the last hindrance for my outgoing as a missionary is taken away. God willing, I shall resign my position in the hospital today and leave for Lap-

land, the Artic Circle, on the first of next month." "Child, you are out of your mind. Surely you must understand there is no sense in such a sudden decision," he exclaimed, "at least there is no use of any further planning till I have had chance to speak to the prince about your outlooks in the mountains. You know just as well as I do that he is quite an important factor in the different missionary branches for Lapland. No one can give you better advice than he can in regard to your work there: and do I need to remind you of your promise to become my wife in case he should advise you not to go? As a sincere Christian you must look upon a promise like that as entirely too sacred to break, especially as you knew that my life and eternal happiness depends on it." "No, Jonathan, I do not consider my promise as binding. You know full well, I gave it thinking that you were a true-blue Christian. The Word of God forbids me to bind myself to an unbeliever. There would come no good, neither for you or me, out of a marriage in direct opposition to God's plainly spoken will. As to the prince, haven't I for weeks been waiting for you to speak to him in regard to my plans? Finally when you seemed to keep on postponing the matter indefinitely, what could I do but go ahead and write to him myself?"

"Oh, of course not! How could I expect you to consider me and my feelings in the

matter?" retorted the man bitterly, "that once you seemed to care for me a little . . ."

"Please, Jonathan, be reasonable," interrupted the girl pleadingly, "do not make our parting harder than it is already. If you are honest, you will easily see that our interests and views of life are entirely too different to make us suitable for each other. Besides, the Lord has so clearly called me to go to the mission field that I would under no circumstances dare to withdraw. Yesterday I had a lengthy visit from the prince's private secretary, and through her I obtained all the information and advice I have need of. I have also, during the last few weeks, repeatedly been visited by the pastor of our church; and he not only encourages me, but has offered help and assistance in every possible way. You see I am going out as the very first missionary of our congregation." She stopped and looked at him beseechingly, "You must understand that I can not do otherwise," she continued, "why can not you then become resigned to the inevitable? Why may we not part as friends?"

"Yes, let us at least remain friends," he said deeply moved, "and do not forget to pray for me. Believe me, I would like to share your childlike faith if I only could."

Seven years later it came to pass that Sister Bertha conducted some missionary meetings in

the city of Toronto, Canada ; and after a Sunday night meeting a lady missionary from Mongolia came and introduced herself. "When I was in Mongolia," she said, "I worked together with one of your country women. She had a brother who was editor for a large Swedish Daily, and a few years ago in behalf of his paper, he made a trip to the different missionary fields. In due course he also arrived at our station to visit his sister."

"I used to know him quite well," Bertha said, "and for years I prayed daily for the salvation of his soul."

"Then you may thank the Lord for granting your prayers," the Mongolia missionary replied, "I have just received the good news from my co-worker that her brother has finally been converted, and that just now he is preparing to marry a missionary whom he got acquainted with while in India."

"How like my Father that is," exclaimed the heavenly princess delightedly, "He does not only answer my prayers, but he also gives me the most pleasing and welcome surprises."

On the first day of March in the year of 1913, she started out for Lapland, her heart yearning for the neglected nomade people of this extraordinary land of snow and ice. Lapland is as you may know, the land of the Laplanders and

the reindeers, the land of winter, the land of the long night, and the land of the midnight sun. On her way to the mountains of perpetual snow, she stopped for a while in a small city of the Northland. From this city as her headquarters, she made daily trips to the surrounding country places. She went from house to house, spreading good Christian literature and talking to every one she met concerning the welfare of their souls. She loved to visit the hospitals and the poorhouses, and was very happy when she had the great privilege and honor to lead some poor, restless soul to Jesus, the wonderful haven of peace and joy unspeakable. Yet, one early afternoon as she was sitting in a little cabin at the foot of the snow-clad Lapland mountains, she felt strangely unhappy and discouraged. To tell the truth she was homesick and lonely, sorely longing to go back to the "fleshpots of Egypt"—her comparatively easy position at the large hospital in Stockholm, the Capitol of Sweden. Perhaps the real reason to this somewhat sudden attack of homesickness, was a short beseeching note that she had just received: "Your Jonathan is sitting on the parliament balcony with pen and notebook before him: but, Bertha dear, it is not an easy thing to follow the longwinded speeches by the congressmen with you so hopelessly far away. Before my inner eyes I see you, oh, so clearly, and over and over again I am asking my-

self, "Will she not soon tire of her self-chosen departure to the Lapland regions? And will not the longing of my heart at last draw her homewards once more?"

"Self-chosen," she repeated to herself in heart-rending anguish, "oh, if I only knew that I was really and fully in the will of God, how satisfied and happy would not I be: but, how terrible, if it should be proven that I have gone my own self-chosen way." Just as she was sitting like this, inwardly groaning and praying for guidance, she seemed to hear a small voice in form of an irresistible impression, "Stand up and go at once to Bollnas." The impression on her mind was so strong that she arose immediately and began to study the time table on the wall. Seeing that the train for Bollnas would leave in less than an hour, she hurriedly gathered her baggage together and rushed down to the railroad station. After having purchased her ticket, she walked utterly irresolute up and down on the platform: "If I only this once clearly see that the Lord is leading me," she said to herself, "I will then understand that I am on His way and in His will, and never be restless and unsatisfied again."

A few hours later, after her arrival in Bollnas, she walked down the main street without knowing where to go or what to do. After a while she reached a church, and as the doors for some

reason were open she stepped inside, kneeling before the Lord in prayer, "Open, oh Father, my eyes and my ears," she pleaded, "that I may see and hear Thy will as the disciples of old." While praying like this, the pastor, whose residence was on the second floor in the church-building, came down stairs, and when he saw her, dressed as she was in a Swedish Red-Cross uniform, his face lit up of happy surprise. "Are you a nurse or a deaconess?" he asked excitedly.

"I am both," Sister Bertha said, somewhat astonished at his manners.

"God must have sent you here in answer to our prayers," he said with conviction. Then he told her how the elders in the congregation had prayed for a nurse to be sent them. "We have for several weeks held revival meetings, and last night, just at the close of the service, our evangelist became sick unto death; and today after he had suffered from a hemorrhage of the stomach, we were frantically trying to get hold of a suitable nurse. Having failed in our efforts to locate one, we arranged a special prayer meeting about the matter. This was half past twelve, and here already is the answer."

The young missionary sister felt a great peace and happiness surging through her whole being. "It was half past twelve when I got the God-given inspiration to come here," she said quietly, "and, my dear pastor, you can not imagine how

much this means to me, because now I know beyond all doubt that I am really and truly lead by God. ‘He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name’s sake.’ Knowing this what does a few trials and disappointments signify compared to the exceeding great joy of being in the fullness of His will as a whole sacrifice on His altar?”

The evangelist was indeed very sick, and for several weeks Sister Bertha watched over him with indefatigable solicitude. He was a man, who from his earliest youth had given himself wholeheartedly in the Master’s service. With his bodily and spiritual powers strained to the uttermost, he used to work as if he thought that God would hardly be able to do without him; and then, after a strenuous evangelizing work, he was suddenly and unexpectedly put aside. At this, however, he most violently rebelled. “The harvest is plenteous and the laborers are few,” he complained greatly displeased, “and here I am more than willing to do His work, yet, I am placed in utter inactivity.” Slowly, after repeated relapses and short intervals of active work, he finally became resigned, having accepted God’s call to a higher work—that of an intercessory missionary for a whole world. During the four weeks, as Sister Bertha ministered at his sickbed, his meekness had such a good influence

on her naturally excitable temperament that within a short time, she also began to learn the "A. B. C." on this most difficult lesson to be STILL before God, not to be in too great a hurry and thus forego God's plans, but to WAIT ON HIM, under every circumstance assured that HE KNOWS BEST.

"He leadeth me! O blessed tho't!
O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
What'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me."

After this healthful and educational interlude, our heavenly princess was once more on her way to the mountains of Lapland. In order to get Bibles in the language of the Laplanders, she had to stop over in Lulea, the most beautiful city of the Northland. In Lulea was the Consistory of the Lutheran State Church and here the Bishop resided, the Bishop being the translator of the Bible into the Lap language. The stately Bishop and his charming wife received her at their mansion with such sincere heartiness that she had no difficulty in stating her errand. "You may have all the Bibles you desire," the Bishop assented, "only stay and visit with us a little while." He was the author of a great literary masterpiece, with innumerable views from the mountains and fine descriptive narratives, and while the lady of the mansion with her own hand arranged the tea-

table, he showed his guest the photographic pieces of art of which he himself was the master. "Olof is entirely too proud of his Lapland pictures," smiled the wife, "but perhaps it is excusable, when you know all the hardships he has gone through for their sake while traveling in those dangerous mountains." "Sister Bertha may be sure that I am not half as proud over my little tribute to humanity as she is over her newly baked tea biscuits," said the Bishop laughingly, "and who knows but your admiration will be transferred to her after you have tasted them."

After a happy little visit, he finally gave her a letter of introduction to the officers of the Consistory, instructing them to hand over to her without charge any amount of Bibles. And so, only a few hours later, Sister Bertha continued on her way towards the Arctic regions, having her suitcases well filled with heavy Bibles. Jockmock and Kwickjock were indeed worthy of the honor of being called "The Paradise of Lapland," and here our princess experienced some of the happiest days in her missionary career. Jockmock and Kwickjock were two valleys, both surrounded of majestic, snowcovered Lapland mountains. Jockmock was the headquarters of the Lutheran minister and supervisor of this special Lapland district. Sister Bertha had never met a more amiable couple than pastor Ahlfort and his warm-hearted wife, "Auntie Lina."

Never had she viewed a home more charming than the white-painted parsonage. Never had the homemade bread, fresh-churned butter and the rich, warm cow milk tasted better than here in the clean, high mountain air. She realized, however, that her career in Lapland would not always be so agreeable as this."

Lapland, the land of the reindeer, the sledge and the fjord, forms the northern part of Norway, Sweden, Russia and Finland, bounded on the north by the Arctic Ocean, and on the northwest by the broad Atlantic. Its dwellers number some thirty thousand, the larger number of whom are in Norwegian Lapland. They are divided into three families, generally named Sea Lapps, River Lapps, and Forest or Mountain Lapps, the latter being the poorest and most nomadic, living almost entirely in tents.

The Lapps are a quiet, inoffensive people, not warlike or pushing, with the result that they are unable to hold their own or even preserve their nationality, but are gradually being swallowed up in greater and stronger nations. Their country is wild and mostly uninhabitable, yet it has its beauties. Norwegian Lapland is very mountainous, its coast line cleft by hundreds of narrow fjords. Swedish Lapland is full of narrow valleys with long lakes, while Russian Lapland abounds in large forests of spruce and fir. The winter is long and excessively cold, the

thermometer frequently registering sixty degrees of frost. It is no great wonder that many of the people in their inhospitable dwellings suffer extreme privation, and that many perish from the severity of the frost and cold. On September 22, the sun descends to the horizon, where it rests all day, then disappears the day following, to be seen no more till March 22 next year. Sometimes the splendid orb appears of a deep-red color, tinging everything with a roseate hue, producing on the observer a drowsy effect. At certain times it is like a charcoal fire burning with a fierce red glow, then fading away and rekindling with greater brightness. At other times it looks white and pale, and presents a cold appearance, so that it may be looked at with the naked eye. Toward the end of July the sun never sets. About eleven o'clock p. m. the color of the clouds begins to change to a golden tint, a warning that the midnight hour is near and sunset close at hand. Soon they become a fiery red, and, while for a brief moment the sun seems hid from view, they gradually become brighter as if new life had been infused into them, and so indeed they are, for the rising sun has now tinged their lines, and the new-born day has dawned—the evening and the morning twilight being blended in one.

As we think of this wonderful phenomena of the far North we remember the words spoken

by the prophet concerning God's earthly people in a coming day, "The sun shall no more go down . . . for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light" (Isa. 60:20), and the still more glowing words of the seer in Patmos, who in his lonely exile saw the Golden City—the Eternal Home of God's redeemed people—and tells us concerning it—"The city had no need of the sun neither the moon to shine in it, for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof" (Rev. 21:23). Who would not desire to dwell in these holy and beautiful regions?

Life among the Lapps has little variation. From youth to old age it is the same monotonous round, and there is little desire or hope for anything different. Worst of all, there is no bright hope in the life beyond. To very, very few has the gospel brought its joy and peace, its present possession of eternal life and prospect of future glory. Indeed, few of them have yet heard its message. Churches they have in some places, with state-appointed "priests," who, as a rule, are as ignorant of God and Christ and the gospel as the people, and thus generation after generation live and die and pass into the eternal world. O, that soon the light of the glorious gospel of Christ may shine in its brightness, bringing life, light, and liberty to the inhabitants of the land of the reindeer and the fjord.

The Lapps are said to be the shortest people

in Europe, although this is not so general as is supposed. They have short legs, mostly bandid, long bodies, and are not particularly smart in their movements. Their skin is of a yellow or copper color, but much of this is due to the smoke in which they are so constantly enveloped, and which they seldom take the trouble to wash off their skins. Their faces present a wrinkled and puckered appearance, possibly due to constant exposure and to the excessive variations of summer heat and winter cold. They seem to become prematurely old, although many of them live to a great age. They have dark, sharp eyes, not obliquely set, thick, short hair, almost bristly, scanty beards, large mouths and thick lips almost like the negro. The family character is very striking. A Lapp father has entire control of all his affairs, and at his death the authority passes to the eldest son. If any of the sons separate from the family or marry without his father's consent, he receives no share of the father's property except a gun. The appearance and dress of the Lapps vary according to their station, although are somewhat alike. In summer the tourist will find a river Laplander ready to guide him, dressed in a grey blouse of wollen material, with undergarment to match wollen cap, leather leggins, leather pouch on his back to hold food, and birch staff seven feet long. The female costume is much the same, the blouse

being longer and open at the neck: but the forest or mountain Lapp is very much worse in his outfit than those described.

The first bona-fide Laplander I met was a moving heap of rags and dirt. He was a very fair average specimen of his countrymen. About four feet six inches in height, his face and hands absolutely grimed with dirt, he wore a peculiar sort of a hat, not unlike the headpiece that Britannia wears on the English penny made of black cloth, with the stiff, four-cornered flat piece above, and stripped from corner to corner with red or yellow. His long uncombed hair fell some way down over a tunic of reindeer-skin that reached to his knees, and a broad leather belt of skin was fastened round his loins. This strip of skin is scarcely ever properly cured, so its odor is frequently bad, and, worse still, it becomes a lodgingplace for much that for health's sake the man would be better without.

A pair of thin, wrinkled hands, like eagle's claws, protruded from his sleeves, and his thin, bowed legs were tightly cased in dirty white cloth, probably the production of his wife's spindle. The feet were disproportionately large, and he wore big leather shoes turned up at the points, and very wide at the ankle and instep. They were stuffed full of dry hay, and bound round several inches up the leg with a thong of colored leather or skin. These shoes are a good

protection against the cold; but they do not last long, six months being the average wear of a pair. They are made of reindeer skin, all of a piece in the tops, while the soles are composed of two discs of the same substance attached to the bottom of the foot, one under the heel, the other under the toe. As may be guessed, the Laplander in these conditions is neither a stately figure nor a good walker. Indeed, he is a queer little chap, with his ugly, slouching hat, from under which there peers a pair of black, piercing eyes, which at the first glance, would seem to indicate that he is capable of any villainy. This is not far from being a just estimate of the average Lapp, who usually is a mean, greedy being, just as opposite as can be from the tall, fair, and magnanimous Swede and Norwegian, his near neighbors. Yet many a Lapp is a pleasing contrast to this dark picture. Where the gospel has penetrated, or even the civilizing effects of contact with true Christians, a better condition of things is to be seen.

On board a steamer bound for Vadso and the extreme North, I met a native of Lapland of a wholly different sort, and was so struck with his clean appearance and mannerly behavior that I feel like giving a description of him. He was a servant of a Norwegian on a surveying expedition, and was evidently of a better class than the ordinary Lapp. Considerably above the average

height, clean washed, and of good appearance; his face being a striking contrast to the generally haggard, unhealthy, and unclean visage of his countrymen, he was dressed in a rough, homespun tunic of coarse white material, with stripes of bright red and yellow across from shoulder to shoulder, four more of the same reaching halfway down his back, with a large knife or bill-hook hanging from his side. He moved about smartly, was pleasant and courteous, and evidently a good servant. He was intelligent too, for with his own hand, without the use of instruments or books of any kind, he had drawn out a map of the country, giving distances, positions of mountains and towns.

This shows that the Lapp, like most other nationalities, may be taught the ordinary laws of health and duty, and, when brought into contact with more civilized and intelligent beings made to live in harmony with them. Most important of all, it reminds us that the Lapp is a human being, with a living soul, and may, under the teaching of the Word of God, learn the power of the gospel of Christ. Of all the needs of Lapland the gospel is the greatest. The only thing that will bring true and lasting blessings to that lonely and dreary land and its dwellers is the glad tidings of salvation through Jesus Christ, brought to them in their own tongue by men and women whose hearts are warm with

the love of Christ, and who, for His name's sake, have forsaken home and kindred to bring the gospel's joyful sound to this far-off and long neglected race. May the Lord hasten the time when among Lapland's huts and tents the joyful sound will be heard, and when in the land of the midnight sun, the song of salvation shall echo from hill to valley, from the lips of Lapland's fur-clad dwellers who love the Savior's name.

The tents of the Lapps are by no means imposing. The inside is generally devoid of furniture, an occasional bench being the only exception. An open fire in the middle of the tent serves as heat and light, and during the long winter it is kept burning day and night. The smoke is supposed to ascend and find an exit by a hole in the top, but it more frequently lingers in the dwelling, causing those within to resemble brown or black-skinned nations. How the people can sleep in the continual smoke is a mystery, but they do and seem to feel no inconvenience either. The beds are of dried and generally dirty grass, the blankets of sheepskin or reindeerskin. Sometimes they sleep in a sack, made from the skin of the reindeer. The children when young are fastened in a strange sort of cradle in which they may be carried if occasion so requires, and when able to walk they are allowed to run around almost naked. Sleighing is the principle means of locomotion in Lapland. The sledge is in

shape somewhat like a baby's cradle or runners, with just enough room to sit with your legs at full length. It is made of wood, and to it are harnessed the reindeer. It requires some art to sit in one—more still to drive. The reindeer are not easily managed nor so good-tempered as you might suppose them to be. When they are over-driven or kept long without food it is no uncommon thing for them to turn around and butt the driver. It is no use "reasoning" or even using the whip on such occasions, the only way of escape is to step out from the sledge and wait until the angry animals have vented their rage upon it. Then they will resume their journey as if nothing had happened. These reindeers have tremendous horns, and it is decidedly best not to be too near them when they are out of temper. In the winter, when everything is bound hard and fast in snow and frost, these sledges glide along at a great rate, and you can almost take a beeline from place to place, across swamps, rivers, and otherwise impossible grounds.

The language of Lapland varies a good deal, Finnish, Lapp, and Norse are all spoken. The bona-fide Lapp speaks Finsk or Lapp, which is quite different from the other. It is a matter for much thankfulness that part of the Scriptures have now been issued in the Lapp language and the whole in the tongue of the Finn.

CHAPTER V.

HER FIRST SERMON IN A LUTHERAN STATE CHURCH.

The field of the state-appointed Lutheran ministers in Lapland is waste in as much as there usually are several miles between each member of the great parish. The Reverend Ahlfort was in possession, however, of a strong will and great endurance. More than once he had made his round among the people along untrodden paths, across mountains and rivers and through blinding snow-storms. At times he had taken on the long snow-skids, but mostly he had been compelled to travel in a reindeer sleigh. The most important thing was 'to get there' and he did not mind a few trials for the joy of bringing the glad tidings to the lonely tents. You understand, this particular Lutheran minister was really a good and great man of God and was not only a state-appointed servant but also a true missionary. Yet, now in his older years he felt a little tired and worn-out, and had some severe twinges of rheumatism and such-like ailments as a result of his long service among the Laplanders. To one who is used to a comfortable home it is not always pleasant to lie around the fire with half a dozen Lapps or more, while the snow whirles in through the roof and door openings. One may

be sure that at times such a night in a Laplander's tent seems long, and that sleep does not come very readily. Also you may feel absolutely assured that the hot coffee in the morning is more than welcome, even if the brown drink, in accordance to the ways and habits of the Lapps, is quite strongly salted, and the only thing along with the coffee is a piece of frozen reindeer meat.

Beside the pastoral charge, which included the clerical and communal work, the Reverend Ahlfort was also the manager and superintendent of "The Home-School for young Lapps" and "The home for aged Lapps." If the writer's memory does not err, he was also the founder of these two benevolent institutions; and it was touching to see the gratitude, obedience and love with which he was met by his happy proteges. It was hard for the old Lapps to carry on their strenuous nomadic life, and it was indeed a blessed thing for them to finally reach such a comfortable haven as the Home for the aged in Jockmock; but an ever greater influence and blessing was the school for the young Lapps. Of course, during the summer time, the Government sent teachers to the mountains, these teachers being obliged to live in the tents with the Lapps, and to follow the families on their wanderings; but only a few could be reached in this way. Pastor Ahlfort's plan was to collect the children in schools like the one he had already started,

where they could be taught to read and write. In the Jockmock school they were given not only the usual subjects but also industrial practical teaching which would be a help and pleasure to them during the long winter days. The Jockmock people had two beautiful State Churches. One, the oldest, was for every day use, so to speak; while the other one, which was larger, was used for Sunday masses and special holidays. In the old Lapp Church the pastor had arranged for Sister Bertha's afternoon meetings. Her intention had first been to lecture on the subject of missions, but as she stood before this selected crowd of warm-hearted, sympathetic hearers, she suddenly changed her mind and gave them instead the best she had—a personal testimony concerning God as a personal Father and Friend. Besides the educated Lapps, were the workers and teachers from the institutions, the Government officials, and owners as well as workers of industrial Lapland enterprises, such as mines and lumber mills. Being hundreds of English miles away from the outside world, they were all greatly interested, and grateful for the novelty of seeing a lady-speaker in the pulpit of a Lutheran Church.

“Of course, all of you know, that I am not here for the purpose of preaching,” she started on with her sunniest smile, “the truth is I do not know how to preach, and if I should make an

attempt today I am a little bit afraid of a failure; but even if I am unable to be a Petrus, you may allow me to do like Mary of old. You remember how she, one early Sabbath morning, came outside the opened grave of Jesus; and outside the grave she met her Master, and He told her to return to His disciples to tell them what she had seen and heard. She did so. She did not try to preach to them. She told them she had seen Jesus. Now as to me, I have also been outside the open grave, and have seen my risen Master face to face; and He has told me to come back to His people to tell them a little about the many wonderful experiences which I have had in His happy service: but let me first of all read to you some precious promises from the Word of God.

“I say unto you, That if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven. For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.”—Matt. 18: 19, 20.

“And Jesus saith unto them, have faith in God. For verily I say unto you, That whosoever shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea, and shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that those things which he saith shall come to pass; he shall have whatsoever he saith. Therefore I say unto you, What things soever ye desire, when ye pray,

believe that ye receive them, AND YE SHALL HAVE THEM.”—Mark 11: 22-24.

“And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, *that the Father may be glorified in the Son*. If ye shall ask anything in my name, I WILL DO IT.”—John 14: 13, 14.

“IF YE ABIDE IN ME, AND MY WORDS ABIDE IN YOU, ye shall ask what ye will, and IT SHALL BE DONE UNTO YOU. Herein is my Father glorified that ye bear much fruit.”—John 15: 7, 8.

“Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, He will give it you. Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name: ASK, AND YE SHALL RECEIVE, THAT YOUR JOY MAY BE FULL.”—John 16: 23, 24.

“Verily I say unto you, if ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place, and it shall remove, AND NOTHING SHALL BE IMPOSSIBLE UNTO YOU.”—Matt. 17: 20.

“And whatsoever we ask, we receive of Him, BECAUSE WE KEEP HIS COMMANDMENT, AND DO THOSE THINGS THAT ARE PLEASING IN HIS SIGHT.”—1 John 3: 22.

“And this is the confidence that we have in Him, that, *if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us*. And if we know that He

hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him."—
1 John 5:15.

Here is something very precious indeed that I and others with me have discovered since it has become so dark and stormy in the world, and that is that THE DIVINE STARS OF PROMISES shine more brightly the closer and darker the night becomes. No one need think that these stars soar out of reach in some distant corner of the unknown regions of the sky, for anyone may receive of their infinite blessing through the hand of childlike faith. It is even so that the smaller we are the more easily we can reach them.

With all the greater confidence we are enabled to rejoice in the glorious brilliance of these stars, inasmuch as their beauty is never marred by any deception or false light — there is nothing empty about their glory. Perhaps this testimony shall reach the ears of someone, who has not yet, as his personal gift, received God's stars of promises, and if so, I will earnestly urge, Behold, how the heavens and the earth bear united and overwhelming testimony to the fact that HE IS FAITHFUL. THAT PROMISED. Accept these stars of promises from the Lord, and permit their warming rays of love to dispel the anxiety and worry of your heart, and give you instead sweet rest and peace. However, the

angels of God, which are sent out to minister to them who shall inherit salvation, have not the power to carry us to the heavenly Treasury and open wide its doors, unless our lives have been sealed with the cross of Christ. Let us, therefore, in our thoughts write across the promises, we have read, the following words as a key to them all, "IF ANY MAN WILL COME AFTER ME, LET HIM DENY HIMSELF, AND TAKE UP HIS CROSS DAILY, AND FOLLOW ME." — Luke 9:23. As good soldiers of Jesus Christ we must be sure to always wear our full uniform, carrying our weapons, and during every step of our pilgrimage follow closely in the footsteps of the Lamb, wherever it goes.

If we Christians stood in a more personal relationship with God how much better would not everything be amongst us. In the first place we would be more contented and happy in our daily life, nor would we as easily as now often occur lose heart and courage. In the second place we would be much more successful in pointing the way to the great and loving heart of our heavenly Father. Some of us can only think of God as a supreme Being who only upon very festive occasions condescends to appear among us to direct our affairs. Others are fortunate enough to have learned to know Him as a personal friend and companion, who is ever close by,

ever real and personal. Those that can rely upon the Lord's guidance in all things, great as well as small, are surely most blessed. Those that clearly understand that all things work together for good to them that love God are in no danger, even in the darkest days of trial and tribulation, of losing their peace and joy in Him. Permit me here to ask you very directly a personal question, Do you believe in the love of God as it is revealed in Jesus Christ, His only begotten Son? Do you believe that the faithful, loving heart of your heavenly Father ever knows what is best for you; and that His thoughts and plans for you is love and LOVE ONLY? Why not then, rely upon the guidance and faithfulness of God in the little things of our every day life? Some of you have been able to trust God for the things that are of vaster import, viz., forgiveness of your sins, the salvation of your soul, and the cleansing in the blood of the Lamb, why not also trust Him for your body and earthly blessings as well? For my own part I am far from being a heroine of faith, but my desire and aim is to reach the goal of the blessed peace and rest that come from unbounded surrender and absolute, wholehearted confidence in God. Mr. George Muller, the famous hero of faith, gives the following advices as how to ascertain the will of God in order that we may be able to lay our

hands on these wonderful stars of promises in the Word.

He says, "I seek at the beginning to get my heart into such a state that it has no will of its own in regard to a given matter. Nine-tenths of the trouble with people generally is just here. Nine-tenths of the difficulties are overcome when our hearts are ready to do the Lord's will, whatever it may be. When one is truly in this state it is usually but a little way to the knowledge of what His will is.

(2) Having done this, I do not leave the result to feeling or simply impression. If so, I make myself liable to great delusions.

(3) I seek the will of the Spirit of God through, or in connection with the Word of God. The Spirit and the Word must be combined. If I look to the Spirit alone without the Word, I lay myself open to great delusions also. If the Holy Ghost guides us at all, He will do it according to the Scriptures and never contrary to them.

(4) Next I take into account providential circumstances. These often plainly indicate God's will in connection with His Word and Spirit.

(5) I ask God in prayer to reveal His will to me aright.

(6) Thus, through prayer to God, the study of the Word, and reflection, I come to a deliberate

judgment according to the best of my ability and knowledge, and if my mind is thus at peace, and continues so after two or three more petitions, I proceed accordingly. In trivial matters, and in transactions involving most important issues, I have found this method always effective.

Remember the five conditions of prevailing prayer. Firstly, entire dependence upon the merits and mediation of the Lord Jesus Christ as the only ground of any claim of blessing. (See John 14: 13, 14 and John 15: 16, etc.)

Secondly, separation from all known sin. If we regard iniquity in our hearts, the Lord will not hear us, for it would be sanctioning sin. (Psalm 66: 18.)

Thirdly, faith in God's Word of promise as confirmed by His oath. Not to believe Him is to make Him both a liar and a perjurer. (Heb. 11: 6.)

Fourthly, asking in accordance with His will. Our motives must be godly: we must not seek any gift of God to consume it upon our lusts. (1 John 5: 14; James 4: 3.)

Fifthly, importunity in supplication. There must be waiting on God and waiting for God, as the husbandman has long patience to wait for the harvest. (James 5: 7; Luke 18: 1-8.)"

In common with George Muller and others, I have also experienced and received quite a bit of the Father's faithfulness and love. The fol-

lowing instances prove the clear intervention of God in the little things in our every day life; but it is going to be hard to give a personal testimony as to His loving kindness and mercy without working the little pronoun "I" overtime. Yet, if it will help anyone to get a better vision of the Father's love, I will gladly go to the embarrassment of clamping down the "I" key in my talk today.

I was a Red Cross Nurse in a large hospital in Stockholm (the Capitol of Sweden) when the call came to me to go out as a missionary. "The Call," someone may ask, "how did you receive it?" It may not be so easy to give a completely satisfactory answer to this question, inasmuch as the call did not come in any supernatural way through voices or visions. On the contrary it came quite simply and naturally as a logical development of the preceding events in my life. When the time arrived for me to go the Lord Himself opened the door in such unmistakable fashion that no possible misunderstanding could arise: but in order to enter in through this open door it was necessary that I should leave all human staffs behind, walking altogether alone, supported only by the arm of God. Now, I had until that time been accustomed at least in part to receive help from others, that is I was somewhat leaning on arms of flesh, having for intimate friends great men and women of God. When

therefore the question arose of relinquishing every human support to be alone with the Lord, I trembled and sought to take flight upon ways of my own choosing: but in His surpassing grace the Lord shut every such way without delay. For a long time I also feared, in spite of the apparent clearness of divine guidance, that I had made a mistake with regard to the call, realizing as I did how utterly unfit I was to take up the great work of a missionary, full as it is of heavy responsibilities. In my anxiety I earnestly prayed to God to show me very plainly whether it was His will or mine that I should discontinue my work in the hospital and become a missionary. I even ventured to remind the Lord of the fact that I stood alone and, indeed at this important parting of the ways in my life was devoid of all human help and guidance, "Thou hast promised," I said, "that if we commit our ways unto Thee, Thou will not allow us to stumble," "Delight thyself also in the Lord, and He shall give thee the desire of thine heart. Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass."—Psalm 37: 4, 5.

After some time of much prayer and waiting on the Lord, I felt impelled to speak to the pastor of my church as to my missionary plans. To my surprise I found that he as well as the elders of the church had been talking and praying about me, all united in the opinion that I ought to be

sent out as a missionary. All of these brethren were men filled by the Spirit and wellknown for their wisdom and impartiality, and I could not help but feeling that they advised me as directed and inspired by the Lord, whose true servants they were. It was proposed that I first of all should go to Lapland, although I well knew that this appointment would not be a permanent one. Yet, I felt that the hardships which awaited me in Lapland would be a well needed preparation for what was to be my real life-work. However, a fortnight before the time set for my departure for snowland, something occurred which seemed very unexpected and unwelcome to me. I got a very *painful and serious ailment* in my right leg and foot. Having quite a responsible position in the large hospital, I had to be almost everywhere supervising the work and was thus obliged to be on my feet constantly. Greatly suffering with my poor, swollen foot and leg, I limped around for several days, supporting myself on a cane. Then one day the great head-doctor came to me and said, "Now, Sister Bertha, we can not afford to have you limp like this any longer. You must please go to bed at once, and we will put your diseased limbs in a plastercase." Used to obey the doctor, I asked somewhat timidly, "How long time would that take?" "A year or a year and a half," he replied, "it will be a long and tedious job to break the disease." "Then I am

very sorry to have to disobey you in this instance," I said kind of regretfully, "you see I am going to Lapland as a missionary in a week or two, and God who is sending me must be aware of the fact that I do need my feet and legs when wandering around in the mountains. I am confident that He will restore me before I leave for the missionary field."

The otherwise goodnatured physician glared at me impatiently, "Very well," he sputtered, "if you wish to commit suicide or make yourself a cripple for life it is all right with me."

As he, in quite an ill-temper, left me, I felt tempted to call him back in order to submit myself to his care. Face to face with a period of several months of enforced inactivity, my heart was filled with infinite sorrow. Much as I had striven against the Lord hitherto, I was now saddened because I could not be of use in His service. Just then, however, I discovered that the Lord had really and truly implanted in my will a deep desire to place myself completely at His disposal, and at the same moment a warm ray of light entered my discouraged heart. I just know for sure that He had only permitted this evil to befall me in order to make me willing to set forth upon the broad plains of faith and promise. From this very day my faith took firm root both in my understanding and in my heart, and especially at this decisive period in

my life, He granted unto me such strength that all wavering disappeared, and I was filled with the most tranquil and blessed assurance of His will and plans in my behalf. The next day the doctor on his rounds found me still on duty in one of the hospital wards. "Will not you be good to yourself?" he asked with his old-time kindness, "you will surely become incurable if you continue to be about for another day." "There is no use to take to bed now," I answered smilingly, "because within a few days I am to depart for Lapland, and I repeat, the Lord knows that I shall have need of both my limbs. I count on HIM not to fail me."

The day before my departure arrived, I went out in the city of Stockholm to buy my equipment for the trip to Snowland, and to say goodby to a few friends who were serving as nurses in other hospitals. When night came it was with the greatest difficulty I pulled myself together in order to return to my own hospital, and when I finally got back to my room, I sank down in a chair and began to cry most bitterly of pain and agony unutterable. I had walked too much on my diseased foot, and was suffering more than ever on account of the strain. As I was expected to leave for Lapland early the next morning, several nurses had come together in my room, meaning to give me a surprise-party. Seeing, however, how ill I was, they forgot their

little farewell talk, and began instead to reproach me most severely. "Can not you use some common horse sense," they scolded, "and go to bed as the doctor has told you to do? Surely you understand better than to imagine that miracles occur in our days? We all know that the gift of divine healing was only confined to the days of the apostles and to the time of the first church. Now we have hospitals and physicians and nurses like ourselves, and it would be ridiculous to ask for supernatural intervention." Hardly had they expressed their opinion, before the Lord filled my heart to overflowing with such a joyous conviction, how absolutely IMPOSSIBLE it was that HE, the Creator of heaven and earth, should have CHANGED, that I nearly forgot my physical pain. It had suddenly become clear to me how utterly unnatural and unbelievable it was that HE should not have the same power to heal and to help as formerly. I thought, if HE has borne my sins on the cross, why should I bear them; and if HE also, as the Bible says, has borne my infirmities and my diseases, WHY SHOULD I BEAR THEM? In faith I saw them all—my sins and my bodily infirmities—nailed on the cross, and as never before I realized the REALITY of His Word and His promises.

"I will heal thee, and add to thy days."
2 Kings 20: 5.

"He shall heal them." Isa. 19: 22.

“ I have seen his ways, and will heal him.”
Isa. 19: 19.

“ I will heal thee of thy wounds, saith the Lord.” Jer. 30: 17.

“ Let us return, he hath torn, and will heal us.” Hos. 6: 1.

“ Jesus saith, I will come and heal him.”
Matt. 8: 7.

“ To heal all manner of sickness.” Mark
3: 15.

“ Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers.” Luke 9: 2.

“ The power of the Lord was present to heal them.” Luke 5: 17.

“ By stretching forth Thine hand to heal.”
Acts 4: 30.

“ God healed Abimelech and his wife.” Gen.
20: 17.

“ He shall cause him to be thoroughly healed.”
Exodus 21: 19.

“ Return an offering, then he shall be healed.”
1 Sam. 6: 3.

“ The Lord hearkened and healed the people.”
2 Chron. 30: 20.

“ I cried to Thee and Thou hast healed me.”
Psalm 30: 2.

“ He sent His word and healed them.” Psalm
107: 20.

“ HE WAS BRUISED, AND WITH HIS STRIPES WE ARE HEALED.” Isa. 53: 5.

106 "THEY WERE HEALED EVERYONE."

"Those that had the palsy, and He healed them." Matt. 4:24.

"And He touched his ear and healed him." Luke 22:51.

"And they were healed everyone." Acts 5:16.

"Paul prayed, and healed the father of Publius." Acts 28:8.

"Pray one for another, that ye may be healed." James 5:16.

"BY WHOSE STRIPES YE WERE HEALED." 1 Peter 2:24.

"I am the Lord that healeth thee." Exodus 15:26.

"Bless the Lord who healeth all thy diseases." Psalm 103:3.

"The Sun of righteousness shall arise with healing in His wings." Mal. 4:2.

"And He healed them that had need of healing." Luke 9:11.

"It is given to another the gifts of healing." 1 Cor. 12:9.

"Preaching the gospel and healing everywhere." Luke 9:6.

"Healing all that were oppressed by the devil." Acts 10:38.

"Thy health shall spring forth speedily." Isa. 58:8.

"I will restore health unto thee, and heal thee." Jer. 30:17.

“Mayest be in health, as thy soul prospereth.”
3 John 2.

“HIMSELF TOOK OUR INFIRMITIES,
AND BARE OUR SICKNESSES.” Matthew
8: 17.

To all this I added, “Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and today, and forever.” I felt that I could not and would not believe in anything less than A WHOLE GOD, A GOD WHO SAYS WHAT HE MEANS AND MEANS WHAT HE SAYS, and was not the Bible just full of assurances not only for spiritual healing but bodily healing as well.

I understood that God indeed must be what He has declared Himself to be, infinitely faithful, and that He simply could not give utterance to any promise that He would not be perfectly willing and able to fulfill. Smilingly I bade good-night to the wellmeaning comrades, and went to bed, singing over and over again, “There is victory in the name of Jesus. Victory, victory and PERFECT VICTORY.” The old devil tried his best to stop the singing, and the attack on my limb was something fierce. Yet, in spite of the almost unbearable agony I kept on saying to myself, “Jesus Christ the same yesterday, today, and forever,” and finally I went to sleep. The day of my departure for Lapland arose bright and sunshiny, and when I awoke the disease in my limb had left me, and the unnatural

color had vanished and the swelling had gone down, and I was completely restored. To be sure I was happy and hardly knew if I should stand on the one foot or the other, and half beside myself for joy I rushed down the long hall in the hospital, shouting and jumping. Wondering what all this noise was about, the head-doctor as well as some of my comrades came hurrying out from the wards inquiring what on earth I was up to. "The Lord has healed me," I declared, "and I want you to know that He is just the same as ever, has not changed a bit since the time of the apostles." "Let me see that foot and leg of yours," said the head-doctor skeptically, "I have heard about divine healing before. It is all humbug so far as I have been able to figure out." It took some time for him to admit that He had been wrong, but finally he swallowed hard and said with difficulty, "The head-nurse is right, her doctor has done a better job than I ever could have done, there is no trace of the disease."

During the journey to Lapland I was entirely too happy to stay inside the train, but kept by myself on the open platform. (On the trains in Sweden and Norway you may stand on the platform if you want to.) You see I HAD to sing ALOUD, not merely in my heart as I usually do, and as the Lord has not seen fit to give me the gift of singing, I was compelled to be

where no one would be able to hear me. I was confident that as God had met me with His faithfulness at the threshold of my labors, so He would continue to do, and in this I was not mistaken. This child-like relationship with God has had a very blessed influence upon my spiritual life. It is a wonderful happy everyday experience to reach out the hand of childish faith and say in utter confidence and trust, "Abba Father." Yes, I venture to assure you, that everything tastes doubly good when it thus comes direct from the loving, faithful and bountiful hand of our heavenly Father. Moreover, it is such an interesting and rich life to walk on the way of faith, depending on God for everything for soul and body. As a journalist for several religious papers and magazines, it has been my lot to search everywhere for news interesting enough for our readers, but I have found that no place offers more that is new and remarkable than the land of promise and faith. How intensely exciting it is to behold day by day how God Himself takes part in every little detail in our everyday life, and intervenes in such a way as to make everything WORK TOGETHER FOR OUR GOOD. There is also another advantage in knowing that as we become dependent upon God we also become quite independent of men. We can not lose sight of the fact that even the best among us are liable to change, and

that even our most faithful friends at times are unable to help. How sweet, therefore, to know that HE, the rock of our salvation, never wavers but remains a sure haven of rest and absolute security in all the vicissitudes and storms of life. At first there was not much to be said for my faith, and even now I do not count myself a heroine of faith. Far from it, for there are times when I hold to my own opinions without first learning to know the will of God, and then He has to lead me back to the highway again. While at times He is thus engaged in changing my views and plans, surprise takes hold of my heart, commingled with not a little fear. How sluggish are our minds when endeavoring to understand God's plans. How many whys and wherefores before we learn to know God's will. Still I am usually able to reconcile the loving voice of the Savior when I finally hear His reassuring, "Fear not, it is I," and then my heart is set at rest, even though the answer to my queries may not be immediately forthcoming.

"Master, the tempest is raging!
The billows are tossing high!
The sky is o'er-shadowed with blackness,
No shelter or help is nigh,
"Carest Thou not that we perish?
How canst Thou lie asleep,

When each moment so madly is threat'ning
A grave in the angry deep?

“The winds and the waves shall obey my will,
Peace, be still.

Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea,
Or demons, or men, or whatever it be.
No water can swallow the ship where lies
The Master of ocean, and earth, and skies;
They all shall sweetly obey my will,
Peace be still, Peace be still.

“Master, the terror is over,
The elements sweetly rest,
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirrored,
And heaven's within my breast.
Linger, O blessed Redeemer,
Leave me alone no more,
And with joy I shall make the blest harbor,
And rest on the blissful shore.”

CHAPTER VI.

HER WAY OF "PREACHING" IN THE UNITED STATES.

Stenographically recorded from one of her meetings in Los Angeles, California, with the English given word for word in the broken manner as she uses it.

"Let me first of all say, that I am very happy to be among you tonight. I regret, however, that I am not able to use your language as perfect as I would like to do. Yet, I am quite assured that you will have no trouble in understanding if you will do me the great favor of giving your whole-hearted attention. Also I would request that all the babies go to sleep. I do think that babies are most lovely when they sleep in the meeting.

Now, please, let me remind you of some wonderful promises in the Word. It is stated in the writings of Saint John, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son," and "Whatsoever we ask, we receive of Him, because we keep His commandments, and do those things that are pleasing in His sight." I would like very much indeed to be able to preach with these two verses as my text, but the truth is I DO NOT KNOW HOW. The only thing I do know is to follow the

example of the apostles. It is told about them that they went around among the saints in order to establish them in their faith, and thus they traveled from place to place, "rehearsing," telling over and over again the great things which the Lord had done for them. So, with your leave, I am going to do the very same thing tonight, rehearse or relate to you some of the wonderful good things which the Lord has done for me, and the sole purpose of my testimony will be to glorify HIM, the Faithful One, and to encourage you all on the Way of Faith.

When I was a little girl I had no father and no mother and no real home, but God Himself become my Father, my best friend, my all in all. It is indeed wonderful with how many promises God in His Word has remembered and favored us waifs. In the first place He calls Himself our Father, Helper, and Defender, and promises to hear our cries and give us justice. He curses the wicked, who plunder, oppress, and cast lots concerning the fatherless, assuring us that He will punish our oppressors and those who neglect to promote our interests. In addition He exhorts His people to visit the fatherless in their distress, to be liberal toward them, and not to wrong, circumvent or grieve them. In this loving way God makes mention of us in forty places in Holy Writ. Then there are several beautiful stories showing that God takes more than a passing in-

terest in the fatherless. Read, for instance, the accounts of Lot, the daughters of Zelophehad, Jotham, Mephibosheth, Joash, and Esther. For "when thy father and mother forsake thee, then the Lord will take thee up."

From my earliest childhood I have had experiences of the heavenly Father hearing and answering prayer. Nothing was ever a greater source of comfort to my lonely heart than the knowledge of God's fatherly love in Jesus Christ. "Can a woman forget her suckling child . . . yea, she may forget, yet will I not forget thee. Behold I have graven thee upon the palms of my hand, thy walls are continually before me." (Isa. 49: 15, 16.)

Some years ago when I was sent to Lapland as a missionary, the pastor of my church came to me just a week or two before I was going to leave, and said, "Now, Sister Bertha, you have to step out, wholly and fully, on the promises of God. It means that you have to be a FAITH-MISSIONARY, looking to God only for your support. You know we are poor and can not help you financially, but we are going to stand by you all the same with our prayers and loving interest." At that time I was a Red Cross Nurse in a large Hospital in Stockholm, the Capitol of Sweden, used to quite a big salary, and I could not understand how I would be able to proceed to Lapland with no guarantee of any support

whatever. Wonderingly I began to ask myself, "What shall I eat, and what shall I drink, and what shall I wear, and above everything, how shall I meet the heavy traveling expenses in Lapland where no white man or woman can get around without a guide?" Thus speculating about the matter I soon decided that the Lord usually helps them who help themselves, and so a very bright idea struck my head. That is, I thought at the time that it was "bright," but later on I changed my opinion. However, in my desire to help God to support me in Lapland, I wrote to several publishing houses, asking them to send a goodly supply of some fine Christian books. "I am going to Lapland as a missionary," I wrote, "and I wish to be self supporting," my idea being that I should have a little business along at the same time as I preached the free gospel of Christ. In this manner, with great boxes full of books, I arrived at my first destination in Lapland, but the conditions in this Country were not exactly as I had imagined they were. Everywhere I came, I saw sick people, and poor, lonely, half-forsaken folks, and my heart went out to them in the greatest love and compassion, my one all absorbing desire being to do my uttermost to serve and help them. I had no wish to get anything out of their poor, meager purses. Thus it happened that I, in my God-given love for these people, went from house to

house and from hut to hut, trying to persuade them to accept Christ, and when I left, I usually gave them some of my books, saying, "Take this, please, as a keepsake from me, and when you have read it pass it on to someone else." The books, of course, went as hot cakes, and as I in this manner distributed my whole stock "free, gratis and for nothing," I entirely forgot that they were not only expensive but also not paid for. After some months, I wrote again to the publishing houses, stating that all the books were gone, and would not they, please, send me a new supply, as the literature had proved a great blessing in Northland. To this I received an amazing prompt reply. They all said that they were so delighted and pleased because I had SOLD so many books, and was such a good bookseller, but they also told me it was a little custom of theirs, in fact quite a habit, that they never sent a SECOND supply before having secured payment for the first. Accordingly, they very politely enclosed some statements of account, asking me to kindly send a remittance by return mail, the bills amounting to about two hundred and fifty dollars. THAT was the bright way in which I helped the Lord to support me, and there I stood, dismayed and crestfallen. You see, I had not the very least of experience in business or figures, and had entirely overlooked the fact that the bills should be paid precisely at the expiration of

a thirty day's period. You may be sure that these bills came like a thunderbolt from a summerblue sky. I understood that if I could not pay, I would have disgraced the name of the Lord and was not fit to remain as a missionary, the Bible clearly stating that we should not owe anyone anything. However, after the first shock, I tried to find out what the original cause to all this bother and trouble was, and I did not have to be very bright or to go very far to decide that the root to all this mess was nothing but a plain case of UNBELIEF. I had obtained a stock of books, thinking that the Lord could not support me without me helping myself, and of all sins UNBELIEF is undoubtedly the greatest. By refusing to rely entirely on His Word and promises, I had made Him a liar — how presumptuous, how awful! (See James 1:5-8.) Therefore, I humbled myself before Him, and said, "Father, if Thou wilt help me out of this mess, I will never again try business, but trust wholly and completely in Thee for my support." To my friends, I did not dare to say a word concerning my affairs, fearful that they would look upon my "financial genius" and "business ability" as a clear case of "crack-brain" or "loose screw."

A few days later I came to a small town at the foot of the Lapland mountains in order to conduct some missionary meetings. Here I was

just as much of a stranger as elsewhere, but the ministering angels of the Lord had as usual preceded and prepared both hearts and room for me. Immediately after my arrival I was brought in contact with some good Christian people, among others an old brother by name of Hauge. This Brother Hauge had never seen my face before, had not even heard about me, yet he knew in his spirit that I was a true servant of God, and consequently he invited me to his beautiful home. There is indeed something very sweet and wonderful about the bonds of Christian love that unite the hearts of God's people everywhere, in such a way as to make us all feel a universal kinship, recognizing the relationship even if otherwise we are total strangers. Then it came to pass that the very first night at the home of Brother Hauge, he had such a peculiar dream. He thought I was alone in a little vessel far out on the billowy sea, and that I carried such a heavy load that I was in great danger of sinking. He then seemed to hear a voice, telling him to help me out of the burden in order to make it easier for me to go forward. Thereupon he awoke, but fell asleep again, dreaming the same dream, and continued this way through the whole night. When the morning came he sought an explanation of the dream, asking the Lord for the meaning thereof, being one of these few who are wise enough to ever and always turn to

God for guidance and instruction. This child-like spirit indicates nevertheless a maturity in our spiritual life as it is only with a listening ear and an open heart as we can grow in His knowledge. In this way it soon became clear to Brother Hauge that there really was a determined meaning in the dream the night before, and somewhat later in the day he called me into his office. "The Lord has revealed to me that you are in some trouble," he said, "what is it, and what can I do for you?" I must admit that I was somewhat surprised. To be sure, I had learned to know that God answers prayer, but that He would use a dream to such an effect was rather unexpected. Anyhow, I put the bills without delay before the good old brother. He was a business man and had never done business in quite the same way as I, and I noticed that it was only with difficulty he could hold himself from laughing aloud. Rather fearful of the judgment of this experienced man of affairs, I was not a little relieved when he promptly offered to pay it all. Not only did he that very day wipe out my debt, but what was more, he shouted "glory" most lustily because he had had "the great privilege and honor to be an errand-boy for God."

Fortunately, Mr. Hauge was a rich man, and the extra outlay did not mean much to him, but as to me the experience was of utmost importance because from that day I got such a glimpse into

my Father's heart that I in fullest confidence steered away from shore. I knew that everything would be all right when He was with me in the boat and had the sails and the rudder in His own hand. From this incident I also learned that when in need of help not to run around to human beings but instead go directly to God who has said, "Seek not thy help in others for I am the Lord, thy God." Really, I think it is a perfect disgrace for God to have His children turn to others for help. Suppose you have a child, and your child should take into its head to go to your neighbors and ask for food, clothes and money. Why, you would be so disgraced as disgraced could be. Now, our heavenly Father is more willing and able than any earthly parent to help, why should we then go to others. Let us therefore more and more learn to say with the old Psalmist, "*All my Springs are in Thee.*"

After some time of service in this the most northern part of the world, I became quite ill. We missionaries are very much like other people. When we are in a too cold climate we are liable to take cold, and when we stay in a too hot country, we may take fevers. Having taken a very serious cold, the Father graciously arranged for some time of rest and recuperation, sending me down to the southern part of Norway. Arriving at Christiania, the Capitol of said country, I found

that the Salvation Army was holding its annual conference, which caused all the smaller hotels and boarding houses to be filled with visitors. To avoid staying out on the streets during the night, I was compelled to register at one of the most expensive hotels in the city. As I had quite a hard time, I felt very grateful towards my Father for such first-class accommodations, but as I told Him so, I also reminded Him of the fact that I did not have even as much as a cent with which to pay the forthcoming hotel bill. "Thou knowest, O Lord," I said, "that I have gone forth upon my trip relying upon Thy promises only, and I know that Thou wilt not let my faith be put to shame." Later on in the day I most confidently laid my hand in my Father's hand, and started out in the city for a little walk. The Lord now led me on until I came to a small church building and hearing the strains of a hymn I understood that there must be some kind of a meeting going on, so I stepped inside, taking a place among the congregation. Dressed as I was in my Deaconess uniform with the Red Cross bonnet I was soon recognized by the leader of the meeting, who had read about me and seen my photograph in some Christian papers and magazines. He immediately went down from the platform, asking me to come up and give my testimony. It was not necessary to ask me twice and I instantly took advantage of the

opportunity to speak a word about the faithfulness of God. In fact, as soon as I had mounted the platform, I started to BOAST. Of course I did not brag about myself, but I did exalt and magnify the riches of my heavenly Father. Smilingly I recited the old song,

“ 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 once was an outcast, a stranger on earth,
A sinner by choice, and an alien by birth!
But I've been adopted, my name's written down,
An heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown.

A tent or a cottage, O, why should I care?
They're building a palace for me over there;
Tho exiled from home, yet still I may sing:
' All glory to God, I am a child of the King.' ”

Also I told them about the wonderful CHECK-BOOK which I am using, saying, “You must not look upon me as a poor missionary, because really to tell the truth my bank-book is just as fat as any of yours. You see, I have millions and millions to my credit in the heavenly Bank. I do not deal with any of the banks down here, because they are not to be trusted. Sometimes they go bankrupt, and at other times robbers break in. They are ever and always so

very uncertain. As to the Heavenly Bank, it never goes bankrupt, and instead of giving only five or six per cent, it gives *one hundred per cent*. Besides the money you put in other banks you can not take along when you finally leave this world. On the other hand, every penny or dollar which you deposit in the Heavenly Bank is yours for keep. In this country you have some kind of critters you call multi-millionaires. They have also millions and millions to their credit, but the difference between my money and theirs is that they have so much trouble about their money. Sometimes they even lose their souls on account of it. As to me, I have not the least of worry or bother about my millions because my Father takes care of them for me, and I only get slices of this wealth of mine just at the times when I need it. Then when I do need it I write it down in my check-book. If I need health, I write it down. If I need money, I write that down too, and if I need some special blessing or help out of trials, I write it all down. THEN I SIGN THE NAME OF JESUS TO THAT CHECK and I go to the Heavenly Bank where the windows and doors are open all the time, night as well as day, and I always get my check cashed, ON ACCOUNT OF THAT NAME JESUS, THAT THE FATHER MAY BE GLORIFIED IN THE SON. THAT is the secret of it all.

Speaking like this as though I was at least a millionaire—yea, still more a heavenly princess, I am sure that no one in the audience could get the slightest impression or hint of the fact that my purse was entirely empty. For my own part I was so happy in the assurance of the wealth and faithfulness of my Father that I had completely forgotten not only my empty pocketbook but my hotel bill as well. Happily, however, the Lord had not forgotten, and when I was about to leave the meeting He put into the heart of a certain Doctor Birkeland to give me a couple of bank notes. The amount thus given was exactly on the cent what I needed for my stay in Christiana, not a penny too much nor a penny too little. Is not that wonderful, the Lord even takes the trouble to count the money. He is such a good and sure accountant who never gives too little, but will rather increase the blessings in proportion as we are able to bear it.

Once, however, I half thought that He had departed from this principle and given me—too little. It was like this: One day there came to me a very old and feeble sister in the faith, and said, "Would not you, please, write out a check for fifty dollars. I need it so badly." At this I thought in my heart, "Why can not you write out the check yourself? The Heavenly Treasury is open just as well for you as for me." However, after a second thought I withheld this re-

mark, remembering that some of us seem unable to claim our privileges. The reasons for this may differ, but in the case of this old sister it was caused by faintheartedness and lack of practice. For my own part, I am more bold than backward, and as the Lord usually encourages my boldness, I always press right on until I get what I need both for myself and others.

Now it happened on a certain day that I asked to receive the before mentioned fifty dollars, but when the evening came I had only received forty-seven dollars for this purpose. It was after eleven o'clock in the night that I began to doubt the faithfulness of the Lord. Early in the morning I would be obliged to take the first train for the place where the old sister resided, and that very day she was in need of the money. In fact, she would have to leave her little home if the money failed to come. Now it was impossible for me to see how the Lord could send me any help between eleven o'clock in the night and five o'clock in the morning, and I must confess that I felt not a little blue and disappointed. It was not so much on account of the money, but more because I had been accustomed to receive to the very penny what I had asked for, and I was distressed beyond expression at the thought that the Lord had failed to meet my expectations. Then in the early morning dawn when I arrived at the lonely depot there stood a sister in the

Lord, seemingly waiting for someone. "You are going on the train?" I inquired. "No, but the Lord woke me up and sent me down here," she said, "and I could not imagine why, but now I understand." With this she took up three dollars from her pocket and handed them to me. You may be sure that I felt small and humiliated. To think that after all the experience I had had of His faithfulness and love, yet, I would still be capable of doubting Him.

In the year of 1915 I was traveling in Denmark, going from city to city and from town to town, conducting missionary meetings. Of course, you know where Denmark is located, or maybe I better explain that over in Europe we have a little piece of land which we call Scandinavia. It is not much compared to the United States, but it is something. It is on the map anyhow, and here we have three little countries, Sweden, Norway and Denmark. I am from Sweden which everybody ought to know who knows anything at all—just to look at me and hear me talk. You see, I look like a Swede, and abuse the English language like most Swedish people do. If you never saw a Swede before, I would advise you to take a long look at me so you will be able to recognize one next time you see one. Anyhow, I have been in every city and large community in these three king-

doms, and my last stopping place was Denmark.

Now, at the same time as I was traveling around in Denmark a certain lady missionary from Congo, Africa, was staying in Switzerland. Her name, Miss Alma E. Doering, had for some time been associated with my name. In fact, I was her adopted daughter, and had through legal and lawful proceedings, received her name "Doering." On account of some important missionary matters it became absolutely necessary for me to go to Switzerland in order to consult with said adoptive mother of mine. We had great difficulty in writing to each other as our mail went through Germany, and most of our letters were destroyed by the German censor. During the war, as a nurse and correspondent in the service of two Christian news papers, I had been in Germany time and again. It was, however, far from pleasant to travel through this unhappy country, and I was quite distressed at the thought that I would be obliged to cross the border once more on my way to Switzerland. By the way, do you know where Switzerland is? I have noticed during my trips in the United States that you folks do not as a rule care very much for the European map.

Some time ago when I conducted a missionary meeting in the State of Iowa I told the congregation about some wonderful experiences

which the Lord had given me in Switzerland, and noticing a somewhat blank expression on most of the faces before me, I said "Of course, you know where Switzerland is?" "Oh yes," answered one of the deacons, "is not Switzerland a town in Kansas?" "No, you are mistaken, brother," the pastor hastened to correct, "Switzerland is the Capital of Sweden." Switzerland, however, is as you may know neither the town in any state, nor the capital of any country, but a little Republic, the oldest in the world, located between Germany, France and Italy, and in order to get to Switzerland from Denmark or Scandinavia you have to cross the whole Country of Germany. During the war the borders or frontier between Germany and Switzerland were closed time and again, and thus it happened that one day I received a cablegram from the other Miss Doering stating that if I desired to come I should come at once as the boundary between the two countries was going to be closed. The cablegram was received late Sunday night at the close of my missionary meeting, and I understood that if I should be able to get to Switzerland before the border closed I would be obliged to leave early Monday morning. Therefore, when morning came I packed my trunk in faith in God, and put on my simple Red Cross uniform also in faith in God, and then when all was ready I told Him that it was only three quarters of an hour

before my train left, and to please send me the money for the ticket as soon as possible. As I in this manner was talking the matter over with my heavenly Father, someone knocked at my door, and as I stepped out I was confronted by an exceedingly dignified looking elderly lady who frowned at me most severely. It was quite early in the morning, and thinking that the dear lady had gotten up on the wrong side of the bed, I smiled at her encouragingly, inquiring as to her errand. "I suppose you are the much talked about "Sister Bertha," the heavenly princess?" she said in a way as to indicate that this was a great crime, "My name is Mrs. de la Gardie of Copenhagen." At this I felt not a little surprised as I had heard her spoken of often enough as not only the wealthiest lady in the whole city of Copenhagen, but also as the most stingy, the tightest one you ever saw. "Last night I had a dream about you," the lady continued wearily, "and I understand that you are going away on some long trip and that God wants me to help you with the traveling expenses." She then proceeded to count out some money from her handbag, and as she did so I felt quite sorry for her. I know how hard it would be for one like her to part with that precious gold, I could almost imagine that it would feel like pulling out a tooth. "Here are two hundred Crowns," she said crossly, "is that enough?" "Yes glory be to God,"

I shouted, "that is just exactly what I need," and in my happiness over this new answer to prayer I almost—not quite—danced before the dignified personage, and in a minute or so she began to melt down. Or would you say melt UP? Really I never know how to use your language as it ought to be used. My Swedish tongue is such an unruly thing, always insisting on the Swedish way although I am trying my uttermost to get it the English way. The worst part about your language is that sometimes you say one thing and apparently mean another. For instance, some time ago when I arrived at the Sea Port of New York City I was quite anxious to see everything which was going on, and in order to get the first glimpse of the statue of Liberty and the first glimpse of this beautiful country, I put my head through a window in the steamer. As I did so, somebody cried, "Look out!" and I, most obediently, stuck my head still farther OUT, almost killing myself. Then, what do you think, the silly man MEANT look IN, but why he said "look out" when he meant "look in" will forever remain one of the mysteries of the English language. Returning to the lady, she melted DOWN (I suppose "down" is the right expression) and before I knew it she put her arms around my neck, crying most brokenheartedly, "It is SO hard to confess," she sobbed, "but this is really the first time in my

life that I have tasted the sweetness and blessedness of giving. It is the first time as I realize the Word of God which says that it is more blessed to give than to receive." Then after some hesitation, she repeated, "It is the first time, but by the help of God it will not be the last." After a few moments of prayer together, I hurried down to the depot and got my train, arriving at the border of Switzerland about five minutes before it closed.

Among the Alps of Switzerland we then had quite a good time for rest and recuperation, and finally after much prayer and waiting on the Lord we decided that I should go on to America, the country of freedom and liberty, in order to arouse interest for the millions in heathen lands who have neither freedom nor liberty, but live in the greatest darkness, and suffering and sin. According to this, I returned to the Sea Port of Copenhagen, Denmark, by the way of Germany. It is a well known fact, however, that whenever the Lord wants to use us, the old devil tries his best to put some obstacles in our way. (I hope that I am not considered as "vulgar" by using the word "devil"? Some time ago when I passed by a certain church, a sign outside announced that the pastor was going to preach about "the Gentleman of Hell".) Anyhow as I went through Germany this last time, I was arrested as a spy and delayed for a couple of

days. The Lord, however, is as we all know stronger than the devil. Consequently it was in His power to deliver me, and so thanks to His faithfulness I came safely back to Copenhagen again.

Shortly after my arrival at the Danish Capital, I telephoned to the American-Scandinavian Steamer-Office inquiring as to the departure of their next steamer. After having received the information that according to schedule the next steamer would leave the following day (this was Thursday and the steamer would leave Friday) I turned to God in prayer about the matter. "I can not possibly get my passport," I said, "and get ready to leave tomorrow. Please, Father, do delay that steamer so I can go along." A few hours later I walked into the steamer-office, inquiring of the agent, "How many days is the steamer delayed?" "Delayed?" he repeated wonderingly, "why should it be delayed?" "I asked God to put some obstacles in its way so I would have time to get ready." "Asked God to delay our steamer?" he said half amused and half indignant, "well, that is the limit. I never heard such nonsense before." As he spoke to me like this, there came a boy from the telegram office, handing him a cable. The cable was from London, England, from the captain of the American-Scandinavian steamer—the steamer was still in London, and the cable stated that when

the steamer was on its way from the United States back home to Copenhagen, the English took it into England for investigation. It was during war-time, you know, and they had had some German stuff on the steamer, and England insisted on confiscating these goods belonging to the enemy. On account of this the steamer would not be in Copenhagen before Saturday and would not leave for America before Monday. "Glory to God," I shouted, "can not you see that this is an answer to my prayers?" "Oh, no," the agent protested, "it only happened that way." "Very well, you have the right to think as you please, and so have I; but would you please prepare my ticket? God willing, I am going to sail Monday on this steamer which He has delayed." "All right," said the agent, "what class do you want? First or second or third?" I hesitated just a moment, and thought, "Must I really go down in third class?" I know that down in third class, almost at the very bottom of the steamer, the air is so dreadfully close and unhealthy. No one can cross the Atlantic in third class without getting seasick, and I wondered, "Why should I have to suffer for about ten days in the steerage? Is not my Father the King of Kings? Does not He own all the gold and all the riches in the world, and am not I a heavenly princess, the child of a King? Surely it is just as easy for Him to give me a second class as a

third?" Having arrived at this decision, I said to the agent, "Well, I suppose you can arrange for a second class ticket." At this he demanded a deposit of fifty dollars. "I have no money along today," I told him regretfully, "but I will be sure to pay you the whole sum when I get my ticket by Monday. Will not that be all right?" Then he became somewhat uneasy and cautiously inquired if I had the money necessary for the purchase of the ticket. "Oh, yes, I have plenty of money," I answered just a little bit loftily, "You see, my Father is an exceedingly wealthy man." Before he heard about my wealthy Father, he had been sitting down, having his hat on, and a big cigar in his mouth, but now he stood up, took off his hat, and removing the cigar, smiled his kindest. "So glad to hear of it," he said with the utmost friendliness, "maybe he lives here in town?" "He does," I admitted, "in fact my Father has quite a bit of property in this city." "Well, well," he exclaimed, greatly pleased, "he must be one of our millionaires?" "There is no doubt about that," I assented coolly. "Is your father at home," he wondered further, "and could we reach him by the 'phone? What is his number?" "Yes, Glory to God, He is at home all right," I replied with a sigh of relief, "and what is more, He is always on the line. The fact is, my Father uses the Royal Telephone-line, The Answer Before We Call System, and the number

is only, ‘ Glory,’ just call Central and you will get ‘ Glory.’” “ The royal telephone-line, the answer before we call system, number Glory,” the agent repeated in utter bewilderment, “ what in the world is all that? I never in my life heard about such a line before.” “ Then I am very sorry for you,” I said pityingly, “ because, really it is the best line there is, the oldest one and the safest one. It is the line between our hearts and our heavenly Father’s heart. God is my Father. Do you know Him, Mr. agent?” “ No, I should say not,” he answered wholly disgusted, resuming his seat and smoking furiously on his cigar, “and certainly it will be very interesting indeed to see what the money looks like which comes from heaven.” “ Very well, I will come here as soon as I get it,” I said reassuringly, and leaving him I walked back to my room at a small hotel.

Not a little curious to know how the Lord would arrange matters, I kneeled down in prayer for the purpose of finding out. As I approached the Lord, I made no attempt to preach to Him. I have noticed that some good people of God, make up at times in prayer meetings such long, beautiful sermons. They tell Him how the world is getting on and kind of advise Him how things ought to be done. I never do that way for the very simple reason that I have learned to talk to God as a child to its own earthly parent. You remember, He is the only Father I have ever had,

and so at this instance I spoke to Him and said, "Father, I have gone in faith in Thee since I was a little girl, three years old, and Thou has always heard my prayers and kept Thy Word and Thy promises. Therefore I know beyond a shadow of a doubt that You will stand by me this time too." Especially I asked Him in behalf of the agent. "Not for my sake, but for Thy own name's sake I pray that Thou wouldst manifest to this doubting agent, that Thou art a God that hearest and answerest prayers." While praying in this simple manner as a child to its beloved and loving parent, I heard in my heart the well-known voice of my heavenly Father. It came to me as an irresistible impression or inspiration and said, "Stand up at once and go to Mr. Stannow's office." I did not know Mr. Stannow, but I understood that my Father knew him, and consequently I immediately arose in order to obey orders. Sometimes, you know, the Lord speaks to us very clearly as to the names and addresses of people. You remember, He told Cornelius to send for Peter, and He stated very distinctly that the apostle was living at a house close to the seaside in care of Simon the tanner.

Now, however, I had to go to the City Directory to find out if there was recorded a man with the name of Stannow who had an office in town. There was, of course, and shortly after I left

on a street car for Mr. Stannow's office. Arriving there, I remained standing at the door for a moment or two, not knowing in the least what to do or to say. Of one thing I was certain, I was not in that office to BEG. Had I not already made my wants known unto the Lord, and would it not then be utterly inconsistent to turn to others? Mr. Stannow was sitting at his desk, busily writing, but presently he looked up, caught sight of me, and hurried over to the door where I was standing. "Oh, the heavenly princess has finally come?" he said delightedly. "Yes, I have come," I said somewhat surprised, "but I had no idea that you were expecting me. In fact, I did not think that you knew me." "Oh, yes, I know you very well," he smiled, "and my wife and I have been waiting for you for the last three months, but as we did not have your address we asked God to send you to us." "You have been waiting for me for three months?" I repeated a little stupidly, "how can that be? Is there anything I can do for you?" "No, nothing exactly beside praying for us," he said, "but we heard that you were going on to America, and we felt led to ask God if there was anything we could do for you. In this way it did not take us long to decide that we were expected to pay for your passage." Before we cry, the Lord answers. THAT is what I call "The answer before we call system."

Some time ago, I told this very experience in Miami, Florida, and when I had come so far in my testimony a man in the audience cried out, "May I say a word?" "You may," I consented, "if you make it as short as possible." "Well, I just want to say that I do not believe in that stuff," he said excitedly. "The truth is I can not believe in anything which I do not understand, and if you are unable to explain to me how God could answer prayer in such a remarkable way, I simply will not believe in it," and again he repeated, "I do not believe in anything which I can not clearly understand." "Indeed I will be glad to explain to you," I said in my most cordial manner, "only first of all I would like you to explain something which always has been a puzzle to me. You state that you will not believe in anything which you are unable to understand. Now, I would be very interested to know how it is that a black cow can eat green grass and get white milk and yellow butter. Please do explain this for me. I am sure you will know how?" This, however, he seemed perfectly unable to answer, and somewhat disappointed I said, "When you are unfit to explain a little thing like that, how can you then expect me to explain the wonderful ways of God? If I could explain God, He would hardly be a God, He would not be any greater than I; but this I do know and understand that He is per-

fectly willing and able to hear and to answer prayer."

To return to Mr. Stannow, he went back to his writing table and wrote out a check for three hundred and fifty Crowns. "Be sure to take a second class ticket," he told me, "my wife and I would not like for you to go in the steerage." To be sure I was just as happy as happy could be. Not so much on account of the money but on account of seeing so clearly the faithful, loving hand of my heavenly Father. THAT is the most wonderful, and the sweetest in receiving answer to prayers, to see how good He is, how full of loving kindness and mercy. So I took the check in my hand and made a straight bee-line for the steamer-office, and came rushing in to the agent at a great rate. "Here is the money which has come from my Father today," I told him as calmly as possible, "it looks like this." Great tears came into the eyes of the agent, as he said: "I thought, indeed that there was a supreme being, some kind of a God far away, but I never knew before that we had such a PERSONAL God," and he wept most bitterly because he his whole, long life had been neglecting and indifferent to such a REAL Father and Friend.

I am very sorry to say that it is not only the so called unbelievers but also some Christians as well who do not seem to quite understand, and

who do not have their hearts and eyes open for this most glorious truth that we have such a very close and personal Father. Because if we did, we would never live on Grumbling or Complaining Streets, but always reside on the Hallelujah Avenue.

Right here I would like very much to make a personal remark. I know, of course, it is not very polite in this country to make personal remarks, yet, being one of the family, you will be sure to excuse my liberties. Let me then first of all say that as I stand here and look at the congregation, I have got the impression that some of you have JESUS in your hearts tonight. You are shining and smiling, and really quite good looking. As you may know, the ONLY way to get attractive is to get the peace and love and happiness of Jesus in your heart. Face paint and powder and curling irons and pretty dresses will not improve your looks any. Now, I am only wondering like this, and here is where the remark comes in, do you have on your Sunday morning face tonight or your every-day-kind-of-face? The kind of face you have on at your home and at your work? The kind of face you have on when everything goes wrong? You see, THAT is the time to have victory and glory, and THAT is the time to shine and to smile when everything goes upside down. Otherwise what

difference is there between us and the so called ungodly?

Finally let me remind you of the fact that our Lord Jesus Christ is coming back to earth again, and He is coming soon, and when He comes will He find faith on earth, real victorious faith, that kind of faith which OVERCOMES the world and conquers the devil? You have read His own Word which states as plain as can be that without faith it is absolutely impossible to please Him. Remember, "ASK IN FAITH, NOTHING WAVERING. For he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed. For let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord." Now, GOOD-NIGHT, let us meet in the morning. In the glorious morning when the Lord Jesus comes, and we shall see Him, the King in His beauty, the King in His glory. See Him and be like Him as He is. GOODNIGHT, GOODNIGHT."

"And now let us sing Brother Lehman's song,"

"Central's never busy, always on the line,
You may hear from heaven almost any time,
'Tis a royal service, free for one and all,
When you get in trouble, give this Royal line a
call."

CHAPTER VII.
HER FIRST FIVE YEARS IN THE
UNITED STATES.

Charlotte A. Goldstrom was her name. She was born in Sweden of American parents, and come to this country at twelve years of age. About ten years ago she was a young business woman with the brightest prospects for her future.. Raised by God-fearing parents she had from childhood trodden the paths of God, devoting the best of her time and talents to His service. Ever and anon she felt an increasing desire to forsake the business world and set out for good as a worker in the vineyard of the Lord.

At the time when this desire began to assume the form of a conscious call she was an active member in a Swedish church of considerable size. Her pastor, the Reverend Erik Pierson was a man after God's own heart, loved and revered by his congregation. In addition he was of a handsome and prepossessing exterior and a genuine pulpit orator. At any rate he must have possessed eloquence, for it was not very long till he had convinced Miss Goldstrom that the very best route to a really useful missionary work would be struck the moment she consented to become Mrs. Pierson.



MRS. CHARLOTTE A. PIERSON.

Who twice has been the instrument in God's hand to save the life of Miss Bertha-Charlotta Doering.

“He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.” (Psalm 126:6.)

And so it happened that Miss Goldstrom became a charming little minister's wife, who with her business ability and above all with her splendid accomplishments as a soloist was no mean help and blessing to the happy husband in his more and more exacting pastoral duties. Convinced as they were that they had followed God's plan in their lives, they were attended by the Lord's special blessings, and nothing could be lovelier and happier than their common home life.

Ten years have gone by since Mrs. Pierson in the capacity of a young bride and helpmeet of the pastor in the Swedish church entered upon her new field of labor. She is still young, in the flower of her age, and looks better than ever. Her voice is richer and mellower, and her countenance bears the unmistakable impress of a holy life and a noble character.

After a few years of unmarred domestic happiness her husband was taken ill and at last became incapable of performing the pastoral work, and about the same time, after much importuning on the part of her former employer, she returned to her office work.

Somewhat later, on the death of her father, she took into the home her aged mother and an older homeless sister. These two with the rapidly declining husband now made up the most of her world. For them she toiled in her office

from early morning till late at night, and in addition she continued her labors as choir leader and Sunday school teacher, giving the last of her spare moments and her hard earned means to some charitable undertaking or other.

And so it came to pass, that Mrs. Pierson, as a leading member of her church, was requested to arrange an extra mission meeting. One Miss Bertha-Charlotta Doering was to visit the congregation in order to present the dire need of the heathen in far off lands, and Mrs. Pierson was asked to harbor her. This was the Fourth of July, 1917, and the following day they met — Mrs. Pierson and the famous heavenly Princess.

To the heavenly Princess Mrs. Pierson was a God-send; to Mrs. Pierson the girl became a new object of love and fostering care.

A year and a half earlier, or the fourth of December, 1915, "Sister Bertha," as we will name her for brevity's sake, had arrived in America. The object of her visit to this country was to arouse God's people to a livelier interest for heathen missions in Africa. Wherever she came the Lord opened hearts and doors, and mission meetings were arranged for her in churches of the most divergent creeds.

On her missionary journeys she never begged for money either for her work or for herself.



Nevertheless collections were often taken by those who had invited her, and her traveling expenses were covered thereby. In addition she would sometimes after her week day evening meetings sell her books. That is to say, she would distribute them for a free-will offering, and those who had no money received them gratis. A booklet that she had written concerning God as a prayer answering Father had an exceptionally good circulation, and seven thousand copies were sold in less than a year. Besides she sold a book written and published by Miss Alma E. Doering, her adoptive mother.



MISS ALMA E. DOERING.

Following is a correct statement of funds received during the first five years of Miss Bertha Doering's work in the United States:

For the support of the Congo Missionary Miss Alma E. Doering, who during the war was engaged in missionary work among war captives and fugitives in Switzerland, one thousand, five hundred dollars.

For Orebro Missionary Society's India Mission, one thousand Crowns.

For Orebro Missionary Society's Congo Mission, one thousand dollars.

Paid to Miss Alma E. Doering for 2,000 copies of her book, sold for the benefit of her missions, eight hundred dollars.

For traveling and living expenses for Sister Bertha, one thousand dollars.

Sum total, four thousand, six hundred and ninety-five dollars.

The one thousand dollars given by Miss Bertha-Charlotta Doering to Orebro Missionary Society's Congo Mission were sent through Alma E. Doering directly to the Swedish Missionaries in Congo, Africa.

Right here it may be proper to say a good word for the Orebro Missionary Society of Orebro, Sweden. But it is impossible to tell of this Society without at the same time introducing its founder and present president. Rev. John Ongman is a man of great faith in God, and his missionary society is a notable monument to God's faithfulness. Just as George Mueller's orphans' home and similar world famous undertakings of other heroes of faith are abiding witnesses to the reality of God's Word and promises, so the work of this man of God in Orebro, Sweden, shall stand till the Lord comes as a brightly shining beacon to the glory of God.

After twenty-five years as a pastor in a Swedish Baptist church of considerable size in Minnesota Rev. Ongman returned to Sweden, having received an urgent call to the Philadelphia church in Orebro. Twenty-seven years have gone by since he accepted the call to said church, and having received from the Lord a large

measure of wisdom and a fervent missionary zeal, he has, in the good pleasure and with the blessings of the Lord, accomplished great things. Each year since his arrival in Sweden a two months Bible school has been held in Philadelphia church. Sister Bertha had the great privilege of participating in the Bible course of 1914, and thanks to the thorough and truly Biblical instruction received here, she has been unmoved by the many new winds of doctrine with which she has met in America.

Besides this annual Bible school Rev. Ongman has also a four years' mission school, a missionary college recognized by the State. As to the Orebro Missionary Society, it has, by this time, forty-five white missionaries on the foreign field, in China, India, Africa, Russia, and South America, and two hundred forty home missionaries.

One heart and one soul with Rev. John Ongman in his world wide missionary enterprise is Mrs. Hannah J. Ongman, his lovely and amiable wife. Mrs. Hannah Ongman is usually styled "the Mother of the Orebro Missionary Society" or "the Missionary Mother." She it is that conducts the correspondence with all the missionaries and evangelists they have on the field. She it is likewise who superintends the packing of the missionaries' outfits and their Christmas boxes; and besides all her matronly



REV. JOHN ONGMAN AND WIFE.

"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." (Daniel 12: 3.)

labors for school and home she is treasurer for a number of mission branches. To Miss Bertha-Charlotta Doering she has ever since 1913 been a faithful, motherly friend, and we rejoice for whatever interest we can hereby arouse in behalf of Orebro Missionary Society. As a church and as a society they stand for a whole and full gospel and have never been known to dicker in respect to the truth. Missionary means can be sent to the Treasurer of the Orebro Missionary Society, Orebro, Sweden.

A Prayer Circle or Band of Rope Holders, consisting of Sister Bertha's personal friends and supporters was in May, 1919, legally incorporated as a responsible missionary society under the name of "The Interdenominational African Mission and World Wide Mission." For the sake of brevity the society is usually called the "W. W. M."

The society is devoted to Apostolic Christianity, to prayer service for a whole world, to the special needs of the neglected Indian tribes in the United States, and to the heathen in Africa and India. The motto of the society is: "In faith unity, in opinion and methods liberty, in all things charity." Another good motto is: "Where the Scriptures speak, we speak; where the Scriptures are silent, we are silent."

Headquarters of this Prayer Circle is 1715



"I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."—Jesus.

Cherokee Ave., Los Angeles, California. Mrs. Charlotte A. Pierson is president, most of the members being ladies. Mrs. Frieda Valentine also a near friend of Sister Bertha, is the treas-

urer. Both can be reached by means of above address.

In January, 1916, Sister Bertha for the first time came to the Mueller family at 1715 Cherokee Avenue with letters of introduction from Alma E. Doering. The Muellers had lived next door to Alma Doering's home, and out of love for and interest in "Sister Alma" they received her adopted daughter with open arms. To this lovely Los Angeles home our heavenly Princess has betaken herself time and again. In it she has been a guest for weeks and months at a time. Mrs. Frieda Valentine, one of the handsome, full grown daughters of the home, in time became Sister Bertha's intimate friend and was at length chosen treasurer of the Prayer League, "W. W. M."



After the first two years of constant travel and daily mission meetings in America Sister Bertha suffered a severe nervous breakdown as a result of overwork. Every dollar that she could possibly spare during these years of incessant labor had been sent to Alma E. Doering, representative and oldest missionary of the Congo Inland Mission, for distribution among the several mission branches. Penniless and ill as she now was she had occasion to prove the truth of the old adage, "A friend in need is a friend in deed."

Thanks to the loyalty and self-sacrificing spirit that always characterized Mrs. Charlotte A Pierson, Sister Bertha was permitted for nineteen whole months to be in perfect rest and quiet. These nineteen months were spent at a Christian convalescent home in Florida, and for two months of this time Mrs. Pierson was with her. They occupied a little cottage together, and for the first time in Sister Bertha's life she experienced what it is to be mothered and cherished. A little later, after Mrs. Pierson had returned to her home and her office, she lost all her savings through a bank failure. Instead of informing Sister Bertha what had happened she went to another bank and borrowed money, and then sent her several hundred dollars in order to keep her at the rest home in Florida.

In the Bible we have in the story of Jonathan

and David a striking example of self-sacrificing friendship. In the First Book of Samuel, the 18th chapter, it is described in the following expressive terms: "And it came to pass, that the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul. Then Jonathan and David made a covenant, and Jonathan delighted much in David." Another example of all-sacrificing friendship is found in the Book of Ruth, the first chapter: "And Ruth said: Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee, for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me."

In the Book of Proverbs are given the qualities of a true friend: "A friend loveth at all times," it is said in chapter 17: 17, and again: "There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother" (18: 24). "Faithful are the wounds of a friend" (27: 6). "Ointment and perfume rejoice the heart, so doth the sweetness of a man's friend by hearty counsel" (27: 9). "Iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend" (27: 17).

Still stronger words are used by the Lord Himself. In John 14: 13 He says: "Greater

love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." The beautiful friendship between our Lord and His disciple John is recorded in the following words: "Now there was leaning on Jesus' bosom one of His disciples, whom Jesus loved. Simon Peter therefore beckoned to him, that he should ask who it should be of whom he spake. He then lying on Jesus' breast saith unto Him, Who is it?" Later on it is told, "When Jesus saw His mother, and the disciple standing by, whom He loved, He saith unto His mother, Woman behold thy son. Then saith He to the disciple, Behold thy mother! and from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home."

The last mention of this special love between Jesus and John is given in the very last chapter of the gospel. "Then Peter, turning about, seeth the disciple whom Jesus loved following; which also leaned on His breast at supper . . . and Peter seeing him saith to Jesus, Lord and what shall this man do? Jesus saith unto him, If I will that he tarry till I come what is that to thee? follow thou me." There also seems to have existed a warm friendship between Jesus and Lazarus, the brother at the Bethany home. "Therefore his sisters sent unto him, saying, Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick." "When Jesus heard that, He said, This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that

the Son of God might be glorified thereby." It is further told that outside the grave of Lazarus "He groaned in the Spirit, and was troubled, and said Where have ye laid him? . . . and Jesus wept. Then said the Jews, Behold how He loved him."

It was in connection with the death of Lazarus that Jesus uttered these most comforting words, "I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this?"

Judging by all this it is in accordance with God's will and plan that we should enjoy the blessing that lies in perfect friendship and the possession of a real friend. The greatest earthly blessing and happiness that ever came into Sister Bertha's life came along with Mrs. Pierson. Her friendship and faithfulness, her honesty and sterling character, her trustworthiness and utter loyalty has been and is the one great thing in the life of our heavenly Princess. The altruistic, all-forgiving and self-sacrificing love of Jesus Christ, exemplified in the beautiful life and lovely character of Mrs. Pierson, revealed to her lonely heart as never before the disposition of her heavenly Father, and more than once she has said to the Lord: "Never more will I doubt Thy personal sympathy for us after catching such a vivid glimpse of Thy love, Thy will, Thy

character, in the humble life of this hand-maiden of Thine."

For the enlightenment of "Sister Bertha's" friends and supporters it may here be advisable to add that as she is the substitute for Mrs. Pierson on the missionary field so is Mrs. Pierson the legally authorized representative in this country for Miss Bertha-Charlotta Doering. During Miss Bertha's stay in such part of Alaska and other fields where the mail is slow and uncertain, Mrs. Pierson will open any and all letters, having unlimited power to decide and reply to any matter which may demand a prompt answer.

Any decision or statement above the signature of "C. A. Pierson" or as her name is written the Swedish way, "C. A. Person", will have the full and absolute endorsement of Miss Bertha-Charlotta Doering. Mrs. Pierson's devotion to God and His interest, her loyalty and love to our heavenly Princess, her excellent reputation and fine business ability have for years been tested and are too well-known to warrant anything but a wholehearted confidence and trust.

Mrs. Pierson may be reached through Miss Doering's California address.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HAPPY ENDING.

It is going to be hard to write a personal note like this without working the little pronoun "I" overtime, but in order to get into a more personal touch with my readers I shall proceed to clamp down the "I" key on my typewriter (first personal, singular, perpendicular). After having been in this country for more than five years, I am now a full-fledged American, happy, proud, and grateful to be under the Stars and Stripes. It is even possible that I am more of an American than some persons who are born and raised in this country. They are Americans citizens because they were born such, and without having contributed anything to it, while I am an American because, after many journeys and experiences in other countries, I am perfectly and absolutely convinced that the United States is the most glorious country in the world. In other words, I love it and have adopted it as my own, because I would be unable to feel at home anywhere else.

Yet at the same time that I love and prize America above all other countries, not excepting my own native country, I am far from blind to its faults. There are especially two deplorable conditions, which I fervently wish and pray

might be remedied. One is the indifference with which the feeble-minded are treated. Please do not confuse the terms insane and feeble-minded. An insane person is one who has had his mental faculties and lost them, while a feeble-minded person is one who never has had any great degree of intelligence and never can get it. To their lot has fallen a perpetual childhood. We know that sixteen states have failed to establish institutions for the feeble-minded, and that in each of the other thirty-two the provision made is woefully inadequate. We know that in every state feeble-minded persons are in hospitals for the insane, where they do not belong, that many more are improperly classified with and treated as criminals and delinquents, that many more are in almshouses, where, in a majority of cases, they are not and cannot be adequately protected. We know that a greater number, greater than all the foregoing, are at large in their communities, free to perpetuate their kind. We know that feeble-mindedness is inherited, and that to this fact are due at least two-thirds of our present feeble-minded population. We know that the feeble-minded mother is more prolific than the normal mother. We know that the feeble-minded are lacking in judgment and power of resisting evil influences, and that they are therefore unable to adjust themselves to normal life in the community.

After having spent two weeks at aforementioned convalescent home in Florida, I one day took an extended walk beyond the sanitarium grounds. I then saw quiet a large feeble-minded boy, who roamed at will about the streets. He was a target for the other childrens' jests and gave the impression of being utterly uncomfortable and unhappy. As I had nothing else to do, I began to investigate regarding the condition of the feeble-minded in Florida, and I found that more than one thousand of them were without care or protection. For several months I then conducted a campaign, during which I wrote article after article in the leading Florida newspapers concerning the necessity of an institution for these unfortunates. Hon. W. F. Stovall, the president of the Tampa Tribune (the largest and best Daily in Florida), was the first to encourage me. In one of his letters he wrote: "I think your suggestion about establishing an institution for feeble-minded of the state is a most admirable one, and I assure you that it will be a pleasure to the Tribune to give such a proposition its enthusiastic and moral support." Shortly after receiving this assurance I also got several encouraging letters from the Governor. "Dear Madam," he wrote, "I have your letter regarding the feeble-minded of this State, and I assure you again that I will take this matter up with the Cabinet and will also bring it before the

coming Legislature, etc." I even had a lengthy interview with the Governor at his private office, as well as several visits with the leading newspaper men of the State. At the next legislature the Lord answered my prayers in behalf of the feeble-minded, and half a million dollars were granted for building an institution for these unfortunates in Florida.

The other sore spot that has attracted my most especial attention is the conditions existing among certain Indian tribes in this land. The Indian population of the United States, exclusive of Alaska, where the conditions are dark, on June 30, 1919, reached a grand total of 333,702. Of these there are five civilized tribes including freedmen and intermarried whites altogether 101,702. Exclusive of the five civilized tribes we have in this country 232,196 uncivilized Indians. The greatest number of Indians live in Oklahoma, where we have 119,101; next comes Arizona with 42,346. The third in order is New Mexico with 20,581, and the fourth state in order is California with 16,215. Other states with a large number of Indians are Minnesota with 12,447, Montana with 12,138, Washington with 10,988, Wisconsin with 10,211, etc.

Time and again I have been among the Indians in California and Arizona, and my heart has bled with pity for this neglected people. On the Hopi reservation the Baptist are doing a very

good work. Yet, the fact remains that the larger number of Indians are entirely unprovided for, and out of reach of any Christian mission. A statement approved by the Presbytery of Northern Arizona concerning the Navajo Indians, says,

“The Navajo people, though the real Americans, present conditions similar to those we find in Asia or Africa. Here are ancient customs, a strange language, a religion as ignorant of God as the religion of China, India or Africa. Here are worshippers of the sun god like the ancient Phoenicians, or the modern Fire Worshippers of Mesopotamia. Here men have as many wives as the Mohammendans. Here are sorcerers who profess to drive out evil spirits, like the exorcists of Korea. Here men and women and little children are as fearful of a dead body as the pagans of East Africa who contended with the faithful Susi over the body of Livingstone. Prayers are offered to the sun, the dawn, the earth, the mountains, the wind, and even to bears and reptiles. Sad to relate, in some parts of this field priests of Rome are seeking to add to this list a great number of ‘saints’, good and bad. The Navajos are a great and growing tribe. In 1870 they numbered 7,000. Today there are 35,500 and they are increasing at the rate of five per cent each year. Their reservation cannot contain them, so they have overflowed and about one third of the tribe are living on the public

domain." How can such conditions exist? Is it my fault? Is it yours? Is it because you and I have been unable to partake with our Master in His great compassion for a fallen world? Is it because we have not lived close enough to His heart to have fellowship with Him in His suffering for those without Him? Is it because we have loved our pocketbooks and our own interests and our own comforts more than we have loved Him and His interests? For my own part, I am happy in the enjoyment of the great privilege and honor of lying as a whole offering on His altar. He has been so full of faithfulness and love that I do not feel I can give Him anything less than my whole life, my whole strength, my all and all on His altar. I will tell you the best place in heaven and on earth is to be in the very fulness of His will and to be a co-worker with Him.

For years I believed myself called to go to Africa, where there are hundreds of millions without the gospel. Several missionary societies were willing to send me, and all doors seemed open. However, as time wore on it became more and more evident that my call to Africa was a call to pray and not a call to go. The reason for this was my ever failing health. In climates such as Arizona and California, even Alaska in summer-time, I am well and strong, capable of any amount of work. On the contrary, in other

climates, especially where it is cold and damp, my working ability is very much diminished.

Nevertheless, the Lord has permitted me to awaken an interest for Africa's swarthy millions wherever I have put in an appearance, and it is my desire to continue to support a missionary on this field. By thus keeping a substitute on the missionary field of Africa I do not feel that my mistake as to my call to go there in person has had any sinister consequences whatever.

With Mrs. Charlotte A. Pierson as my most intimate co-worker and with the assistance of other trustworthy friends, I now set out with this as my aim: *A whole and full gospel to the neglected and uncivilized Indian tribes of this country.* My one great ambition is to erect another monument to the glory of God and to His faithfulness and willingness to hear and answer prayers.

This is now the happy ending, that in the will of God I am finally at perfect rest. Nothing can better describe my present state of soul and mind than the following song of F. M. Lehman of Pasadena, California:

I say "Amen" to Jesus, whatever it may be,
Though Satan tempt me sorely, God will take
care of me;
My plans and my ambitions I gladly all resign,
That I may be His only, and Jesus only mine.

I say "Amen" when trouble comes stalking
through the door,
'Tis then I look to Jesus, who all my troubles
bore,
For after all is over His beauty I shall see;
I know the way He orders is always best for me.

I say "Amen" to trials, 'tis then I love Him
best;
They draw me closer to Him each providential
test;
The trials make me stronger than I had been
before,
For when I am delivered I love my Jesus more.

I say "Amen" to sorrow, He sanctifies my grief;
He sends the tears in blessing to give the heart
relief,
So I'll not fret or murmur—He always knows
what's best,—
Since I've said "Yes" to Jesus, He gives me
perfect rest.

It's always "Amen," "Jesus," it's "Amen" all
the time,
It's "Amen" when in sorrow, it's "Amen," rain
or shine;
It's "Yes" to God forever, He knows what's
best for me;
So I will still say "Amen," whatever it may be.

This last page I am writing on my thirty-first birthday, May 17, 1921. Anew I have dedicated my life to a whole-hearted and all-absorbing service for the Master, who is my Savior, Sanctifier, Healer and coming King. As never before I realize that the time is short, and the necessity of haste, promptness and zeal in His work.

You may be interested to know that in connection with our missionary efforts among the heathens, we will also in the near future, God willing, open an ideal home for feeble-minded children. Idiots, Imbeciles, and low grade Morons, who usually are refused entrance in the State Institutions, will gladly be welcomed and lovingly cared for. Further information concerning this proposed "Lighthouse" may be had by directing your inquiries to my ever faithful and loyal friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bryan Varn, Durant, Florida.

Now if you have got any blessing or help out of this little book, I wish you would write to my California address and tell me so. Should you desire to join our World Wide Mission Band, be assured of a hearty welcome, provided your purpose is to be a *Ropeholder in real deed and in truth.*

Yours in Royal Service,

BERTHA-CHARLOTTA DOERING.

1715 Cherokee Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.

“THE WAY OF FAITH.”

A paper of 16 pages, published every Thursday at Columbia, S. C., is committed to the teaching of Justification, Sanctification, The Second Coming of Christ, Divine Healing, and all truths pertaining to the Christian Life. It is an earnest advocate for City Missions at Home, and the work of World-wide Evangelism.

Under the Editorship of the Rev. J. M. Pike this paper has proved a great help to thousands of God's children all over the land. A special blessing of God seems to rest over this wonderful paper-missionary, and it is our belief that of all the full Gospel papers and magazines in this country, **THE WAY OF FAITH UNDOUBTEDLY IS THE VERY BEST.**

Dr. J. M. Pike, the Editor, is also a great man of God, a well-known hero in the faith. Although past his eighty years, he is still young and strong in mind and appearance. To Miss Bertha-Charlotta Doering, he has always been a good, fatherly friend. Time and again, he has recommended her and her work, in his widely circulated paper, and given generous space to her, at times, somewhat lengthy articles.

The subscription price of this fine and first-class paper is only \$1.50 a year, all renewals and all new subscriptions should be sent direct to the Editor, Rev. John M. Pike, Columbia, S. C.

“FAITH AND TRUTH”

Is a fine little paper of eight pages, published on the 1st and 15th of each month in the interest of the Toccoa Orphanage, the promotion of Scriptural Holiness and Divine Healing. The Editors, Rev. E. H. Blake and Miss Pinkie Blake as well as the Rev. and Mrs. A. C. Craft, the General Manager and the Matron of the Orphanage, are warm, personal friends to Miss Bertha-Charlotta Doering. The Orphanage as well as the paper, “Faith and Truth,” are founded on the promises of God and stand as true monuments on the way of faith. The following is a recommendation, signed by all the leading citizens of the city of Toccoa, the Mayor, the ex-mayor, the Clerks of the Superior Court, the Cashiers of the Banks, the Lawyers, Physicians, Pastors of the different churches, and Merchants, etc.:

“We, the undersigned citizens of Toccoa, Stephens County, Georgia, cheerfully recommend the Toccoa Orphanage to the general public, as being a worthy institution, doing much good, rescuing the fallen, providing homes for and taking care of hundreds of destitute and orphan children, and we also recommend the managers of this institution as being well qualified and trustworthy to rightfully manage the institution, and all contributions received by them will be applied in the spirit given.”

All free-will offerings should be sent direct to the Manager, Rev. A. C. Craft, Toccoa, Ga.

The subscription price of the paper is one dollar per year, and should be sent to the Editor, Rev. E. H. Blake, Toccoa, Ga.

SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPPLIES.

The Reverend G. F. Taylor of Royston, Georgia, is a well-known Leader in The Pentecostal Holiness Church, a Southern Holiness Organization. He is also the Editor of The Pentecostal Holiness Advocate, a weekly paper of 16 pages, and the Manager of the Pentecostal Holiness Publishing House which printed this book. He is finally, together with his lovely, little wife, a faithful, personal friend of Miss Bertha-Charlotta Doering which ought to count quite a bit in the interest of her many friends. He is widely known and honored as a great man of God who a long, long while has been walking without fear on the way of faith.

In the year of 1913 he started his Pentecostal Sunday School Literature, seeing as he did the great need of a full gospel even in this direction. We hereby recommend the following Quarterlies to all of our friends who are engaged in Sunday School work :

Little Bible Lesson Pictures . 5 cents per quarter.
Primary Quarterly 5 cents per quarter.
Intermediate Quarterly 5 cents per quarter.
Bible Class Quarterly 6 cents per quarter.
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All orders should be sent direct to Rev. G. F. Taylor, Royston, Ga.

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