

THE STORY

OF MY  
LIFE

BY  
ALMA WHITE

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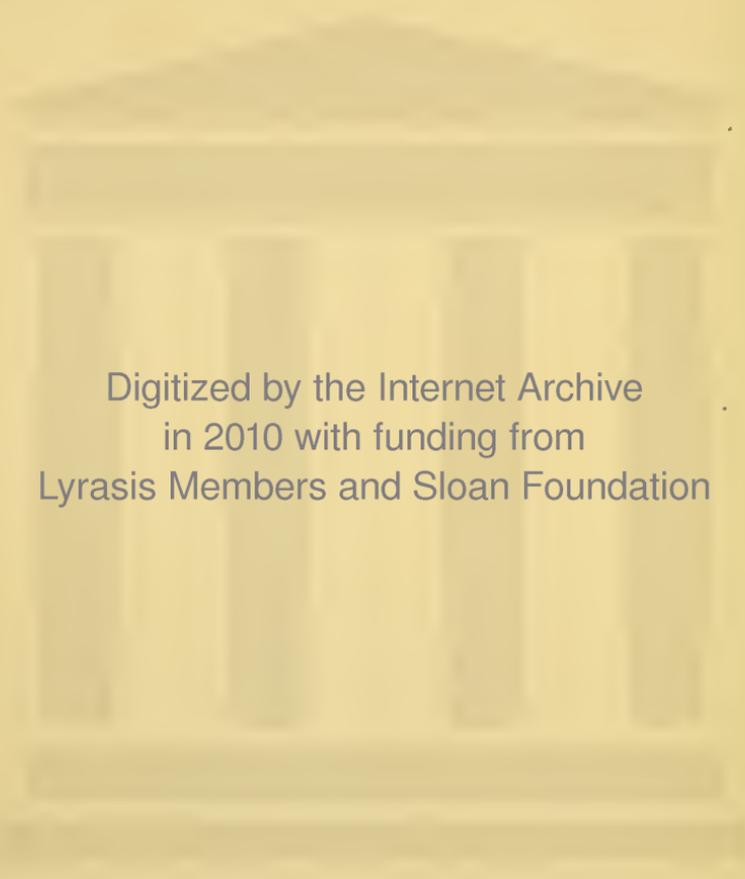
To My Friends

The Dunn Family

With Best Wishes

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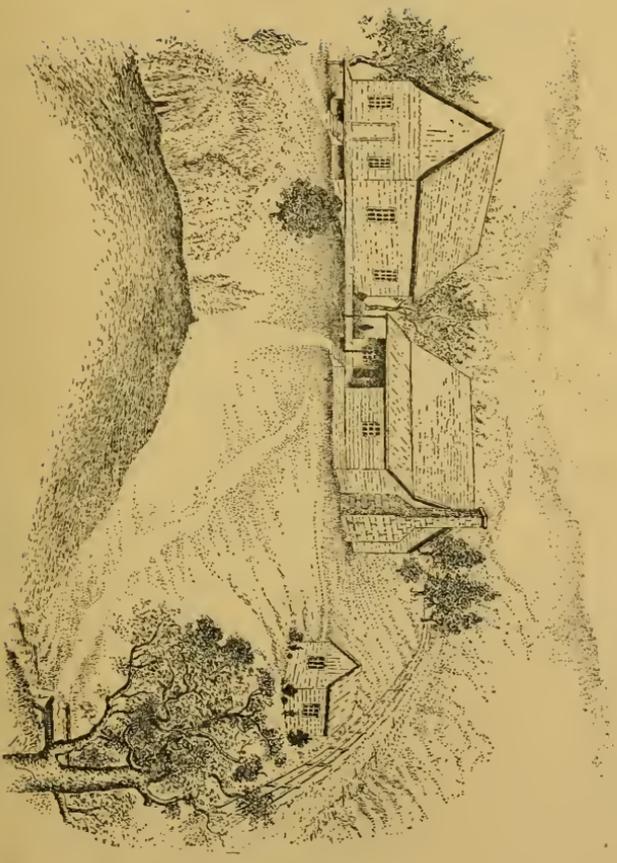
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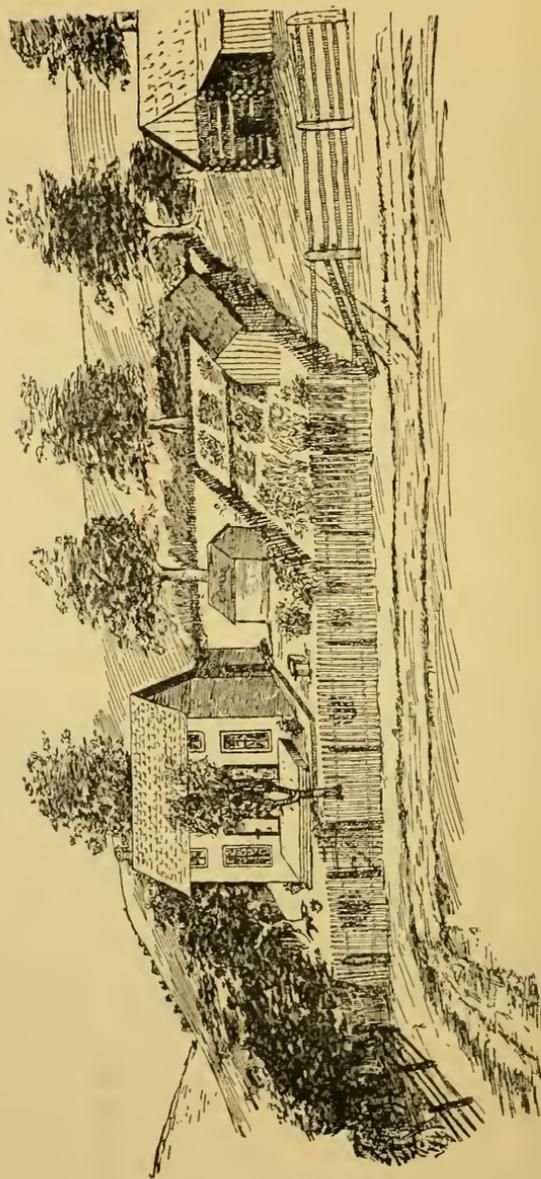




ALMA WHITE

THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE AUTHOR, NEAR THE OLD TANNERY





THE NEW HOUSE ON THE HILL

# The Story of My Life

BY  
ALMA WHITE

*VOLUME I*

PILLAR *of* FIRE  
Zarephath, New Jersey  
1919

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*Illustrated by*  
**BRANFORD CLARKE**  
*Pillar of Fire Artist*

## INTRODUCTION

In the providence of God I was sent to Vanceburg, Kentucky, the county seat on the Ohio river above Cincinnati, forty-two years ago. During that year the Lord gave me four hundred glorious conversions, with some sanctifications, as the holiness movement had not yet reached Dixie-land, though I had been in the experience eight years and preaching full salvation everywhere I went, the Lord wonderfully blessing my labors. A few miles over the mountains, back from the river, I found the Bridwell family, who were identified with the Methodist Church, and their house open to every preacher, peregrinating the country. There the Lord gave me a wonderful Pentecostal revival, gloriously saving the Bridwell family and about a hundred others; Charlie, now with Sister White a Bishop in the Pillar of Fire Church, youngest of all, brilliantly saved along with all the others.

I saw in the Bridwell family an intellectual and spiritual brilliancy which promised light to the world, and blessings on the unborn generations, and consequently proceeded at once by the help of the Lord to take them out from their native mountain home to Millersburg where was located the Millersburg Female College and also the Kentucky Wesleyan College. I built me a house at Millersburg that I might educate my oldest son for missionary work in China; but the Lord, in His good providence, took him to heaven whither he went with a shout, testifying to all that he wanted China, but would so much rather have heaven. This opened the way for me to turn over my

house to the Bridwell family, and they spent several years there in the prosecution of their education, after which they migrated to the great West, centralizing at Denver, Colorado. Here Sister Alma became the wife of Rev. Kent White, a preacher in the Colorado Conference; and God in His providence gave them two bright sons, Arthur and Ray, who are now flaming preachers of the Gospel.

While the Bridwell family dispersed over the great West, Texas, Colorado, Montana, and California, proving heralds of mercy everywhere they went, God signally put His hand on Sister Alma and used her to launch the Pillar of Fire Church, which has astonished the world by its aggressiveness, having more missionaries than any other Church in the world in proportion to its membership, reaching out from the Atlantic to the Pacific; she having crossed the Atlantic Ocean twenty-six times in the interest of God's kingdom; actually girdling the world with her missionaries.

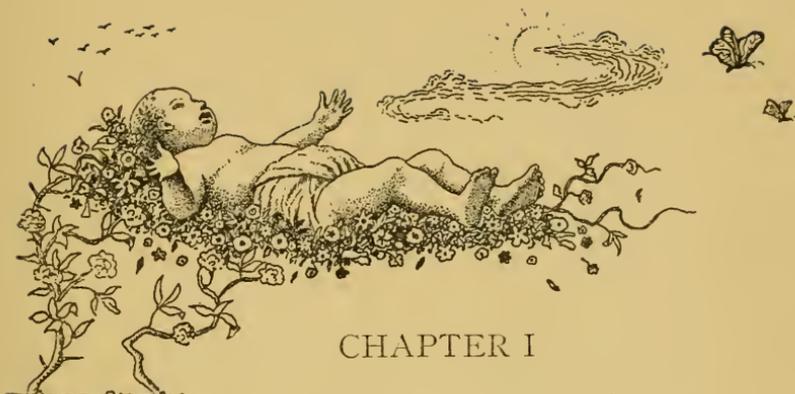
In addition to her evangelistic labors, she edits six holiness papers and is the author of thirteen books, her autobiography just now getting out and you can not do without it in your home, as it will bless you and prove an inspiration to your unborn children. The Pillar of Fire Church, in the providence of God launched through the humble instrumentality of our elect Sister, is perfectly orthodox, no leader but Jesus, no guide but the Holy Ghost, and no authority but the precious Word, and the most aggressive organization in the great holiness movement, now girdling the world with two hundred thousand witnesses to full salvation, dispersed in all the earth, and fast ushering in the glorious Millennium. God bless you all.

W. B. GODBEY.

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## CHAPTER I

**M**Y earliest remembrance takes me back to the close of the Civil War. I was born June 16, 1862, on the Kinnikinick, in Lewis County, Kentucky. To my parents, William Moncure and Mary Ann Bridwell, were born eleven children, all of whom are living at this date (April 22, 1919) but the two eldest. I was one of seven sisters and the seventh child of the family, ten years younger than the eldest and ten years older than the youngest.

They were born as follows: Martha Gertrude, March 18, 1852; James Robert, Dec. 16, 1853; Emery Bascom, Feb. 14, 1856;

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Amanda Frances (Fannie), May 31, 1857; Ann Eliza (Lida), Dec. 16, 1858; Venora Ella (Nora), Jan. 18, 1861; Mollie Alma, June 16, 1862; Theresa West (Westie), Aug. 16, 1864; Laura Kate (Katie), Feb. 22, 1866; Rollie Taylor, Sept. 3, 1868; and Charles William, July 25, 1872.



On June 16, 1866, Martha, who was keeping house for the day, in the absence of Mother, told me that I was four years old; and I celebrated what to me was my first birthday. I was dressed for the occasion in a new print muslin dress with which I was much pleased. Martha was then in her fifteenth year and was a great help to Mother in the care of the younger children. She was always patient and obliging, and ready to share our joys and sorrows. When we were unruly, her methods in dealing with us were not severe.

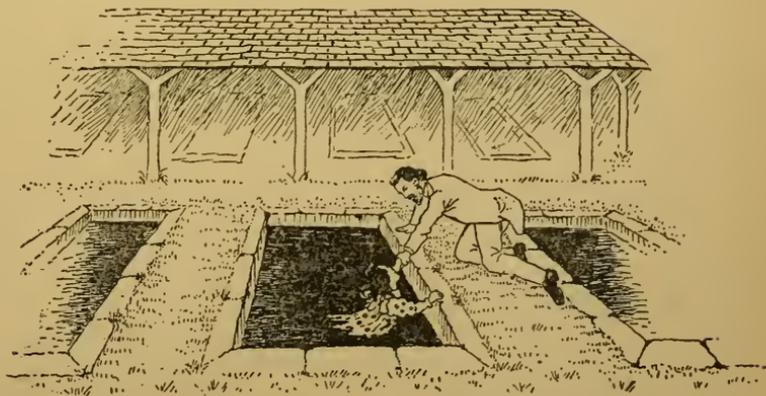
During the day I lost no opportunity to tell everybody that I was four years old;

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and then I expected a smile or a word of approval from Martha. I had a strong affection for my parents and my brothers and sisters, but there was none to me like Martha.

During the next three years I had many adventures, and some sad experiences. At one time I fell into a vat in the tannery and almost strangled before I was rescued. Father was some distance away with a wheelbarrow, when he heard my cry and came to my help. It was near the close of the day; and after the evening meal, he spent the hours between that and bedtime removing the bark from my matted hair, and trying to quiet my nerves.

Before the sixties, he operated a tannery near Escalapia Springs, with the father and brother of Ulysses S. Grant, our great soldier and statesman. For two years the elder Grant and his son Simpson lodged under my father's roof. Near the outbreak of the Civil War, Father bought a tannery on



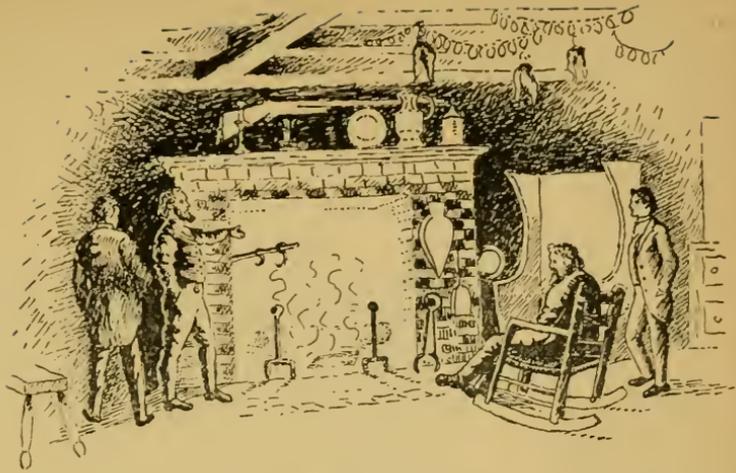
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the Kinnikinnick, a stream noted for fish, and the surrounding hills for wild game.

The tannery was only a few hundred yards from the house, and it required constant care to keep the children from tumbling into the vats, eight or ten feet deep, and being drowned. After I was old enough to shun the danger, it usually fell to my lot to watch the younger children. It was a difficult task, but there was no way to shirk duty. The country had not recovered from the hardships of war; and every member of the family had to do his or her part in helping to make the living.

I was overgrown for my age, and looked upon by every one as being the odd and homely one of the family. It had often been told me that I was born with a veil over my face, and some persons said I would have a charmed life.

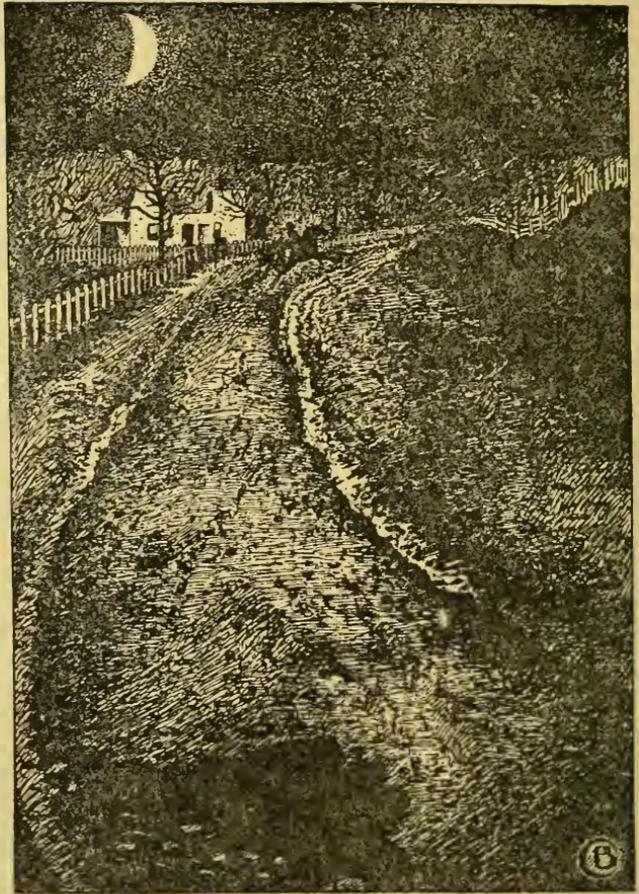
Neither of my parents, however, was superstitious or gave credence to old wives' fables. They were known for their orthodoxy in religious matters. I was taught to believe in the new birth, and that the wicked would be turned into hell with the nations that forgot God. Mother was brought up a Methodist, Father



a Baptist; but later he joined the Methodists.

Some of the neighbors would gather around our fireside during the long winter evenings and tell weird stories of ghosts and haunted houses. I would watch the expression on my mother's face, and when I saw there was no endorsement to these stories, it was sufficient for me.

Once when the sun was almost in total eclipse, some of the superstitious mountaineers thought the world was coming to an end, and were almost frightened out of their wits. A certain person in the neighborhood, with not a very good name, rode her horse almost to death trying to get home. "Tank," as she was called, passed our house in a sweeping gallop with her hat off and the horse all covered with foam. Seeing her plight, caused much amusement for my brother and sisters. For days



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Mother had watched the papers and knew just when the eclipse would take place, and had pieces of smoked glass ready for the occasion. When it first began to get dark, I was some distance from home picking blackberries, and at this moment ran upon a poisonous snake. I turned and fled, not knowing but what it might be in pursuit. With the fear of the snake and the darkness too, I hastened to climb the steep hill in almost breathless suspense. When I reached the house, I could scarcely speak. The chickens were making a great noise and flying up into the trees to roost, and there was much excitement among the neighbors and their children. Mother remained calm as she watched the transit through a piece of smoked glass. It was soon over, and the chickens flew down out of the trees and everybody resumed work.

In Mother's younger days, she was tutored by a Yankee school teacher and was above the average person in the South in education and intelligence. She was brought up almost under the eaves of the Bethel Methodist church, near my grandfather's farm, and was familiar



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with the best pulpit oratory of her day. Previous to the Civil War there was much contention as to whether this church should go to the Northern or to the Southern Methodists. There had been many famous revival meetings in it, and my grandfather succeeded in holding it for the South. Mother often told of how seekers would wait upon God until they were born from above, even though it took days or weeks.

The Civil War had brought many hardships and privations, and there was a constant struggle, with so large a family, to make ends meet. Brother Robert died when nine years of age, with a relapse from the measles. I was then but a year old, but he had taught me to walk. Mother was years getting over this bereavement. But it was a blessing in disguise.

Emery was the next after Robert, and Mother became very indulgent to him. There was now but one boy among seven girls, and there was scarcely an hour of the day that he was not teasing or playing pranks on some one. He needed the rod many times when he did not get it. Once, before I was born, he was lost, and everybody thought he was dead.



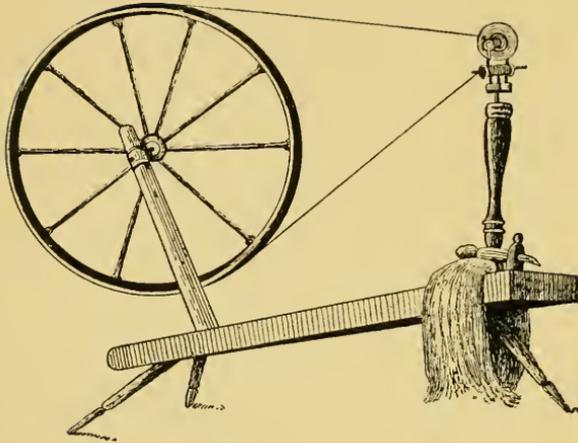
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All the vats were dragged, and they expected at any moment to recover his lifeless body. But after a few hours of search and intense anxiety, he was found fast asleep under the flax-break. Had he been dead and come to life, the whole affair could not have been more real.

Emery was not a great talker. In fact it was difficult at times to get an expression from him, but when he looked the most innocent and unconcerned, we learned to look out for a surprise of some kind. It might be that he had a pop-gun hidden away to empty in somebody's face. After the explosion, he would run away and hide until the excitement was over. Often he would kill a snake and draw it across the path, where Lida was soon to come. When she screamed or called for help, he would act as innocent as an angel, and offer her his assistance.

Oh, ye angels! can Emery escape the penalty of his doings? Will he not have to suffer the consequences of what was looked upon by some of his elders as innocent amusement, when it entailed so much suffering on the part of others?

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Emery, Emery, some day when the white lights of the Judgment are turned on, it must be ascertained what your responsibility is, and whether the

scales will be tipped for or against you remains to be seen. Until then we will continue to look on the past with charity and implore the Almighty to give you a safe margin in entering the gate to the Eternal City. Perhaps there was something in your nature for which you were not altogether responsible,—hereditary tendencies that came from Old Virginia that made it difficult for you to have pity on your sisters, when freak or fancy found an opportunity to make it uncomfortable for them.

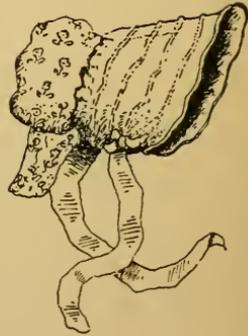
Mother spun the yarn and wove the material

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for the clothing for the family. She wove the janes for my father's and brothers' suits, also the linsey in bright plaids, for our dresses. Each girl was supplied with a new linsey dress every winter, which was used for Sunday-wear until the following spring. How one person could do with her hands what Mother did is a mystery that is still unsolved.

The children were always kept clean and neat. The greatest care was used with our hands and faces to keep them from getting sunburned, or our hair from becoming faded. It was necessary, therefore, to wear sunbonnets and sheepskin half-hands in the summer-time while at work or at play. Any departure from this rule was attended by severe penalties. When we were not old enough to keep sunbonnets on our heads, a hole was made in the crown and the hair drawn through it and tied, and any attempt to remove the bonnet would cause pain.

On one occasion my sunbonnet was tied to my head in this way. I begged for its removal, but Mother would not grant my request. I asked Fannie to intercede for me, but she



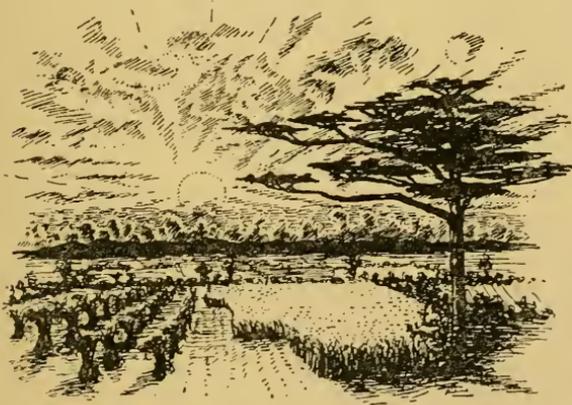
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refused. I felt as if I were in prison, and wanted my freedom. I thought of Father in the beam-house of the tannery, and went and laid the matter before him. I told him I would wear the sunbonnet, but I did not want it tied to my hair. I cried, and coaxed him to remove it. For a time he was unyielding, and said, "What would your mother say?" But I soon felt that I was gaining ground, and continued to plead my cause. To my joy he finally laid aside the fleshing knife and took off his great leather apron and went to the water trough and washed his hands. Then he carefully untied the knot that held me in bondage. I was in such glee I scampered all over the place, but in the meantime he advised me to stay close by until supper time, and said he would take me to the house and explain to

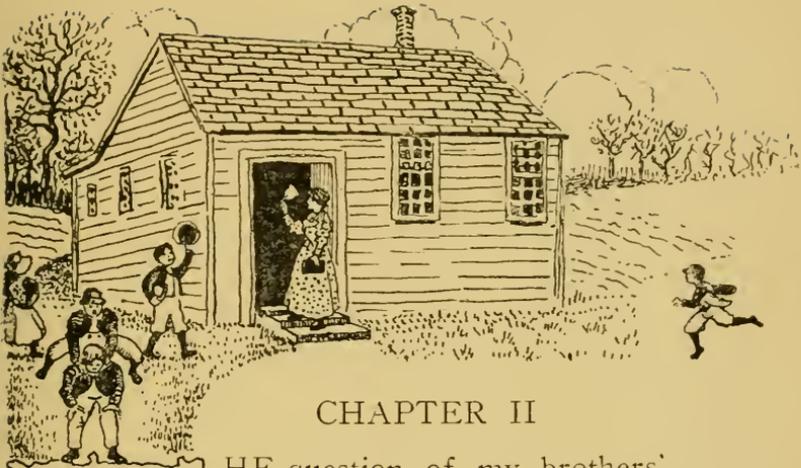


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Mother. I walked confidently by his side as he left the tannery that evening, knowing that no harm could come to me after he had espoused my cause. It was seldom he ever did such a thing contrary to Mother's verdict.







## CHAPTER II

**T**HE question of my brothers' and sisters' education was giving much concern. The schoolhouse was not close enough to our home, and the term of school was never

longer than five months, and often only three. Many of the teachers who were able to secure certificates were unfit to teach, but once they had been employed, it was almost impossible to get them out, until they had drawn all the school money that was allotted for the year. When I was five years old, I was allowed to attend the district school for a few days. Aunt Eliza Harrison, my mother's sister,

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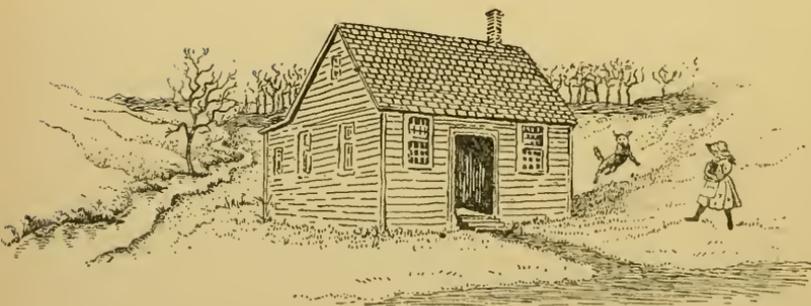
was teaching the school, and I went with her more as a visitor than to study. My first day was on Friday, the day for visitors and speech-making. When the time came for recitations, a timid little girl stepped out and said,

“Mary had a little lamb,  
Its fleece was white as snow,  
And everywhere that Mary went,  
The lamb was sure to go.

“It followed her to school one day,  
Which was against the rule,  
It made the children laugh and play  
To see a lamb at school.

“And so the teacher turned it out,  
But still it lingered near,  
And waited patiently about  
Till Mary did appear.”

I did not quite understand, and thought that Mary was there in the schoolroom, or somewhere, broken-hearted over the lamb. I asked my aunt for permission to go out, not





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revealing the fact that I wanted to go and look for the lamb. Once on the outside I saw nothing but a large, yellow dog, which came bounding toward me. He was not vicious, however, but was evidently waiting for his little master on the inside. I returned to the schoolroom looking for Mary, whom I supposed I would find weeping because her lamb was turned out.

After I returned to my seat, another little speaker took the platform. She timidly threw her head back and pointed toward the sky, and said,

“Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
How I wonder what you are!  
Up above the world so high,  
Like a diamond in the sky.

“When the blazing sun is set,  
And the grass with dew is wet,  
Then you show your little light,  
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

“When the traveler in the dark  
Thanks you for your little spark,  
How could he see where to go,  
If you did not twinkle so?”

“In the dark, blue sky you keep  
And often through my curtains peep;



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For you never shut your eye,  
Till the sun is in the sky.

“As your bright and tiny spark  
Lights the traveler in the dark,  
Though I know not what you are ;  
Twinkle, twinkle, little star!”

I was charmed with this piece, but it left me in a dilemma as to what the stars really are. This was my first lesson in astronomy. The little girl was very graceful, and, unlike other speakers, walked slowly to her seat. Many times after this I tried to persuade some one to teach me this piece, and whether I learned it or not, it served the purpose of unfolding in my nature an appreciation of God's handiwork that in after years took such a strong hold upon me. I went to school a few more days, but was not enrolled as a pupil. Mother said that she needed me at home to help look after the baby. For my encouragement I was given *Webster's Elementary Spelling Book*, in which to learn my letters. I was greatly interested in the pictures in the back of this book, and was anxious to be able to read about them. Now

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that I had a book all my own, I studied at home and learned to read. When I was allowed to stay up in the evenings, I would get help from any one I could. One evening when the fire was burning brightly and I could see clearly, the art of reading suddenly dawned upon me, and I danced for joy, to the amusement of every one present. I felt now that nothing could hold me, and that I would soon be up with Nora, who was going to school every day. I was now in my sixth year, and the book, a combination speller and reader, was my constant companion. I looked forward to the time when I could go to school as other children did. But, alas for me, it was a long time before this privilege was mine.

Soon a great sorrow came into my life. Martha, my eldest sister, married William Davis, a young man from Vanceburg. He had black eyes and dark, curly hair, and seemed so different from the young men of our neighborhood. Oh, that fatal hour, after the ceremony had taken place and the dinner had been served, when she mounted a black horse and rode away with him! To say that my heart



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was broken is to put it mildly. Oh, the grief, the tears, the sobs, after she had gone! In my loneliness I went to some secluded place and poured out my soul to, I knew not whom. Why did Father and Mother let him take her away? She belonged to us, and what right had he to her anyhow! But no word of consolation came from any source.



I waited patiently for her return, but oh, the sorrow when I thought of having to give her up again! But Mother said I would have to do so, as she would now have a home of her own. When she returned, I wept for joy, but not without pain at the thought of her having to go again. But I had to submit to the inevitable and to try to be contented with seeing her occasionally, and making her a visit.

In the hills near-by the tall oaks grew which supplied the bark for the tannery. Here the wild beasts roamed and hunted their prey. The wildcats had been heard howling at night and the tracks of the black bear were often found fresh in the road in the morning not more than a half mile from the

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house. Poisonous reptiles, especially vipers, copperheads, and rattlesnakes were my constant dread. I feared the copperheads most of all, from the fact that they would strike without warning. The vipers would blow, and the rattlesnakes rattle, but this subtle foe would flatten his head and strike without any warning or provocation. On one occasion, in an old barn, I espied one within striking distance of Nora, where she stood in her bare feet. I did not tell her to look at the snake, but I leaped forward in the opposite direction. This so frightened her that she leaped, too. After she was at a safe distance, I told her to look back. Without the presence of mind and help from God, which came to me instantly, she, no doubt, would have been bitten.

Nora was afflicted with asthma, and although a year and a half older than I, she was not so large. When she had a severe attack of asthma, my sympathy for her caused me to suffer greatly, and I would have made any sacrifice for her relief. When she was well, we both had our work to do, and I often lightened





her burdens by making mine heavier. She was a fast walker and a good runner. I tried many times to outrun her, but when she did her best I never succeeded in a single instance.

If she wheezed at night, I often cried myself to sleep, fearing that in the morning I would find her in the sleep from which she would never awaken. Little did she know that I spent hours listening to her heavy breathing. Often I was startled from dreams, thinking that she was dead, and when I heard her little wheezing song, I felt relieved, and dropped off to sleep again. As time went on, her affliction became more painful. Later, Katie, a younger sister, became afflicted with the same disease. During the night, Mother would carry her out into the open air, that she might be able to get her breath. Her eyes would have a glassy stare, and at times the blue veins in her neck seemed almost at the point of bursting. Relief would usually come toward morning. I often stayed with them until Katie had been relieved and dropped off to sleep, and Mother could rest, too.

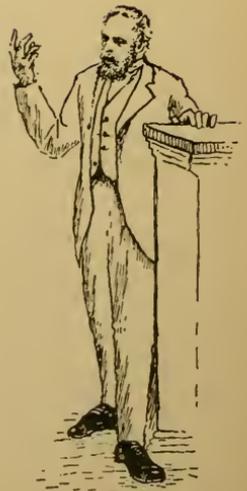
Father worked hard during the day, and

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was not awakened when there was any way to get along without his assistance. He often rocked and sang the younger children to sleep in the evening; we all enjoyed his singing.

Father and Mother both had splendid voices; and there was scarcely a day that some of the old Methodist hymns were not sung in our home or about the place. In Mother's younger days, she had committed many of the hymns to memory; and I learned to sing them by listening to her. At bedtime I waited patiently for the singing; and often before the baby was put to sleep, several hymns had been sung.

While Mother was devoted to her children, and loyal to the principles of the Christian religion, she was not spiritual. I was in my twenties before I heard her make an audible prayer. Many times when there was sickness or sorrow in our home, I wished that she would pray. Father made no profession during my early life, but all would admit that he was the best exhorter in all the country. He was brought up by a devoted Baptist mother and knew the Scriptures and the principles by which salvation is



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obtained. He expounded the doctrines of the New Testament to his friends and neighbors equally as well as the theologians of his day. He never failed to get the best of an argument on any doctrinal point. While he was brought up to believe in immersion, he had so many controversies with the followers of Alexander Campbell, that he argued himself clear out of the immersion theory into that of sprinkling or pouring. He had no use for the water dogma; and continued to elucidate the fact that a person has to experience the new birth before he can be a Christian.



### CHAPTER III

OUR dwelling near the tannery consisted of two houses joined by a board walk; and as there was so much danger about the vats, and we were tired of living below the road, it was planned to move one of these houses to the hill and build an addition to it. There were some disadvantages, but we had a clear vision of the surrounding hills; the view of the Kinnickinnick, and the beautiful rainbows and sunsets was unobstructed; and the atmosphere was free from excessive dampness.

While the ground was being cleared and the rubbish removed where the new house was to stand, Emery, ever with a tendency to play as well as work, engaged in a game of marbles with Henry Clark, a neighbor's boy of near his own age. Henry had come to help work,



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but he brought his bag of marbles with him, showing, of course, what was on his mind. When a suitable place was found, they commenced a game. I had never seen so many beautiful marbles in all my life, as Henry carried in a cotton bag. Oh, how I longed to be the owner of a large, blue glass marble that he had, with a white horse in the center! He had others even more beautiful, but I wanted the one with the white horse so much that I begged Emery to trade for it, or in some way to secure it for me. But there was little attention paid to me by either of them. I coaxed, plead, and cried for the marble, but when there was scarcely any response, I lost my patience and likewise the control of my tongue, and said something that never should have escaped my lips. I had never used such language before, and was frightened at my own words. My brother said, "That is enough. You will have to come with me and go to Mother."

Too well I knew what was coming; and that there was no use to try to evade what would follow. I sobbed all the way to the house; and the only response that I could make

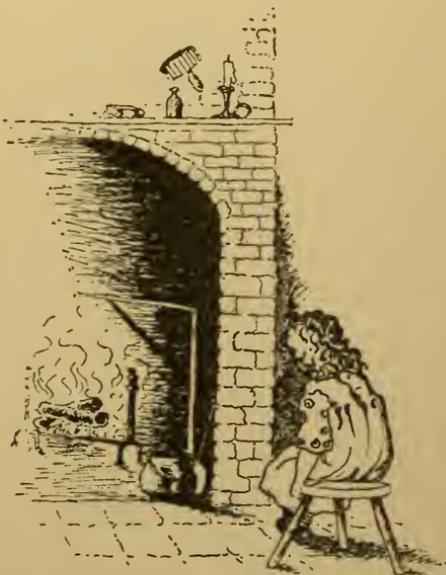


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to Mother's inquiry was that I could not help what I had said, because I wanted the marble so badly and Emery would make no effort to get it for me. She was preparing the supper; and after she had heard us both, she took me into the front room and told me to sit there until she came back. Fully an hour and a half passed before the evening meal was cleared away.

Words can not describe my agony during that hour and a half of waiting. There was no one to whom I could look for help. My father would not likely interfere, even though he knew my predicament; and I felt that I did not have a friend on earth. Emery had told on me, when he knew what the result would be, and Fannie and Lida showed no sympathy for me.

Oh, for Martha! Just one look from her, or to have her near and feel that she sympathized with me! But alas for me, she was gone, and I



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must suffer alone. It was a cool spring day, and a log was burning on the andirons in the great fireplace. I watched the flitting figures as they came and went in the burning log, and listened to the conversation and laughter at the supper table. But no one knew my grief. I had done wrong, and stern justice demanded the penalty, and it was evident that I would have to pay it. The delay was telling on my nerves, and I could scarcely keep from crying aloud, but I knew it would be better to refrain; and with difficulty held my peace.

At last Mother entered the room with a switch, and then thick and fast came the licks over my thinly clad shoulders. I thought I should never breathe again; for it seemed to me that she would never stop. If memory serves me right, she used up one switch and finished with another. I could no longer resist or cry aloud, and my tears ceased to flow. When it was all over, I crept into the trundle-bed to relax from the fearful strain. I was not yet seven years of age, but after this the world and everybody in it seemed changed to me. No doubt it was



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best that I should have had such an experience; for it helped to turn my heart from persons and things to which I was prone to become too much attached.

As to whether the punishment was greater than it should have been, considering the nature of the offense, I must leave others to be the judges, but it is certain that it served to fortify me against any future outbursts of passion that would place me beyond the bounds of self-control. Such severity of punishment was the exception rather than the rule in our home. Mother was not a person with a fitful temper; and her parental love caused her to carefully deliberate before she used the rod; and while sometimes she may have been too severe, owing to her bringing up and the customs of society, she was usually fair in her administration of justice. Her greatest difficulty was in having too much to do to give proper time to such cases. Her disposition and activities were those of a Martha; and she failed to take time, as Mary did, to sit at the feet of the Master and learn the wisdom which she so much needed in the work of bringing up a large family.

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In case of serious illness, she was untiring in her devotion and never left the bedside of a sufferer when there was any chance of alleviating pain. She was not only a good nurse, but she had a better knowledge of remedies than most of the practitioners of her day.

In the fall of 1869, my parents moved to Vanceburg, our County Seat, on the Ohio River, where my brother and sisters could have better school privileges for the winter. I was now seven years old, and had never been away from home. I was delighted with the thought of living in town and the prospect of going to school, but imagine my disappointment after we had moved, when I found I would have to stay at home and help with the work and the care of the younger children. Mother had to sew to help make the living. Katie, who was next to the baby, was delicate, and cried much of the time. She would stand by a chair and keep it up indefinitely, while Mother was sewing, and I looked after the kitchen work. She would sometimes forget, and stop, but invariably, if some one spoke to her, she would commence again.

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I had to cook the dinner, and do other things too numerous to mention. I stood on a box and washed and dried the dishes. Father was working in a large steam tannery, and had to have his meals on time almost to the minute; and it kept me on the move. I could not lift the iron kettle on the cook-stove, and frequently had to call Mother to lift it for me. It was not uncommon in those days to hear of serious accidents caused by fire around cook-stoves and open fireplaces. Mother was uneasy most of the time, fearing that I would get scalded, or that my apron would catch on fire.

The wood that I had to burn was knotty, and often I worked until my strength and patience were exhausted trying to get it into the stove. I could not make biscuits, but I could bake corn bread and cook all kinds of vegetables. Frequently I had to do a little washing and ironing. About four o' clock, when my sisters returned from school, I looked for some relief.

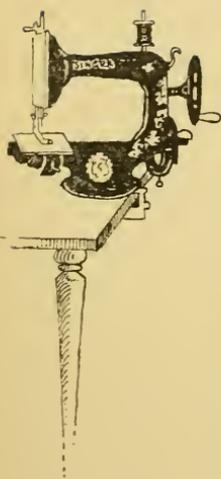
Mother was not only sewing for her large family, but she had gained a reputation in making men's suits; and frequent and urgent were the demands upon her time from

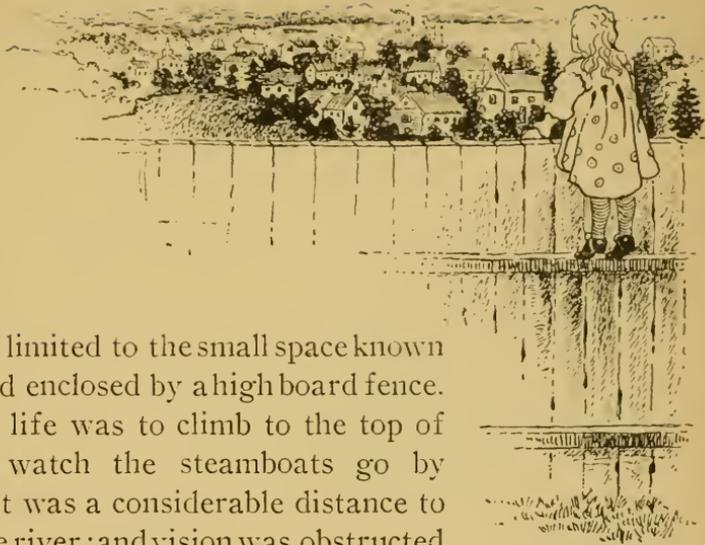
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those whom she felt she could not refuse. Her fingers were plying the needle from early morning until eleven o'clock at night. Once she was elated on receiving a letter from Aunt Sarah Harrison, one of her younger sisters, who said she was coming with a small lock-stitch hand sewing machine to help her. There was much excitement when she arrived with the machine and tried it out on some of the work of lesser importance. She stayed a month and rendered much assistance. As Mother had overtaxed her eyes, and her sight had commenced to fail, this gave her time to rest them.

While the sewing machine was on hands, I wanted to see it work, but there was no relief from the kitchen. Every morning I had to go to my tasks and keep at them all day. Often I looked out from my prison walls and saw the little children tripping along the streets, and felt that I would give worlds to have their freedom. With books under their arms they chatted about their lessons, but this was a privilege that I must wait years to enjoy.

My only time for recreation was between





four and five  
o'clock in the  
a f t e r noon;

and then I was limited to the small space known as the back yard enclosed by a high board fence. The joy of my life was to climb to the top of this fence and watch the steamboats go by on the river. It was a considerable distance to the banks of the river; and vision was obstructed by the houses, but I could see the tall funnels and upper decks of the large passenger vessels, and this meant much to me. However, I was not allowed to climb up on the fence very often. I was told that it did not look well; and it was feared that I would climb over on the other side. On a certain occasion I saw something that I wanted on the other side and ventured over to get it. A woman living near by, who had a little girl near my own age invited me to come into her house. I could not resist the temptation, and did so. I remained only a few minutes, but I suffered the consequences; for I was severely punished, and not allowed to climb up on the fence again for many weeks.

Once the monotony was broken by attend-

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ing the birthday party of a little girl about my own age who lived across the street.

The invitation came for Nora, Westie, and me several days before. I looked forward to it anticipating a happy time. After a few games had been played and the table was spread, imagine my disappointment when the little girl in whose honor we had gathered poured out the tea into the small tea cups and then drank the contents of every one of them herself. She then proceeded to eat the cake and almost everything else that was on the table; after which she said, "The party is over, and it is time for everybody to go home."

I had never been to the wharf or seen a steamboat land. For months I had looked forward to the day when I might be allowed to go to see one. A large passenger vessel whistled for the landing every evening about seven o'clock. I could see her funnels and a part of her upper deck; and I longed for a full view of her at the wharf. But whatever venture I may have made in asking for some one to take me was at the risk of being punished; and as I had not forgotten the blue marble with the



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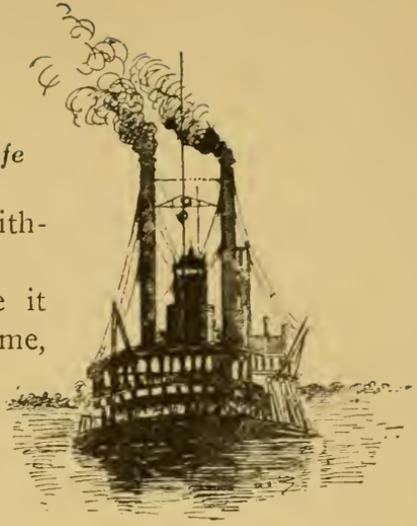
white horse, I learned to wait without a murmur or a complaint.

But as fortune would have it there was a surprise awaiting me, without any remembrance now of how it all came about.

One evening I stood on a high board walk near the river and watched a great vessel with

blazing lights steam slowly up to the wharf and discharge and take on passengers. Inspiration, or something akin to it, seized me as I stood and watched the boat slowly recede, with her passengers waving good-byes to people on the shore. As to my ever having the opportunity of riding on such a boat, to me was in the realm of impossibilities, but as a bird in a cage I could not help but think of the freedom others enjoyed in the great world about me; and I went back to my prison house to suffer more keenly than before. Days and weeks went by, but the burdens grew no lighter until the close of the school year, when my parents moved back to our country home.

During my stay in town I attended school



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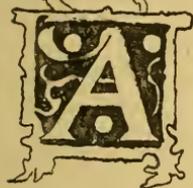
one half-day, and went to a meeting in some church with Mother. I saw a Christmas tree laden with gifts, and attended the birthday party of a little girl living near us. With the exception of a two-days' visit to my sister's home in the country, this just about constituted the sum total of all my privileges during the months spent in town.







#### CHAPTER IV



FTER moving back to the country, life began in earnest on the hill where we had lived only a few months previous to going to town.

Everything in nature was brimming with new life. The green grass had come, and the spring flowers were in bloom. The apple orchard was pink and white with blossoms; and the trees were alive with singing birds and humming bees.

It was such a relief to breathe the air of liberty once more, and to visit the familiar places on the farm and around the old tannery. Scores of bluebirds built their nests

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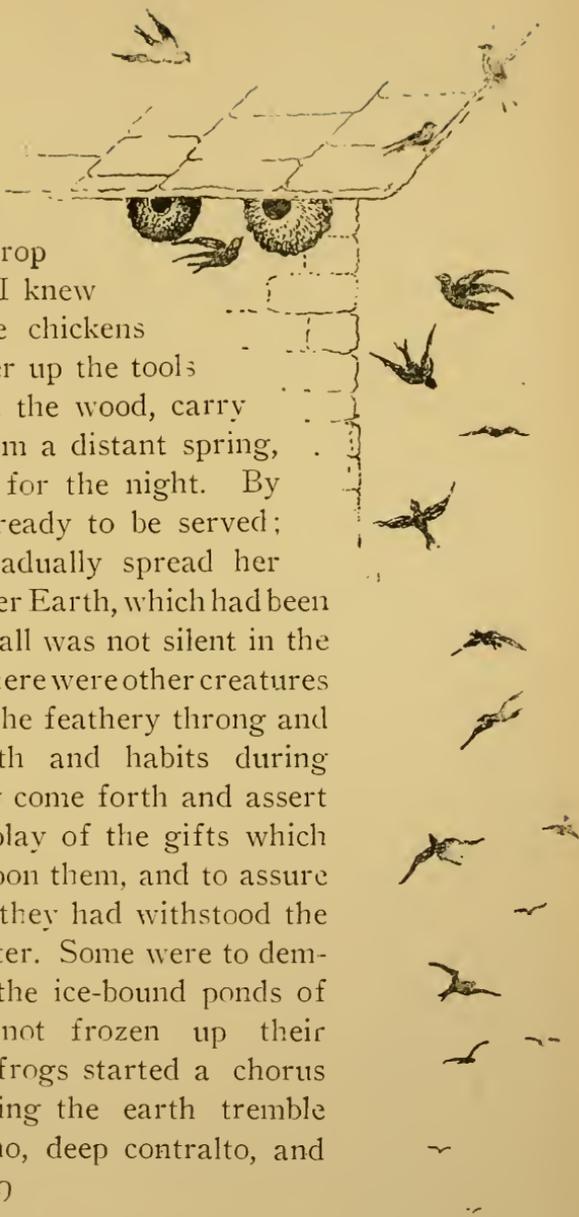


in holes that had been hewed out in the beams of the tannery: I went to spy them out and to see how many delicate eggs could be found in the downy nests, or how many little fledglings were waiting for their mother's return with soft little worms for their repast.

The swallows about the tannery, high up under the eaves of the great shed, were chippering over my head, and their friendliness and lack of fear seemed to betoken the fact that they were celebrating my return. The mournful notes of the little brown pee-wee in the distance were always mingled with the more gleeful songs of the other birds. The martins had come, too, and were busy with their spring cleaning, up in the little white house on the pole near the front gate. They built and lined their new nests, chippered and twittered and sang all day long, but the enjoyment of having them with us was marred by the thought that they would not tarry long after their broods had learned to use their wings.

Later, when the tall trees with their long shadows had gently warned us that the sun

with his big, bright  
face was about to drop  
over the western hills, I knew  
it was time to give the chickens  
their last morsel, gather up the tools  
about the place, get in the wood, carry  
the drinking water from a distant spring,  
and pen up the geese for the night. By  
this time supper was ready to be served;  
then nature would gradually spread her  
somber robe over Mother Earth, which had been  
teeming with life. But all was not silent in the  
world of slumber; for there were other creatures  
that had given way to the feathery throng and  
those of superior birth and habits during  
the day, that must now come forth and assert  
their rights in the display of the gifts which  
nature had bestowed upon them, and to assure  
us that in our absence they had withstood the  
withering blasts of winter. Some were to dem-  
onstrate the fact that the ice-bound ponds of  
their habitation had not frozen up their  
throats: and soon the frogs started a chorus  
that rent the air, making the earth tremble  
with their high soprano, deep contralto, and



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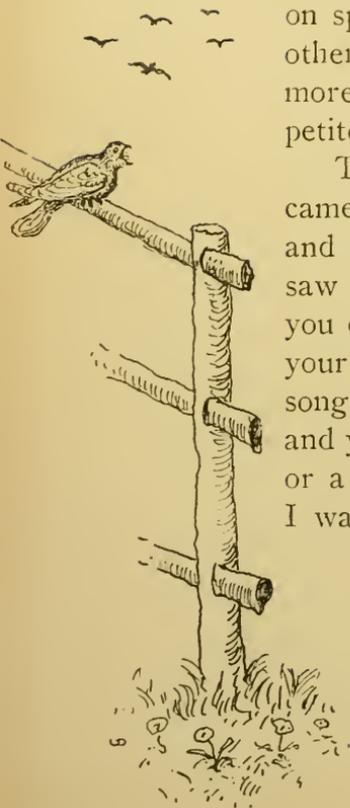


sub-bass notes. The music was not altogether harmonious, but it served its purpose.

A whole army of fire-flies with their phosphorescent light were trying to dispel the darkness by vying with the shining orbs in the starry vault over our heads where the seven stars in the great dipper were keeping up signal communication and throwing kisses at us.

The whip-poor-will was a little shy, but ventured to alight on a rail in the rear of the back yard and announce the fact that she was on spring duty and would probably make another call in the near future when things were more quiet, and there were not so many competitors, and demands upon our time.

The cricket was not to be outdone. She came just as near the porch as she could get, and kept up a constant chirping with a little saw in her throat. She seemed to say, "If you do not listen to me now, I will creep into your bedroom and have my say and sing my song when your eyes are heavy with sleep; and you will not know whether I am a cricket or a mouse." I knew she was harmless, but I was not particularly fond of her company,





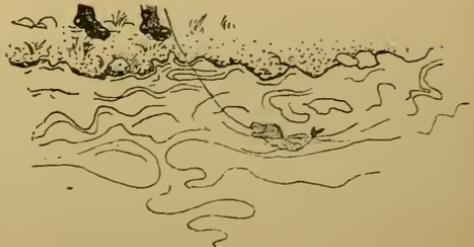
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and warned her not to do a thing so rash. Some time before, a long-winged bat had entered my sleeping room uninvited, and a desperate battle ensued. He seemed to know that he had no right there and pretended to be trying to get out. He flew over my head and darted from place to place, and at last stuck fast to the wall.

I seized an opportunity to strike him with a broom, but missed him, and he was so angry he showed his teeth and clawed and scratched the wall in a frenzy. Again he flew over my head and lodged on the wall in another place, but the broad side of the broom was a mighty weapon of defense and he soon met his fate.

At this time of the year, people came from far and near to fish in the Kinnikinnick,—sportsmen from central Kentucky and the great cities of the Middle West. Toward evening our neighbors, and others, could be seen with their fishing-rods and tackle making for the banks of the stream, where sunfish, black bass, perch, catfish, and other species of the finny tribe were found in great abundance.

I had a great passion for fishing; and from



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my earliest remembrance had but little difficulty in catching them with hook and line.\* Before I was able to handle an ordinary fishing-rod I would use a stick, after some one had helped me to supply it with tackle. Often, expert fishermen were amazed to see me throwing the fish out on the banks when they had almost despaired of catching any. I was too young to go alone, even when I had time for recreation, lest I should fall into the water and there be no one to rescue me.

My parents, older brother, and sisters would often go in the evening when the work of the day was finished; and would take me along to smudge the mosquitoes, which were sometimes very trying, especially when a fish

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\*Little did I know that my success betokened the fact that in after years the Lord would call me as He did the disciples of old, whom He commanded to leave their fishing-nets that He might make them the fishers of men; and I could no longer conscientiously engage in such sport or pastime.

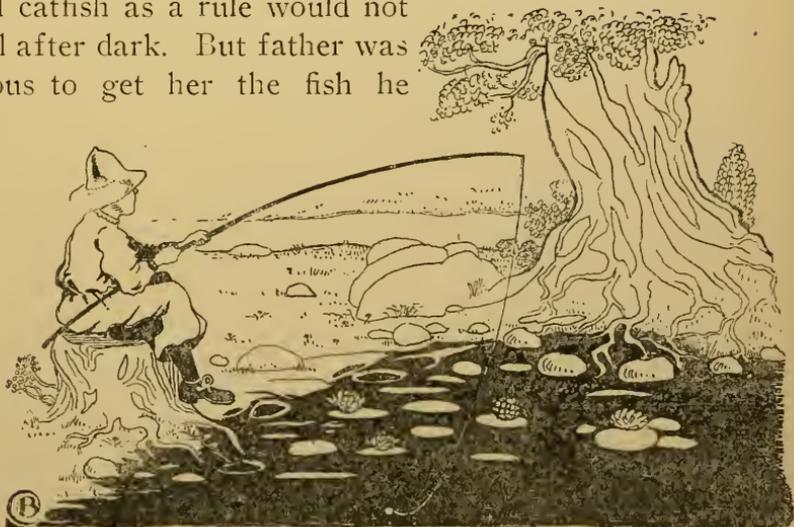
Man was not created to subsist upon the animal kingdom, and while on account of the curse of sin it has been permitted, it is not a normal condition; and sooner or later the slaying and eating of animal flesh, including fish, must be done away with. "Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy" (Matthew 5:7).

### *The Story of My Life*

was about to be landed. When I became weary with keeping up the smudge, I would beg for a rod that I might try my hand. If my request was granted I would invariably surprise them by throwing out one or more large catfish.

But the catfish had horns and I did not like them. When I tried to dislodge them from the hook, they never failed to stick my hands. My success was as much a mystery to me as it was to others. Many times when different ones were reluctantly giving up in defeat, if there was any chance of getting hold of a rod and tackle, I would succeed.

At one time Mother was very ill. She said she had no appetite for food of any kind, but later, she thought she could eat a piece of catfish. This was on a Sunday morning; and catfish as a rule would not bite until after dark. But father was so anxious to get her the fish he



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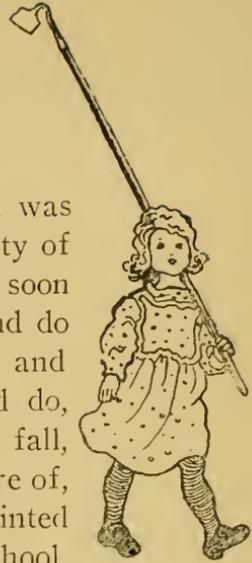
rigged up two rods, and said, "Mollie, come with me. We will go to the Beaver Dam to see what we can do." The Beaver Dam was a part of the Kinnikinnick where the water was very deep. And the tradition was, that long ago the beavers had dug it out.

Before we reached the dam, or the pond as it was more familiarly called, I halted under a big tree and said, "Why not try here?" I was told to go ahead. Father threw in his hook, too, and soon caught a sunfish about the length of my hand, but this would not do; Mother wanted catfish. I let my hook and sinker drag on the bottom, and immediately I felt a heavy pull; and the next instant landed a catfish fully a foot long and large in proportion. Delighted with my success, Father said, "It is Sunday, and this is enough,—we will return home."

On reaching Mother's bedside, he said, "Well, Mary, we brought the fish." She asked, "Who caught it?" "Mollie, of course," was the reply. Then she said faintly, "I knew she would get it." This pleased me so much that I went away and cried.

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During the summer, while the farm was being cultivated, there was a great scarcity of help, especially for the truck patches. I soon learned to pull weeds, handle the hoe, and do all kinds of work outside. My father and brother had more work than they could do, and the girls had to help them. In the fall, after the apples were picked and taken care of, and the crop gathered in, I was disappointed again in not being allowed to go to school. My grief was almost more than I could bear. Mother said she needed me at home, and that she did not like the associations at the district school. She said that she would teach me. I found that it was a difficult task to study when there was so much to do; and Nora was so far in advance of me, I feared that I should never be able to catch up with her. For some weeks after school started, I did not settle down to study, but gathered chestnuts and hulled and dried walnuts, and put them away for the winter. I also had walnuts for sale, for which I received fifty cents a bushel, this being a fair price for them. The chestnuts I put away in bags, letting no one





know where they were. On Thanksgiving, I took them out and found that the worms had nearly devoured them. There was scarcely a good chestnut among them. It was shown me that this was in punishment for my selfishness, and I never hoarded nuts, or kept their hiding place a secret again.

The walnut trees grew on Uncle Richard Thomas' farm across the road, and the ground was literally covered with them. I had access to these walnuts, and almost anything else that Uncle "Dick", as he was called, had on the place. He was an uncle by marriage, but I was more attached to him than to any of my mother's own brothers. Some time before this, he had bought me a dress, as a token of good-will and friendship.

Uncle had served in the Civil War, and he often interested us by telling experiences which he had passed through after he was taken prisoner by his foes. When he was liberated he was a living skeleton, and it was days before he was strong enough to take solid food. During his confinement, he had subsisted upon rats or anything else that

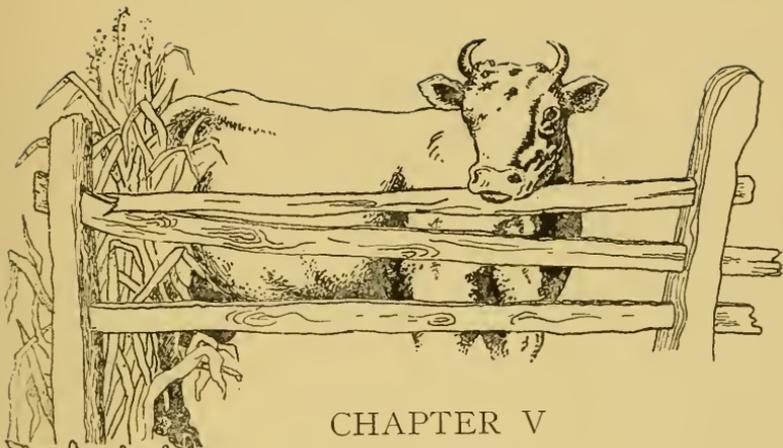


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he could get to eat. It is a great wonder that he ever came home alive. His stories of suffering made a lasting impression upon me.

He had no children of his own, and his war experiences made him more tender-hearted than he otherwise would have been. I could go through his orchard and shake the pears off the trees, and carry them away. He would sometimes make a protest, but I did not feel that he meant it seriously. He was never strong after he came home from the army, and Aunt Parr-elia, his wife, my mother's youngest sister, had an affliction that disabled her for heavy work. I often went and helped her, and in my uncle's absence stayed all night. This was about the only diversion I had from the work at home. Mother would not allow me to visit the neighbors; and as yet there was no Sunday-school or church close enough for me to attend.





## CHAPTER V

**T**HERESA WEST was nearly two years younger than I. When her blue-gray eyes first looked upon the great outside world, she weighed only two and one-half pounds; and Mother said there was room for her in a quart cup with a hand placed over the top. But her growth was almost incredible, and nature left not a single mark to mar the beauty of her face or form.

She was plump and rosy; and over her shoulders fell a mass of brown hair with the slightest inclination to curl. Her feet were small and her hands so pink and delicately

### *The Story of My Life*

constructed that even after she was of proper age, no one would think of asking her to take part in the routine duties of the home. Moreover, she was not inclined to do so, or to leave the circle of her environment, which to "Westie" was a real world where no one's confidence was needed, and the only rule by which others were to be guided was strict recognition of her will.

If there were things that came in the range of lawful possession, she was not slow in giving warning that her rights were not to be infringed upon; and those who knew her best left them to her peaceful possession. Nature's bestowments were so lavish, strangers and relatives were not slow to express their admiration of her and draw a contrast between her and other members of the family. Of course I came in for my share of the humiliation, for it was an unconcealed fact that I was the homeliest one of all. It was often said by my parents that I should have been a boy; and I felt keenly that they had not gotten over the disappointment. However, I was tolerated, and thrived as well as could be expected

## *The Story of My Life*

under the circumstances, but it was sometimes difficult to dispel the gloom that forced itself into the silent chambers of my heart. Could I have seen the hand of a kind Providence shaping my destiny, I could have borne my misfortune better. I had not yet learned that "all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose," and as yet I felt that I had not secured divine favor or met the conditions by which it is obtained; so my heart continued to vacillate between parents and relatives and to pick up a few crumbs of goodwill here and there.

Nothing seemed enduring or stable, and as one who pursues the Will-o'-the-wisp, often the coveted object seemed to be within my grasp only to elude me and leave me almost in hopeless despair. At times the whole world to me was a phantom; human affections and nature's finer sensibilities were constantly being outraged, and there was no balm for cruel thrusts and bleeding wounds. I was as an intruder in a world of uncertainty, where the caprices of depraved human nature play on the tender



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chords of the heart and leave it crushed as a result of misplaced confidence and affection. But what Fortune had decreed I must suffer.

I tried to adjust myself in my relationship to the family and home, but to all appearances I was an odd number, and so different from my brothers and sisters as to be scarcely entitled to share their privileges. My weight and size hindered me in alertness of step and action, and I was sometimes accused of being lazy, and often this was when my limbs were swollen and painful. Later in life it developed that I had a weak heart, and this no doubt was the cause of my trouble.

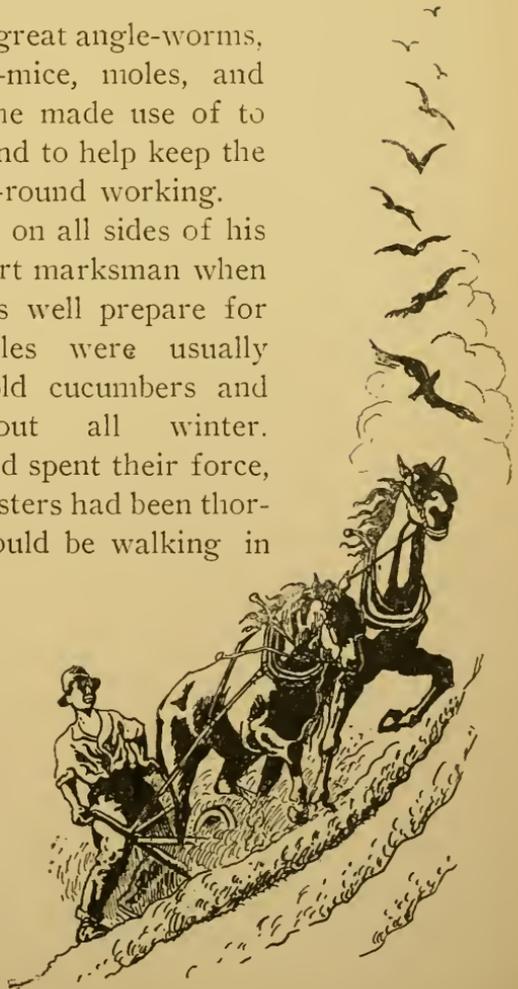
Three years had passed and I still felt the loss of Martha; however, since her marriage she had always lived within a few miles of us. The Clark family, living across the Kinnickinnick, moved away. Henry, my brother's playmate, was now gone; and Emery's recreation and pastime had to be found almost exclusively in the company of his sisters. As usual, he continued to devise plans to break the monotony in work or play, and from early morning until night the latest products of his inge-

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nuity might be looked for. There was not one dull moment for him, especially in the spring-time when in the field or truck patches surrounded by his sisters. If Mother was at a safe distance and Father away for the day, the gods must have vied with one another in trying to keep up with him.

His plow would turn up great angle-worms, little ground-snakes, field-mice, moles, and many other things which he made use of to intimidate or frighten us, and to help keep the machinery of his merry-go-round working.

He seemed to have eyes on all sides of his head and was such an expert marksman when he took aim, one might as well prepare for the inevitable. His missiles were usually clods, seed potatoes, or old cucumbers and melons that had laid out all winter. By the time these things had spent their force, and the indignation of his sisters had been thoroughly aroused, Emery would be walking in the furrow behind the plow as complacently as if nothing had happened, always feigning inno-



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cence. When brought to account, he was careful to evade any answer to a direct question that might result in his being haled before the parental tribunal when Father returned in the evening. If things took a serious turn, he usually had a far-away look in his eyes, and would stop his work long enough to tell some story or explain a puzzle, that would have the tendency to divert the mind and to cause one to forget the injury. If good-will was restored, he was triumphant, and soon ready for another, though perhaps milder, adventure. He would keep something going until evening, provided a safe margin of time was left to get everybody in a good humor before closing up the day's work, lest some one should have a chance to put in a complaint.

When discomfort or pain was no longer felt, the tendency was to look with charity upon all that Emery had done and to refrain from laying anything to his charge that might bring him to grief. Even Beck, the old family horse, seemed to have such implicit confidence in him when he wished her to slow up or stop

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while he proceeded with the next piece on the program, that she did not even suspect he would do wrong. Beck never played pranks or indulged in reprisals. She was kind to every member of the family and would let the children play under her feet and climb all over her back, and would go almost as well without a bridle as with one. But the example of the faithful old servant was not sufficient to curb Emery's activities, especially where his conscience was not seriously involved. What he needed was something of a more persuasive character, and this element was lacking in the discipline of our family where there were so many sisters, and the death of an older brother had left him to share a double portion of Mother's affections and tender mercies.

Emery often stopped his work an hour before the regular time, to go for the cows, a mile or two away. He always wanted company, and it usually fell to my lot to go. Nora was not very strong, and long trips like going for the cows were too taxing on her strength. I was delighted to go if I could only go in peace.

I went with him a number of times before his

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attention was diverted from the one object of getting the cows as quickly as possible and returning home. When old Rose's bell was heard tinkling in the distance I knew we would soon be bounding homeward with the whole herd, and this was great sport for me. One day, when fully a mile and a half from home in the large timber back of Uncle "Dick's" farm, Emery told me harrowing stories of wildcats that lived in the branches of the tall trees over our heads. He also said that a black bear had been seen not far from the place where we were. I knew that bears had been seen somewhere in this locality and also that wildcats, or catamounts had cried several evenings in succession somewhere close enough to be heard by the neighbors. The existence of these animals had aroused much concern, and the hunters were on the lookout for them. However, I had no particular fear so long as I could walk peacefully by my brother's side. But when with a startling noise he dashed off fifty yards in front of me I almost went into spasms. He stopped then until I caught up with him and said, "I thought I saw a snake, did you see



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one?" I told him I had seen nothing and that he had frightened me almost out of my wits. He chatted along for a few minutes more, still talking about wildcats and bears, then he paused and said we must listen for the cowbells. He asked me to stop and listen in a certain direction while he listened from another quarter. I had not the least suspicion that he was going to perform another one of his wonderful feats. With a sharp voice he said, "Look there." I looked up expecting to see a wildcat ready to spring upon me, and before I could break the spell and turn around, Emery had disappeared as suddenly as if the earth had opened and swallowed him up. Where could he have gone, was the question, and when I thought of running for my life I did not know which way to go. The foliage of the trees could have concealed a thousand wildcats and I have been none the wiser. Grief at his sudden disappearance caused me to stand for a moment in motionless despair. Then I raised a cry that rent the air and brought the culprit from his hiding-place behind an old log or a great tree. There he had

### *The Story of My Life*

been not more than twenty feet away from me. He darted away then for the cows and soon had them on the homeward stretch. It is quite possible he knew where they were all the time, and thought he would have a little sport before starting home. I cried nearly every step of the way, but his skillful diplomacy worked like a charm, and he succeeded in getting me to promise that I would not "tell on him" when I reached the house. For several days I lived in constant fear that I should have to go with him again. I knew it would be just like him to come around and ask Mother to have me go with him, and this is just what he did; and I had to go. I was afraid to tell her what had happened on the last trip. He promised he would not scare me again, but I am not sure that he kept his word.

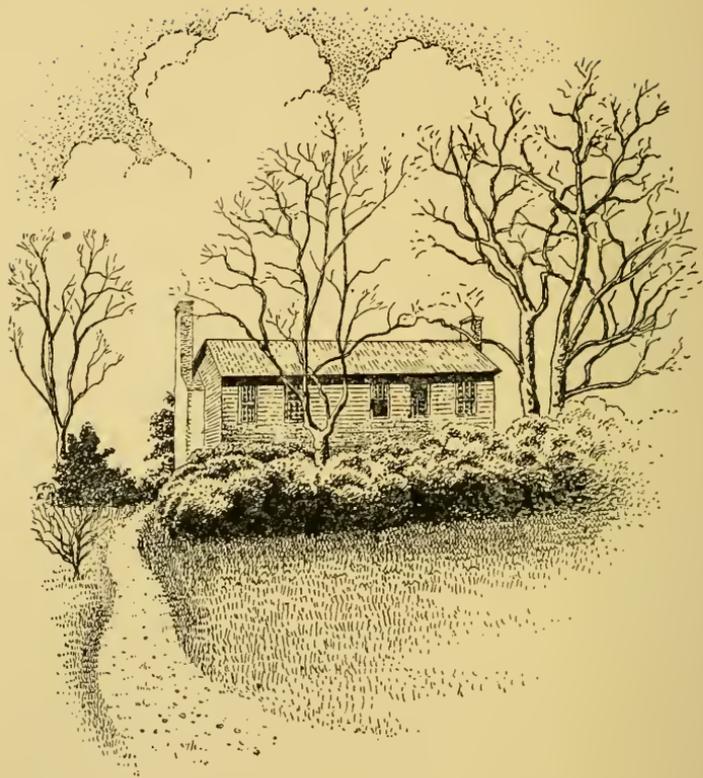
In the summer of '71 there was an estrangement between my parents that caused much sorrow in the family. Mother would not speak to Father unless she was compelled to do so. It was characteristic of Father to lose his temper, but his anger would be over immediately; he never held spite or a grudge

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against any one. Mother would meditate upon real or imaginary injuries, and magnify them, and would often go weeks or months before she was willing to become reconciled to the offender. For this reason Father was often driven to despondency, and twice, I remember, he started away, when she persuaded Fannie and Lida to go after him and coax him back. It took this to break the spell over her and bring about harmony in the home.

I had to stay by her almost continually, running errands, helping with the younger children and with any work she had to do, whether in the house or in the garden, and for this reason I felt her unforgiving spirit perhaps more than any other member of the family, yet it was conceded that I was more devoted to her than any of her other children.

After the summer had passed, Father came home from town one evening determined to get her into a good humor. He succeeded in getting her to laugh and finally to talk. My tears of joy flowed and I left the room to avoid making a scene. Things were different after this.



*The Old Windsor Forest House, near Fredericksburg, Va.*

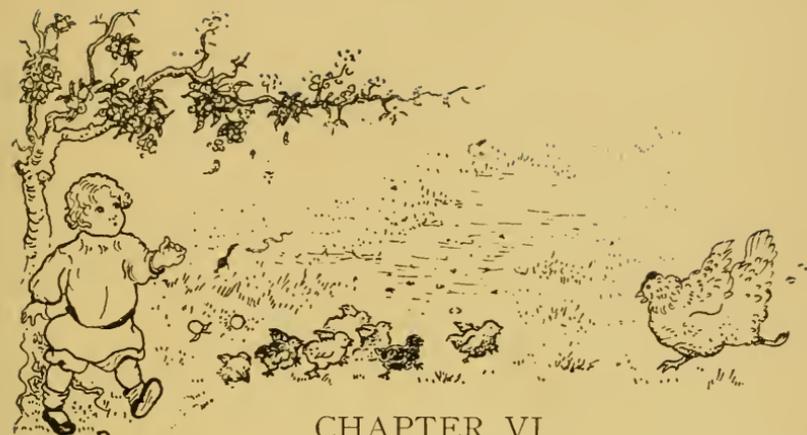
## Biographical Note

My father, William Moncure Bridwell, was born April 15, 1825, in Stafford County, Virginia, about twenty miles from Fredericksburg. The accompanying picture, Old Windsor Forest House, built in 1770, shows the place of his birth, and is still in a remarkable state of preservation. His mother, whose maiden name was Jacobs, was of English ancestry. His father was of French and English stock.

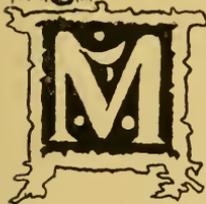
Some time in the '40's he emigrated with the family to Maysville, Ky. On March 20, 1851 he married Mary Ann, the second daughter of William Harrison, who lived on Cabin Creek, Lewis County, Ky.

Mother was born December 17, 1832. The ancestors of her father emigrated to this country from England during Colonial days. Among them were the progenitors of William Henry Harrison, the hero of Tippecanoe. Her mother, Jane Kelly, a devout Methodist, was of Irish descent.





## CHAPTER VI



My brother-in-law, William Davis, rented the Clark place and moved there with his family. I was much pleased with the prospect of spending a part of the time at their home, and helping Martha with the work and the care of Cyrus, their little boy about two years old. He was a beautiful child with light hair, blue eyes, and fair complexion. After they were settled, I went to look after him while he was at play about the yard.

One day, he came running toward me greatly excited, and not being able to explain what the difficulty was, he put out his tongue

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and pointed back. I hastened to see what it was and found a copperhead snake with its forked tongue extended just as he had tried to show me. I took him to the house and told his mother, and she went out and killed the snake, among the cackling hens and their frightened broods.

My sister's husband was brought up in town, but he soon learned to farm and do all kinds of work, and surprised those who had looked shy at his future prospects of making a living in the country.

"Dave," as he was called, was usually good-natured, but there was a slight indication that his smile might not always betoken the best of humor when he had had cause for provocation. At such times I felt it was not wise to try his patience too far, and usually kept my distance from him.

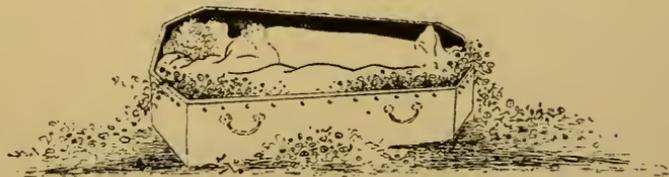
In the course of events, a baby girl with dark hair and eyes came to the home. They named her Charlotte Mary. When she was less than two weeks old, her mother let me hold her, and I was so delighted I wanted to stay there, but Nora had to have her turn.

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Mother often let her go and kept me at home to help with the work, and I was soon crowded out. This grieved me no little.

Soon little Cyrus, who seemed to be so different from other children, took the whooping-cough, and then the croup, and died. This was a great shock to both families, for he had endeared himself to every one of us. There had always been something unearthly about him, and my grief was more than tongue could tell. Early in the morning, after he had gone so suddenly, Father came to break the news to us, and for the first time I knew what it is to mourn the loss of a departed loved one. I wanted to go at once to see him, but I had to wait until the afternoon.

After his body had been prepared for burial, I kissed him for the last time and turned away in anguish. There was not a dry eye in the house. His death served the purpose of strengthening the family ties, and bringing us all face to face with the unseen world. Conviction settled down upon me, and I felt the need of preparing for the change that must eventually come to all.





## *The Story of My Life*

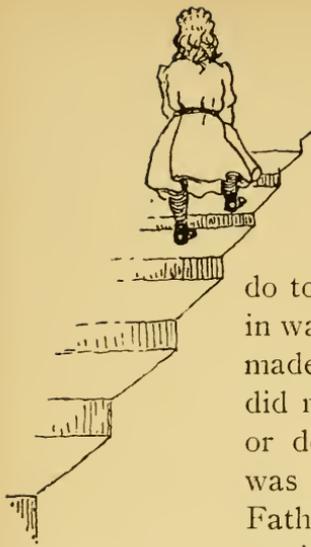
When Martha saw the depths of my grief, she dried her own tears and tried to comfort me. She said, "It will not be long until we meet him in the bright upper world." Her words were like a soothing balm to my grief-stricken heart, and from that time I began to realize the cause of my being so closely attached to her. The fact is, at the age of twelve she had been converted, and had been living up to the light she had through the intervening years. This explains why I mourned so much for her in her absence, and wanted to be with her. A child often reads the spirit of a person better than its elders. Her nature had been transformed by the power of the Holy Spirit. She had told me the story of her conviction and conversion in the old Bethel M. E. church near the home of my grandparents. It had a marvelous effect upon my life. For days and weeks after Cyrus went to heaven, I imagined I could see him at the gates looking down upon me trying to tell me he was happy and that



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some day I must come, too. I wondered if he and my brother, Robert, were together, and how they must feel so far away. And then it would come to me that they were close by, and perhaps knew all that I said or did. This helped to keep me under conviction and to bring about a change in my life. I thought much about heaven, and had a deep desire to shun evil and so live that I could meet them there.

All the preaching I heard was arguments that Father had with the neighbors on the subject of religion. One evening Uncle Richard Thomas and Aunt Parmelia, his wife, came to spend the evening at our home. As usual the conversation turned to religious discussion. Uncle "Dick," as he was called, was a Campbellite, Aunt Parmelia was a Methodist. There were three against him, but Mother and Aunt did not have much to say. Father soon got the best of the argument, declaring his belief in the new birth and in the doctrine of eternal punishment. Uncle emphasized the fact that he did not believe in heartfelt religion, and that all a person had to



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do to become a Christian was to be immersed in water and walk in newness of life. He often made the assertion that this newness of life did not consist of anything that could be felt or definitely known. Of course, I knew he was wrong, and believed every word that Father said about a change of heart and the punishment of the wicked. I trembled during the whole conversation with conviction, and when told to go to bed, I could scarcely get up the stairs, thinking of what the calamity would be if I should die unprepared.

There was no one to pray with me or to give me spiritual help. I was afraid I would be in hell before morning. My whole life seemed to come before me in one brief moment, bringing to remembrance many things that added to my distress.

On one occasion Westie and I had a disagreement and I scratched her on the cheek, leaving a mark in the shape of an X that she did not get rid of for several weeks. Before it disappeared, Father often called her "X", but he did not know how she got the mark. I had pinched Nora many times, and left the

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marks, and felt hard toward Fannie because she punished me so often when Mother was away. The spring was a long way from the house, and in the summer Fannie was continually wanting me to bring fresh water. If there was something I wished to do she was sure to call me. She was the eldest sister at home, and just about had her way in everything. She gave orders to the hired men, and often they were unwilling to obey her and would pick up their belongings and leave.



Emery paid but little attention to her demands. The more she persisted the more indifferent he seemed to be; and she was afraid to make trouble for him, knowing he would get it back on her, and probably at a time when she was least expecting it. Notwithstanding Emery was such a tease, nothing pleased me more than to be with him, when he was picking apples, digging potatoes, husking corn, etc.

When Fannie would come for me to do something for her, Emery would watch his opportunity and throw a clod or something at her when her back was turned. Then she would forget about me. I did not want him

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to hurt her, but it was some satisfaction to know that she occasionally found her match. If I made a complaint to either of my parents she would picture her side to them, and the verdict would be rendered in her favor. However unjustly I felt I was treated, I had heard so much preaching around the fireside that I knew I could not harbor ill will and be a Christian. But what could I do? I could not change my heart, and there was no one to whom I could go for help. Martha, no doubt, would have prayed with me if I had asked her to do so, but I did not have the courage to approach her on the subject. I spent many sleepless nights longing for daylight to come in hope of finding some relief, but fear would always come back with the returning darkness.

It was now the latter part of winter, the rains were falling, and the Kinnikinnick was overflowing its banks. The muddy water swept over all the bottom-land on the place, and I was afraid there was going to be another deluge as in Noah's time. There was nothing I dreaded more than these floods. At times it looked as if the water covered nearly all



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creation, but it receded rapidly when once it started. I was always glad to see a rainbow, for I was told that it is a sign that there will never be another flood.

During the spring and summer of 1872, I had a hard time, helping do the heavy work. Mother was not well, and Fannie had to do the sewing, and one or both of them were calling me every few minutes to do something. While I dreaded high water, I was glad when rainy days came, so I would not have so much to do.

The most of Father's time was spent in the tannery, and Emery had but little help with the farm work. The tan-bark had to be peeled and carted from the hills, and it was almost impossible to hire competent help. Some of the men whose services were engaged would demand their pay, pick up their things, and walk off at the slightest provocation.

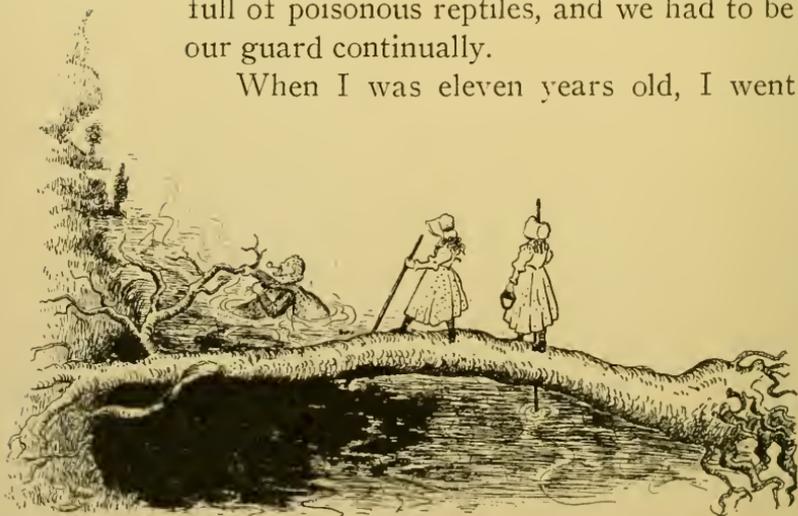
Often Nora and I went with Father to the hills to help carry food for the bark-peelers. On one occasion, with tin pails in our hands, we tried to cross the Kinnikinnick on a log when it was out of its banks. Father had a sack on his back with a large ham in it, and



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lost his balance and fell into the water. He smoked in those days and had a large meerschäum pipe in his mouth that cost \$16. The pipe had been given to him by a friend at Maysville, Kentucky. Nora and I shouted at him to let go the ham and the pipe, but he continued to hold on to them both. When he refused to let go the pipe and the ham, I almost despaired of his ever getting out. Finally, he caught a limb and swung toward the log and we helped him to get out. After he had returned to the house and changed his clothing, we proceeded on our journey. It was some time before I got over the shock. The hills where the bark was being peeled were full of poisonous reptiles, and we had to be on our guard continually.

When I was eleven years old, I went to



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stay with Martha for a few days. She let me go to see a cousin, who lived a half or three-quarters of a mile away. While there I slipped out of the house and went to the creek. The water for some distance was very deep. I found a boat tied up near the house, and got into it; and started down the stream confident that I could steer it. I did not have to use the oars to go with the current; and had no idea what it would mean to try to get back.

When I had gone as far as I wanted to go I tried to turn around and go against the current, but to my amazement, I could not make the boat go in the right direction. It turned around in the deepest part of the stream and finally struck a snag and stopped. I did not know but that the boat would spring a leak; and I knew the water was far beyond my depth.

I tried once or twice to touch the bottom with an oar, but failed. Oh, what a predicament I was in! No one to answer me if I should call; and if people should pass along the road the thick foliage would prevent them

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from seeing me. I had never learned to swim, and was ten or fifteen feet from the shore. What could I do? was the question. I decided to pray with all my might, and looked for some one to come to my help.

Minutes seemed hours, but I prayed with desperation. Presently I looked up the stream and saw my cousin on a raft, pushing out from the shore. She had missed me, and coming to look for me, found me stranded. I knew she was in great danger on the raft,—she was risking her life to get to me. When she reached me I handed her an oar and she pushed the boat off the old snag, got into it and took me to the shore and left the raft, which consisted of four logs, adrift. She was so elated when she succeeded in rescuing me that she had no words of reproof. It was the first time that I had ever been so venturesome, and it taught me a lesson I did not forget. It is an easy thing to go down stream, but when one tries to turn around and go against the current, one will have a difficult task.

On an afternoon in midsummer a thunder-storm came up. The atmosphere was charged

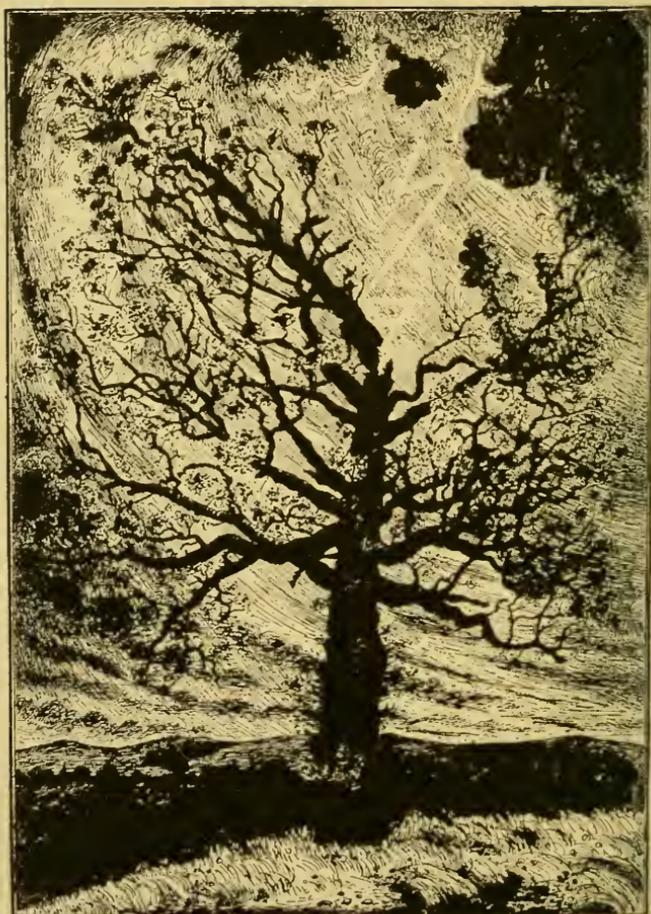


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with electricity, and for a time before it was on us in all its fury there were flashes of lightning interspersed with distant rumblings of thunder. While the warnings were thus being given, the fowls and cattle were seeking places of shelter. As the wind grew fiercer, the tall trees were bent almost double, and I was looking for some of them to be struck by lightning or to snap at any moment.

There was a giant oak that stood at the brow of the hill at the rear of the house. It must have been a hundred feet high, and, no doubt, was a hundred years old. This great oak, which added to the grandeur of the scenery around us, had been an object of admiration to all who had seen it. It furnished a pleasing background between the house and the distant hills. When things were unpleasant I often slipped away and took a seat under its shadows.

The great tree was a shelter for me in my isolation and loneliness. Usually when my thoughts were carrying me beyond my depths some one would call me to wash the dishes, or to bring water, or to do something else in the



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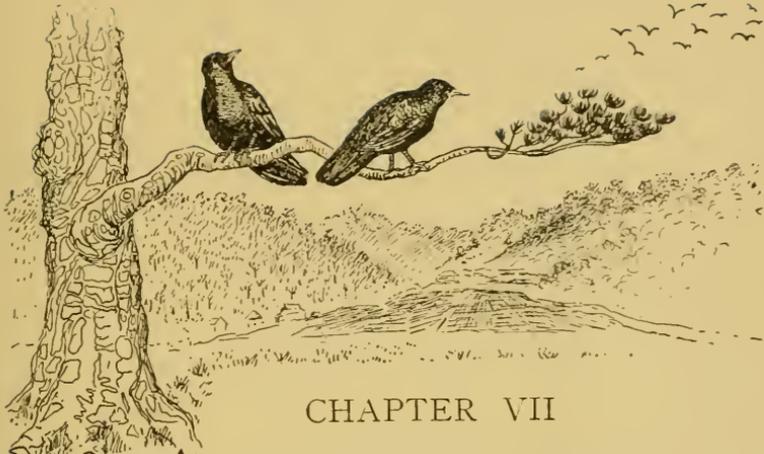
daily routine of the home and farm work.

During the thunderstorm I felt that the oak tree was in great danger; but why should I fear for the oak? It had stood the tempests for many years, nevertheless, I had a premonition that something was going to happen to it. Suddenly there was a terrific crash. I looked out and behold the trunk had broken in two about two-thirds of the distance from the ground. I felt that it was nothing less than a calamity. The house now seemed to have no background or support.

Not many days afterward Father cut the remainder of the tree down, leaving nothing but the stump. The place never seemed like home after this. Nothing took the place of the great oak that no longer waved its branches over my head and comforted me when my heart was laden with grief.







## CHAPTER VII

**I**N the spring the corn had to be planted and then guarded from the crows to keep them from pulling it all up. Emery stretched old garments over poles in different parts of the field to frighten them away, but they soon learned that these dead men could do them no harm, and they chattered and cawed with great delight. There was no alternative, some one had to be placed on guard to frighten them away after the corn had come up. Of all the birds and fowls with which I was acquainted, there were none that came so near to having human sense as the crows. When the plowing was going on, they





would light down in the furrows and pick up fresh larva, in the meantime seemingly anticipating the feast they would have when the corn came above the ground.



While I was trying to save the corn the turkey-buzzards would often soar over my head trying to get the scent of a carcass somewhere. They would come so close I was afraid they would light on me. I had heard many stories of carnivorous birds carrying children away, and I did not know what they might attempt to do. The hawks were determined to carry off the young chickens, but the bluebirds and the martins would fight them with desperation. This made me appreciate the bluebirds more than ever; and I did my best to protect their nests from cats and other enemies. The martins, of course, were out of reach of them. Sometimes there would be a half dozen or more bluebirds after one hawk, and they would keep up the fight until the hens had a chance to hide their chickens.

After the corn had come up, and the

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crows had about quit the fields, the beans and the pumpkins were to plant. This was done by taking a stick and making a hole in the corn hills, dropping in the seed and covering it with the foot. While Emery was plowing the corn for the first time, I planted the beans and the pumpkins. Some of the ground was rough and stony, and I suffered much with stone-bruises on my feet. At one time I had three on one foot and two on the other. When night came, there was scarcely any sleep for me. The bruises were deep down beneath the cuticle, and would often fester and become so painful I would cry half or two-thirds of the night. One night I suffered for hours before any one came to my help. Finally, I heard Father tell Mother that some one must doctor the stone-bruises. She called me down-stairs, got a light and a sharp needle and tried to open one of them, but her sight was so poor she missed the stone-bruise and stuck the needle into the tender part of my foot two or three times. I cried louder than ever and begged her not to try it again. By this time Father was thoroughly aroused

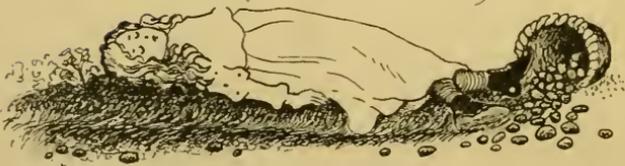


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and said he would open them himself. He proved to be a skillful surgeon and succeeded without inflicting pain.

After the corn and the beans were planted, I had to go to the pawpaw patches and help to cut sticks for the peas. Later, bean poles had to be gotten and the potatoes dug. Once when I was sent to get new potatoes for dinner I fainted away. I stayed so long Fannie called me. I heard her, but her voice sounded as if she were miles away. When the sun was hot, I could not perspire as others did, and this caused Mother some uneasiness. Often when it came time to go to bed, I was too weary to get up stairs, and would fall asleep on the floor, when I would remain until some one awakened me.

When I was ten years old, Uncle Martin Bridwell came to visit us from Knoxville, Tennessee, where he had been on the police force for a long period. Father had not seen him for many years and did not recognize him at first. There was much excitement about the place, and all the children were made to look their best. He was very observ-



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ing and noticed things that others overlooked. After he had commented on the good looks of some of my sisters, he watched me very closely, and later said to Mother, "Mary, much depends on the turn this girl takes in life. If she gets started right, she will make her mark in the world and succeed as no other child you have." His words electrified me and gave me courage and inspiration such as I had never had before. I was not expecting anything like this, but I determined from that moment "to get started right," and felt the only way to do it was to become a Christian.

He did not stay long, but his visit was a great uplift to me, and his words lingered with me, and helped me through many hard places. Even then, there were experiences ahead of me during the remainder of the summer and fall that would require all my strength and courage, and I needed just such a stimulant to keep from despairing.

Some time early in the summer I heard it whispered that there was soon to be an addition to the family. This caused me much concern, as I felt the care of another child in



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the home would add to my many burdens and be the means of keeping me from school indefinitely. I had great hopes of being permitted to go in the fall. Fannie and Lida were not pleased with the prospect and said the family was large enough for poor people. Their unhappy mood was no benefit to me, and caused me to have ill forebodings for the future.

On July 25, Nora and I were both with Martha when it was announced that we had a new baby brother and were wanted at home. On the way I made up my mind not to look at him. When I reached Mother's room, she said, "Come and see the baby," but I refused to do so and called him a name. In the meantime I told Mother that I did not want to take care of him, and walked away. She was much surprised. When I was leaving the room she said, "What makes that child act like this?"

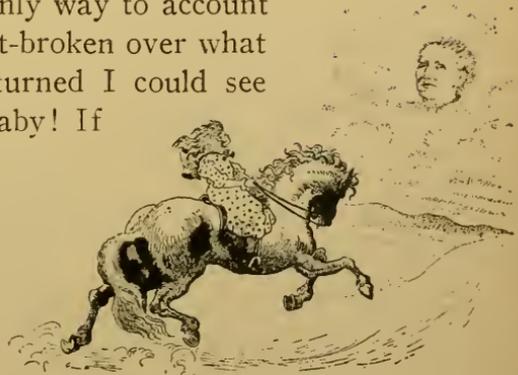
At this time Grandmother was visiting us. She had been thrown from a horse and was laid up for several weeks with a sprained ankle. In her absence, Aunt Eliza was keeping house with no one to help her. Grandfather was away buying and selling cattle much

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of the time, and Uncle Cooper, the youngest of the family, had all the farm work to do, and it was decided for me to go and help my aunt. She had never liked me or shown me any favors, and the only reason for sending me was because Nora, who had always been a favorite of hers, had to stay with Martha, and there was no one else to go. Uncle Cooper often visited us, and was always outspoken in his dislike for me. Lida was his choice. I not only had these conditions to face, but I had to go with a burden almost crushing me.

Before I started I got a side glimpse of the baby's face, just enough to remember how his nose looked. Mother was so white and pale that her looks frightened me, but I did not have the courage to tell her that I was sorry for the way I had acted.

I was hustled off almost before I realized what was taking place. I rode a horse all alone, and to this day, I do not remember who accompanied me, and the only way to account for it is because I was heart-broken over what I had said. Any way I turned I could see Mother's face, and oh, the baby! If



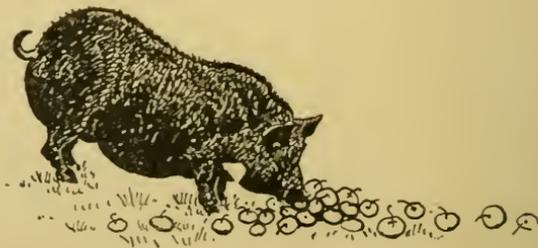


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I could only have had another chance to look at him, and to prove to Mother that I really did like him after all, it would have been heaven to me, but my opportunity was gone, and I was crushed. I felt that I might never see her again and how could I bear the thought of this!

On meeting my aunt I would have told her what had happened, but was afraid she would say that it served me right. And I refrained from disclosing my secret to any one. I had more time for recreation than when I was at home, and often went to the orchard and spent hours alone under the apple trees. There was a black hog that would occasionally break through the fence to get the summer apples, and Uncle told me I must chase him away, and gather up the apples. I was afraid of the hog, but was glad to do this or anything else that would divert my mind from the one thought that Mother might die before I could see her again. One day I felt that I had reached the crisis, and that something would have to be done or I could not live.

Aunt Eliza had received a letter from home, in which it was stated that Mother had



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taken a relapse. After hearing this I went out into the orchard, and sat down, and began to pray. I did not know how to give expression to my feelings, but I said if the Lord would spare Mother's life and let me go home to see her and the baby, that I would not murmur at anything I was told to do, and would take care of the baby the remainder of my life.

I begged for another chance to prove my sincerity, and the assurance came that my prayer was answered. I dried my tears and went to the house and told Aunt I felt that I was going home soon. She expressed no surprise and got my things ready. During the next three days I kept looking toward the road, and just about noon, on the third day when I felt that I could wait no longer, my father came through the big gate, on the other side of the pasture, riding one horse and leading another. I knew he was coming for me,



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and my heart was so light I felt that I had wings.

Soon after dinner, we took our departure. I had been away from home just three weeks, but it seemed like a year. Before leaving, Aunt Eliza handed me a package for Nora, and said to tell her she was coming to see her soon. I wondered if she would give me something as a token of appreciation of my efforts to please her while I was there, but she did not, and I concluded that she did not like me any better than she had before. Her last words were, "You tell your mother to name the baby Charles." I liked the name and was glad to deliver the message.

We had twelve miles to go, much of the way over a rough, mountainous road, but my heart continued to grow lighter until I reached Mother's bedside. I cried for joy as I stood there, scarcely able to realize that I was once more in her presence.

She let me take the baby. I told her I wanted to take care of him. She liked the name I had brought for him and called him Charles William. I found Rollie, who was



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now about four years old, wearing his first trousers, and so delighted that he cut all kinds of capers trying to show off in them. He felt as big as a man, and wanted me to know it.

Rollie was nearly two years old before he was named. There had been much discussion in the family, and some disagreement, about the names of some of us; and it seemed that no one wanted to take the responsibility of naming the boy with seven sisters, five of whom had preceded him in succession. Even my uncles and aunts, who were frequent visitors at our home, were backward about suggesting a name; and one of them said, "Call him Babe until he is old enough to choose a name for himself." Mother said, "I think I shall call him Butler," but some one said that this name would always be associated with that of General B. F. Butler who confiscated slaves during the Civil War, and whose name was connected with stolen spoons by his political foes. Mother finally decided to call him Rollie Butler, but later she dropped Butler altogether and named him Rollie Taylor. It



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was a great relief to know that the baby actually had a name.

Rollie grew up to be a good-natured, mischievous boy, always on the lookout for sport. He had a sweeping imagination and a wonderful gift for making up stories which he would tell for the amusement of children and those of more mature years. He often said he was going to preach, but procrastination proved to be the thief of time and he put it off until he became absorbed in other things.

I appreciated home more than ever before; and was content to do whatever fell to my lot whether it was to my liking or not. I had come to the age where there had to be some kind of crushing process in my nature, and the Lord knew how to take me through it.

I was in a much better condition to bear adversity; and was not so prone to brood over what I felt was injustice to me on the part of others. I could take orders and reproof from Fannie with much more fortitude than before.

When school began I was resigned to stay at my post of duty and to do what I could for

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Mother. It was a year before she was out from under the doctor's care. Many times her case was so serious it looked as if she would be taken from us; and I spent much of the time in gloomy forebodings of what our loss would be. She was often so ill she could not give advice about the work and other things.

Lida did most of the house work, and Fannie had all the sewing for the family to do, and as yet we had no sewing machine. When Mother was well she had the oversight of the garden and truck patches. No one knew how to manage as she did, and how to keep things from being wasted.

Mother had no nourishment for the baby; and he had to be fed on cow's milk. For a time Rose was kept in the barnyard and several times a day I went to milk her for the baby. When he grew older he did not use a bottle, but drank out of a small tin cup.

After he learned to walk it pleased us all to see him take his tin cup and start for the



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barn when he heard the cow-bells in the evening. He would drink the fresh milk, foam and all, until he was so full he could scarcely walk.

When Mother was able to be up again she found so many things to attend to it seemed that she could never catch up. About this time another misfortune befell us. The cow that had so generously supplied the milk for "Charlie," broke over into the field and ate so much green corn that she foundered and died. We were depending solely on her milk for him, and it was a great loss. For years she had led the herd, and often brought the other cattle home at night without some one's going for them. Milk had now to be gotten from our neighbors' and we were afraid it would not agree with "Charlie."

When school opened in September, I was told that I could go. I was now eleven years of age. The schoolhouse was two miles away, and Nora and I had to walk both ways when the weather was good. My books consisted of *Ray's Third Part Arithmetic*, an English grammar, an elementary geography, a

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spelling book, and *McGuffey's Fourth Reader*. I knew the multiplication table, and was just beginning in common fractions. I was much surprised to find that I was ahead of the other children who were near my age, and who had been going to school for years. I was delighted with my studies and to have a change from home, but kept shy of the boys and girls on the playground. Often during the day I thought of home and wondered if the baby were getting the proper care, and his milk regularly.

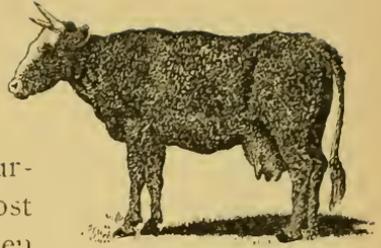
The family had never been in greater financial straits, as the result of Mother's long illness. The doctor who attended her, lived at Vanceburg and had to make a trip of twenty miles on horseback every time he came. He was a good-hearted man, though not a saint by any means. But I learned to like him because he was kind to me. He said the baby ought to have milk from one cow only; and when we had to depend on the neighbors for it, there was no guarantee of this. But we had to make the best of matters until some turn could be made for a cow.

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Early in October, Nora and I were coming home from school after there had been several showers of rain during the day. It was slippery under foot and we were trudging along hunting the dry places. When we were about half-way home we both spied something lying in the road ahead of us and started for it as fast as we could go, but Nora outran me and got hold of it first. It was a black kid pocketbook with thirty-five dollars in it. There was not a piece of paper or a scratch of a pen to identify the owner. Nora insisted on carrying it and I had to consent. We were both so overjoyed we could scarcely wait until we reached the house. There was not much excitement over our finding the pocketbook, as everybody thought the owner would soon be located. I felt all the time that he would never be heard from, and that the Lord had answered prayer for money to buy a cow. And so it proved. On the day that the pocketbook was found, someone made the statement that a person was seen on a large black horse riding toward Vanceburg. Inquiries were made, but no one could locate the person who had lost the money.



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Later, a white-faced cow was purchased and brought home. She cost thirty-five dollars. Nearly forty-seven years have passed, but her looks are as fresh in my memory as if it were but yesterday. Rose was getting along in years before she died. Her milk was very rich and she was hard to milk. The new cow gave more milk than she, and it was better for the baby. Truly the angel of the Lord helped us in our many struggles and difficulties.

Who could doubt that the money that was found came in answer to prayer! The Lord, who feeds the birds and counts the sparrows when they fall, did not forsake us.

Miss Annie Harris, a young woman from Adams county, Ohio, was employed to teach our school. Too much can not be said in praise of her many virtues. She had been brought up a Methodist, and was in full sympathy with the North on the issues that decided the war and abolished slavery. When any mention was made of the war, she seemed to know that taking a part in the discussion would be treading on dangerous ground, and

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avoided any tendency to open up old wounds, which would cause them to bleed afresh. The war was over, the question of slavery was a dead issue, and she showed wisdom in not becoming a participant in conversation that was likely to stir up strife.

During the school term, she stayed at the home of Andrew Miller, a Frenchman who had a large family of boys. She was a great blessing in this home where there were no grown up girls, and the young men needed the influence of a person of her character. There was nothing silly or frivolous about her nature. She adapted herself to circumstances, kept in her place, and gained the respect of all who knew her.

She was tall, and well-proportioned, with brown hair, a pink complexion, and a few freckles on her face. She had blue eyes and a small mouth. Her apparel was always neat, but plain. The first time I saw her, I was strongly drawn to her. She looked like Martha, and was much like her in disposition and character.

She often caressed the little girls, but I was

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timid and kept my distance from her. This, perhaps, was owing to my isolated life, but she seemed to understand me as no one else did, and took special interest in me, knowing that I had not had school privileges like other children. Somehow I felt that I had a special claim on her.

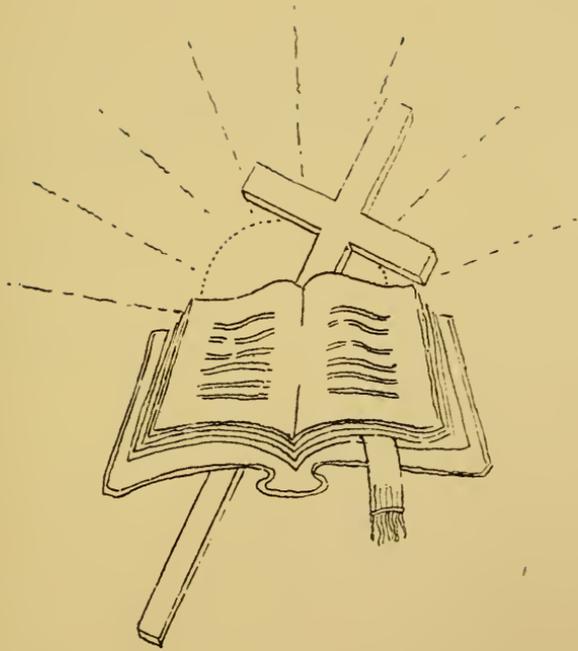
Apart from the instructions that I had received from Mother, Miss Harris was my first teacher.

Mother was still weak physically, and we feared that through some excitement or exertion she might take a relapse. We all knew that she could not stand what she had before.

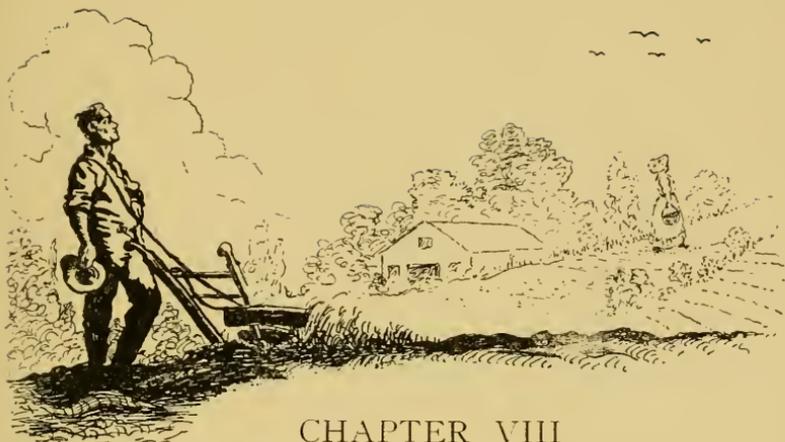
Adversity had helped to keep the family united, but there was a growing restlessness among the older children, owing to a lack of the right kind of society around us. The people of the community and country were not of our class, and they knew it as well as we did. My parents had moved to this mountainous region on account of the tannery and the timber, when the family was small, but now that some of the children had grown up, there were new conditions

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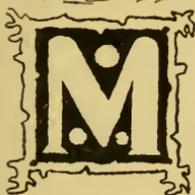
to meet. Martha had married at the age of seventeen. Emery was now in his nineteenth year and Fannie was only about fifteen months younger. Lida was as large as Fannie, and I was as large as Nora, who was just entering her teens.







## CHAPTER VIII



MOST of the young men of the neighborhood who had aspirations to become suitors at our home were not looked upon with favor, and this caused a spirit of jealousy and much ill will, especially toward Emery, whom they felt was the greatest obstacle in blocking up their way.

There was not a family in all the country where there were so many girls who had the reputation of being so fair of form and feature. Fannie was noted for her wit. Lida was more reserved in her manners and guarded in her words. If certain young men

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sought the opportunity of paying their respects to Fannie, she would receive them graciously at first, and afterward turn them away without the least compunction of conscience, with the argument that their punishment was just for being so foolish as to think they could win her. Then their wrath would burn against Emery, and a little fire would soon be fanned into a flame. Emery's life was often in jeopardy, and we were afraid they would waylay and beat him, and possibly kill him. Some of these young men carried knives, and it was a well-known fact that they would not stop short of using them if they thought the occasion demanded it.

John Miller, the stepson of Andrew Miller the Frenchman, gave us the most trouble. He was a veritable John Sullivan in combativeness and size. Notwithstanding, he was a good-looking young man and usually pleasing in his manners.

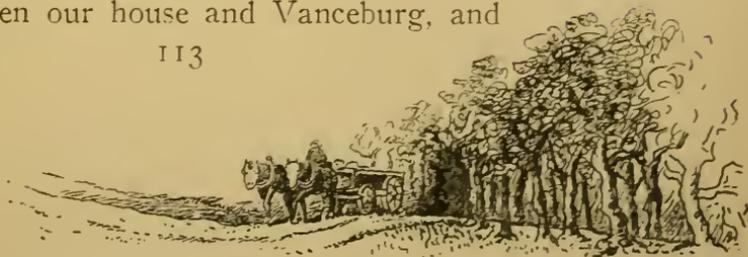
On days when the public road had to be repaired, John was always on hand playing the bully. On one occasion he picked a quarrel with my brother and got the worst of it in a

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hand-to-hand combat. This humiliation inflamed his passion, and he sought an opportunity to take revenge. As time went on, feeling became more intense, and continued until there developed a sort of border warfare. How to avoid trouble and the probability of some one's being killed was a matter of serious concern to every member of the family who was old enough to know the danger. Although it was not discerned at the time, the Lord was trying to thrust us out of the country as He did Abraham of old. It was time for us to be located in more favorable environments where our hopes and aspirations could materialize. The family was poor, and, although a change was often talked about, how to find another place and get to it was as yet an unsolved problem.

When Emery went to town with a load of timber, and to bring home supplies, toward evening I would often notice that Mother and Fannie were uneasy about him. They were afraid some mischief would befall him on the road home. Andrew Miller lived about half-way between our house and Vanceburg, and

S. M. L.—8.





there was a dangerous wood which Emery had to pass through near the Miller home.

Often during the cool evenings I would stand out at the gate and listen for his wagon. When I heard him coming down Holly Hill, two miles away, I knew that he had passed the dangerous part of the road, and in all probability would reach home in safety. I learned to distinguish the sound of his wagon, even at this distance, from that of other teamsters. When I felt sure of his safety, I was often so weary, that I did not wait for his arrival, but retired for the night. It was a long trip to make in a day with a heavy load, and it was usually nine-thirty or ten o'clock before he reached home. No one but God knows the days and hours of anxiety that were thus spent. The sound of his voice or the sight of his face on his return, gave me much joy.

It was a well-known fact that Emery was not a coward. He was of medium height, and strongly built, weighing about one hundred sixty-five pounds. Miller weighed one hundred eighty-five pounds and was well-proportioned. For some weeks during the fall of

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1873, he was seen much in company with Emmanuel Curtis, a young man of twenty-two, and small of stature, who lived two miles above us, and their being together so much aroused suspicion. Curtis had the name of being a coward; and it was generally understood that if there was an underhanded game to play, he was just the person to do it.

Emery had but little to say, and expressed no fear of any one who sought to do him injury. The fact that he knew he was right gave him confidence; and he met every issue, where there was danger involved, with composure and self-control.

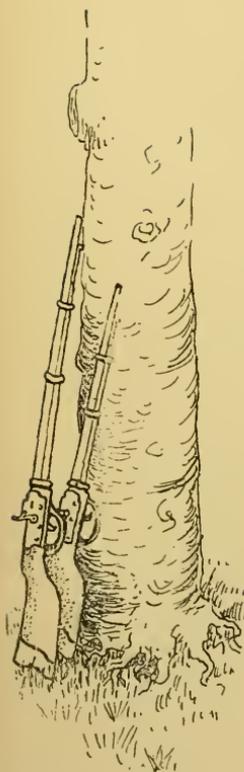
I was very anxious for the teacher to go home with me from school some evening. I wanted Mother to meet her. My brother-in-law had moved from the place across the creek from us and was now living near the Millers on the road to Vanceburg. Nora stayed with Martha most of the time while attending school, and I often had to go alone. Had it not been so far, the teacher might have stayed at our home. She promised to go home with me on a certain afternoon, early in No-

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venber, and I was in hopes that everything would be put in the best of order for her entertainment and comfort.

That morning, on the way to school, a strange fear came over me. I could not account for it, as Emery, who usually went to town early in the week, was in the field plowing, and father was at work in the tannery. Why should I feel this way? On reaching the schoolhouse, I proceeded as usual with my classes, but after persistent efforts, I found that I could not settle down to study, and asked the teacher to let me go to my sister's home to see if anything were wanted. She gave her consent, but on the journey, I became more fearful than before. Could John Miller and Emmanuel Curtis be plotting some mischief against my brother? I had a premonition that they were.

When I reached the place where the road went through the wood, I looked up on the hillside above me, and there, about fifty yards away, I saw two guns standing by a tree. I knew this meant something serious, and de-



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terminated not to move out of my tracks until I found out to whom they belonged. Presently John Miller stepped out from behind a tree, while Emmanuel Curtis's head protruded from the other side. The picture was that of an Indian waiting for the opportunity to take the scalp of some white man. Not a word was spoken by any one. Miller's actions gave me to understand that they were looking for my brother, and that I might just as well go about my business. I hastened to my sister's home and told her what I had seen. She was deeply concerned, but powerless to do anything. I knew she was afraid for me to go back alone, but I did not tarry long, and hastened back to the schoolhouse to explain to the teacher. That afternoon Miss Harris accompanied me home. On the way I stopped to inquire of some one about the two young men, and was told that they had been seen going up the road toward my home. I was then more fearful than ever that something had happened; and my only consolation was that if it were very serious, some one would have come for me. My anxiety grew

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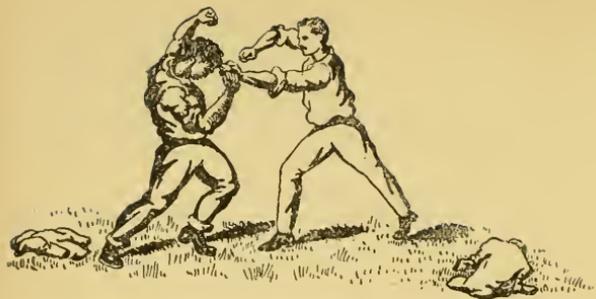
as I approached the house. Mother met me at the door, and I left the teacher with her and hastened to the dining-room. There I saw my brother sitting near the fire with a white bandage around his head covering his left eye. I did not feel like approaching him with any questions as to what had happened, but went immediately to the kitchen and asked Fannie. She said, "Emery and John Miller have had a fight." After learning that he was not seriously hurt I did not try to get the details, but picked up fragments from different ones, content to hear Mother's version of it later.

Father freely voiced his contempt for such characters as Miller and Curtis. He was enthusiastic in his praise of Emery's conduct, and said that if the contest had lasted a little longer, my brother's victory would have been complete.

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The thing that concerned me most was what had become of these two young men. Were they lurking around somewhere under cover of night ready to take revenge? Mother assured me that they were not. She had had a talk with them both after the fight was all over, and Miller promised to keep the peace, and she felt that he would, for a time, at least. She had gotten this assurance in prayer, and so it proved. After the excitement was over, we feared that she would take a relapse, but she was marvelously sustained through it all.

For some reason it had been decided that Emery should not go to town on this particular day, but that he should plow for grain. Father was in the beam-house of the tannery at work, when Miller and Curtis arrived. They were disappointed in not being able to halt Emery on the road somewhere away from the place, and thirsting for revenge, were determined to meet him. They were frank in telling Father that they had come to have it out. They soon found that he was not of such character as to back down, and that Emery would have his consent. Emery was



sent for. In the meantime Father gave them to understand that there were to be no weapons used; and this was agreed upon. But who could depend upon this, unless there were those present who would see that no advantage was taken? It was evident that Curtis had a gun in his hip pocket, ready to defend Miller, should he see that he was getting the worst of it. Once when my brother was dealing him some terrific blows, Curtis had his hand on his hip pocket.

Mother got word at the house as to what was going on, and too well she knew what the outcome would be if there were no intervention. She started to them, but had gone only a little way when she had to sit down by the roadside. A young man who had been doing some work on the farm and in the tannery stood by and made no effort to separate them, regardless of the pleadings of my sisters and the cries of Mother. After this he was looked upon with much contempt and

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not permitted to stay on the place again.

Lida and Fannie stood by while the fight was going on, powerless to do anything. In the meantime, Father assured them that Emery was going to win. Just before the crisis was reached and Miller's defeat was a certainty, Mother got the assurance in prayer that something was going to take place to bring the struggle to an end, without the shedding of blood. Just then she saw a horse with its rider coming in a gallop around a turning in the road. It proved to be John Krentz, the German neighbor, who lived across the road from us on the place he had purchased from Uncle "Dick" Thomas. He leaped from the back of the horse and rushed between the two combatants and soon ended the fight.

The German had a wife and two grown up sons, August and Henry. Previous to this they had shown but little disposition to be friendly; and this was a disappointment to us. Mr. Krenz could scarcely speak Eng-



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lish well enough to be understood, but he proved to be a hero, and that a "friend in need is a friend indeed."

The victory that my brother was fast gaining would no doubt have been followed by the use of firearms, inasmuch as there was the strongest evidence that Emmanuel Curtis had a concealed weapon. The German sputtered, and elbowed them apart with all his strength. The reader may be assured that with all of his peculiarities, he had a tender place in the heart of every member of our family after this.

August and Henry were not always peaceable. They would take offense at trifles; and their mother sustained them in it. At times it looked as if they had as much animosity for my brother as some others had, and that they could not be held in the bounds of peace.

After it was all over, Mother sent for Miller and Curtis to come to the house. She talked to them until Miller was ashamed, and reluctantly promised her to give Emery no further trouble. But he had not

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achieved the result that he desired, and revenge continued to lurk in his breast, which was sure to manifest itself at some future date. Curtis was immune to Mother's appeal; and his flinty, unyielding nature manifested itself in more ways than one. He had a brother who was not quarrelsome, but lacked principle.

The father of these two young men was killed on his own doorstep during the Civil War. He was a man of good character, and was mourned for by all who knew him; and why these two young men turned out as they did was a question that puzzled every one in the community. Was it a case of the sins of the parents being visited on the children unto the third and fourth generation, or had they refused to walk in the light of parental instruction and example and brought down curses on their own heads? There was a cog out of the wheels somewhere; and the question is, Who was responsible?

A young man boasted of royal birth, who proved to be a profligate. One whom he disdained and who had no such claims



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listened to his braggadocio and remarked, "Sir, I see that the nobility of your family ends with you, but I am determined that with my family it shall begin with me." And he made good his resolve.

For a time there was relaxation from the continual fear for Emery's safety, but we were all better satisfied when he was at home.

When the crops were being gathered in, Emery often went "coon hunting" with some of the neighbor boys on moonlight nights. He was a good hunter; and usually had success.

The raccoon and the opossum were not prized so much in those days for their pelts as for their flesh. After they had fattened on nuts in the fall, they belonged as much to the white man's menu as to that of the sons of Ham.

To secure them it was necessary to have a good dog and to sacrifice a few hours of sleep in the early part of the night. The pelts of these animals sold for thirty-five cents apiece. I never ate the flesh of either of them, although



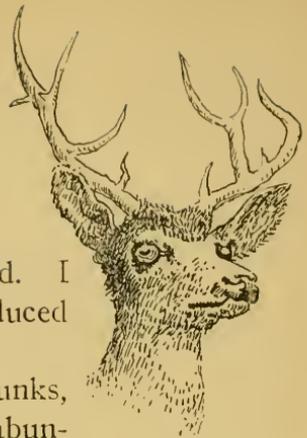
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all the other members of the family did. I felt it was unclean, and could not be induced to touch it.

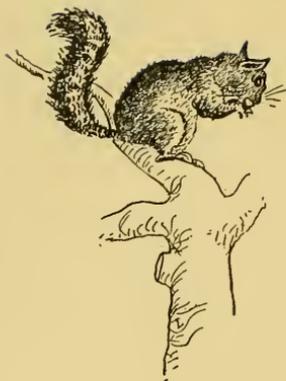
There were beavers, minks, moles, skunks, martens, and gray and red foxes in great abundance, but the trappers were all poor. Fur dealers from the large cities would come through the country and buy up skins for a mere trifle and make large profits on them, while the poor trappers suffered for the necessities of life.

If provision were not made for the protection of the chickens, the minks would come close enough to catch them and cut their throats and suck the blood. They could sometimes be seen sneaking around an old log or even out of the hen-house. Occasionally the hunters would bring in a brown or black bear; and after it was skinned, the meat, which was considered very rare, would be divided up and sent out to the neighbors. Wild deer were scarce, but occasionally some one boasted of having venison to eat.

Emery never had a gun of his own. After the Civil War Mother was so afraid that some

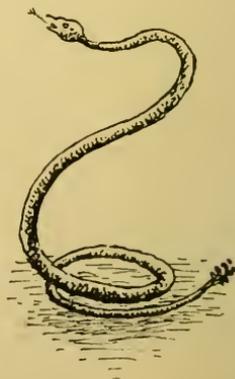


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accident would occur if firearms were permitted in the home, she decided that Emery should never own a gun. She had a difficult task to pacify him, when there was so much wild game. Some shocking things had occurred in the country as the result of carelessness in handling firearms and Mother was determined to take no chances.

One day Emery borrowed a gun and asked me to go with him down to the banks of the creek to hunt squirrels in the hickory trees. He took me along to frighten them from the opposite side when he was ready to take aim. I was standing about twenty feet away from a tree when a squirrel made its appearance near the top, and dashed around in the direction where Emery was lying on his back ready to shoot. At this moment he discovered a rattlesnake close enough to strike him. It was a miracle that he was not bitten. His attention was then turned toward killing the snake; and we returned

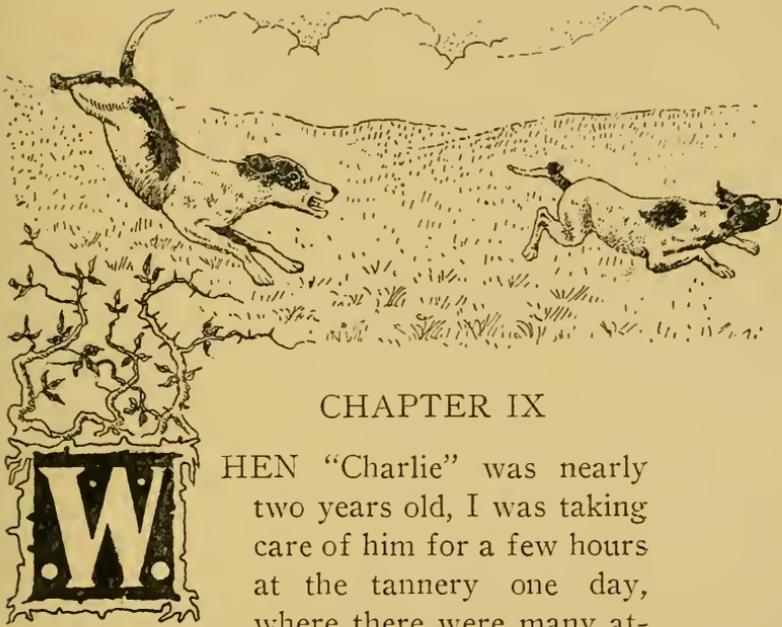


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to the house without any squirrels.

When something like this happened Emery would conclude that Mother was right in not wanting him to have a gun. The very fact that those who had ill will toward him knew that he did not have one may have been the means of saving his life. Jesus said, "For all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword" (Matt. 26: 52). He also said, "Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy" (Matt. 5:7).





## CHAPTER IX

HEN “Charlie” was nearly two years old, I was taking care of him for a few hours at the tannery one day, where there were many attractions for me, especially in the springtime. The frogs made their homes and laid their eggs in the lime-vats which contained the South American guano used in the second process of tanning the hides.

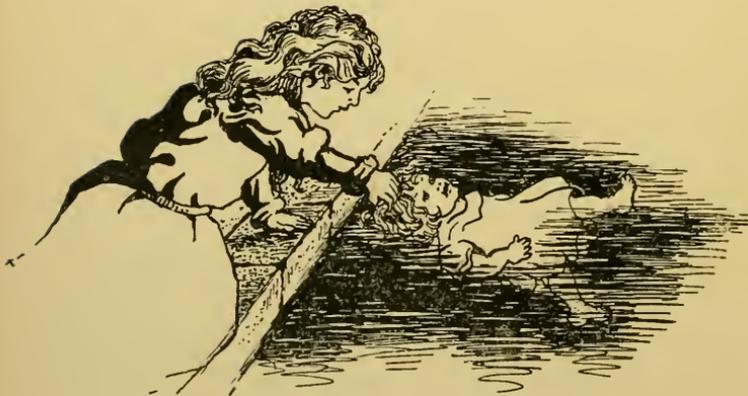
The odor from these vats was stifling, but the frogs did not mind it. I had a forked stick squeezing their necks against the sides of the vats and breaking up their eggs, when to my amazement, “Charlie,” who stood by my side,



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became excited, lost his balance, and tumbled in. I screamed and caught him by the hair when he came up, and held him until Father reached us from the other side of the yard. I had to brace myself to keep from falling in, too, and my grip was almost gone, before he was rescued. When he was safe I was so overcome that I was scarcely able to stand or walk.

The slime and filth had gotten into his mouth; but when it was removed and he cried naturally, it sounded like music to me. The news had gotten to Mother before we reached the house, and she was almost beside herself. Again and again she asked Father if I could have saved him if he had not been there. He assured her that I would have succeeded in getting him out, and this gave her some consolation.



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As there were not many enclosures in the country, cattle often strayed away from their owners in search of better ranges. Scarcely a day passed, when the weather was good, that somebody did not inquire at our home about stray cattle. On a Sunday afternoon Nora and I were lonesome; and concluded to disguise as strangers looking for cattle. We dressed up in Emery's week-day clothes, but the cap I wore belonged to my brother Robert, before he died. This cap I pulled down low over my head.

Mother and Martha were in the sitting-room when we called at the gate. I changed my voice and said, "Hello." Martha said, "There are two boys at the gate." Mother came to the door and asked what was wanted. I asked her if she had seen two spotted heifers and a red cow with crumpled horns. She said that she had not. It was getting toward supper time and I ventured to tell her that we were both very hungry, and asked her for something to eat. She never turned a hungry person away, and I knew we would get something. She said, "Come in;" and



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without looking at us closely led the way to the dining-room.

In the meantime Martha discovered who we were, but said nothing. On reaching the dining-room door, Nero, the dog, which neither of us had thought of, sprang at me like a tiger and split the trousers from top to bottom. Mother screamed and got between me and the dog, giving me a chance to get inside of a door leading up stairs. He then made for Nora, who cried, "Nero, it is me; it is me, Nero!" Mother succeeded in holding him off until she also escaped. I had always been afraid of dogs because at certain times of the year there were so many with hydrophobia that wandered through the country. I was frightened until I was speechless; and later so under conviction I determined never to do such a thing again. The great wonder is that Mother did not punish us both, but she was so glad we escaped from being injured that she let it pass.

With strangers, Nero was often vicious; and people for miles around feared him. He kept the chicken and the horse thieves away

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and guarded the place from the ravages of wild beasts. He was kind to every one of the family, but it was not safe to tease him or do anything that might lead to one's becoming the victim of his rage.

I prayed to be forgiven for trying to disguise in my brother's clothing. Mother was not so severe in discipline after her long illness, and we often tried to take the advantage of her. The scripture says, "Beware of dogs,"—i. e., of certain classes of people.

Evil angels were always around trying to induce both old and young to play jokes and to indulge in such frivolities. It was the height of some people's ambition to keep certain persons in fear, and guessing as to what was coming next. In the time of slavery on Southern plantations the white people often carried such things to extremes and even to cruelty among the slaves. It is well that such practices are looked upon with more disfavor in recent years, as they tend to divert the mind from its proper channel, and often result in much harm and ill will.

Spelling and writing had been neglected

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in my study at home. Nora was the best speller in Miss Harris's school, and inasmuch as a prize had been offered to the one receiving the most credits in the spelling class my heart failed when I thought of having to compete with her; but the teacher tried to encourage me and I made up my mind to do my best. Often I used the greater part of the noon hour studying the spelling lesson. Nora was indifferent much of the time and showed that she had no thought of my being able to win the prize. Then again she would become much concerned and spend more time on the spelling lesson. When I saw this, I could scarcely conceal my anxiety; and this made her work the harder.

She kept two marks ahead of me for weeks, but for some reason was out of school for three days; and this gave me a chance to get one ahead of her. But it was all I could do to hold what I had gained. The term was drawing to a close, and if I should lose a mark I felt my defeat would be certain. One evening Nora let a word slip and I caught it and turned her down. I felt sure she knew how to spell the word, but how she



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missed it could not be explained. I was now two marks ahead of her; and the race was nearly run.

One day at noon the teacher told me that I was going to win the prize, which was to be a Bible or an album, and asked me which I would prefer. Of course, I told her a Bible. I felt sorry for Nora, and my only consolation was that she might not have chosen the Bible anyhow; and I could not see that an album would be of much use to her.

The spelling contest closed before the end of the term. This was a surprise to me. I supposed it would run on until the last day, and that there would still be a chance for Nora to win. But most of the time was spent in reviewing other branches and in preparing pieces for the closing exercises.

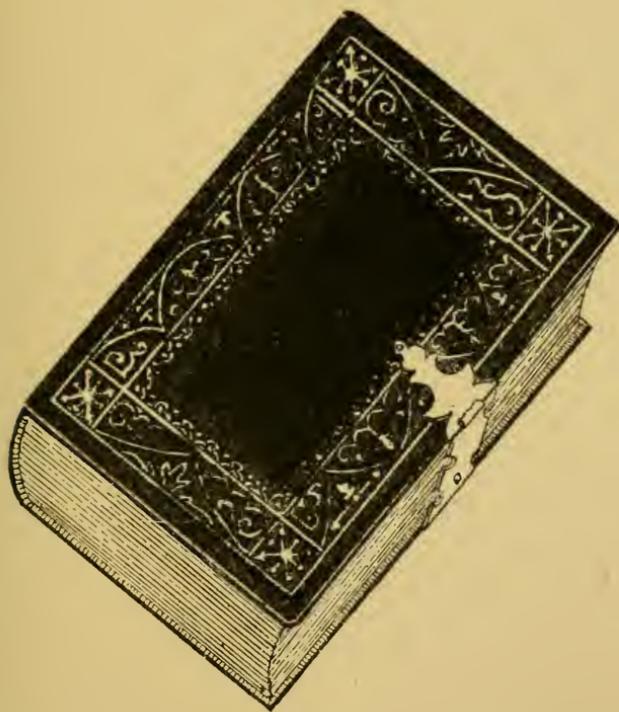
I had never recited a piece in school. This being my first term I had succeeded in getting the teacher to excuse me, but now that I was relieved from the spelling, she asked me to memorize a piece to speak the last day. "Maud Muller" was in my reader; and as it had struck a vital chord in my life and I was

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somewhat familiar with it, it was chosen. There are 110 lines in this piece; and many words that I did not understand. However, I succeeded in mastering it, and recited it without a break.

Just before a treat of pop-corn, nuts, and candy was passed around, the teacher made a few remarks and handed me the prize. There are no words to describe my feelings. It was a beautiful, leather-bound Bible with gilt edge and clasp. I had but little interest in the treat. I was thinking of the Bible, and of having to part with Miss Harris, whom I had learned to love as no other person outside of the family. Her services were much desired by the school board for another term, but I had a premonition that I should never see her again, and so it proved.

On the way home that day my feet scarcely touched the earth. I felt a buoyancy of spirit that I had never before experienced. I determined to study the Bible all my spare moments, and did so under many difficulties. I began with the first chapter in the New Testament and read the four Gospels; and



“It was a beautiful leather-bound Bible.”

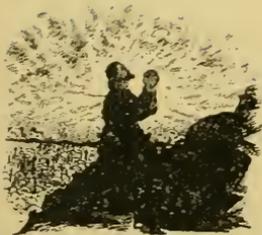
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was so fascinated with the stories I could scarcely lay it down.

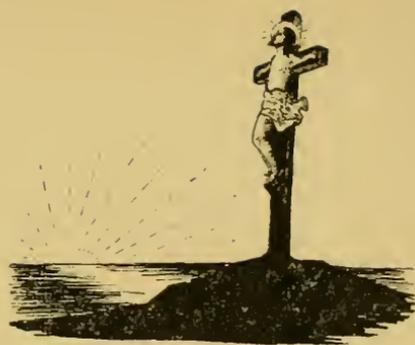
There was much comfort in the fourteenth chapter of Saint John; and I committed it to memory. "Let not your heart be troubled." How these words lingered with me! "In my Father's house are many mansions." "I go to prepare a place for you." Was this intended for the disciples alone, or was it my privilege to claim such a promise? The enemy sorely buffeted me. "And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." Would He come for me when the toils of this life were over? Thomas was a doubter and I did not want to be like him.

The 13th, 14th, and 15th verses, I felt were for me. "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. If ye love me, keep my commandments." When in doubt and uncertainty these verses helped me to press on and not despair.

Jesus promised to send the Comforter to



His disciples; and emphasis was put on the fact that He would come again. "Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me: because I live, ye shall live also." "Ye have heard how I said unto you, I go away, and come again unto you. If ye loved me, ye would rejoice, because I said, I go unto the Father: for my Father is greater than I."



This chapter was a parting message to those whom Jesus loved and had to leave in a world that was wicked enough to put Him to death. Well He knew what the disciples would have to endure before they sealed their faith with their blood. He kept His promise and sent them the Comforter to abide with them forever.

I read and re-read every incident in connection with the crucifixion and resurrection of Christ; and the cry of my heart was how could I be delivered from sin, but I did not know how to grasp the promises. If some one had only prayed with me, my soul would have broken through its prison

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walls and rejoiced in the sunshine of God's love, but alas, I was left alone to combat the enemy in confusion and sometimes in almost hopeless despair. "Only a step to Jesus," but how to take this step was the question.

After the spring work opened up, I had but little time for reading and meditation, and this caused me to relax in diligence and prayer. Procrastination was my greatest difficulty,—I found that I was always looking to some future time for the pardon of my sins. I had almost made up my mind that it would be impossible to get converted outside of a revival meeting; and who was to hold such a meeting? The preachers and near-by pastors were not inclined to hold revivals. And if such a meeting should be held where souls were born from above, in all probability I would have to stay at home and let others go.

Weeks, and even months, passed; and while I was receiving much help from the Scriptures my soul was still in darkness. I made up my mind to live and act like a Christian, even though I had not been born of the Spirit. Conviction placed me where I had no desire

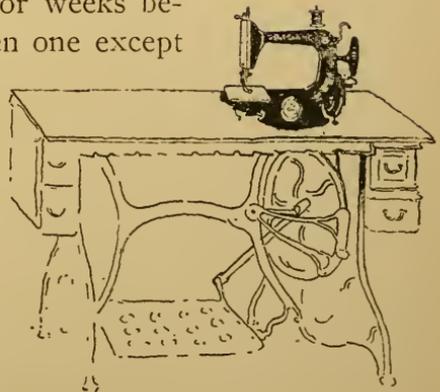
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to commit sin. I heard much said about heart-felt religion; and I knew that to be a Christian one must have a change of heart.

There was much to be done in our home and there were only a few to do it. To meet the needs of a large family, great economy had to be practiced. How to get the sewing done was one of the greatest problems. It was too much for Fannie, as all of it had to be done by hand. There was nothing said by the preachers and others against worldly conformity and dress; the fashions were continually changing and this made many hardships.

The Howe and Singer companies were distributing sewing machines in the cities and some rural districts, but none as yet had reached our community. It was not long, however, until a new Singer machine was brought to our home. It cost in the neighborhood of \$75, which was a great deal of money in those days.

The machine was talked of for weeks before it arrived. I had never seen one except the small hand machine that Aunt Sarah had when she came



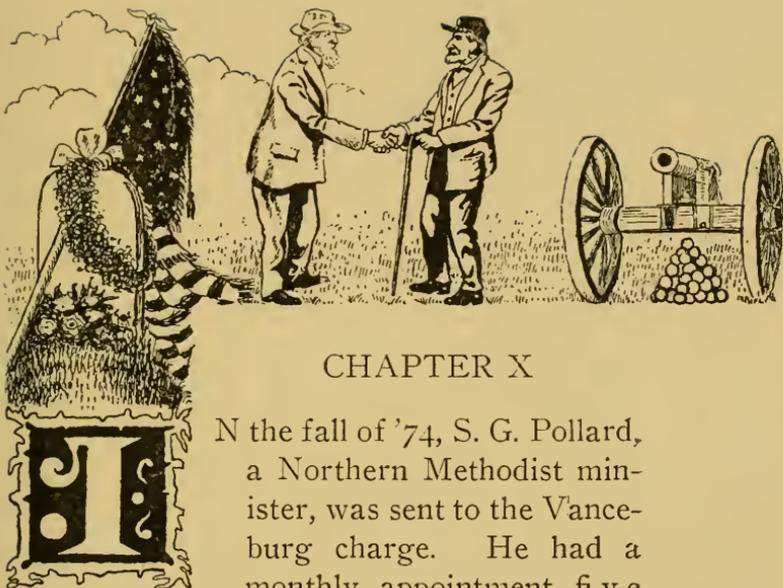
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to Vanceburg to help Mother years before. But our new machine was operated with a treadle and had the equipment necessary to do all kinds of work.

While it was being uncrated I took a nervous chill. My teeth chattered and my whole frame shook. I tried to speak, but could not control my voice. Some thought I had suddenly taken ill, but it proved to be nothing but excitement. After we had waited years, and Mother had nearly worn her eyes out, to have something that would do the work of four or five persons was enough to cause excitement. Fannie and Mother studied the instruction book and were soon able to operate the machine perfectly.







## CHAPTER X

**I**N the fall of '74, S. G. Pollard, a Northern Methodist minister, was sent to the Vanceburg charge. He had a monthly appointment five miles from us. He was a spiritual man; and soon started a revival. My father, brother, and elder sisters, attended the meeting, and some of them were converted. The strange part of it was that Father, who sympathized with the South in the war, would attend services held by Northern Methodists. He not only attended their services, but later united with them, as there was no Southern Methodist society in our community.

I went one evening and joined on proba-

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tion. Just before my thirteenth birthday Lida and I were baptized and taken in as full members. For a time after this revival there was a great change in our home. Fannie and Lida were both different in their attitude toward me, but the family altar was not set up, and as there was not much encouragement for them they were not steadfast in their experiences.

During the fall of '74 I attended the district school. Miss Mary Wallingford, the teacher, was very different from Miss Harris. She was not at all spiritual; and let the grown up boys almost take the place at times. This was a great disappointment, but I had to make the best of it.

There were times when it seemed every thing went against me. A herdsman came along one day with a flock of sheep. He had a lamb that was too weak to keep up, and offered to give it to me. I was delighted to get it, as I had never had a pet; and carried it triumphantly to Mother. She gave me instructions as to how to feed it; and in less than three days it was skipping all over





the yard. I was so devoted to it, I could scarcely think of anything else, but imagine my surprise when the owner returned and wanted it back. He said his sheep were down the road in a pasture and he wanted to go on toward the Ohio River, but the mother refused to go without the lamb. I told him I could never give it up, that it would have died if I had not taken it, but Mother said I would have to let him take it, and her word was law.

When the herdsman started away with the lamb he gave me fifty cents. I was broken-hearted, and did not care for the money. Later, I decided to get a pink chambray sunbonnet with it. I had always wanted one; and as we had a sewing machine now, it could be made as I wanted it. The first time Emery went to town I sent for the pink chambray, telling him not to bring anything but pink, but he brought blue instead. He said the pink had been all sold out. The blue did not suit my fancy at all, but it was made up for me and I had to wear it.

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Why could I not have kept the lamb? and why should I be deprived of a pink sunbonnet when I had wanted one for so long a time? There can be no other solution than that it was the Lord keeping my heart from being set on material things.

A neighbor woman whose little girl I had taken care of on several occasions gave me a pair of red ear-bobs and a brown silk parasol with a broken rib. I had no holes in my ears and knew Mother would not let me pierce them if she knew it, so I went out behind the chicken-coop with a piece of looking-glass determined to get it done in some way. I succeeded in getting one ear pierced in the right place, but failed to get the other one right, and had to put the needle through again. I never had had anything more painful, but I endured it without a murmur. Mother, knowing what I suffered, did not punish me.

One of the ear-bobs got lost, and the same woman gave me another pair. In a few days some one tramped on one of them and broke it, and then I had two odd ones. I was tempted to wear them, but after looking in the



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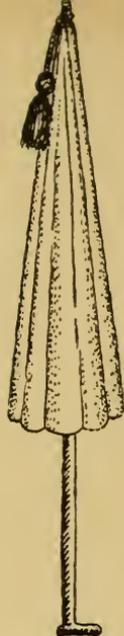
glass, I concluded that it would not do.

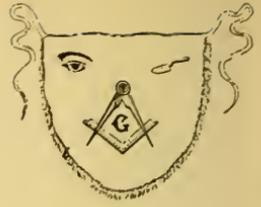
On a Sunday afternoon I took the parasol down to the creek and strutted around with it over my head, where no one could see me. I was missed at the house and some one called me and I hastened back. When Mother saw the parasol, she knew the secret of my absence and punished me. She then took it away from me and never let me have it again.

Father bought me a necklace made of three strings of beads as a reward for something I had done. In less than three days the strings were broken and the beads were slipping off and being lost. No one seemed to know how to get them back in their places or to have the disposition to try. I grieved over my loss for weeks, but no one took it to heart.

Parents do not know the injury they inflict upon their children by permitting them to wear fancy clothing. As a rule they never get over it, and later in life they are likely to become butterflies of fashion.

Father was a Free Mason. He had a beautiful regalia that was kept in the bottom of a trunk. It was looked upon as

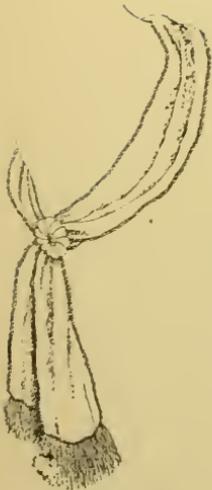




being almost sacred. There was something very attractive about it to me. It consisted of an apron and a sash made of the finest white satin, and trimmed with beautiful silver passementerie and fringe. On the apron was a large eye, the square and compass with a "G" in the center, and a trowel.

I supposed that the eye meant the eye of God, and any way I turned I felt that it was looking at me. I often put the apron on and wore it about the room, and wondered how I would look in a dress made of such material. Then my conscience would hurt me and I would take it off and put it away. I longed to see Father wear the regalia in a parade, but I was never given the opportunity. And thus every inclination of my heart for finery and display was providentially kept from being gratified, otherwise my mind might have been entirely absorbed by the things of the world.

In the spring, a large flock of geese had to be guarded. They would break into the truck patches here and there and cause no little trouble. The feathers were useful, but I never felt that their flesh was fit to eat or that they

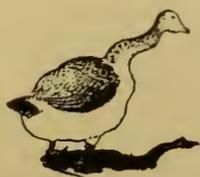


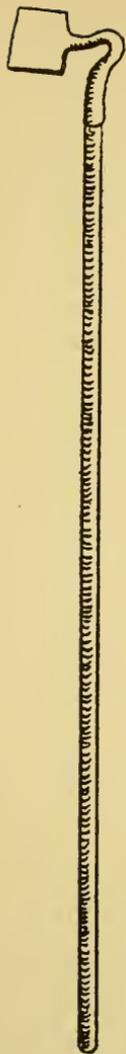
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paid for their keeping. They laid only in the spring and the eggs were too strong to be palatable.

The ganders were obstinate, and in brooding time were continually on the fight. There was one among them, the "Brigham" of the flock, that we had kept for several years. He was a veritable tyrant, and so arrogant and vicious, no adult was exempt from attack, much less a child, when close to him. I usually carried a stick with me and was not afraid unless he advanced upon me in an unguarded moment. He would hiss, bite, fight with both wings, and terrorize everything around him. Why he was allowed to stay on the place, I never could understand, and often wondered at the forbearance that was shown him.

One day when "Charlie" was about three years old, the geese were eating grass in the orchard near the front gate. "Brigham" made a dash through the gate and flew on to him as he was playing near the porch, and bit him until he was black and blue. I did my best to beat him off, but made little headway.





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“Charlie,” screaming every breath, succeeded in getting up the steps and inside of the house, while the gander followed at his heels biting him every step of the way. Father, hearing our cries, came with a hoe and took the tyrant’s head off. And thus his reign of terror came to an end. Before the work was completed the front room and the porch had become red with gore.

It was not long until the goose tragedy had been circulated far and near. The sudden ending of the “Brigham” dynasty worked out for the good of all concerned, and there was never another one set up on the place. The quack, quacks could be heard from different parts of the pasture or the orchard, but there was no imperial head to assert his authority and demand obedience. A sort of democracy followed which rendered toleration to all. The children could go about their play, or adults follow their peaceful vocations without being interfered with, and even the geese themselves entered upon a new era, where the rights of all were respected, and every one had a chance to determine his own destiny.



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In the summer after my thirteenth birthday, I went to stay a few weeks with Grandmother. There was a Fourth of July celebration at Escalapia Springs; some one took me there on the way and Grandfather met me. I spent a few hours on the grounds, and for the first time saw people dancing out under the trees. There was something strangely fascinating about it, but I felt it was no place for me.

Early in the afternoon Grandfather said it looked like rain and that we would start home. He had ridden one horse and had brought another for me. He was afraid I could not keep up with him, but soon learned his mistake; and said for a person of my age I was the best rider he had ever seen. Of course, this pleased me, but it was no surprise, for I had ridden all of Uncle "Dick's" horses, and our own too, and it made but little difference to me whether I went fast or slow. I could keep in the saddle at any gait the horse was a mind to go.

I had a misfortune on the way. My new hat was spoiled by the rain. It was the first trimmed hat that I had ever worn,



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and I thought there was no other like it. It cost only one dollar, but it was well made and had a pink rose and a small bow of ribbon on the side; and this was something new for me. Grandfather could have shielded the hat in some way, but he did not think of it; and I was too timid to call his attention to it. Once he stopped for a few moments under a tree, but we started on and got into another shower.

When I met Grandmother and Uncle Cooper, I told them that my hat was spoiled. They expressed regret, but no effort was made to get me another. Grandmother was very pious and a great church-goer, and, of course, I wanted to go with her, but my hat was not fit. I wore it a few times, but was much humiliated, for I felt that everybody in the church was looking at it, and I could scarcely get my mind on anything else. By the time I reached home, it was getting late in the season and I had to go without a hat the remainder of the summer.

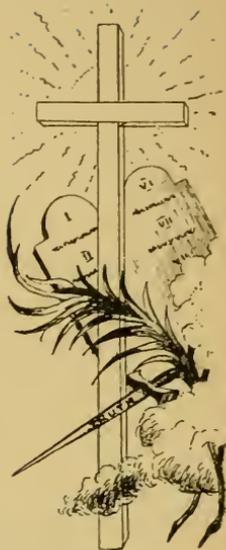
Later, it came to me that the Lord was not pleased with my wearing the pink

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rose, as it fed my pride. He was preparing me for the transformation that would come later, when to be consistent with the Christian life, fancy dress would have to be put away. It was a severe lesson, but one never to be forgotten. The scripture says, "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

Soon after reaching home, Emery came down with a fever, and several times he was near unto death. Mother stayed by his bedside almost continually, bathing his head in cold water and giving him sponge baths to reduce his temperature. I carried the water from the cool spring above the tannery for this purpose.

On a Sunday morning the crisis was reached, and I felt that he was going to die if help did not come from God. I was distressed because there was not a call for prayer in his behalf, but not a word was said, although every member of the family knew the danger he was in. I knew Emery was not saved; and why others were not concerned about his soul was a mystery to me. I waited,



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thinking that Mother would surely pray for him, but was sorely disappointed. I went to see Martha to tell her that he was worse, and ran all the way. She was troubled, but said nothing about prayer. I went back to his bedside as quickly as I could, praying every step of the way for the Lord to spare his life until he could get salvation.



That morning, John Krenz, our old German neighbor, made us a visit. When he saw my brother's condition, he shook his head, groaned, and turned away. I knew this meant that Emery would not be with us long if some one did not prevail in prayer for him. When I felt there was nothing more that I could do, and could scarcely bear the suspense any longer, I got the assurance that help was coming, and, looking down the road, saw our pastor, Rev. S. G. Pollard, coming on horseback.

When he reached the gate, he dismounted, hastened to Emery's bedside, and knelt in prayer. He then asked for a Bible. I



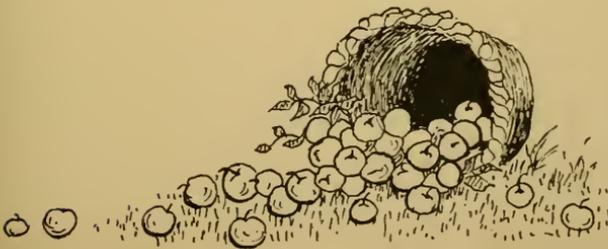
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handed him mine and he opened to the 103d Psalm and read, "Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

When he read the third verse, "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases," I felt that the Lord was going to forgive my brother and raise him up.

While the preacher continued to read, my eyes were fixed on Emery's face. Suddenly his countenance began to glow; and I knew there was a spiritual transformation taking place and that God had forgiven his sins and would raise him up, and so it proved.

Eight weeks after he was taken sick, I was at the rear of the house taking baskets of apples as they were being lowered from the trees. I looked up at the sliding window in the dining-room and saw him, dressed in a new, light suit of clothes, looking out at me. No one knew when he got out of bed. Why did he come to the window and look at me first? was the question. The answer came, "He is alive as the result of your prayers."



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After this he gained strength rapidly.

Later, he hired out to a neighbor about five miles from home. There was nothing very profitable that he could do about the place, or at least he thought so; and he decided to earn some money. He never should have gone, his place was at home; but, as the Lord would have it, he did not stay long.

His employer had a large Newfoundland dog; and it was reported that he had paid five hundred dollars for him. I often heard Emery speak of Frank, as he was called; and I had seen him a few times myself. There was no other dog like him in all the country.

One evening, about seven o'clock, Nora and I were going to the spring for water; and, behold, Frank came bounding toward us. I said, "That is Frank, and he is mad;" and told Nora to climb the fence. I knew that if we both started to leave the road he would overtake us before we could get out of the way and perhaps bite one or both of us. The only thing I could see to do was to stand in the road and deal him a heavy blow with the large wooden bucket that I was carrying. There was no

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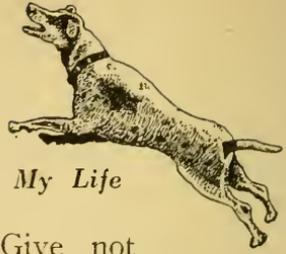


time for delay,—a decision had to be made at once; and while Nora was getting out of the road the dog came up and I struck him on the head, and he passed on.

Emery was somewhere in the yard when Frank reached the gate, and he spoke to him, but when he saw that he was unfriendly, he knew at once what was the matter. Fortunately none of the younger children were near when the dog appeared on the premises.

The news went out in every direction that Harrison's big dog had hydrophobia and was running at large. The neighbors took guns and went in pursuit. They followed him to the head of the Kinnikinnick where he turned and went down the Salt Lick Valley. He traveled forty miles before they overtook him and killed him.

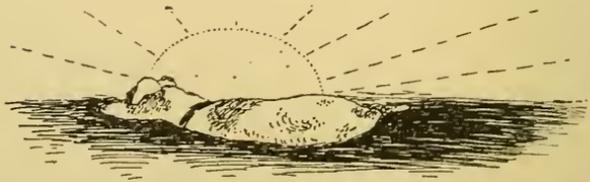
For several days and nights I could scarcely sleep, dreaming of making narrow escapes from mad dogs.

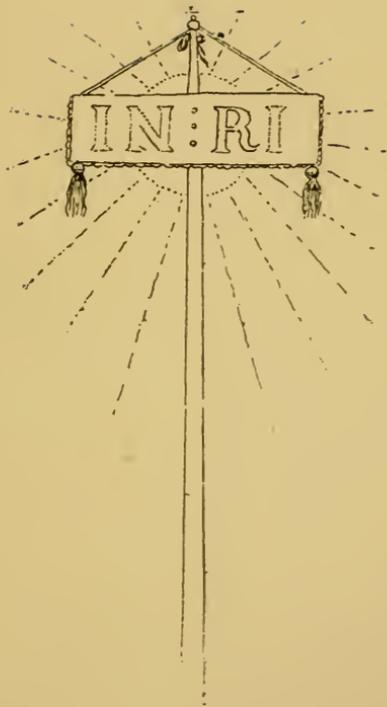


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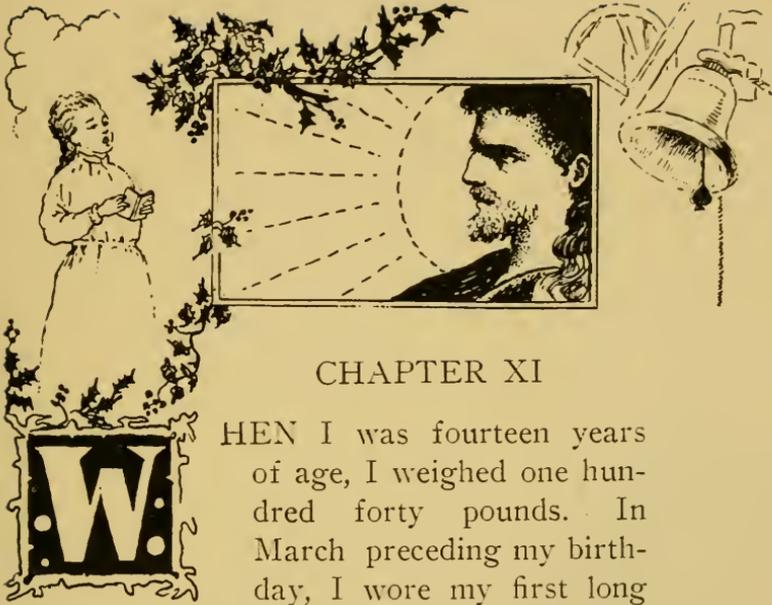
Matthew 7:6 says, "Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you." Revelation 22:15 says, "FOR WITHOUT ARE DOGS, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie."

Later, I saw our own Nero bitten by a mad dog, and he had to be killed. Every member of the family was devoted to him; and when Emery took him and drowned him in the Beaver Dam, it was a day of mourning such as some of the family had never experienced. Never, since that time, have I been able to get the consent of my conscience to keep a dog.









## CHAPTER XI

WHEN I was fourteen years of age, I weighed one hundred forty pounds. In March preceding my birthday, I wore my first long dress. Until I was eleven or twelve my hair hung down my back in curls. It had never been cut off. Some persons said it was the redeeming feature in my looks. It changed in color from yellow to brown, and was braided in one braid half way and tied with a ribbon.

I had not gotten much benefit from the school during the year of 1876, and looked forward to the time when I could resume my studies and get a certificate to teach. The summer passed as usual with plenty of

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hard work, and occasionally I had the opportunity of attending church at the Harrison schoolhouse. I continued to study the Bible, but conviction was not so strong as it had been before. My mind, at times, like other girls of my age, was on the opposite sex; and this hindered me in spiritual development. I wanted to dress up like my older



sisters and attend some of the social gatherings of the neighborhood, where there were so-called innocent amusements, but no card playing or dancing. I went a few times with them, but was in no wise benefited. I often wondered why any of us were permitted to go.

Some time before, I had had my prayers answered for a hymn-book; and I spent many of my spare moments memorizing the old Methodist hymns. They helped to keep me under conviction and to establish me in right doctrines. The following hymn written by Charles Wesley, was used of God to keep me face to face with eternal issues:

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“And must I be to Judgment brought,  
And answer in that day  
For every vain and idle thought,  
And every word I say?”

“Yes, every secret of my heart  
Shall shortly be made known,  
And I receive my just desert  
For all that I have done.

“How careful, then, ought I to live,  
With what religious fear!  
Who such a strict account must give  
For my behavior here.

“Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,  
The watchful power bestow;  
So shall I to my ways take heed,—  
To all I speak or do.

“If now Thou standest at the door,  
O let me feel Thee near;  
And make my peace with God, before  
I at Thy bar appear.”

Often I almost despaired of getting salvation; and night after night after every other member of the family had retired, I stood at the window in the dining-room praying and



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looking at the stars, until after twelve o'clock; and occasionally, until I heard the clock strike two and three. There were times when I felt I was near the kingdom, but the tempter would whisper, "If you should get converted, you would shout and awaken everybody in the house," and as I did not reach the place where I was willing to do this, of course, the blessing was withheld.

Oh, if there had only been a family altar in the home, but not even the pastor of the church I had joined, who visited us occasionally, offered to pray with me! If any member of the family had carried the burden of souls, I might have gotten relief.

How sad it is to think of homes where the Holy Spirit moves on the hearts of the children and there is no spiritual help to be had! What a crime it is against the young people that there are not more spiritual mothers and fathers to lead them to the foot of the cross! How can the souls of children be neglected and some one not have to give an account for it!

Often I listened to Mother relating inci-



dents in revivals held in her early life and how seekers would pray for days and weeks before obtaining pardon; and my tendency was to put off the day of salvation. I prayed enough, but I did not know how to appropriate the promises for a present-tense salvation, and the result was I lived continually under Sinai. Perhaps the most awful sermon that a hymn could preach to me was the following written by Sir Walter Scott:

“The day of wrath, that dreadful day,  
When heaven and earth shall pass away!  
What power shall be the sinner’s stay?  
How shall he meet that dreadful day?”

“When, shriveling like a parched scroll,  
The flaming heavens together roll;  
And louder yet, and yet more dread  
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!”

“O, on that day, that wrathful day,  
When man to judgment wakes from clay,  
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner’s stay,  
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!”

Christmas Eve, Father would sing the hymn,

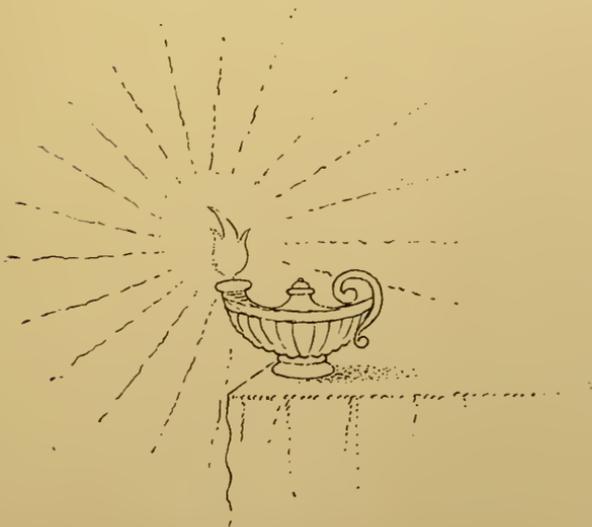


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“Watchman, Tell Us of the Night.” He had a strong, clear voice, and I was delighted to hear him sing. I committed this hymn to memory; and in after life, though thousands of miles away, it would take me back to the old home fireside and give me new inspiration and courage to press the battle.

“Watchman, tell us of the night,  
What its signs of promise are.  
Traveler, o’er yon mountain’s height,  
See that glory-beaming Star!  
Watchman, does its beauteous ray  
Aught of hope or joy foretell?  
Traveler, yes; it brings the day,  
Promised day of Israel.

“Watchman, tell us of the night;  
Higher yet the star ascends.



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Traveler, blessedness and light,  
Peace and truth, its course portends!  
Watchman, will its beams alone  
Gild the spot that gave them birth?  
Traveler, ages are its own,  
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

“Watchman, tell us of the night,  
For the morning seems to dawn.  
Traveler, darkness takes its flight;  
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.  
Watchman, let thy wandering cease;  
Hie thee to thy quiet home!  
Traveler, lo! the Prince of Peace,  
Lo! the Son of God is come!”

During the summer, help was much needed in the tannery. Some time before, Father had had pneumonia and was not strong. I helped him to lay away the hides in the vats. This kind of work taxed my strength just when I needed it most for physical development. Often after the pack had been placed between layers of bark, I felt as if my back were almost broken, but knew that if I should complain, the burden would fall heavier on Father.

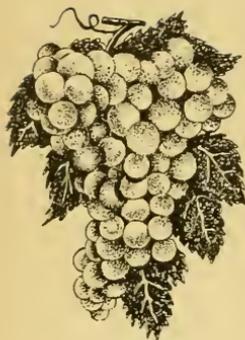
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We girls had to grind the bark, and if the hopper was not kept full, the horse in the mill would often strike a trot, and go so fast she was likely to do some mischief. The farm and truck patches had to be cultivated, and there was never an hour of the day that I could find for recreation or rest. I looked forward to winter when there would be some cessation of labor and I might have a chance to study.

The educational problem was always a perplexing one in our home. Lida was preparing to teach school, and she and Fannie were both sent to Vanceburg to Professor Purcell's seminary. This left Nora and me to do all the heavy work.

The teacher of the district school did not give satisfaction, and it was almost a waste of time to attend. In the early fall, when Katie's health permitted, she went to school with me. While the grapes were on the vines, she stopped every day at my brother-in-law's arbor and took a supply for her lunch. But often when the noon hour came, her grapes were missing. Inquiries were made as to who had

## *The Story of My Life*



taken them, but no definite knowledge was obtained, until Katie caught a neighbor girl, who was older and almost twice as large, in the act. When it was noised around, her elder sister became very indignant and slapped my sister in the face. I turned around just in time to see this. The young woman weighed one hundred sixty pounds, and was as strong as a man. She was clad in a heavy, homespun dress that made her look even larger than she was, but I walked up to her and pushed her down on a bench in the corner of the room and slapped her on both sides of the face until she cried like a baby. I told her, that she, no doubt, had been helping to eat the grapes herself, and now, that she had slapped Katie, who was unable to defend herself, she must suffer the consequences. I expected her to turn on me like a tiger, but she knew that her punishment was just, and did nothing.

Four months passed before she spoke to me. This was her way of retaliating. She had but few friends and at times seemed to be very lonely. One day in January, when everybody was on the ice, some skating, and

## *The Story of My Life*

others being pulled around on sleds, I walked up and took hold of the rope on her sled and took her spinning all over the ice-pond; then I walked away without saying a word. It was one of the greatest triumphs of my life. The girl was so broken up, she cried, and watched her opportunity to give me a ride in the same way. She never became offended at me again, but was always ready to do me a favor. Soon after this Father hired her brother to work for us and he lived at our home almost as one of the family for years.

Three years after Miss Harris had taught our school, Mr. Henry Esterling was employed to teach. After he had been engaged, it was circulated around that he had gotten his certificate by unfair means. No one was sure that this was true, but I determined, if possible, to find out. He learned that I was suspicious of him, and tried in every way to keep my good-will.

He kept plenty of switches on hand, and used them on the smaller children, but the larger boys and the young men were allowed





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to do about as they pleased. When they were misbehaving, and ignoring all rules, he would pass them by and find some excuse to punish some of the smaller children. Usually a little seven-year-old girl who giggled at what her brother and others were doing, became the victim of his wrath. I bore this as long as I could, and one day after he had given her three or four sharp cuts across the shoulders for laughing at Alfonso Miller and Charlie Pell, who had brought in a fence rail and put one end of it into the stove and rested the other end on the pulpit, I told him he was afraid of them, and had punished the little girl. He tried to explain, but every one knew that I had told him the truth. After this he changed his tactics, and never punished the child again in my presence.

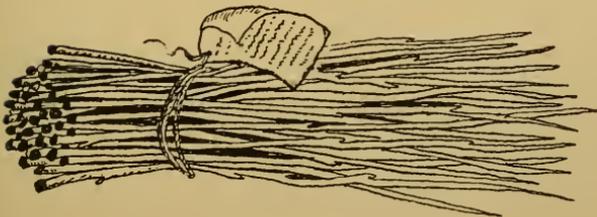
As the days went by, with no particular assistance from him in my studies, I plead with Father to call a meeting of the school board and turn him out. But I was told that they could not get rid of him. This was sad

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news for me. To be utterly cheated out of my schooling after waiting so many years was a bitter experience, and I could not help but feel that there was a way to dispose of him.

A Sunday-school was being held in the schoolhouse on Sunday afternoons. On a certain Friday, when things were getting serious, and I found I could make no progress in English grammar, I determined on a course to run him off. I did not tell my parents or any one else what was in my mind, for I knew that if I did, I should not be allowed to proceed any further.

There was a thicket of good, strong switches near the schoolhouse, and I decided to take a sharp knife and cut an armful of them during the recess Friday afternoon, tie them with a strong cord, and leave them hid away under the brush. On Sunday afternoon I waited till everybody was gone from the house, and then brought the switches and laid them on a bench by the door. I wrote on a piece of foolscap paper telling Mr. Esterling that his services were not desired any longer, and that if he did not leave the





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neighborhood at once, he would have to suffer the consequences. This paper I pinned on to the bundle of switches.

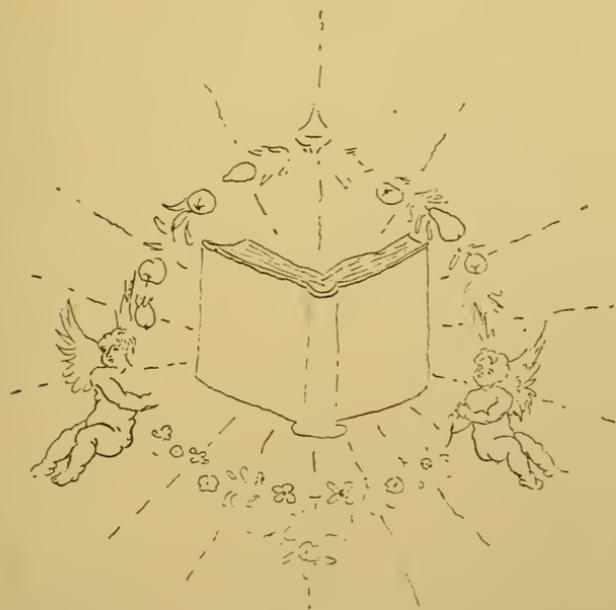
Before Sunday came I was not quite sure but that my heart would fail me. But I found no hindrances in my way, and everything worked like a charm. The next morning when I reached the schoolhouse with one of my younger sisters, there was a fire built, but the teacher was gone. Presently two boys came from the home where he stayed; they said they passed him going back, and asked him if he had forgotten something, but he gave them no answer.

An hour later I ventured to tell the children I did not think the teacher would return and that perhaps they had better all go home. The Miller family, where he stayed, said he entered the house without making any remarks, packed up his things, and got away as quickly as possible. Later, I told what I had done. A man by the name of Robinson was then employed to teach the school. With the exception of Miss Harris, he was the best teacher that we had ever had, and I got the

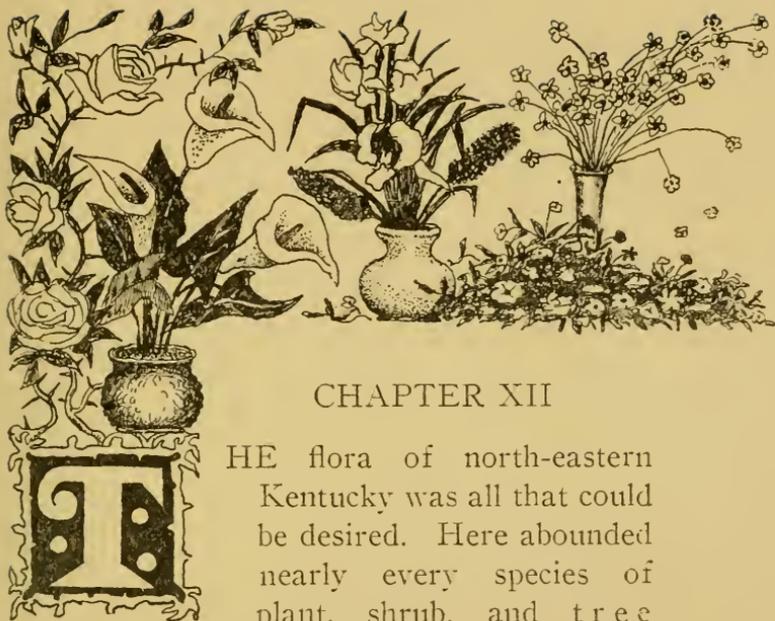
### *The Story of My Life*

full benefit of the remainder of the term.

The action of this teacher in leaving the country so unceremoniously, when he thought he might be called to account for his evil deeds, verifies the scripture, "The wicked flee when no man pursueth."







## CHAPTER XII

THE flora of north-eastern Kentucky was all that could be desired. Here abounded nearly every species of plant, shrub, and tree known to the South. When Nature appeared in her new dress with all of her variegated tints and hues, heaven seemed not far away. The rippling waters, the humming bees, and birds of brilliant plumage all added to her charms, making one feel that the glories of Eden had been restored, had it not been that here and there was seen the trail of the serpent of sin. There was always something to mar the vision of one who tried



### *The Story of My Life*

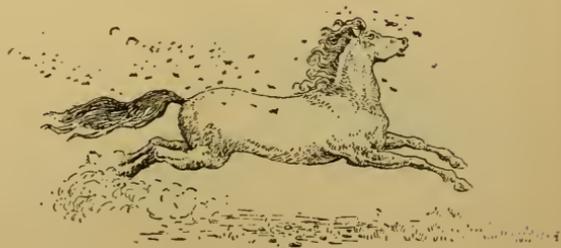
to lose sight of the world and place one's affections on things above.

There is no education more to be prized than that received under circumstances where isolation from the world with all its vanities is so marked. Young people, brought up in rural districts, know but little of the devices of the enemy to destroy souls where blazing lights, painted faces, chalked eyebrows, the tempting cabarets, the tango, and the playhouses in our great cities allure to ruin. People must have different surroundings from these to develop the principles of character that will enable them to stand when the chilling blasts of adversity sweep the realms of their habitations. That such times will come, no one can doubt; and if the human structure is not built on a stable foundation, wreck and ruin will follow. The young people in large cities have but little aim or purpose in life. Their brains have had a setting that hinders them from progressive social and religious activities. And, to try to make amends when the character has been formed, is like breaking a vessel and attempting to make it over.

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Our little white house on the hill with its surroundings was the most conspicuous place in all the country. There was a slate walk and a balm of Gilead tree in the front yard, an apple orchard to the left, several large chestnut trees at the rear of the house, and the garden and the barn at the right.

A white picket fence around the front yard was always kept in the best of repair, and made a pleasing contrast with its surroundings. The grass was kept down by horses that were picketed in the yard. Beck was usually favored with this bit of pasture. Under ordinary circumstances she was careful not to injure the shrubbery, but one day I heard a frightful noise outside. The children were crying and calling for help. Beck was galloping through the yard, smashing up frames around the shrubbery and tearing up things generally. "What is the matter with her?" was the cry. Father, who was some distance away, discovered that the bees were stinging her. She had gotten too near the hives by the garden fence: and this so aroused the indignation of the bees that a number of





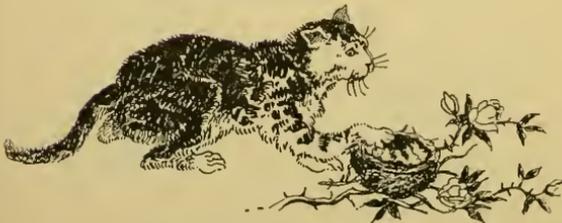
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them lighted on her and used their weapons so effectually as to cause all the excitement. They succeeded in having Beck expelled from the yard, and she never forgot the experience.

As some one has said, the bees were "organized:" and for this reason succeeded in keeping the place of their habitation free from further intrusion. There is nothing so powerful as organization. The tiniest insects understand this; and when they wish to carry out certain propaganda, they form an organization and proceed with their work.

In the front yard was a trailing rose-bush, covering a large frame. Here the catbirds were so foolish as to make their nests. About the time the little fledglings were ready to use their wings, Tabbie the cat would come down from her home in the barn loft and carry them away to her kittens. The mother bird and her mate would scream and make a great ado, but she paid no attention to them. They had trespassed on her territory, and she acted as if she had a perfect right to take the birds.

Why the catbirds never learned to keep their nests out of reach of their worst foes





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was a mystery. Other species of the feathery tribe had better wisdom. The trailing rose covered, perhaps, twenty or twenty-five feet of ground and furnished a sort of paradise for the birds. When I saw them carrying straws to build their nests, I tried to thwart their plans, hoping they might seek more favorable quarters, but I failed; and the cats continued to rob them.

The rose-bush was very beautiful and attractive, but it was not a safe place for the birds to build their nests. It bloomed longer than any other on the place and I regretted very much to see the last roses go.

Some parents are like the birds, they never learn to shun the traps the enemy has for their children, and the little ones drift away into sin, grow up to be wicked men and women, and lose their souls.

Later in the summer the roses of Sharon, while not so prolific or delicate, fulfilled their mission in helping to cheer and beautify the place. I was very anxious to have snow-balls grow in the yard, and obtained a small root somewhere and nourished it until it

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bloomed two or three times, but fate seemed to be against it. If a horse became unruly or the cows broke in, they would invariably make straight for the little snowball bush and succeed in trampling it down or injuring it. It had had so many setbacks that in spite of all my efforts, it died. I gave it up with reluctance, but learned a lesson. Some people are much like the snowball. Do what you may to help them, sooner or later they will succumb to the enemy.

I tried to get evergreens to grow in the yard, but all my efforts proved in vain. I persuaded the hired men and others to bring them from the hills and help me to plant them, but they would soon fade and die. I felt that I never could be satisfied without some in the yard, but others were not especially interested, and I had to give them up.

After the roses of Sharon were gone I missed them so much I often hung egg-shells on the bushes to look like flowers. In the early spring I could scarcely wait for the snow-drops, the blue and yellow violets, and the narcissus to stick their heads above ground.

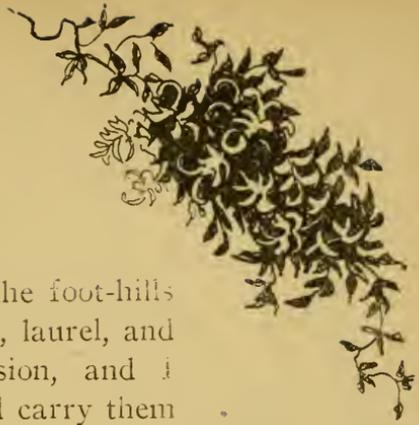


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Along the creek bank and in the foot-hills the dogwood, black and red haws, laurel, and honeysuckles, bloomed in profusion, and I would break off the branches and carry them home in armfuls. To some people it is trifling and useless to bother with flowers, trees, and shrubbery. They do not realize that when they try to beautify the earth they are helping to lift the curse from it. The Almighty must have been interested in these things when He planted the Garden of Eden. The cultivation of plants and trees has a spiritual significance that can not be ignored. Usually people who are not interested in these things are not interested in the cultivation of the human heart.

One of our great difficulties was in having no water on the hill where we lived. Water had to be carried or hauled from a spring on Uncle Richard Thomas's place. While he lived near us we had no trouble about the water, but after he moved away there was often friction and dissatisfaction.

Our new neighbors were not always friendly, and at different times refused to let us have water; then we would have to go to our



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own spring, which was much farther away. When things came almost to the breaking point it was decided to sink a well at once; and "Sant" Pell, an expert in locating water veins, was sent for. It was an exciting time for me when he rode up to the gate, alighted from a black horse, and proceeded to cut a branch from a tree and make an instrument in the shape of a wish-bone to use in locating the vein. He held a prong in each hand and said that when he reached the right place, the stick would suddenly turn over in his hands.

I had often listened to stories about finding water in this way, and had about the same opinion of them as I did of those told about haunted houses. The truth is I believed there was some trick in it, and doubted the sincerity of any one who said he could do such a thing. I watched this man with the mysterious art very closely; and occasionally I glanced at Father to see if I could tell what he was thinking; and I felt that he was trying to conceal his lack of faith in the project.

Mr. Pell walked slowly over the ground, and when he was within about thirty feet of the

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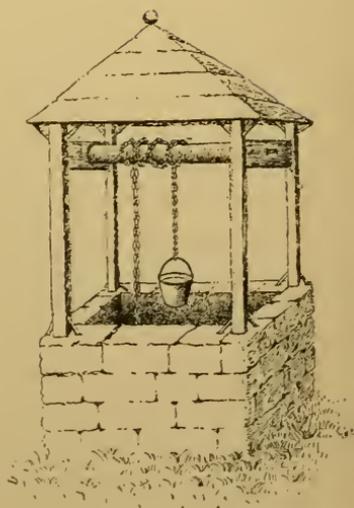
house, with a sudden jerk the two-pronged stick turned over in his hands. He said, "Here it is; the strongest vein is here." Then he put down a stake. He assured us that there would be no difficulty in finding water about twenty feet below the surface.

The well-diggers soon began their work, and just as Mr. Pell had said, the vein was struck about twenty feet below the surface.

Eight or nine months during the year there was plenty of water in the well, but in the summer and early fall it went almost dry; and at times the small quantity of water in it had a bad odor. This was a great disappointment to me as I had to continue to carry water.

There was never any effort made to sink the well deeper; and the water supply continued to be a source of annoyance.

Later in life I saw that the two springs had a spiritual application. They were symbols of the two works of grace. The neighbor's spring would often run low in the dry season and the water was not always



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clear, especially after a rain. Our own spring, which supplied the water for the tannery, was on a hillside. It was always cool and clear, and the water never ceased to flow. The first spring represents regeneration, the latter, sanctification.

In the 26th chapter of Genesis, we find how Isaac opened the wells that the Philistines had stopped up. The herdsmen of Gerar strove with his servants and drove them away, saying, "The water is ours." But they continued to dig until they succeeded in getting a well that could not be taken from them. They rejoiced then because the Lord had "made room for them." As soon as it was finished, the Lord appeared to Isaac, and said, "Fear not, for I am with thee, and I will multiply thy seed for my servant Abraham's sake." This last well Isaac's servants dug symbolizes the experience of sanctification. The Lord never makes Himself fully known or makes a covenant with a person until He sanctifies him wholly.

When the Philistines saw Isaac's prosperity, they came to make a league with

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him, but Isaac said, "Wherefore come ye to me, seeing ye hate me, and have sent me away from you?" And they said, "We saw certainly that the Lord was with thee, and we said, Let there be now an oath betwixt us and thee, and let us make a covenant with thee." They were afraid he would repay them in some way for the treatment he had received at their hands, and were willing to make concessions that they might have peace. Proverbs 16:7 says, "When a man's ways please the Lord, he makes even his enemies to be at peace with him."

The spring on the place adjoining us depended largely on surface water for its supply. After a rain the water was not clear; and as it did not belong to us, we had to depend on the good will of the owner to get water at all. This spring symbolizes the experience of those who have not gone to the depths of the human heart and gotten rid of inbred sin. They are compelled to depend more or less on others and to be controlled by circumstances, as people do who have obtained only the first work of grace. The spring on our own place

was twice the distance from the house, and further up on the hillside, but it had an inexhaustible supply of clear, cool water the year around. When there was friction with the neighbor, we had to go to this spring, although it was much more inconvenient.

People from far and near knew about the spring and often came to drink from it. Jesus said to the Samaritan woman who came out to draw water from Jacob's well, "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him, shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life" (John 4:13-14). He had reference to the second work of grace, symbolized by the springing water. When a person is sanctified, the supply comes from the depths of the soul, and whatever takes place on the surface does not disturb it.

On another occasion, He said, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.



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He that believeth on me, as the scripture hath said, out of his heart shall flow rivers of living water (But this he spake of the Spirit, which they that believe on him should receive)" (John 7: 37-39).

To obtain an abundant supply of water, one must go deeper than the experience of pardon. One must fully consecrate to obtain the artesian well of salvation; and this will take him to infinite depths.

There will be difficulty in digging such a well, but it is a person's only hope; otherwise the changes that must come will place him in a position where the water supply will be insufficient and he will be doomed to perish of thirst. "Wherefore, Jesus also that he might sanctify the people, suffered without the gate" (Heb. 13:12). "Let us follow peace with all men, and holiness (sanctification) without which no man shall see the Lord" (Heb. 12:14).

There was not much going on in the neighborhood to stir the family up spiritually. Two or three local preachers who occasionally held services in our schoolhouse created some

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excitement in revival efforts, but the results were not permanent. The meetings were social gatherings rather than a place to get spiritual help. There was shouting occasionally by some whose sincerity was questioned, and those who had experienced true religion held aloof.

The meetings held by the Northern Methodists were too far away, and now that they had changed the place of worship to a house almost adjoining the Harrison residence, the public began to lose interest in the services and looked upon the preacher as being monopolized by a few.

Father and I went to hear an old Ironside Baptist preach on a Saturday afternoon. His text was John 19:36, using the latter part of the verse,—“A bone of him shall not be broken.” He preached his immersion theory, and the people listened, apparently anxious for a few Gospel crumbs.

He astonished me by singing his sermon from start to finish, ever and anon closing a paragraph or stanza with a repetition of the text, “A bone of him shall not be broken.”

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I had never heard anything like this,—“A bone of him shall not be broken,” was repeatedly rung out with an emphasis. I received no particular help from the meeting, but it served the purpose of causing me to pray earnestly for a true Gospel preacher to come to hold a revival for us.

The Campbellites were active everywhere in getting subscribers to their creed. They did not believe in the new birth, but emphasized the doctrine that people must be immersed and walk in newness of life. During the summer season their religion was very popular with the mountaineers. Often a meeting would be announced for weeks ahead to be held at some favorite spot along the creek bank. Here the candidates would be immersed, after which a feast was spread; and a social time followed.

Mother let me go to one of these meetings with Fannie. Some of the young people who had been attending the district school had joined and were there to be baptized. I knew they had never had a change of heart, and it was all folly to me.

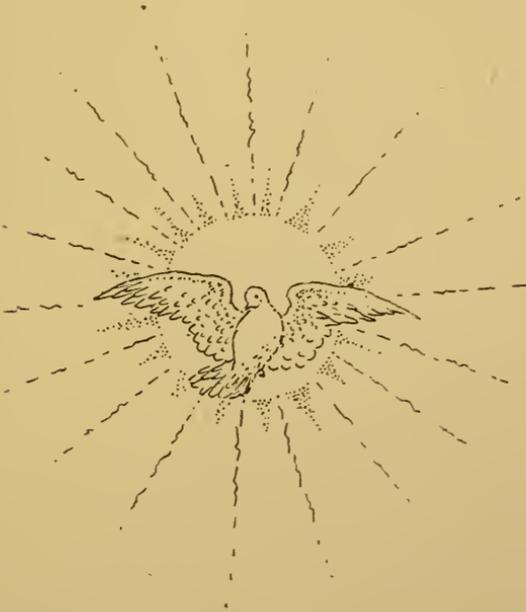
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Campbellism gives people no chance for eternal life, for the water-god is worshiped instead of Christ. Seekers should pray until the Holy Spirit reveals Jesus to them as He did to Saul, and thus the devil's plans to deceive them by wolves in sheep's clothing will be defeated.

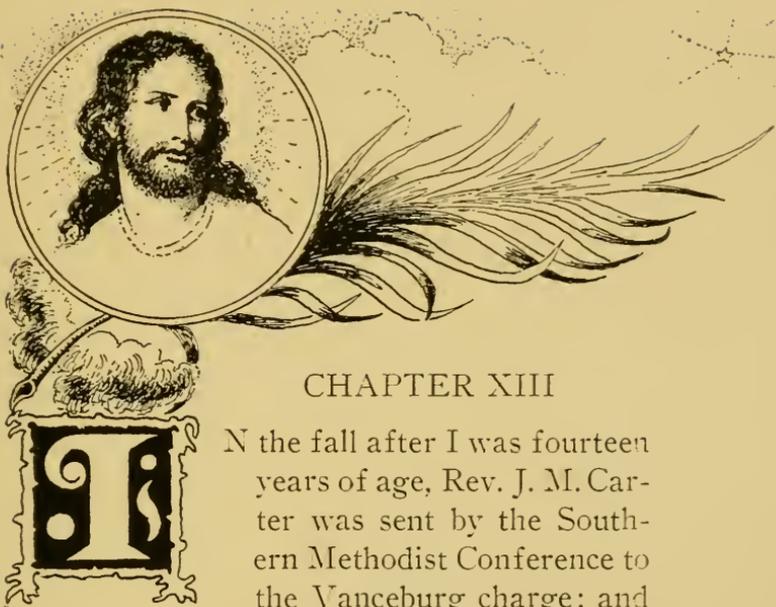
“What an awful pity to have poor, lost, ignorant men and women thus hallucinated and humbugged by unconverted preachers and church members, when aliens to God, strangers to grace, and exposed to wrath and perdition! Misery loves company, consequently churches which have no salvation are the most aggressive and the most proselytic in all the world. Thus the Campbellite Church, under the enticing cognomen of ‘Christian’ is adroitly used by Satan to capture ignorant people, vainly hallucinated with the fond delusion that if they become members of the ‘Christian’ (?) Church they are Christians. This would be true if they did become members of the Christian Church, which they can only do by being born from above (John 3:3), in which case the Holy Ghost gives a new heart and a new spirit, actually creating the ‘new man’ in the fallen soul and witnessing to His own mighty work so clearly that you will know it better than any one else, and the shine of heaven on your face will make you the advertiser of your own salvation to every-

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body you meet. When God makes you a Christian you know it so well that you really care nothing about what people call you. They have called God's people hard names in all ages; but they cared nothing about it, and wear the cognomen while heavenly luster so accumulates upon it that its primitive reproach goes into eclipse."







### CHAPTER XIII

**I**N the fall after I was fourteen years of age, Rev. J. M. Carter was sent by the Southern Methodist Conference to the Vanceburg charge; and it was arranged for him to preach once a month at our schoolhouse. He had finished his college course a few months before. He had red hair; wore a well-tailored suit and a high, linen collar. The folds of his trousers did not indicate that he did much knee-work, and no one looked upon him as being capable of conducting a revival; in fact he gave no indication that he was burdened for the salvation of souls, or even inclined to visit among his members.

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When in our neighborhood, he stayed at my brother-in-law's home. I usually went to help with the work when he was there, and came to the conclusion that it was useless to look to him for spiritual help. Disappointments were coming thick and fast, and I had to continue to work out my own salvation with fear and trembling.

I noticed that he was fond of good things to eat; and every effort was put forth to serve the best that was to be had. There was no change or improvement in him during the year, and no regrets were expressed when he was sent to another place.

He was followed by Rev. J. S. Sims, a young man who was much more efficient in the ministry of the Word. I went to hear him preach the first time he came, and enjoyed his singing, and was much edified by the sermon. Later, Mother said she would keep "Charlie" while I went to hear him preach again, if I would relate the text and the sermon to her when I came back. I assured her that I would do my best.

I attended frequently after this; and it was



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amazing the way I would get the run of the discourse and repeat it to Mother, text and all. This was just the kind of discipline that I needed.

But the preacher, with all his efficiency, held no revival for us. Once he came to hold a meeting, but closed it after the third day, just when the people were getting under conviction and were ready to go to the altar to pray through. Oh, what a disappointment this was! How could I bear it! But as fate would have it, there was no recourse.

Our family membership had been transferred from the M. E. Church to the class formed at the schoolhouse; and we had to stand by and support the preacher, who also lodged at the home of my brother-in-law when he was in the neighborhood.

Within three years I had been a member of both the great branches of Methodism,—had been baptized and taken into full connection, but as yet had not experienced the new birth.

There is no such thing as having a revival of true religion without travail of soul; and



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there are not many who are willing to humble themselves and make the sacrifice necessary. Satan and his hosts oppose every effort put forth in behalf of the salvation of souls, and finding but little encouragement, the tendency of the Gospel preacher is to fall into a state of indifference and let things take their course.

The example of the martyrs and others who have suffered and died "contending for the faith once delivered to the saints," has but little meaning in this apostate age. The enemy has taken the advantage of this and become exceedingly aggressive. The result is, the road to destruction has been broadened out to take in the multitudes who are unwilling to pay the full price. There is no cross-bearing in popular religion; suffering and reproach are unknown. The blind are being led by the blind, and all will fall into the ditch together.

"If all were easy, if all were bright,  
Where would the cross be? where would the fight?  
But in the hardness, God gives to you,  
Chances for proving what He can do.

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“God is your wisdom; God is your might;  
God’s ever near you, guiding you right;  
He understands you, knows all your need,  
Trusting in Him, you’ll surely succeed.”

Many churches that were once houses of prayer have been turned into places of revelry and mirth. The preacher who turns his church over for socials and participates in games and worldly amusements loses his fervor and the burden of souls, and is no longer worthy of his calling.

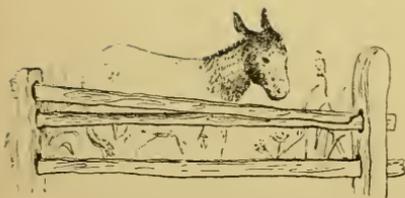
“It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to go to the house of feasting: for that is the end of all men. \* \* Sorrow is better than laughter: for by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better. The heart of the wise is in the house of mourning; but the heart of fools is in the house of mirth.”

When I was fifteen years old, I went with my brother and sisters to attend a service at Northcutt chapel, six miles above us. This chapel had been recently built by the Northern Methodists, and named for Northcutt, the presiding elder, a noted Kentucky preacher.

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In my early life, I heard many stories in regard to his call to the ministry, and it was a great privilege for me to be able to hear him preach.

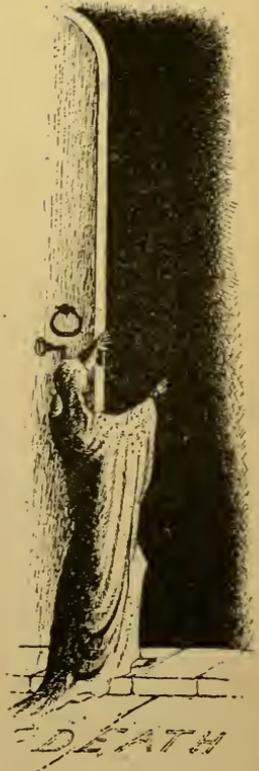
One one occasion when he was reluctant to yield to the call, he made up his mind on a Sunday morning not to go to church, and hid away in a corn field. After he had found a comfortable place, a donkey in an adjoining field put his head over the fence and brayed in his characteristic way. To the conscience-smitten preacher he said, "N—o—r—t—h—cutt, go p-r-e-a-c-h, go p-r-e-a-c-h, go p-r-e-a-c-h!" This was repeated several times. The donkey's exhortation was effectual, and Northcutt, the Jonah of the corn field, made up his mind then and there to no longer shirk his responsibility. This was not the first time that a donkey had rebuked a person who was trying to shrink his duty. Balaam had an experience with one, important enough to be recorded in the Old Testament. The Lord has ways and means to bring messages to people when they are least expecting them.





We were a little late, and the preacher was just taking for his text, "There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother" (Prov. 18:24). I sat down in the second seat from the front by Ann Holland a cousin of mine, who was a shouting Methodist. Her face was radiant. Years before, her mother had died in the triumphs of the Christian faith; and what she said on her death-bed had often been related in my hearing. She seemed to be living in heaven for hours before she drew her last breath, and left messages for her children, husband, and friends, that were never forgotten by those who were present. She was Mother's eldest sister and had always been noted for her piety.

The most powerful sermon that I had ever heard followed, closing with a death-bed scene. A young man who had many friends and all that heart could desire of this world's goods was brought down to death's door. After loved ones had administered the last comforts, he got a glimpse of the dark river, and begged some one to go with him, but he was told that he would have to go alone, that

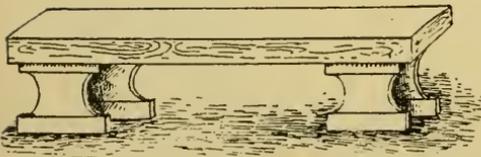


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those who were the dearest to him could go no farther. In utter despair he sank back on his pillow, and was ushered into eternity without God and without hope.

The sermon lasted fully an hour, and when the preacher was closing, I was as helpless in my seat as if I had lost the use of my limbs. Oh, how I longed for somebody to take me to the altar! I wondered if Cousin Ann would not do it, but there was no altar call, and no one offered to pray with me. After the benediction had been pronounced, I returned home with my brother and sisters, more wretched in spirit than I ever had been in all my life. Death would have been a relief to me had I known that my soul would have been saved. I felt that I was standing on the edge of a yawning gulf, and that my heart would soon cease to beat, and hell would be my portion.

I sought places of retirement to pray and read the Bible, and stayed alone in the dining-room for hours after others had retired for the night. No one seemed to notice that I was



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in distress, and not a word was said to me that led to relief of any kind. I regretted that Cousin Ann did not pray with me in the church, for I had great faith in her prayers. I had hoped that she would tell the preacher that I needed salvation, but she evidently did not comprehend my condition. For weeks and months I lived in the shadows of Sinai, fearing that God's lightning would strike me any moment and seal my doom for time and eternity. Oh, how miserable I was! The following hymn that I had learned from the Methodist hymnal gave me some hope:

“Come, humble sinner, in whose breast  
A thousand thoughts revolve,  
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,  
And make this last resolve:—

“I'll go to Jesus, though my sin  
Like mountains round me close;  
I know His courts, I'll enter in,  
Whatever may oppose.

“Prostrate I'll lie before His throne,  
And there my guilt confess;  
I'll tell Him, I'm a wretch undone  
Without His sovereign grace.

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“Perhaps He will admit my plea,  
Perhaps will hear my prayer;  
But, if I perish, I will pray,  
And perish only there.

“I can but perish if I go;  
I am resolved to try;  
For if I stay away, I know  
I must forever die.”

A little spiritual instruction at this time would have helped me into the kingdom, but no one offered me such assistance, and I knew of nothing else to do but to pray and wait for another preacher.

I did not know that Methodism was on the decline, and wondered why revivals were not conducted as they were in my mother's early life, when souls were being saved everywhere. The presiding elder at Northcutt chapel came only once a quarter, and then held only two services on Sunday, and I felt that I never should have the opportunity to hear him again.

I did not attend the district school in the fall; the young people had grown up, and my

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parents felt that the associations were not what they should be. I can now see plainly the hand of the Lord in this. If I had gone, my mind might have been diverted from spiritual things, and conviction, no doubt, would have left me.

During the winter, Emery went to Maysville to school. Lida was teaching. A line of separation between the family and the society of the community had to be drawn, and it seemed that we were almost shut off from the world. It was a long, cold winter, and it took much of Father's time to cut and haul wood to keep the fires burning. We all missed Emery, and looked forward to spring when he would return home. He made us a visit once, and was not inclined to go back, but it was thought best for him to do so.

It was decided for Lida and me to make him a visit. This, for me, meant the long looked-for steamboat trip on the Ohio River. It was forty miles from Vanceburg to Maysville: and with so many stopping places it took between four and five hours to make the trip. We went aboard the *Bonanza* about three





o'clock on a bright afternoon in the latter part of winter. It was interesting and exciting to watch the people in row-boats riding the big waves in the wake of our steamer. They knew that many had lost their lives in such adventures, but they plunged in without the least fear.

The *Bonanza* had taken the place of the old *Bostonia*, that had carried mail and passengers years before, when we lived at Vanceburg. At this time she was the largest boat on the Ohio River north of Cincinnati.

There were many smaller boats that carried passengers at a cheaper rate, but Providence must have overruled in our going on this one. Little did I know that for me it betokened the fact that in after years I would make many voyages on the largest steamships ever constructed, having at the present time crossed the Atlantic Ocean twenty-six times, and sailed on the great Pacific and on the Mediterranean Sea, not for sight-seeing or pleasure, but in the interest of Christ's kingdom.



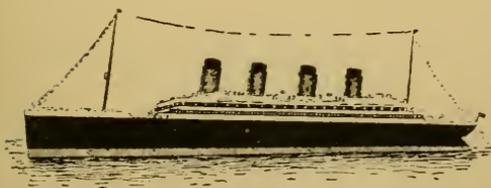
## *The Story of My Life*

Somehow I felt that I had started on a journey that meant much more than what was involved on this particular trip; and so it has proved.

When we reached Maysville the lights were all ablaze. Hundreds were massed about the wharf, some were there to meet friends, and others simply to have a place to go. I had never seen so many people together, except at a Fourth of July celebration. Among them was one familiar face,—Emery had come to meet us. He took us to the home of a cousin who gave us a cordial welcome.

Maysville was the largest city that I had ever seen; and above all things the market-wagons and street-venders interested me. I sat at a window watching the drivers and trying to make out what they were saying. On one of the market-wagons were green onions; I wanted some, and was agreeably surprised in finding them on the supper table.

We went to visit some of my father's relatives at Aberdeen, Ohio, just across the river. It was at their home where I saw a piano and heard it played for the first time. When the

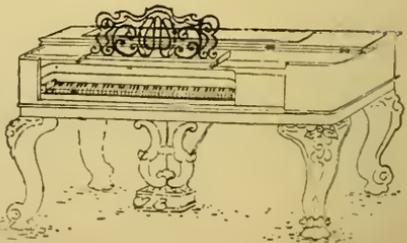


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music started, it threw me into a nervous chill similar to the one I had when the sewing machine was first brought to our home. I shook for nearly an hour, while two young girls in the home sang and played.

I felt that I could not endure life without having access to such an instrument and being able to play it. I had heard pianos a few times at a distance while I was walking on the streets at Vanceburg, but had never been close enough to see one, or to have a full appreciation of the music. About nine o'clock it was announced that the ferries would soon be making their last trip. We hurriedly put on our things and bade our cousins good-bye. I could not forget the piano. New inspiration had been awakened in me, and chords had been struck that never would cease to vibrate.

There was but little hope that we should ever have a piano in our home, for in those days one such as I had seen and heard would cost as much as a small farm. However, I could not help but hope that some time in life I might have access to one and learn how to play sacred music, if nothing more.



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We stayed until the evening of the third day, and then took the *J. M. Kerr*, a small boat, that plied the waters between Maysville and Portsmouth, back to Vanceburg. We secured a state-room with two berths in it for seventy-five cents each. After we retired, I was soon sound asleep, but later awakened, gasping for breath. I called Lida, who was in the upper berth, and told her I was suffocating and would have to have relief quickly. I found that she was afraid, and had closed the outside transom. I begged her to open it, but she persistently refused. I stood it as long as I could and then, some way, in the darkness, got hold of the key and opened the door. Stretching out on the floor I dropped off to sleep and remained there until I heard the boat docking at three o'clock in the morning at Vanceburg. I am confident that Lida was almost unconscious before I succeeded in opening the door, and that relief came to both of us just in time to prevent disaster. Passengers were allowed to stay on board until seven o'clock, and I opened the transom, crept into the berth and went to sleep, and did not awak-

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en until the bell rang. I regretted that the trip was not longer, for I had had a glimpse of the outside world and wanted to see more of it. We were soon on our way home, with enough to tell about to keep us busy for many days.

Emery did not stay long after our visit to Maysville. One afternoon he came home unexpectedly, and said that he did not intend to return to school. This was good news for me. Life would not be so monotonous now.

On the second of February, I went to help Nora keep house for Martha while she was absent for the day. It happened to be Harry, the eldest boy's birthday. He was seven years old and made his boast that he was going to do as he pleased. He thought that if he could succeed in intimidating Nora he would have no trouble with me, inasmuch as I had been given no authority over him.

His father was down the road cutting wood; and Harry told Nora that she was afraid of his papa, and dared not punish him whatever he did. She bore with him for a time, and tried to reason with him, until he got into trouble with some of the other children. Then

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she interfered. He was not pleased with this and waited his opportunity to strike her with a whip. She had brought in some wood and was placing it on the fire, when he slipped up behind her and struck her twice over the shoulders.

I saw it was useless for her to try to do anything more with him, and made up my mind to conquer him whatever the consequences might be. I did not know but that it would cause serious trouble between the two families, but I had counted the cost, and my conscience would not allow me to stand passively by and let him go unpunished. His father had a quick temper, and I was uncertain as to how he would take it. I felt that it was almost like bearding a lion in his den, but I got a switch and succeeded in conquering him. I told him I would not stop until he promised to apologize to Nora and to behave himself the remainder of the day. It took some time to bring him to this. He threatened several times to tell his father, but I succeeded in getting him to stop this, and made him promise that if he did tell him he

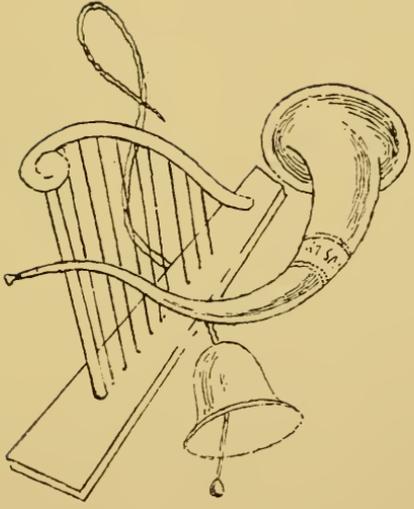
### *The Story of My Life*

would take the blame upon himself.

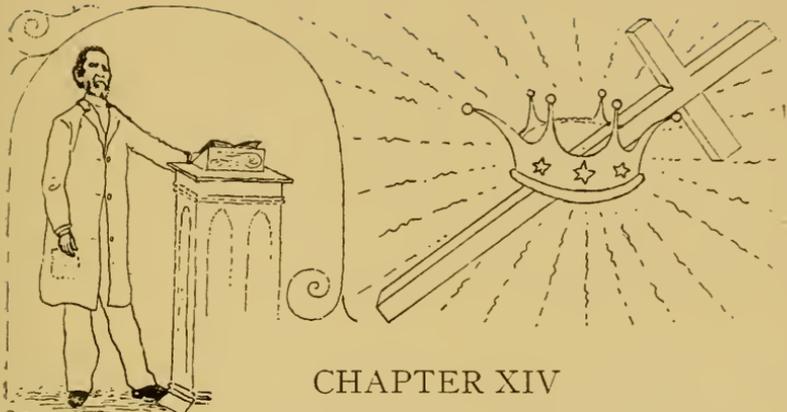
After he had gotten in a good humor I consented for him to go and see his father, in the meantime emphasizing the fact that he would have to tell a straight story about what had happened.

When he was asked how things were going at the house, he said, "I hit Aunt Nora with a whip, and Aunt Mollie whipped me. I guess I needed it, though." It amused his father how he took the blame upon himself, and they both came to the house in fine humor. It was a lesson to them, and one that proved of untold worth to me. During the whole period of my conviction I felt that I could not shrink from duty and expect to find favor with God.

When Rev. J. S. Sims came to fill his appointment, I was greatly benefited by his sermons. In the meantime I read some tracts and pamphlets that helped to keep my mind on spiritual things. During the summer of 1878, I reached the place where I felt some change was soon coming for me.







#### CHAPTER XIV

**O**NE day early in the fall, Father came from Vanceburg and said that the new preacher, Rev. W. B. Godbey, had arrived, and that he was different from any other preacher that we had ever seen or heard. He also said it was reported around that he was crazy. I did not know what to make of this, but later learned it was reproach that he as a servant of God had to bear on account of the great work he was doing as a revivalist. He stirred the country wherever he went, and hundreds were being converted under his ministry, and naturally all kinds of stories would be circulated by the enemies of the Cross.

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It was announced that the first service would be held for us on the following Thursday evening, and I could scarcely wait for the time to come. At the appointed hour Father and I were at the schoolhouse to receive the preacher. Soon it was announced that he had arrived and was tying his horse.

A few moments later he entered the door and walked slowly toward the platform, shaking hands with the people. He wore a brown suit, a soft, felt hat, and had a white handkerchief tied around his neck.

Father apologized for not having brought a Bible for his use, but the preacher assured him that this would not inconvenience him in the least.

He began the service by lining a hymn and singing it to a familiar tune. After prayer had been offered, he recited a whole chapter from memory and took his text. His eyes were weak and he kept them closed much of the time to shield them from the light. It would be difficult to try to explain how I felt when I first saw him, believing as I did that God had sent him, and that his coming would result in my salvation.

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He announced a protracted meeting to begin on the fifth of November. When the meeting began I was away from home visiting some relatives with Mother, and did not attend the first service. The second evening the altar call was made and the mourners' bench was quickly filled with seekers. The text was Genesis 3:9, "And the Lord called unto Adam, and said unto him, Where art thou?" It was a powerful sermon, and many came forward for prayers.

On the way home that evening I was in great darkness, and determined not to sleep or eat until I had found Christ. The next day I tried to find a place of seclusion, where I could pray. I made up my mind that if I lived to attend another service I would never leave the schoolhouse until I had prayed through or died in the attempt. Over and again I repeated the following familiar stanza:

"Perhaps He will admit my plea,  
Perhaps will hear my prayer;  
But if I perish, I will pray,  
And perish only there."

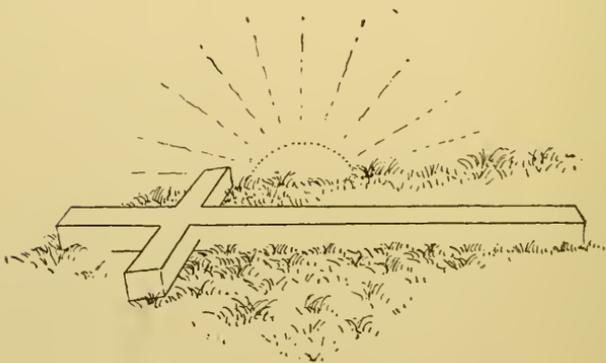
I felt that it meant for me to perish at the

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mercy-seat, if I failed to obtain what my heart so much desired.

It took something out of the ordinary to bring me to the place where I could exercise faith for immediate deliverance. I had procrastinated so long that it had become a habit with me, and drastic measures had to be taken to break it up.

On arriving at the schoolhouse (Thursday, Nov. 8), every seat was taken, and not even standing room was left, but I got to the front in some way and sat down on the mourners' bench. I was so close to the preacher that once when he made a gesture he accidentally struck me on the head. The Lord must have permitted this, for it made



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me feel that I would soon be in perdition.

Romans 6: 23, was the text: "For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." No one present had ever heard such preaching before. Some were so convicted that they left the room and threw up their suppers, and staggered back into the house as pale as death. One of these persons was Headley Harrison, an uncle of mine, whose home I had visited with Mother the early part of the week. For some time he had been trying to throw up his belief in orthodoxy. This service not only unsettled his stomach, but caused him to "throw up" his skepticism, and settled him in the Christian faith for the remainder of his life.

When the altar call was made, I sank down at the end of the bench. For a time I prayed and tried to grasp the promises, but I felt that the Lord was off somewhere sitting on the circle of the universe, and that He did not hear me. I tried to feel as others did that He was close by, and actually put out my hand and tried to touch Him.

Suddenly, I lost consciousness and felt

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that I was carried away to hell. Black demons were all about me, and lost men and women were weeping and wailing and gnashing their teeth. Some of the latter had bodies like serpents and heads like human beings, and vice versa.

Serpents lashed me and wrapped their coils around me and tried to stop my breath, while the seething flames of damnation were roaring like a Niagara. When my suffering and thirst were beyond words to describe, suddenly it flashed over me that there was still hope, that this was a momentary experience from which I could obtain deliverance. I cried again for mercy, and was brought back to the world as suddenly as I had been taken away.

Again, I found myself at the end of the bench hearing faintly the sound of voices in the room. Some persons were trying to arouse me from what they might have thought was indifference, or a lack of energy in prayer. Different ones tried to help me, but I did not hesitate to tell them that it was useless for them to try. One of the altar

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workers said, "I will get the preacher to come," and she did so. He knelt at my side and began to repeat the following lines, and asked me to do the same:

"But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe:  
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—  
'Tis all that I can do."

I told him that it would be useless, for I had done this many times. The fact is, I had passed that stage, and was up to the place of believing. He said, "Are you willing to take Jesus for your Prophet, Priest, and King?" I assured him that this was just what I most desired. He said, "Rise to your feet." I told him that I had come to seek until I had obtained salvation. However, he insisted. I made an effort to rise, but was too weak, and had to have help. I had scarcely gotten on my feet when the burden of sin rolled away, and

"Heaven came down my soul to greet,  
And glory crowned the mercy seat."

After seven years a penitent I had at last come to the end of the battle. The burden of sin had rolled away, and



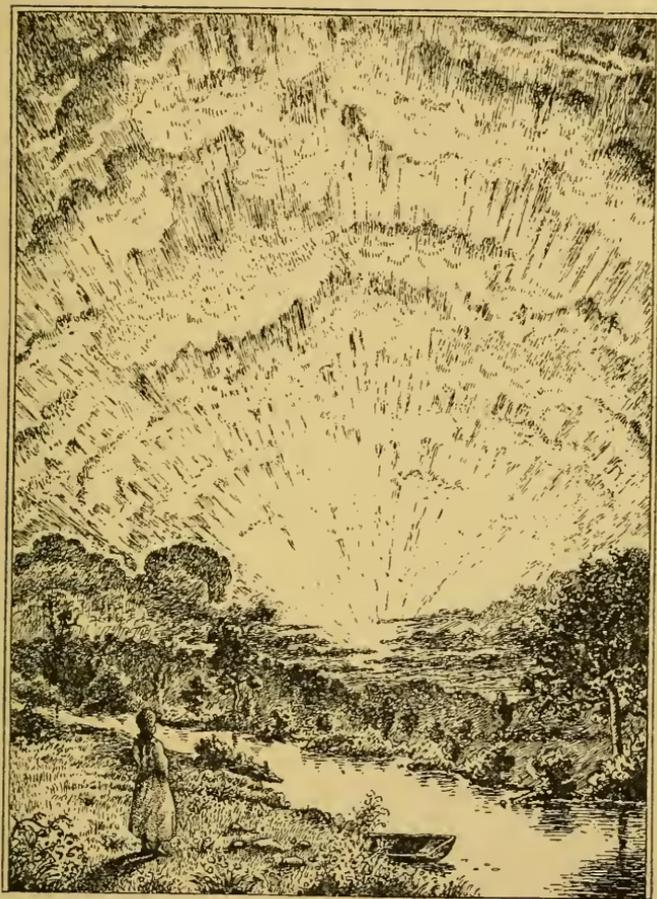
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“My soul mounted higher in a chariot of  
fire  
Nor did envy Elijah his seat.”

It was as if I had been lifted out of  
hell into heaven.

The faces of those who had been  
converted were radiant with heavenly  
light, and I could tell every true  
Christian in the house. When they  
saw the overflowing joy of my heart,  
they said, “Shout it out,” but I could  
not shout. I began to laugh, and  
kept it up at intervals for hours. I  
did not wonder what heaven would  
be, for I had heaven in my heart.  
The earthen vessel had all it could  
contain. When the sun arose the  
next morning, the world was a new  
creation to me. The bees, the birds,  
the trees, and the rippling waters  
were all telling the story of redeeming love  
and the power of the Savior to transform the  
human heart and make it His dwelling place.  
I felt that there was a great gulf between me  
and the world, and that nothing could allure





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me to its attractions and pleasures. I had had a glimpse of Jesus.

Frail mortals grasp for the things that perish while Christ is ready to espouse their cause and give them life eternal. Why is it thus? Depravity tells the story. Man was ruined through the fall, and without salvation provided in the atonement, he is doomed. If left to the trend of his Adamic nature, he would never be able to right himself and get back into harmony with God, but would drift on forever.

There must be a transformation wrought by the Holy Spirit in the inner man to give him new life and aspirations, enabling him to discern between good and evil, and to act on the principles of free moral agency. When the soul is thus quickened, the impulses of divine life give him an upward look, and he finds that there is something to live for besides this world with its vanity and pride. If he is obedient he will be led to Calvary where the



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man of sin will be crucified and the divine nature will be imparted in all of its fulness. This is the second work of grace. In the new birth, such as I had just experienced, divine life is imparted. In sanctification, Adam the first dies. There must be both a birth and a death before the soul is cleansed from actual and original sin. Hebrews 13:12 says, "Wherefore Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate;" also 1 Thessalonians 5:23, "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."

A few moments after I was converted I noticed John Miller, who had given the family so much trouble, standing near a window on the opposite side of the room. He looked sad and confused. When he caught my eye he dropped his head. I could tell what he was thinking about, and went to him and told him that I no longer had ill will in my heart toward him. He was under conviction and everybody could see it, and wanted to make

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up with the family and get right with God. He said, "I wish I could be as nappy as you are." I assured him that the Lord would save him if he would meet conditions.

He tried to smile, but I could see that there was a great weight on him. Before the week had ended he was a seeker at the altar; and the old feud in which he was the chief actor was broken up and ended forever.

For three days my heart was so light I could scarcely pray, my soul was reveling in the sunshine of God's love. I wanted to tell what He had done for me, and made up my mind to preach the Gospel if I had to go to a foreign land as a missionary in order to do it.

No provision had ever been made for women to preach in either of the two great branches of Methodism, and how and where could I begin? was the question. I knew that the Methodist Missionary Boards send women to foreign lands to work among the heathen, and I determined to prepare to go if they would accept me. When I thought of this the Holy Spirit whispered, "You are needed in the homeland to give young people the help

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that you so much needed when you were seeking the Lord." And it occurred to me that I could help the older people too, if I could only have the privilege of attending revival meetings, and of being admitted into their homes.

But where were such meetings to be found? I had waited many years for one to come to our neighborhood, and made up my mind there was no other preacher like Brother Godbey. There were times when my heart was so full of joy that I felt the earthen vessel would burst if there was not an outlet somewhere. The enemy seemed to have winged his flight back to the regions of despair, for he was nowhere in sight with a suggestion or a temptation.

"'Twas a heaven below  
My Redeemer to know,  
And the angels could do nothing more,  
Than to fall at His feet,  
And the story repeat,  
And the Lover of sinners adore.

"Jesus all the day long  
Was my joy and my song:  
O that all His salvation might see!  
'He hath loved me,' I cried,

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'He hath suffered and died,  
'To redeem even rebels like me.'

"O the rapturous height  
Of that holy delight  
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!  
Of my Savior possessed,  
I was perfectly blessed,  
As if filled with the fulness of God."



It was not until the following Sunday after my conversion that the real battle against the world, the flesh, and the devil began. Then the enemy appeared as subtle as a serpent, and made some suggestions that made me wonder if I had lost salvation. I did not know that he had the power to do this, and for a short time was in confusion and much distress. Where did these evil thoughts come from? This was what puzzled me. If I had done or said anything to displease the Lord I did not know it.

I had stayed at home to take care of my little brother while other members of the family went to church. I hastened to a back room battling with the powers of darkness, and had about reached my extremity when the old

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hymn, "Am I a Soldier of the Cross," came to my help:

"Am I a soldier of the Cross,  
A follower of the Lamb,  
And shall I fear to own His cause,  
Or blush to speak His name?

"Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed through bloody seas?

"Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?

"Sure I must fight, if I would reign;  
Increase my courage, Lord;  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by thy word."

The fourth verse made it clear to me that the conflict I was in could not be avoided, that it was a part of the Christian warfare. I put up my shield of faith, and the enemy took his flight, and the victory was won. I felt that the old-time saints had had similar battles or one could not have written

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this hymn giving me so much help and inspiration at the time when I needed it most.

My heart was light for the remainder of the day, and I anxiously waited for the other members of the family to return from church. I wanted to tell some one that I had met the enemy and conquered. I got the hymnal and



began to read the hymns, and found them full of encouragement and inspiration. I knew now that new experiences on the battle-field awaited me, and I began to prepare for any event that might come. I

felt that I would have to pass through furnace fires as did the saints of old.

The special services soon closed, and the Christian warfare began in reality for me. I had a new heart, but often the world looked dark, and friends and relatives were cold and indifferent to my joys and sorrows. I was so burdened with my work and studies, that it was difficult to find time and a place to meditate and pray, and my soul languished for spirit-

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ual help. I knew that I must make preparations to preach the Gospel, either in the home or foreign field, and determined to seek for an open door, and to enter it at the earliest possible opportunity.

It occurred to me that I could find this door as a school teacher,—that I could begin with my pupils and their parents,—and this conviction deepened. Great inspiration would come to me while on the way to school in the morning. There were times when I was so blest I felt that my feet were scarcely touching the earth. The River of Life was springing up in my soul, and sometimes I would be in an ecstasy of joy. As a bird that had gotten out of a cage, my wings were plumed and ready to fly away from old places and environments, and to begin the struggle on new territory and trust God for the outcome.

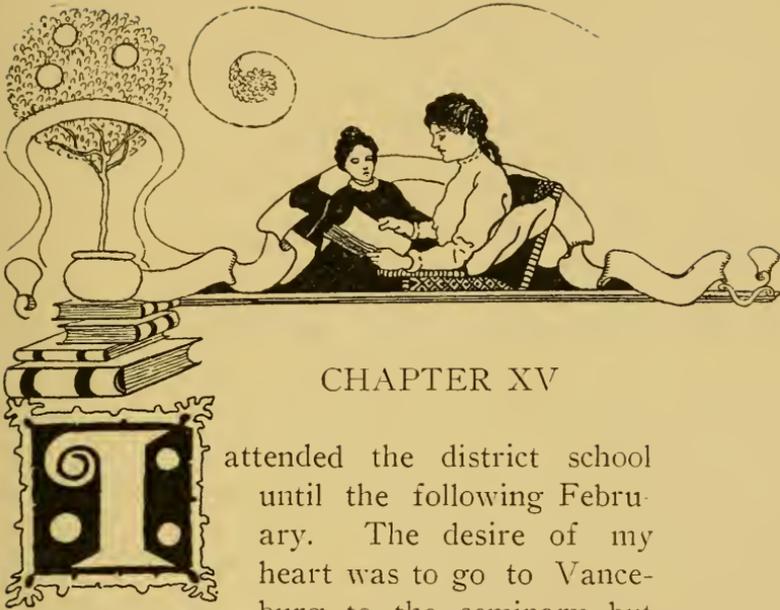
People, to me, had changed. I could understand as never before that they were of the earth earthy, and that the tendency was to drift away from God and holiness. Some of the converts became an easy prey to their

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old habits, and this grieved me. I felt that they needed much help and instruction, but who was to give it to them? Perhaps most of them had no Bible or hymn-book, and there were only a few homes where the family altar had been set up.







## CHAPTER XV

I attended the district school until the following February. The desire of my heart was to go to Vanceburg to the seminary, but I could see no prospect of this. To my surprise, in the latter part of January the way opened. I knew it was in answer to prayer, and my heart overflowed with joy. In less than a fortnight Nora and I were both in the school, trying to make up in our studies what we had lost at the beginning of the term. It did not take us long to do this, and we were soon at the head of our classes.

There were new experiences and difficulties in the seminary. The students and teachers

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were all strange to me, and I was sure they did not understand me any better than others had. There was a gulf between us.

The young women in my classes were not disposed to be friendly. Their minds were on the opposite sex, and they were often delinquent in their studies. One of them was the proud little girl whose birthday party I had attended years before, when my parents lived in town. She was grown up now, and I would not have known her if I had not heard her name. It was she who had drunk all the tea out of the cups that had been filled for the guests and had eaten nearly everything else on the table. I had not forgotten this during all the years that had intervened, and had often wondered if I should ever see her again. Imagine my surprise when I came face to face with her in my classes, and found in her the same principles of selfishness that controlled her in her early life.

I never saw her again after the term closed, but later heard that she had brought disgrace on the family, and broken her mother's heart. I often wondered why her

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mother, who was a good woman, was so indulgent to her, but it seemed that she was blind to the best interests of her child, until it was too late to make amends.

During the winter that I was having so many hardships, she lived across the street from us in her beautiful home with everything to make her happy that indulgent parents could bestow upon her. There were only a few months' difference in our ages, and when I was so closely housed and suffered so many privations, I could not help but draw the contrast between our lives.

Ten years had passed, and in the providence of God we had met again under somewhat different circumstances. I found her the victim of a strong and misguided will, walking in a dangerous path. I had obtained the Pearl of great price, as the result of the rough road over which I had traveled. I had a treasure that the gold and silver of this world can not buy, but she knew nothing of its beauty or worth, and was chasing phantoms over the road of sinful pleasures, unconscious of the

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fact that the serpent's charm was alluring her to ruin.

If parents had the real interest of their children at heart, they would not let a little prosperity in material things be the means of wrecking and ruining their lives. Failure to discipline them is a serious offense in the sight of God. "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it" (Prov. 22:6).

The school building was located on the bank of the Ohio River where there was nothing to obstruct the view from my seat near a window. I could see all the boats and hear them whistle for the landing. Every day at about seventeen minutes after two I could see the black smoke of the *Bonanza* rolling up in the distance. Two minutes later she had come around the bend and was in full view, with her prow and great white-collared funnels coming almost in a direct line toward me. Then followed the shriek of her whistle, sounding at first much like the rising and falling notes of the calliope, and developing into a long blast.

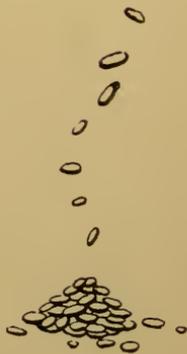
There was something so fascinating about

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the boat, that it was impossible to settle down to study until after she had passed.

When I was converted, I felt that I had taken passage on a great white vessel, and that if I was faithful and took the Bible as my guide, I would have a safe entrance into the heavenly port.

In a few weeks after Nora and I had entered the school, Lida, who had been teaching, joined us for the remainder of the term. With one of our neighbor girls, who was also attending the seminary, we occupied the second floor of a private dwelling and did our own cooking. Lindsey Ruggles and wife, who owned and lived in the house, were prominent citizens of the town. They were the owners of other properties in the place and had much to say about the collecting of rents, etc. From day to day I heard the trend of their conversation; and was grieved because of the worldly, covetous spirit that they manifested. They made no profession of salvation, and evidently had no desire for it; and, although in the evening of life, there was no sweeter music to them than the jingling of coins.



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They kept a cow and sold the milk they could not use. Mrs. Kuggles often said she did not need the money, but that she enjoyed hearing the rattle of the silver. After she had churned, if she could not find sale for the buttermilk, she would offer to give us some.

They were friendly and courteous, but I abhorred some of their principles, and it was about all I could do to conceal this. They made several remarks that led me to believe they felt uncomfortable when I was around. My knowledge of the Scriptures had located them, and they could not rise above the plane of selfishness and greed, in my estimation, however much they tried.

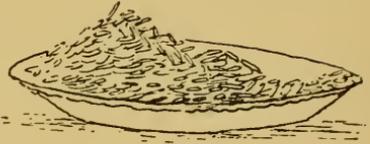
I had never seen the time in our home when the last crust of bread would not be shared with a hungry person; but there was no such thing as hospitality in this home where the coffers were running over with wealth.

My parents had to buy our books and clothing, and pay tuition and rent, and we had a hard time to get through, even after economizing all that we could. Lida had earned money

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teaching, which was used to help pay some of our expenses.

A few weeks before the closing of the term, while the crop was being put in at home, Father was unable to get a team to bring us food supplies, and we had nothing to eat but rice without sugar or milk. The young woman who shared the apartment with us had an abundance of everything,—butter, white flour, corn-meal, preserves, potatoes, etc., but she did not offer to share any of these things with us. She knew that any help she might give us would be returned to her double, but she deliberately cooked and ate her meals without a word of apology or an offer to share her food with us.



In the meantime, the old couple knew that we had not received our usual supplies from home, and that we had nothing but rice, and no money, but they did not offer to give us as much as a pint of milk. We lived almost entirely on rice the whole week. Three days of the time we had nothing else.

### *The Story of My Life*

When Father came on Friday, he did not bring us anything, because he was intending to take us home for over Sunday, and did not know that we had run so short. We had gone about five miles from town on the way home when I began to feel the pangs of hunger. It was the first time that I had ever had an experience of real hunger, and ever after this, I knew how to sympathize with people who were without food.

This experience made the gulf still wider between me and the old people in the house; and I felt that I never could respect them or the young woman again. I began to see, as never before, the gulf there is between a selfish heart and that of a true Christian; and thanked God that I had been delivered from principles that would make me miserly and mean.

During the latter part of the term, the principal watched me very closely and was at a loss at times to know why I was so isolated from others in the school. He knew I was not homesick, as we usually went home twice a month. Several times he told me I must

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cheer up and not take life so seriously. When spring came, he asked several of the young girls to take me up to the Alum Rock at the back of the town to gather wild flowers in hope that it might cheer me up. But this was not the remedy that I needed.

My soul was passing through a spiritual desert and he could not understand this. I needed a drink from the fountain of life, but there was nowhere to go to obtain it. Our pastor, W. B. Godbey, was holding revival meetings all over the country, and we saw him only occasionally; and then he had but little time to stop to administer to our spiritual needs. I do not remember of having attended one of his services in town. The local preachers filled some of his appointments while he was away conducting revival meetings. And then I had nothing to wear but my school clothes; and I did not want to go where there was a fashionable congregation.

However great were the trials, I did not throw up my confidence, but held fast the profession of my faith without wavering.

I had seen the selfishness of people until



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it had had the tendency to depress me in spirit. Many of the townspeople were poor, and those who were able to administer to their temporal needs, left them to suffer. I felt that if all the people were like those in the house where we were living, the world might as well come to an end at one time as another. However, I continued to hope that the way would open for me to enter a field of labor where I could be useful in the Lord's service.

Our pastor announced that he would hold a revival for us during the summer in a schoolhouse near where we lived in the country. I took courage and felt that the help I so much desired was coming. It was during the latter part of July or the first of August when the first service was held. I was there ready to be of any assistance I could; nevertheless, for two or three days I was in constant fear that some one would call on me to pray; and I memorized a prayer for the occasion.

One day an old saint who had come from a distance told me he was going to call on me to

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pray that evening. I supposed it would be during the preliminary service, but he waited until after the sermon, and then called out my name. I paused for a moment and tried to recall the words of the prayer that I had committed to memory, but failed. My mind became a blank and every line of it left me. In my extremity and embarrassment I broke out under the inspiration of the Spirit, and prayed until it seemed that the foundations of perdition were shaken. I saw sinners standing on the ragged edges of an awful abyss, ready to plunge in and be lost forever.

After this momentary vision of hell there was no lack of language to express my thoughts. There was a moment of silence, and then followed an outburst of weeping among the people, and it was not long until souls were praying through at the altar with shouts of victory. I had been needing just such an experience as this, and in praying



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for others my own soul was lifted up and refreshed.

“MAKE ME A BLESSING TODAY”

“I do not ask to choose my path,  
Lord, lead me in Thy way;  
Inspire each thought and prompt each word  
And make me a blessing today.

CHO:—

“Bless me, Lord, and make me a blessing,  
I'll gladly Thy message convey;  
Use me to help some poor, needy soul,  
And make me a blessing today.

“Around me, Lord, are sinful men,  
Who scorn and disobey;  
Use me to win them from their sins  
And make me a blessing today.

“To those who once Thy love have known  
But now are far astray,  
Help me to win them back to Thee  
And make me a blessing today.

“Some saints of Thine are in distress,  
And for deliv'rance pray;  
O let me go and help them, Lord,  
And make me a blessing today.

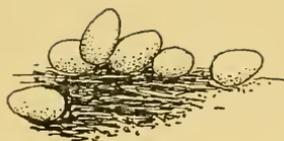
### *The Story of My Life*

“Whatever errand Thou hast, Lord,  
Send me, and I'll obey;  
Use me in any way Thou wilt,  
And make me a blessing today.”

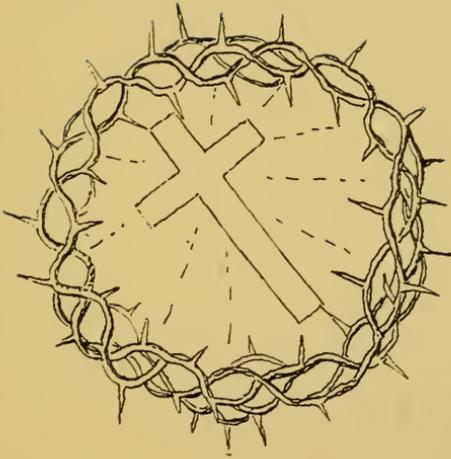
On Sunday morning during the revival I tried to put on a new dress that I had worn a few times, and found that it was too small and that I could not fasten it; this grieved me very much. I was large for my age, and supposed, of course, that I had gained in weight since school had closed. I drew up the strings of my corset until I could button the dress and said nothing to any one.

On the way to the meeting I nearly fainted; and suffered all day. The next day I decided to tell Mother about it. She knew what was the matter and said the change was in the dress and not in me. Then she told me that Lida had put larger seams in the waist, and had worn the dress in my absence, and had no doubt forgotten to take them out. I brought her the waist, and there they were, from one-half to three-quarters of an inch deep. I promised the Lord never to wear tight clothing again if I had to go without a

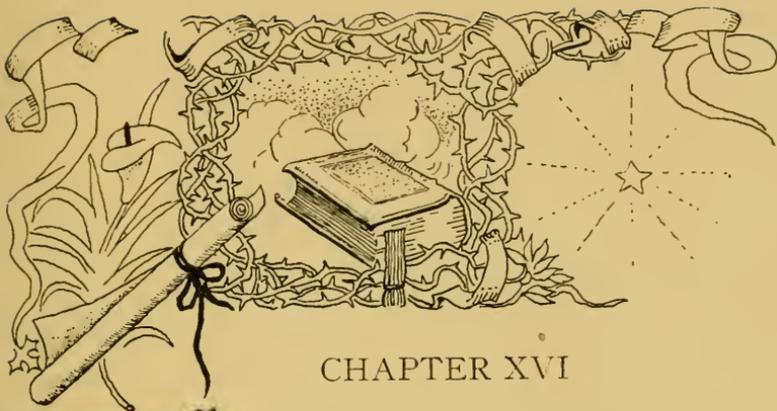
*The Story of My Life*



fit, for the remainder of my life. Whenever I got a new dress there was always some one who wanted to wear it. One dress, which I admired very much, was bought with money I received from selling eggs I had saved, but it was taken away from me after I had worn it a few times. I learned that it is necessary to suffer the loss of all thing, in order to be a Christian, and that one should take the spoiling of his goods joyfully. It was not easy to do this, but I succeeded in keeping the blessing of God on my soul through many and varied experiences. I often read the story of Joseph in the book of Genesis and found much consolation in it.







## CHAPTER XVI

**T**HE county teachers' examinations were announced to be held on the second and fourth Saturdays of July and August. One of them came during the revival. Lida, Nora, and I were all expecting to apply for teachers' certificates.

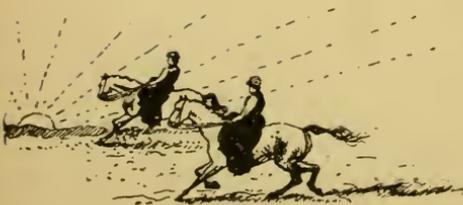
They were both further advanced and better prepared than I was, but they both decided to sacrifice the meetings and review their studies. I took it to the Lord and made up my mind to attend the services and trust results with Him. I opened my Bible and read Matthew 6: 33-34, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and

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all these things shall be added unto you. Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself." There was no more controversy in my mind. This settled it; and I determined to leave the matter and everything else in His hands and try to help others and get all the good that I could out of the meetings.

Lida, who had been teaching in the public schools for two years, secured a first-class certificate, but Nora failed. The latter was sadly in need of spiritual help, but she lost this and a certificate too.

A week after the revival closed I went to the examination. I had a distance of twenty miles to go, there and back. Lida went with me. We left home at six o'clock in the morning on horseback and reached our destination in good time. I had no difficulty in passing satisfactorily in every branch. If my percentage had been a little higher in United States History, I should have obtained a first-class, first-grade certificate, good for four years, but failure on about two questions re-





## *The Story of My Life*

sulted in my getting a second-class, first-grade certificate, good for two years.

Now that I had a certificate, the next question was, Who would hire a seventeen-year-old girl to teach school, when there were so many teachers of more mature years and experience to be had? The only one that I had any hope of getting was in a hill country about four miles from home. Teachers had commenced the school at different times and given it up, but I was determined to apply for it and teach the school if the trustees were favorable; and of course they would be, for they could get no one else.

There were only funds enough for a three-months' term; and I felt that regardless of the money, it would be a great achievement for me if I could hold out for the term in this wild, isolated place.

At the beginning of the term I could get no lodging-place nearer than three miles from the schoolhouse; and the place could be reached only over a rough road in the mountains. The first six weeks I walked this distance

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twice a day, in company with two little girls.

I had corn bread, and a bottle of buttermilk every day for my lunch at school, and after my long walk relished it more than the dainties of a rich man's table.

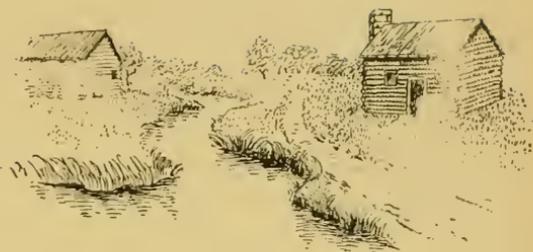
The parents of the little girls were so delighted to have me with them that they gave me board and lodging free of charge.

When the weather began to get cold it was a serious question as to where I could stay until the school was finished. Anthony Evans, a man with a large family, and the principal trustee, was decidedly opposed to my method of teaching geography, and was not very friendly toward me. He declared that there was no greater nonsense than to teach children that the earth is round.

After I had made the family a few visits a change came over him: and one evening while Mrs. Evans was preparing supper, he broke the ice by saying that he had concluded to leave it to me as to how I taught his children geography: and further stated that I was welcome to stay at his home if I could put up with the accommodations.

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It was a log house with one large room, a stone chimney, and an old-fashioned fireplace. There were two high beds corded with ropes, two trundle beds, two ticks that could be put on the floor, and enough pillows and quilts for six beds. Ropes were stretched across the room, so that partitions could be made with blankets and quilts at night.



It is hardly necessary to say that this family made me comfortable; and I stayed with them until the school closed. Of course, they made no charges for anything they did for me. Their home was only a mile from the schoolhouse, and it was much easier for me to go and come. On Friday evenings, I returned home to stay until the following Monday.

The meals were cooked on the large fireplace. The bread was baked in a covered oven with coals on top. This family, as well as others in the neighborhood, depended largely upon wild

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game to supply the table. With the exception of cucumbers, vegetables were very scarce, and there was but little fruit. Every family had at least a barrel of dill pickles for use. These were very appetizing when served with corn-bread or anything else the mountaineers might have to put on the table.

When Father learned that the Evans family had offered to share their hospitality with me, he supplied them with apples and potatoes for many weeks, and sent them other fruits and vegetables. The old man wept, and was not able to find words to express his gratitude.

Afterwards he sent Morgan, his seventeen-year-old son, and Georgia Ann, his daughter, to visit us. Both of them attended church at our schoolhouse, and claimed to get converted.

The Evans family heralded the news of my father's liberality far and near, and also told of the success that I was having as a teacher; and the people, although poor and almost destitute, made great sacrifices to send their children to school. On the first day there were twenty-two pupils, but the number continued

## *The Story of My Life*

to increase until the end of the term.

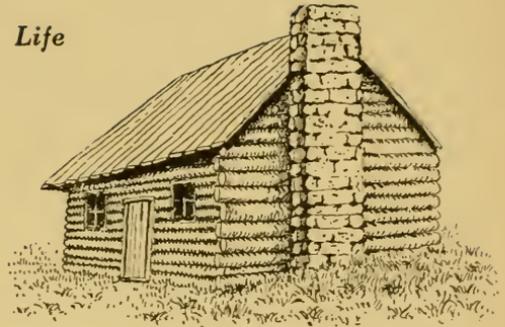
The schoolhouse was an old log cabin with a fireplace. Benches were made out of boards that had been hewn out of logs. They

were placed against the wall so that the children would have support for their backs.

On different occasions we tried to make a fire, but when the wind was contrary the old chimney smoked us out of the house and water had to be carried from the brook to put out the fire.

I read the Bible and prayed with the children every day. They were not so ignorant of spiritual things as one might suppose, and for their opportunities many of them were bright and intelligent.

Their morals had never been corrupted by the vices that are so common today. Some of them had been brought up under the strictest discipline, and I had no difficulty in controlling them. The struggles that they had in contending with





## *The Story of My Life*

poverty proved a blessing to them.

During the term, on a certain Thursday night, I had a dream that greatly troubled me. I thought I was at my sister Martha's home, but she was not there. Later, I saw her brought into the house in a helpless condition and laid on a couch. A white covering was over her form. I tried to ascertain whether she was seriously ill or had been injured in some way by an accident, but received no definite reply. Suddenly I awakened, and found that it was about four o'clock in the morning. I could not get the dream off my mind; and felt like dismissing the school in the forenoon and going home. But I waited until after one o'clock, and then told the children that I had something on my mind and must hasten home, and would let them go for the remainder of the day.

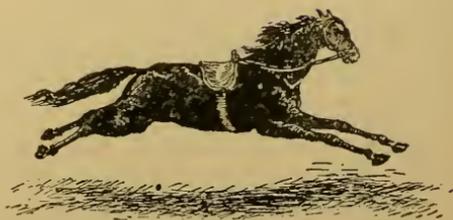
When I reached home I asked about Martha, and was told that Mother had gone to keep house for her while she went to Vanceburg. I asked what horse she rode. The reply was, "Sam." This was a new horse, a light roan with a bowed neck, only four years old, which

### *The Story of My Life*

my brother-in-law had recently purchased. My sister had ridden him a few times, but every one knew he was not safe.

I went to Mother and told her my dream. It alarmed her, but no effort was made to send any one to look after Martha. I walked back and forth over the long porch looking down the road in the direction that she was to come. The enemy told me it was a false alarm and that nothing would come of it. I wished that Mother would send some one to meet her, and felt like inquiring of the teamsters as they passed if they had seen her.

Three-quarters of an hour or more passed when I saw Sam coming in a sweeping gallop without her. My brother-in-law went to see what had happened, and met several teamsters bringing her home in one of their wagons. The horse had become frightened on the road near the Beaver Dam, and had thrown her off over the bank within a foot of the edge of the water, where it was eighteen or twenty feet deep. These men had been somewhere in sight when she was thrown, and said that she had fainted seven times.



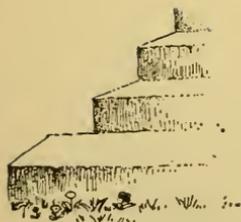


### *The Story of My Life*

I forgot the dream for the time being and that I had come home on Martha's account. Later, as she lay on a couch, with a white covering over her, I thought of the dream. Mother thought of it at the same time, and said, "If we had only sent some one to meet her, this would have been avoided."

No bones were broken, and there were no internal injuries, but she suffered much in consequence of what had happened.

Another page in my Christian experience had been written. I knew after this that it is part of the work of the Holy Spirit to warn the children of God of things that are to come, and that calamity can be prevented. When I have understood the voice of the Spirit I have been enabled to thwart the plans of the enemy and to turn aside any attempt to defeat or hinder in the work God has given me to do. "Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth: for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak: **AND HE WILL SHEW YOU THINGS TO COME**" (John 16:13).



## *The Story of My Life*

Teachers' wages were usually paid in two installments, but when there was only a three-months' term, the whole amount was paid at once. Emery was going to Vanceburg one day and I was asked to sign an order for my school money that he might draw it and bring it home. When he returned he took \$50.40 out of his pocket and laid it on the table and said, "Here is your money." Mother was standing near; and the money was passed into her hands.

Cloaks were just coming into style and were being worn instead of shawls and mantles. One, such as I wanted, could be bought for eight or ten dollars. Lida and Fannie both had new ones, and I supposed there would be no objections to my getting one, now that I had earned the money. I intended also to get a new dress and one for Mother, but I was disappointed.

It was a bitter experience for me, and I wondered why the Lord had permitted it. I knew that Brother Godbey was planning to get us all to Bourbon County, where we could have the advantage of the colleges located at Millersburg; and Mother said all of my school money



### *The Story of My Life*

was needed, and more too, in making preparations to move.

Brother Godbey often made the statement that "Charlie" would preach, and should have a college education. He told me that I should be a Methodist preacher's wife, and that this would give me a wide field for Christian work. He did not intimate that I might be called to preach. However, I had already received a definite call; and I continued to feel that I would have to go to foreign lands as a missionary where there would be no hindrances to woman's ministry.

When "Charlie" was four years old, he had the anointing of the Spirit, and would stand up on a chair or a box and tell people of their sins until they trembled with conviction. He wore red-topped, copper-toed boots and would bring his foot down with an emphasis.

It was no child's play with him,—he was sincere, and everybody knew it. Under the inspiration of the Spirit he would tell people they were doomed if they did not repent. Some persons actually ran from his messages.

The teamsters along the road would some-

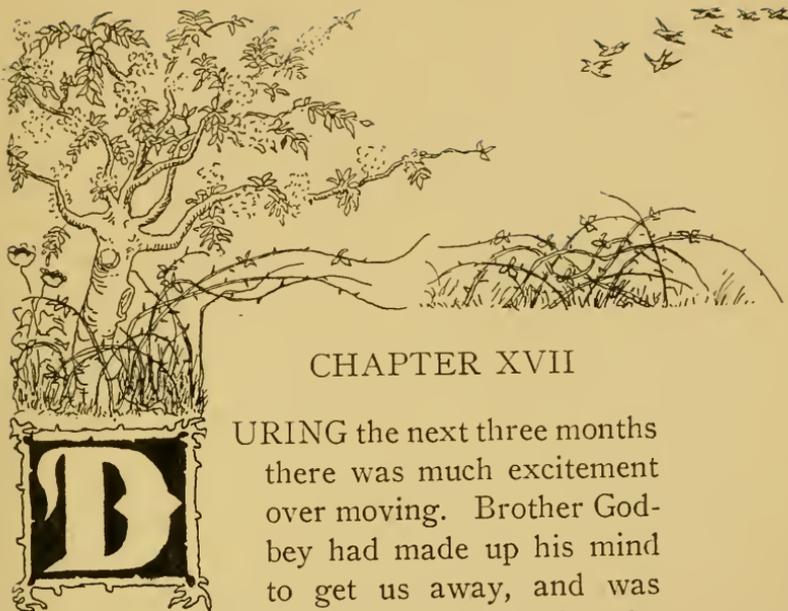
### *The Story of My Life*

times indulge in profanity, but, if he heard them, he did not hesitate to tell them that they were sinners on their way to hell.

An old man whom he rebuked alighted from his horse, came in, and said, "Who put that boy up to this." When he was told that he did it of his own accord, he apologized and went on his way.







## CHAPTER XVII

**D**URING the next three months there was much excitement over moving. Brother Godbey had made up his mind to get us away, and was working hard to this end. A house for the family to occupy was secured near Millersburg, a mile and a half from the colleges. On the 1st of March, 1880, after weeks of preparation, everything was in readiness to go. In some respects, there was not much regret in leaving the old home. For me, life had been weary years of privations, hardships, and toil.

The tannery had been closed for some time on account of a scarcity of help, and from the fact that it was getting more difficult all

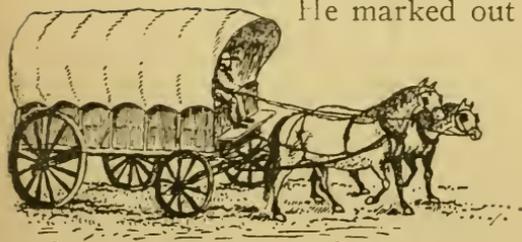
### *The Story of My Life*

the time to secure bark to tan the hides. The oak trees were being cut out, and it was not so easy to run a tannery as it had been previously.

The thing that almost broke my heart was the thought of leaving Martha. After it was decided that we were to go, she could scarcely see or talk with any of us without shedding tears. She was only twenty-seven years old, and had borne seven children, and was in delicate health. She had always looked to Mother for counsel and advice. I felt much as I did when I parted with Miss Harris, that I should never see her again, and avoided telling her good-by.

Brother Godbey had held revival meetings all the way from Vanceburg to Bourbon County, and advised us to travel through the country, a distance of seventy or eighty miles, in a covered wagon. He wanted us to get acquainted with the people where his revivals had been held, and to enjoy the scenery along the road, and it was less expensive than going by the river and railroad.

He marked out the distance for each day



### *The Story of My Life*

and arranged with us to stop with Christian families every night. For some time before plans were matured for moving, there was a general impression among us that we would not all be together long. Fannie was making preparations to marry Andrew Savage, and we knew that in all probability she would not accompany us.

The wedding took place some time during the winter, and the newly wedded pair made their home at Vanceburg. It was some consolation to Martha to know that Fannie would be near to her.

After the goods had been shipped, we had only a few quilts left, which were to be taken with us on the road, and the last two nights at home we had to sleep on ticks, filled with straw, on the floor. At the last moment I found that I had been overlooked, and there was no place for me to sleep. I had not so much as a quilt to make a pallet on the floor by the fire. My limbs were aching until I could scarcely stand on them, and I never had been so sleepy and weary in all my life. I begged Mother for a place to lie down, but she was

## *The Story of My Life*

still busy with preparations for the journey, and scarcely noticed me or heard what I had to say. I sat down on a stool by the fire, and dropped off to sleep and slid off it on to the floor. I was soon told that I could not lie there, and had to get up. How I put in the remainder of the night, I do not remember.

At Tolesburg, fifteen miles from home, our pastor had arranged for us to stay with a Christian family. This was not far from the old Bethel church, in the neighborhood where Mother was brought up.

I had scarcely slept any for three nights; and greatly enjoyed a good bed and the hospitality of this home. When we started on our journey the next morning, our hostess supplied us with food and everything necessary for the day.

After we left Lewis County and took the Maysville and Lexington Turnpike through the famous Blue-grass regions, new experiences and new scenery awaited us. I had never seen anything but the hill country, except a narrow strip along the Ohio River; and now the broad blue-grass fields, with fat cattle



### *The Story of My Life*

grazing everywhere, greeted my vision. I had never seen the rural mansions of the rich land and stock owners, with their surroundings and equipments, and could feel the hardening influence of wealth. I had heard much of these wealthy men, and of some of their cruelty in the days of slavery, and was not very charitably disposed toward them.

These rich men with their thoroughbred horses driving along the turnpike and coming in and out of the gates of their estates made quite a contrast with our humble mode of traveling; and at times it was somewhat humiliating, especially for Lida, who had her share of pride. But we were not known in that part of the country and this was some consolation.

When night came, my mind reverted to the old home in the foot-hills on the Kinnikinnick. I could see Martha as she stood at the door looking after me when I saw her for the last time. Sometimes I almost choked, and it was with difficulty that I restrained the tears. How could she live there without us? Her life had been hard enough; and there were no pros-

### *The Story of My Life*

pects of its being any brighter. No one dared to mention her name scarcely, and I supposed that others, like myself, were trying to suppress their anxiety for her. Lottie, her eldest daughter, was large enough to help with the care of the children, but who was to give her consolation in her loneliness and suffering?

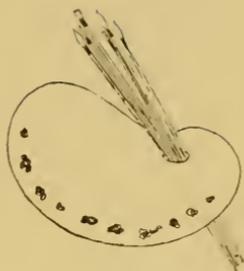
The enemy buffeted me by telling me I had done wrong in not facing the issue and bidding her good-by. If I could have seen her apart from other members of the family, I would have done so, but under the circumstances the only thing I knew to do was to start ahead on foot and hurry out of sight.

Before reaching Millersburg we stopped at several of the homes where arrangements had been made for us, and enjoyed the fellowship of those who were in the fervency of new experiences in the Christian life. We made better time than was expected, and arrived at our destination several days before our household goods. Doctor Gould invited us to stay at the Female College until they arrived. I had never seen a college nor been in a board-

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ing school before, and names, faces, everything, and everybody, were so different from what I had been accustomed to, it was like coming into a new world.



The study of music and art had much attraction for me, yet I knew that under the circumstances I should be compelled to confine myself to those branches which would enable me to qualify to teach in the public schools. I spent some time in the art rooms watching the students paint flowers and landscapes. The blending of the colors was so fascinating that I dreamed about it at night; but however much I desired to learn to paint, I willingly sacrificed it that I might prepare to preach the Gospel.

The country was rolling in wealth, but the spirit of true philanthropy was almost unknown. The rich were becoming richer and the poor white people were greatly oppressed. There were so many colored people that the white man who had to earn wages for a living



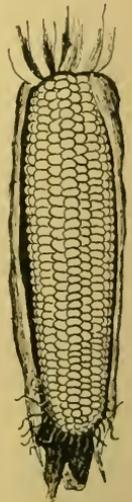
### *The Story of My Life*

could find scarcely anything to do.

In the spring of 1881, Father rented a farm off the turnpike and raised corn and tobacco for sale. The blue-grass lands were rapidly being turned into tobacco fields, and the curse of the Almighty was apparently coming upon the country. There was always a ready market for tobacco; and without any scruples of conscience, almost any one who could secure a few acres of ground cultivated it to supply the chewers and the smokers. The poor white man had no alternative but to raise it to keep the wolf from the door.

Corn was also in great demand for the distilleries; and these two products were rapidly doing away with the blue-grass lands.

It was a mistake for my parents to have rented this farm on a mud road. After a rain I went to the field one day to help drop tobacco plants; and in climbing over a fence, fell and was badly hurt. On the way to the house, the Lord spoke to me, and



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showed me clearly that His displeasure was upon tobacco raising, and that He did not want me to have anything to do with the filthy weed. However urgent the demand was for help, I took a stand against it and met with but little opposition in the home. I had learned that man's extremity is God's opportunity, and felt that it was a mistake to have moved to this place where our schooling was interfered with.

It was a heart-breaking experience for me when the road became so muddy that I had to stop school. However, I determined to put in every spare moment at home on my studies, and perhaps accomplished as much as if I had continued in school.

It was a hard year; everything went wrong. I felt that in cultivating tobacco we were doing evil that good might come; and God's woes are on persons who do this. The Lord in mercy came to our help and enabled us to get off this place at the end of the year.

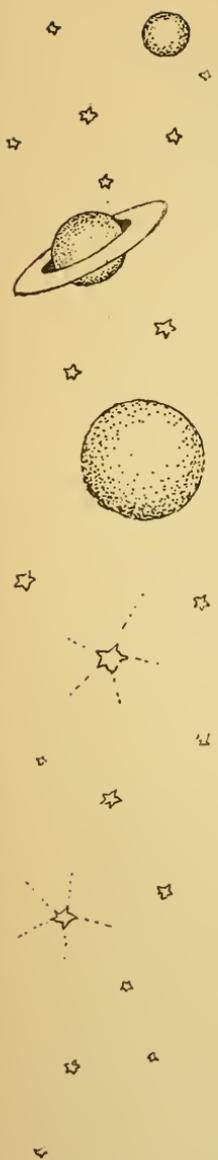
In my studies there were times when my mind was divinely illuminated; and it was surprising how I could solve problems in

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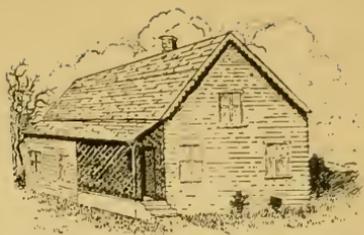
mathematics and grasp scientific truths.

After returning to school again I took up the natural sciences. They carried me away into the infinite realms of space and down into the sub-stratas of the earth; in other words, to the highest heaven and the deepest hell. Contrast was made in my mind between the inhabitants of the bright upper worlds and those who are confined in the black vaults of perdition. My soul at times took wings and soared away through the ethereal realms and then came back to grapple with material substances.

The Faculty decided that I should make a specialty of the natural sciences and qualify to teach them. But nothing could divert me from the one object on which I had set my heart, and I held steady. There was nothing outside of the Bible that gave me a greater insight into spiritual things than the study of astronomy. It broadened my vision and took me away from the narrow confines of my habitation and let me see things from a different view-point. I thought of the world as a mere speck in the universe, and appreciated, as never before, the



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condescension of Christ to redeem it with His own blood.

Rev. W. B. Godbey had built a house on the Maysville and Lexington turnpike, a short distance from the place where we were located when we first went to Millersburg. The trees from which the lumber was sawed grew on a timber tract that my parents owned, near our old home in Lewis County. The preacher's object was to move his family to Millersburg so that his son James, then about eighteen years of age, could have the opportunity of attending the Wesleyan College.

After the house was completed and his family located, "Jimmie," who was preparing for missionary work in China, started to college and excelled all the other students in the study of languages. He was devoting much of his time to helping others with their lessons when he suddenly began to show signs of physical exhaustion. It proved to be quick consumption, and scarcely six weeks had passed until he had collapsed completely and his case was pronounced hopeless.

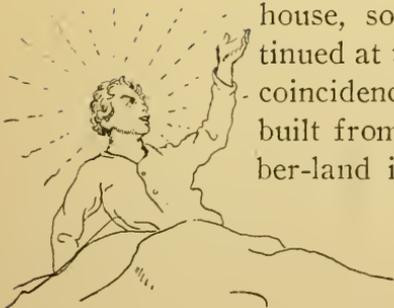
He sought and obtained the experience of

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sanctification about three days before he died. The remarkable things that took place at his bedside after this would fill a volume. He shouted the praises of God until his voice was gone and then tried to make the family understand by whispering to them. Mother and Lida witnessed "Jimmie's" triumph in his last hours.

With a halo of light on his face, he passed away after having revealed the fact that his grandmother and other departed saints had come to bear him over the mystic tide. His death had a profound influence upon our family, who needed something at this time to draw their minds away from material things, and help them to keep their affections placed on things above.

After he had taken his departure, Brother Godbey said he would move his family to Nicholas County, and that we must take the house, so that our education might be continued at the female college. It was a strange coincidence that we should occupy this house built from lumber brought from our own timber-land in Lewis County. The lumber was



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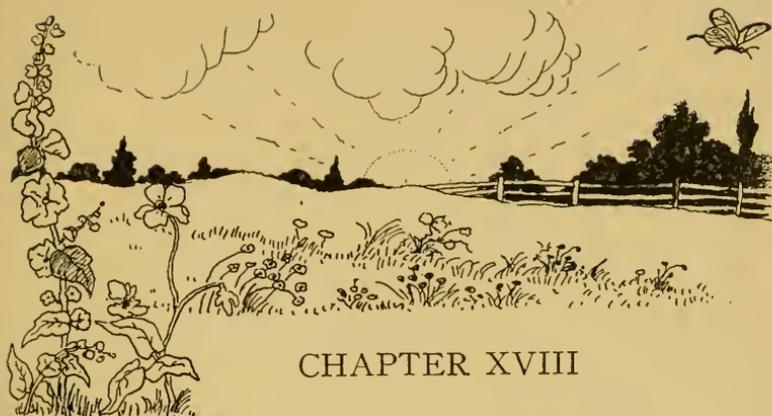
furnished him in pay for his services in our community. The people had but little money and were glad to remunerate him in this way.

I had prayed for some one to come and hold a meeting so that I could get salvation, and not only received the desire of my heart, but even more than I had asked or thought. I was now living in the house that had been built as the result of this meeting, and going to school where I could prepare for my life's work. The incidents connected with the whole story form a chain which none but God could forge.

Later, Brother Godbey took our old home place in Lewis County in exchange for this property, and sold it to John Krenz, our German neighbor, whose son August now owns and keeps it in good repair.







## CHAPTER XVIII

**I**N the summer of '81, after moving to the Godbey place, I took the Teachers' Examination at Paris, Kentucky, and had no difficulty in securing a first-class certificate. Professor Lockhart, the principal commissioner on the Board of Examiners, marked my papers. When he presented the certificate, he asked me where I had graduated. When I told him I was not a graduate he expressed surprise, and said that I had excelled others who were.

My heart was light as I turned my face toward home that afternoon. I had gained another victory and felt like giving God all the praise.



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We were living in the best school district in the county. The educational standard was higher than others because of its close proximity to the colleges, and the teachers received better wages. The school board would not employ a teacher who did not hold a first-class certificate. I applied for the school and secured it. There was soon to be another decided change in my life and I not only needed the money, but practice in teaching advanced students.

During the summer I had some bitter experiences. I had had the help of the Lord in securing a certificate and a school, but I felt that I was in much the same position as Joseph when he was sold by his brethren into Egypt. I seemed to be in the way, and there was no longer peaceful adjustment of differences that came up among us. I had no means with which to buy summer clothing, and it was a question of much concern to me as to what to wear until I could teach and draw my school wages in the fall. I scarcely ever went to church because the people were rich, and fashionably dressed;

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and there was no fellowship there for me. Moreover, they were not inclined to be sociable. The college boarding school students dressed in uniform, and if I wished to avoid being conspicuous I felt it was better to remain at home.

Spring and summer clothing in the country and town was a matter of discussion for weeks and even months before the school commencement; and custom forbade wearing dresses that had been used the summer before. I wanted to go where I could be free from the dictates of fashion.

Sunday in the Blue-grass region, was usually a sad day for me. The people had left the simplicity of the Gospel and were out for display and pleasure. The trunpike was lined with fine carriages and thoroughbred horses, and the clatter of horses' feet was heard from church-going time in the morning until late at night. The pride manifested here in livery equipment was unparalleled in the South.

Brother Godbey had a monthly appointment in Nicholas county, eight miles from our home. But our horses were so tired when



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Sunday came no one made an effort to get to his services. I succeeded on one occasion in getting Emery to take me, against his will, and he scarcely uttered a word there and back. It was soul-refreshing to hear a spiritual sermon once more, but Emery's silence pained me so much I was sorry that I had urged him to go. Where could I go and what could I do? was the question.

I felt as I did in my early life, that I was one too many in the family and there would have to be a separation. When difficulties arose between me and other members of the family, I did my best to conciliate matters, but failed. Mother, who usually had given me some consolation, in her efforts to keep peace changed in her attitude toward me and made decisions that I felt hurt her conscience. On one occasion she gave Westie a coat that was bought for me; and at another time made me wear an unbecoming hat that Lida had cast aside after she had worn it a time or two. This was one of three hats she had bought before she was suited. What could it all mean? I knew that the Scriptures

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say that "all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose," but I was unable to comprehend why I should continue to suffer this antagonism.

Some time during the summer Aunt Eliza Mason from Montana visited us. She came the very day when the furnace for me was at white heat. I had gone with Mother to Carlisle, the County Seat of Nicholas, to do some shopping and had wept all the way there and back. On our return, we were greeted with the news that Aunt Eliza and cousin Flora Harrison had arrived. I had suffered the death-pangs of separation from home and loved ones all day, and had silently prayed that some change might be immediately brought about; something had occurred in the morning that made me feel I could not live at home much longer.

In a few days, I overheard my aunt tell Mother that she wanted to take Lida or Nora back to Montana with her. Mother told her that it would be folly to think of such a thing,—that neither of them could be persuaded to

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go. She said that Mollie would be more likely to go than any of her children, but I was not one of Aunt's favorites and I did not suppose that she would want me under any conditions. But after she found that there was no hope of getting Lida or Nora to go she said she was willing to take me. I could not get ready to go with her, but I promised her I would come after my school was out.

During the fall and winter while I was teaching, no one supposed that I was very serious in the matter, and continued to feel that it would all blow over, but I had taken it to the Lord and had definite knowledge as to what I should do and had no thought of changing the decision.

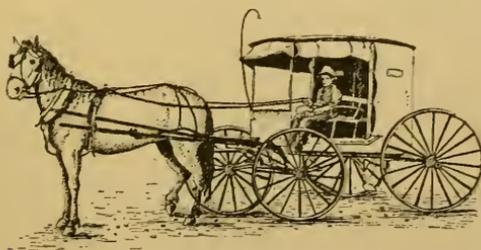
Opposition in the home continued until the day that I left. When I was getting into the carriage, Mother asked one of my sisters to let me take her heavy veil, but she refused. Little did some members of the family realize that their attitude toward me was stimulating me to take this step, and that the Lord was working it out for my good, and theirs, as well. I thought of Joseph when he was

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sold by his brethren into Egypt, otherwise I might never have had the courage to carry out my convictions.

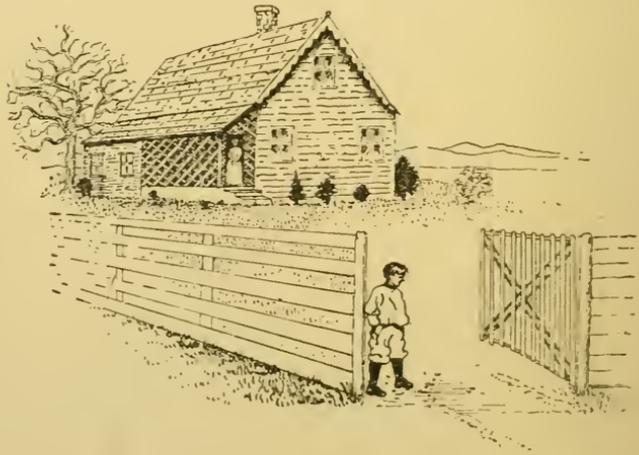
Mother, perhaps, could not have felt worse if she had been following my remains to the tomb. Father lost his appetite, and for three days before my departure pushed back from unfinished meals. His eyes were red with weeping; and when I left him at the depot he was so overcome he could scarcely speak; he was the only member of the family that kissed me good-by.

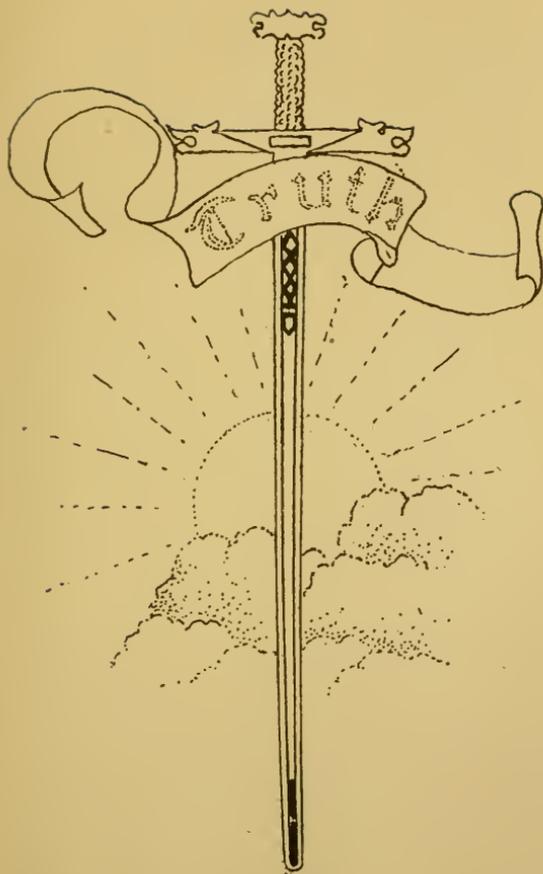
On the 20th of March, 1882, at 3:30 o'clock, I started on my long journey. There was room in the carriage for four, but no one offered to go with Rollie and me to the railroad station where Father was waiting with my ticket and a check for my baggage.

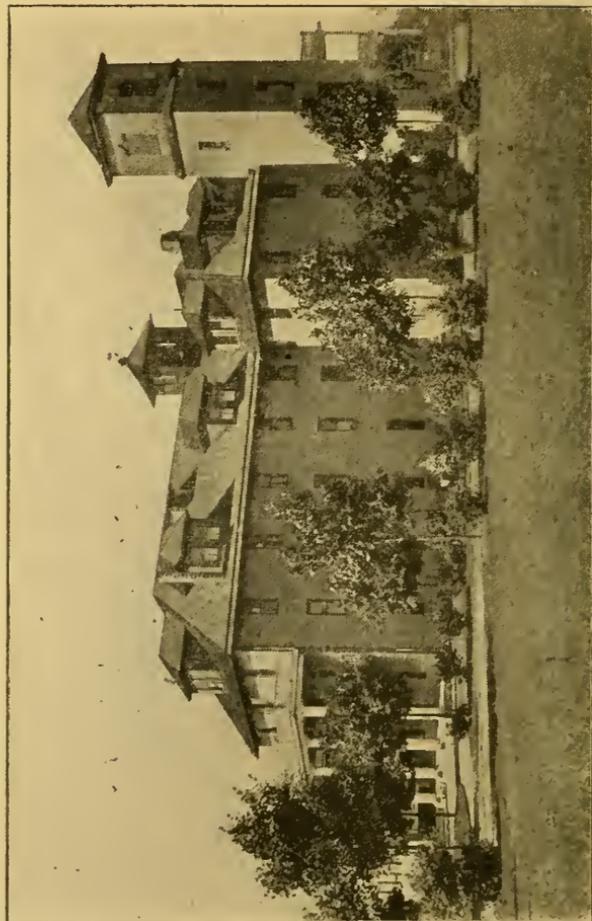


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When I looked back for the last time I saw Mother standing in the door of the lattice porch. I felt that her grief was almost unbounded, but neither of my older sisters appeared to wave a good-by. "Charlie" had opened the gate for the carriage and was standing near with hands in his pockets and tears in his eyes. Would I be able to bear up under it after I had once gotten away? was the question; and my only consolation was in the fact that I knew that the Lord had called me to leave my kinsfolk, as He did Abram, who left Ur of the Chaldees to go into a land that he knew not.







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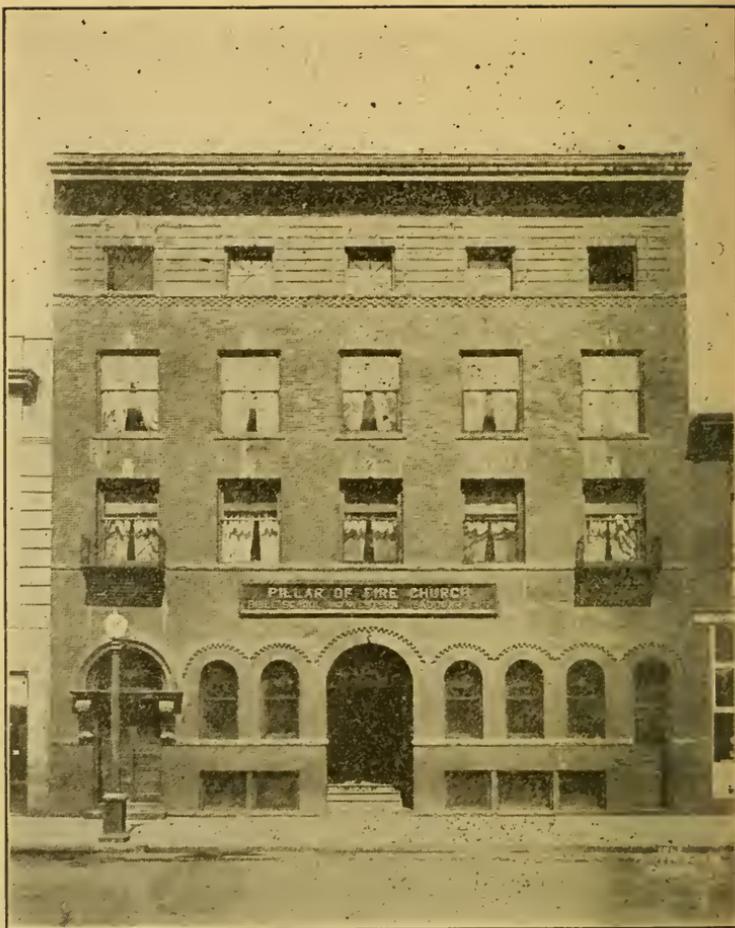
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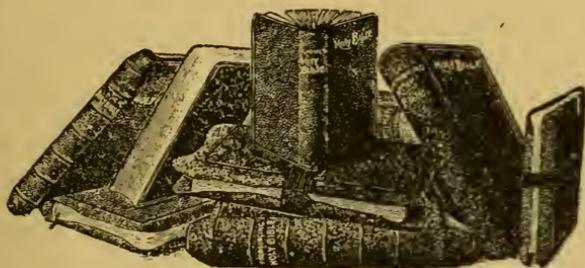
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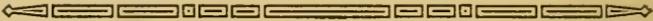
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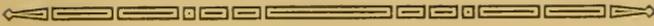
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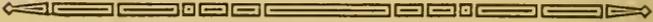
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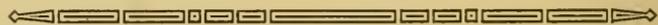
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