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MY FIRST FIFTY YEARS
By Green Tolbert Bustin

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DEDICATION

To the beloved children of God everywhere who are faithfully standing by us with their prayers and gifts of love for the advancement of His kingdom in the hearts of men; and to our untiring workers for Christ in the "regions beyond" this book is affectionately dedicated.

G. T. Bustin

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CONTENTS

- 1
Birth and Beginnings
- 2
My Two Besetting Sins
- 3
Loneliness and Heart-Cravings
- 4
Losing "Mamma" and Finding Mother

5

Bible School Days

6

My First Evangelistic Slate

7

Wedding Bells and the Way of the Cross

8

Dust Storms on the Horizon

9

The Master Speaks Again

10

Home Again and the Harvest Call

11

War Breaks Out on Andros Island

12

The War Rages -- Enemies Are Slain

13

Haiti on the Horizon -- Other Experiences

14

Haiti Bound

15

An Unforgettable Experience

16

More of Boats and Our Beginning in Haiti

17

New Guinea and My Greatest Grief

18

The Bustin and Menefee Memorial

19

Marriage Again and Our Home

20

The Miracle Broadcasting Station

21

Facing the Future Challenge

* * * * *

FOREWORD

My beloved companion, my children, and others of God's dear children are largely responsible for this book being in print today.

It has been a problem to know what to leave out and what to put in. I have endeavored to include that which might be of interest and inspiration both to young and old. For all its flaws I take the blame. For that which proves a blessing to our readers, may God be praised.

My prayers go with this book that every reader may be blessed of God, and that in that "better country" we shall mutually share our experiences of God's marvelous grace.

His and yours for the "Other Sheep."

G. T. B.

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Chapter 1

BIRTH AND BEGINNINGS

Perhaps something of the pioneer spirit is the natural heritage of the author of this book, for he was born on the homestead of his grandfather, Robert Bustin, which he had established among the clay hills of Scott County, Mississippi. His parents had come to this country as pioneers from "the old country" -- England. Great virgin pines, hickory, gum, ash, and oak trees surrounded the homestead on all sides.

Youthful parents, Oscar Percy Bustin, and Francis (Lyle) Bustin, of English and Irish extraction, approached the month of July, 1903, with wonderment and high expectations. Then the day came, July twenty-second, with "Old Dr. Roe" present, for the arrival of little G. T. His name had already been chosen -- borrowed from mother's favorite uncle, "Green Talbot!" (Perhaps this is a little off color for a red-faced half Irishman, but it stuck). Mother seemed to have an assurance that this little arrival would be a boy, for though she was not a Christian then, she had prayed that her child would be a preacher of the gospel. (She told me of this eighteen years later).

Fifteen months later little Robert came along, but marital friction marred their joy. This resulted in an estrangement and a sorrow to all concerned, the shafts of which left their ugly scars for years to come.

(Bear with me at this junction that some soul might be helped before that sad leap is made into a dark future. First of all, young people, be sure before you enter into the bonds of matrimony, for it is a serious venture. After the venture is made, then stick by your promises. You are bound by the laws of God until the bond is broken by death. Give and take. Forgive one another as God who stands ever ready to forgive us. You are no longer your own, but you belong to each other. When unexpected trouble comes turn to God for grace and help. Commit your lives and your problems into His mighty hands, and thus save yourselves and your loved ones untold griefs and troubles. Even if you find that you have blundered in your choices, the only safe way through is to stick by your promises. Come to God and live together).

G. T. and Robert never knew the pleasure of playing together in their boyhood days. It was only a matter of weeks until the oldest was laid in the lap of Grandma Bustin, while the youngest was carried by his mother to parts not known. Not once were these two boys to meet again until they had arrived at young manhood. Sin is cruel in its nature and sad in its results.

Due to this sad state of affairs little G. T. was constrained to fear his mother lest he should one day be stolen by her. In this I would make no charge against my long departed grandmother who was my only "mamma" during my youthful years. Nor would I make a thrust at my aged father who has ever borne the name of "truthfulness and honesty." I cannot blame my own mother who has now been in heaven for more than a quarter of a century. Sin is to blame for it all.

I loved my dear old grandmother whom I called mamma as long as she lived. She was an invalid from the time I was born, but an incessant laborer. She despised anything which looked like laziness. Thus, there is no need to say I was taught to work in my earliest years. There was no other child in the home -- except for a period of some months following the death of my aunt, when my little cousin came to live with us -- thus I had to be both girl and boy. My duties ranged from "setting the table" to "slopping the pigs" at a very early age. This combination was even carried into my first days of school when at the age of four I wore a flannel dress. Otherwise I might have been well dubbed "all boy".

We lived in the country in a big, old style house, but "mamma," known to all the country side as "Aunt Mary", was noted for her "well kept house", so naturally her "only girl" had somewhat of a share in this. The "scouring mop" -- made of shucks tightly drawn through augur holes in a heavy board with handle attached -- was my Saturday companion. If I worked extra well I might be rewarded with a run down to the creek for an hour or two to fish. (More about fishing later on.)

The little one room school house located on "Bustin Town Hill" furnished the basic part of my educational attainments. Here they dubbed me a "good student", but I was far from being free from faults and boyish pranks. It is true that I was ready to cry from shame when "turned down" in spelling, "set down" in a "spelling match," or given 95 or less in an examination, but I was often far from the ideal.

In this connection, well do I remember when I was about five years of age. We had a teacher by the name of Bob Kelley who boarded with us. One day a girl by the name of Beatrice was on the outs with me about something and went to Mr. Kelley and told him that I bit Tommy, her brother, on the arm. I was outraged by this lie. I informed the teacher that this was not true, for Tommy's arm was "rusty" and I would not put my mouth on it, but the two of them declared it was so, thus I was beaten for both lying and biting. I then and there settled it in my heart that when I got "big enough" I would give Bob Kelley a "licking." Incidentally upon arriving at young manhood I one day met Bob Kelley in the town of Forest, our county seat. I walked up to him and asked him if he knew me. He didn't. I said, "I know you, and for many years have had a whipping laid up for you because you whipped me on a false charge of biting a boy with a dirty arm, but the Lord saved me a few weeks ago, so I am going to let you off."

Like most other boys, perhaps, I wanted to do whatever I saw other people do. "Mamma" one time permitted me to go to a circus, though it was really against her conviction of what was right. Among other things I saw a man dive from a tower upon a springing mat and was unhurt. I thought this would be a good "show" to put on for my schoolmates who had not seen this. There was no springing mat available, but it was decided that we could heap up a great quantity of pine straw underneath a tree. This we did from time to time, then came the hour for the leap, or dive rather, from far up on a limb of the tree. In high spirits I climbed the tree, then came the dive for the entertainment of my audience. Nothing but the mercy of God, prevented my neck from being broken. I arose and limped away -- a wiser boy, and yet not cured from folly.

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Chapter 2

MY TWO BESETTING SINS

Perhaps it would be best to tell of two of my besetting sins, for there were others, but these two seemed to get me into more difficulties than the others, at least for the time being. These were "Fishing and Swimming". Of course these are not sins within themselves, but the craving which I had for these two sports often led to results which were far from pleasant.

When out of school I would work faithfully all week if I could only extract the promise of a trip to the creek on Saturday afternoon. Of course these times were well merited, but my trouble came from those unmerited and unpermitted occasions, such as when I would go after the cows or to cut wood, then would, after grabbing my hook and line, get excited by the nibble of some little fish, hardly more than a "top water," until cows or wood was forgotten. Then I had to pay off. Such experiences were too frequent to tell but I will pass on one little incident which will explain

I had often been told that colored people really knew how to catch fish, so I had long waited for an opportunity to get at least one lesson in this art. At last the opportunity came. About a mile and a half through the "piney-woods" back of the homestead was a large family of colored folk who sometimes worked for us, and my father would then go and do some plowing for them as pay for their work. One day it fell my lot to go along and help plant some corn. My grandmother

asked me to be back by one o'clock sharp to help in the garden. We had worked hard and our work was finished about eleven o'clock. I mean the corn-planting, for my father yet had work to do. One of these black boys suggested going fishing in the little creek near the place. Actually the creek was about ten feet wide at the widest points, but Joshua assured me there were "big fish" in it, and that he knew how to catch them, so this was enough for me. We got bait and were soon on the way. It may have been 11:30 by now, but what of it, I had only a mile and a half to go before one o'clock. Dinner meant little to me in view of learning how to catch "big fish," then after this I could run fast through the woods and get home in time for the garden work at one o'clock. Here was my opportunity, so we soon had our hooks in the water. Of course we had to "spit on the worms," first in order to entice the fish. I must confess they didn't bite quite as fast as they should, and the time was going very swiftly. After a few drops here and there with no results my confidence was beginning to be a bit shaken in my "teacher's" ability until suddenly his cork went under. With much excitement I saw him pull something out of the water part way -- at least five or six inches, then it sank -- and my heart sank with it, for the hook swung free. It is true that it looked more like a snake than a fish, but Joshua said it was a great fish and that we would soon catch it again. Yes, it was true that I would soon "catch it," but not this "whale" whose head had been pulled out of the water.

With soaring hopes we tried to persuade the "big fish" to come for our worms again, but he was gone for ever. With a sigh I got a side glance of the sun which had already taken a westward slant. Then I remembered something! I didn't mean to be rude toward Joshua, but I gave a bound like a wild Indian with my feet fleeing in the direction of the homestead. No time to follow the trail! A short cut was taken through the "piney-woods," out through the "black jacks" and on through the "black berry briars" with my broad-brimmed straw hat in hand. A few tumbles caused by "possum grape" vines were the order of the hour, but no time to nurse bruises now. There was no time to even think of them, for my mind was fully occupied with enlarging the "big fish" story and yet make it sound reasonable. By this time I sighted the garden and "Mamma" too, for she had been there for an hour. I entered the gate panting like a "puff-adder" and at the same time trying to get "mamma" excited about the uncaught "whale." I had hoped to change her thoughts and modify her intentions, but she wasn't excited in the least and seemed altogether unchangeable in her intentions as was demonstrated by the fact that she was headed directly toward an untrimmed apple tree, but the trimming soon began for both the apple tree and the fisherman. The "whale" story came to a sudden stop. There is no need to waste ink and paper in telling my readers what transpired that afternoon in the garden, but it might be well for you to learn that the bruises which I got from the "possum grape" vines were "not'in a' tal." This took place about forty years ago, but somehow I remember it well. That was my first and last fishing lesson from Joshua.

"The Ole Swimmin' Hole"

Experiences in this direction are too numerous to note, but I will yield to the temptation long enough to record one unforgettable incident.

The "blackberry" season was on, so it was my delight to hear mamma say, "Tolbert, I want you to take this bucket and go get me enough berries to make a 'cobbler' and 'hurry back.' Do you hear?" "Yes, Marnm," as always, came the reply, and the berry "picker" was headed for the "berry patch" and "the" Time was an important item, so with hat in one hand and bucket in the other

he bounded away like a runaway horse. Somehow the berries were unusually scarce that afternoon, then the search was suddenly interrupted by familiar sounds coming from farther down the creek. There had been recent rains and the water was fine. The suggestion came from somewhere that "perhaps" the berries are more plentiful down that way." Berries were scarce everywhere that afternoon, but what a day for a swim! Yes, there was the gang and what a time they were having! And there were those two "Saxon boys" who were noted as "very bad boys" and "mamma" had said that under no condition was I to play with them. What was I to do? It was too late now for the gang had spied me! "Come on in," they cried. There were thoughts plenty, and something said, "No," but clothes were shed and the fun began while time was fleeing.

Before too long the "berry boy" said something about having to go, but it didn't take too much persuasion to keep him a bit longer. Oh, yonder is one of those "Saxon boys" out and already dressed! It is time to go. Just as I climbed out of the creek in the direction of my "shirt and pants" I saw them slipping through the woods in the hands of that "Saxon boy." I called for him to stop, but on he went in the direction of his home. I began running after him at full speed and yelling for him to stop, but the faster I ran, the faster he flew, and since he was much larger, I realized that I was in trouble, and besides there I was with nothing on but "birthday clothes" . . . as naked as a skinned rabbit. The "black jacks," black berry briars and "possum grape" vines wrapping themselves about my flesh were none too comfortable, but even these things were not my big problems just then. I am sure no philosopher ever had more thoughts fly through his head in so short a time. I both remembered and anticipated, but with no pleasure. Without a doubt I remembered the day when Joshua gave me the lesson on how to catch "big fish," and of what I did catch in the garden. I remembered "mamma" said, "Have nothing to do with those Saxon boys." Then I featured having to go home in that condition with only an empty bucket and my straw hat. Woe would be unto my shirtless back and pantless legs. On and on we ran. I knew it would not be nice to chase this boy to his home like this . . . such a predicament! About the time I was ready to give up the race this bad boy dropped my clothes and slipped on out of the reach of flying "chunks," for by this time my anger was in a rage. No berries that day, but I had another trip to the garden late that afternoon. This time "mamma" trimmed a peach tree in order to adapt some "shelalies." You can guess the rest. The good woman never did learn of my escapade with the Saxon boy. I thought she gave me enough as it was.

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Chapter 3

LONELINESS AND HEART-CRAVINGS

Separation which sin produces always leaves loneliness in the lives of those concerned. Your writer's life in the earliest stages was one of great loneliness. "Mamma" was good to me, and sought to instill in my life principles of character. My father was also a man of moral fortitude -- always standing for truth and honesty. I believe "mamma" truly loved God and walked in such light as she had, even though I never heard her pray during all the years I lived under her roof. She loved her Bible and would sometimes read to me from Proverbs -- specially those portions which concern the purity of young men. Just how much these scriptural warnings have meant in my life I shall never know in this world, but I am certain they have served as a mighty bulwark in the face of

temptations fierce and strong. I am indebted to that humble life whose frail body has long since rested beneath the cold clay of the country graveyard. She taught me to work and demanded of me truthfulness and honesty. She had never heard of such a thing as "child psychology," so she was a great believer in "panticillin," therefore raised me repeatedly with her "shelalies" which were always kept handy. I have had reason to thank God many times for such correction -- straight-edgings for my life.

Due to the great difference in our ages, and also on account of her frailty of body, she failed to understand my boyish wishes for companionship and soul-hunger for affection. This was partially supplied by our family dog dubbed "old Rover." He seemed to understand in part as I would sometimes bury my face on his neck and weep my heart out. I often tried to pray, but, having been taught that we could only hope that we were in the number of "elect" for whom Christ died, I was never sure that He would hear my prayer. Being the only child in the home, and possessing an affectionate nature, it is of small wonder that I was always in love with "little girl friends" who crossed my lonely path. More than once was my childish heart deeply bruised by these having to move to another part of the country. God be praised that I always wanted the pure and the well-behaved as my passing lovers. My father and grandmother called my love affairs puppy love," but they were sincere affairs, nevertheless.

I loved my "pappa" very dearly and enjoyed being near him, but, with the exception of those times when we worked together in the field, or cut timber in the woods, or did some other type of labor, I was not too often privileged to be with him. He too had his own burdens to bear, and never knew the deep heart-hungerings of his small son. I am sure he loved me tenderly, but there lacked the companionship needed. (My aged father still lives in Mississippi and appreciates his preacher son even though he has not understood some of my deep convictions against the ways of the world. It is my deep heart-cry that he, together with other members of the family, may know the Lord in truth, then at the end of the way share our mutual joys in the land of no loneliness).

Often times, in my day dreams, I had secret longings, and sincerely hoped that God would somehow work His wonders in my unworthy life, and tried to pray that, perchance that I were among the "elect," I might some day know that my soul was saved. Days without number I have planted my bare feet in the newly made furrows and pondered in my mind the possibility of my being saved. I had sadly been taught that none of us could know whether Christ died for us, since only the eternally "elect" were among that number. This is unspeakably sad. (This is the twin doctrine of the popular theory of "once saved always saved" regardless of how one lives. Both are popular falsehoods.)

How great and good is our God to hear the cry of a bewildered child and do far more for him than he could even dream of. Through those years of mute mystery and great heart-yearnings He was working out a plan which in later years has gradually been unfolding.

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Chapter 4

LOSING "MAMMA" AND FINDING MOTHER

In 1920, at the age of seventeen, I secured the consent of "mamma" and "papa" to go West to work for some months. It was decided that I should go to the home of my mother's uncle who was living on a large farm out on the Panhandle in West Texas. I had been working in that part of the country for some months when suddenly the sun of my life turned to deep darkness. A message had come from Mississippi saying, "Mamma is dead." The only mother I had ever known was gone. I had often wished that I might die first. After this message came I had no heart to remain in the West.

The heart of winter found me back in my home State, and at the homestead where my father, and step-mother (who was only six years older than myself), and a small baby girl were living. Both my father and step-mother were good to me, but the old home place had lost its attraction for me. I wanted to go somewhere -- but where?

Just at this point in my life came a letter -- the first of the kind I had ever received -- a letter signed "Your own mother." My readers may try to imagine my feelings. Many years had passed without my having heard even a remote word as to whether my mother were alive or dead. Now a letter was in hand inviting me to come to her. It appears that my great uncle in the West had written to his brother, my mother's father, telling him of my whereabouts, also suggested that if he knew where she were living, and would contact her, then in turn if she would write to me, I might be ready to go to her. The messages went the round, thus a letter from my own mother.

At this time, I fear that I was no longer the good boy I had been in earlier years. I remember having been told by someone how well my mother liked to play cards. My thoughts were, "I have never yet found anyone who would stay with me until I got my fill of card playing. Perhaps I shall find that one in the person of my mother." I was careful to have a good deck on hand, two weeks later, upon my arrival in the delta country of northeastern Arkansas.

It was a great meeting for my mother, and a strange meeting for me. It was the day following that I met my brother, for he was away when I arrived. We formally shook hands as I said, "Hello Robert," and with his rejoinder, "Hello Tolbert." We were both approaching young manhood, and had never once played together in our lives, nor had we spoken to each other before now. I had never heard of my half-sister, Lottie Mae. (Now a missionary in Haiti.

Upon letting my mother know of the cards which I had brought with me for those anticipated games I received the shock of my life, for she said, "Son your mother is glad to have you here, but you must not take the cards out of your suitcase in this house, for we have no card playing in this house." I explained to her that I had heard that she greatly enjoyed playing cards. She informed me that such was true at one time, but that a change had taken place in her life. She then told of what the Lord had done for her. Immediately I dubbed her as a "fanatic," for I learned that she was a believer in holiness. My previous impressions of such people were that they claim to be "as good as Christ," "can't sin," "can't be tempted," and "that they think they are sprouting wings." To put it mildly I wished that I were elsewhere.

About this time I formed acquaintance with a neighboring family which afforded me a bit of carnal comfort since they believed as I did -- "that everybody must sin more or less every day, and

of course there is no harm in an innocent game of cards." Upon being asked how I liked my mother, I replied, "She is all right, but I have no time for her religion." This was no little grief to my mother. She conducted family devotions each day. When present I always bowed my head in respect; but I blew my top one morning after mother had audibly prayed for my salvation, and that the Lord would call me to preach the message of holiness. This was going too far. I said, "Look here, you may pray for me as much as you like, but I want you to leave that holiness preacher stuff out of your praying. If I hear you pray like that again I am leaving." Mother sweetly replied, "All right son, I shall not pray audibly again in this way, but I shall continue to pray." How wicked for young people to thoughtlessly crush and grieve the hearts of praying parents by such cutting remarks!

Within only a few weeks I was miserable and ready to leave. It meant added grief to mother for me to take my brother with me. He had known the Lord, but was now in a backslidden state and shared with me in my attitudes. The following months were months of misery. I later left my brother and launched out on a course of rambling. Many hundreds of miles from home I was taken ill with high fever. In my sinful state I promised God that I would go home if He would spare me. I was soon out of bed, but continued in those parts for some weeks. "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight," played on a record, served to deepen conviction. I kept my word and returned to northeastern Arkansas, but after some days I left again to be gone "permanently" (?), and wrote mother to this effect. Hardly one month had passed until I was ready to be on the move again, but tried to go in an opposite direction from home, but it seemed that an irresistible hand was laid upon me -- I went home. Upon arriving at our place late one night I thought to change my voice and surprise my mother, but, to my astonishment, she said, "Son, come on in, for I know who you are." She had been near death. A telegram had been sent to my brother who had been visiting our father in Mississippi. My brother arrived in the afternoon and I arrived late the same night. Upon being asked if a telegram should be sent to me mother said, "No, he will come anyway." This marked the end of my ramblings for the devil.

During the early part of December of 1921 special meetings were conducted in a country school house. W. M. Lusk was the leading light in this meeting. He looked straight at me while he preached -- even pointed at me, as I supposed -- and uncovered my sins to the extent that I became angry and accused my mother of telling him all about me. This conviction climaxed with my conversion on the 12th day of December. What a change! My friends thought I had lost my senses. One sinning religionist who was a strong believer in unconditional eternal security remarked, "Bustin is a good boy, but he has gone crazy over religion." This poor man died a sad death within little more than a year. People held him on his bed while he died. The young lady whose side I left the night I went to the altar rejected God, ran away and married a drunkard, and has lived in a domestic hell for long years. Others rejected the Lord and are now in eternity without hope. Yes, I gave up everything, but my everything was so very small in comparison to that which I received, and I am yet receiving.

Four weeks after my conversion I was praying in a corn crib loft -- consecrating my heart and life to God. I even promised Him I would be a "holiness preacher," or anything else He wanted me to be if He would fill me with His precious Holy Spirit He answered by fire. The heavenly flame burned upon the altar of my heart, and after nearly thirty-two years it still burns. Praise Him! Praise Him! I did praise Him, and sang hours on end even though I am not a singer.

His call was clear. I didn't know all that the future held, but I knew that I must preach the blessed Gospel of complete deliverance, and began to plan accordingly. I knew nothing of how far this call would take me in the years to come. Its joys and sorrows were in the unknown bundle, but I shall have reason to praise Him for ever that I heard His voice and heeded the call.

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Chapter 5

BIBLE SCHOOL DAYS

I was sick in bed most of the month after my conversion, but as soon as I was able to walk I made my way to town for the express purpose of spending the only dollar I had in the world for a Bible. I walked and walked within the town looking for a Bible at this price. Finally my efforts were rewarded. What a joy when I hugged this priceless treasure to my heart. My first Bible! This eight mile walk for a Bible seemed nothing. It was a Revised Version, but it mattered little to me since it was God's book.

Following a trip to see my father in Mississippi specially to witness of the wonderful works of God, a very great blow came into my life. I had hoped against hope and had prayed many hours that my fair-faced girl friend who was unspeakably dear to me would be moved to give her heart to God. This was not to be, for the human will clashed with the divine. She would not yield to my Greater Lover, so there was nothing to do but say farewell. Only Our Father knows the hurt of the heart in that hour. I have since had reason to thank God a thousand times that my prayer was not answered, in my way.

Young reader, will you allow me to speak from experience and admonish you to prayerfully and seriously seek the will of God in the matter of a life companion. How I thank God today that I said, "Lord, let only thy will be done in my life regardless of the cost." God has a plan for your life. Will you with an open mind clearly seek His will in regard to a companion? Some very close to me failed in this regard, and that to their eternal regrets. Go slow and be safe. Take time to pray over this vitally important subject.

At this point in my life the way was opened for me to go north in order to secure work which would make possible my going to Bible School. Here again our Lord allowed some severe testings to come which were to serve in weaning my soul from things visible and tangible until I learned to lean upon Him alone. A siege of illness consumed every cent I had saved to turn in the direction of school. For a nineteen year old boy hundreds of miles from home this was no small trial. At times it seemed that Satan would kill me. I could almost see him as he jeered and told me what a fool I was to be away from home and sick in body because of my plan to preach the Gospel. How I praise God that He gave me grace to stick through this special trial. He then did for me far more than I asked. The way was opened for me to go to Trevecca College in Nashville, Tennessee where I was privileged to work half my way in school.

There are quite a few interesting experiences in connection with my Bible School work, but time prohibits my relating many of these.

My First Trial In School

From somewhere I had gotten the impression that in Bible School all my testings would be over, and that it would not be necessary to pray so much, for there everybody would be going with the Lord and the devil would be forced off the grounds. I was soon to learn a different lesson.

Upon entering school I paid down all the money I had except five dollars. I held that back for some special emergency need. I was engaged in practical Christian work over the week ends, but nothing would induce me to spend this precious five dollars. I walked many miles each Sunday and would do without my dinner on Sunday, but this money must not be spent. One would have thought me a Scotchman instead of an Irishman. All was going well until a certain preacher came along with an incorrigible son to place in Bible School. The authorities agreed to accept him in school on condition that one of the older students would agree to accept him as a roommate. No one seemed to want him. I was approached on the question of permitting him in my room. I hoped to help the poor boy who had never been taught obedience, so I consented to accept him. Such a decision! He was truly demon possessed. No time here to let up in prayer. He was my thorn in the flesh. The climax came when he stole my suitcase containing my precious five dollars. Thanks to the poor boy for the release he gave me! My only prop was gone, so the Lord could prove Himself. I had no more walking to do and my needs were met in a marvelous way. (The poor lad eventually died in a hospital from car injuries, but died with victory in Christ.)

My Mother's Death

I had been in school only about two months when another great blow came into my life. Word reached me that my dear mother, with whom I had spent so little of my life, was in the hospital at Memphis, Tennessee.

A week before I had had a peculiar experience. I had come down to my last penny, the rain was falling on Saturday so that I was unable to get out to make some sales of literature and to talk to people about Christ, as was my custom. Satan made a special attack on my faith, but this drove me to the place of prayer. That night as I left the dining hall one of God's children handed me a dollar saying, "Sister Cooksie said the Lord told her to give this to you." What a joy! Another small offering was handed to me, then on Sunday morning another beloved brother in Christ gave me a piece of money. The same afternoon two of us were praying in a small mission in Nashville when a poor crippled sufferer walked into the building. We dealt with him about his soul and led him to the altar of prayer. While I was praying for him the Lord told me to give him my two dollars. I hesitated for I was obligated to the school and also had some personal needs. The Lord made it clear to me that, what I had was really his own and that He has a right to tell me what to do. With joy I relinquished my claim upon my two dollars. I had enough change left to pay my carfare back to the school that night. My pockets were empty, but my heart was full. I knew nothing of the ordeal coming up for the week.

Toward the middle of the week I received a letter from mother that she was leaving for the hospital and was confident that God had a plan in it all. She expressed her desire to see me, but knew naturally it was out of the question. I wanted to go but I had fixed it in my mind I would not

borrow or beg, and I sought to shun a public expression of desire to go lest it appear as a hint for someone to assist me. I kept the matter before the Lord. The one who was my roommate at the time would come in and ask me if I were going to see my mother. At first I told him that I didn't know, but later I had a conviction that I would go and told him so. About twenty-five dollars were needed to make the trip, and I didn't have the slightest idea of where one dollar would come from.

Tuesday at noon of the following week some of the students and one or two of the godly teachers were in the prayer room as usual, for Tuesday noon was the hour of fastings. While we were praying a young man came up and touched me on the shoulder saying, "The business manager says for you to hurry and throw a few things in your suitcase and catch the next train." This was all a mystery to me how the Lord provided, but within an hour's time I was aboard the Memphis train moving out of Nashville.

At the hospital in Memphis I asked if I might see mother. The young nurse to whom I had spoken turned away with tears in her eyes but an elderly nurse said, "My boy, your mother has just gone to heaven. She left this world shouting."

Mother had chosen for a funeral song "When I Have Gone the Last Mile of the Way." The preacher used for his text, "She hath done what she could." The funeral rites were held in the little delta town of Lepanto, Arkansas. Alone with God on this occasion I pledged my life and service anew to go where He wanted me and to serve Him with all my soul. My last earthly support had slipped away, but I had a feeling that mother's God would see me through.

My Great Sermon (?)

Back in school I was constantly occupied in religious service over the weekends, but as vacation season was approaching it became my constant prayer to know the will of God for these months. Some advised one thing and some another, but I had to know the will of my Lord. Other students had returned to their homes, but your writer, found lodging in a humble suburban home where he temporarily labored hard in digging a basement. While thus employed my continual prayer was, "Lord, let me go out for part of the summer to preach thy word if it can be thy will." One day someone came and called me and asked if I could go out for the rest of the summer to assist a man and his wife in some tent meetings. What a joy!

Among the hills of Tennessee in the town of Red Boiling Springs we pitched our first battle. God gave us some precious victories in this place. Most of the preaching was done by the evangelists. I was simply a helper and had charge of a few services. At the close of this campaign the evangelists had to return to Nashville due to illness. They cast the responsibility of the tent upon my shoulders and informed me that I would have full charge of the next campaign across the mountains in a place known as Salt Lick. They had written for a man to come for us and the tent on a certain day but had not told him they were returning to Nashville.

On the appointed day the "Old timer" arrived in his topless "Lizzie" -- about a 1915 model Ford. The poor man was obviously disappointed when he beheld their only "excuse" for a preacher. I too felt for him, but my orders were to go so I could do nothing else on condition that he would take me. That day over the ups and downs of the rugged trail I was frequently reminded

of the fellow's discontent with the evangelists' substitute. I could do nothing more than grin and endure the remarks and silently pray that by a miracle of God I might not prove too great a disappointment.

Upon our arrival at Salt Lick, which had already been vociferously announced by the knocks, rattles, coughing and spitting of the approaching Ford, the old-timers were already coming out the front door of the weather-beaten country store in order to greet the evangelists. Try to imagine the withering disdain upon the faces of these old rugged men of the hills when they were informed that "this boy" is the substitute for their cherished evangelists. "Poor Me!", yet who could blame them? It was to be expected that they turned away in deep disgust with low mutterings... . "There will be no meeting." Behold what I had prayed myself into! Here I was among people who did not want me, no friends, no funds and naturally no formula for my predicament. Being left alone my poor heart was lifted to God in prayer that He would see me through this place of darkness. How hard to stay in a place where I was not wanted, as was overwhelmingly evident!

The poor old sinner who had gone for me appeared to be my only friend. He fed me a scanty meal, then we hitched his team to the wagon and went in search of tent poles, stakes, and rocks to use in seating the tent. We worked hard, for it was then well into the afternoon and the mountain folk had been told that their evangelists would "commence meeting" that night. Perhaps a few may turn up before the counteracting news reaches their ears.

Finally the nail-keg gossipers were annoyingly prevailed upon to come out of the little store where they were arduously occupied in chewing, spitting and discussing the "kid" which had been sent to tell them how to live. It was time to lift the tent. Half-heartedly they drove the tent stakes in the soft ground, helped tie the ropes, and raise the tent. This was enough so they again filed inside the store to resume their critical conversation. There, under the tent alone, I knelt to pray for courage and grace to do God's will. Hardly had I begun to pray when a gust of wind struck the tent and brought it down with a thud. Fortunately I was not struck by a pole, so crawled out unhurt to go for the unambitious chatterboxes to come and help repair and raise the tent again. They lazily dragged themselves out and helped put the stakes a bit deeper. After pleading with them they were persuaded to assist in arranging a few boards on the rocks to serve as seats. I sought to have them put in more, but their caustic reply was, "These are all that will be needed." Such encouragement for the "kid" preacher.

Tired in body and under mental pressure I arose to speak that night after having also directed the song service. It was immensely encouraging to note that both the attendance and the speaker exceeded the expectation of the tobacco-chewing prattlers. The attendance noticeably increased every night and the blessing of God was upon the services. In this place, for the first and only time in my life, the unknowing crowd groundlessly accused me of being a "great singer." Such a charge!

The climax of accusations came about one Sunday night just before the close of the series of services. I was soon to return to take up my studies again, so the folk felt that something should be done to help the "boy preacher." It was unitedly agreed upon that the most prominent figure in that section should take a fair-sized slice off the service that night to give an eulogy in behalf of the student preacher and lift a "big offering" to help him in school. What a speech! Fortunately for the

"accused" that he had his head in his hands imploring the help of heaven. Never had I even dreamed that such commendation and exaltation should one day be mine. I was in some way obsessed with the sensation that I was being carried immeasurably beyond my realm and that some ill omen was about to befall me. Onward went the wind-jammer with his high praise and culminated this memorable speech with, "Now friends, this young man merits our whole hearted support, and for one, I am prepared to do something for him. His sermon this morning was the greatest I ever listened to in my life and I am sure another great message awaits us tonight. I'll tell you what, I got fifty cents worth out of the message this morning and I believe I will get that much tonight. I am going to start this offering at one dollar. My head was still in my hands and I suddenly realized I had been jolted back to earth. The revival offering amounted to about sixteen dollars. I must have had about five dollars to begin my new school year.

Incidentally I received another jolt after returning to school, which landed me in the basement of personal esteem. I had not meant to boast in the least while relating some of my experiences to a senior preacher student. I told him of how the Lord had so anointed me on one occasion until I had spoken one full hour. The preacher ironically replied, "The man who talks the longest says the least." Bang! I hit the bottom without an argument and slipped silently into speechless seclusion.

My First Real Leap of Faith

At Thanksgiving time after the above experience I had a real conviction that I should go to Jonesboro, Arkansas, and bring my fifteen year old half-sister back to school with me. I asked the Lord to make the way for me to go if He would have me to do so. The need was marvelously supplied and I went, but little did I imagine the test which awaited me.

Upon my arrival in Lepanto, Arkansas, I had expected to see my brother at the station. He was not there, but his father-in-law greeted me with, "We are sorry that you came. Robert and wife are not at home, but they are both at our place piled up in bed with the mumps." Wow! The grinning old devil seemed to spring himself straddle of my neck and jeeringly laughed in my ear, "Ha, I have one on you now. You thought you did something by making the trip down here. I will see to it that you get the mumps, then you will be compelled to work to get money for your fare back to your Bible school. You will be so far behind in your studies you will never catch up. Your stepfather will not permit his daughter to return to school so you will drag in late with shame."

This was one of the times when the old liar seemed to have stumbled upon the truth for I was without a dollar to pay lodging elsewhere, go on to Jonesboro, or go back to school. In the name of our blessed conquering Christ I made my way out to the house, shook hands with my brother and his wife and prepared to make the best of the worst.

One party handed me the price of the fare to Jonesboro, so I was soon on my way to let my sister know that I had come for her. Her father informed me that she could not go, for he had no money to pay her fare and to pay her expenses in school. "Aha, I told you so," said my old tormenter.

"May my sister go back with me next week if the Lord provides both her fare and my fare?", said I to her father. He thought he was sure of his ground in saying yes, so he gave me his promise. This was Saturday morning, so turning to my sister I said, "Be packed up and ready."

Saturday afternoon I was back in Lepanto with a conviction that I should conduct a street service. A wicked man insisted that the service be held in front of his store. His desire was granted. God graciously moved upon that crowd. Many hands were raised for prayer and a general conviction seemed to take hold of the crowd. About the time we dismissed the meeting some unconverted man took off his hat and voluntarily went among the group insisting that they put something in it for "the boy." It seemed that the devil was clear out of town by this time. The presence of God was so real, and in my hand was placed a good offering. Service was conducted in a country home that night with another offering given to me.

Sunday noon I was in church at Jonesboro. Everything needed was in my possession with exception of nine dollars. I was determined not to tell anyone of the need. I was asked to preach at the Nazarene church that night. It had been my purpose to leave Monday morning for Nashville, but my sister was not packed up, so the trip had to be postponed until Tuesday. I had been asked to speak at the church on Monday night. After service an offering was taken which amounted to nine dollars. No one knew the amount we needed for our fares, but the Lord knew and provided. Upon arriving at school in Nashville I discovered that I had ten cents left.

Now I had the responsibility of my sister's school expense as well as my own. It was marvelous how our Lord provided. One day the school's business manager was approached by a city school teacher and asked if Brother Bustin and his sister could come to her place that night and have supper. We went and enjoyed a well prepared meal and the fellowship of this woman of God. As we were about to leave she slipped a bit of paper into my hand. I didn't look at it until later, but my heart was truly grateful for this "five," or possibly a "ten" dollar check. Try to conceive my joy when I discovered that the check was for \$91.00! In various ways the Lord supplied the needs for our school work. My sister is now a missionary in Haiti.

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Chapter 6

MY FIRST EVANGELISTIC SLATE

I had conducted several revival meetings before, but had never booked a group of successive meetings until just before I left Bible School. The summer was quite well taken, so when my theological teacher approached me about conducting a series of revival services at Cookville, Tennessee, my reply, with an air of satisfaction, was, "I am sorry, but I am all booked up for the summer."

My first meeting was to be held in a county seat buried deep in the hills, but a friend in another country town had asked me to go there, and had offered to make all arrangements for the campaign to be conducted in the big court house auditorium. Word came to the effect that all arrangements had been made and that I should simply contact the jailer upon my arrival. With high

hopes for a great campaign in a country center, I engaged a good brother to assist in this special meeting.

We carried out my friend's orders in going to the home of the jailer. The man said he had never heard of me before, and that he knew nothing whatsoever of the scheduled services in the court house. Finally he did recall that the man had contacted him about the building, and that he had promised it, but he had no idea of when the meeting should begin nor by whom it was to be conducted. We were stunned. "Come in," said the jailer, "and put down your luggage. Perhaps we can arrange entertainment for a night or so." We were grateful for this man for giving us a place to stop beneath the jail roof, but from the beginning we knew that we were not wanted.

The court room, or at least the main auditorium, had not been used for years. The place was horribly filthy, but we tackled the job of cleaning it. We literally raked and shoveled the filth out. We held open air services, painted a sign, and advertised the best we could. Some people came and went, but nothing was offered to us in the way of entertainment. We continued to camp in the jail house, but we knew we were unwanted, so actually prayed that the man would tell us to go, for we didn't wish to offend him by leaving without being told to do so, and we had no other place to go. The answer was forthcoming. Some friends drove in from Indianapolis, so we were informed that our room would be needed. We heartily thanked the jail manager and went to the woods to give thanks to the Lord for answering our prayer. At service time we had our belongings all in the court room awaiting the verdict for the night. An interested group of folk sat in the service that night, and later said, "We certainly did enjoy the message." They went their way, and we went our way -- to a couple of rough benches which served as our beds. These boards were hard, but even then we gave thanks to God for that "prison-free" feeling. Brother Crossman, the singer, used his briefcase for a pillow while two Bibles served as my headrest. The next night we began services in Cookville where we labored for four weeks. Night after night I would preach all the way from Genesis to Revelation, then wonder what on earth I would be able to talk about the next night. About four o'clock each morning I was up crying to God to give me something which I had not discovered before in His Book. He graciously answered and gave us one of the finest meetings I had ever witnessed. A large group of young people were brought into the fold during those weeks, and some of these were mightily baptized by the Holy Spirit. One of the number shouted her way into heaven within six weeks. My evangelistic slate was completely disorganized for the summer, but God gave us some great victories.

One of the hardest places I ever labored in, not excepting dark heathen lands, was in a little town in south Mississippi. Because of a physical disorder I was in the habit of going without supper every night. The woman in whose home I lodged had a peculiar notion that it was a major sin to eat breakfast. She was not too alert in preparing the noon meal, so before leaving this place I had lost some weight. One night I went home with some friends who offered me something to eat before retiring. I was so hungry that I yielded, with the result that I was sick most of the night.

In addition to the powers of hell which were encountered in this home where my hostess served me one meal a day, I was ordered one morning to go with her 14 year old adopted son and help him rob a beehive. Of this type of work I knew absolutely nothing, even though I had been raised on a farm. I sought to explain, but this extremely religious woman would hear no reason. I must go and take the top off one of the hives and bring out the honey. The top was taken off all

right, and out came the bees, but I never knew what happened to the honey. I was robbed and got a big head in the deal. The devil tempted me to wonder if I would live through this ordeal.

After my summer schedule, with its disruptions, had ended I was approached by a District Superintendent and offered two churches which would begin paying me about one hundred dollars a month. (Big wages for a boy in his early twenties back there nearly thirty years ago). I promised that I would pray about this. In the meantime a letter came from a man of God in the deep south saying that a new church had just been organized with a group of people who could make no promise of salary, but were in need of a pastor. My friend said he felt that I was the one to go there. I prayed about this unsalaried place and was led to go there. There has never been a doubt in my mind as to the will of God in this matter, but have had reason to thank God many times for this decision to take the hard place and the way of faith rather than sight. This proved to be a hard place in more ways than one, but Father saw that his little child needed some schooling which had not come his way in the conventional Bible School.

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Chapter 7

WEDDING BELLS AND THE WAY OF THE CROSS

During the previous late summer I had met and won to the Lord the one who was to become Mrs. G. T. The first time I saw this young lady in a home in Jonesboro, Arkansas, where she was staying with a friend, she ran to keep from being introduced to the "boy preacher." (I was twenty-two). Within a little less than a year she stood as a bride at the altar with the one from whom she had fled at first sight. This young school-mistress was destined to play a large part in the life of a young holiness preacher. Little did either of us know the rugged paths which lay ahead. Leaving the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Cox, well known and highly respected citizens of northeastern Arkansas, the young wife went with her husband to Columbus, Mississippi. Here we at first shared the small and humble quarters of a poor family in our congregation. Our next move was to a one room apartment where we did our cooking on a gas lantern which the writer had specially arranged for that purpose. All of this was no little trial to my companion, but the Lord saw that both of us needed some training for future service.

I shall ever be indebted to my companion who stuck with me through the exceedingly hard places during those early years of our ministry. She was never really a preacher, but she prayed for her husband, endured hardships with him, served competently as teacher, devoted mother, and eventually became an untiring laborer for her Lord in regions beyond.

Literally scores of pages could be packed with incidents of our pioneering years, but time and space will permit only a few of these. During the twenty-two and one half years we lived together we had a salary only three years. During the remaining years we never knew how the Lord would provide for us. Perhaps our first great test concerning material needs came to us while in Meridian, Mississippi where we were called to pastor a congregation which was newly organized. Upon our arrival there we were greeted by some of the congregation who met at our humble quarters rented from a crabbed old lady. One of the number had in his hand a nice sample

of yellow butter from his Jersey. He also handed me some money, told me about the good job he had, and that we could count on him to stand by us. (He was the main support). Within one week, and with a single blow from the Gospel gun, I had shot this promising prop from under me. We paid dear rent which was always taken care of first, then we lived on such as was provided. We made it a rule to keep out of debt, and never beg, nor borrow anything of merit.

We saw the end of everything approaching, and then the arrival: no money and no food for another meal. This was specially hard on my young wife who had been accustomed to making her own way in teaching. Having gone through some of these pinches in school I was persuaded to believe that God would make the way at the right time, yet I cannot say it was easy, for I shared something of my companion's concern. We knew the Lord had led us, so He would surely provide according to His promise. My full time was given in His service, so these material things must be added. On this particular occasion we had just launched a tent campaign near where we were living, but as yet the crowd was small and the people were poor. We had partaken of a scanty lunch for the noon meal and had no natural prospects for supper of any kind. As the afternoon shadows lengthened my good wife was sorely tried and eventually gave vent to her surcharged emotions by the release of copious tears. This caused the writer some inward pain and doubtless unshed tears arose to the surface, yet somehow there was a conviction that God would provide. About this time we were both looking through the back door of our quarters when we noticed some neighbors and their children about to turn in at our back entrance. Arms were full, and one of the children was tugging at a red wagon piled high with good things to eat. Within a matter of seconds these burdens began to be laid on our back porch. By this time the tears were flowing freely from two sets of eyes -- tears of sorrow mingled with joy. Sorry that we had doubted our Father's faithfulness, and joyful to behold His great care in providing in a most unusual way. Not one of these new neighbors knew anything of what we had or didn't have in the house. The everliving God of Elijah was proving His eternal faithfulness to His tested children. This was a mighty boost to the faith of my companion and she became an apt student in our Father's school.

Among the many other incidents of those days I feel constrained to relate only one more. One morning a black boy came to our back door and began to give me his story about a dead sister at Newton. He had nothing but rags to wear, and he so much wanted to go. He said, "One lady has told me she would give me a shirt if I could find some trousers. Dewy tears rolled out of those big eyes until my own became moist. I said to him, "Go get your shirt and I will have some trousers ready for you." As I went in to get a pair of trousers I felt that God would have me give one of my suits. I had two, but both were well worn. As my wife saw what I was about to do she wept a little and said, "That is your best suit, and I don't feel it is right to give it to this strange boy who may not be telling the truth." It hurt me to go against my wife's wishes, but obeying my conscience, I disposed of the suit. My companion could have said, "I told you so," for the next day I caught the deceiver cutting weeds while wearing my suit which was then horribly soiled. If he had a sister he had not been anywhere to see her. He had lied. The old devil then had his go at me for being such a sucker, but I quickly committed the matter to the Lord, for He knew that I had meant well. Within two or three days a railroad man sent his son down to the house to ask me if I would come up to his place. I went to his house at once. The man asked me if I could go up town with him. He took me into one of the fine clothing stores and asked a clerk to fit me up with a good suit. A half an hour later I walked out with the best suit I had ever owned and a pair of expensive shoes. (This man knew absolutely nothing of my having given the suit to the Negro boy). When my good wife

saw what the Lord had done a great change was wrought in her own life. After this experience I used to say I was afraid to leave her with my belongings lest she give away everything I had, for she had learned that we cannot outgive God.

Clashing With Ecclesiasticism

"Brother _____ was afraid of his meat and bread," said a cowardly preacher who was aspiring to become a D.D. These words were addressed to me because I had decided to conduct a meeting independent of organized religion in a city where church trouble had developed. In this move I was certainly not ecclesiastically justified, but God graciously honored my ministry and gave me the greatest revival I had ever witnessed until that time. This, of course, resulted in a change in my life which at the time cut deeply into my heart, but worked for my good and for the good of others as well. In the face of everything, my spirit was kept from bitterness and the blessing of the Lord was upon my soul.

For the next three years our labors centered in and around Jonesboro, Arkansas where God gave us a fine group of people and a growing work. We were not without our problems, but in this place we had it comparatively easy even though I was constantly engaged in revival work as well as pastoral responsibilities. God gave us many precious and lifelong friends at this place. My father lived near us, then we were only a few miles from my wife's people. Here we began raising our family. Two children were born here. Thinking that perhaps this would for many years be our home, we took upon us the big burden of purchasing a home on the installment plan. In this we missed the plan of God, for within little more than a year He was leading us to other parts.

Going Out Like Abraham

"I would never do it. The depression is coming on and your family will suffer." This was the advice of a certain preacher who had settled down to an easy life and eventually almost lost his soul. To this advice I could not give heed, for I knew God had said to move on. This was settled one night about one o'clock when another preacher and two laymen knelt with me at an altar of prayer as I was seeking clear leadings. It was not the wish of the large majority of my people, for many were pleading that I stay in Jonesboro. It was not my natural wish, for I well knew that it would be harder to swing out into unknown parts. On this particular night the Lord made it clear that I should go into the State of Louisiana and to the city of Alexandria, even though none of us was acquainted with a living soul in those parts. My wife had the same conviction that I had concerning this move.

About this time that prince among preachers, Seth Cook Reese, the father of Paul Reese, arrived on the scene for the purpose of organizing us into the Arkansas and Louisiana District. The Louisiana part of it was by faith, for at that time we had no work in Louisiana. Your writer was elected as the Superintendent of the new District which was more of a vision than a reality.

After it was decided that the Bustins should go into Louisiana for the purpose of doing home missionary work, the question arose as to how we could go, for the old model T Ford had seen its days. It was planned that we should take a large tent, camping equipment, etc., etc. Some of our friends volunteered to work on a trailer which I had partially designed. As the work on the

trailer went forward people began to inquire, "What on earth are you going to pull that with?" They knew as much about this as I did. We all knew that the old model T was out, but there was nothing else in sight. Providentially, and in answer to prayer, here was the way out. A man came to me one day saying he knew where we could get an A model Ford in good condition for about twenty-five dollars difference between the T. and it. This didn't seem possible, but it was so. We sold the A for a good price, then someone came and informed me of an old Nash in good condition which could be bought for \$60. This gave us transportation, al so a bit of money to use for the trip.

Some weeks after the conviction became clear where we should go we found ourselves rolling into the city of Alexandria, Louisiana, on about two flats plus our pocketbook which was flatter than the tires. This was no little trial to us to be far from friends and home with no money to speak of and not one person we were acquainted with for scores of miles around. We lifted up our hearts to the Lord in prayer for His guidance as to where we should locate. We were directed to inquire at a certain house as to where we could find living quarters. This was certainly of God, for immediately we had a friend even though the party contacted was far from being a Christian. Immediately this friend found living quarters at a reasonable price, helped us to secure land for pitching the tent, and befriended us in many ways. We were told then and there that all we needed to do when we got in a tight place was just to let "me know what you need, for my husband has a good job and we have plenty of credit at the corner grocery." We settled it in our own minds then, however, that we would never tell this person of our personal needs which would involve gifts. This decision was adhered to under all circumstances.

It was dead winter when we arrived in Alexandria, but the grass was green and flowers blooming. Just after the tent was pitched and seated a cold wave hit us which kept the people away, and of course funds were not forthcoming. We came to our last penny. We had brought along some canned fruit and vegetables, but ere long these were gone. We had quite a few black-eyed peas which stood us in good stead. We had peas for dinner, peas for supper, then those that were left over were mashed up and mixed with flour and salt and made into little cakes, thus affording us pea-sausage for breakfast. These were testing times, but good days, for we knew that God had led us. Candy and ice cream for the children were out of the question. One day we were faced with the question of bread. This led me to the special place of prayer out in the garage. Here I reminded the Lord that we had forsaken family, friends, and salary in order to follow His leadings, and that He knew all about our needs, and especially the needs of the children. While out there my wife called. I went to the house and met a poor man who said, "The Lord told me to come over and see you and give you fifty cents." How we praised God for His faithfulness. On one occasion since then, and many years later, I received a gift of six thousand dollars for the work, but this fifty cent piece brought as much joy if not more than the great gift, for our Father had signally answered prayer for bread and a little extra.

The following five years were destined to be times of great testing, but we were in God's great school. We saw many souls turn to the Lord, several small churches were organized, and some buildings erected when it seemed utterly impossible. We were out for about six months on this first out-swing of faith. God gave us a fine group of precious people who had found God under our ministry and had been led into the light of holiness. A church had been established and a pastor secured. These folk were as precious to us as any we had ever known. Here we had proven the great faithfulness of God among a people whom we had never known before, and in the midst of

the great economic depression. Back at our Assembly in Jonesboro, Arkansas we had great news to tell. Almost a year had passed since we had had a salary from any source in the world, yet God had provided for us and we had kept free of debt. Until this time we had been keeping up the payments on the house -- "our little nest." At this point we felt that the Lord would have us free from debt, so the previous owner kindly consented to take it back. (This was twenty-one years ago, and we have never had another, yet we have never once doubted the will of God in slipping out from under this load).

After having visited the work in the northern part of the district we set out again for Louisiana to dig out some new works. Naturally the way was becoming more difficult, for at this time tens of thousands were in the bread-line made possible by the Government. We too were advised to go and get our share, but not once did we do so. There are many stories of trial and triumph during these years of testing, but time forbids our relating many of them. We do feel, however, that our Father will be glorified by our relating a few of these incidents.

In the winter of 1932 we were conducting services in Pineville, Louisiana and renting small quarters from a maiden lady who was a nurse. She was very kind to us, also profited from the weekly rent which we prayed in and turned to her. While we were there she received a sudden call to take care of a case some distance from her home. She said to me, "Brother Bustin, I would like for you to go to a certain grocery store every other day and get a piece of beef for my dog "Old Major." I have arranged for this, and have also asked Sister Bustin to boil the meat for him." These orders the writer carried out to the letter. It was good beef and its pleasant odors while boiling served to whet our appetites. "Old Major" seemed to enjoy the meat immensely, but would not thank us for the rich broth, so my wife didn't feel that she would be robbing the dog by taking the beef broth and making dumplings for the Bustins. While Major ate his meat we enjoyed the dumplings made with the broth from his meat. (While relating this incident one time, a friend of the writer said, "If it had been me I would have snatched a bit of Major's meat.")

The pastor in Alexandria felt that he was having hard sledding on his small weekly salary, therefore decided that he could not carry on. This was a grief to us, for we could not afford to see the work go down. We earnestly sought God's directions in the matter, then felt led to go back and take charge, also to erect a parsonage and church building. Upon passing on this information to our friends the answer came, "Brother Bustin, we don't want you to come. Don't misunderstand us, but we can't stand to see you and your wife and children suffer. Conditions are such that we cannot promise you anything." We knew what God wanted, so we went knowing that it would be hard, but with the conviction that the Lord would see us through. I literally told the devil that we were serving notice on him that by the grace of God we were going to carry on in Alexandria if we bleached our bones from starvation. Maybe it is not best to challenge the devil, but by the grace of God we stuck by the battle. Again and again we didn't know what we would eat the next day, and at times we didn't know what we would eat for the next meal which time was not an hour off.

The great test came when I said to our people, "We are going to build a tabernacle and parsonage." "It cannot be done" came from all quarters. We began to pray and seek out a place suitable for such buildings. A lot was offered to us for a very small price, and only twenty dollars down. This was in a good location situated in a new residential section and only about one hundred feet from a large paved street. With the consent of my folk this was purchased. Then came

the question, "Well, we have the lot, but how can we build with no money?" Prayer was made again for God to make a way in the wilderness. Someone came to the writer saying, "There are quite a number of good brick in the city park which the authorities would like to be rid of. Some of these will have to be dugged out of the ground, but they can be had for digging them out and transporting them away. This meant hours of hard work, but at last the task was accomplished, the services of a truck secured, and these good brick were laid on our lot. One of our men secured the aid of a colored brick mason to put down the foundation. No building material was in sight, but prayer was continually going up. One day a party came to me saying, "Brother Bustin, I know where there is a house for sale for twenty-five dollars. It is located at a mill site about twenty miles from here. I will take you there if you want to see it." We went and promised to take this place which contained much good timber. In fact practically everything in the house was good. The money came, then the wrecking began. Day after day some of us worked, then hauled lumber on a trailer, behind our worn-out Chrysler, early and late. Much of this timber was exceedingly black from soot.

Some of our neighbors, including one old man by the name of Berlin, felt that they were disgraced by what we were going to build near their nice houses. Poor old Mr. Berlin cursed and raved at first. After the timber was on the ground I began washing it piece by piece. Never will I forget the last day I spent washing this lumber. The rain had been falling in torrents, so there was a large depression filled with water near us. As the evening wore away a cold wave struck our part of the country. Bare-legged from my knees down, and barefooted, I worked unrelentingly in order to finish the task. Even though I was working hard I shivered in the cold and my legs were so red until it seemed the blood would almost break through the pores. The devil was right on hand with what seemed to be a whole regiment of his imps. He said, "What a fool you are. Here you are penniless, threadbare, the soles off your feet, your family in need, and your poor wife expecting an addition any day." I couldn't argue, for this time he was telling the truth in part. My heart was heavy, but all the time I was reminding the Lord of His leadings and at the same time renewing my covenant to follow Him all the way. That evening I went home shivering in the cold. Just as I was about to enter the house from the back way a large nail passed through my practically soleless shoe and went about half way through my foot. Before day the temperature was such that the block of my old Chrysler froze up and burst. God alone knows the testing of these times, and yet we never told one person on earth what our needs were. He made the way.

It would be next to impossible to relate the many ways in which the Lord worked. Suffice to say that within sixty days we were living in our commodious parsonage quarters, and within sixty days more we were worshipping in a lovely tabernacle 36 x 50 and our total indebtedness did not exceed \$600 including the two lots. God had worked wonders. We moved into the new quarters when my oldest son was one month old. Soon after we were in the new tabernacle Mr. and Mrs. Berlin came and sought the Lord and found peace. Their oldest granddaughter also found Christ as her Saviour and lived a beautiful Christian life until she went to be with the Lord at an early age. The change in Mr. Berlin was indeed radical. The lion was transformed into a lamb. He too lived a devoted life until the Lord called him home. The testings were not over, for the very heart of the depression was upon us. On one occasion I preached on Missions one Sunday morning. Satan said, "You are foolish to talk on foreign missions and take an offering, for the few dimes which will be given will come from what you and your family would have to live on this week." I preached the best I could on missions, then took an offering. I didn't take another offering, for

naturally I knew there would be no use. There was a box at the back of the tabernacle for the pastor's support. Great was my surprise that day to find that God had given us more than I ordinarily got in two weeks. Praise God!

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Chapter 8

DUST STORMS ON THE HORIZON

We carried on for two years among our beloved people in Alexandria, Louisiana, also spent some time looking after the general interests of the District which was showing signs of growth. The heavy load had been a draft upon the health of my wife, so the Assembly voted to give me a six months release from District duties in order that her health might be regained. (I had been unanimously re-elected as Superintendent for the fifth year). A hearty invitation came from friends in the State of Kansas to locate my family in their big house while I would be engaged in evangelistic labors principally in the West. Believing that this was in answer to prayer we accepted the invitation and made the move.

A considerable portion of my time was consumed in meetings in the dust bowl regions of Colorado. Here I witnessed something different from anything ever dreamed of in the way of storms. I had passed through cyclones in the south with their ominous black clouds of wrath, loaded with water but here I beheld swirling, wrathful "clouds without water" -- rolling clouds of choking dust which penetrated the houses with closed windows and doors until later the dirt had to be shoveled out.

These dreadful dust storms were fearful omens of another type of storms which would soon strike with heart-bleeding blows. And yet these clouds which we so much dreaded were "big with mercy, and broke with blessings upon our heads."

While conducting services in western Kansas (also in the dust bowl region) a telegram came to hand informing me that I was expected to meet with a certain church official at a given time and stated point back in eastern Kansas. Orders were obeyed, my meeting was interrupted, and at the given hour I stood in the presence of my superior. I found that other District Superintendents had also been called for the conference. We were informed that a certain group of people in the west must be dealt with, and that it was up to us to vote against them since by virtue of our offices we were members of the school in question. This came as a shock to your writer, for most of what I had heard regarding these folk in question had been favorable. My conscience would not consent to such an action. We were diplomatically warned of what the results might be if we failed to comply with the demands of our superior in regard to the School Board meeting which would be coming up within another week. One of these Superintendents was a member of the General Board and was deeply grieved over the situation. In an undertone he was told to take a vacation on that day in the event he could not feel clear to vote against the men in question. Your writer was also tempted to take a vacation, but felt that I might be playing the part of a coward not to face the cross. The result was a call to the carpet the day before the scheduled meeting. Since my conscience could not consent to what I believed was an unwise and unchristian procedure, my

Superior informed me that my position as Superintendent was annulled, and that I would not be permitted to sit in the School meeting. Along with this came the cancellation of my future bookings. I was suddenly and ruthlessly torn from my beloved people in the southland where I had poured in nearly nine full years of service. This had been done without their consent.

Comforters came my way, but the matter was too serious for men to govern. I must have God's leadings. The first thought was to return to my District and revolt against such action, but after seeking the will of God it became clear that I must not do so. The will of our Lord was diligently sought, then a few days later I got in my old car with ten dollars in my pocket and a thousand miles ahead of me. I parked at a place where I had never been before and where there was only one man with whom I was acquainted within fifty miles, with the exception of the elderly brother who was to assist me in some services. With only two dollars in money we undertook to rent a hall and launch a pioneering campaign. A cold wave soon struck which hindered our plans. Only a few folk would come to the meetings. Never had the way appeared darker. The enemy of souls was on hand to inform me that this was the end of me, and that it was the very height of folly to try to go on preaching. During this period one dear man was sent to deal with me and to try to persuade me to retain my relationship with the denomination with which I had been working. Another District was even offered to me. In fact two men came and wept on my neck and pleaded with me to return. In the meantime I had prayed clear through and knew that God was leading, even though the way was too dark to see. I simply could not yield to the pleasure of the brethren even though they were my friends and meant well. Upon being told that the way for me was very dark, without thinking my reply was, "The future is as bright as the promises of God." (Later I realized that I was quoting Judson the missionary). Upon being asked where I could preach, the reply was, "The world is my parish." (Without thought I had quoted Wesley). Little did I think then that within three years I would have literally preached the Gospel around the globe, nor did I even dream that the time would come when my voice would be heard daily on both sides of the world.

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Chapter 9

THE MASTER SPEAKS AGAIN

"My sheep hear my voice, I know them, and they follow me."

Revival services were being conducted in a Bible School in a northwestern State. One day while I was in my room my prayers went up in behalf of Australia and its need of the message of full salvation. I knew that Brother E. E. Shelhamer had been there, but had never talked with him concerning Australia. While in prayer the Lord spoke to me concerning this far away land, but I was not dead sure then that this was the voice of the Lord, for naturally it was an utter impossibility for me to go to such a country. As I continued to pray and wait in the Lord's presence I was convinced that God had spoken. There was not the least thought of rebellion, however I did say, "But Lord, how can I go? No church would think of sending me, I have a wife and four children, no money, and no income from any source other than my evangelistic meetings. Thou knowest that it takes all that comes to hand for the bare necessities of life and to keep the children in school." It was then that the Lord tenderly reminded me of my dogmatic preaching to others that

when God wants us to do a thing it can be done. This was a padlock for my mouth. There was not another argument. The same day I spoke to a friend of mine and pointed out Australia on the world map saying, "The Lord tells me that next November I am to leave for there." The reply was, "I would like to go with you." There was one man among all my acquaintances whom I expected to heartily approve of my Australian plans, but I had a shock coming. This man was decidedly against the proposed idea, and became instrumental in closing doors which would have otherwise been open. This seemed hard at the time, but I am confident that God's overruling hand was in all this, for He wanted me to learn the lesson of completely trusting Him for all. Some evangelists have sold their homes in order to make trips abroad, but I had no home to sell, and the one man in all the world I looked to most opposed my plans. I told the Lord I would not beg nor borrow. The economic depression was then on, so my opponent and others under his influence were certain in their own minds that I would not see Australia. This dear man was so certain that I was out of the will of God in the matter until when the night before my departure arrived he prayed publicly to the effect that if such was not God's will He could let the boat go down on which we were to travel.

The writer was so certain that God would make the way for the trip to Australia until he had booking made months ahead for a particular date aboard the S. S. Niagari sailing from Vancouver, Canada. This was certainly not by sight, nor by human promises. Never had the way for such a move appeared to be darker than during those weeks just before time to sail. A thousand dollars were needed for the return ticket and landing money. The Australian Consul could not visa my passport without being assured of a return ticket and four hundred dollars to show upon landing in Australia. I could save nothing from my evangelistic labors, for the family required all that was coming in. Only a matter of weeks before time to sail I was crowded to Christ with my need. I would gladly have given up the idea to have prevented the sufferings which were already coming my way because of my intentions, but my conscience would not permit such. In my plight I cried to the Lord for special help, then came the answer: "Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and shew thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not." My head and heart were pillowed upon this precious promise, so I praised God for what I could not see.

Two weeks before sailing time I was with my family in the beautiful city of Colorado Springs. My baby girl, then seventeen months old (now eighteen years old) did not know me, and had not known me since she was four months old, for I had never spent more than a day or two with the family. My baby would cry each time I would take her until just a day or two before leaving. This brief period was not without its testings, for all that was required was not yet in hand, nor did I have my passport and visa until just before time to leave. Some of my "comforters" would say, "I see you are not gone yet." I could only say, "No, I am not supposed to leave here until the 18th." This continued until two days before I was ready to leave to catch the boat in Vancouver. Not all the funds needed were in hand until about one o'clock on the day I was to leave at 2:30. At that time I had every dollar required, my passport, visa, and a round the world ticket. I had asked our Lord for a return ticket, but He had given abundant measure. In the meantime He had raised up a good man to travel with me as far as Australia. Brother C. B. Raisch, of Miamisburg, Ohio, felt the Lord would have him go with me to Australia.

Feeding the Fish

We had farewelled our families and friends and had traveled by train the many hundreds of miles across the Rocky Mountains, and now the long looked-for hour had arrived. The great steamboat whistle had sounded its signal of departure. The two untraveled men stepped aboard the royal ship in boyish expectancy of the experiences which awaited them during the course of the nine thousand mile sea voyage, as well as what the Great White Continent had to offer upon their arrival a month later. The gang planks were lifted, the port lines were loosed, the giant propellers went into motion and the big boat slipped away from the wharf and steadily steamed away in the direction of the open sea. As we were losing sight of land we were wondering what the first night on the deep held in store for us, but we were not held long in suspense. Before we were many miles away from land our cabin steward came in and safely fastened our porthole vents. We inquired if the sea was going to be rough that night. His reply was, "It will be a bit choppy." Such a night! and this was only the beginning. For four days and nights we were hatched down below. The old vessel creaked, cried, pitched, tossed, and rolled as it plowed its way through turbulent waves of a wrathful sea. Not only did the old boat roll --our stomachs rolled with it. We were almost in the condition of the other sea traveler we are told about who boasted on the land that he would not get seasick. After leaving the land he was afraid he might get sick. He did. Later the poor man was afraid he might die, but eventually was afraid he wouldn't die. It was bad enough to feed the fish all we had, but the worst part was that we continued to try to give them what we didn't have.

I have traveled tens of thousands of miles by sea over a period of some years, and have had many experiences of sea-sickness, but I am utterly at a loss to know how to describe it, nor have I found so many as one person who could do so. The sensation is one of indescribable misery in the abdominal region. On this first sea voyage we had four days and nights of unrelenting rising, falling, pitching, tossing, and rolling. Among hundreds of passengers only a dozen or so were disposed to go to their meals, and even most of this small number went in vain, for they soon lost what they took on. During these days and nights we were all hatched down while thousands of tons of water rolled over our decks. Even now serious thoughts concerning this unenviable experience serve to gender unpleasant feelings in the section of the body which was so vitally affected.

Land Ahead

What excitement! What a storm of interest! upon being informed by ship's authorities that land should appear in sight about day-break the next morning after we had sailed for more than one week without seeing even a dot of land. The storm had died away four days before, but our stomachs had not quickly responded to the comparative calm. Plain old earth had never held such interest for us before. Some of the passengers remained awake all night to catch the dim outline of land lying on the low horizon at the earliest possible moment. Others were promenading the decks long before the first blush of the morning. "Land on the other side" was the supreme interest of the hour. Some of us were reminded that this in some way illustrated the deep soul-longings of the saints of God who are eagerly focusing their thoughts and their profoundest attention on the subject of their Lord's return -- looking and longing for the first glimpses of the "better country" where they shall soon make their final moorings, and where "there shall be no more sea." "I see the land," "I see the lights along the shore," and similar cries from all directions.

Within three or four hours the portmaster had joined our vessel and safely guided us into harbor. Yonder on the shore was gathered the official Band of Honolulu playing their native

anthem of welcome as the great ship docked in the peaceful harbor. This is the original of our borrowed tune for the song, "He's Coming Soon." Well springs of joy throbbed within some of our breasts as we were suddenly transported in thought to that approaching day -- glorious daybreak when we shall catch the first gleams of light from the "other country," shall be piloted safely in by the Port-Master of the skies, and welcomed home by heavenly anthems. Praise be unto the Lamb for ever!

Australia (The Great White Continent)

In spite of the fact that there was no Band to welcome us as we sailed into the great Sydney Harbor of Australia, there were flowing wells of joy, for this was the country of our destination, the land of our calling. Our Lord had called, had made the way when there had been no way, and had brought us safely over the stormy seas. In tranquil expectancy your writer stepped ashore to await God's marching orders for his life and labors in the strange land.

It would far exceed the limitations of such a book as this for me to tell of the many wonderful ways in which the Lord led and worked out His blessed will during the ten months spent in Australia. Without taking any initiative to seek out a place, the Lord had me at work within about one week. In the meantime He had provided me with a home at no expense on my part. After preaching in various churches I was led to purchase a Gospel tent, seats, lights, etc. and open an evangelistic campaign. In the early part of the first meeting one dear old lady found peace with God, then opened her home to me where I was treated like a Prince. No mother on earth could be more thoughtful of her own son than was this dear soul. Yes, opposition came, but the Lord gave me mothers, brothers, sisters, and children on all sides. No offering was ever asked for in any of these meetings, and yet all my needs were met, and needs for the family nearly 10,000 miles away. Repeatedly funds were placed in my hands from unknown sources. Such came to me through the mail, or were passed on to me from others whose names I shall never know in this world. I traveled, rented halls, conducted meetings, published one book, paid all expenses, then sent money to the family quite often. This is only a small part of God's wonder workings. He gave me fruit for my labors, and abiding friends who have stood by us through the years. I believe the Lord will be pleased to have me relate at least one experience while in Australia.

In the summer of 1938 I spent about one month in the vicinity of Melbourne, the second largest city in Australia. During most of this time I was working with Brother McClain and Brother Cornell. While working with Brother Cornell in a series of services we considered renting a large theater building for the special meetings. We prayed much about this, then decided to take it. Brother Cornell was decidedly of the opinion that we should take offerings nightly for the expense of the campaign. Your writer was convinced that we should not take offerings at all, or even mention the needs along this line. My Brother Minister was charitable and allowed me to act as I thought best, however he did insist that we should call attention to a small offering box which had been placed in the rear of the building. I didn't feel that this should be done on this occasion, but that the Lord would be pleased to trust Him fully for our needs. The Lord gave us some very gracious services, but the expense funds were coming to hand very slowly. During the last three nights of the campaign my good friend was much concerned, therefore pled with me to let him make mention of the offering box. I was not disposed to have him do so, for in prayer I had mentioned the needs to the Lord, and in reply had received the assurance that He would see that the

material needs would be met if I would do His will in preaching the truth and seeking the salvation of souls. This I did to the best of my ability. He honored the message and gave us souls. The last night of the special meeting found my dear brother quite solicitous, for he was the treasurer and there were not sufficient funds to take care of the bills, and nothing at all in hand for the evangelist. I remained at the altar with some seekers, then after the altar service met with some of the people near the front. After about all the folk had passed out of the building I came up to my friend just in time to see him almost leaping for joy. He had counted the receipts and found that he had exactly, even to a half penny, the amount needed to take care of the bills. Then he came back to earth and said, "But Brother Bustin, there is nothing at all for you." Smiling, I replied, "The Lord has silently taken care of my needs." Means had come from various sources to cover personal and family needs. Praise God for His great faithfulness.

India Comes Into the Picture

Even though the Lord had graciously provided me with a ticket for around the world by way of India, I had had no intentions of using it unless He specially directed in that course. One day while near the tent in Sydney two strange men walked up to me and introduced themselves. One of them was just from India and asked me if I were acquainted with Brother John McKay who had attended Trevecca College some years before. I remembered him well, but knew nothing then of his present whereabouts. One of the men informed me that Brother McKay was then in India superintending the work of the Church of The Nazarene. I was asked if I were going by way of India, and if I would consider conducting the annual Camp Meeting in Central Province. My answer was that I would pray about the matter. Soon after this a letter came from Brother McKay asking if I would come even though they could promise me nothing more than my food while there, provided I could eat Indian food. Their people had passed through a great famine and were left in dire circumstances. After further prayer I had the conviction that I should go that way in December and would be on hand for the Camp.

After more than eight thousand miles of additional sea travel the great ocean liner was moored to the Bombay docks. I had been thinking of the perplexing problem facing me in getting through Customs in this land of strange languages when suddenly I heard my name called from among the bystanders near the gang-plank. I had not had reason before this time to specially admire my name, but this time I was electrified upon hearing my name. A well trained native of India had been sent to the boat to meet me. What a joy!

Only a few days were spent in and about the big city of Bombay before taking one of those notorious trains across country to Central Province, but I was there long enough to have my heart moved by the poverty, sin, and suffering of the Christless multitudes. Here I found numbers of homeless unfortunates huddled together in their rags as they occupied the unsheltered sidewalks for their beds. I visited the burning Ghats where mourners sat sadly by and watched their dead consumed in open fires. A visit was made to the Tower of Silence where sorrowing souls watched ugly long-necked vultures devour the dead. Within a matter of minutes the last mouthful of flesh is picked from the mortal frame and gulped down by these filthy fowl. Another depressing sight was that of poor suffering women carrying heavy loads of mortar upon their heads and climbing up four and five stories high. For ten hours labor they received eight and ten cents.

What a sight to behold! What a privilege, and what a responsibility! All of this was mine as I stood before a great company of native Christians, Hindus, and Mohammedans seated on the ground, three times each day, away out in Central India. Here the wild monkeys (big fellows and plenty of them) played on the camp ground by day and the jackals howled at night. Brother McKay had wisely planned the Camp Meeting out in the jungle in order that unevangelized natives might have a chance to hear the Gospel. My own soul was greatly stirred as I labored among these strange people, and my vision of a world's need was enlarged. The Lord gave us fruit for our labors, but I am confident that my own soul received more than I gave out. In order that I might contact my boat in Bombay India, and thus fill appointments in Palestine and Egypt, the Camp closed two days sooner than it would have done otherwise. My heart was deeply touched by a man and his family who arrived on the ground just as the Camp closed. They had traveled fifty miles in an oxcart to attend the meetings.

I don't feel clear to pass on from India without relating this word. You will remember that I had been promised nothing for my services in India other than my food. I naturally expected nothing, for the condition of these unfortunate multitudes could not adequately be described. When the missionary announced that on a certain day they would have their annual Camp Meeting offering, I confess that I considered this idle time, for what could such people give? Why not let the few missionaries give what little they could give toward the expense of the Camp and let it go at that? The day arrived and the crowds marched by -- even the heathen as well as the Christians -- and deposited their gifts. The spirit of this offering was different from anything I had ever witnessed. The people gave cheerfully, sacrificially, and liberally. They must have saved from their penury for many months. The day I was ready to take my departure for the coast Brother McKay called me into an improvised office out there in the jungle and handed me a very large roll of Indian money. I sought to refuse this, but the reply was, "Brother Bustin, God has given us a gracious Camp Meeting, all expenses are paid from the one offering, and our people want you to have the balance. I have never told anyone the exact sum received that day, but it was the largest offering I had ever received in my life, in any part of the world, for the same length of time given. From this I sent money to my family in the U.S.A., went into Palestine, then paid hotel and train expense while laboring in the land of Egypt.

In the Steps of the Master

Why our Lord has been so good to me I cannot tell. Little did I ever dream of visiting the land of our Lord's earthly life and labors. Try to feature my sentiments when I first placed foot on Palestinian soil, then, a few hours later, after having slowly ground our way up the hills of David, when I first caught a glimpse of Jerusalem with mountains round about. At this juncture we were slowly swinging right and left up the hair-pin turns. A Jewish traveler was seated at my side. With subdued voice I said to the Jew, "Is that Jerusalem yonder in the distance?" He turned to me with moist eyes and replied, "Yes, that is Jerusalem." You can well imagine the train of thoughts which demanded attention as, with reverent silence, and tear-clouded vision, I beheld, with an enraptured gaze, the most sacred City known to God and man -- the sacred spot where the Lord and King of the universe gave His body and blood in sacrifice for lost man.

In this vicinity for a few days I was privileged to look upon scenes which are too sacred for mortal eyes to view. Outside the Jerusalem wall to the north lay the Jericho Road leading

eastward across the Cedron valley and on beyond the Mount of Olives and winding its way down to the Dead Sea. Yonder on the western slope of the Mount of Olives is Gethsemane's Garden, the "place" where Jesus had often gone with His disciples to pray, and the sacred spot where He on that fatal night sweat blood in an agony of prayer for the sins of the world. On the same sacred mountain range and northward is the place from which He ascended into heaven weeks later. Outside the north gate stands that rugged mound -- the place of Calvary where God's beloved Son and our Saviour made the Great Sacrifice. Nearby is the garden in which yet stands the empty tomb. Yes, there is the stable in Bethlehem, the little city of David, and the Birthplace of God's only begotten Son. Yes, and there was Blue Galilee along whose shores I strolled and whose waters I beheld on another day churned into tempestuous fury. Time forbids that I tell of Cana, and of Nazareth wherein was the cave-home of Jesus our Lord. My last night was spent on the rugged slopes of old Mount Carmel, and only a little distance from the place where Elijah, the prophet of God, prayed fire from heaven upon the sacrifice. From here I took off for Egypt.

Even in Egypt I yet trailed in the foot-prints of the Master, for it was my privilege to visit the supposed spot where Jesus lived as a baby in Egypt. I was also led to the traditional place where little Moses was drawn from the river. Some of the most interesting and heart-touching meetings of my entire ministry were held in the land of the Pharaohs. Much of the time we were favored with fine crowds and the interest of those dear people could not be excelled. I had an unforgettable experience during the last night. My last Convention had closed and the missionary in charge suggested that he make arrangements for me to go see some of the ruins of upper Egypt the next day. Previous to this one dear old man had begged me to come to the town of Tema for some services, but time did not permit. I said to the missionary, "If it is agreeable with you I would rather go to Tema for a service tonight than to go sight seeing, then I can catch the night train in order to contact my boat at Port Said enroute for England." He replied, "You may go to Tema." These poor folk had no telephones, and no newspapers, hand bills, or radios by which to announce the service for this Monday night, nevertheless the big building was packed from the front doors to the platform. The crowd pulled the preach out of me until time to catch the 10:30 train, and still they cried, "Preach on." The missionary said, "There is a fast midnight train which you can take and still get your boat." I preached on until time to go for the train, and even then was loathe to quit, for the poor hungry people were hanging on to my words. A crowd of the men followed me to the train where they waved as long as they could see me, and their last words were, "Come back to Egypt."

Not all had been easy in this land, for cheats had stolen from me in the cities. I had slept, and stayed awake too, with too many bed-fellows. I had taken some of my meals in a place where fowls roosted, and had eaten bread everyday which had been baked in plates made of manure, and yet I wanted to stay and tell the blessed Christ-story to these hungry-hearted people. Had I not already been booked for England I would have remained in Egypt even though it had been more than a year since I had seen my wife and children.

England and Scotland

After another week on the sea, having touched the shores of Malta, Italy, and France enroute, we moored our big boat to British shores. I had one month in London, a brief time in the south of England, then away to Scotland, back to England for a Convention with E. E. Shelhamer

and Norman P. Grubb, a revival meeting, then across the Atlantic aboard the Queen Mary, and on westward to join my beloved family from whom I had been absent for seventeen months.

I believe that it is in order to give a brief word concerning my stop over in England and Scotland. It was a joy to make friends with some of God's beloved children in these lands. Many kindnesses were bestowed upon me and I was kept busy for the Lord. I counted it a great honor to be able to visit a few noted places while in those countries. I felt that I was on holy ground upon my visit to the Wesley Home -- the place where Wesley spent the latter years of his life, wrote scores of volumes, and from which he went to be with the Lord. There was the little room where he knelt in prayer each morning at four o'clock preparatory to preaching the Gospel in his nearby chapel at five o'clock before the miners went to their work, There I had the privilege of bowing my head in the room where he spoke his parting words, "The Best of All God is With Us." Many things of interest were passed on to me by the keeper of the Home. Wesley received on an average of nearly \$15,000 a year from book royalties, lived on less than \$200 and gave all the rest away. He said, "If I have ten pounds (approximately \$50) when I die, call me a thief." He did not have enough to bury himself. One of his sayings was, "I can no more worry than I can steal." He implicitly believed and diligently put in practice the words of our Lord, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth ... but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven" His life and labors were spent for others. Little wonder that such a life had mighty bearings upon changing the history of England.

Many other places of interest could be spoken of, but I shall make mention of only two. I shall never know just how much my own little life has been influenced by the biography of David Livingstone, so I counted it no small privilege to visit the little town of Blantyre, Scotland, enter the house on the Clyde and bow my head in the humble quarters where little David was born. Nearby stood relics of the old mill where he labored as a child with a book in his hand preparing himself for future labors in Dark Africa. On the same ground stood a replica of the African hut from which he went to heaven -- dying upon his knees -- after having walked 27,000 miles back and forth through the jungles of Africa as he blazed trails for future missionaries to carry the Gospel to the unevangelized hordes. In accord with his own request his beloved natives cut out his heart and buried it in the heart of Africa, then bore his body upon their heads for fifteen hundred miles through the wilds to the shore from which it was shipped back to England where it rests in Westminster Abbey among the great and the wise. This visit to Blantyre did something for me.

Another brief visit was made to Edinburg for the special purpose of stopping in the humble quarters where the mighty man of prayer, John Knox, fought with the powers of Catholicism and of hell as he poured out his soul in mighty cries to God, "Give me Scotland, or I die." I also walked on down the royal way to the palace of "Bloody Mary," the queen of Scotland who had put to death many of God's people and had repeatedly sought the life of Knox. It was she who said, "I fear the prayers of John Knox more than the army of England." God answered the mighty prayers of Knox defeated the Roman powers, and gave deliverance to his "bonny Scotland."

In view of my experiences in India and Egypt where my soul caught a little vision of the perishing multitudes, then the added stimulus from my visits to these places, it is small wonder that aboard the Queen Mary to New York my constant cry was, "Dear Lord, please, though unworthy I be, let me have at least a small part in carrying the Gospel of Thy Son to Thy neglected creatures

in other parts of earth. I love my homeland, but there are thousands of preachers in America while in other parts of the world there is not one. I stand ready to go to the place of Thy choice even though it might be the darkest spot on earth." It is no small matter to pray like this, for God may take us at our word.

* * * * *

Chapter 10

HOME AGAIN AND THE HARVEST CALL

My comprehending readers may vividly imagine what it was like to first catch a glimpse of my wife and four children upon my arrival in Colorado Springs after having been separated for seventeen months. Wife's load had been too heavy, for besides the responsibility of four children, she had taken a heavy course in school work and had also served as assistant teacher in Latin part time. Such had not been my will for her, but it had been her choice. She loaded herself too heavily and almost suffered a complete breakdown. She had nobly borne the home responsibility and unwaveringly believed that my going abroad had been in the will of God.

My heart was deeply touched by the actions of my baby girl who had in reality never known her father. She was about a year and a half old when I left home for Australia, but I had been away in evangelistic labors most of the time before my trip abroad. After I arrived home this child would stand off to one side and look at me as if to say, "What strange man is this in our house?" Of course she knew it was her father, for the older children had told her that I was on the way, yet she could not remember me and for her it was a strange experience to have a father in the home. This was not easy for me, but this is part of the price of obedience to the Lord's leadings. We soon became closely attached, and, perhaps as some sort of atonement for those first three years she has since then seemed a little closer to me than the other children. I have lightly been accused of being a bit partial to her, but I don't think I have been. All of my children are very dear to me.

An immediate atonement was made on my part, for within three weeks I was away in another evangelistic campaign. This time I took my three year old daughter with me. It was hard on her, however, for discipline became necessary and she was not accustomed to have a man correct her. She became a good student and soon learned that I was boss, so have been the best of friends ever since, even though I have repeatedly been away from home for many months on a stretch.

There is a solemn and unspeakable chapter for this junction of my life. Good meaning people who were dead sure that I was missing the will of God by going to the far away land of Australia had planted their merciless darts deep in the heart by declaring, "It would be Australia of hell with me before I would go," "He surely doesn't love his family," "He is leaving his family on the mercy of the world," "He will not be able to go, for he has no money," "He is acting the part of a fool to even talk of going," and many other such remarks. It would not have hurt so deeply had the world thus spoken, but such remarks came from those who professed the same as I. It had been my sincere belief that after some of these good folk had seen how signally the Lord provided and had known of the many souls He had given me around the world their attitudes would change, but to the contrary I was "a big fool, and self-willed character for having gone." Perhaps I was not as dead

to what folk thought as I should have been, and not so well weaned from human opinions as I might have been, so all of this cut very deeply, and more than all in certain circles I was an "outsider" without a slender chance. Doors for Gospel services were securely closed in the face of the "incorrigible rebel." Most of these dear folk meant well, but nevertheless it hurt more deeply than words can effectively tell. Lest my readers misunderstand, please do not feel that bitterness toward such has found a lodging place in my heart. The fact is, God overruled all of this for my own good as well as for the good of others. My heart was completely crushed, but not embittered; deeply disappointed, but not discouraged. In God's overruling providence these merciless shafts of suffering were transmuted into tremendous values in my life. Praise Him! Praise Him! I needed the weaning from earthly dependencies that first of all I might learn to trust only in Him. Satan took advantage of all this and made the way appear perilously dark -- so dark until I could see no way. I could have said with tested Job, "Behold, I go forward, but He is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive Him; on the left hand where He doth work, but I cannot behold Him: He hideth Himself on the right hand that I cannot see Him: but He knoweth the way that I take: when He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold" (free translation- 'come forth shining') Job 23:8-10.

Being left to fend alone and to find my way through the shadows, my cry was raised to God for His direction. My good wife was not too well, so I sought to lift all the load possible from her heart and head, and yet I could only say, "The Lord will make a way." One of the exceeding great and precious promises which became very dear to me at this time is found in Habakkuk 3:17, 18: "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." A door was opened for us in the sand hills of Nebraska to conduct a tent meeting. The battle was hard, but God gave us fruit. One fine young man who was brought to the Lord and blessed is now preaching the Gospel. Near the close of the meeting, from which we did not receive sufficient funds to get to the next one thirteen hundred miles away, a storm arose one night after service. The tent came down, and a deluge of water threatened to ruin seats and piano while your writer and a young man assisting him fought desperately to save them. Satan took advantage of this dismal circumstance and subtly suggested that this was my "Waterloo." The meeting was about ended, we were practically penniless, and my wife was sick in bed. It was too dark to see. Suddenly a sweet voice came from somewhere, "There is work for you in the West Indies." Immediately I passed this word from the Lord on to my friend. The Master had spoken from out of the double darkness which surrounded me, and I knew His voice.

The above meeting came to a close, we packed our belongings, crowded my wife and children, and C. J. Goodspeed, (now a missionary in the Bahamas) within the limits of an old model Chevrolet and started thirteen hundred miles with a tank of gasoline and eleven dollars in money. Such a venture was no minor matter, but we were "crowded to this cross." There was no alternative. There was only one man with whom we were acquainted along the way for the first six hundred miles. This man possessed little of this world's goods and lived in humble quarters. It had been our plan to spend the first night in his small house, then swing out, into the unknown to us, early the next day. We made it a rule to tell no one of our personal needs, and decided to adhere to this principle enroute across the country. Soon after our arrival at the home of our friend that afternoon I was called aside and asked if we had means enough to make the trip. I was at a loss to answer this question. I could not say yes, nor did I wish to say no. My reply was, "We have some

money." Without further questioning he said, "I am going to do what God told me to do. Before you arrived I felt led to go borrow money to give you, so I am going to do so." We sought to dissuade him from borrowing, but he would not listen to us. He soon laid in our hands sufficient money for the long journey ahead. Again the old devil was proven a liar.

The following months were times of testing, for the way was not open, and yet I knew the Lord would have me somewhere in the West Indies. We had no contacts in that part of the world, but eventually a letter came from Jamaica asking me to come there to labor. I thought this might be the place, still I sought the Lord's clear leadings. While conducting services near Newcastle, Indiana I had a clear conviction that I should go to the Bahama Islands as my first stop in the West Indies. I had never heard of anyone on these islands, but with a solid conviction that I should go to Andros of the Bahamas, this was decided upon. Means came for the West Indies trip, then the hour of farewell -- Christmas Day of 1939. (Another six months without seeing the family).

Two nights were spent in Tampa, Fla., with my sister, then the take off for Miami, and on to Nassau of the Bahamas by boat. Upon arrival in Nassau a native accosted me with, "Do you want a boat?" "Yes," was the reply, "I want one for Andros Island." "Oh, the mail boat has just gone, and there will not be another for two weeks. I have a motor boat and will take you over for \$60." The distance was only thirty-five to fifty miles according to where I would wish to land, so my answer was, "The price is prohibitive." What could I do now! for Nassau is a Tourist Resort, and the cost of staying there for another two weeks was beyond my limited means. The man said, "You might arrange to go on a sailboat" as he pointed across the harbor to a place where these were anchored to the Sponge Exchange Docks. Considering this suggestion I made my way around there praying as I went. The prayer in my heart ran something like this, "Dear Lord, in the promise which Thou gavest me Thou didst say, 'And when He putteth forth His own sheep, He goeth before them.' Thou knowest I haven't the slightest idea where I should go on Andros Island, so Thou must lead me as to what boat I should take, and as to where I should go." With this prayer in my heart I turned down a certain street which led to the boats. Upon arriving at the wharf I saw a man standing on his little boat. (See picture No. 2). It seems that I can almost see him yet as I approached and asked him if he knew of a boat from Andros Island. His ready reply was, "This one goes to Stanyard Creek." I had never heard of Stanyard Creek, or of any other settlement on the Island, so my next word was, "Is Stanyard Creek on Andros?" He looked at me strangely and said, "Yes." "What will you charge me to make the trip with you to Stanyard Creek?" "Four shillings," was his reply. I chuckled at the cheapness of the fare, four shillings then amounted to exactly eighty cents American. My next question was, "When do you leave here for Andros?" "At 10:30 tonight," said the native captain. "I shall be on hand," said the passenger, and was on his way for his suitcases to store them aboard ship, for there was surely no time to spend in a hotel.

Within a brief course of time my suitcases were being loaded aboard this twenty foot fishing smack ready for the brief voyage (?) at 10:30 that night (?). About this time I took note of the clouded countenance of the captain who, with a faltering voice, said, "Did you say you are a preacher?" My reply was, "I am, and I have some papers which will prove my claims." He seemed anxious to see the papers, so they were produced for his inspection. (He could read a bit). After glancing over these for some little time his troubled face took on a different expression. Months later I learned the facts. At that time Germany was in war with England and Hitler was making raids in all directions. The natives of the Bahamas possessed the fearful feeling that their islands

would be his next landing place. Some man had come to this boatman with the warning, "That man is a German and will kill all you folks at Stanyard Creek." His clouded face was the fruit of real fear. It had been a relief to him to have some proof that I was a preacher.

My last experience on the Atlantic waters had been aboard the Queen Mary, a thousand foot ocean liner. Now my new experience was to sail across a tongue of the Atlantic aboard a twenty foot sailing craft. In all the travels around the globe I had never missed a ship's schedule, so I was determined to be aboard this craft when its moorings were loosed. At 10:30 I was there. At eleven o'clock we were still there. Upon inquiry as to the delay in departure, the answer was, "The passengers have not come from over the hill yet." I was advised to take my blanket and spread it out on the board bunk below and take a rest until they came. The captain's orders were obeyed, but there was little sleep on this hard board, and no rest, even though I was well rocked by the brisk breeze bringing in rolling waves. At daybreak on Sunday morning our ship had not sailed. In vain we waited for passengers "from over the hill" As the time approached nine o'clock the lone passenger gave orders to the captain that he was going somewhere in search of a church service if the ship were not sailing before noon. The courteous rejoinder assured me, "We will wait for you."

Knowing nothing of the city I ventured forth "over the hill" in search of a place of worship. After walking for perhaps a half mile I saw a native with a clerical collar and decided to follow him. Shortly he entered a church house with his American follower not far behind. Upon being seated in the house the preacher came back and asked if I were a Christian. An affirmative answer was given. A little while later as a few worshipers were gathering in the "Reverend" came back and asked if I ever prayed in public. "Sometimes," was the simple answer. Then he said, "I want you to pray this morning." About eleven o'clock, the service began with only a few present. Following a song or two and the prayer my inquisitor came again and said, "Does you ever speak in public?" "At times," said the visitor. Then the preacher apologized for the smallness of the crowd and asked if I would speak to them. The message was simple, brief, and undamaging in its content. No one was hit and no harm inflicted. The pastor liked the "talk very much."

"Dr. Bustin, we showly did like that message this monin. Tonight is the last night of the old year, and this place will be packed out, fur my folks think the Lord might come tonight and they wants to be in church all ready fur His comm. Would you come back and preach fur us tonight at the watch-night hour." An explanation was given that my title is not "Dr.," but that I would be on hand if "my boat doesn't sail." Knowingly he exclaimed, "It will not sail tonight."

My boat was still tied to the wharf and the passengers "from over the hill" had not yet arrived. Upon relating the pastor's request that I preach for him that night reassurance was given that the "boat would wait."

In the afternoon another walk was taken over the hill handing out tracts. This was followed by an open air service. Upon handing a tract to a native girl she said, "I's fallin fur you." Not being acquainted with the Bahamian lingo I hardly understood her expression, so asked her what she said. This time she enunciated clearly, "Honey, I loves you." Later I learned that she had been patronized by godless Americans. She attended the open air service and raised her hand for prayer.

At 10:30 Sunday night, December 31st, 1939 I entered the parson's church accompanied by my captain. We had to worm our way through the crowded isles. The master of ceremonies introduced the speaker with a mighty eulogy. Only once before in my life had such a eulogy been rendered on my behalf. My readers will remember that as the occasion of my "fifty cent sermon." After speaking at length on the merits of the morning message, I was given the go-ahead. In the meantime the Lord had loaded my heart with blasting truths, and for one hour He helped me drop Gospel bombs -- a message on what it meant to be ready for Christ's coming. The parishioners groaned and the pastor grunted. All acclamations soon ceased, for, according to what I learned later, both pastor and people were living in moral rottenness. No peons of praise from the preacher followed my message, but with the assurance that I had pleased God my soul was at peace.

Back to my board waiting for the passengers from "over the hill." It was not until eight o'clock the next morning that I learned the why of the delay. It is the native custom to have some sort of "tomfoolery parade" early in the morning of the New Year. Our passengers and crew -- fourteen of us -- were packed aboard the fishy-smelling vessel, the sails were hoisted, and we began our voyage. I had purchased a bit of food to use on the way, but I was assured that we would "be home by noon. The strong breeze was directly head, so tacking back and forth was the order of the day. The constant cry of the boatmen was, "comin roun." This was a warning to the passengers to duck down each time the low-swinging boom crossed over the deck as the boat tacked about. After leaving the harbor the sea was dreadfully rough. At noontime we were far from land on the other side, but the rolling and rocking had so indisposed my abdominal regions until there was not the slightest desire for food. It was given to the native children. Better for them to have it fresh than for the fish to get it second-mouthed.

When the sun sank behind the big waves we were anchored about eighteen miles from where we started that morning. "We will anchor until the moon comes up," said the captain, then we will sail on and reach home by breakfast time." Unable to breathe well below when thirteen others came down, I came on top and sat shivering in the salty breeze while waiting for the moon to rise. Such joy a little while after dark to watch the golden globe rise out of the distant sea and cast its silvery sheen upon the dark waves.

"Captain," cried the stranger-passenger, "the moon is up, and it is time to sail on." After a considerable delay the boatman lazily lifted his head through the hatchway and looked out upon the moon-mellowed waters, rubbed his sleep-sodden eyes and said, "We'll wait a little while." He did. There were plenty of shivers running along the deck passenger's spine before the sun arose the next morning at which time the captain gave orders to pull in the anchor and hoist sail. Since Satan is not omnipresent he surely didn't bother everybody everywhere through the course of that long cold night, for he spent a considerable portion of it with me mercilessly mocking my folly.

Prospects of getting to Andros Island appeared a bit brighter as we compassed our course and sailed serenely in the direction of "home." Then something happened! Our sails were aimlessly flapping in the face of an impotent breeze. There was nothing to do but idly drift on the dead waves. By this time the "would-be missionary" was hungry, thirsty, and sick from exposure. The natives were patiently and, apparently, unconcernedly singing as we disconsolately rocked on

the waves. It was then that I requested the group to bow their heads while prayer was offered that the Lord might send us some wind. He answered, and as the sun dropped behind the coconut palms on the sandy shores of Stanyard Creek we went ashore. Imagine my feelings when the discovery was made that the name of our little boat was ENDURANCE.

* * * * *

Chapter 11

WAR BREAKS OUT ON ANDROS ISLAND

"Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." (II Tim. 2: 3)

"Come at once," said the native schoolmaster in terrified tone, as he rushed up to the native hut where I was staying, "something is wrong with my sister." He scampered along the sandy trail with the missionary at his heels. The discovery was soon made that the sister was suffering from the discomforts of moral heart disease -- a virulent case of old-time sin-sickness. Her sobs, cries, moans, and intermittent confessions indicated that she had already begun to apply the remedy of repentance. With a few promises from God's Book and a little in the way of admonition to look to Jesus for deliverance her heart-heaviness soon turned to joy and her sobs to shouts of praise. Already a crowd of people had gathered in the public school building, so the service was soon underway in an electrified atmosphere. God's presence was manifestly there. This was my fourth night on the island. The revival was on.

My camping quarters at that time consisted of a tiny room in the small hut of Mr. Barr, the Roman Catholic sea captain who had brought me to the island. One morning at about two o'clock I was awakened by a sudden outcry followed by moans and groans and convulsive sobs. For an instant I was puzzled as to where these might be coming from, but upon getting awake it became clear that these were originating in the next room. At this I rolled off my cot and began joining the penitent in prayer. Yes, Mrs. Barr was upon her knees earnestly seeking God to save her soul. Within a brief period of time her penitential cries turned to praiseful confessions of victory. The poor husband was upon his knees too for a time, for he had been awakened in startling fear. The spiritual awakening which was then in evidence on that part of the island cannot be described. For months it was a common thing to hear people crying out for mercy at all hours of the night.

To begin with the missionary was at a loss to understand the reason for this mighty awakening which had seemed to sweep upon us so suddenly, like unto one of those freak storms which sometimes appear to arise from nowhere and suddenly strike with smiting power. One night while the "heavenly hurricane" was striking its heartening blows an old lady arose and stood erectly with flashing eyes. "Dis am de man," said she, "de man de Lawd showed me in a vision, dis here white man comin tousands an tousands of miles across de haungry ocean to preach de Gospel to dese folks in Sodom." Never shall your writer forget that night. This old lady's English was not good, but what did she care about good English. She had something to say, and she said it. She went on to tell how that for long years she had prayed for her people that they might be awakened to the truth. She told how that she had seen a white man coming to Stanyard Creek with a message and that her people were turning to God. In holy eloquence she warned the wicked to turn

from their evil ways and seek God while He was near. Later, I learned that forty years before this time the dear old lady had found peace with God, and that from her conversion she had cried to God to send a revival among her people. She had told others before now of her vision of a white man coming there to preach the pure Gospel. Now I was able to understand why the Lord had spoken to me near New Castle, Indiana, laying a burden on my heart to go to Andros Island of which I knew nothing.

As the revival continued it was a common thing to see strong men and women smitten down as if they had been shot. Some of these soon prayed and confessed through to blessed victory, but many of them were carried to their little houses where they lay speechless, and without food or water, for three days and nights. They could not be aroused until the three days and nights had passed. Practically all of these came through praising God for victory. Some were smitten down in the meetings when they tried to flee from the presence of God. Able-bodied seamen sought to find refuge from conviction by taking to the sea, but became so sick they were brought back to the land to bow before God and plead for mercy. Many of the school children (specially the girls) were under such conviction until they had no desire to play during recess and the noon hour. They would meet here and there to pray on the school ground, then upon returning to their humble homes they would club up underneath coconut trees and cry to God to save them, and to save their people. Many of these little ones found God and became a problem to their teacher. The teacher had been quietly converted some time before. It was customary for school to open each morning with a song. While singing these joy-filled little ones would sometimes give vent to their emotions by weeping or by audibly praising God. Their schoolmaster tried to tell them that this was not necessary, and that they should curb their emotions. They replied, "Teacher, we don't try to do this, but it just comes out anyway." About that time another wave of blessing would sweep over their souls. This continued until one morning when the presence of God was so marked in the school room, the teacher himself could no longer hold in. He arose and tried to speak rather sternly to the children about their demonstration, but suddenly demanded his sister to take care of the school, then turned and rushed into his living quarters where he sobbed out his heart to God. A little while later he returned to his students with a sober face, but with red eyes. Discerning little minds knew what had happened. A few weeks later the schoolmaster was thoroughly awakened to his need of a clean heart and power in his life. Before daybreak one morning he touched heaven with his prayers and was mightily baptized with the Holy Spirit and at the same time received a call to preach the Gospel. Now the revival was well on in the school, and the children were doubly blessed because the Lord had answered their prayers in making their teacher free.

There were many outstanding conversions. Among the most noted of these mention will be specially made of only three. The first of these was a fine type of young manhood, yet quite wicked. Upon being thoroughly awakened to his need he began to take his place among the seekers at the front, but in view of the altar already being well filled he lifted his own little bench above his head and made his way through the crowd looking for a place to lodge it, then knelt in penitence before the Lord. For some reason conditions of faith were not fully met, so it was like this every night for sometime. Each night the bench was seen coming to the front above the head of the seeker. One thing of interest was that other seekers knelt at the same bench and found peace with God while its owner seemed to get nothing. This was no little trial to him that others would have their souls blessed at his altar while he received no help. One night he came to do business

with heaven, so confessed and forsook his sins, then believed unto salvation. He has been preaching the Gospel now for more than thirteen years.

"Jennie," said someone to the concubine of an outstanding young man belonging to Andros Island, "you should be home now, for there is a white man preaching the Gospel at Stanyard Creek and a great revival is on. People are seeking and finding God everywhere, and there is great rejoicing."

"Taint necessary to act the fool like that to be saved," said Jennie Smith, a staunch Roman Catholic and mother of two children born out of wedlock. She was then at Nassua where I had waited so long for the passengers to come "from over the hill." A few days later she arrived at Stanyard Creek and made her way to the meetings that night. During the after service she pushed her way to the front and looked on with a proud and defiant air as seekers poured out their hearts to God. She was well dressed and wore a broad-brimmed flowered hat which was set on her head at about a forty degree angle. Suddenly, as if stricken by lightning, her head and heels hit the floor about the same time. The big hat went rolling -- no one knows where -- while its owner literally screamed for mercy. Within about thirty minutes this woman was on her feet praising God, and has continued to praise Him for these fourteen years. She was saved from a shameful life of sin and moral rottenness, but immediately she was a new creature. The priest had the grandfather drive her and her child from his home with the expectation that she would recant and return to the Catholic fold. She was bitterly persecuted, but remained true. The man with whom she had lived in adultery tried to turn her back, but all was to no avail. Jennie Smith has preached the Gospel for thirteen years and has seen many of her people brought to Christ. She led her old grandfather to the Lord before he died, also prayed many others through in their last days.

Within a few weeks after the revival began my good friend C. J. Goodspeed arrived on Andros to help in the work. We were camping together in a native hut which was about 10 x 13 feet in size. This was divided into two rooms -- our reception and dining room, and our bedroom in the rear. One morning we had just finished washing the breakfast dishes when a trembling voice was heard at the front: "Brother Boston, would youse pray for the old man?" "Yes, come right in Brother Burns." We hadn't seen much of this old man, but we knew that he was the father of Sister Watkins, the old lady who had had the vision of my coming after praying for forty years. We had also been told that he was a Roman Catholic catechist, and that he had brought Catholicism to the island thirty years before. For weeks he had lived under conviction and had now come calling for prayer. Immediately he fell upon his knees and began to pour out his soul to God in confession to God while tears were literally pooled into a puddle on the floor. Within a few minutes his prayers were turned to praise, and the old man was beside himself with joy. Jubilant in his newly found faith the old fellow shuffled his way along the sandy shore, telling the good news as he returned to his little thatched-roof home. At the age of eighty-four he helped us build our first open tabernacle at Stanyard Creek. His joy was unbounded as he often testified of the preciousness of Christ in his life.

Nearly four years after the above experience, someone came to the writer saying, "Brother Bustin, do you know that Brother Burns is quite low? He will not be here long." I had been away from Stanyard Creek then for some weeks, so had not heard of his illness. Soon at his bedside I said, "Brother Burns, do you know me?" "Brother Boston, eh?" Then followed a gracious smile.

Upon being asked if all was well between his soul and his Saviour his face became aglow while with a weak voice he answered "All is well." I learned that the priest had visited him and sought to give him absolution, whereupon Brother Burns rejoined, "Jesus has already given me absolution." Later I was back to visit the dear old Brother who was then near the crossing for the other shore. His eyes were glassy and the rattle of death was in his throat.

"Brother Burns, do you know me?" No reply.

"Brother Burns, do you know Jesus?" There was no effort to speak, but his time-wrinkled face was wreathed with an assenting smile. A few days later we witnessed one of the sweetest funerals some of us had ever known as we laid the mortal to rest in a sandy grave, half-filled with water brought in from the Atlantic with the high tide. All of this seemed in order for the occasion, for upon the bosom of the Atlantic he had sailed as an old seaman for many years. Brother Goodspeed one day said to me, "Brother Bustin, if none other had been reached for God and made it through to heaven, the salvation of Brother Burns is worth all our efforts."

Time prohibits my telling of the many experiences of the great awakening in 1940. Some of these are sad, as is always true when God comes in great power and some souls seal their destiny for eternal damnation. There were many pleasant experiences as we beheld the miraculous transformations which transpired. There was hard work, and plenty of it. We were soon driven out of the school building on account of wicked reports sent in to the Capital, so we had to buy land and build. To begin with we erected a large open tabernacle. Most of the timbers for this were brought out on our shoulders and heads. The missionaries took the lead into the woods to cut timber suitable for this work. Our native people walked barefooted over sharp rocks in order to get the timber usually from a mile and a half to two miles back in the bush. We worked with them, and much of the time we too walked barefooted over the rocks, for at high tide we had to wade water for more than a quarter of a mile while crossing the "swash" between the village and the woods. Then came the larger and more dangerous task when it came time to thatch the building. More than ten thousand palmetto leaves went into the roof. Many of these were brought in for miles, and sometimes we had more than a mile of water to wade. Our feet were often bruised and bleeding. It is impossible to describe the sharpness of these coral rocks to those who have never seen such. After the tabernacle was finished we set about to build the Mission House. This work was started with less than \$100, and it was our policy to pay as we went. This work involved a long and hazardous voyage by sailboat to one of the big islands to the north of us where a sawmill was located. We were almost destroyed by a terrific storm while enroute. My native friends wept and sorrowed for me and others aboard the boat, for they were certain that the little barque would never be able to survive that horrible tempest which swept over the Bahamian waters that night. With a mile of water beneath us the boat was beaten, pounded, tossed, and driven all through the night. Our sails were down, so naturally we were at the mercy of the furious waves until the storm died away the next morning. Old experienced seamen said they never expected us to live through this ordeal. We sailed on and brought back with us a fine load of lumber after being gone nearly a week.

During the six months spent in the Bahamas before returning to the States for my family there was never a monotonous day, for things were happening all about us. Wicked men turned in all sorts of evil reports about the "notorious foreigner," "German spy," "fifth columnist,"

"American devil," and whatnot. Specially religious men whose concubines had forsaken them to follow Christ were up in arms. They had plenty of alarming reports to turn in to the Government. On more than one occasion Government men came to deal with me, but found most of Stanyard Creek as our friends. Wicked men had repeatedly tried to have a dance since the outbreak of the revival, but could not succeed, for most of the women had been converted, or else were under such conviction until they were afraid to dance. Of course these men were angered and joined with others in trying to dispose of me. I would have soon been out of the way if they could have "fixed" me with their witchcraft, but the power of Christ was more than a match for their superstitions. There was an unrelenting battle on during this whole period, but God had given us the victory over everything. The climax of this six months period came when Mr. Forsythe, the Chief Commissioner of Andros Island came to see me the second time and I boarded the boat with him for Nassau. His verdict was, as I prepared to leave for the States, "Mr. Bustin, I am turning in a favorable report. See the Immigration Office before you leave for the U.S." "The Chief of Immigration said, "Everything is all right. Just let us know when you are ready to come back to the Bahamas."

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Chapter 12

THE WAR RAGES -- ENEMIES ARE SLAIN

"When a man's ways please the Lord, He maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him." Prov. 16:7.

Back in the States with my family plans were being made for us to move to the Bahamas in early autumn. Following one Camp Meeting, where I was one of the evangelists, and a few missionary meetings along the way, we were enroute to Florida when a message came from the Colonial Secretary in the Bahamas stating "You are not allowed to return to the Bahamas for the purpose of doing missionary work." Why this holdup we could not understand, for the leadings to the Bahamas had been clear and urgent. We believed surely the Lord would have us go there to continue our labors. C. J. Goodspeed was still on the Island of Andros, and at that time two other brethren -- E. T. Shirley and David Rosentrater -- were over there working on the Mission House and doing missionary work besides. We continued our journey as far as Intercession City, Fla., where, at that time, a godly woman, Miss Osie England was at the head of a thriving Bible School.

We found many warm-hearted friends in Intercession City, and, after months of testings, could see the overruling hand of God in permitting the delay. We needed to make more prayer contacts among the people of God, and we needed time personally for more prayer. At first we hoped the decision might be reversed within a few weeks, but the weeks dragged into months. We were in constant touch with the Bahamas and learned that our beloved Andros people were mightily praying that the tightly closed door would open. Our friends in the States were also crying to God for victory over our foes. In the meantime we were believing for victory and praying for some things needed in the work down there. This included a good boat which could be used to carry the Gospel and to make necessary voyages in the interest of the work. One morning in family worship our baby girl, Joanna Ruth, then four years of age, softly prayed "Lord, give daddy a boat for the Bahamas." A little while later that morning a man of God, who is now with the Lord,

knocked at the door of our apartment and handed me enough money to buy a very fine sailboat to use in the work. There were other signal answers to prayer.

Some days after the answer to prayer concerning the boat a letter came saying, "Either you or Mr. Goodspeed, whosoever the Mission prefers, may work in the Bahamas." Brother Goodspeed felt that it would be best for me to go back there since I had pioneered the work. We were soon packed up and on our way to the Bahamas accompanied by another missionary, Miss Margaret Holtzinger who later became Mrs. C. J. Goodspeed. I went a little ahead of the family and Miss Holtzinger, however, to get our living quarters in order, and to purchase the boat.

Our friends on Andros knew nothing of my coming, but they decided to have an all night of prayer for the return of "Brother Bustin." They met under the old tabernacle and were having a great time of prayer for victory over the enemies. I had landed in Nassau that day and was seen by a seaman from Stanyard Creek who was leaving for Andros late that afternoon. The wind being favorable he arrived on the island about eleven o'clock the same night and hurried to the tabernacle to say that I was then in Nassau and would be in Stanyard Creek the next morning. The prayer meeting was broken up, but a praise meeting continued on through the night. What a meeting when I arrived on the shore the next morning! My precious people held on to me and said, "We'se not gonna let you leave shore again." It was only a matter of days until I was gone again after our boat, and to bring more lumber for the Mission House. The next time they saw me was with my wife and children as we came ashore from our Mission Boat, the ANGELOS.

Our enemies were puzzled at the way God had worked, but this had not taken the fight out of them. They were constantly threatening and dogmatically declaring that they would have us driven from the island. These barkings didn't stop us from forging ahead with our work, but they were rather annoying at times. During the course of a tent meeting at Stanyard Creek we faced much opposition from religious folk who blasphemed and raved like mad bulls. Among the fighters were two men who lived within about a stone's throw of the tent. On the last night of this meeting I was led to exclaim, "God loves you and wants to save you, and has therefore sent this meeting here for your good, but some will not be saved. I am constrained to say that some who have a chance tonight will never again hear a Gospel message." The meeting closed, and the tent was taken away. Within a few weeks a storm warning came that a mighty hurricane was headed in our direction. Doors and window shutters were "battened" up, boats were secured in places of comparative safety, little houses were "strengthened on the leaning side," and a general preparation was made. Some of the Stanyard Creek seamen, including the two blasphemers of whom mention has been made, had been out on a fishing trip and did not learn of the onrushing hurricane until the day it was scheduled to strike. They were then in Nassau. Already the harbingers (hard gusts of wind with rain) of the hurricane had arrived. It was dangerous to leave the harbor in Nassau, but it was considered more dangerous to remain there, so it was decided to lift a little of the sail and let the heavy wind drive them home. The wind was fair (blowing in the right direction) so they slipped across the water with the speed of a motor boat, and boasted of having outwitted the winds. Among the seven was one Christian man. The two blasphemers were so viciously vile in their attacks until this man of God hugged the mast of the vessel and wept in their behalf. As they neared the open harbor at Stanyard Creek the hurricane was on with terrific force. The anchor was cast and as much of the hawser as possible was run out in order that the boat might better ride the mountainous waves. With this done the seven men leaped into the small life boat and began to pull

for the shore. They had made some little progress when, being overtaken by a furious wave, the boat capsized and thrust the men into the sea to struggle for their lives. With narrow escapes five men reached the shore, but two were missing. In the darkness of the night and in the teeth of the hurricane which was then blowing at a furious rate nothing could be done in behalf of the missing men.

Until early morning hours the hideous hurricane continued its course of devastation and death. Houses were blown down, hundreds of coconut trees destroyed, our big tabernacle was in ruins, and at the break of day the two blasphemers were dugged out of the sand. Much property was destroyed, but there were only the two deaths in our section of the island. Other enemies were sober only for a time.

Within a few weeks after the hurricane took away our tabernacle we undertook to build a stone structure. This was slow work, for lime must be burned out in the "back" where stones and wood were available, then stones must be boated in from various directions. Again our enemies, like Sanballat and Tobiah of Nehemiah's time, bestirred themselves when they heard that we were planning to build. About this time they had a new "joiner" for their ranks. Before now the battle against our work had largely been waged by adulterous native men who had succeeded in stirring up white priests and bishops to take the matter on to Governmental authorities. A British Methodist missionary who had a church on the eastern shore of Stanyard Creek, and who paid periodic visits to this place, suddenly stepped into the fighting ring and, after writing me a sixteen page typewritten letter telling me how erroneous was my teaching in telling people there is complete deliverance from sin (old-time Methodist teaching), he wrote a postscript informing me that he was about ready to join for the first time with others in a move to put me off the island. My crime had been that of preaching the Gospel which had brought conviction and conversion to an ungodly young woman in his church. At her own request she had been baptized, yet had not left the Methodist Church. I foolishly took time to answer this doctrinal attack which in reality contained some of the most senseless statements I had ever read from the pen of a Protestant, so-called. Later I felt checked about what I had written, so my reply was never sent. This infuriated man went straight to Government men and turned in his report which put the officials on the war-path again. In the meanwhile the war in Europe had reached such dimensions, and was going so unfavorably against the allies that the food problem in the Bahamas was becoming serious. Assisted by my eight year old son, and even my oldest daughters, and some of the natives boys of our Mission, we mined well rotted seaweed from beneath the sand on the shores, boated tons of it up the creek and literally covered our small piece of ground which was mostly poor white sand. This was well mixed with the sand and prepared for vegetation. Rotted compost was also worked into the soil. Seed beds were prepared, then gardening followed in good order. In those days my children spoke of the seed catalog as "Daddy's Bible." In addition to the gardening done on the sandy ridge we planted corn, potatoes, and other things among the rocks out in the black land.

One day while I was engaged in the field work out among the rocks a Government man, Mr. Forsythe, came to see me. He visited our home garden and was quite impressed by the visible marks of our labors. He had come to deal with me about the reports handed to the Government, but for some reason did not stay. Another day he came when I was again in the field. By this time our garden was flourishing. This appealed to the Commissioner who for years had tried to tell the natives of the wealth they had in the seaweed if they would use it. Here were concrete proofs of

his arguments. Charles, my eight year old son, had wrestled like a warrior in keeping the vegetables watered during the dry seasons, and especially when the plants were small. He had drawn and carried literally thousands of gallons of water for the thirsty plants. Now we were being rewarded. We were able to use from the garden as many as twenty-five different vegetables at one time. It was at such a time that Mr. Forsythe appeared on the scene. This time he waited until I came from the field in order to inform me that the Government had given him the right to say the final word for me to go or stay. Again he said, "Mr. Bustin, I am turning in a favorable report. I have told Mr. _____, the Methodist preacher, to attend to his own business, for you are the only one among the preachers on this island that is doing anything." He went on to commend me for my gardening and encouraged me to keep up the good work. This was the beginning of the armistice on Andros, but not the end of the war in the Bahamas.

Perhaps a word is in order as to how our enemy was slain. He had been away from Stanyard Creek sometime, but was now back again. This was in the heart of our vegetable season. I called Charles and asked him what he thought about taking a nice basket of vegetables to the Methodist preacher. He was tickled at the thought of doing so, and was soon in the boat carrying a fine selection of fresh vegetables to the man who had hated me with such bitterness. Charles knocked at the door, then, upon the approach of the preacher, asked if he would like to have some fresh vegetables. "I most certainly would, for such are scarce items in these parts." He was then told to empty the basket. The basket being emptied he prepared to pay for the vegetables, but was taken aback when Charles said, "No, daddy said he didn't want any pay, and he also said to tell you to come over and get vegetables at anytime when you are here." Another enemy was slain.

During our stay at Stanyard Creek our fifth child was born. This was quite a test, for no doctor was available and only a native nurse, but God was with us. This was the first white child, to the best of our knowledge, to have been born on Andros Island. When Paul Wesley was tiny the natives would come from all about to see him. They would say, "This is we baby, so they can't tell him to leave." This precious little bundle was born only about sixty feet from the Atlantic waters which lapped the shore in front of our door steps.

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Chapter 13

HAITI ON THE HORIZON -- OTHER EXPERIENCES

While we were engaged in the task of building our new tabernacle word came from a Mission office in the northwest asking if I would accompany a young man and his wife who were going out as missionaries to Haiti. At this time the Caribbean waters were red with the blood of victims from the German submarine menace, but I felt that I would be in order to go. It was planned that these young folk, Neal Bonner and wife and baby, should come to our station at Stanyard Creek, then we would go by sailboat from there since sailing vessels stood less chance of being attacked than motor vessels. We were to make the trip aboard our Mission Boat, the ANGELOS, but complications concerning the registration blocked these plans. I had previously applied for my Passport, but it had not arrived when the time came for our sailing. (We eventually decided to go by an island Mail Boat to Inagua, then charter a sailing vessel for the remainder of

the voyage.) What I did at this time I would advise no one else to do -- especially during war times. It was folly to travel to a foreign port without proper travel documents.

Time will not permit me to tell of experiences upon the island of Inagua where wild cows and wild donkeys roam at large. Here we were shipwrecked, or at least our chartered sailboat was, and marooned until we sympathized with Robinson Crusoe, even though he might have been a fictitious character. Multiplied billions of mosquitoes infested the island. In my world travels I have never seen anything elsewhere which could compare with these vicious little cannibals. It was a happy day for us when we sailed away aboard a Hatien sailing rig.

In the spring of 1942 we landed in Cap Hatien, Haiti, the same port where Columbus had landed and where one of his boats was lost in 1492. Upon going ashore the Immigration official said, "Passport, please." "Sorry, sir, but I have none. I have a paper to show that application has been made, but my passport had not arrived." "Mr. and Mrs. Bonner, passports please." They were readily produced, then informed that they were free to go where they might choose to go. To me he turned and said, "Mr. Bustin, you must go back to the boat and spend the night." This was bad news, but at least I was a wiser man. The next morning I too was called and set at liberty.

During my limited stay in Haiti my heart was greatly moved by the sin, superstition, and suffering of the multitudes. Every country on earth dominated by Roman Catholicism is under a curse, for every such country is given to idolatry, and idolatry is in God's eyes rated as the most hateful and hideous of all sins. My heart was drawn out in compassion for the Christless multitudes. There are approximately four million people crowded into the small area known as the Republic of Haiti. The masses are given to image worship -- the worship of Satan, and pagan worship in the form of images of saints, Mary, or Jesus. They combine the worship of Satan with that of their religious images. Such moral degeneracy has always incurred the curse of God. This means poverty, illiteracy, illegitimacy, and indescribable suffering.

Upon returning to the Bahamas to continue our activities there I was unable to forget what I had witnessed five hundred and fifty miles away on the island of Haiti. I thought about the suffering masses, prayed for them, and often spoke of their need and admonished others to pray for them. One night I was awakened from a dream or vision in which I was back in Haiti walking along a road about five miles out of the city of Cap Hatien. Someone walked at my side and pointed to our left saying, "Brother Bustin, here is a property which can be bought for a Bible Training School." Sure enough there were the buildings spread beneath the bowers of large tropical trees. With this I was awake and remained awake for some time. Later I wrote to my friend in Haiti telling him what I had seen. My curiosity was increased upon receiving a letter stating that "there is such a property as you described, it is for sale, and would be ideal for a Bible Training School." This was never forgotten, but there was plenty of work to occupy my time at the present, so too much thought could not be given to the matter.

In course of time it became necessary for us to move to Nassau for some months in order that my wife might have access to fresh milk, for there was not a cow on the island where we lived, nor did it appear feasible to have one there. While in the city I endeavored to keep busy conducting services somewhere, so halls were rented and special meetings put on. Again we learned that the war was not over. This time we had spies in the services quite often. They would

come and bring their Bibles, then try to sing songs they didn't know. We also got into war with the liquor crowd who were making the city two fold more like hell than it would have been. Such dumps as "DIRTY DICK'S" den, and "SLOPPY JOE'S" saloon were headquarters for vice. The city was so rotten until even a Roman Catholic Editor of a newspaper made a thrust at the moral degeneracy resulting from the free use of liquor. Spurred on by this news article and a sleepless night for my sick wife, kept awake by drunken policemen beneath our window, I handed the Catholic Editor material for two columns in his paper and told him to throw it in the wastebasket, or to use it, but not to "pull its teeth." To my surprise he spread the whole thing out on the front page, the "bite" and all. The liquor gangs combined with the theaters took away their advertising from the Catholic's paper, but he seemed not to care. Both of us got it from all sides, but I am certain that good was done. Even old drunks were heard to say, "All dis man says is true, mind you." God helped us and gave us good friends among the Government officials. We stayed on even after the opposing Bishop was sent back to England, the Methodist preacher returned to England a sick man, and the Colonial Secretary who hated me was sent to another country.

Numerous experiences could be related which are incidental to island missionary life. We have often waded shark-infested waters in the darkness of the night with our clothes off and carried above our heads, we were in storms often, once on the coral reefs, many a sleepless night spent on a rough sea, and have walked scores of miles barefooted over sharp rocks and through marshy sloughs. Repeatedly the family has not known where the next day's food would come from. We made it a rule to tell no one of our personal needs, and to never borrow. We can never remember a day when we had nothing to eat. The Lord in some special way provided for us. Shortage of food was sometimes occasioned by the mail boat being delayed because of stormy weather. We have gone for as many as three weeks without mail, even though we were less than two hundred miles off the shores of America.

Passing by many touching incidents in other villages as well as at our Main Station, I feel constrained to relate this one for the praise of our Lord. While wife and the children were located in Nassau the Capital, I sometimes made trips aboard our boat in order to visit the work on Andros. On one of these occasions the boat was weather-bound on Andros, so that I was not able to get back to the family as soon as I had planned. During this time we started out and made it about halfway when the wind became so strong that we were forced to scud away for shelter back on Andros. We landed at Fresh Creek where we later erected a small place of worship. Here we found a good harbor where we were sheltered from the storm. It was Sunday morning when we arrived at this place. After the boat was well moored I cleaned up, put on my best trousers and started to step ashore. Just as I was in the act of stepping up out of the boat my knee went right through my well-worn trousers. This was keenly regretted, for the suit had stood me in good stead for a long while. Due to having strained every point for the erection of the stone building at Stanyard Creek the family had spent very little money for clothes for a couple of years. Upon arriving in the heart of the village a native woman saw my predicament and came to my rescue by patching my trousers the best she could with them on me.

A few days after the above mentioned experience I was in Nassau with the family, but upon entering the house my wife informed me that there was nothing on hand for dinner and that we had no money. She also reminded me that the rent had come due. I made ready, and with a basket on my arm walked down town to the Post Office. On the way my heart was lifted to the Lord in prayer

especially for my family's needs. Calculating roughly our immediate needs -- food, clothing, and the rent money -- my prayer was in substance as follows: "Lord, Thou knowest that we are here for Thy sake, and for the sake of Thy Gospel, and that we have been putting ourselves and our substance into Thy work. We are threadbare, have no food in the house, no money, and the rent is due. We need one hundred dollars this morning." Upon glancing through the window of our box I could see that it contained a lone letter, but it was the letter I had prayed for, and the one my family had prayed for. It contained a bank draft for \$100. Should someone feel that this was a mere coincidence, listen to the remainder of the story as I later learned of it. The same Sunday, Easter Sunday, and at about the same hour that my knee went through my trousers, a religious service was in progress away up in the State of Indiana. The good pastor suggested to his people that he had a feeling that the Lord would have the church take up an offering and send it to Brother Bustin and his family. They felt the same way, so marched by and placed \$90 on the table. After the service a man came to the pastor and told him he would put another \$10 with this if he would hold off about sending it until he received his pay. The pastor agreed, but later his good wife said, "My dear, I don't feel that it is best to wait about sending this money. We can put in the \$10, then the man can give it to us." The money was mailed out the next day, thus we received it exactly when it was greatly needed. Praise God for His faithfulness.

In September of 1943 our sixth child was born in Nassau. All of the previous five had brought blessing into our lives. The arrival of little Gerald Thomas was another great event. After some weeks the entire family put in their plea for us to return to the primitive island of Andros. It was a great joy to be home again in our Mission House, and with our precious people of Stanyard Creek.

In 1944 another journey was made to Haiti aboard a banana boat. After assisting my missionary friend in the southern mountains we journeyed to the north and were taken out to see the property which had been seen in the dream. As we drove on to the grounds I said, "This is the place. We must see if it is for sale." Upon asking the management if they wished to sell, they replied, "We don't know. The place has been for sale, but we are considering reopening the School here. (The property was owned by the Seven Day Adventists). After further consideration we went out to see this property on another day. It became a clear conviction that God wanted to give us this place, so my friend was asked if he could climb part way up the mountain overlooking the property and there agree with the writer that the Lord would give us this beautiful site with its eighteen or twenty buildings including outhouses. There were more than thirty acres of ground, eighteen or twenty kinds of fruits and nuts, and a mountain spring with water piped over the compound. Brother Bonner said, "I believe this is of God, and that He will give it to us." We climbed the mountain side and knelt on the rocks to plead the promise of Jesus "That if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven." We first agreed that they would sell the property, and said, "Thank Thee Lord, for they are going to sell." Second we agreed that they would sell it for a reasonable sum, then said, "Thank Thee Lord, they will sell it for a reasonable price." Third we agreed that the Lord would give us the money with which to buy it, then said, "Thank Thee Lord for the money, for it is coming." It was just this simple, then during our five mile walk back to the city of Cap Hatien we repeatedly said, "Thank God for the property."

With no assurance from these folk that the property would sell I came back to the U.S. announcing that we were buying a Mission Compound in Haiti. A couple of weeks later word came from the management saying, "We will sell the property for eight thousand dollars cash." A message went back saying, "We will take it." This was a bit too sudden and too swift for my good wife who was still in the Bahamas with the children, but in due time the conviction came to her that God was in this move. It was wonderful beyond words how God worked and provided us with the needed funds. Our constant prayer was for the \$8,000. The Lord gave us the \$8,000 all right, but He also gave us \$500 extra. I discovered that I needed a little in excess of \$150 to pay my plane fare down and back when the deal was closed. Upon arriving in Haiti it was disclosed to me that the Government tax for property exchange would be \$348. The Lord knew this and graciously provided us with more than we asked for. We actually had the money ready to turn over before the abstract was prepared. What a joy in April of 1945 when we arrived at the property one night with deeds in hand, and everything was paid for. Praise be unto our God for His everlasting faithfulness.

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Chapter 14

HAITI BOUND

"All things are possible to him that believeth."

Wife and the children had spent one year in the States, where the children had availed themselves of school, for school work in the Bahamas had been much of a problem. Plans were now in the making for the family and others to go to Haiti for the purpose of opening a Bible Training School, and to undertake the evangelization of the neglected multitudes. The time had been tentatively set for our departure in October. Promises had been made by the owner of a certain boat that we could sail on his boat and also ship the thousands of pounds of supplies and equipment needed for the opening of the work. (Two missionaries were already on the field taking care of the property and doing what they could, but without the necessary equipment, and not having a working knowledge of the language, not too much could be expected). As we approached the time of our anticipated departure we received word to the effect that certain marine laws prohibited the boat from carrying passengers. Due to the fact of so many boats having been destroyed during the war, which had only recently ended, it was then almost impossible to charter a boat to carry freight, for the few vessels then operating between the States and Haiti were practically all banana boats. These could not afford to be delayed with freight on account of the perishable nature of the fruit. We sought in vain to find shipping facilities. Our whole plans seemed to be thwarted.

While in the midst of our perplexity a man came to me one day asking why the Mission could not buy its own boat. My reply was, "It is out of the question, for boats are exceedingly expensive." The rejoinder was, "The Government is selling boats at a give away price. I will pay your way with me to Washington and back if you will go and look into the matter." I could not object to this, so we went, but with no success. Another trip was made to Miami in search of a boat. We found a beautiful yacht which some said would well serve our purpose, but the price was

\$10,000, so we had no intentions of buying this until a Christian man who had contributed liberally toward our work came over to the house where we were living and asked to see me. He was full of joy as he remarked, "Brother Bustin, I have just heard from heaven, and God says you can have this boat." Another one of God's children came and literally insisted on my taking \$1,000 toward the boat. Others came with their voluntary offerings: thus I was actually pushed into the boat business. (I would like to say just here that in all sincerity the boat idea was not my invention, even though in time to come there was much to say about "Bustin and his boats." I have taken the greater part of the blame for mistakes made, for I should have gone so far with the boat idea and no farther). The family put their fares into the boat fund, others who were going out did the same, then our car was sold and the proceeds devoted to this cause. Money came from many sources, so that within a matter of a few weeks most of the money was in hand.

In the meantime another problem presented itself. We had intended to use one of our Bahamian seamen as the captain of the boat and sent for him. We discovered that United States shipping rules require all vessels of U.S. registry to have a captain who is an American citizen. We tried to find another to serve as captain but could not. My experience with small boats in the Bahamas entitled me to the right to obtain Small Steamship License provided I could pass the marine test. This I did and obtained a five year license.

Seventeen of us including crew and children were at the boat docks in Miami making plans for a soon takeoff, but upon loading the vessel with the cargo we were convinced that it would be unsafe to make the long voyage of nearly a thousand miles with the boat thus loaded, and especially so in case of heavy seas. Different ones who had seen the boat felt that it would be large enough, but now some of us were certain that it would be utterly unreasonable to take such a risk. Such a predicament! We resorted to prayer, and while in the very act of praying a beautiful diesel-motored vessel with steamboat features came sailing into the harbor. We remarked that it would be wonderful if we could have a boat of that type to make the trip with. Some of us were soon aboard this lovely vessel expressing our admiration. To our astonishment the owner said, "Why not trade for this and make your trip?" Naturally the boat was worth three or four of the type we owned, so we concluded that such a thing would be out of the question for us altogether. We were absolutely amazed when the man informed us that he would trade for \$5,000 difference, and that he would give us six months to pay this difference. It was not my wish to go in debt at all, but all of the company felt that this offer was a direct answer to prayer, and that it should not be turned down. Upon approaching marine officials they highly favored the exchange and assured us of the superior quality of the latter boat. Another feature which favored us was that the boat was diesel-motored and that it would cost far less to operate. The outcome was, another boat. All the cargo was loaded on and plenty of room for passengers and crew.

On Christmas Day of 1945 the missionary party joyfully sailed out of the Miami harbor aboard the Pelican enroute for Haiti by way of the Bahamas where we were to visit our work. By the time we edged the Gulf of Mexico we had just reasons for thanking God for the exchange of boats, for we were already plowing into heavy seas and the heaviest were yet to come. Even though the writer was the registered captain of this vessel, yet our Bahamian seaman was the leading figure in the handling of the boat. After crossing the Gulf the voyage was quite uneventful through the Bahamian waters. Following a brief period of fellowship with our people on Andros we charted our courses through the dangerous coral reefs and sailed in the direction of Haiti. By

the time we reached the island of Inagua, the port where we were to get final clearance, we were having motor trouble as a result of dirty fuel. We had also witnessed some difficulty from weak batteries. Having had some work done on the fuel injectors, and batteries partly charged, we launched out on the final lap of the journey. Exceedingly rough waters were ahead of us, and some very unpleasant experiences developed when for a period of several hours both motors were out of commission. God answered prayer so that we were finally able to limp through the raging waters with the power furnished by one motor. What a joy when the mountains of Haiti came well into view! A greater joy when we anchored in Cap Hatien harbor! Our hearts were filled with praise to God for His abundant mercies. Our friends in Haiti had long looked for our arrival, so joined us in thanksgiving to God for a safe voyage over turbulent seas. We had been on the way for a week and a half.

Upon landing in Haiti we knew so little of the joys and of the sorrows which the years would bring. How good is our Heavenly Father in withholding from our knowledge the many heart-bleeding blows of life which lie ahead. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." We do not desire the deep soul-suffering which sorrow brings to us, but we should not despise it, for, even though we are made to bow, bend, and break beneath sorrow's heavy blows, the breaking becomes our making if we keep yielded to God. We are not already made as we suppose, but God is making us. A man or a woman prepared for God's service, as a vessel unto honor, is the most valuable instrument known in heaven or upon earth. Such instruments are not cheaply made. They must be led beside the still waters, in paths of righteousness, along thorny paths and over rugged steeps, and on through the valley of the shadow of death. They must be forged in hot fires, hammered on hard anvils, plunged into deep waters, and proven in trials great and sore. Those who victoriously come through this melting, molding, and making process are promoted to kingdom service, but those who fail eventually find their uncoveted place among kingdom rejects.

The landing of the Pelican's passengers in Cap Haitien, Haiti was history in the making, but the writer of this book is not a historian, therefore must largely leave the eventful happenings through the years for others to tell, who may have the time and are so disposed. The limits of time and space constrain me to confine the recordings to the principal points which may render praise to God.

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Chapter 15

AN UNFORGETTABLE EXPERIENCE

"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep. For He commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet; so He bringeth them unto their desired haven. Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men." Ps. 107: 23-30.

Our Station activities were soon under way, but many other things were in demand for use on the field. It was decided that the "captain" and his crew of two Bahamians (we had taken on another seaman in the Bahamas) should make another trip to the States for these extra supplies, also have some needed work done on the fuel injectors of the diesel motors. Clearance was given and the farewells terminated, but trouble which developed a few hours from land necessitated a return to the harbor. Batteries were charged, and the injector points worked on, then after everything was supposedly in order we farewelled again. This time we had two passengers aboard -- five of us in all. Everything went well until we were out in heavy seas where the sediments in the tanks were mixed with the fuel; then trouble followed. One motor went out completely and refused to run again. We were then well on our way to Inagua, so decided to undertake the rest of the journey with the one motor, and get repairs in Inagua, rather than turn back to Haiti. The sea was exceedingly rough, but we were making headway, and a few more hours would have put us in sight of land and in smoother waters. It was then late in the night, but we had hoped to see land by the break of day. What! The motor dying! Yes, dead! All through the night we were pounded and driven by merciless waves. Though deathly sick, the "captain" stuck with the engines trying to get them started again. Such a night! Only the Lord and those who have worked in the engine room with dead motors on a stormy sea know what it is like.

For the next three days and nights the weather was unusually calm, or the breezes light. The motors utterly refused to budge, so there was nothing that we could do except to read and pray and do a bit of writing. During this period I translated two or three choruses into French by the help of one of the passengers whose language was French and Creole. We devised a sort of sail for the boat by bolting 2x4 timbers together, then using an old rubberized canvas and a blanket for the sail sheets. This had little effect for a boat this size. Big ships were seen in the distance, and signals were given with hopes that they might see us, but all our efforts were in vain. We could only guess our location, for in those waters the currents are sometimes much stronger than the force of the breeze. At least there was no storm raging, so we were thankful. Most of those aboard were cheerful. There was plenty of uncooked food on hand, but there was not too much cooking done, for there appeared to be no big appetites, and too our water was getting low.

Late in the afternoon of the third day of our drift one of the weather-wise Bahamians knowingly scanned the heavens and said, "We will have a 'northeaster' tonight. Right then there appeared to be no special reason for his saying such a thing, but as the sun lowered upon the ocean horizon there were ominous signs of a heavy blow. Scudding clouds were soon racing above us like angry demons, then came the murky storm with swirling clouds of wrath. The day terminated with an unwelcome sunset, for already in the distance appeared the frightful fringe of Haiti's rock-ribbed shores toward which we were being driven by wrathful winds. Subdued quietness reigned aboard the storm-rocked vessel, for who would not have been sobered by the sight of the defiant wall of death which seemed to lie across our storm-shrouded path. Tremendous thoughts crowded the minds of the boat's occupants: thoughts of the yester-years and of the possible "tonight's" eternity. There were thoughts of our homes and loved ones. I thought of my own dear family safely sheltered on Haiti's shores, and breathed out thanksgivings to God that they were not with us aboard ship this wretched night. There were uncertain thoughts of when and where we would meet again -- on the shores of Haiti or on the shores beyond the sunset and beyond the sullen sea where there shall be no sea, no storms, and no sorrow.

While with some of us there was peace, sweet peace, as the roaring and ruffled waters rolled about us, and yet there were serious thoughts of what the night held for us. Would our lot be that of drowning men, struggling, strangling, and choking while sinking to our graves in the dismal deep? or would it be that of being pounded to death upon the ragged rocks? or would the mighty God of the storm work a miracle and skillfully steer our stranded ship past the rocks of death and out into the open sea?

How it happened we may never know, but thanks be to God for the miracle of His mighty arm. No earthly hand held the helm of the ship that night, for there was nothing that man could do. As the darkness of this dismal night gave way to the gleams of breaking day we could see that we were passing the rocks of death more than a mile away. The sea about us was wild and white with rage, but our ship was being driven clear of land and down through the windward passage intervening Haitien and Cuban shores. The rolling, rocking, pounding, striking, pitching, tossing, creaking, crying, and moaning of the boat during the next three days and nights simply cannot be described. Preparing food was out of the question, so we did without. During all this time the wind never ceased to blow, and the mountainous waves threatened to capsize and bury the boat. We again had reason to praise God that we did not venture forth with the other boat. It was the Lord who had delivered us.

Although the winds were not abated during these testing days, yet it did change. At one time we were drifting toward Jamaica, another time toward Beliz in Central America, and still another time in the direction of southwestern Cuba. Both by day and by night we sighted boats in the distance and sought to gain their attention, but to no avail. As the sixth day wore away and the shadows of the seventh night began to fall about us our feelings cannot be told. We simply felt that we could not pass through another stormy night out there, for we had gone for days and nights with very little sleep, and had suffered from exposure. That evening the giant waves with their caps of whiteness reminded us of snow-crowned mountain peaks. One five seconds we were perched on the summit of these sea mountains, then within the next five seconds we were plunged deep into the valley.

As the sun was lowering behind these mountainous waves we caught sight of a ship in the distance and began with all our might to make signs with the flag by turning it upside down and hoisting and lowering it. About this time we took note of fire belching from its guns, then seconds later could hear the mighty roar. At this point our two Bahamian seamen became frightened, and one of them was almost ready to go overboard. The six days and nights had not produced the fear which followed the bursting shells. He tried to get us to stop signaling lest we be blown out of the water. Some of us, however, felt that this was our time of rescue or never. Shortly we were sighted from the crow's nest of the battleship, and then the ship's stem was turned in our direction. What hopes! What joy swelled up in our souls as the fighting ship sped toward us, and what thrills as life-lines were fired over our helpless ship! Your writer caught one of these lines which was secured to a larger cord, which cord was fastened to a larger rope, and the rope to a great anchorage line. Our Bahamian seamen were at home now and played their part as men who know how. We were soon being towed by the American Battleship in the direction of Guantanamo, Cuba, the American Naval Base. Such a rescue! Our drooping spirits were revived and our hopes were lifted high.

This rescue reminded some of us of the Lord's rescue of the sinner sinking in shame and despair. Our motors were dead and there was nothing we could do to save ourselves but to call upon the ship that was able. Upon being secured to this powerful vessel we were soon splitting through the great waves with a speed never known to the Pelican before. We were saved by the strength of another ship. So it is with the poor helpless sinner. He can do nothing to save himself other than to call for the Life Line, and to call upon the Strong Man -- the Man, Christ Jesus. "Whosoever calleth upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." By His strength we are saved in spite of our weakness. Within about four hours we were entering a "haven of rest." What a difference! Outside the storm was still raging, but within the precincts of the harbor all was quiet.

The news was soon carried about that a rescue had been made, and that hungry and shivering men needed attention. Food and warm drink was soon provided. After bowing our knees in thanksgiving to God for His abundant mercies, and for having brought us into the "desired haven," we turned to our bunks for a night of peaceful slumber.

The naval shops had everything needed to put our motors in order, pump out the dirty fuel, and supply us with plenty of fresh fuel. Within a few days we were ready to battle with the wind and waves. In the meantime we had met and made friends with several of the Commanding Officers. One of these men asked if we could by any means supply the base with fresh fruits, specially oranges. Since they had been so kind to do so much for us I felt that we should help them. Instead of continuing our voyage on to the States we returned to Haiti. You can well imagine what mutual joy was shared upon our arrival in Cap Haitien.

What news to the poor natives when they learned that we would be needing some hundreds of bushels of oranges! Some of them sold oranges, others sold sacks made of a certain straw, others made crates for us, trucks were employed, but especially donkeys, to bring in the fruit. There was the sorting, counting, and loading. All of this meant an outlay of small money and many people ate bread as a result. The trip was made back to Cuba with the results that one thousand dollars were cleared within less than one week. Other trips were made, but not with the same results, for the fruit season was about over. While in Cuba on different occasions we were privileged to preach the Gospel both to men in the Service and to Cubans in their towns. We trust on that Great Day when all the mists are cleared away and we enter that other "haven of rest," we shall find that our "bread cast upon the waters" was not in vain.

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Chapter 16

MORE OF BOATS AND OUR BEGINNING IN HAITI

Following the foregoing experience some of our group yet felt that the boat should make a trip back to the States to bring medical supplies, needed equipment, and clothing for the poor. Since the Cashew season was then under way it was decided that we would give many poor people work and load the boat with these nuts to bring over to the States. Little did we realize what a job we were getting into. At that time wages were dreadfully low in Haiti, for there was

little in the way of public work. Folk were then begging to work for thirty cents a day. We decided to take on twenty or thirty people to help us prepare the cashew nuts. Something like two hundred came begging for work. Before we knew it we had taken on more than one hundred. Some of our own people had walked about thirty miles for three days work at only thirty cents a day. Later we learned that these folk wanted the money to buy a little cloth to make a dress to be baptized in.

We were hardly able to break even with the 4,500 pounds of nuts which were taken to Miami, but at least we had experienced the joy of knowing that our people who were attending services (not many of them were converted as yet) had a little extra in the way of food as a result of the pittance which the work provided.

A very dear friend met me in Miami and arranged to pay what we yet lacked on the Pelican. If I had had my way the Pelican would have been sold in late summer and we would have gone out of the boat business altogether, for my hands were being somewhat tied. Others felt that we should keep the boat, or get another larger vessel. I confess that I hated to see it go, or to be without a boat altogether, for it had been difficult to find shipping facilities. Too, we had been able to transport thousands of garments of clothing to the multitudes who were in deep poverty. Little children were running about over the mountain sides naked, and of course would not come to the services like that. Upon making the second trip to the States it was decided by some of our Advisory Council and some other friends that we would sell the Pelican and purchase a much larger boat from the Government. The larger boat would be much more safe in operation, and so much more could be done with it. I went along with this idea and threw my heart into it expecting to find a seaman to put in as captain. Of this I am sure, none of us prayed as much about this as we should have.

Again my good friend volunteered to let us have what we required in the way of difference between the Pelican and a larger boat. We found a Government vessel -- double-planked mahogany from stem to stern -- which had not been used in the war, and had cost the Government \$225,000. They sold it to us for \$10,000. Of course we had to take out the gasoline motors and install diesel motors. This was indeed a beautiful boat. We brought it from Charleston, S. C., to Miami where the other motors were installed.

In February of 1947 the Big ANGELOS with twenty-three people aboard sailed from Miami to Haiti by way of the Bahamas. Another one of the tests of my life was experienced upon crossing the Gulf of Mexico. About midway a heavy northwester struck us. There was really not a seaman aboard. For seven long hours I hung to the helm as we fought the wind and waves. We cast anchor in Bahamian waters, but the force of the gale was such that we lost one anchor immediately and was in grave danger of losing the other. We took up the other anchor, turned the bow of the boat into the teeth of the storm and headed back into the Gulf waters to keep from being dashed to pieces on the rocks. After the vessel was well out into the deep waters the helm was placed in the hands of a man who had never been aboard a boat before in his life. I watched our course through the long night, then at the break of day sailed through the Riding Rock channel, and on out into the white waters of the Great Bahamas Bank. We learned that one vessel was wrecked out near where we had been that night, and that the captain and one of his men lost their lives. God had graciously brought us through. This was the beginning of the end of the boat business for me. Human cargo is too precious, and the responsibility too great. Aboard the vessel during this trip were eleven

members of the Lebanon Valley Gospel Band, and several missionaries including the one who is now my wife. I have thanked God over and over that no lives were lost during my boat experiences.

A captain and crew were installed aboard the boat on my second trip to Haiti. Due to unprincipled men things did not go too well, so eventually we had to make disposition of the vessel. The Lord alone knows how much was accomplished by means of the boats, and only eternity will reveal it. Both our Mission and others hated to see the boat disposed of, but we had no dependable boatmen, and the Lord called me to preach the Gospel and not to operate a boat. (God called Noah to build a boat and preach to warn the people. God was the operator of that boat, so all went well). The boat was sold, all bills were paid, everything was clear and some funds were placed at the Mission's disposal. Some folk who didn't know the story greatly criticized "Bustin and his boats," but the friend who furnished most of the funds never had an unkind remark to make. Later, when the need of the Radio Station in Haiti presented itself this man gave us \$6,000. This concludes the boat story, so we turn to the work in Haiti.

Our entire missionary force at the beginning was new at missionary work, thus mistakes were made which would not have been made by more experienced workmen, but, thanks be to God, something has been made other than mistakes. Thousands have had the Gospel preached to them, and some hundreds have been converted from the dark ways of sin. Not all of these have remained true to the Lord and His Word, but some have remained true, and some of these have already made the safe landing in the "better country." Among the number of "triumphant believers are a son and father. The son was one of the early converts in Haiti who first contacted us in the clinic where approximately 60,000 treatments have been given during the past eight years. This young man was truly converted to the Lord, then his old father and most of the family -- about twelve in all including children and grandchildren -- followed. The young man proved himself faithful for more than three years before going to be with the Lord. Later the old father, who had faithfully preached the Gospel along the wayside and over the mountain trails, even when he was practically blind, triumphantly made the landing on the other side. This too was one of the great funerals of my life. How real was the presence of the Lord in the very midst of dark heathenism on all sides. This man had lived and died in the faith of the pure Gospel. Wicked men knew of the change which had been wrought in that life. Even unto the end he had praised the Lord while in the midst of great suffering.

Time forbids the relating of many experiences in connection with the Haitien work. In 1947 the writer was providentially directed to the Voodooist village of Source Matelas -- a very large village about fifteen miles from Port au Prince, the Capital city. Upon beginning work in this place the people did not want us to mention the name of Jesus lest the devil be offended and persecute them. The whole village was given to demon worship, and practically every kind of witchcraft known to Africa could be found there.

On the second day of our labors in this village, I said, speaking to Napoleon, one of our faithful native preachers who was then my interpreter, "We shall plan to spend the night in the village rather than go back to the city." (Port au Prince was fifteen miles away, and since we had no vehicle with us it was difficult to get back and forth), The day was crowded with many experiences. One of the first was our contact with the Bocour, or Witchdoctor. The word of our

being in the village had been well circulated, so the Witchdoctor went about warning his devotees, demon worshipers, against these men of the Gospel. He well knew that his nefarious business would be interfered with if the Gospel of Christ were preached among his followers. Our contact with this wretched character came about when we stopped to visit a sick man who had suffered many things at the hands of the Witchdoctor, but had found no relief for body or soul. Having heard a little about the Gospel (we had been in that area the day before) he wanted to know Christ, and had taken the first step by having a wooden post pulled out of the ground and cut into splinters. (This old post had been an object of demon worship. The demon worshipers employ trees, stumps, posts, rocks, pieces of iron, bottles, pictures, and a multiplicity of objects in their worship). The old Witchdoctor and a group of the "faithful" were on the war path because this sick man had renounced demon worship. We sought to have a talk with the Witchdoctor, but he would not allow us to come near him. He said, "You go your way, and I will go mine."

During this particular day we came in contact with two deaths. The first was that of a wicked man. Our offer to conduct a funeral service had been reluctantly accepted by his people. At the appointed hour the service was held in the shade of some large trees where the home-made box contained the body. Around us sat and stood a motley crowd of hall-dressed natives with bleary, scornful, sleep-sodden eyes. Most of these had been awake all night "paying their last debt to the dead" by drinking, dancing, gambling, and wild revelry. The service was naturally brief, but we sought to get a Gospel message across to the living. Such a message was unappreciated among this group. One big burly with hard features began to move about in the crowd and create disturbance. They hardly waited for the dismissal until they grabbed hold of the box containing the corpse and started in the direction of the shallow grave. Upon their departure water was thrown behind the corpse in order to chase away the demons. The next strange procedure was to beat the casket of the dead man. They claimed that he was very wicked and didn't want to go to the burial place. Upon arriving at the grave they simply dropped the box into the ground, hurriedly piled in the dirt and rocks, then passed the bottle around among the grave-fillers. Oh the shivering horrors of a heathen burial!

The next death we contacted was that of a little child. We went into the mud hut where the little thing lay on the cold ground with a few banana leaves as its bed. Not a chair, not a table, nor even a box in the hut. The poor mother sat beneath a tree convulsed with sobs. Her demon worship afforded no hope of ever seeing her baby again.

In the afternoon of this same day we began to inquire about the possibility of renting a mud hut as our camp for the night. Repeatedly the natives would say, "Ou capab jwin." (You can find one).

One of the touching incidents of the day came to us upon our visit to a certain habitation (cluster of mud houses where related families live). A very old man sat on the ground weaving a fish trap of bamboo, and never ceased his activity while we were in his yard. We sought to bring at least a bit of light to his darkened mind, but seemed to make no headway with him as he unremittingly worked at his task. As we turned to go we almost stumbled over some iron bars driven deep into the sand. Thinking that we might be able to approach the poor man in a more understandable way we said, "What are these things for?" (Of course we knew they were placed there in connection with demon worship). We were frankly informed that this was his personal

affair-in substance "this was none of our business." "You are right, sir, but if you should visit my country you would see many things which would be strange to you, and if you should ask me what they are used for I would kindly tell you." This touched the old man's heart, so he called his son, a middle-aged man, and told him to take us some place. We followed him into a newly whitewashed and well swept hut. Immediately we were aware that we were in a house dedicated to demon worship. Among the relics of this mud house were various kinds of clay vessels, and quite an array of Roman Catholic pictures. Most of such places also carry an assortment of bones, but such were not visible here. It is possible that they were concealed. While in this place I put my arm on the shoulder of the man and talked to him about the Lord. His reply was, "I am willing to be converted if my father is. When I was born my father was worshipping Satan, and he taught me to worship him, so I don't know anything else." Outside again I placed my arm about the shoulders of the old man and thanked him for his kindness, then sought to tell him about Christ who could bring help and hope to his life. His reply was, "When I was born I found my father worshipping Satan, he taught me this way, and I have never known anything different." The old man's words deeply touched my soul, for yonder in the distance, less than a thousand miles, is the great land of America with its millions who say they love the Christ, but none had ever come this way to tell the glad story of His love. Then I thought of the multiplied thousands of poor blinded minds on this island who have never heard the story of Jesus.

Finally in the evening of this particular day the sun was setting. Folk continued to tell us we could find a place to stay for the night, but now the night was approaching us. We had worked from morning until sunset without eating, and had walked for miles. Upon asking the pointed question of where we could find a place to camp for the night the answer was, "Nou pa kona" (We don't know). We said, "All right we will camp beneath a tree." This touched their hearts, so one man said he would rent us his house. This miserable shack was in a horrible state. No human being had lived in it for a long while. It had been occupied by donkeys, goats, chickens, fleas, spiders, and all types of pests, however we agreed to take it if the man would have it cleaned out. He set about to do so, then his neighbors objected, saying, "If you let these Gospel men have your house Satan will be angry and will persecute us all after they are gone." While we were preparing supper out in the open a young woman came saying that we could occupy her house. She moved out, swept the dirt floor and gave us possession. This became our village hotel. The house was just wide enough for us to wedge our cots inside.

In this same village on another occasion a very wicked man told us that we could sleep on his front porch (a sheltered extension to his small house). We accepted his offer, opened up our cots, and were soon fast asleep in spite of the devouring malarial mosquitoes. About 10:30 the writer was awakened by the appearance of the wicked owner of the house. By the light of the moon I could see something which resembled a club being carried in his hand. After he went into his house I fell asleep again.

About three years after the above mentioned experiences, one of our missionaries, Miss Helen Hammer, was carrying on the work in this village when word was brought to her that a band of wicked men were seeking to kill her and our native Christians. On the night of their intended foul play the service conducted by Miss Hammer ended unusually early, so the plans were thwarted. Upon seeing their plans defeated these would-be-murderers laid hold upon a certain man with the intention of taking his life, but were unable to cope with his fighting power, so fled

for their lives. This matter was brought to the attention of the law, the men were arrested, questioned, and discovery was made that fourteen skulls were in a certain little house. It was also brought out that the flesh from the bones represented by these skulls had been sold in an open market by a woman from whom we had rented a little house in a nearby village. It also came to light that my life had been attacked in the beginning of the work three years before. They reported that they were unable to carry out their plans "because of some kind of strange power about him which prevented us from striking." Praise God for His great faithfulness.

We now have a chapel in this place, good attendance, some baptized believers, also a day school for children to learn to read and write. Such pioneering is by no means easy, nor is it naturally safe, but this is none of our business. The call is to go, then leave the results to the Lord.

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Chapter 17

NEW GUINEA AND MY GREATEST GRIEF

In the early part of 1948 I had a clear conviction that I should return to Australia. My wife shared heartily with me in this conviction even though the load would be heavier for her if I should go. Upon being convinced that this was of God she was always ready to take on the extra burdens involved. As may be expected, opposition to my going came from others, but the Lord made the way, so I landed in Sydney, Australia early in June. Missionary meetings were conducted with a heartening response for the work in Haiti, yet God had other plans which as yet were not clear to me. Even before leaving the western part of the U.S. for Australia my heart was beginning to be moved concerning the great island of New Guinea, yet knew practically nothing about the place other than being a land of head-hunters, many cannibals, tree-dwellers, and primitive people. I had heard of James Chalmers, the missionary, and another traveling companion having been killed and eaten by the New Guineans in the early part of this century.

Soon after my arrival in Australia inquiry began to be made concerning the unevangelized sections of New Guinea. Great was my surprise to find that the majority of the Missions seemed to know little or nothing concerning this island just above Australia which comprises land area equal to the States of Florida, Alabama, Georgia, and South Carolina all combined. After some weeks I learned through the channel of one Mission that nothing whatsoever was being done in the vast Central and Western Highlands of New Guinea. The Lutherans, Adventists, and Catholics had gone as far as Mount Hagen in the Central Highlands, but west of there tens of thousands of square miles were then without any kind of religious activities other than pagan heathenism. Sad to say that much of the religion in the Central Highlands brought a curse rather than a blessing. When I learned of these vast areas where no preacher of the Gospel had ever placed his feet my heart was deeply moved. I sought to stir up Australians to do something about getting in there with the Gospel. Some were interested, but were not prepared to do anything within the immediate future. My soul was grieved to think of coming all the way back to the West Indies without seeing something done for the bush men of New Guinea.

I was booked to fly from Sydney to Los Angeles leaving on the 6th of August. It was then the latter part of July. With a real heart concern my soul was silently lifted to the Lord in prayer one night. In substance the prayer was, "Dear Lord, Thou knowest the need of our neighbors in New Guinea better than we know, and I am sure Thou lovest them more than we do. Thou seest the indifference of those who are called by Thy name in that they have allowed these multitudes to dwell in their darkness through all the long years. Father, Thou knowest that I would like to have a part in carrying the Gospel to these other sheep, but Thou knowest also that my hands are full in the West Indies, and Thou seest that I have no means to use in opening a work in New Guinea. Father, Thy servant is willing to go, and if necessary even be eaten by these wild people in order that they might have the Gospel. Lead me clearly if Thou wouldest have me go, but let me not get out of Thy will."

I was out of bed and dressed early the next morning when suddenly a knock was heard at my door. Upon opening the door a lady spoke saying, "Brother Bustin, may I speak to you for just a minute?" I answered, "You may." She continued, "Last night I was praying and the Lord spoke to me and told me to give you one hundred pounds (\$320 in American currency) for New Guinea. This came as a blow to me, so I had no ready answer, but about the time I started to ask if she were sure that the Lord was leading her to do this she seemed to anticipate what I would say, so replied, "I know the voice of the Lord, so when do you want the money?" My answer was, "I shall be going to another town now, so I will pick up the check when I pass this way on my way to Sydney." I was then in Melbourne. She assured me the money would be waiting for me. In the small city of Ballarat, Australia, I was stopping in a humble home where they had no modern conveniences, but they had true love for the Lord. One morning an aged lady placed an envelope in my hands which contained another one hundred pounds. After picking up the other check in Melbourne I was back in Sydney the next afternoon. Upon entering the home of Mrs. A. Owen whom I have often referred to as my Australian mother she passed a letter on to me from another friend. This letter contained a check for one hundred pounds earmarked New Guinea.

There was not a shadow of doubt concerning the Lord's will. I knew that I must soon leave for New Guinea, so wrote to my family in the West Indies informing them of my plans. Many other praying friends were contacted by letter and asked to pray especially for this venture for God. From the beginning the Lord signally led, provided the means, the equipment, a young man as companion to go with me, and the permits to enter the country. Some folks informed me that we would not be allowed to enter the Western Highland regions since it was closed territory, but we sincerely believed the Lord would make the way. Upon our arrival in New Guinea we went directly to the authorities and divulged our plans. It was obvious that we were considered foolish to think of going in among untouched savage people with no natural protection for ourselves. We were told that the people were very wild in the section we desired to enter, and that the Government would rather not see us go there, but then came the word we wanted to hear: "We cannot stop you, for that territory has just been opened." We could not refrain from saying, "Praise the Lord!" We pointed out another area on farther west. Mr. Champion, the head of District Offices at that time, spoke up and said, "Yes, I know about those people. They are all cannibals, but very friendly." At this point I could not keep back the laughter, for I could not see any advantages in being eaten by friendly cannibals over that of being devoured by unfriendly cannibals.

The limitations of this book will not allow me to restate the many ways in which the Lord worked in our behalf at this time. (My book on ADVENTURING WITH GOD IN THE WILDS OF NEW GUINEA, price 50c, gives the complete story.) It was wonderful how the Lord worked and went before us. It was a marvel in our own eyes. Many lives have been blessed while reading the day by day accounts of God's faithfulness to His servants out there among New Guinea bush men. One man who is now in training for New Guinea tells how his life was completely transformed after reading the book through five times. One man and his wife that the writer knows of drove hundreds of miles to hear the New Guinea Story related no less than fifteen times. What God does is wonderfully done, and this was God's doings. We who went in were only instruments in His hands. It was the Lord who went before us and touched the hearts of vicious men causing them to meet us as friends and to assist us in finding a Mission site and to help build. It was the Lord who helped us through the difficult trekkings. The Lord loved these dear savage people and found a way to express that love through His little servants.

Wonders were wrought within one month's time and the writer was on his way back to Australia, America, and Haiti. I came out of New Guinea the last of September and was back in Haiti the latter part of November. What a joy to be with the family and missionary staff again after having been away for more than seven months. I had been to the other side of the world, and at one time in a part of the world where no white man had ever been seen, according to the report of the natives. (Of course a few Government men, or explorers, had been in the general area. There are yet vast numbers of villages where white men have not been). The Lord had graciously seen me through all the dangers known and unknown. The mother of my children seemed more thrilled than any other person as she, together with others, heard the continued story of God's wonders in the wilds. This is understandable, for she had naturally put more into this than any other person. In some respects even more than the writer, for she had carried a heavy load in Haiti while I was away. The account of what the Lord had done in New Guinea seemed to afford her one of the greatest joys of her life. How little did we realize that her joys on earth were almost ended.

When Mrs. Bustin met me in Port au Prince she appeared as a picture of health. During our twenty-three years and six months of married life I cannot remember of any time when she seemed to be in better health. After about two weeks she slightly complained of not feeling so well and lay around and rested most of each day until the last which was only about one week. During her last day with us she ate a hearty breakfast and later walked out to her cot in front of our house and in the shade of the trees. Here she had rested each day and insisted on staying out there for a time each night to drink in the beauty of the moon-kissed branches of the royal palms gently swayed by the evening breeze. In the early afternoon of December the 15th there were signs of restlessness, but she was not interested in having a doctor come, nor did we insist, for no one considered her case serious. Later, however, we did insist that she have a doctor, so she was willing. Our son, Charles, went in the Jeep for the doctor, but shortly after he left our nurse came and quietly said to the writer, "I cannot find her pulse." She was placed on her bed in our room, but within a matter of minutes she was leaving us. When the doctor arrived she had gone. Something like a heart attack, or acute indigestion, must have hurried her away.

Only those who have suffered the loss of a companion and a devoted parent can know what it was like in the Bustin home as the sun sank behind the rugged mountain ridge on that December evening. If she had only been able to tell us goodnight it might have helped a lot, but when her time

came to leave us there was not even a parting word. It was all too soon for us. We longed to call her back and once more tell her what a good companion and devoted mother she had been, but she had already passed beyond the limits of our weak voices. Her greatest joy, that of being with her Lord whom she had so faithfully served, occasioned our greatest grief. If we could have had our natural choice at that instant there would have doubtless been eight bodies placed side by side before the sun went down the next day, for the sentiments of each were, "Why can't we go too?"

The startling news swiftly sped from one native hut to another and on out beyond the plains and over the mountains. A great company of the natives had quickly surrounded the house begging to see the face of their "Mambo" (short for Madam Bustin) for they could not believe that she had left us so quickly. Even before the body was laid out we permitted a long line of these dear folk to pass through the room and view the face of the one who had meant so much to many of them. After the body was prepared for its last resting place the people continued to come all through that long and lonely night. Many of them walked fifteen or twenty miles arriving late in the night or early dawn. Others arrived at different hours the next day. One of the natives exclaimed, "She gave her life for my people."

From midnight until near four o'clock the next afternoon some of our students were occupied in the workshop constructing a beautiful mahogany casket. (Lest some of our readers think this was extravagant I might explain. The students were guided in this work by skilled workmen. We furnished the material, then paid something to the skilled laborers, but the total cost was little more than \$50).

It is a law in Haiti that bodies must be buried within twenty-four hours. The funeral had been set for four o'clock in the afternoon, but long before this time a large company had assembled to pay their respects to their departed friend. Government men, business men, missionaries of other missions, as well as our own, a large group of native Christians, and many unawakened sinners were present during this solemn hour. One of our aged workers gave the funeral address interpreted by a missionary from another group. One of the most touching phases of this occasion was a duet sung by my two oldest daughters. They sang a song which had been written by their own mother many years before. I have never heard them sing so well as on that occasion. How they were able to do it I do not know. They believed the Lord wanted them to sing this song. He graciously helped them.

As the sun was setting beyond the high hills of Haiti God's faithful servant was tenderly lowered into the cold earth to rest until the trumpet shall sound and the dead in Christ shall awaken to meet their loving Master and the living saints who shall likewise be changed in the twinkling of an eye. What a day! No more sickness, no more separation, no more sorrow, and no more sighs!

"What is home without a mother?" is something more than a proverbial expression, and finds its counterpart in, "What is home without a companion?" Some months before this heart-bleeding blow came into my life a beloved brother in Christ was with us in Haiti just after he had lost his bosom companion. My heart went out for him then, but my sympathy was so weak. I had never witnessed what he was passing through. My six children seemed dearer to me than ever after the passing of their mother, and yet there was a vacancy in the home which appeared as some mysterious and fathomless void. I had been away from my wife and children as long as seventeen

months at the time, and many months on various occasions, but never had I missed her so much as during those long sorrow-shrouded nights which followed that unforgettable night of her departure. My beloved children seemed so understanding and bore their grief better than their father. Our precious missionary family and my many friends were so kind and thoughtful during those days of deep silent grief. Beyond and above all were the comforts of our Saviour's love. Bless His dear name! I have often wondered how sorrow-stricken sinners can live without him. Why will they try to carry their griefs alone while He waits to come to them with His comforts and His grace! "He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows." How could we live without Him! And yet, the precious word does not say, "He hath borne all our griefs." He comforts us in our griefs, and gives us grace to bear our griefs elegantly and without the least tinge of bitterness. For our own eternal well-being our Lord does not take away all our griefs and heavy crosses, for by these He makes us to become vessels unto His praise and glory. Much of our grief remains, but His infinite love more than matches our grief with His abundant grace. George D. Watson said, "It does not matter from what quarter spiritual suffering may have its origin, if the soul is truly yielded to God the Holy Spirit will gather up every thread of pain and weave it through His loom into a gorgeous pattern of the life of Christ."

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Chapter 18

THE BUSTIN AND MENEFEE MEMORIAL

In the very beginning of our Haitien work the Lord gave me a vision of a Gospel Broadcasting Station erected on our beautiful compound, but not more than two or three people knew of this. The first man I mentioned this to was about swept off his feet and let me know then that he didn't approve of such an idea. My wife knew of my thoughts along this line, but it was seldom discussed until during the last year of her life. It became a conviction with her also that God had so planned for us.

To the best of my remembrance my first public mention of the Broadcasting Station was in Chicago only a few weeks before leaving for Australia in June of 1948. At that time two of God's children spoke up and voluntarily gave \$110. This was the first offering toward this phase of our work. A few days later while in conference with our Advisory Board, Brother J. W. Menefee, one of our members, assured me that he highly favored the plans for the Broadcasting Station and had \$500 to give toward the project. He never knew just how much his words and his gift meant to me at that time, for in those days I found few people with a vision of what could be done through a missionary radio station.

After returning from Australia it was my privilege to spend a day or so in the home of Brother Menefee during which time we talked over plans for the work. A few days later I received one of the great shocks of my life when I learned that this dear man had gone to be with the Lord. I was called to conduct his funeral, but this was not an easy thing to do, for he seemed as near to me as a close relative.

Only a few weeks later my own dear wife was also taken away by sudden death. My business confident and my bosom companion had so suddenly been removed. My first thoughts were, How shall I carry on, and especially with the plans for the Gospel Broadcasting Station? The load seemed too great for advancement with the conventional type missionary work, and specially so since New Guinea had come into the picture. Shall we undertake the added burden of the broadcasting plans!

After diligently seeking the mind of God in the matter it became a settled conviction that He would have us go forward according to former plans. It is true that I had no knowledge of radio work, and we had so very little in the way of funds for such a momentous task, but God was leading and would see us through. It was settled from the beginning that we would pay as we went. It was also decided upon that we build a large and much needed tabernacle to take care of our growing congregation, and that this tabernacle should be known as the BUSTIN AND MENEFEE MEMORIAL. To save expense the Broadcasting Studios would be arranged in the rear of the big tabernacle.

This was a stupendous undertaking, and I almost tremble yet when I think of such a venture along with all else we were undertaking. Thanks be unto God for the encouragement and the assistance rendered by the major part of our missionary staff during those days of deep grief and increasing burdens. Well meaning people prophesied failure. Some wanted to know what I knew about radio work and of how I expected to carry on even after the transmitter and equipment had been installed. Such were fair questions, but my only honest answer was that, "I know nothing about radio and I do not know how we will carry on, but I know that God is leading, and He will surely provide."

During these days of testing I received a letter from Mr. Paul Shirk, a radio technician then living in California. Providentially he had learned of our plans to install a station in Haiti and offered his services to come and help us. We had already arranged for a small Company to construct a one thousand watt transmitter. This, however, was proven to be inadequate for our purpose until it was worked over by Mr. Shirk. Even then the power output was only about 700 watts.

There were many problems which entered into the matter of constructing the tabernacle and radio station, thus increasing the load almost immeasurably. Had it not been for the firm conviction that God was backing us this whole building project might have terminated like the man our Master spoke of "who began to build and was not able to finish." During those days I often thought of those words, and I am confident that many other people also had in mind these words. Prophecies of failure might have come true had it not been for other words of the Master. "All things are possible to him that believeth" stood out like letters of gold, and thus assured some of us that God would see us through, even though we were reminded that "the poor people of Haiti have no radios, that our intentions of getting into the States with the broadcasts would never materialize, and that we were wasting God's people's money." It is never easy to forge ahead in the face of thrusts coming from folk who claim to follow the same Christ we serve, for to go forward assures us of being charged with "stubbornness," "self-interests," and "bull-headedness." Such a thing is sad indeed, but the "Sanballats and Tobiahs" are found in unspeakable numbers listed among the followers of

Christ. These will seek to block every move that is made by those who have a vision of kingdom interests.

Again we were encouraged to go forward by the mighty promise: "Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and shew thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not." God's great faithfulness to His word is demonstrated in the pages which are to follow.

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Chapter 19

MARRIAGE AGAIN, AND OUR HOME

In the latter part of December 1939 the writer was introduced by his sister to Miss Alma Platt, a Registered Nurse, who was then working in the employ of the State, and located in the city of Tampa. About ten months later Miss Platt was introduced to the family then in Florida on the way to the Bahamas. After our arrival in the Bahamas this lady began to give regular support to our work there, and even though we never saw her again for more than seven years she was a constant supporter of the work.

About seven years later a letter came from Miss Platt asking if the Mission would grant her the privilege of coming to Haiti at her own expense and help in the work of the clinic which at that time was indeed heavy. She had arranged for a year's leave of absence from her work in Florida in order to relieve sufferers in Haiti. All of us believed that this was in answer to prayer, for our Station was in dire need of a qualified nurse to assume responsibility in the clinic. This was before the Government of Haiti had installed a free clinic in the city of Cap Haitien, so it was then a common thing to have from one hundred to one hundred and seventy-five patients every clinic day.

Miss Platt was one of the passengers aboard the ANGELOS on its maiden voyage to Haiti, and was among the number who weathered the terrific storm on the Gulf. This lady tackled her task in Haiti with a courageous heart, and, though not officially accepted as a missionary, faithfully filled her place as a missionary. She loved her work, loved the natives, and adapted herself well to institutional life among the missionary staff. She not only served the natives, but served our missionaries, those of other Missions, and members of our family. It was a common thing for her to be called out at all hours of the night as well as day. When it became necessary for any member of our staff or of our immediate family to be in the Government Hospital she was always a volunteer to go there and remain day and night so long as her services were required.

The nurse filled her year's contract, but did not feel clear to leave at the termination of this period, so continued her labors in Haiti. The mother of my children became quite attached to Miss Platt and greatly appreciated the untiring services she rendered to all who required her assistance. While the writer was on the other side of the world his two youngest children, Paul and Gerald, were dangerously ill with diphtheria in the hospital in Haiti. Ordinarily their mother would never close her eyes in slumber while any of her children were seriously ill, but she felt free to fully trust them in the care of our nurse.

This good lady was yet on the field when my wife was taken from us, stood by her until the end, then played the part of an undertaker in caring for the body. Personally I have never beheld a more beautiful corpse as she lay in her casket with the color from a large bouquet of roses reflected upon her face.

Following this grief my daughter, Claudine, suffered for some weeks with a broken foot She was tenderly cared for by our nurse. Your writer was next on the list for the nurse's care. Our readers can guess the rest. A sincere appreciation ripened into a smiling admiration which silently developed into a sublime affection. All of this eventuated in a correspondence courtship which was consummated in matrimony on December the 24th, 1949; one year and nine days after the death of my first wife.

It is to be expected that some good people thought it was altogether too soon to become interested in another. They may be correct, and yet they have no law, scriptural or profane, to prove their claims. I was not seeking another companion, and had no thought of doing so, but God in His kind providence prearranged that this good woman should be prepared to fill the vacancy in our hearts and in our home. Specially the smaller children needed a mother and I needed a companion. Our Father supplied that need in the person of another Unselfish life.

Why our Father has been so graciously good to me I am at a loss to know. He has given me two good women whose hearts have been deeply concerned for the work of the Lord, and have always been ready to deny themselves in order for His work to prosper. My present companion is a true mother to my children and is loved by them. This has brought great joy to my life. She was the means, soon after we were married and while I was away from home, of leading the youngest children to the Lord. Our home is one of peace and harmony, and every member a lover of the Lord Jesus Christ. Praise be unto His matchless name!

While speaking of my family, I should like to add this note. One of the deep joys of my life is afforded by the fact that each of my six children has confidence in their father's faith. They know my faults as well as I know theirs, but their love and confidence is deep and true. They sometimes bring embarrassment by thinking their thoughts aloud to the effect that "our daddy is the best preacher in the world." while I well know they are far off on this point, yet it gives me great peace of mind to know that my children have confidence in me. For them not to have confidence in my life would be heart-crushing indeed.

At this writing my oldest daughter, Miriam Claudine, and her husband Victor C. Chamberlin, with their two children, are in missionary work on the island of Haiti, but with a call to go to New Guinea as soon as the way is clear. My second oldest daughter, Lenita May, is now in Bible School -- The Great Commission Schools -- Anderson, Indiana preparing for future missionary work. Charles Milton, my oldest son, is under appointment to return as a missionary to Haiti in the near future if he is deferred from Selective Service. Joanna Ruth, my youngest daughter, is in her Senior year of high school, and expects to prepare herself for the work of Missions. The two younger children, still in the grades, resent the oversight in not referring to them as missionaries. Their only plans are to spend their days somewhere in the "regions beyond," and this is natural, for they were born and raised across the sea.

My unknowing critics have said, "Bustin is feathering his nest." These might think and speak differently if they had "nested" through the years where we have, and had endured some of the privations common to life in other lands. My children have for the most part of their lives been denied many of the common comforts and petty pleasantries, but they are none the worse for such. Until this hour we have no certain abiding place -- no place which we can truly call home. We have not spared ourselves, nor saved for ourselves. We own no earthly property, and may never do so, but don't feel sorry for us, nor think us poor, for we have treasures safely out of sight. We have "brown gold," "jewels in ebony," and "diamonds from the rough" gloriously refined, gorgeously polished, and graciously mined already transferred and deposited in the Treasure City of the universe.

By the grace of God our family expects to own a home- "home sweet home in that continuing city" where death and distance shall never again become separating factors in our lives. Yes, maybe my critics are correct, "Bustin is feathering his nest," but he is feathering it higher up than they think -- far away from the malarial mire of this material war-worn world: away up where the wild winds of time shall never disturb "our nest." Come, my friends, and do likewise.

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Chapter 20

THE MIRACLE BROADCASTING STATION

The wonder-working God of Israel still wills and works His wonders today. "Brother Bustin," said the meticulously-minded engineer, while being shown the location for our Broadcasting Station in Haiti, "no engineer in the world would choose this location as the place to put a broadcasting station, for that mountain up there and so near to us will dissipate ninety percent of our power, so we cannot expect to be heard in the eastern part of the United States." This came as a blow, for this was the exact location where the Lord had led me to build a station. I soon caught myself and said, "Well, our Lord can, if needs be, cast that mountain into the sea so far as its power to hinder the broadcasts." Without a doubt this sounded silly to a man who was technically finicky.

After hundreds of hours of diligent toil the long-looked-for day arrived. We were full of excitement to know what the results would be. The engineer had written to some of his technical friends in Equidor, of South America, asking them to be listening at a certain hour of a certain night on a given frequency. These friends were working with the "Voice of The Andes" Station, or HCJB. At the appointed hour a company of missionaries, and students, together with other natives, surrounded the door of the studio and listened with abated breath as the engineer spoke into the microphone giving our call letters 4-VEH. These were repeated several times, then HCJB was invited to come in. Such awe! Would they hear, or would they not! Is all this labor expended in vain! Suddenly there came the hum of a distant transmitter, then a voice saying, "HCJB, Quito, Ecuador, calling 4-VEH." This was repeated three or four times, then the words we had so long wanted to hear, "4-VEH, you are coming in clear and strong." Of th is we were certain, we were being heard in one direction at least fifteen hundred miles away. Again I was chided with the

words, "You see we are being heard well in this direction, for there is no nearby mountain to hinder." As yet I could not talk until one day when a letter came from my good friend and beloved Brother in Christ, A. R. Hunsberger, of New Ringgold, Penna. This letter read in part, "4-VEH is coming in like a local station." This was followed by other letters assuring us that we were being heard well from eastern Pennsylvania, exactly behind the "impassable mountain" and approximately 2,000 miles away. This brought an end to the arguments relating to the dissipation of our power. I don't know what God did, but I know we are still being heard.

Brother Hunsberger was also quite prophetic in stating that we might expect special attacks from the "enemy" (Satan) since we were getting up into his realm. These were soon to begin, and to come to us through altogether unexpected channels. Added heartaches and deep soul-sorrows came to us from sources which were altogether unimaginable, but we are learning that God sometimes comes in "His chariot" of mysterious clouds His marvelous mercies to bring. He mercifully sends forth His storms to sweep from our midst greater disasters in the making. Maybe some clear day we shall know the mystery of many things which now bruise and bleed our baffled hearts.

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." Sowing in tears is not the end. The reaping follows. Letters, precious letters, soon began to pour in from many parts of the world, even both sides of the world, thanking God for 4-VEH and the message of hope it was bringing. Letters were showered upon us from many islands in the West Indies. Sometimes we would laugh, weep, and praise God aloud while reading these soul-lifting letters. The testimonies of those who were being helped and blessed were ample pay for all the damaging attacks we had endured.

Within a few months it was my privilege to visit the islands of Curacao and Aruba where thousands listened to us daily. What a joy to meet with these precious hungry-hearted friends. They treated me like a prince, and many of them turned to the Lord. It has been my pleasure to make three visits to these islands and minister the Gospel in person. Some of my dearest friends on earth are found among these dear people who are regular listeners of The Evangelistic Voice of Haiti. I have often had the feeling that if no other people on the face of the earth had been helped other than these folk by means of the Evangelistic Voice of Haiti it would still be worth all that we have put into this work just to see the blessing which has come to these two islands.

In spite of the fact that some folk have tried to argue that Haiti has no radios, a prominent Haitien told me that there are forty thousand sets in the country. It is true that many thousands of poor people have no radios, but it is also true that many thousands do have radios in the cities and towns, especially where they have electricity. It is a custom of the Haitien people to keep the volume wide open on their radios, thus many other folk have a chance to hear what is coming in over the air. This is true all through the West Indies. It is a common thing to see a crowd of people outside the fence listening to anything of interest coming over the air. It is also a common matter for a Christian man owning a radio to invite others into his house to listen to the Gospel. Others have hooked up a loud speaking system to their radios in order that the people on the streets might have an opportunity to hear the Gospel. Friends in Aruba have told me that when they have had to leave their homes enroute to their work a few minutes before our program ended they were able to pick it up all along the street and that by the time they arrived at their place of activity they had heard the whole program.

Perhaps our greatest accomplishments with the Radio Station is among the Spanish speaking people of Central and South America. In certain sections of South America the doors are closed to missionaries, and many church buildings and mission stations are closed. We have hundreds of listeners in these areas. They write to us thanking God for our Station over which they are able to get the message of full salvation. Some of these precious people crowd their houses with their friends who are hungry to hear the pure Gospel. It is hard for the wicked priesthood to keep people from hearing the Gospel by radio. In many sections of the world the Gospel is crowded out except that which comes by radio. Our hearts have been deeply touched by the heartening reports which have come to us from Spanish speaking people. Many have been definitely helped in their souls by means of our Station. We believe that many additional people shall be able to hear when the 10,000 watt transmitter goes on the air.

In the face of all opposing powers our Lord has raised up those who have faithfully stood by us and made it possible for the Station to daily keep on the air, with the exception of Thursday which is the rest day. All who have thus stood by us will share in the rewards on that day when the work is all done. "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days." This is something like broadcasting the Gospel. We receive many encouraging reports now, but the greatest fruit is unseen and unknown to us, but at the end of the way we shall marvel to know what the Lord has done.

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Chapter 21

FACING THE FUTURE CHALLENGE

My First Fifty Years are history. They have passed like the dew of the morning. They are irredeemable and irreparable. If I could recall them there are changes which I would make. I am by no means satisfied with my life and labors of the past. My accomplishments have been limited. Others have done so much in comparison to my little. It seems that I have believed so little, and my trust has been so imperfect. In the face of all my failure to measure up to the highest privileges we have in Christ He has been so patient, and has borne with my lack of alertness in His school. I have been a slow student, and yet through His tender mercies a few lessons have been learned and new heights have been gained.

The past few years have been the best of my life. During this period He has given new revelations of Himself and has trusted me with enlarged visions of a perishing world. He has vouchsafed to this unworthy servant opportunities and privileges which I had never dreamed of. Thirty-two years ago He called me from between the plow-handles to follow Him. I never so much as dreamed of the day when I would girdle the globe with the Gospel message. I had no ambition to travel around the world and never once planned such a trip. My soul had often been stirred while reading thrilling accounts of such men as Livingstone, Payton, and Chalmers -- mighty men of God who became pioneers in the wildest regions of the earth. I knew that I was altogether too small for such a task, and know it yet, but the Lord saw fit to let me have a small part in pioneering among the same type of people and witnessing at least a little of what they witnessed among

primitive men of the bush. Why God has been so good to me I cannot tell except for one little trait in my life. From the beginning I have purposely chosen the hard way -- the cross way -- while others have played politics to pull themselves into the most pleasant positions the Lord has given me grace to purposely put myself in a position where I have had to trust Him. He has kept me from consciously compromising with sin and the world. He has allowed me to pass some of the most talented men who sought to lift themselves. Praise His blessed name! In all of this I am constrained to tremble before Him, for extraordinary opportunity means tremendous responsibility and a fearful accountability. I am fully aware of my natural inability for so great a task as He has committed to my trust, and yet I dare not betray this trust. I must not be disobedient unto the "heavenly vision." Woe is me if I fail. Our God continually holds before me this word: "Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and shew thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not."

Sixteen years ago the Lord led me out -- whither I knew not. I knew who was holding my hand. By His marvelous grace I have walked on and on with Him in ways that I knew not. When I stepped forth sixteen years ago to follow the Lord into regions beyond I didn't have a dozen people on earth to look to or depend upon to render support for our family of six. This is why I was such a fool in the eyes of some good meaning people. They could see nothing but failure ahead for me and the family. And they were dead right except for God. God makes the big difference. But for Him I would never have gotten anywhere. Through these years nearly a quarter of a million dollars have passed through our hands and our Office. So far as our family is concerned we have received less than \$40 per week during this period. For the past ten years there have been eight of us, and yet we have lived on less than \$40 a week. We have worn other people's clothes and thanked the Lord for them that we might have more to put into the work of the Lord. Please don't think that I am talking about some great sacrifice which we have made. We know nothing about sacrifice. God has given us this great privilege of laying up a few treasures above. The money placed at our disposal was not our money. Our many friends have trusted us, and before God we could not afford to betray such trusts.

At this point in our story I wish to speak of our faithful helpers in the Lord. Had it not been for these your writer would never have been heard of outside his very limited realms. In the face of vigorous opposition across the years the Lord has raised up precious friends who have stood by us with their prayers and substance. Most of these have been poor people who have cheerfully given from their meager means. Their moral support has also been soul-strengthening. Their letters have often brought greater blessing than their liberal gifts. What courage it affords God's little servants when they are assured the perpetual prayers of God's dear children. Glory to God! what an honor, what a privilege to make friends with God's precious people and to have their confidence! I have often asked the Lord to let me die rather than betray the confidence of His people. How precious it has been to note the faithfulness of many of God's children to listen for and give heed to the voice of the Master. There have been times out on the mission field when all of us could have suffered for the lack of necessary food, but for the faithfulness of His people to hear His voice. God has talked to some in the middle of the night who readily responded and supplied the urgent needs when naturally they knew nothing about our needs out yonder thousands of miles away. Others of our precious friends were led to give to the work and have for years contributed regularly each month. How heartening it has been to have good people come to us and say, "You and your work are remembered before the throne of God in our prayers every day." Some of you who are now reading these lines are among these of whom I speak. You will never

know just how much you have meant to us. We can never tell you, but this I know, our God will reward you. I weep for joy upon the remembrance of some of you. Your love for our Lord has inspired me to love Him more ardently. Your encouraging words or letters have fired my heart to run faster and to work harder. You have helped to make me a better man. Your example has stirred my soul to serve Him more diligently. Great will be your rewards.

There are our precious missionaries who have stuck with us through the hard places and have patiently borne with my faults and failures. These too have helped to make me and to advance the work to which the Lord called me. Without these we could not have gone forward. Without them we could not exist as a Mission. I am deeply indebted to them. Their constructive criticisms given in love have helped me. We have suffered, served, and learned together. We are still in school. Some of our lessons are perplexingly difficult, but we have a great Teacher, and by the grace of God we are going to stay in school and make the grades. God will reward these faithful helpers in the Gospel. These constitute my larger family. We have often had the privilege of kneeling in prayer together and committing our large family needs to our blessed Heavenly Father. We have seen Him work wonders in our behalf. He has greater things ahead for us.

A little has been accomplished during these years. God is the judge of how much. We began fourteen years ago with the "Bahamas' Bible Mission." Four years later this was included in "The West Indies Bible Mission," then following the opening of our work in New Guinea the Mission became known as "The East & West Indies Bible Mission." Including missionaries on the field, those on furlough, and those under immediate appointment, we have about thirty adults. We have additional workers in training for the great challenge which faces us.

The Mission is now incorporated in the State of Florida. The work is incorporated as a nonprofit-sharing institution. The Mission will be controlled by a Board of Directors, but not one of these Directors is to derive anything materially as a result of his connection with the Mission. An Attorney at Law has taken a very personal interest in our work in the preparation of the Incorporation papers in order that the Mission might be well secured, and that those who put their substance into this work may have the assurance that their investments are well made.

Now, forgetting our forgiven failures of the past lest we become discouraged in tackling the mighty tasks which lie ahead; and forgetting our gratifying successes which are behind us lest we be tempted to sit down in calm complacency, we must unflinchingly and radiantly face the future with its tremendous challenge. May God deliver us from the feeling that all "the worlds have been conquered," and that we have come into the picture too late. While it is true that we know not how little time we may have to work before the night shades fall, yet we cannot afford to fritter away our time wondering how soon we must quit. These are days when your writer is earnestly seeking God for more light and more wisdom in order to know how to get more accomplished in the course of the little time left. I am not satisfied with the little vision He has given me, but my prayer is that I may be obedient to what vision I have, and that He may enlarge my vision in order that greater things might be wrought for His eternal glory.

In spite of the fact of closed and closing doors we are faced with some of the greatest missionary challenges ever known to the people of God. Our vision must encompass this challenge or we will fail utterly. As children of faith we must "look at the things which are not seen" by

ordinary eyes. We must be on the alert to see those heaven-sent opportunities which challenge us. God has ways for us to get even beyond those closed doors with His Gospel if we will let Him show us the way.

Our present experience in getting into closed territory in South America by means of the Broadcasting Station is proof to us that we can still bring blessing to many hungry-hearted lives dwelling behind the barred doors if we will. Those of you who have been burdened for poor downtrodden China with its closed doors, despair not. Don't give up hopes. There is yet work to be done. There are thousands of thirsty souls in China who have radios in their homes. Let us prepare to give the Gospel in all its purity and power to these needy ones. It can be done. There is the great cruel land of Russia with its doors doubly barred against the Gospel, but we can still get in there. The powers that be may spoil parts of the message with their jam transmitters, but they will not destroy all. Portions will get through to souls crying for the Bread of Life. Some seed will fall on good ground. Poor Spain, long-cursed by cruel Catholicism prohibits the Gospel from being preached even by the natives of Spain. By the help of God we expect to get into that country with the pure Gospel. Let us pray, believe, and give in order that the giant transmitter for our Station in Haiti may soon be sending forth its beam of Light and Life.

We already have towers erected for beaming the Gospel to these far away lands. Special antennas are being arranged for this work. God will reward our labors and yours. Will you join us in facing the mighty challenge to give the Gospel to those behind closed doors as well as to these where the doors are yet open?

Haiti, with its tens of thousands who have never heard the Gospel, presents a mighty challenge with an open door. We must enter while we may. We must conquer for Christ while we can. The wrathful powers of Rome are secretly and subtly scheming to close these doors to the Gospel. Thanks be to God for the authorities in Haiti who are highly favoring the Gospel. Now is our time -- our day of opportunity. How great will be our accountability to God if we fail. Qualified workers are needed, and funds are needed for the accomplishment of this task. Multitudes of poor Haitians are held in the cruel chains of superstition and shame. They are crying for something, but they know not what. We who have had our souls lighted know that these multitudes are crying for the light and power of the Gospel. We have the light, what shall we do with it? Haiti's only hope is Christ. False cults are worming their way in, but the poor people are not helped.

New Guinea now affords one of the world's greatest missionary challenges. It contains thousands of square miles of virgin territory for the Gospel. The doors are open and opening. False religions which damm rather than deliver are ready to enter these doors. It almost makes my blood chill when I think of these uncounted masses of savage people who will be deceived and dammed because of our lack of a vision for a lost world. I can see those eager faces turned toward us and calling for our help. No, my dear reader, this is not simply imagination. I have been there among them where missionaries had never been before. We listened as they invited us to stay, or to return to them and settle among them, but there has been no one to send. They are still in their darkness. They are still calling. Others of our missionaries have gone out there where no missionary had ever been heard of. They have never been back, and there has been none to send in their place. These poor souls are waiting yet, and it seems they are waiting in vain for the help they need.

Something is sadly wrong. When the Government or some Corporation wants men to go to Alaska, some isolated island of the sea, or to some malarial section of the world with the promise of big pay -- they get their men. The Lord of the harvest tells us that they who reap in His harvest "receive wages," and yet there are so few who claim to love Him who are ready to go. May the Lord awaken us, or else constrain us to close our mouths about our love for Him who laid down His very life for us, then commanded us to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. Hearts of burning love for Christ are deplorably lacking. The wild, naked, untaught multitudes are calling for help. What shall we do with this challenge? Shall we stop our ears, close our eyes, and cauterize our conscience; or shall we repent of our love for common comforts, shake ourselves out of our indifference, confess our cold-heartedness, and cry mightily to God for deliverance from our spiritual laziness, and for a mighty baptism of divine love which will send us forth with burning hearts to witness and work for our Lord and the lost? Which shall it be?

Speaking personally, I am fully resolved to redeem the time and if needs be literally lay down my life that others might have the Gospel. That subtle enemy of souls called "leisure" and your writer are not on good terms. We have parted friendship and have nothing in common. Time is too precious and too swift in its flight for me to waste it. Others may do so, but I cannot. The waste of time is the murderer of souls. Jesus said, "I must work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work." Again He said, "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish His work." Paul the Apostle had nothing in common with leisure even while fastened behind prison bars. He witnessed, he wrote, won souls to Christ, and prayed day and night for the saints of God. He speaks to us saying, "And that, knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake out of sleep: for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed."

My friends, I dare not waste time. It seems but yesterday that I was a child saying "Yes Mamm" when "mama" called me to "set the table," "feed the chickens, or slop the pigs." It seems that I can almost hear her say, "Tolbert, it is time to go for the cows," then away I go "tearing" through the front gate past the "big pine tree," underneath the "red oaks," and down across the "pasture" yelling like a wild Indian. "Old Rover" is in the lead barking out his warnings to the cows that it is time for them to go home. With the chores all done, supper finished, and the night shades drawn, "mama," "papa," and "Tolbert" sit together around the wide fireplace" which contains a big "back log." But that was yesterday. Today all is changed. "Mama" has gone to a far country, "Papa" is no longer the young man he was then. He now lives in another part of the country. The old homestead has changed and the old house with its wide hearth is no more. The "barefoot boy" has now turned the half century mark. His FIRST FIFTY YEARS are now history. He has begun his second fifty, but he shall not attain this side of eternity's border. Even if the Lord tarries, I shall have gone the way of all the earth long before the termination of my second half-century. My days are numbered. What I do must be done quickly. "My chores" for the Master are not all done. I cannot boast of being "ready for His coming," for "those other sheep" are not all in the fold. Millions are yet far over the wild seas and lost among the cold dark mountains. I hear my Master's voice, saying, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" I must answer, "Here am I; send me."

I should like to be counted worthy to say with David Brainerd:

"Farewell! farewell friends and earthly comforts, the dearest of them all, the very dearest, if the Lord calls for it; adieu, adieu, I will spend my life to my latest moments in caves and dens of the earth if the kingdom of Christ may thereby be advanced."

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THE END