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REDEEMED THROUGH THE BLOOD

or

The Power of God to Save the Fallen

by

Mrs. Jonnie Jernigan

Rescue Evangelist

Peniel, Texas

A book of testimonies by those who have been saved,
and some of my experience in my work among the fallen

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Printed Book No Copyright -- No Date
But The Book Was Presented as a Gift
To Northwest Nazarene College
September, 1920

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PICTURES INCLUDED

The five pictures in the printed booklet are included with this digital edition as
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Part 1

INTRODUCTION

I was sanctified wholly by the precious blood of Jesus in August, 1895. I began at once to work for the Lord as best I knew, with what light I had, in trying to carry the full gospel to a fallen world. My work seemed to be among the poor, despised, and outcast of earth, that no one else cared for. I have always felt my call to be a home missionary. While others were concerned about the heathen across the ocean, I went to see the woman across the street; and while many are called to darkest Africa, ten thousand miles away, I felt my call to "swampoodle" in "Darktown" in Greenville, my own home town. I have learned that it is just one-half a mile from my own door step to Africa, and often I have found it in my own kitchen.

With this missionary spirit on me, I have assisted my husband in all of his summer meetings, when the duties of my family did not interfere. God has given me a definite message to wives and mothers, which he has helped me to deliver in many places where it has been blessed of him. While I was preaching on this one line one day, in the early part of my ministry, holding up a single standard alike to men and women, and urging our women to demand as much of the men as they demand of us women, and showing that Jesus came to save the lost Magdalenes as well as the lost Gadarenes, and that what God had cleansed let no man call common or unclean, -- as I held up a mighty Savior who was no respecter of persons, a beautiful young woman arose in the back side of the congregation, with tears streaming down her face, holding a pretty little flaxen-haired girl of two summers by the hand.

"Will you allow a woman like me to speak?" said she. Then she told the sad story of betrayal by a young man who had promised to be her husband, but instead was her ruin. She then placed her hand on the head of the innocent little girl by her side: "The father of this child ought to be my husband; but instead he is to be married tomorrow night to one of the purest girls in this town, -- and they will give him a hearty welcome into church and society, while I, his partner in crime, am an outcast, driven from my own home, blighted and wrecked and ruined forever, with all that is dear to a woman gone -- no home, no friends, no money." Her very frame shook with emotion as she sank back into her seat.

This scene broke my heart as I looked on that nameless child and hopelessly blighted mother. It turned the tide of my life. I cried: "Child, I am your friend, and Jesus still loves you," and as I held out my hands she ran into my arms and fell on my bosom, sobbing like her heart would break, while she confessed her sins, and Jesus kissed them away, as he had done Mary Magdalene, while angels carried the glad news to Heaven, that the prodigal had returned home.

From this, I began to hunt up the poor outcast girls, that I knew were mother's fond hope although they may have gone astray and be all covered with shame. During these few fleeting years, I have done what I could in digging out a few precious diamonds from the rough; and I herewith present a few testimonies to God's redeeming power and saving grace, in order to encourage other lost and forsaken ones to find the same mighty Savior.

Then, I feel keenly the need of some kind of a fund to draw on to assist me in my work of rescuing the perishing ones of earth, for whom Jesus died, but no one cares. The rescue homes have a backing and the support of the public -- and that is right -- while I have no sort of support in the work that the Lord has laid on me, only as husband and I pray the windows of heaven open for

the support of our home mission work, but, thank God! he has never forsaken us, and the barrel of meal has not wasted nor has the cruse of oil failed in these nine years.

Now, kind reader, please do not criticize this book or any of its inmates; but rather get on your knees and pray one fervent prayer that all of these may continue faithful to the end, and ask God what you can do in this great work of carrying the gospel to the neglected and despised of earth. "Go out into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor and the maimed and the halt and the blind. And the servant said, Lord, it is as thou hast commanded, and yet there is room. And the Lord said unto the servant, Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled. For I say unto you that none of those men that were bidden shall taste of my supper." (Luke 14:21-24.)

I have no higher ambition in this life than to be ready to meet my descending Lord when he comes to make up his jewels, and to catch his bride away, with a few precious jewels dug out of the slums of Greenville -- with a few redeemed drunkards and gamblers and redeemed fallen girls from my own home town. O, won't it be grand to meet them and to go into the marriage supper of the Lamb with these for whom Jesus died, and to sit at meat with them, while we sing and shout forever the praises of him who redeemed us! "Verily, I say unto you, he shall gird himself and make them sit down to meat and will come forth and serve them." (Luke 12:37)

O, how I do praise God for every rickety, old stairway that I have climbed for him, and thank God for all tired and weary days that I have spent in his service, and the blistered feet and sleepless nights that have come as a result of such service to my King! Some have already gone on to share the joys of his presence, while others are on the way.

"Then the toils of the road will seem nothing
When we get to the end of the way."

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Part 2

MY EXPERIENCE AND CALL TO THE MINISTRY AND RESCUE WORK

From childhood's days, I have always felt the call of God on me to preach his everlasting gospel and to work among the low and the fallen of earth; but, being born a woman [Obviously, the writer means "female."] and in a Methodist family, I was taught that it was masculine and unladylike for a woman to preach. So I tried to crush the call of God that was on me, and hide it from the world; but, as the days went by, that strange longing often became almost unbearable, for me to tell the lost world of a Christ that can save; but, as I was a girl, and timid, I kept all this hid away in my childish heart.

While in school, I met a girl who was a Catholic, and who became my playmate, who often told me of the Sisters of Charity who spent their lives in waiting on the sick and looking after the poor. This stirred me all over, and I decided at once to take the veil as soon as I got grown, if mama would let me, -- as this seemed to be my calling. Soon after this, the same girl put into my hands a book relating the stories of self-sacrifice and suffering of Catholic nuns and Sisters of

Charity, in the awful scourges of cholera and yellow fever that had so lately swept through our fair land. As I read these stories of devotion, I said, "Surely, these are God's chosen people." I decided to give my heart to God and obey the call that had gotten such a hold on me. So I went and told mother about the book, but was promptly informed that Catholicism was a delusion and a snare to catch silly women, and to shun them as I would a viper.

This broke my girlish heart, and I went off to my playhouse to cry. I was discouraged; my heart was bleeding; life looked dark to me then. The Methodists, my father's people, had no place for a preacher who happened to be born a woman; and to become a Catholic would disgrace my family name, of which I was proud. So I went away to meditate and cry. I tried to crush this call of God, until my heart was steeped in pride. Although I was raised in a poor family, I was proud-hearted and tried to dress in the very latest style.

I became a milliner as soon as I was old enough to learn to blend colors, and worked in a fashionable millinery and dress-making establishment. In this position, I always took special pride in my work, and I always tried to please my customers. Often, as some well pleased customer would walk away with a well fitting dress, I would look at her and wish that I could polish her poor soul and make it shine as I had done her body.

This state of things kept me from giving my heart to God until I was grown. Shortly after I was converted, I read a romantic story of a woman missionary in some foreign field, who had done some deeds of daring for God. This awakened that same old struggle in my heart against the call of God to preach his gospel. As I read this story of the missionary, I said, "How strange it is that the Methodists (my people) will let a woman preach in China, but will not at all tolerate it in America!" Then I said, "I will preach to the lost and the low if I have to go to China to do it." I wondered why they would give such grand missionary rallies for a returned missionary, who is a woman preacher in a foreign field, and not allow her the pulpits at home.

When I gave my heart to God, the call became more keenly felt than before, and life seemed to me to be one long, bitter blank, and my heart was filled with a longing that nothing could satisfy, and life seemed a failure to me, and its struggles and trials set in that almost wrecked my life, until one glad day I met the idol of my heart, who became my husband. Strange to say, I found myself married to a man who, like Jonah, was running from the same call that I was under, with the delusion that he was soon to take a course of lectures in a medical college and be turned out a full-fledged M. D.

Like most unsanctified people, I at once began to look away down the road and see myself a doctor's wife. Then, I said, I'll get rich and drive a span of high-stepping bays to a carriage, and help husband at the sick-bed, and look after the poor, and that will settle this call to the ministry, and then I will be happy. But, alas, God swept one prospect after another away, and no money was ever accumulated with which husband could complete his education.

One afternoon in August, 1895, as I was sweeping the yard, husband came in with his face all aglow from his work, with a brand new experience that he called entire sanctification. His face shone with the love of God, till I knew that something out of the ordinary had happened to him.

And among the first things that he said, was, "Wife, I promised God that I would preach and I am now ready to go at it."

I said, down in my heart: "There it is; all my prospect of being a fashionable doctor's wife is gone, and I will be troubled with that call to be a woman preacher again."

I turned away with a heavy heart, and for two weeks I fasted and prayed and struggled with that awful pride in my heart, until I was almost too weak to walk. Then, I yielded to God and said, "Here am I: send me," and in an instant the Holy Ghost came and sanctified me wholly.

Since then, I have wanted to tell the lost world of Jesus my Savior. I wanted to go to the low and the outcast, to those that no one else cared for, and tell them of a Savior that died for them. I wanted to tell the harlot of the Magdalene who washed the feet of Jesus with her tears of penitence, and in return he washed her and made her every whit whole, and commissioned her to preach the first sermon of the resurrection. I wanted to go into the hovels of poverty and tell them of the Man of Sorrows, who had no place to lay his head, nor money to pay his tax, who was born in a stable and cradled in an ox trough, who through his poverty made many rich. I wanted to tell the brokenhearted of the Man of Sorrows, who was acquainted with grief, and of his promise to give them garments of praise for a spirit of heaviness. I wanted to tell the poor nameless children of earth, of one who made himself of no reputation and was the friend of publicans and sinners. O, glory to God! How my heart burns, as I write these lines, to go and carry this gospel of peace to the despised and neglected of earth!

For the past nine years, I have done what I could to tell this lost world of a Christ that is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto him. I have been a home missionary, working in my own home town, doing rescue work and looking after the poor. I love the missionary spirit and pray daily for those in foreign fields, but somehow I think more of the man across the street than of the man across the ocean. I see lots about the heathen in darkest Africa; but I have found that it is just one-half a mile from my door-step to Africa, and lots of us can find it in our own kitchens. I have, by the help of the Lord, pulled a few bright gems out of the slums of Greenville, that are shining today for God, whose pictures and testimonies are in this book. I feel that my first duty is to my own home and to my own children, and these I have not neglected in my mission work.

The duties of maternity I have not shunned. The cares of my home life have been a real pleasure to me, and I want to enter my protest against the miserable "race suicide" so prevalent in these days. Our women, and sometimes our holiness (?) women, are clamoring for small families, and many times for no children at all, that they may go unhindered "in the work" and have no cares upon them. This is a delusion from the pits of darkness and a snare of the devil. I usually find this class of women devoid of deep, spiritual piety, and, besides this, none but a mother's heart knows how to sympathize with "some mother's erring daughter."

Then I often meet women in the scarlet houses, who tell me that they are there because their mothers taught them that when they got married they need not be troubled with bearing children, as they had learned a secret. The thought then came to them, that if mother's statement is true, there is no need for me to get married. "And I am here by mother's advice." Poor, deluded girls! Poor, silly mothers! God help us as wives to obey the Bible if we want a Bible experience! "And God

blessed them and said unto them, Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth and subdue it." (Gen. 1:28) "For I will have respect unto you and make you fruitful and multiply you and establish my covenant with you." (Lev. 20:9) "I will, therefore, that the younger women marry, bear children, guide the house, give none occasion to the adversary to speak reproachfully. For some are already turned after Satan." (I Tim. 5:14)

I am glad that God has given me a mother's heart and a mother's love for poor, erring girls; and it is my delight to go into the haunts of shame and hunt them up and lead them back to a life of purity. It seems that so little has been done by the churches of our day to rescue the fallen and bring them back to a life of virtue. As I look out on the white harvest field of over-ripe grain, and see the few willing workers who are reaping the harvest, my heart bleeds at every pore, and I hear the sad wails and sobs of some mother's poor, unfortunate girl, as she lies dying in a haunt of shame, with no one to pity or to help her.

I have done what little I could since I consecrated my life to God and he sanctified me. The duties and cares of home life and a family of five children are upon me, that I am trying to raise for God, and my daily prayer is that God may call all of them into his work. Yes, God has given me a mother's heart, for which I thank him, and I have never shrunk from the duties of motherhood; but, on the contrary, when I have been confined to my room I have not been wanting for a place to work. Five precious erring girls have been soundly converted in my own bedroom. I have helped husband in his summer meetings when I could get out from home, and there I have given the message that God gave me for wives and mothers, upon which God has set his approval in many ways. Now, my constant prayer to God is that he may raise up many mothers and maids to carry on this great work of lifting up the fallen and bringing them back to a life of respectability.

Your sister, in the name of Him who came to seek and save the lost,
Mrs. Jonnie Jernigan

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Part 3 THE NEW MAGDALENE

"Neither do I condemn thee. Go, sin no more."

"We met and smiled and smiled again;
Smile greeted smile upon the street.
His form and face, it seemed to me
To be my fault and fate to meet.
He spoke, and took my hand in his
And pressed it. Why I could not tell,
I loved him, I believed him true,
I listened, and I -- fell.

"He spurns me now, and I have lost
All that to me was dear in life.

They call me 'woman of the town' --
I who should be his faithful wife.
He shuns me now, hates me. Those I knew
Before I drank the cup of grief,
Abhor me now, but smile upon
The coward and the thief.

He lives and moves in circles where
They seem with pride to call his name;
But all the wealth this world commands
Can never free his soul from shame.
He said he loved me, and it was
The happiest moment of my life;
But now I'm scorned because I'm called
His woman -- not his wife.

"He wronged me, and this little child
I fold so lovingly to my breast
May never live to know the shame.
He knows 'tis his -- God knows the rest.
Though he should live an hundred years
And roam about -- I do not care
On land or sea, awake or asleep
Guilt follows everywhere.

"O woman, woman, why thus hate
One of your sex? Why not implore
The God of mercy to forgive?
Did he not say, 'Go, sin no more'?
'Tis woman's hate to womankind
That makes our lives a wretched span.
Since you will scorn a woman so,
O, why forgive a man?

"I dare not go into your church
And kneel with you in solemn prayer
And ask God's pardon for my sin,
For you would scorn me out of there.
But if the thief of virtue sat
Beside his sister, I've no doubt
He would be the first to leave his pew
To come and drive me out.

'Tis human nature oft to err,
And sweet forgiveness is divine.
Ah, where's the Christian woman who

Would speak to troubled hearts like mine?
Who comes to talk of Christian love
To me whose heart and soul's defiled?
Not one among you? God forgive
A mother and her child.

"Ye holy angels, pure and good,
Go to our Father -- he yet lives --
And tell him not to scorn me, too.
Though women hate me, he forgives.
Teach, O teach them to forgive,
And let his Spirit in them dwell,
That they may show lost souls the way
To heaven -- not to hell."

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RESCUE AND HEALING OF LILLY

When the Rescue Home at Arlington had been completed and the keys turned over to Bro. J. T. Upchurch, he entered the large, beautiful sleeping dormitory, and kneeling down, plead with God to ever grant to be present, and, in his own way, guard, guide, and use the Home to his glory. Bro. Upchurch requested God to meet and redeem the first girl who should come under the roof. The first one who came was brought to us in a dying condition, as you will see by reading the following words of Sister Jernigan, who brought her:--

While visiting a poor unfortunate girl in Greenville, who was sick, I was told of another of the same character, who was sick nearby. I at once visited her in her home, if you could call it a home. She lived in a little shanty of two rooms, with another woman. The windows were out and rags took their places. I was greeted with the foulest odor at the door that I had ever met in a human habitation. The room was fairly reeking with filth. She lay on a cot covered with a tattered bed-quilt, while her head rested on a pillow made of coarse ducking stuffed with a little cotton. The floor was so foul that I badly soiled my dress as I knelt by her bedside in prayer for her. On her face was a look of despair, as she lay dying by inches of a nameless disease. By her side stood two little ragged and dirty children who looked as though they had never had a bath or seen a comb.

This scene broke my heart, and I told her the story of the Man of Sorrows, who had not a place to lay his head, but was a friend of publicans and sinners and could save the vilest of them, and told her he wanted to save her too. I went home, promising to return soon. I called the City Physician, who had been attending her, over the phone and asked him about her. He advised me to let such characters alone, as there was great danger of my contracting the disease by waiting on her and dressing her. He also told me that there was no earthly hope of her recovery, as her disease had such a hold on her. He further stated that every time she was dressed all her clothing must be burned that came off her and that this would incur needless expense, as she was bound to die. But God had laid her on my heart and I continued to visit, wash, and dress her, and point her to the

Christ of Calvary, who could save her soul. I scrubbed the floor, washed and dressed the children, and, with the aid of some other good sisters, kept their needs supplied and secured clothing for the children.

For six weeks, I continued my visits to her, until at last she gave her heart to God and was wonderfully converted. In the meantime, the City Physician was changed and another doctor took his place. I wanted to get the children into the Orphan's Home at Peniel, but was afraid of carrying this disease there, so I called on the new doctor and asked him to please examine the children and let me know. He did so, and on his return he called at my home and advised me to let the woman alone, as there was no hope of her recovery, and further said it was a piece of folly for me to wear my life out on such characters as she, -- "and besides all this, you are in great danger of catching the disease in dressing her."

But God had laid her on my heart and I could not give her up. I wanted to take her to the Rescue Home at Arlington, but the Home was not yet opened. At last the Home was opened; but some friends who had visited Lilly with me, and who had rendered me some assistance, thought she was not a fit subject for the Home, she was so badly diseased. A kind friend volunteered to raise money to pay the expenses of the trip to Arlington, and we began to dress Lilly and get her ready to go. I visited her with some clothing and, noticing she had no shoes, I asked her what number she wore, as I wanted to get her some. I shall never forget the look on her face as she said, "I have had no shoes for so long that I have forgotten the number I wear." This broke my heart to know that for years she had worn only old, cast-off shoes. We took her to the train and went to Dallas; from there we took the trolley car to Arlington. She was so weak that she swooned away three times on the trip. When we reached the Home and were seated in the nice parlor, I shall never forget the look of amazement that came over her face as she looked around at the nicely papered walls and lovely pictures in the room as she threw herself back in the rocker and turned to me and said: "I never saw such a nice home as this before. This must be like heaven."

I replied, "Yes, Lilly; this is a nice, new home that God has prepared for such poor, homeless girls as you."

She heaved a sigh of relief and said: "I thank God for it. I did not expect to find it so nice as this. I wish all the poor girls of Texas could know it was built for them. I did not know that Jesus was so good to poor, lost girls as this."

Without drugs or knives or doctors' help, God has most graciously healed Sister Lilly, and she is a true and faithful Christian in the Home today.

SEQUEL TO ABOVE

The two little children, as described above, were placed by Sister Jernigan in the Holiness Orphanage at Peniel, and were cared for by tender, loving hands.

One day while visiting the Berachah Home at Arlington, I sat and watched the patient, toiling form of Sister Lilly. Calling Mother Collins and Miss Elizabeth, I requested to know of them if she seemed to care anything for her children. They replied that she did not say much about

them, but had been trying to get some little token of love to send them. I thought of the real object of our work, how God had said in Isaiah the 58th chapter, "And they that shall be of thee shall build the old waste places; thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations, and thou shalt be called The repairer of the breach, The restorer of paths to dwell in."

With a desire to repair the breach between the mother and children, I boarded the train and went to Peniel to see if the management of the Orphanage would let us have the babies. They took the matter under advisement, and a few days ago the children were brought by Sister Lilly to Arlington. They were taken to the Home, and the change in them was so great that the mother did not recognize them. On being informed that they were her babies, with a cry she threw up her hands and fell over backward. Mother and children are now joyfully united.

This is the work we are doing. It is worth your sympathy and support.

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Part 4

TESTIMONY OF MRS. MARILLA GILLIAM

You asked me to write my experience for you, so here it is. I was seven years old when mother died. After my mother's death, my father kept house with us children until I was ten years old. Then he sent me to live in a home of a church member in Dallas, who tried to be my ruin; but I left his home clean and pure. I then went to live in a home in Ennis as one of the family, where I stayed until I married at eighteen years.

Up to this time I had had no opportunity to get an education, or to learn anything of social life, as I had been only the house girl.

I lived a happy and true life with my husband for four years, when he was taken to heaven leaving me a widow with two little boy babies. Here my trouble began. I was alone on the farm with no money, no friends. I tried to make a living working in the field for a while, carrying my eight months' old baby with me to the field. I lived this way for two years, when I moved to a small town to take in washing for a living; but times were hard and everything looked dark. A friend advised me to advertise for work, which I did, and got a place to work in a hotel, where I stayed nearly three years. The hotel keeper then moved to the Indian Territory, to run a hotel there and I went with her; but my expenses for moving were so heavy that I had to work two months to pay it. By this time the season was dull, and I was no longer needed in the hotel, so I was without a home in a strange town. I wrote to some of my kindred for help, but for some cause received no reply.

About this time I met the man who became my ruin. I was homeless; and friendless, and without money. He sympathized with me, and offered to help me get work, and was so kind to me, until I soon found myself in love with a stranger, who would help a poor widow woman as I was. He talked nice to me and made me some fair promises. I never once thought he was seeking my ruin, or that he ever would betray my confidence, until I awoke to my situation one day, wrecked, ruined and blighted for life.

Oh, young woman reader, who reads this story, let me warn you to shun a strange man with a flattering tongue; who tries to be polite to you, and offers you money. He may look nice and talk fine, but he is a devil in disguise. I see it now; but it is too late. Let me warn you as one who knows the rough places in life, that there is danger here.

You may say I was too old a woman to be deceived in any such way; but you don't know what you will do, until you find yourself alone in the world, with two hungry children looking to you for support and protection. When it was too late, I awoke to the fact that the man who called himself my friend, had been my hopeless ruin, and I was alone again in the cold, heartless world; still in poverty and with all that is sacred to a woman gone. When I fully awoke to the situation, I planned to take my own life and end the shame.

About this time a holiness preacher and his wife came to the town where I lived, and began a meeting, preaching a full and free salvation. A lady friend told me of these holiness preachers, and asked them to take me and take care of me until the rescue home at Arlington, Texas, was finished, which was not then complete. They told me of a lady friend of theirs who they thought would take me and let me work for her, until the rescue home opened, but when she saw my condition she did not want me. I worked at first one place and then another as long as I was able to work. Then I put my little boys in the Orphan's Home at Peniel, Texas; and went to stay with Sister Thompson for a while, until I could get a place somewhere. Here I was again in a strange town and in disgrace with no home and no money. I again planned to end my wretched career by taking my own life; but, thank God, about this time, some one telephoned for Sister Jernigan to come out and see me. She tried to encourage me and prayed for me, and went away to try to get a place for me to stay. She tried several days but no one wanted a helpless woman like me. Then she tried to raise money enough to pay my board and doctor's bill, but only got three dollars. She told me that she would take me herself if she did not have a sick mother to wait on, who had been an invalid for some time. She said she was not able to wait on us both. She went home and told her husband that all her plans had failed, and that she did not know what to do next. She asked him to pray with her, for God to show them what to do; and while in the room alone with God He spoke to both hearts, "Practice what you preach. You say your home is open to the fallen: here is your chance." She came from the room and hitched her horse to her buggy, and came out after me, and took me to her home and gave me her own bed room, where I stayed until my baby Ruth was born. She paid all of my bills, and did my washing as she had no money to hire it done. Brother Jernigan sold his folding organ to help pay my bills.

One day some of her friends came in and found me in her bedroom, and said: "Why, Sister Jernigan, would you give up your own good room to a fallen woman like this?" She treated me like a mother until I was able to work, and then told me she would give me and little Ruth a home as long as she had one if I wanted it. I lived with her one year and a half. How many Christian women will open their home to a poor creature like I was? I was converted in her home, and during the camp-meeting the next summer I was gloriously sanctified.

Then my mother heart began to cry out for my little boys, that I had raised in sin. I wanted to amend the past, and raise them for God. I told Sister Jernigan about my desires, and she went to see the matron, and trustees of the Orphans' Home and got my boys for me, and rented me a house,

and brought my furniture and provisions enough to last me a month, and we were again united, mother and children.

I am now living at Peniel, Texas, taking in washing for a living. I live happy if I do have to work hard. Thank God I can praise Him while I stand over the wash tub and sing "I have been redeemed." I feel like I owe my life to Sister Jernigan, as she took me in when no other person would have me. If it had not been for her I would have been in hell today instead of writing this testimony to the redeeming power of my Savior. Saved through the Blood,

Marilla Gilliam,
Peniel, Texas, December 4, 1904

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Part 5
A TIME TO BUILD

In a recent issue of the Holiness Advocate appeared the experience of Sister Alma Woffard, showing how God graciously redeemed her from a life of sin and shame, and now she has a good Christian home with Bro. and Sister Jernigan, and is laboring with Sister Jernigan for the redemption of other erring girls. In this issue of the paper we publish the experience of Sister Marilla Gilliam, telling how God so wonderfully and mercifully redeemed her in the home and under the influence of Bro. and Sister Jernigan. All this but fully demonstrates the fact that God is no respecter of persons, and that a fallen woman is no harder to reach and redeem than a fallen man if they are properly dealt with.

Sister Gilliam is now living in Peniel, Texas, in a rented house, and struggling hard to pay rent and support herself and her three children, all small ones, by taking in washing. She is having a hard time of it, but happy in the Lord in it all. If she had a small house of her own so she would not have to pay rent it would be such a relief to her, and make it so much easier to support her children.

The Lord has laid it on Sister Jernigan's heart to raise the money to build her a little home and He is helping her in the work. We believe many readers of the Advocate would delight to assist in so noble and Christlike a work as this. So let any who may so desire send remittances, small or large, to Mrs. Jernigan, 271 N. Wesley street, Greenville, Texas, and same will be acknowledged in the Advocate. Let us "rise up and build." Send a Christmas gift or New Year's present. The citizens of Peniel, we are informed, are responding admirably to the cause, and this shows just such commendable spirit as we might expect from those good people, and also that they deem Sister Gilliam, who lives in their midst, worthy of what is being done for her. -- Texas Holiness Advocate, December, 22, 1904.

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HOW THE HOUSE WAS BUILT

After Sister Gilliam had been redeemed, her mother heart cried out for her children, and she wanted to get them back with her in a home of her own. We saw the management of the Orphanage and they consented for her to have them; and they were soon united in a home of their own; while she took in washing for a living. Winter soon set in, and she found it an exceeding hard job to supply the needs for a family of three children, and pay house rent; but did her best and prayed to God to keep all of her needs supplied.

One day while visiting her I found her weeping, because she was not able to meet her bills as they came due. We kneeled down to ask God to guide her and to keep her free from debt; and while we prayed we felt that we ought to make some sort of effort to build her a house, so that she could make a living for her family. We went to see Bro. J. F. Edmondson, our old friend who had helped us in many a struggle to save poor erring girls; while we prayed over the matter we both heard a still small voice saying, "Arise and build," so we decided that I was to raise the money to build the house and Bro. Edmondson was to secure the land on which to build it.

I began at once to solicit money for the house, and in a short time I had enough subscribed to build the two-roomed house that you see in the picture [See hdm0530d.jpg]. The citizens of Peniel (the little city where Texas Holiness University and the Holiness Orphanage are located) responded liberally; showing that they deemed Sister Gilliam worthy of citizenship among them after a residence there of several. months. We hope soon that the Lord will touch other hearts to erect another room to the house. Money was sent in, in response to a call in The Texas Holiness Advocate from Florida, Kansas, New Mexico, Oklahoma Territory, Missouri, Oregon and Indian Territory.

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Part 6

A REDEEMED DRUNKARD AND GAMBLER

You asked me to write my experience, to be published for the glory of God to show how God can saved a poor drunkard, so here it is:

I was raised by Christian parents who were old-time Methodists, that knew how to pray. Our house was the preacher's home from my earliest recollection. I was converted when a boy and tried to live a Christian life for a short time but soon began to look at the inconsistent lives of the church members around me and that got my eyes off of Christ and I found myself in sin as bad as ever. A short time after I was grown, I was deputy United States Marshall for two terms in North Georgia; hunting wild cat whiskey makers in the mountains near my home. I stood well with my home people and the officers of the law; but it was here that I learned the ways of sin as never before. I learned to drink, gamble, and that with officers of the law who were church members. I often heard them swear; I drank whiskey with them, and some times I would gamble with them; and sometimes visit houses of shame with them, and some of them were officers in the church at that.

This sort of association soon drove me into infidelity, and I became an avowed skeptic. I said there are no true Christians, as I had had a chance to see their best ones, and they all proved to be frauds, and would tell a lie in a trade as quick as I would, for I had a chance to try them. I said

there was no God, and I went from bad to worse, till I was a confirmed drunkard and a gambler, and so profane that my wife was ashamed of me. I had not been to church for twelve years; had spent most of my life in trading horses and drinking whiskey. I often told my wife that I never wanted to hear another song sung, or another sermon preached, as I was already damned if there was a hell; and that I would make the best of this world that I could.

Four years ago I heard of a holiness meeting at VanAlstyne, and I decided to go just for amusement, and see what kind of people they were, as I had heard so much about them.

On Saturday I promised my wife and children that if they would get a certain piece of work done, that I would let them go to the holiness meeting. I did not want to hear the preaching myself; but thought that I would get my wife and children in the meeting, and then I would have a big time up town with the boys. But praise the dear Lord, when I got there they were singing such songs as I had never heard before in all my life; and they all looked like they felt every word they sang. Then they all turned preachers and commenced to testify, and I had never heard such before. This seemed like the very gate of heaven to me. I heard all old man testify that nearly killed me. He said, "Bless God, I have still got the blessing this morning, and I am saved and sanctified now." While he talked the big tears rolled down his cheeks, while his face shone like heaven. Then they sang:

"Jesus saves day by day,
Sweetly keeps all the way;
All my burdens He bears -- every care;
Soon I'll lay my armour down,
And at Jesus' feet sit down.
And receive a starry crown over there."

Somehow this made me think of my mother, and the songs she used to sing when I was a boy, and the prayers that she so often prayed for me. I soon forgot my infidelity, and thought that I had met some people who really knew God. Then the preacher said he wanted to add his testimony: and told how God could save and sanctify a wood hauler, and call him to preach a full salvation; that was the power of God to save the worst of men, and all that would come to Him. He then read his text, and preached a red hot sermon on repentance; and the Holy Spirit burnt the message in on my heart, until I felt like I hung over hell on a hair, and my doom was sealed if I did not repent.

My sins stood before me like mountains; every old debt that I had sworn that I would not pay, and had outlawed, looked me in the face, and every sharp bargain that I had ever drove stood before me like a hissing viper; and every old doctor's bill that I had sworn that I would not pay, demanded a settlement, and all the lies that I had told in mule trades rang out in my ears, and even the chickens that I had stolen in drunken sprees began to crow at me until I felt like hell was caving in under my feet. I was the most miserable man alive that day. As the preacher went on he said it was restitution or hell: that to repent meant to straighten up all the past life and to make all your wrongs right so far as it was possible for you to do it.

The devil came up to me and said, "If it means that, you can never get religion, as you have gone too far." As I sat there on that bench I could almost hear the screams of the damned that night. I heaved a sigh and said, "Lord help me." I went back to church the next day and sister Jernigan preached, and told how God had actually saved a poor fallen girl, and made a preacher out of her. She told how God could save a fallen man as easy as he could save a fallen woman, and how she had worked with the fallen in the dives of deepest sin, and God had blessed her work.

I looked around and all the congregation was in tears, and I found myself crying like my heart would break for the first time in years. I said I would give the world for a religion like that. As we drove along the road home my wife said, "Harve, what do you think of those people? Do you think we could live without sin as they tell us we must?"

I said, "If we don't we will all go to hell."

She said, "Harve, you have always talked that way when you would talk about religion at all; why don't you get it then, and show people that you can live it."

I replied, "If I was to get that kind of religion I would have to quit trading like I do, and you and the children would starve to death or go naked; it would break up a rich man to pay back all that I would have to pay."

Then tears came into her eyes as she looked at me and said, "I had rather go in rags and live on bread and water than for you to be lost."

I tried to quit studying about the meeting, and was up early the next morning ready for work, but I could not pick cotton; and all that I could hear was that song: "Jesus saves day by day." It kept ringing in my ears till I sent one of the boys to the house to ask their mother if she wanted to go to church; and she said yes. So I hitched up the mules and off we went to meeting again.

When we reached the tent the meeting had begun and the people were singing and shouting, and that same old fat man was on his feet testifying again, and as I came in he looked at me with tears all over his face; this made me more miserable than ever. When they called mourners my wife went to the altar; and I was glad of it, for I had heard them say that if she got sanctified it would keep her from getting mad, and I wanted her to get it; and thank God, she did get reclaimed that night and never did stop till she got sanctified.

The meeting closed and left me at the altar still unsaved. I went home determined never to give up till God did save me. I would read the lesson in the Bible and my wife would lead the prayer at home from the first night that she got saved. I went to every meeting that I could hear of, and prayed all the time, until one day all alone in the cotton field, as I prayed between two cotton rows the Lord seemed to whisper into my soul: "What about all those old debts that you owe; will you pay them? and what about those men that you have beat in mule trades; will you make that good?"

I fell on my face and cried to God, and promised to pay back as fast as I could. Then the Spirit began to talk to me about the whiskey and tobacco that I was using, and said, "Will you quit

that too?" I sent the children to the house, and began to clean up right. I threw away a box of snuff and a piece of tobacco, and kneeled by the wagon tongue and prayed though, till I knew that God had forgiven all the black past. Praise His holy name.

I confessed and promised God to straighten up all; and thank God, the fire fell and heaven was turned loose in my soul. I went to the house rejoicing, and from that hour I have not touched whiskey or tasted tobacco, or sworn an oath. Instead of the bottle, we have the Bible. Instead of growls we have prayers, instead of tobacco, we have testimonies; instead of rows, we have song; instead of going to gambling hells, I have gone to prayer-meetings; and instead of going to saloons, we have all got into the wagon and gone to prayer-meeting and church. Thank God for a salvation that will clean a man up and make him straighten up all the past, and pay back and sign notes till all is clear. This salvation cost me \$800.

When I got converted my wife said, "Harve, you ought to get sanctified before you stop." I told her that what I had was good enough for field hands. But it was not long till I found the uprisings still in my heart of the old carnal nature, that disturbed my peace, and one night at a prayer-meeting the Lord sanctified me wholly. Praise God!

Then I wanted to go to my old home and tell all my old associates what the Lord had done for me. How He could save an old tough like I had been, and then sanctify him, and so completely destroy all the desires for former things out of my heart; and stop me from fusses and quarrels, and make a decent man out of me. I wanted to go back to Georgia, my old home, and tell my old mother what great things the Lord had done for me, and tell her how God had answered her prayer at last, and saved her drunken boy. I started, but the day before I got there the Lord called her home to live with him.

It seems like I can almost see my Savior meet her, and say, "Come ye blessed of my Father, I have good news to tell you;" and as he sat down with the redeemed saints above, he pointed to earth and said, "Look! that drunken boy of yours has been redeemed at last." Then I can almost hear her shout as she joins the white-robed choir, while they sing, "Redeemed through the blood."

Four years have passed since God saved me. I have had some hard testings, and trials have been hard, but by the grace of God I mean to go through with Him at any cost. May the Lord bless this testimony to the good of some poor struggling soul as I was, and help him to find a Savior that can save, sanctify and keep.

Look up, brother! If Jesus can save a wretch like me, he can save all that come to Him. Let all who read these lines pray at least one earnest prayer to God that I may be saved in heaven at last, where I want to meet Jesus who redeemed me, and mother who prayed for me in childhood days, and while I was in sin, and Bro. Lewis, whose testimony convicted me, and Bro. Jernigan, who so faithfully preached repentance to me, and Sister Jernigan, who first told me that Christ could save the worst of men.

Redeemed through the Blood,
A. H. Tipton
VanAlstyne, Texas

December 16, 1904

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Part 7
ROSA

While helping husband in a meeting in one of the towns of Texas, I held a service for wives and mothers, and the power of God was present, while I told how God had only one standard, and that was spotless purity, and that He required the same standard for women and men alike, and that our God could save a fallen girl, as easy as He could save a fallen man. At the close of the service a fashionable church woman came up to me and said, "I want to see you practice what you preach. If you want to do some real work of this kind, there is a girl in our town that has ruined many of our young men, and has gone so far in sin that she has tried to kill herself a few days ago, but failed; and now she is recovering. Go and try your hand on her."

I said, "All right, we will go down there tomorrow afternoon, and I want you to go along." But she turned away in disgust, and said, "No, I thank you, I am a respectable woman myself: I never go to such places." However, she loaned us her buggy and in company with three sanctified women I went to see her. We read some of God's word to her and sang the song, "I must tell Jesus all of my trials, I cannot bear my burden alone." The dear girl melted to tears and told us of another girl like herself near by, and asked to send for her, and in a few minutes she was there; and she too soon melted to tears also.

We prayed with them for awhile, and did our best for them, but they did not get saved that afternoon, so we invited them to come to church that night, but they refused at first, as they said no one would sit by them; but when we assured them that we would wait for them at the door, and go in with them and sit by them. They agreed to come.

So that night we sat out on the door step and waited for them, and when they came we walked in with them and sat by them till the altar call was made, and they both went to the altar and were both gloriously converted that night.

The next day they were sent to a rescue home. One of them soon went back to her mother, and was afterwards married to a wealthy cattle man in the west. The other one soon got sanctified and went to work for God, winning souls for Him, and was afterwards married to a Christian business man, and is now one of God's faithful and true holiness preachers, and has won hundreds of souls for Him who did so much for her. I often meet her, and my heart leaps for joy every time I see her. Thank God He is the same today that He was when He saved the Magdalene, and commissioned her to preach the first sermon of the resurrection.

* * *

SENT BACK TO MOTHER

Shortly after the conversion of Rosa, while husband was away holding some meetings, when times were hard and cotton sold at four cents, and money was scarce, we had to live from hand to mouth (from God's hand to our mouths). Husband only received fifteen dollars for three months' work, and my invalid mother and four children and myself had to live on that. He often sent us ten or fifteen cents at a time in the envelope with the letters that he wrote us. During these times of trial and testings the devil often showed me the poor house, where we would land if husband did not quit preaching holiness.

One day I received a letter from husband with thirty-five cents in it. We were completely out of everything to eat, not even a "little oil in the cruse, nor a handful of meal in the barrel." I took this thirty-five cents and started off to town to buy some meal and bacon for dinner, and to find some work to do for my Lord. I had only gone a few blocks when I met a little twelve-year-old girl who had recently been saved in our meeting; coming down the street after me. She said, "Sister Jernigan, come to the telephone office quick; sister had a call from a poor fallen girl in a scarlet house who wants some Christian mother to help her out of trouble; and she asked if she knew some one who would help her, and we told her that you would; so I've come after you."

Her sister was the operator at the telephone office. I hastened to the office and called her, and she said, "Are you a Christian? and will you help a poor girl that is in trouble?" I replied that I would come to her rescue with all of my heart. She phoned to the livery stable for a cab for me, and when I reached the sidewalk I found a cab ready to carry me to the house.

I stepped in and when we reached the place I found a beautiful girl of seventeen summers, standing in the door bathed in tears. I walked in and she fell at my feet and in her sobs told the awful story of how she had left mother at home in a town in central Texas, under the pretense of having a clerkship in Greenville, but it was all false as she had only wanted to see the world; and thought it would be no trouble for her to get work in a town of this size; but she could find none, and she was soon out of money.

One night as she spent her last cent at a restaurant, she met a friend in the form of a young man who was too gallant to see a poor girl like her, in a town like this without a home or money, so he paid her bills for a few days while she still hunted work. He was her only friend now. He visited her often to assist her in a strange town. He soon won her confidence, and in a few days she awoke to the awful fact that she had lost her all, and was wrecked and blighted for life.

Ah! the sad story of so many poor deluded girls who accept courtesies from strange men. She fell into my lap and cried: "O, if I could only get back home to mother and start life over again." She then told me how she was in a house of prostitution, and under the control of a tyrannical woman who had recently shot two men in her presence, and she was afraid to try to leave her, lest she would shoot her.

I told her to pack her grip, and we would try to get off before the madam of the house came back. We went to work with all our might, but as we left the door we saw the madam coming down the street in a run with a big revolver in her hand, swearing with all her might in her drunken frenzy. She rushed in between me and the poor scared girl, still swearing that she would shoot me if I dared take her best girl from her, while she pushed the revolver into my face.

My only hope was in God. So while I plead with her to let the poor child go home to her mother I lifted my heart to Him in fervent prayer. Somehow, the revolver dropped to her side and she walked away into the house, still swearing that if I ever crossed her track again she would kill me.

We climbed into the cab and hurried off to the depot, as it was then nearly train time. When she went to buy her ticket she found that she lacked just thirty-five cents having enough. Before I realized what I was doing I put my all in her hands. She kissed me and climbed on the train that had just pulled in. As the train pulled out of the depot she waived her hand at me. I turned to walk away with a glad heart, feeling good over what I had done for my dear Redeemer who had done so much for me.

As I reached Wesley church on my way home, I thought of poor sick mother at home and no dinner, and it was now far past dinner time. I stopped and leaned against the fence to pray. I stayed there till I heard from heaven, then went on down the street home. When I reached home, mother met me at the door and asked, "Where is the meal and meat for dinner? The children are hungry and have been crying for something to eat for more than an hour."

I told her all. Then I started across the street to borrow meal for dinner. Just as I stepped out of the door mother called me, and gave me a letter, and I stopped and broke the seal, and to my great delight it contained a bright new five-dollar bill, and not one word as to who sent it.

Dinner was a little late that day, but it was the happiest meal that had ever been served in our home, although I was too full to partake of it. I had bread to eat that many never get to touch. O friend, God will supply all our needs if we put in our time for him.

A short time after that I had a letter from the girl's mother thanking me for the return of her only daughter, and saying that she would be a wiser mother after that, and not let her girl get off from home again. A few months after this, I had the delightful privilege of leading this same tyrannical madam's daughter to Christ in her own house, as she lay sick for a long time, and finally died shouting the praises of God, while her spirit left her body, and went to live with Him.

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Part 8

KNOCKED DOWN BY A VILLAIN

It has been my delightful privilege for the past few years to have some redeemed girl in my house with me helping me do my house work, and giving her a chance to get back into society from which she had fallen. This is sometimes a dangerous, as well as a difficult work, as the vile men do not want to be robbed of their partners in sin.

Last fall I had a precious redeemed girl in my home who had given up a life of sin, but the man who had once kept her, often wrote her some very threatening letters in which he threatened to kill her and myself if she did not come back to him. Last Christmas this girl went back to the

Rescue Home and Mattie, another girl came to live with me in her place, and there was another girl with me at that time named Ida.

One morning at five o'clock, which was still dark in January, I called the girls to get up and get breakfast. They at once got up and went down into the kitchen to start a fire, when someone turned the knob of the kitchen door trying to get in, but the door was locked and he could not get it open. They asked who was there but received no reply only to rattle and bang on the door.

This scared the girls, and they began to scream at the top of their voices. I sprang out of bed and started to their rescue, and when I reached the back hall door I saw both girls standing in the dining room door with hatchets in their hands striking for life at a man who was standing out of their reach in the dark so as not to be recognized.

When I saw the man I ran back to put on my dress, as I was still in my night clothes. When I turned into my room the girls turned to run into my room through the other rooms of the house, but in the dark they stumbled over the chairs in the room; and this made me think the man was trying to drag them out of the house as they began to scream again when they fell.

Then I ran to their rescue the second time. When I reached the hall door and started out, I was struck a heavy blow in the side by the man who had then come up to the hall door but was still in the dark. This knocked me senseless for a time, and when I came to myself I crawled to my room and got on the bed.

By this time the girls were in my room, and I told them to phone for the sheriff, which they did, but he was afraid to come alone, and by the time he had gotten his deputies together and reached us the villain was gone, and no trace as to his identity was left.

I suffered for several months from the stroke in my side, but I praise God that it was no worse and that the girls were spared.

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Part 9

CHASED HOME AFTER NIGHT

While I was helping husband in a large town in Texas, a poor working girl, who was an orphan, got saved. She was a fine looking girl, who had to do house work for a living. Soon after this, she lost her position as the family for whom she worked moved away from town. She had a hard time getting work after that; and stayed for awhile in a home, and worked for her board while she hunted work. Soon her clothes became worn and she was discouraged and disheartened.

About this time she met a man who was a real estate agent, that boarded where she worked, that began to pay attention to her, and told her that it was a sin for such a good looking girl as her to have to go so shabbily dressed; and that if she would move to Greenville she should never want for another thing while he lived, as he had plenty of money.

She found herself madly in love with the strange man, and ready to do anything that he would suggest, little dreaming that he had a wife and family at home. She soon found herself in a house of prostitution, and her partner in crime a married man.

She had not been in Greenville long till she was taken violently sick, and lay in bed a long time. While in this condition she had time to think of the past, and that meeting in the other town. She then sent for me to come to see her, which I gladly did, and while down on my knees by her bedside, the man who kept her pushed the door open and walked in, calling her pet names as he came in.

The room was darkened, and he did not notice me until he was about to take a seat; then he blushed and stammered, and tried to play like he was a grocery merchant; but I knew he was not. He asked her if she needed any groceries today, then turned and walked out looking back at me as he went. The girl lingered sick a long time, and I continued my visits to her till one day as I came in I saw that she was much excited about something. She said, "Sister Jernigan, I love you, for you have been so good to me, and I can not see you suffer."

Then she told me how this man had threatened my life; and said that I would raise trouble between him and his wife, as he knew that I was acquainted with her; and that he or I one, had to leave Greenville, and he could not leave just now on account of his business. Then she warned me not to come to see her again lest he hurt me.

Some time after that, I went to carry a girl to the Arlington home, and was compelled to return on a night train that reached home at eleven o'clock. As money was scarce, and it was only a few blocks home, I decided not to engage a cab but walk home. I had only gone a few steps when I heard footsteps behind me, and on looking around I saw this man following me.

I walked fast and he walked fast; I turned across the street, and he turned across the street after me. I crossed again, and he crossed after me. I was sure then that he was after me. By this time I was within two blocks of home, and I broke and ran with all my might, calling to Charles, my eleven-year-old boy, at the top of my voice. The yard gate was open and I ran in, still calling to Charles and Sister Gilliam, who lived with me then.

When she heard me she opened the door, and I fell in out of breath, and scared nearly to death. The man followed me to the door steps, and when he saw Sister Gilliam, he turned and left, and as he went off he threw and struck the house with some hard substance. He caught hold of my dress once or twice as I ran, but I pulled loose. O, how I do thank God for the safe delivery.

The man soon moved to another town, and the girl left also, and I have not heard from them since.

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Part 10

THE SHERIFF COMES TO ARREST US FOR SHOUTING

About a month after the experience with the villain, we attended the meeting held by Bro. H. C. Morrison, at Peniel. Mattie was powerfully convicted for sin, and went to the altar; but was not saved the first night. The conviction was so deep that she could not sleep; and often through the night she would come to my room all broken up and ask me to pray for her.

At last, at the altar in the chapel hall she confessed all, and surrendered to God and was gloriously converted. The change was so great that she shouted aloud the praises of the Lord all over the chapel hall, and all the way home, a distance of two miles; as we drove down the streets; and shouted after we got home in the house. The glory of the Lord was truly present with us and his praises rolled.

This much disturbed some of our church members, neighbors, and made them quite nervous. A wagon load of town girls had often driven down the streets with a lot of boys after night, taking a hay ride by moonlight on their way to a moonlight party, and returned home late at night singing, and screaming at the top of their voices. This would not disturb them in the least, but when this poor girl found the Christ of the Magdalene and shouted his praises, they grew quite nervous and phoned for the sheriff to come down and stop the disturbance.

The sheriff came with some of his deputies, and in a very boisterous manner, demanded the cause of all this noise, and wanted to know where that crazy woman was that was yelling so in the streets? We told him that there was no crazy woman here, but it was only a poor girl that had got saved, and was praising God. He grew still more excited, and gruffly commanded us to stop all this noise, or he would carry the whole business to jail and lock us up and fine us heavily.

He then tried to make us promise that we would not shout any more. We told him that we would not promise, but that we would do our best to keep quiet. He then growled around awhile, and said: "I am tired of all this noise, and you need not phone for me again, for I will not come, no matter what happens."

Then he turned and went back to town. Since then we have decided to move out to Peniel, so that when any other girls get saved in my home, they can be free to shout all they please.

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Part 11

TWO VERDICTS

Arthur Lewis Tubbs

She was a woman, worn and thin,
Whom the world condemned for a single sin;
They cast her out on the king's highway,
And passed her by as they went to pray.

He was a man and more to blame,
But the world spared him a breath of shame.
Beneath his feet he saw her lie,

But raised his head and passed her by.

They were the people who went to pray
At the temple of God on a holy day.
They scorned the woman, forgave the man;
It was ever thus since the world began.

Time passed on and the woman died,
On the Cross of Shame she was crucified;
But the world was stern and would not yield,
And they buried her in the Potter's Field.

The man died, too, and they buried him
In a casket of cloth with a silver rim,
And said, as they turned from his grave away,
"We have buried an honest man today."

Two mortals, knocking at Heaven's gate,
Stood face to face to inquire their fate.
He carried a passport with earthly sign,
But she a pardon from Love Divine.

O! ye who judge 'twixt virtue and vice,
Which, think you, entered to Paradise?
Not he who the world had said would win,
For the woman alone was ushered in.

* * * * *

Part 12

ADVERTISEMENT AT THE END OF THE BOOKLET

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION or HOLINESS

Just the book you are looking for, to put into the hands of the opposer to holiness; containing more than 100 quotations from the Bible, answering almost every argument that you ever heard urged against the doctrine of entire sanctification by a verse of scripture; and a Bible reading in the back, giving more than 200 verses of scripture on the doctrine of holiness. Forty pages. Price 10 cents. By C. B. Jernigan, Peniel, Texas.

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THE END