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THE PREACHER GIRL
A Thrilling Story

By Celia Bradshaw Winkle
St. Petersburg, Florida

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Printed Book: No Date -- No Copyright

The date given at the close of the Foreword indicates that at least one edition of the booklet
was published about 1967.

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Digital Edition 01/29/98
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DEDICATION

I wish to dedicate this little book to my dear mother whose godly life won me for Christ,
who prayed for me for years, and who is now in Heaven waiting for me.

The Author

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PURPOSE OF THIS BOOK

"The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad." -- Psalm 126:3.

The sole purpose of this book is to witness to the wonderful power of God to save, to sanctify wholly, to really keep from sin day by day, to heal the body in answer to prayer, and to give joy unspeakable and full of glory. Many have requested, over the years, that I put my testimony and some of my experiences in writing.

I wish I were a thousand persons instead of one. All the thousand would go all-out to circle the globe and tell to all that Jesus saves; Jesus cleanses and fills the heart with Divine love; Jesus heals when all else fails; Jesus and the blessed Holy Ghost abides, comforts, supports, and guides. He satisfies every longing of the human heart. He is my sunshine, my breath, my life. I am looking for His soon return to earth. I mean to go in the Rapture, and I want to take as many as possible with me.

As long as I breathe I want to be useful to my Lord, and live with Him forever.

The Author

* * * * *

FOREWORD

Through her active ministerial years, the author of this booklet was a fearless, dynamic, soul-winning preacher of the Word. For many years she blazed a holy trail for God and souls as a successful pastor and evangelist. Her Spirit-filled life has left many monuments of grace that will rise up in the First Resurrection to call her blessed.

The booklet contains some very interesting experiences during the author's youth that reveal times of deep poverty and privation. These severe testing times appear to have developed a character that could victoriously conquer difficult circumstances and triumph in Christ's service.

As a daring godly preacher of the Word she had few peers, for she was an outstanding soul winner. The booklet should be read by all those who contemplate entering the ministry or any type of Christian service.

W. L. Surbrook,
General Superintendent Emeritus
Pilgrim Holiness Church
Aug. 8, 1967

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01 -- BORN TWICE

In a small green house nestled in the hills of southeastern Ohio, nine miles from the beautiful Ohio River and Ironton, Ohio -- so named because of the deposits of iron in the soil in that country a little girl arrived in April, via the grandmother, midwife, the country doctor, and, of course, the black-haired, black-eyed mother. They had wanted a boy, for this was the third girl, but they loved her as much as if she had been a boy, and called her Celia after the preacher's daughter who was also the country school "marm". I have sometimes thought that perhaps some of the iron of that country's soil got into the system of the little girl born there.

When Celia was two years old she, with all the family, had a terrible case of old-fashioned smallpox. Lee Bradshaw, her father, got so bad that the flesh fell off his bones in places, his eyes came out of their sockets, and his tongue fairly rotted in his mouth. He was unsaved. He called for Mary, his wife, to come and pray for him. She was so sick with smallpox herself that she could not stand the horrible sight of him. After she was blindfolded she went in, kneeled beside his bed, and poured out her heart to God. He had been a drunkard and had beaten her with his fists time and again. Now that he was dying he begged her to pray for him. When she had finished praying, she said, "Lee, how is it with your soul?" As near as she could make out his words, in his condition, he said, "Mary, you know how I have lived;" and he died like that.

The people were much afraid of the disease, but some who had already had it came with his coffin, set it on the floor, wrapped him in a sheet, and rolled him into the coffin. Without a song, a prayer, or a funeral of any kind, with lantern in hand, they took him up the hill before daylight and buried him. That was indeed a dark picture and a dark end. And, too, it was a dark day for his widow and three little girls left to the mercy of a cold world. Alice was six, Addie four, and Celia was now two years of age.

After the rest of the family, including an uncle, Charley, had recovered, everything was scrubbed, washed, aired, etc., and many things, including a lovely new rag carpet that had just been put down, were burned to get rid of all the germs.

With no breadwinner and no income, the wolf was soon at the door. The landlord, without mercy, came and set the family out in the road. That morning the mother, with her three little girls, walked down the big road, they knew not where. They came to a large rock beside the road. She said, "Children, we have always had a family altar; we do not have a home to kneel in, but we will kneel around this big stone and have our family prayers." They knelt and she prayed for God to lead them and make a way for them. They arose and walked on.

Soon they met a lady, whom the mother knew, who invited them to come and have dinner with her family and then insisted that they stay all night.

The very next morning a Mr. Dave Hughes came to that home and asked for Mary Bradshaw, and told her he had heard of her plight. He said, "We have a large house and no children. You and your little girls can live in our upstairs until you can do better." God bless his

memory! Later he moved them into the little tenant house on his place and gave Uncle Charley, who was fourteen years old, some work at 75c per day. Thus they managed to keep starvation from them, but such meager living could not always continue.

A young widower was much attracted to this beautiful twenty-four year old widow, and soon there was a wedding day. Alice resented this intrusion very much; Addie was not thrilled with him; but Celia, only three, was much taken up with her new stepfather, as he was with her.

But Charley Cameron was not the right man for Mary Bradshaw. To her horror, she discovered, too late, that he, too, was a drunkard. He did not beat her with his fists, but she often said she would rather he would have than to treat her as he did. He was a man wholly given to appetite, liquor, tobacco, and physical indulgence. When he was courting Mary he told her he admired her because she was a good Christian girl; but after he got her he told her he did not think any more of her than he did of a harlot. "A woman is a woman to me," he would say. She would have a child about every eighteen months.

He was out of work a lot of the time and had very little to go on. Sometimes he would say he was going to hunt work and would be gone, she knew not where, for a month or more. She would not receive a penny or even a letter. When he would return, he would be penniless too.

At such times the family suffered greatly. There were times when they had to go out and pick wild greens on the hillsides and cook them before they would have anything to eat for breakfast. Two or three times, when the flour in the bin was completely used up and none to be had, she took cow middlings and made coarse, dark bread. It took the place of real bread when they were so hungry.

At the age of seven, because of malnutrition, Celia took typhoid fever. It was on Christmas Day that she took to her bed. She got so low the doctor gave her up and told them it would be impossible for her to get well for, said he, "the linings of all her intestines and stomach have passed out and are as raw as a piece of beefsteak." Once they thought she was dead and sent for the undertaker, but before the messengers reached him, they were brought back. The mother could not give up hope yet.

During the time of Celia's illness, her mother had prayed and sought God in the secret closet every chance she got, and was sanctified at home. She had learned of the experience through an old man, G. C. Bevington, who went around doing personal work. Through this man, too, she learned, for the first time in her life, that God would heal the body in answer to prayer. After she got into the experience of holiness, she was so full of God and His glory, and her faith was so increased, that she began to pray for God to heal her little girl. Celia had lain for weeks, and was literally starving to death -- was nothing but skin and bones, and much of the time was unconscious. The mother fasted and prayed from a Friday until the following Tuesday with not one bite of food or one drop of water, and still caring for her family, but she slipped away at every chance to pray. Finally, the same Heavenly Father who had heard her prayer alone, and had sanctified her soul, heard her petition for her child. He said, "I will spare her for my glory alone." People came by crowds to see the little girl who, for weeks, was dying with typhoid fever.

But Celia began to get better -- the mother had touched God. Consciousness came back. Celia cried for food, but she was so near starved that she could have only potato water with a little bread in it every two hours. At that early age she learned to tell time by watching the hands of the clock as they moved so slowly, getting around to the place where she could have more broth.

When Celia was sufficiently recovered, her mother told her how terribly sick she had been and of her prayers for her child's healing and that God had told her He would heal her "for my glory only." Those words were grated into the mind and heart of the little, pale, bony girl. She rolled them over and over in her mind. She decided they meant what they said -- she was to live for God, and Him alone.

When she was able to go to church, they were taking in some new members and she too joined the Methodist Church. Now she thought she was a Christian. She prayed around the family altar and would even pray in secret. She took active part in the Sunday school and church and was a member of the junior choir. One Sunday night after the choir had sung, they were having testimonies. By now Celia was about ten years old. She got up and testified. When she sat down the preacher began to brag about what a wonderful little girl she was. All at once God spoke to Celia for the first time in her life. He said, "Yes, here you are a member of the church, a member of the junior choir, and up here testifying, and professing religion, and you have never been born again; you have never been saved." He also said, "Down there in the congregation are Etta, Carl, Edith, and others; you quarrel and fight at school just like they do; but they don't profess religion and you do. You are no better than they are."

* * *

Celia's Own Story

My! oh, my! I knew that was God. No one needed to tell me. That was the biggest sermon, and right to me. No one else in the church knew it was going on. But it was as a judgment day to me. In my mind and heart I said, "God, that is the truth and I'll never testify again until I know I am saved, until I know I have been born again. But God, I will get saved the first chance I get." And God knew I meant it.

In that Methodist Church they usually had a few nights of revival once a year when they would open the altar for seekers. I thought that was the only time anyone could get saved. From that night on, I wanted God so much. I lived in agony of soul.

My mother had really gotten a genuine experience of Bible holiness. She was aflame with God all the time. She prayed and shouted, read the Bible, and kept the victory and kept sweet under severe trials, poverty, and persecutions. This sanctification and holiness was new to those Methodists in Oretton, Ohio, and they did not care to get acquainted with it. But Mother was so happy and so full of it, she could not keep still. The preacher got up and said, "We want some testimonies, but we do not want any of this sanctification and isms." But when Mother testified she got blessed and the preacher jumped up, ran clear out on the altar, and said, "Take her out of here; take her out of here." One man had to hold onto the coat-tail of my unsaved stepfather to keep him from taking the preacher out. He finally got up and went out to try to hold his temper and keep from

hurting the preacher. Some of the young men on the outside, who knew Mother and had confidence in her, tried to hire Pop Cameron to go in and take the preacher out. Even though Pop was mean and sinful, he knew Mother had the blessing and lived it.

This victorious life of my mother was having a tremendous effect on me. It made me so hungry for God, and I said, "If I ever get religion, I want the kind my mother's got."

One night I awoke with a pain in my side. I was scared, and cried. Mother came into the room and said, "Celia, what's the matter?" I said, "I'm afraid." She said, "What are you afraid of?" I said, "I have a pain in my side and I'm afraid I'm going to die, and if I die I will go to hell." She said, "Well, my dear little girl, if that is what's wrong with you, you need somebody more than Mamma to help you. That's something Mamma can't do; it takes Jesus to do that." I'm so glad she said just that instead of soothing me down like many mothers do.

For about six months from the time God gave me that awakening in church, I suffered continually with an unspeakable hunger for God. He knew I wanted Him more than anything in the world. When God sees any soul like that He will do something. He did something then, too.

One day, about this time, a tall preacher man knocked on our door. When Mother answered, he said, "Lady, I live several miles from here and, as I was praying, God laid it on my heart to come to this little mining village and see if they would let me hold a ten-day revival in their little Methodist Church. I went to see them and they said I could. Now, if I can find a home where I can stay, I will be all set, and I will hold the revival."

Mother did not know him, but as they talked she found out he was a true holiness preacher. She said, "Brother, we are so poor, I am ashamed to ask you to live in our house, and we have such poor food. I would rather you would stay with some other family who has more. You see if you can find a better place. If you can't, we want the revival. That will be wonderful. If you can put up with what we have, you surely are welcome, but we are ashamed to offer it to you." He said, "Sister, I don't think it is any use for me to look any further. If I can stay here, I will stay." He did, and another helper with him.

My heart fairly leaped for joy for I knew now I could get saved. The first night in the church I wanted to go to that altar so bad, but something made me numb and just held me to the seat. They were about to close the altar call when the preacher, Brother George Appleman, said, "Well, if no one will come to pray to get saved, will someone at least come and bow at this altar for just a few minutes and let the Christians pray one little prayer for you before you go home?" When he said that, it seemed as if something let loose of me. I was sitting on the front seat beside Mother and was holding my baby sister Bertha. I had on an old lady's grizzly dress, out of a charity box from G. C. Bevington, which my mother had cut down for me. My elbows were out of it. My hair was so curly it was hard to comb, and my mother had braided it that morning and tied it with strings and had not had time to comb it before going to church. I also had on an old hand-me-down coat that was supposed to be red. Time, wear, and weather had made it a dirty pink. When I look back and think that the Great Sovereign God would notice me, or want me -- how can I express my gratitude?

That minute the preacher looked down at my mother and said, "Take the baby." I handed the baby to Mother and before I was hardly conscious of it, I hit that altar and I didn't wait for someone else to pray with me, or for me. I fairly screamed to God and as tears rolled down my face, dropping on the floor inside the altar (for there was a puddle of them as I saw afterward), I prayed and prayed for God to have mercy on my poor soul and make me know I was born again. The preacher told me afterward he never saw anything like it. He said he happened to look at his watch, for he was going to close when I came to the altar, and that I prayed one hour and twenty minutes, as hard as I could pray, without stopping. All at once the burden was gone and God's Spirit bore witness with my spirit that I was born again. I jumped to my feet and jumped into Mother's lap. She was sitting there on the altar. I threw my arms around her neck and said, "Mamma, I'm saved." Praise God, I have never once had reason to doubt that work of grace in my heart.

While I was crying and praying so hard, some in the congregation said, "If I were that child's mother, I would take her away from that altar. She never did anything wrong that she has to pray like that." But I thank God, and thank my dear mother, that she let me pray till I prayed clear through and heard from Heaven. Amen! I was born again and I was born alive, and I knew it. It caused quite a stir. The preacher told about it everywhere and wrote it up in the "Holiness Advocate."

* * *

Mr. Boggs

At the same time that I was so hungry for God, and longing for a revival, there was a man in the village by the name of Dave Boggs. He, too, was deeply convicted for his sins and his need of God. He would express it over and over and say, "If they would have a revival, I would go to the altar and get saved." God heard that. I believe, with all my heart, God sent Rev. George Appleman to the little Methodist Church in Oretton, Ohio, for the sake of my soul and the soul of Mr. Boggs. I walked in the light and settled it for time and eternity to go with God.

In the meetings, Mr. Boggs kept saying, "Not tonight." "Some other time," etc. The meeting closed and he did not get saved. He began to say, "I should have gotten saved," and such things. One night a heavy rap came at our door -- it was way in the night, and Pop was gone. Mother said, "Who's there?" A man's voice said, "Mrs. Cameron, Mr. Boggs has got something wrong with him, and he wants you to come and pray for him." The night was very cold, snow was on the ground, it was two miles away, and no way to get there but to walk. But that mother of mine let nothing stop her when it came to spiritual things. She wrapped the baby real warm and she and the neighbor man carried it and trudged through the snow up the big road, part of the way on the railroad ties, and through the big tunnel.

They came to the Boggs' home to find him begging her to pray for him. He would kneel down and then get up, load his pipe, take a puff or two, then throw the tobacco into the open fireplace, get on his knees again and cry and beg her to pray. Each time she would get down to pray he would repeat this act until she was dumbfounded with it all.

Finally, he would go to the door and pound and knock and say, "Jesus Christ is asleep. Wake Him up. Jesus is asleep. I can't wake Him. I have to have Him. He won't pay any attention to me." When a train came by it took several men to hold him, for he threw himself and fought to get on that train for, he said, "Jesus Christ is on that train and I have to get to Him."

He became more and more uncontrollable until he had to be bound and taken away to an insane asylum. There he continued his crying and searching for Jesus, never to find Him, and died in that condition. In a few days he was brought back home in a coffin and buried, but oh, his poor soul -- when He could have been saved.

* * *

My Sanctification

The revival lasted only ten nights, but a night or two after I got saved, I heard the preacher tell that we must also get sanctified. I had already seen what it had done for my mother, so I went to the altar again to seek it. I prayed and did everything I could but, for some reason, I did not get through. But one thing I knew -- I was not going to stop seeking until I got it. I went the second night and did my best, and the third night the same, but did not get through. The fourth night I went again and what I did any more or any different that night than I did the other three nights, I do not know. But one thing I do know, I came to a point in my seeking that I felt I would die, or would sink into everlasting despair, if He did not come. That moment the devil whispered, "You are not saved." I knew I was, and I ignored him and kept on praying for a pure heart, for God to cleanse me from all sin, to sanctify me.

All at once, like a flash from Heaven, the Holy Spirit came and filled me and set me on fire. With holy joy and His presence flooded my whole being. I do not know when or how I got up from my knees at the altar, but I surely got up. I walked and clapped my hands. I marched about the church praising and blessing God. It spread. The saints got blessed and joined in shouting and praising God.

Brother Appleman, the preacher, was over six feet tall. He got to jumping and shouting, too. The house was filled with the glory of the Lord. As we shouted, the old oil lamp on the pulpit desk began fluttering as if it would explode. The preacher never stopped but just caught it in his hands as he shouted back and forth on the platform. Then he gave it a pitch right out the window where it was open at the top, and went right on as though nothing had happened to it.

Thank God, the experience was real and a work was done in my soul.

* * * * *

02 -- TWO CALLS

First Call -- To Preach

I was saved in March and I was eleven years old in April. Soon after that I was sitting at the kitchen table with my sister Addie, 13 years old, and brother Charley, seven years old. Pop and Mother and the other children were out of town. We three were there alone, just eating a little supper. There was nothing going on -- not a soul around or anything. All at once something came down over me and I felt so full of a strange pressure I could not understand or know what to do. I could not finish eating. I found myself saying, in a hesitating, halting manner, "I feel I have to preach." I was shocked at what I said and could not understand it. I had no folk who were preachers; I had never been around preachers to speak of, and I had never heard of a woman or a girl preacher. My sister thought it was funny and lightly said, "Well, preach to me." It was not that lightweight to me. I could not sit there. I got up and walked into the living room, feeling that I would burst. I unconsciously walked over and picked up my little Testament, opened it up and read a verse or two, then opened my mouth for relief and began to sing, to in some way give vent. I could not understand the pressure that filled me. It was as if I were a balloon ready to burst. Since then, I have understood it clearly for that is the same feeling I have when God puts a message on my heart until that sermon is delivered, and then it goes away.

When I held my Testament and was singing, I was lifted up in the spirit and out of this world. I did not fall, to my knowledge, but I was completely lost to this world and my surroundings. God talked with me. He showed me a big, broad road and many, many people in it going down to hell. He spoke to me and said, "Will you help to rescue these people?" I said, "Yes, Lord, I will."

I surely did not comprehend, in my young mind, what all was implied in it. But finally I came back to myself and was conscious again. I was still in the little living room and walking back and forth across the room with my hands in the air, talking to God, and praising Him.

Addie thought this was all too strange, by this time, for us to be alone. She had gone a pace or two away for Grandma. I did not know when she left or when they came in, but when I was fully back to earth again, Grandma was sitting on the edge of a straight chair, saying, "Well, Celia! Praise the Lord! Well, praise the Lord, Celia!"

I continued to be greatly blessed and to walk and praise God. Gradually the blessing subsided and as the vision God had given me began to open up to me, I felt a terrible burden coming over me for the souls of these people. That burden, to keep my vow to God to help rescue the multitude from the broad road to hell, has never left me from that day to this.

* * *

Second Call -- In Springfield, Ohio

My young mind, like Samuel of old, could not fully comprehend the fullest extent of that first call -- only as God opened it up to me gradually day by day.

Back at the age of seven, God had definitely called me to later go to God's Bible School in Cincinnati, Ohio. We were so poor, with no opportunities, that no one thought I would ever go.

Even the church people and the preacher's wife felt sorry for me and would say, "But, Celia, what if you don't get to go?" I would always answer, "But I am going."

Because of our poverty and being a large family, I had to make my own way in the world from around twelve years of age -- living and working in the homes of other people. At the age of fourteen, I went over 100 miles from home. There I lived for part of two years in the home of a wealthy Catholic doctor. My salvation was put to a test at times. Once the doctor's wife asked me to bring some beer from the basement and put it in the ice box. I said, "I can't do that." She knew I had always done what she asked me to do, so she could not understand this and said, "What do you mean?" I said, "I don't drink and I cannot handle it for others." She said, "Why?" "Because I am a Christian and it is a sin." I had to work, but I thought she would not let me stay. In my heart I prayed but, like Daniel, purposed in my heart I would not defile myself. She respected me more later and wanted to adopt me.

Though I had nothing of earth, I did not want those people to adopt me. They had four boys, all of whom became medical doctors later on, but no girls. They wanted a girl so much. They loved me and were wonderful to me, and I loved them. I knew they would spend money on me and make me the belle of the town. But back at the little Methodist altar, where I got saved, I had settled it that I wanted God and Heaven, not the world.

The way finally opened up for me to get a job in a factory, when I was about sixteen years of age. While working in the R. & M. Factory, in Springfield, Ohio, God clearly spoke to me again. He definitely called the second time. I was really living a holy life, but was surrounded by very wicked men and women.

One day God said to me, "These people congregate in groups while eating their lunch. Would you be willing to sit with a group of them and talk to them about their souls?" I said, "Yes, Lord, I would." I worked on, but later God spoke strongly again, "Would you be willing to stand up and preach to a crowd of them?" That really frightened me. I could testify -- but, preach! Oh, how I trembled and was troubled.

I had never in all of my life said "No" to God. (I never have yet, to this day. I would rather die than do so.) I could not say "No" now, and I could not preach! All I could do, day and night, for some time, was to think, pray, and suffer. "Will you preach?" "Will you preach?" I became so miserable I wished to die. I was interested in nothing but to find a way to please God. When I got miserable enough, after so much praying, crying, and struggling, I finally said, "Lord, I know what You want. If I try to preach at this factory, I will just make a fool of myself. They will all whistle, sneer, and jeer, and I will lose my job. But, Lord, I can't live like this. If this is You, God, show me one more thing -- just exactly when You want me to preach." God showed me as clearly as when I got saved. "Next Wednesday at the noon hour." At desperation point, I said, "God, You Want to know if I love You enough to make a fool of myself. I will prove to You I do. Give me the grace -- I will."

I felt so helpless. Actually, I forgot how any preacher I had ever heard preached. I did not even know he took a text. But on Tuesday night I spent time in my room alone with God. He told me to turn in my New Testament to 1 Corinthians 3:16, 17, "Know ye not that ye are the temple of

God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are." When I found these two verses of Scripture, God said, "Ask two of the girls from your church to go with you out on the sidewalk at the factory Wednesday noon. Ask them to help you sing "The Old Rugged Cross," then pray and read these two verses. Open your mouth and preach."

Wednesday, all forenoon, I was weak and scared. The factory was predominately Catholic and I felt sure I would lose my job and be the biggest fool ever. But I obeyed God. Out on the street corner by Plant No. 1, two of my girl friends, from the church I attended, and I sang -- "The Old Rugged Cross." I knelt right down on the sidewalk, raised my hands to Heaven, and prayed.

The street cars, motorcycles, and autos were passing, and the factory workers all around at lunch hour were curious. When I got up, I had a crowd. I opened my New Testament and read the two verses. God's Spirit came upon me in power till I forgot everything else. God preached through me as fast and hard as I could talk. I could not stop until the bell rang for everyone to go to work -- about half an hour at least.

When I finished, I felt like a lion. I had mastered the enemy and was ready for anything. I walked in, ready for the sneers, yells, firing, etc. -- it did not matter. I was in the heavenlies, possessed with God. All fear had absolutely left. I felt I could face the devil.

I was operating a lathe machine. I walked to it and began my work, just waiting for the big demonstration and firing. The first one who came was the worst harlot of the gang. When I looked up, her face was so different -- tears rolling down her face and dropping on her dress. She said, "Celia! Celia! I did not know you could do that." I felt like saying; "I did not either!" But I exalted Jesus. Others came in similar fashion. It was all calm and serious around us. I watched for Bill, the boss, to come with orders to fire me.

Sure enough, here came Bill and Mr. Brooks, then Vice President of the factory. I said to myself, "This is it," but I did not care. The boss walked up and said, "Well, hello, Evangelist Billy Sunday! I want to introduce you to Mr. Brooks, the Vice President." "I am pleased to meet you, Mr. Brooks."

They asked me to go with them. I asked them if I might stop in the washroom a minute to clean up a little and comb through my hair. They consented. They took me down through the factory, up the elevator to the fourth floor, through a very large office where about fifty girls were working at desks. They all stared at me. On we went into a smaller room -- to get fired, I supposed. They asked me a lot of questions. One man pulled out a camera and took pictures of me. They asked me where I received my training, what experience I had had, etc. I told them of my getting saved, and that I had led a few services.

I distinctly remembered one occasion, that had happened on this wise. One night at the age of twelve, after my first call, I got up to testify at prayer meeting as usual. But an unusual thing happened as God's Spirit came on me then. Others told me later that I preached an hour, but I did not know it. The next morning, at school, the children ran to me saying, "You preached last night at your church." I was shocked as much as they.

After the men had questioned me, they took me back to my place of work and said nothing. I thought it was all fixed up and that they would give me my walking papers later.

A few days later, the R. & M. Factory weekly paper came out with two pictures of me. One was a close-up and the other had been taken while I was preaching on the street. There was quite a write-up. They said, "She preached like Billy Sunday, only she did not require a wheelbarrow full of money when she was finished."

The news spread. I was asked to preach the following Sunday in the Christian Union Church on Lagonda Avenue where I attended church. Two men came to the altar and were saved.

Each Wednesday thereafter, some would say, "Are you going to preach today?" Word was sent to me and I was asked to come over to Plant No. II and preach. God helped me again. Getting permission from the city, I began preaching on Fountain Square downtown. A street lay on each side of the grassy elevated island square, which was used for a platform. God blessed these services and the crowds got so big they completely blocked both streets. The police said it would be impossible to continue there.

Calls came from different sources. One I shall never forget -- a call to preach a funeral sermon. I was so young, so untrained, so inexperienced, but I could not say "No." It was almost like being called of God over again. I spent much time in prayer, struggling with God for help. He did help me, and I do not remember having any trouble with funerals after that.

At this very time I was keeping company with a fine Christian young man. When we had a date, before he left we would have prayer together. Once, at a service where I had spoken, he testified. The pastor said, "I was just thinking that any fellow who went with that girl would surely have to be connected with the Lord, too." The young man wanted me to marry him. All of his people loved me and pushed it. Finally, it became a snare -- almost detoured me. I prayed and prayed. I would decide one way, and then another. A wedding date was set, and some wedding garments were purchased, etc. But God laid an awful burden on my Sunday school teacher. She came to me and said, "Celia, I do not know why, but I have had a terrible burden for you -- be careful!" I knew. That night I lay on the floor and prayed all night. I settled it to give up the romance and to answer God's call.

Soon after that the Smith family came to me and said, "Celia, we are going to God's Bible School Camp Meeting. Come and go with us." I had seemed to be in a dream. When I got to God's Bible School, a lady whom I had never seen, or known, walked up to me and said, "Daughter, God has called you and you had better sign up today to go to school here." It was like an electric shock. I knew God had called me, when I was only seven years old, to go to God's Bible School. I felt like Moses must have felt at the burning bush. I was walking on holy ground and surely God was speaking. That lady took me to the Registration Office and I filled out an application. I was told that I was accepted and should come early, as I was to be a work student. Later, I was told that I had been accepted the quickest of any student ever in the history of the school. God was really working.

I had a battle to get there, and when I did get there I shouted every day for two months. (Of course, I have not quit shouting yet.) I do praise God for the wonderful training I received in God's Bible School.

From there I started out preaching, and have never stopped and never intend to. I believe I will preach in Heaven and tell of the glories of salvation and eternal life; of the wonderful companionship of Jesus and the comfort of the blessed Holy Ghost. Preaching the blessed Gospel has taken me into thirty-five states, Canada, South America, and most of the main islands of the West Indies. I have labored in youth work, evangelistic work, pastoral work, home missionary work, and foreign missionary work. I have had a wonderful life, and have seen many, many souls won to Christ. To Him be all the glory!

If I had 10,000 lives to live, I would live them all in preaching the wonderful, wonderful story of the Great Salvation of Jesus Christ. He is the only One who never fails. It is the only thing that satisfies. The Bible way is the only life that brings true happiness. It will not fail us when we face death and the judgment bar of God. Yes, Jesus and salvation are worth everything in this life and in the life to come. I wish I could tell it to the whole world, to every broken, lonely, disappointed and frustrated heart. Jesus satisfies; Jesus saves; Jesus is our eternal hope. Amen!

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03 -- BURNING THE BROWN GOD

It was in the tobacco belt of western Ohio in a little rural church in late winter or early spring. We were in an old-fashioned revival. The truth was being given out with no uncertain sound by two young lady preachers - Helena Saneholtz and Celia Bradshaw (the writer).

Many who were convicted of sin did not yield to Christ because of their raising tobacco. They made big money by this and were unwilling to give it up. Once when Miss Bradshaw was preaching a fiery sermon on sin she said, "I wish someone would get enough religion to burn their brown god before their eyes."

Paul Applegate and his wife had attended the meetings every night and were pierced through with the gospel sword. They decided to seek the Lord Jesus. Lydia, the wife, had been brought up in the Old Order Dunkard Church, known in that country as "the horse and buggy crowd," because they refused to have cars or any modern inventions, thinking it to be a sin. As Lydia sought God over and over at the altar, it all seemed so far away and hard for her. Paul was a thrifty young farmer from a well-to-do farm family.

At last, Paul made up his mind to pray and get converted. He went to the altar, confessed his sins, prayed in earnest, and was gloriously saved. He heard the preaching on holiness -- that a really saved man or woman will go on into holiness "without which no man shall see the Lord" (Heb. 12:14). Paul went to the altar again and sought the second blessing, or second benefit, as the Apostle Paul calls it.

He prayed very earnestly for some time. Then, all at once, he knelt there like a stump, doing nothing. One of the preachers went to him and said, "What is wrong, Paul? Why do you stop praying?" For some time he seemed stranded, but finally, about midnight, he told what was his trouble.

In that part of the country, most of the farmers made a better-than-average living by raising tobacco. Paul was one of them. He told the preachers, "God has shown me that I cannot be a holy man and raise tobacco. I will have to give it up." But he did not see how he could do it. Besides, this was during the depression days. Farms were scarce and men were walking the streets begging for jobs. It was the time of year when most farms for rent were already taken.

When Paul and Lydia left the church at midnight, things surely looked dark. Their faces were pictures of despair. They drove several miles to their home.

Paul went to bed, but not to sleep. He was fighting the battle of his life and did not close his eyes in slumber all night. He always got up at five o'clock in the morning, but that morning he did not get up. Lydia went out and did all the chores which he usually did, and came back. She went upstairs to his room and there he lay, still in bed. He had never done that before. She said, "Paul, what are you going to do? Aren't you going to get up?" He said, "No, I am not going to get up until I settle this." Though Lydia herself was not saved yet, she said, "Paul, you mind God and I will stand with you." Thank God for such wives!

Lydia worked about the place until the middle of the forenoon when she again entered his room and said, "Paul, this is worse than a case of flu. What are you going to do?" He looked up at her and smiled and said, "It is settled." "What do you mean?" "I am going with God whatever the cost. But, Lydia, I have to tell our landlord that we cannot raise any more tobacco for him. Will you go along and do the talking for me? I just cannot talk to him, as mean as he is." Lydia agreed to do it, and they crossed the field to his house. Once in the house, Paul found his tongue loosed and such boldness possessing him that he did not want for words. Lydia did not have a chance for one word.

The landlord was very angry and said, "If you live on my farm, you will raise tobacco." "But God has shown me that I cannot be a Christian and do it." "Nonsense! You will raise tobacco." "I cannot, and I will not do it any more." "Then you will move off my ground." To do so, where would he go? How would he support his family? But he said, "Then I will move." "You will move off my place; I do not want such a crazy man on my farm."

Paul and Lydia knew the verdict had come. They were as a man without a country. It did not change their purpose to mind God at any cost. It is one thing to say it, and quite another to execute it.

By this time, the evangelists had moved from the Rural Beach church to the other church on that circuit, which was in the town of Greenville, Ohio.

That night, in the revival service, Paul came to the altar. Now he could pray, and pray he did, in earnest, with crying and groaning. He felt that if he did not receive the blessed Holy Ghost,

he would die. He did die to self and time and all, for he passed from the earthy into the heavenly.

not know he was in this world, he was so filled with God. He was stretched out on the floor with his lovely, refined mother on her knees beside him. They mingled their tears of joy and praises to God. Suddenly, a gust of unspeakable joy struck his soul. He arose and ran the aisles, hugging the men, and what a shout was in the camp!

Then he seemed to come down to earth a little. It began to dawn on him what a favor it was to have such preaching, such light, and such an experience. He knew that Miss Bradshaw, especially, had carried an awful burden for his soul. He leaped to the front, stood erect -- six feet tall -- his arms out full length to both sides. He said, "Where is Sister Bradshaw?" Seeing her in the crowd, he made a lunge for her. She knew that the man was so happy he was almost out of this world, but she also knew that the infuriated tobacco raisers of that country would love to get something to start a scandal with. God gave her heavenly wisdom and lightning agility, for as he lunged at her with open arms; she ducked and he went sprawling on the floor. She then ran to the back of the church and stayed there until he came down to earth again. God always has a way, if we will follow His leadings.

The last Sunday night of the revival, Paul came up and said, "Girls (that is what they all called the girl preachers), God has shown me that if I cannot raise tobacco, I cannot sell my last year's crop." This was stored in the barn, all boxed and ready for sale. Finally it was decided, and announced, that Paul Applegate would burn his crop of tobacco the next Tuesday night, and that a service would be held there in the field while it burned. Miss Bradshaw said, "I want to see that." Others standing by said, "I do, too; I do, too."

Some of the tobacco-raising church members criticized and found fault. Many outsiders grew very angry. It was talked of in the streets and shop. Some said, "They ought to put Paul Applegate and those women preachers in jail before they get a chance to burn it." Paul's wife's people, hearing of the plans, felt certain that Paul was mentally sick. They went to his home and begged him, "Let us get a doctor, Paul; we will pay for it." Paul laughed and said, "I am all right. I do not need a doctor." But they insisted he did. Some of his brothers tried to dissuade him, but to no avail. Then they said, "Well, if you must destroy it, don't burn it; give it to us." Paul said, "God said to burn it, and I must burn it."

On Tuesday, the day set for the much publicized fire, it poured down rain most of the day. The devil said, "You see, you cannot burn it in the rain. The angry people will have the laugh now." Toward the middle of the afternoon the weather cleared, but the fields were ponds of water.

The Applegates' activities went according to plans. She prepared a lovely chicken dinner. The lady preachers, "The Girls," came. Paul was busy with his mud-boat hauling the brown weed out of the barn, opening the large boxes, and hauling the contents out into the field.

Finding an elevated spot where no water was standing, he put a layer of straw and a layer of tobacco, alternating thus until he had it all out -- a great mound ready for one of the biggest smokes the devil ever had. He really had a pipe full that time.

Everything was ready, and they gathered in the dining room. Just as they were seated around the table, a perfect and unusual rainbow draped the sky most beautifully. It appeared to be a symbol of Paul and Lydia's future.

By now, cars were lining the road on both sides as far as one could see. People came for miles around and from the adjoining state. Some curious, some happy, some very angry.

Some religious tobacco raisers, as a last resort, said, "Paul, you believe in paying God ten percent of your income. If you burn this tobacco, you will rob God of the tithe." For a few minutes Paul was stumped. Then he threw his head up and said, "I will pay that amount to the Lord extra." At that, one of the girl preachers asked for a man's hat, and passed it. The offering, when handed to Paul, amounted to more than the tithe of the crop.

Paul was on top of the world and everybody -- tall, handsome blond that he was, standing in the gathering shades of night beside the sacrifice he was about to offer to the Lord and Saviour. Every eye was upon him as he took a large can of oil and thoroughly sprinkled the heap. Then he stood back, lighted an oiled cob and threw it into the tobacco as the Christian people were singing:

"Jesus, see me at Thy feet,
With my sacrifice complete.
I am bringing all to Thee
Thine alone I'll be.
Have Thy way, Lord, have Thy way,
This with all my heart I say,
I'll obey Thee, come what may,
Dear Lord, have Thy way."

Then excitement was on for sure. Paul testified and praised God. Others joined in. The people thronged around till it looked more like a Ku Klux Klan meeting than anything else. And emotions were about as diverse. Fancy city ladies losing their highheeled shoes in the mud, old farmers with gum boots, all crowding together to get a better look at the strange happenings. One hymn after another was sung as the devil's big pipe smoldered and burned. Some disgruntled person called out, "Let them women preachers work a little," as they were still throwing some last-load bits on the fire. The girls stepped up and said, "We never would work in tobacco, but this is one time when we will be glad to do it." At that, they helped to throw some on.

Then the spirit of the Lord came on Miss Bradshaw. She began to preach a fiery message to the great crowd, using the old mud-boat for a platform. Right at this point the infuriated landlord came bursting through the crowd, railing on the preacher and crying, "Stop this! Stop this! Get off my field or I'll have you arrested," etc. But the preacher was so inspired and blessed she did not even know he was there, or that he had said a word. All the time the Christian people were shouting her on. It was indeed like a Mount Carmel scene, re-enacted in modern days. The fire consumed the sacrifice and the Lord was glorified before the people.

Now Paul was without a place to live or a job to support his family. He did not know what to do but to mind God and trust Him.

"Dare to be a Daniel,
Dare to stand alone;
Dare to have a purpose firm,
And dare to make it known."

Paul demonstrated this as he held steady, looking to God to lead on.

On Thursday night, he and his wife went to the country church to prayer meeting. At the close, a man walked up and said, "Paul, I guess you are looking for a job. I have something. It sure isn't much, but if you would like to try it, you may."

He had a shoe store, and in the back was a cobbler's shop. He needed a cobbler. During those depression times, the owner could afford to pay only \$12.00 a week for a cobbler. He said, "Paul, I am ashamed to offer it to you, and yet that is the best I can do." Paul said, "I will take it."

He moved his family and furniture into town and started his cobbling. It was not easy to manage on such a meager income, especially when he had come from a well-to-do farm home, and had always made good money himself. Some folk said, "We would not think it so strange if Paul was from some low-class family, but coming from the Applegate family, we do not know what to think."

Paul learned the trade quickly and easily. They bought day-old bread and cakes and Saturday night bargains at the store. They made a rule they would not go into debt. Somehow God would see them through. God blessed everything he laid his hands to. Soon people were coming from everywhere to have him fix their shoes. He bought out the shop, moved it to another little town, and had a continual increase in business. He bought a home and paid for it. He bought a car and paid for it. He bought a new baby girl, Lavera, and paid for her. He put in a line of new shoes and sold them. He had to move uptown to larger quarters. He had prospered until finally he had not only a shoe store, and a cobbler's shop, but a thriving sales of electrical appliances and became sole owner and proprietor of the largest hotel in town. He employed a number of people.

Several years passed by. He was known far and wide for both his bonfire and his business and, most of all, as a man of God. His good wife, who had been converted in the same revival, was as sincere and determined as he. They were a couple that God Himself was proud of. Their crowning success was a marvelous testimony to God's faithfulness to those who will "obey at any cost."

Their business reached such proportions that it took so much of their time and energy that it was taking on the nature of a burden. Then God spoke to Paul and Lydia and told them to sell out and go to the mountains of Tennessee and do home missionary work among the neglected mountaineers.

Again, it was not without struggle, perplexity, and much criticism. In fact, it was rumored afar that Lydia was losing her mind because she fasted and prayed so much for God to give Paul courage to obey again. They sold all their possessions except a car and truck and a very few

pieces of furniture which they took along. The territory into which they moved was wild and primitive. The people were very poor, few had schooling, and they were out of touch with the outside world.

One incident in the vicinity will indicate this. Uncle Will, an old-timer, ninety years old, sat on his cabin porch. Someone came up and said (this was during President Roosevelt's campaign for the third term), "Uncle Will, do you know that President Roosevelt is running for the third time?" "Oh, no!" "Yes!" "Ah, no!" "Yes, he really is." Uncle Will said, "Well, if that feller gits in agin, I haint gonna stay in this country." "Why, Uncle Will, what would you do?" "I'd leave this country." "Oh, no, you couldn't do that!" "Yes, I would!" "Where would you go?" "I'd go to Kentucky." The people were wild-mannered, fought easily, and sometimes killed others. The officers were really afraid of them.

Paul and Lydia became like a father and mother to them. They started a Sunday school, later organized and built a church. They gathered clothing and supplies for the poor; taught them to farm, to keep house better, to sew, bake, etc. The people loved them and would come from all over those mountains for help and advice.

They have done a great work in that country. They have started, organized, and built five churches which are well attended. Some of these have two hundred people in Sunday school. Paul has brought electricity into, and wired much of that part of the country. They bought a large tract of land with a large house on it, and there maintain an orphanage. At the last report, they were working on their sixth church. God has blessed and uses them continually. They are known from coast to coast for their obedience to God and His blessings on them.

One unique incident in their lives reveals the weight of influence they had upon their children. Merlin was about four years of age at the time his daddy had the tobacco-burning experience, and a bright little fellow he was, taking it all in. One day after that, Paul was going down the street leading Merlin by the hand. They passed a building and, hearing some noise inside, Merlin said, "What is that, Daddy?" "That is the devil's building, a bad place, Merlin." The little fellow looked soberly at it for a while and then at his daddy and said, "Let's burn it up, Daddy." Influence is a powerful thing. You can be sure that boy never smoked.

"Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams." If everyone would render the obedience that this one couple did, home missionary churches would dot our country and blot out sin and crime. The heathen, too, in the regions beyond, would have the blessings of the gospel and salvation. Let us obey God at any cost. It pays off better than any other investment possible.

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04 -- GLEANINGS FROM EARLIER REPORTS

First Missionary Contact

I was in a watch-night service in San Juan, Puerto Rico, and there I had my first experience of speaking through an interpreter. I am now in a revival in St. John's, Antigua, West Indies.

My first day on the field was indeed a gracious one. I spoke four times in the church that Rev. O. L. King built, and we saw 89 souls at the altar seeking God that day. Brother Ira Taylor is the native pastor, son of Alfred and Irene (Blyden) Taylor.

The needs are surely great, and the laborers are few. If only the people in the States who have so much could see how the people here live and long for a chance, I believe we would have greater sacrifice and giving, and we would be richer in Christ ourselves.

* * *

Looking For The Hole In The Clouds

Flying out from Trinidad, I landed at the airport of Georgetown, British Guyana. Brothers Berg, Leitzel, Knupp, and children and Brother Ferryman were there to meet me. After a chat and a lunch, we boarded the plane, 1-6 Charlie (nickname given to it at the airport), but I prefer to call it "The Spirit of Faith." While the motor was warming up, we all bowed our heads and had prayer. Soon we were on our way across the great jungle country of British Guyana.

It was very cloudy and rainy at times. Brother Ferryman, the pilot, said, "I don't know how it will be; you will have to pray." And we did. As we got into more and more clouds, he was as serious as a surgeon; he had to keep making critical decisions as to what to do, etc. Each time he would say, "I believe we will find a hole to go through." We kept praying and looking for the hole through the clouds and storm. Sure enough, there was a hole and we passed through.

Again everything darkened, and it looked as though we would have to turn back, but again the hole appeared, and he nosed his way through. This kept up all the while we were crossing the great range of mountains. At times he would lower the plane, at other times he would climb to a higher altitude, sometimes reaching eight or ten thousand feet. It looked very threatening and vicious. I was praying continually, and soon a still small voice whispered to me:

"He is my Pilot on life's stormy sea,
This wondrous Man of Galilee.
I'm safe in His keeping,
Though storms are 'round me beating,
This Pilot of Galilee."

He gave it to me over and over. Praise God! "Never man spake like this man"; even the wind and the waves obey His voice.

The big mountain, Kowatapu, was a monument to us as we were nearing our destination. Brother Ferryman said, "Look! Do you see that spot straight ahead? That is Paramakatoi; that is 'home, sweet home' to us." A smile crept over his face as his muscles relaxed, and he said, "We're all right now."

In a few minutes he was circling to get in line with the runway at the mission station. The missionaries' families, and Indians -- big, little, old, and young -- came from every direction to meet us, with smiles, greetings, and rejoicings. My heart was thrilled, and I felt such compassion spring up within me for the dear people that I battled with tears and a lump in my throat, as we all greeted one another. I could only keep saying, "I am very happy to be here."

All this flying experience reminds me of the journey to Heaven; and when there is no way, the Lord has promised to make a way. Our business is to keep looking for His way, and fly on with our Heavenly Pilot. And when the journey is over, He will land us safely on the sunny banks of Sweet Deliverance. Our sainted fathers and mothers and the redeemed of all ages will be gathered to welcome us to our eternal home, where we shall cast our crowns at His feet and crown Him Lord of all. This will be a grand home-coming such as the world has never known.

I am having a great time. There were fifty or more Indians at the altar last night, and real crying and praying and old-fashioned confessions and asking forgiveness. The Gospel plow yields the same results wherever it goes.

The training I got at dear old God's Bible School means a lot to me in any and every field where I serve. I have met many former Bible School students, and they are a blessing wherever they go.

* * *

A Village Feast

God gave us a gracious revival at Paramakatoi, in British Guyana. At first it seemed so hard that I felt like running, but we prayed and waited on God. He came on the scene and a real break resulted -- we had a clean sweep. Many came confessing their sins and prayed through to real salvation. John and Mary, friends of mine in the States, had given me \$20 to buy something for the Indians. I asked the missionaries, "What can \$20 buy for these Indians?" "Oh, that will buy plenty of rice for a village feast. Nothing would please them better." So buy it we did. It was announced that we were to have a village feast on Saturday afternoon at four.

The men, with bows and arrows and guns, took to the bush. One came back with a nice big deer, one with a lobba, some with wild birds. The women trekked for miles over the mountains gathering cassava. They carried it like ton-weight in their washis on their backs, many of them carrying babies in their way-nays at the same time. For days they could be seen at their mud huts peeling and grinding cassava for flour. Then the big flapjack style cakes were made and baked on a piece of iron in the sun.

Saturday came. There was the enormous black open kettle in the yard at Tushaw's hut. A good fire burned under it, and rice aplenty was cooking. Pork, venison, and fowl were well cooked, cut up, and served in tubs. Pepper pots were sitting all around, just as hot as it sounds. (If you don't believe it, try it and see. But don't try too big a dip at once!) Cassava cakes, as big as Mexican sombreros, were stacked high on rough lumber slabs. The people ate from a can, tin, or

pan, as they sat crouched on the ground. They chatted Partimana and a few words of English. They laughed, sang, and rejoiced together. The missionaries feasted their eyes and cameras more than their stomachs, but all were happy.

When they had all eaten to the full (but no food remained), they began to sing hymns, testify, and praise the Lord. Then Tushaw put both arms up into the air and said, "Sister Winkle, now let's all go to the church to pray and thank God for your coming and for the revival." All agreed. One of the most striking parades my eyes have ever looked upon was that of those born-again Indians marching up the little trail to the mud church, singing as they went.

* * *

A Flight Into Brazil

With accordion, books, cameras, and hammocks, our party loaded into 1-6 Charlie (the mission plane) and took off the runway, into the jungle sky. We were bound for Brazil. After 30 minutes' flying, we landed in open savanna mountain country, surrounded by larger jungle mountains.

The Indians and Portuguese people came running to carry our loads and help us up the trail. We waded through deep grass on the toe paths, which led down to the river. There many boulders and rocks lay in places of shallow water.

Next came the steep, steep slopes of the mountain trail. The people had dug steps in the clay to make climbing easier, but rain had washed away many of the steps. It was treacherous, and almost impassable in places.

The sky was clear and the sun was setting in the west, there at Aylon, Brazil, as we gathered the people together for service. While we were getting ready for the meeting, the Indians were hanging our hammocks in a big mud hut with a thatch roof.

We had just sat down on a pole to get our breath when the people came with old, dirty black pots, and red-hot pepper sop, soup, and big cakes of cassava bread. They set them right in front of us, and spread a grass fan on the ground for a bread plate. Then here came one with a pan of sugar cane juice, and another with water. We must eat. We told them we must have service first, so that those who had to go a long way could get home before too late. To this they agreed.

The people gazed at us in astonishment as we sang, played, and gave them the Gospel. About 40 of them came forward to pray and seek the living God.

When the service ended, they renewed their offer of food. Now we must eat. I confess that my heart sank within me; or shall I say, my stomach sank?

Brother Arthur Ferryman, our missionary pilot, said, "Sister Winkle, we will have to eat." He broke off a piece of cassava cake, dipped it into the hot pepper sop, and handed it to me. I ate some of it.

It was so hot with pepper that I had to dip it in more water to get it down. But so did he. A man came with a pan of meat and passed it to me. I must take some. I did, and ate some of it. It was part of a deer they had killed and cooked.

It didn't take much to satisfy my hunger at that supper. One could easily understand why if he could have seen us there on the ground, in front of the old hut, all dipping sop out of the same old pot, Indians and all. I just had to say, "God, if I live, I live; and if I die, I die. I am here to give the blessed Gospel to these dear people. There is no hope for them without it."

After supper we sat under the starry heavens and sang hymns for quite a while. They did not do too badly in catching on to some of the words, especially the word Jesus. After another short message, weary and worn, we decided to retire.

Some experience it was, too. We discovered that we were each to have a hammock in that old hut, with 21 in all sleeping in it -- men, women, and children. I got into my hammock, clothes and all. The others kept their clothes on, too, such as they were. Some of the children were as naked as the day they were born.

People kept coming in and putting up hammocks, until the place was full. I could not relax, for I could hardly straighten out without bumping into the hammock on either side.

I tried and tried to go to sleep. But people snored, babies cried, children groaned and whined in their sleep, people constantly walked around, or went in and out. For four hours I squirmed, twisted, and prayed. I just could not go to sleep. All the movements, the sounds, and the odors had me sweating in misery. Lie there longer, after four hours of it, I could not.

Pulling out my tiny flashlight, I stepped into my jungle shoes, and was dressed. Anita Ferryman saw me getting up, and she joined me. We slipped out into the night and sat on the pole under the stars. Oh, did stars ever look so beautiful! God's heavens looked so clean and orderly! Did ever fresh air seem so restoring and refreshing!

Brother Ferryman missed us and came out. "What's the matter, Sister Winkle? Are you afraid?" "No, Brother Ferryman, I am not afraid at all. I just can't sleep." "Don't stay in the night air too long and catch cold," he advised. So back we must go.

From then on until daylight I snatched a little sleep at intervals, between the snoring, crying, whining, puffing, etc. Imagine it if you can.

Finally, about daylight, I was aroused by a sound that compensated for all the rest. I heard, three or four times, a native praying. I could tell by the way he said "Jesus Christ" (the way they do when they pray), that he was praying to Jesus. They had promised me the night before that they would pray to Jesus. Now to hear that, at daybreak, was music to my ears and soul. Before we were out, people were standing staring at us in our hammocks.

People started coming from all around, and we had another wonderful service with them. I poured out my soul to them, and then asked and answered questions, and instructed them. Then near a hundred of them came and prayed for Jesus to be their Saviour. They promised to quit their wicked ways, to pray to Jesus only, and live for Him.

It was hard to leave them, with no missionary to live there and teach them. They told us they were praying that God would send a missionary to stay with them.

One old woman came and handed me her little fishing net to keep. She said, "When you see that, you pray for me." Another ran and got her way-nay (a kind of cloth they put around the neck and over the shoulder in which to carry their babies), and gave it to me, saying, "Pray for me."

As we left, they followed us down the trail. We slowly picked our steps, with help. But they carried our luggage and their babies and tripped around us, their big bare feet hitting the hard clay toe path, as fleet as a deer.

They flocked around our plane like bees around a hive. As we took off, my heart ached for them. They are indeed as sheep without a shepherd. No wonder Jesus said, "Pray ye ... the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest."

But how can they go except they be sent? And how can they be sent without money? How we need to give in order to get the Gospel to them. "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

* * *

The Akawaio Indians Of South America

Peter Cartwright and the American pioneer circuit riders of early Methodism had nothing on those who travel the skyway circuits of the jungles of South America. In our little Piper Pacer we were headed for the isolated and treacherous Akawaio country. There no missionary had been for twenty years until recently, when our missionaries made their way to that area.

True it was that the Akawaio tribe was vicious. True it was that they murdered the last missionary who came to them, twenty years ago. They slipped into the missionary hut, dug a grave in the mud floor under his hammock, and then camouflaged, or covered it over. In the night, while the missionary slept, they sneaked in and murdered him, cut the hammock ropes, let him fall into the grave, and silently covered him up. That was the end.

For twenty years there had been no message or messenger. Brothers Berg and Ferryman got a burden to take the Gospel to them. In doing so they got into a terrible storm, had to make a forced landing, and spent twelve horrible days and nights, lost in the jungle.

As we reached the Akawaio country near the point where Venezuela, Brazil, and British Guyana meet, we drifted down, and came to a stop on a home-made landing strip in the wild country. As usual, Indians came running to meet us. They assisted us, carrying our belongings as

we walked one and a half miles through dense jungle. Then they rowed us another half mile in an old log boat.

The river was wide and deep, but full of treacherous stumps, logs, debris, and vines. Often the men and boys would have to leap out into the water and pull hard to get our boat over a log, or pull us off after we were stuck there. Finally, pulling to a landing, we went ashore.

The word quickly got out that we were there. After eating a little, we gathered for a service. It was hard as we did not have our interpreter with us. An eleven-year-old lad there had been with some white people a while, and could understand and speak some English. I used him as interpreter. God helped us to get a simple message to the hearts of about 100 people who had gathered. About fifty of them came forward to pray and seek Jesus.

The little hut where we were to spend the night, I assure you, was a well-ventilated, rickety one. They informed us that not only mosquitoes but bloodsucking bats were causing plenty of grief, and that we must sleep under a net. I agreed at once.

After we had devotions and were ready to retire, two teen-age lads came, begging us to come out and have another service. We promised them we would in the morning.

Once in bed, under the net in the dark, I heard a little moving noise under my bed. I did not want to appear silly or unduly fearful, so I just lay there. I heard it over and over. I could hear mice chewing in the boxes of supplies piled around, too. Then I could hear the big macaw bird, who was roosting in the gable end of our hut. Besides, I could hear the chatter and giggling of the Indians in the other part of the hut. There was just a stick wall partition between. At last I fell asleep.

About one o'clock I awoke. I still heard that noise under my bed. I lay, stiff and wondering, until 4:00 A.M. At last I thought, "I'm not going to lie here any longer. It could be a snake. I am going to see. I tried my pen flashlight. It wouldn't work. I struck a match, and looked under the bed.

There was no snake, but I saw two large ducks roosting right under my head. We had been told just before we went to bed that the blood bats had been after their ducks so bad that they were afraid the ducks were dead. I was at least glad it was no worse than ducks, and that the mission ducks were not dead.

I crawled back in and slept a little. It's a good thing I had found out what was under the bed, for as soon as dawn began to break I felt something rising up and pushing against my thin mattress. Otherwise I would have thought sure it was a big boa constrictor snake.

The Indians started peeking in, and then coming in, before we were up. Twenty or more of them thronged around us, begging, "Tell us more about getting Jesus in our hearts," some beating on their breasts, gesturing their pleas. Of course, they were speaking in their strange talkie-talkie language. And it was not without effort that we learned what they were saying. They begged us not to leave. When we told them we had to go, they begged us to come back.

We were taken back up the treacherous river in the clumsy old log boat in which we had come down. The people followed us the one and a half miles on the jungle trail, and crowded around our little plane, begging us all the time to come back.

Is it any wonder it is so hard for a missionary to stay in the homeland? Once a missionary has looked into the pleading eyes of hungry heathen people with outstretched arms, life is no longer a playground but a serious and eternal reality. I have left a piece of my heart on every mission field where I have been. And I have taken the dear people of each field home with me. They shall be a part of me as long as I live.

Waving a sad farewell, we flew out. In about twenty minutes we came near to the great mountain range where Brothers Berg and Ferryman were forced down and became lost in the jungle.

There we saw a storm to our left, and we did not know just what that might mean to us. We kept flying toward home, all the time evading the storm, and praying constantly. For a while we thought we would have to turn and go to another village to escape it. We got in sight of Orinduik, and thought we would have to land there. But we made it as far as Kato. There we did have to land, and wait for the storm to pass. Then we took to the sky again.

Before long we were back at Paramakatoi, and grateful indeed. But a deep joy filled our hearts that we had been privileged to carry the blessed Gospel to some of the most benighted spots on earth; to some of the most isolated and most neglected souls on the globe.

* * *

A Jungle School -- (A Story for the Children)

When I was a little girl I enjoyed hearing my mother read stories about the missionaries and their work among the children in other lands. Therefore I thought you would enjoy hearing about my visit to the Indians of British Guyana, South America.

Would you like to visit an Indian school in the jungles of South America? The Indian children did not even have a school until our missionaries went to them with the story of Jesus. They have no busses or cars in which to ride to school. They did not have any clothing until the missionaries gave them some of the clothing sent to them from America. Many of them come to school ragged and dirty.

These Indian boys and girls have very straight black hair and a dark copper-colored skin. Since they go barefooted all the time, their feet are very tough. You should see them climb the mountain trails or walk the tiny toe paths to school. They have to watch for tigers and big, big snakes on the way. A seven-foot snake was killed on the path the other day.

You should see their school building. It has mud floors and mud walls. It does have a shingled roof, for our missionaries have taught the Indians how to make the shingles. Their seats and desks are made of rough boards cut from the jungle forest.

At noon our missionaries serve the children a lunch. It is cooked in a big, black pot on a bonfire. It is a kind of soup made of cassava roots, yams, a little rice, or whatever they have at the time. You children would not like it at all, but the Indian children are hungry so much of the time that it tastes good to them. The soup would taste better than the worms and ants that many of them eat. The children eat their soup from gourds or tin cans. They also drink the water, which is carried in pails on their heads from the mountain stream, from the gourds or tins.

In the school the children are taught to read, spell, and write, as well as other subjects, like farming and sewing.

You should see them farm. I watched the farm class one day. They have to cut down the big trees and bushes and burn them. This made a big bonfire. After clearing the land, they dig the ground with their cutlasses (big knives about two feet long, sometimes called machetes), and plant the seeds and plants. They also use the cutlass and dig around them.

The missionaries have other classes in crafts. They teach the Indian children how to make chairs, stools, tables, baskets, and many other useful things. These subjects are very important, for the only furniture in their homes is just what they can make.

The most important thing the Indian children are taught is the story of Jesus and how to pray to Him. They memorize Scripture verses and learn to sing.

Their mud schoolhouse serves as a school, a Sunday school, and a church. Your dimes and dollars help in building schools and supplying the necessary equipment.

Pray for these children and share what you can with them. Many of them have given their hearts to Jesus and are trying to live for Him. When you pray, ask Jesus what you can do for these Indian children in the jungles of South America.

* * *

A View Of Surinam

While holding a two-weeks revival in Paramaribo, the capital city of Surinam, South America, I was entertained in the home of our native pastor, Rev. Leo Van der Kuyp. He is half Jewish and half Hindustani and his wife is half Chinese and half African. They have three lovely children. They are very spiritual and loyal Pilgrims, sacrificing to carry on the work.

Paramaribo, with its 100,000 inhabitants, has ruin and cigarettes; it has dead religion and false religions; it has heathenism with Hindu and Mohammedan temples with hideous, false gods.

I was able to get passage on a little four-passenger plane to our interior mission station instead of having to travel 14 hours by boat, as on a previous trip.

Surinam's interior is a world of wonder -- the immense forest with its towering walls of black-green; the winding rivers and creeks with water as black as black coffee, infested with alligators and other reptiles; and the jungles with all kinds of snakes, including the boa constrictor and the bushmaster, as well as tigers, wildcats, wild boar, and many other wild animals.

But most enchanting to me were the people. Black, weird, wild, primitive, ignorant, superstitious -- they were groping their way in the darkness. They are waiting, waiting for -- they know not what. There were men and women wearing nothing but loincloths, and children up to 10 and 12 years old with no clothes at all. Their poor naked bodies were covered with mud and filth. They know no bathroom but the river. There they wash their bodies, their clothes, and their dishes; then they dip up the water and drink it, and cook with it.

Their little thatch huts have no furniture except a tiny stool or two about four or six inches wide. These are cut from a slice of a tree. Dirty hammocks hang in the huts for sleeping. To alleviate the discomfort of the cold, damp night air; low fires burn, Indian style, on the earth floor, and red embers fill the foul air with a welcome aroma.

To slip silently in the night under a full tropical moon through the bewitching forest world, and plow through waters which appear, in the darkness, to be rivers of tar, play upon one's soul like on the keyboard of a console. Emotions integrate like the many races that have come together to melt into a people that heretofore were not.

Thrills mingled with the sight of suffering tormenting fear, superstition, and gross heathenism hang pictures on memory's walls that cannot be erased.

The greatest thrill for me was the fact that we were ambassadors of the King of kings, bringing a royal invitation to these dear people to the marriage supper in the sky. All expenses are paid by the King Himself. Hallelujah!

* * *

The Night, The Jungle, And The Man

A night in the jungles of Surinam, South America, will be long remembered. A dozen of us boarded a small launch in the severe darkness of the night, lost to a world of civilization. As we silently rode the liquid highway, the darkness was so depressive that it seemed as if we were living in Genesis 1:2 -- "And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep." Farther into that lightless night we pierced. We traveled by faith and not by sight, save for an occasional gleam from a flashlight, carried along for emergencies (as though such trips themselves are not always emergencies).

A tiny flicker of light appeared, and we pulled ashore. Cautiously we held the flashlight so as to rightly place our feet, first on the edge of the boat and then on a log, soaked with water and covered with slippery mud. One misstep would have deposited us as an extra dish into the black liquid diner of the alligators and cannibal fish. The cannibal fish will bite off a man's finger or hand in a flash. In fact, it will attack a man and eat his flesh, leaving his skeleton as a souvenir of

his war technique. You may rest assured that great care was taken as our human cargo was unloaded.

Once we were ashore, the night could not hold us, for now we found ourselves in the quaint and crude little village of Damtopoe. Walking about and peering into the darkness, we could see, by the burning embers of low fires, bush Negroes cooking or roasting the leg of a wild animal, or a fish, for their supper. With nothing much to do, or to do with, at eight or nine o'clock some will still be trying to get a supper.

A man's wife had died, and the grandmother took the baby. The man was shut up in a hut in mourning. After he has spent months in the dark, windowless, filthy hut, he may begin gradually to go out into the village for food, or to fish or hunt. He still may not go to town, or to any festivity, or to any religious meetings.

Brother Leitzel took me to this man's hut. There he sat, in a dirty string hammock, in the dark. He was covered with dirty cloth, with only his head exposed. Such painful and tortuous customs as the poor heathen have, all because no one has taught them "the more excellent way"!

Willem, our teacher, told me that so strong are their heathen beliefs, and so binding their fears, that he has never in his life known one to rebel and break this awful period of mourning. The mourner and all of the people fear that the spirit of his dead wife would return, and would bring a curse upon them. He must be in mourning at least one year, during which time he may not pay attention to any other woman. After it is over he is free to have romance and to marry. At the end of the mourning, they have a dance and a feast.

We had a thrilling Gospel service near the house of mourning, our gasoline lantern hanging in front of the Captain's hut. Seventeen people sought the blessed Saviour.

We returned to the mission, in our jungle express, with great joy.

* * *

Where Is It?

In the stillness of the night I prayed for our missionaries and for the unevangelized multitudes. In the distance sounded the low, melancholy beating of drums and the weird chanting of the heathen. This would continue all night, or until the people, seeking peace and finding none, fell exhausted. I could visualize the many, many villages, with their throngs of hungry, naked people, who had no comforts, no church, no missionary, no Saviour, and no hope.

Just then I said, "Lord, the cattle on a thousand hills are yours. Where are they?" Our Father is rich. He holds the world's wealth in His hand. There is plenty with which to go and preach the Gospel to every creature. Where is it?

Several answers came to me.

"I was afraid, and went and hid thy talent." -- Matt. 25:25.

My grandmother never had much money. When she did get a little she wrapped it in a cloth, and then another, and another. Then, looking at the windows to make sure that no one saw, she went and hid it so well that she herself could not find it when she wanted it.

There are thousands and thousands of dollars carefully "wrapped in a napkin" and hidden away in bank vaults, safes, lock boxes, bureau drawers, and old chests. God seemed to say, "Here it is. They who are called by my name are afraid and have taken my tithes and offerings and hid them -- for a rainy day, they say." They should not be surprised if God lets the rainy day come.

"I have bought five yoke of oxen." -- Luke 14:19. One yoke might have done the job, but everybody else had more, so he must, too. Many could say, if they would tell the truth, "I have spent my money on an expensive car, a home, and household conveniences; on extravagant travel, pleasure, and other family luxuries and comforts." There it is.

"I have bought a piece of ground (real estate)." -- Luke 14:18.

God does not condemn one for having a home or a farm. But when his money (tithes or offerings) is invested in real estate, or anything, for a selfish purpose, rather than put to its proper use to save the heathen, certainly God is robbed, and His money is hidden in the coffers of self-security.

"I will pull down my barns, and build greater (larger)." -- Luke 12:18.

The old barns were adequate, but not up-to-date. God gave that surplus to help meet the needs of his fellow men, but old self coveted it, and said, "Now, I will need that later on. So I'll tear down and build larger, and keep it." And he did. And, notice, there it is: "There will I bestow all my ... goods." "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up ... take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry." The slogan of many professed Christians today could be these words of the rich fool.

"Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me." -- Mal. 3:8. I have heard many Christians say, "God has been good to me; He surely has blessed me and given me much" -- as though all that comes into our hands is for us to keep and use for self. We are only God's stewards and we surely will have to give an account of our misappropriation of funds.

God's Word says: "Let him that stole steal no more ... Let him labor ... with his hands ... that he may have to give to him that needeth." -- Eph. 4:28. "Render ... unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's." -- Matt. 22:21.

* * *

Temples! Temples! Temples!

Since doing missionary work in the British West Indies, this has come to me afresh and with more force, even to the point of burning in my soul. Down through the years it has been the

policy of the Pilgrim Holiness Church to build neat and adequate churches, but to avoid using funds to excess in brick and mortar that should be used to win the hearts of men. Since seeing things as they are in the West Indies, I am convinced that that policy should be continued. I feel that if some of the money that might be used to excess in buildings at home could be given instead to erect plain buildings on these islands, where the people could at least get in out of the rain to worship God, it certainly would give more glory to God and be a better investment for eternity. Many of the churches which they do have are inadequate, and I never saw anything better than plain, homemade benches in any of them. Everywhere I saw people having to stand outside the church.

At one place, on the island of St. Vincent, there were 174 in Sunday school. All they had was a roof, with poultry-wire sides. The one end, behind the preacher, was walled up. The benches had no backs. The floor was made of egg-size cobblestones.

At the St. John's church, on Antigua, there were 788 in Sunday school. And at night the church was so packed that we prayed and prayed that the old frame structure would not break. Once the floor did break through.

There are some of God's choicest saints on those islands. They tithe, and give. But many of them earn only a few cents a day, and do not have work every day. Many, many of them never have enough to eat.

"Whoso hath this world's goods, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion ... (capacity for mercy, affection, and benevolence), how dwelleth the love of God in him?" "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me." "My little children, let us not love in word ... but in deed and in truth."

* * *

Testimony Of One Of The Native Christians -- St. Johns, Antigua, West Indies

She came to every service, put her whole soul into it, was so happy as she shouted back and forth across the church. I was attracted to her. When I left, she followed along by my side weeping, and kept saying, "Sistah Winkle, we do hate to see you go. Here is her testimony in her own words:

"I am seventeen years old. I was once a member of the Roman Catholic Church but, glory be to God, I am not one now. When I was about ten years old I visited a church where the Gospel was plainly preached, and the good seed was sown in my heart. But I had not the opportunity to serve God as I wanted to, so my life was most miserable until the day when I found Christ.

"Not far from our home, in Potters Village, was a small Pilgrim Church. When I heard the people singing the beautiful songs I would join in, and the tears fell from my eyes because I wanted to enjoy what they were enjoying. But God made the way. One glorious day I was surprised when my father sent to call a sister of the Pilgrim Holiness Church and told her to take my sister and myself along with her to church. So we went for three continual weeks. I was under deep

conviction, but at each time I made for the altar I remembered my father's words, 'Never you go to the altar.' So that kept me back.

"On Easter Monday night (Apr. 19, 1954), after returning from church, how wretched I felt. God was still speaking to me. I had many sleepless hours that night. I just kept praying and weeping all the time. Oh, how I longed for morning to come. What do you think happened? I surrendered my all to God; I said 'Yes' to Him.

"Early that Tuesday morning; when daylight was just appearing and the household was still enjoying the honey dewdrops of slumber, I crept softly out of the house, and asked the Lord to keep them asleep till I returned. I then went to the Mission Home, which was in the same village, rapped, and the preacher came to me. Her name is Miss Myrtle Lake. My first question to her was, 'Are you going to preach tonight?' Her reply was, 'Yes.' I told her that I would like to get saved. I returned home happier than when I went because I found the joy of salvation, Jesus only, who can satisfy. On Apr. 20, 1954, I stepped out to the altar. It was only an outward manifestation; the work was already done in my heart.

"On Sunday morning my father told me to get ready to attend mass at the Catholic Church. I told him, 'Father, I cannot go because I am now a Christian.' So he whipped me that morning. He went to do the same in the afternoon, but I escaped his hands. He then told me to leave his home right away. So I went with only the suit on my back and my Bible.

"He brought a policeman on Monday, and that same night Sister Lake and I had to escape to another village for our lives, because he said he was going to kill us. We prayed earnestly to God for deliverance, and God did answer our prayer. That same week he wept and asked us to forgive him. I was attending the St. Martha's High School, but because of that I had to stop from school, and I am now working in a store. I am living with Sister Lake and helping in God's great work. So it makes me happier all the time. I love Jesus with all my heart, so I make up my mind to live for Him all the time.

"Please pray for our work. The harvest is great but reapers are few. May we, as young ones, have our love so consecrated in God, with a burden for souls that are drifting farther away from the heavenly Master and sinking deep in the miry clay, consecrate our lives to God as I've already done, and rescue them ere they perish. It needs a sanctified heart -- pure, clean, and holy -- renounce sin and the world, then push the fire for God. Praise His holy name. -- Audrey Martin

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05 -- WHAT TWENTIETH CENTURY CHRISTIANS OUGHT TO BE

Sermon preached by Celia Winkle during revival, Nov. 22 -- Dec. 3, 1950, in Intercession City, Florida

"Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness, looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God,

wherein the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat?" -- 2 Peter 3:11.

* * *

I. Seven Reasons For Asking This Question

In the opening of this third chapter, Peter said, "This second epistle, beloved, I now write unto you; in which I stir up your pure minds." Then he asked the question to:

1. Stir up your pure minds.
2. That ye may be mindful of words spoken by the holy prophets and of the commandments.
3. Because scoffers will come in the last days saying, "Where is the sign of his coming? for since the fathers fell asleep all things continue as they were."
4. Because the Lord will come as a thief in the night.
5. Because the heavens shall pass away with a great noise.
6. Because the elements shall melt with a fervent heat.
7. Because the earth and the works that are therein shall be burned up.

"Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be?"

* * *

II. What Manner Of Persons Ought Ye Not To Be?

1. "Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers." -- 2 Cor. 6:14.
2. "Be not drunk with wine." -- Eph. 5:18.
3. "Be not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding; whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle." -- Psa. 32:9.
4. "Be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage." -- Gal. 5:1.
5. "Be ye not unwise, but understanding what the will of the Lord is." -- Eph. 5:17.
6. "Be not carried about with every wind of doctrine." -- Eph. 4:14.
7. "Be not conformed to this world." -- Rom. 12:2.

8. "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." -- Rom. 12:21.

9. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." -- Gal. 6:7.

10. Be "not weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." -- Gal. 6:9.

11. "Be no more children, tossed to and fro." -- Eph. 4:14.

* * *

III. What Manner Of Persons Ought Ye To Be?

1. Be diligent (v.14). Diligent means: assiduous, persistently attentive, industrious; "Diligent in business, serving the Lord." Does this fit the lukewarm, Laodicean church of today that seems content to sleep on while the Lord of Heaven is still denied, betrayed, scourged, and crucified?

2. Be justified before God; be found of Him in peace (v. 14). "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." -- Rom. 5:1.

3. Be holy; sanctified (v. 11). "In all holy conversation and godliness." Godliness is God-like-ness. "Without spot, blameless" (v.14). "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." -- Matt. 5:8. "And holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." -- Heb. 12:14.

4. Beware (v. 17) lest ye "be led away with the error of the wicked, lest ye fall from your own steadfastness."

5. Be looking for these things to be dissolved, the world and all that is therein to be burned up, elements to melt with fervent heat (vs. 10, 11).

6. Be looking for Jesus to come (v.12).

7. Be ye kind "one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." -- Eph. 4:32.

8. Be ye followers of God." -- Eph. 5:1.

9. "Be filled with all the fulness of God." Eph. 3:19.

10. "Be filled with the Spirit." -- Eph. 5:18.

11. Be glad in the Lord, rejoice, ye righteous: and shout for joy." -- Psalms 32:11.

12. "Be strong in the Lord." -- Eph. 6:10.

13. "Be ye separate, saith the Lord, touch not the unclean thing." -- 2 Cor. 6:17.

14. "Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace." -- 2 Cor. 13:11.

15. "Be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity." -- 1 Tim. 4:12.

16. "Be ye doers of the word, not hearers only." -- James 1:22.

17. "Be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." -- Matt. 24:44.

18. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." -- Rev. 2:10.

Friend, can you not hear the pleading voice of God as He asks you this question now: "Seeing that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be?"

* * *

IV. Things And Persons Contrasted

If things are to be destroyed because of sin, what about persons -- free moral agents, with the power of choice?

If things are to be destroyed by fire, to melt with fervent heat, set not your affections on them. There is no company that can insure against atomic bombs and God's judgment day fire. "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth ... but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal." -- Matt. 6:19, 20.

This old world is under the curse of God because of sin, Nature itself is revolting against the guilty sinner. This world that God intended to be a servant to man is actually striking at him, kicking him: refuses to yield her increase for man, of its voluntary will. Man has to wound it, hoe, dig, scratch, plow, harrow, disk, get the big tractors out, the bull-dozers and steam shovels, and by the sweat of his brow earn his bread. The very elements are, like a detective, reaching out to grab guilty man to bring him to judgment.

* * *

V. Things Dissolved -- Burned Up -- Melted With Fervent Heat

All means are now at hand to do it. Scientists tell us the earth is full of fire and lava. The earth's soil, comparatively, is only as the shell of an egg. More than 300 mountains have already

vomited fire and molten lava over whole towns, and acres of land have been turned into an inferno, while the victims sizzled in the great frying pan of God's judgment.

In Yellowstone Park, and other places, the huge hot springs, geysers, and giant pots fume and foam, leap and spout out their boiling water, vapors, and steam as far as 200 feet into the air. In looking on these eruptions, one calls to mind the Scripture, "Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming. " -- Isa. 14:9. Justice and judgment cannot wait for the guilty wretch (man), but, like a bloodthirsty mob, leaps out at him.

In the reservoirs and hidden caves of God's great earth He has stored away tons and tons of coal, great underground fields and lakes of oil, gases, black damp, brimstone, phosphates, and dynamic minerals, besides the great spider-web net of electricity that saturates the very heavens and the whole earth. Then, too, man has gone into God's secret chambers, discovering and pulling out atomic energy, like children with loaded shot guns and sticks of dynamite on a playground. With the touch of a button, humanity can be wiped off the face of the earth. When the atomic explosions join hands with all the above-mentioned, and all comes in contact with the water of the great oceans, the world will become one great blasting steam jet of which the rage and fury will be beyond words to describe. The very words Peter uses here best describe it: "The heavens shall pass away with a great noise ... the earth and all the works that are therein shall be burned up ... the elements shall melt with fervent heat."

Is it any wonder the Holy Ghost, through Peter, says: "What manner of persons ought ye to be?" Who shall be able to stand in that great day? Only those who are fireproof men, who have already had their baptism of fire and the Holy Ghost, those who have had everything burned out that is burnable; asbestos men, men full of fire, hotter than atomic fire, hotter than Hell fire, the fire of the Holy Ghost that can burn out all sin. They, and they only, will be able to pass through, like the Hebrew children in the fiery furnace, and come out without the smell of fire upon them. Amen!

Martin Luther, away back in his day, said, "Earth is a pile of kindling wood; God's torch bearers stand ready to light it any moment." "Earth now has on her work clothes, but one day will be arrayed in new Easter garments." "This is not the death pangs, it is the throes of birth, for we, according to His promise, look for a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." Praise God!

Seeing that all these things shall come to pass -- what manner of persons ought ye to be? Think it over.

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THE END