

All Rights Reserved By HDM For This Digital Publication  
Copyright 1999 Holiness Data Ministry

Duplication of this CD by any means is forbidden, and  
copies of individual files must be made in accordance with  
the restrictions stated in the B4Ucopy.txt file on this CD.

\* \* \* \* \*

## **I MET JESUS**

**By Samuel F. Sparks**

Pentecostal Publishing Company  
Louisville, Kentucky

Printed Book: No Date -- No Copyright

\* \* \* \* \*

Digital Edition 02/04/99  
By Holiness Data Ministry

\* \* \* \* \*

## CONTENTS

Booklet Written In 1947  
A Picture Of Samuel Sparks Included  
Dedication  
Preface

01 -- Chapter  
02 -- Chapter  
03 -- Chapter  
04 -- Chapter  
05 -- Chapter  
06 -- Chapter  
07 -- Chapter

\* \* \* \* \*

## BOOKLET WRITTEN IN 1947

Figuring from the dates given in the book prior to and during the author's voyage to  
England, I have deduced that the book was written during the year 1947. -- DVM

\* \* \* \* \*

## A PICTURE OF SAMUEL SPARKS INCLUDED

A picture of Samuel F. Sparks is included with this publication as hdm0850.jpg. It can be viewed in the HDM Preview-Menu with the title: Sparks, Samuel F.

\* \* \* \* \*

## DEDICATION

This little volume is affectionately dedicated to Mrs. Dallas Jackson and Mrs. Ida Burr Sparks who held on to God in prayer until their sons arose from sin's weight and emerged from sin's night to preach and sing the Old, Old Story of "Jesus and His Love."

\* \* \* \* \*

## PREFACE

There are two reasons for this little volume's existence. The first, is that friends have repeatedly asked us to write an account of our conversion and entering of the ministry.

The second reason is based upon popular request wherever we have preached in recent months, that we give to our friends the diary account of our recent trip to the British Isles.

We have condensed and combined the accounts of both with a prayer that the Lord will bless all who read as much as He has blessed our own heart in the few years we have followed Him. I commend it to you purely for inspiration rather than close examination or criticism.

The Author

\* \* \* \* \*

## 01 -- CHAPTER

Last Sunday afternoon I climbed the mountain that stands like a silent guard over the valley in which I spent most of my childhood.

The little Walnut tree is still standing on the summit where God first definitely spoke to my heart. Tears coursed down my face as wife and I joined hands and fell on our knees before the Lord who, on this spot, had called me to preach when I was a lad nine years of age.

As we arose from our knees and viewed the valley at our feet, I relived that beautiful July afternoon of many years ago.

I was a barefoot boy in overalls going across the mountains to bring home the cows. In my pocket I carried a copy of "God's Revivalist," the only religious paper in our home for three decades.

The little saddle mare I was riding was tired from the long climb, and welcomed a rest upon arrival at the mountain top.

It was then that I viewed green fields of growing crops, winding streams, short horn cattle and a white flock of sheep in the fields and on the hills around me. My childish heart was filled with ancestral pride and secretly (and I think I said it out loud) I hoped I would some day be a lawyer like my Daddy and have farms like his.

It was a peaceful afternoon. The birds fluttered in the near-by woods. The air was stirring in a cool, refreshing breeze. Old Topsy (the little black saddle mare) lazily ate the tender grass, and the world seemed at peace. Lazy clouds were here and there in the blue sky. East Fork and Williams Creek joined a little way from me toward the west and both looked like silvery ribbons entwined to make a giant bow for a verdant corsage.

Topsy was still panting, so I took the "Revivalist" and began to read and look at the pictures. I had seen Mother read it and cry. I had watched her save dimes to fill coin cards for the Bible School's Annual Thanksgiving Dinner. I had seen her disregard other pieces of mail and hungrily feast upon the contents of the priceless little paper.

Daddy and the work hands on the farm usually referred to the "Revivalist" as "Mother's paper," (Would to God Daddy and the work hands, too, had heeded the truth "Mother's paper" contained.)

I became curious. I would see Mother cry. Then she would laugh and cry at the same time. I never knew what she was going to do, for while I secretly watched her rejoice, I would say "I don't understand Mother sometimes," but I know she knows the answer to my question. Then I would hear her say, "Well, bless the Lord!" and it had a ring to it that made my heart beat until it seemed it was coming up into my throat.

Daddy, a backslidden evangelist of more than twenty years, opposed any religious progress in our home. He criticized, and freely said slurring things about holiness and holiness people, but, "Mother's little paper" had holiness all over it and it made her so happy, and its messages helped to lighten her heavy load. So as soon as I was old enough to detect the attitude of Daddy and the spirituality of my Mother, I came to the conclusion that holiness couldn't be too bad; after all, Daddy fussed and Mother shouted. Daddy raved and Mother prayed. Daddy worried and Mother trusted.

So, anybody with an ounce of judgment and reason, and sense enough to come in out of the rain could see one had religion and the other didn't.

Now, I was too young and immature to understand why Daddy felt so about religion. I couldn't even have told you what a backslider is. But I wanted to have a good look at Mother's

Little Paper myself. I wondered if I'd cry like Mother when I read it. I was sure I wouldn't take Daddy's attitude, so I stuffed it into my hip pocket to read when I got away from everybody. So if I cried and shouted and had a spell like Mother did on wash-day (The Revivalist came on Monday, usually) then no one would hear me. (That even sounds like a lot of grown-ups).

I sat there looking at the pictures and reading the children's page and finally came to the Missionary Section. There was a great crowd of children and native workers pictured together and there were crude buildings in the background. I thought they had terribly funny clothes, and then I figured that was the way they were used to dressing.

I began reading. Somehow, I forgot the farm, forgot the sheep, the cattle and silvery trees. I forgot the whole world except Africa. Before I knew hardly what was happening tears began to flow for it was dawning upon my mind and soul that there were millions upon millions of people who had little or no clothing, no home, no food and most tragic of all -- No Jesus! A little child was pictured with outstretched hands saying, "Won't you help us?" I thought -- and spoke out loud, "Millions who have never heard the name of Jesus!" My heart was aching! I cried harder than ever, and there on that mountain top in eastern Kentucky, that afternoon God broke my heart for a lost and dying world.

The Power of God seized me. I staggered and fell to my knees with one arm around that little Walnut tree and the other raised toward the sky I promised God if He would let me live I would tell the world of Jesus!

\* \* \* \* \*

## 02 -- CHAPTER

I rode down the hill, preaching as I went. Startled cattle looked at me and started up the trail home. I imagined I was preaching to thousands. I prayed and sang until I was so weak I could hardly stay upon my horse. By the time I reached home, tears and dust had made my face and hands a mess, but within my heart I had a secret that was more precious to me than all the wealth of Boyd County, Kentucky.

I sang as I did the chores. I lay awake at night thinking about my strange and unusual experience over in the cow-pasture. For several days I rejoiced as I rode over that mountain for the cattle at milking time. It became a hallowed spot and I spent many a happy hour getting acquainted with the Lord as we talked together about the work I would do when I grew up to be a man.

For five long years I shared my secret with no one. It would have been easier for me had I confided in Mother -- but somehow I didn't want Daddy to know about it.

One day, after many things had happened to alter the courses of the lives of our entire family, and after our home had burned and Daddy's health was gone and our financial status reduced to zero, I heard of a revival meeting being conducted in Ashland, Kentucky. Our

neighbors, Brother and Sister Easton, asked me if I would like to attend, and offered me transportation in their family car.

For a few days I thought very little about the invitation. Then Mother borrowed a book from them entitled, "My Trip to the Holy Land," by Rev. A. L. Baldrige. I saw Mother shout when she read it. Then she cried. Well, I began to remember what had happened five years before when I had seen her read "her paper" and what had happened to me when I read it.

But curiosity finally conquered me and I set out for the hills with the borrowed book. When I was out of sight I opened it and began to read. That book pierced my tender heart. I began to cry. (I have always been a "cry-baby" -- but I will never pray for God to take away my tears). I would read and then walk. Then I would sit down again. My heart was so hungry. I was yearning for peace within. I knew I must find God if I were ever to find rest.

I finished the few chores that evening and while Mother was in the kitchen cooking supper I walked in and asked if I might go to Church at the revival, and gave her the details. She looked at me and I shall never forget that sweet look that she gave me and told me I could go. A moment later her hands were above her head and she was praising God and saying, "Glory to God! at last my family is getting concerned about spiritual things." Her shouting didn't ease a bit of my load. I believe it made it heavier. Oh! I was miserable. I ate very little. I had my mind made up as I walked down that old country road to the neighbor's house, I knew that that night the quest of my soul would be fulfilled. I prayed as I walked, "Oh, God, if there is the least bit of rebellion in my heart when the invitation is given tonight, crush it down. I must be saved or I will die." Thank God for such Holy Ghost conviction! No begging and pulling is necessary when the Holy Ghost deals in this manner!

If I remember correctly this was the second revival service I had ever attended. I wasn't sure what they would do, but when Brother Elbert Marshall had preached he stepped out and stretched his hands toward me. I spoke to a neighbor boy and said, "Elmer, let's go." He shook his head. I pushed into the aisle saying as I went, "Then, let me out, I must get to God."

I fell at the altar weeping and praying. In a few minutes the load of sin was gone and I felt light and free! I cried for joy. The saints shouted. We sang and testified. I was new in this kind of a crowd -- but I felt perfectly at home, and I have never felt strangely or cramped with God's people from that day until now. In spite of failures, short-comings and inconsistencies I still believe the Church people to be the best class on earth. No friendship or fellowship is so sweet as that which is experienced among those who have been redeemed from sin and are walking in the light. I John 1:7.

The worldly crowd did not seek my eternal good, but I have found friends in the Christian circle that have held me up in prayer and boosted me onward to richer realms of grace and Love Divine. Thank God for the "tie that binds our hearts in Christian love" and [for] the "fellowship of kindred minds [that] is like to that above." Thank God for my friends. I treasure them all.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 03 -- CHAPTER

The fall and winter of 1937-38 I attended church with the Eastons at the Christian Baptist Church in Westwood. This is the church where I was converted. There were many times I was discouraged, but always someone of those dear people said something to help me hold on. I shall never forget one Sunday morning when my spirits were low and the old devil was fighting me fiercely, the pastor, Brother Sam Creech, walked up to me and slipped his big, old, fatherly arm around me and said, "Sammy, I'm claiming you for a preacher. I'm counting on you to make it through and be a soul-winner." He will never know what those words meant to me. I went home that day and found a secret place of prayer in the hills and told God folks were counting on me to be a preacher, and if He still wanted me to preach to lift my load and defeat the enemy of my soul.

No sooner had I asked Him than the load was gone. Blessed peace and joy flooded my soul and a major battle was won within my heart.

The next day after I was saved I walked into my father's law office in Ashland, Kentucky. I closed the door behind me and sat down facing Daddy. I opened the conversation by saying, "Daddy, I have something to tell you."

"What is it son," he asked.

"Daddy, God saved me last night," I said quickly.

"What's that?" he asked again, leaning across the desk toward me. Again, looking right up into his eyes I testified that on the night before the Lord had come into my heart.

He listened. Then looking up, quickly spoke again, "That's fine, son. We surely do need Christian lawyers, and you know you are going to be Daddy's law partner some day."

My head dropped. My father's strong personality and persistence of desire temporarily held me back from telling of my call to preach. But suddenly, I felt the fire of God burning in my soul. I remembered that afternoon when I was nine years old. I remembered my promise to God. I remembered the picture of the heathen in the Revivalist. It seemed I could hear the cries of lost souls perishing with few who care.

I lifted my head. I breathed a prayer, and with my shoulders back I faced one of the hardest tests of my Christian experience. Daddy was marking on a paper. When I lifted my head our eyes met. I spoke. God flooded my soul and tears streamed down my face as I said, "Daddy, I can't be a lawyer. God has called me to preach."

For a moment Father was still. Then his eyes and mouth narrowed and his countenance was determined. Then with a touch of anger he said, "Son, you have been listening to your Mother and Aunt 'Lizzie.' They have been influenced with that Holiness crowd, and furthermore, I can't let you be a Holiness preacher."

"Daddy," I said, "when I was nine years old God called me to preach, and you are the first person I have ever told."

He tried to talk me out of it. But blessed be the name of the Lord! When God tells you something, not even the dearest one on earth can make you doubt it. Glory to God! I have never doubted it! I will never doubt it! He is even blessing me now as I re-live that hour of testing when with God I stood firmly against the temptations of the devil and desires of my Father. It pays to serve Jesus! It pays all the way! The hour of trial had come and passed and God had given full assurance that He would help me, and He kept His blessed promise!

When it came to the choice of Daddy or Jesus, God gave me grace to say, "Take the whole world, but give me Jesus."

Eight months later Daddy was on his death-bed. He told the preacher who visited him that God had forgiven him and he was ready to meet God. He showed evidences of genuine repentance and would have made many things right with God and his family had he lived a little longer. But God took him around 3:00 A. M., May 17, 1938.

The news shocked me. My young heart was heavy. My Daddy was gone from me at an age when a boy so badly needs a Father's help. But God knows best.

We laid him to rest in the little cemetery in Grayson, Kentucky, on May 19, 1938. Daddy had made considerable money in his law practice, but lost it all in the depression. His real estate was under heavy mortgage. Many people who owed father money took advantage of his death and his collectable notes and securities were misplaced. Soon the little house that my sister built in her second year as a school teacher of a country school, was the only home we knew. God bless my sacrificial sister who assumed the heavy responsibility of supporting the family.

The farm was about two-thirds paid for, but the original owner foreclosed and we were homeless and penniless. Not one penny did we ever get back for the thousands of dollars paid into it. It seemed so unjust, and terribly unChristian, but Mother held onto the promise, "I have never seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread."

Mother instilled in us all the spirit of forgiveness toward all men.

We hold no ill-feelings, no grudges, nothing to be made right on death-beds. Nothing is there to hinder our prayers! Glory to God that's worth more than a million dollars! The judgment is coming and I'm prepared to meet my God!

Two more years passed by and Satan fought more bitterly for my soul. Mother fasted and prayed. At last, in answer to prayer the way was made by my Aunt Elizabeth, my Mother's only sister, who gave me money to pay half my tuition for one semester at a Holiness School.

I entered school with surplus cash amounting to 5 cents above my registration fee.

My soul cried out to God for Christian fellowship. I yearned for a knowledge of His Word. This new environment was what I needed. My work in the school was to scrub pots and pans and the floors of the kitchen. It was a humble task, but it was helping crucify the carnal pride that had long been one of my chief enemies.

By the time the first semester was over I was in charge of fifty-some students who were working under my supervision in the kitchen and dining room.

I started every day with prayer and song, and many are the victories that were won among the students who came to the kitchen to work and whose hearts were hungry for God.

But, I had not been sanctified. I don't remember hearing a clear-cut message on second blessing holiness prior to the time I mention -- 1940-41.

Camp meeting time came. I knew I was saved. I had had a struggle -- doubts, fears, uncertainty, explosions of temper, pride and all the wilderness woes of the regenerated soul. I had been up and down. I wondered if I would ever become established. My soul was hungry for something. The first night of camp meeting came; Bona Fleming arose and preached. That man pictured my need. He knocked me down and rolled me over. I was in agony. I prayed for him to stop preaching. I wanted to go to that altar. He finished and there was a surging forward of convicted humanity. Such weeping! Such conviction! Such praying! I was among them, dying out to self and sin. I had heard the glorious news that God could meet my need! I didn't have to be encouraged to pray. Brother, I meant business!

At about ten minutes past ten o'clock, when despair was deep and hope was black, I made a final struggle toward Calvary and fell prostrate at the blessed feet of Jesus! Heaven opened! The Holy Ghost came! God's love flooded my soul with the light of the world chasing all darkness from every corner of my soul. I felt the cleansing wave!

Like an electric current the power of the Holy Ghost swept through every fiber of my being!

The work was done! I wouldn't have given an angel a nickel to come from Glory and tell me I was sanctified! I knew it and I believe three worlds witnessed it. I felt so clean. I was washed in the Blood!

No more uncertainty! Blessed assurance! No more backsliding. I am now anchored in Love Divine, for the Comforter abides with me!

Today as I sit here aboard the Queen Elizabeth, the world's largest ocean liner, and we are plowing the waters of the middle Atlantic, I thank God the experience I received that night is not dimmed, but has grown brighter all the way.

The Comforter is more precious now than He has ever been before.

Fade, fade each earthly joy, Jesus is mine. He satisfies every longing of my soul and the peace that is mine is akin to Heaven. Well, Glory be to God and His Son, unto whom be praise and honor, world without end!

\* \* \* \* \*

## 04 -- CHAPTER

The messages in that camp meeting were a great blessing to my soul. I grew daily as I listened to clear-cut holiness preaching from some of the world's greatest preachers.

About fifteen days from the time I received the blessing of holiness I started my first revival meeting. I preached fast and radically. God blessed and I preached on. The fire fell and souls prayed through in the old-time way. Through that summer I preached and returned to school to stay the first semester.

God was calling. The fire of the Holy Spirit burned brightly. God spoke to my heart. I knew His voice, and at the close of the first semester I left school to go into full-time service.

It looked dark. Circumstances were critically against such a move at that time. God tested my faith and I jumped, not knowing where I would land. But if God says "jump" you can be assured He will have a place for you to land.

My first meeting was canceled. My dear twin brother had been burned and had not worked for some time. The rent and utility bills were overdue. The food supply was low. Some of my friends and relatives tried to discourage me. But God kept holding me steady. Two days after my first meeting was canceled I received a call to come to the same city to another church. I accepted the call and God met us and it was called that church's greatest revival. God supplied enough money in that revival to pay all the bills, and from that day until this He has sent in the money needed, and there has never been a single need but what the Lord has supplied it on time. It has been my privilege to provide a home for my Mother, and I do count it a privilege. All I am and all I ever hope to be I owe to her, whose prayers touched the heart of God in my behalf.

If I shall have any stars in Heaven I will divide them with her for her sanctified example of a deep, spiritual life that opened my eyes to the possibilities of God's marvelous grace. And then, who gave me a great push up the ladder to new heights in Christ.

These five years have been glorious. I have been in twenty-five states and in Canada and Mexico and am now well on my way across the ocean to Europe, preaching always the glorious news of Salvation, full and free.

Many are the experiences we could relate that are ample proof that the days of revivals are not over.

This is Saturday night. I have written this little book in the three days since we sailed from New York. As I sit here I am glad for the communion of the Holy Spirit. There is much sinning on

board, but the Spirit has closed my eyes and ears to the devil and his crowd here on the ship, just the same as on the land. They have nothing I want, but God has helped us and we have seen and heard several audibly express themselves that they would give anything to have what they believe Bly Jackson and I have. It will cost them everything. But by paying that price eternal life which cannot be purchased with silver and gold, will become their treasure.

This time next week I will be in Scotland -- then to Ireland -- then to England and a brief visit to France.

I am just beginning to see what God has in store for those that love and serve Him. There are tests and there are battles -- some will misunderstand you -- but so it was with the sinless One. "Think it not strangely when these fiery trials come upon you -- for when ye are tried ye shall come forth as gold."

"If God be for us who shall be against us?"

Press on Christian friend! In just a little while the old ship of Salvation will come rolling it over life's stormy sea -- with Christ as her Captain, the Bible as her chart -- with the white-winged sails of Holiness and we shall anchor in Heaven's Harbor to be at home forever!

I will be looking for loved ones and friends that made the crossing before me. I shall look for those we have helped to win. But first of all I want to see Jesus who made it all possible for me. He who conquered death and lives today, putting our hope in a bloody Cross -- a bursting tomb and a blazing sky.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 05 -- CHAPTER

In May, 1946, Brother Bly Jackson and I were conducting a revival campaign for Rev. Edward Ferguson, pastor of the St. Clair Church of the Nazarene in Toronto, Ontario, Canada. Rev. Ferguson being well acquainted with Rev. Frame, who is our British Isles Superintendent, mentioned, and we discussed our work there. This conversation registered unusually in my thinking. As the meeting progressed, we inquired more extensively of the great field and its need.

One day Rev. Ferguson suggested we go to Europe. That really did seem fantastic, for we had no money for passage and no invitation from Rev. Frame. We dropped the matter for a few days. One night as Bly and I were talking, God definitely laid it upon our hearts to go. Still there was no money, and no invitation.

We went to the Steamship office in Toronto -- there we were greeted with what seemed an utter impossibility to obtain passage within the next eighteen to twenty-four months.

Soon we had the invitation. Dr. Frame's letter was warm and we felt a tremendous "pull" to Europe as we read his letter telling of the great need and open-door opportunity.

We wrote that if God would undertake and get us there we were willing to come. Time passed. Then one day in the fall of 1946, Bly was purchasing a railroad ticket at the Southern Railway office in his home town of Asheville, North Carolina. The agent and Bly engaged in conversation, which led to international travel. It was then that Bly found he was doing business with an agent for the world's largest steamship company. The agent could promise nothing definite at the time, but did promise to do his best for us. In some three weeks, he had secured a sailing date for us and many of the necessary particulars.

God was working. He had been working since that night in Canada when He laid upon our hearts the burden for Britain. Our faith skyrocketed when two of our prerequisites were met, namely, the invitation to Europe and the sailing date -- now only one thing was preventing our plans for materializing. We needed the money to finance this expensive trip. Neither of us had an extra dollar. The Nazarenes of the British Isles have been hard-hit as well as the rest of the people and to expect them to finance the trip would be presumptuous. But we knew how to pray and began to daily present the matter to the Lord. Our only hope lay in the sanctified, sacrificial, holiness friends of America.

Our first gift came in Detroit, Michigan, while in a meeting in our Hazel Park Church. Brother Bearinger asked his people to cooperate and to give toward this need. Brother Edmund L. Dickson, of the Bible Book Store in Royal Oak, Michigan, left a one-hundred-dollar check in my hand that night as he left the church. I shouted and the people shouted. In that meeting folks gave us nearly \$200.00 on our trip.

In the next campaign in Fairmont, W. Va., the people responded generously under the leadership of our friend and brother, Rev. Lloyd W. Hail. The good pastor and people of Dayton, Ohio, Parkview Church, Midland, Mich., and Bay City, Mich., all stood by us loyally so that by the first of March God had marvelously supplied our financial need.

It humbled us to the dust. That which looked impossible six months before was now not just a dream or a desire, but a reality.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 06 -- CHAPTER

We spent the night in a New York hotel and after a good breakfast we went to a Monetary Exchange to change our American dollars for English pounds.

We secured a taxi and drove to pier No. 90. The Queen Elizabeth was waiting to receive passengers. After the regular routine of checking passports and visas we went to our room -- No. D-22. It is a lovely room. We are traveling tourist class, but I would ask for no nicer accommodations. People are bidding loved ones, "bon voyage," and tears flow freely as time nears for us to sail. Visitors soon leave, and we are now about to lift anchor and sail for the open seas. I left the crowd for a little while to come to my stateroom for a season of prayer.

God has removed all fear from my heart. I am at ease and am enjoying the rich stream of blessings that are flooding my soul just now.

In this prayer I thanked God for the many friends who made this voyage possible. I thanked God for the fine pastors who had presented our need to their congregations.

I didn't forget the little girl in Huntington, W. Va., who gave us 23 cents from her piggy bank, the little newsboy from First Church in Birmingham, Ala., who gave us 37 cents, and little Jerry Callaway, of Dayton, Ohio, who gave us 1200 pennies in a quart jar. I asked God to bless all who gave, and all who prayed. I know many sacrificed to give and we want, by God's help, to be worthy of their confidence.

It is time to go. I am back on deck. The ropes are drawing up the giant anchors. The blast of the first whistle startled me and I jumped. The crowds are waving. It made me think of my sweet Mother and loved ones I had told good-bye in Ashland, Ky., on Monday morning.

Mother cried -- but not tears of rebellion. They were tears of submission. She told me again of the time she laid me on the altar when I was three weeks old and said, "Lord, if you'll spare this child I will give him to you." Then how when I went into the evangelistic field in March, 1942, she told God she meant her covenant made years before. I shall never forget that morning in Catlettsburg, Ky., when I kissed Mother good-bye and started down to catch the bus for Charleston, W. Va., where my first meeting was scheduled. Mother and I had a camp meeting atmosphere in which to say good-bye. God had prepared both of our hearts for this hour and after a joyous time of testimony, prayer and songs I stepped out into the world to win souls, and to go out with the blessings and prayers of one of the most consecrated of God's "Mothers in Israel."

And now the time came for me to sail for another continent. The same glorious spirit of the Lord met us and prepared our hearts for the parting. After prayer and testimony and good-byes were over, wife and I drove to Circleville, Ohio, to her home.

That Monday night at 8:00 o'clock wife's Father and Mother who had accompanied her to Chillicothe, stood in the train station to see me leave. Dad Mumaw purchased a railroad Pullman ticket to New York for me, and gave me the money to give Bly to pay his way from North Carolina.

I hugged them all and kissed them good-bye. How grateful to God I am for a God-fearing Father and Mother-in-law.

My precious little wife of three months, clung to me as time neared for my train to leave. I held her closely and tenderly kissed her good-bye. She was crying, and promised that every day at nine o'clock she would go to her room and bow in prayer in my behalf. It was almost like pulling out my heart to tell them good-bye, but God's calls are without repentance, and I must mind Him.

And now the ship is moving out into North River. The tugs will soon cut loose. The tugs are gone and we are gliding down the river that widens as we near the Atlantic Ocean.

Down past the skyscrapers of New York City, and now the giant Statue of Liberty looks down at us and I feel a thrill sweep through my being as I look at that great symbol of freedom. I know I will experience even a greater thrill when she shall appear on the western horizon to welcome us back home from the other side of the ocean.

The sea is smooth and the gray fog and clouds hover near us. The Islands and Mainland of dear old U. S. A. are behind us as this giant ship steadily plows on toward England.

Later: The sun is shining through the clouds and soon we shall enjoy a clear view of our blue horizon. Our emergency drill was fun. But, there were several (I didn't know how many) who didn't even appear for the drill. Some sat right there on the deck by us and refused to participate. I was wondering what they would do in case of an emergency. It made me think of the many who hear, but never heed the word of God, as was the case with Sodom and Gomorrah. Oh, that men would heed Salvation's message as did the people of Nineveh when Jonah came preaching under Divine anointing. Time is short and soon we shall stand before the Lord to give an account of the way in which we have lived, served and preached.

Later: Well, things are going smoothly tonight. We had a lovely supper. Our table is No. 81, and we are seated with two ladies from New Jersey. God has opened the way for us to witness to them and they surely need God. Both are women of good moral principle, but have never had time to heed the calls of God.

I really want God to use me on this ship. I want to win souls to Christ more than anything else the entire world could offer. Praise His Name forever!

They tell me the Duke and Duchess of Windsor are on board. They are riding first class, and I suppose we will see them.

But I won't lose any sleep because of the Duke and Duchess, for I have the King of kings right here in my room with me, and He came on board with me and will leave with me. I had a good talk with Him tonight and He assured me that all is well and that He is the Chief Navigator of my life. Hallelujah! With His presence near me I think I will go to bed and expect to sleep soundly, for all is well.

Thursday, April 10 -- Time has been advanced two hours since we sailed from New York.

Last night I slept soundly in a good bed. Brother Jackson and I have neither felt the slightest touch or intimation of sea-sickness. Several were sick this A. M.

We arose at 8:30 o'clock, and had a look from the top deck. Several people were braving the strong winds and pacing up and down the deck in an effort to avoid sea-sickness.

A fine breakfast and congenial acquaintances made this meal a very pleasant one.

The morning is well spent and it is getting toward noon. I am back on the top deck -- some five or six stories above the water. The sea is rough and the ship is rocking on the waves. It is so

very much like flying in that one has practically the same sensation. I asked the Lord to help me stay relaxed and not try to brace against the motion of the ship. So far I have not felt the least bit of nausea.

The old ship is plowing the sea at about 25 knots -- about 30 miles per hour, and someone told me we were at least 700 miles out, at breakfast. This would make us nearly 900 miles from New York by now.

Up and down and sideways the ship continues to split the high, white-capped waves. People are unusually quiet, and the loud talking and laughing has been reduced to low conversational tones.

The sun is trying to get through the mist and clouds. The ocean is looking more beautiful as the streaks of sunlight turn the horizon from gray to a royal blue. By afternoon we should again see the sun shining clearly upon the beautiful expanse of water.

The ocean reminds me of the great ocean of God's love upon which I launched the ship of my life. He is my pilot and my commander, my steward and constant companion.

When I have sailed the sea of poverty -- He supplied my needs. When I was in the night of sickness He came with healing in His wings, and ministered unto me. When I was in the storm of doubt, He was the radiant star that guided me safely through the channel past the reefs of uncertainty to the pier of hope and the "Rock that is higher than I."

When I have sailed through threatening waves, and the white-caps of disaster beat furiously upon my frail bark and the sharks of hell followed closely behind to devour my soul; when land was far from sight, and the night was coming on; when distress compassed my soul like a thousand midnights and it seemed light and help would never come, I have looked skyward and whispered a pleading, "Ship Ahoy!" and the mighty conqueror has come to still the tempest and quiet my spirit. The light came! Hope revived! My spirit was renewed.

He will not suffer us to be tempted above that which we are able to bear, but with every temptation He will provide a way of escape. Storms may come, but God lives! The winds of hell may blow with fury upon the gates of our experience, but the citadel of my soul will stand. Because "He that is within you is greater than he that is in the world." Glory to God! My anchor holds!

Friday, April 11 (afternoon) -- Last night I slept soundly despite the sea and rolling ship. Before I retired I asked God to give me rest for my body, and I want to praise Him for answering prayer. Bly ate breakfast, but was sick before noon. After I ate the noon meal I ordered Bly's meal and the cabin attendant brought it to him. He ate a big meal but continued to stay in bed.

I think he will be all right tomorrow. The sea is very rough and we were over 1100 miles from New York at noon. I was misinformed about the distance yesterday. When the bulletin was posted at noon yesterday I saw we were 508 miles from New York rather than 900 as some had

supposed. We will dock in England a little behind time. Probably by 7:30 P. M. Monday. Doubtlessly we will have to remain on board until Tuesday morning.

The Lord blessed Bly and me as we talked about the goodness of God in our stateroom today. The tears ran down my face and I shouted. We prayed and I am determined by God's grace to live holy and preach holiness until I die. I am encouraged to press on for the Lord.

Saturday, April 12 -- Contrary to common belief, the ocean calmed during the night and today we are riding upon the most beautiful body of water I have ever seen. The sun is shining without competition -- except for a few hazy clouds on the horizon. The ocean is a royal blue, and tiny white-caps are the only disturbance upon the shimmering, glistening surface. The day is warm and only a gentle breeze is blowing. The old ship has carried us through two days of wind and waves, and now as we will soon begin the last lap of our voyage, it looks as though we will have the kind of weather one hopes for when he knows he will be sailing. Everyone seems cheerful and even Bly has come up on deck to take pictures and to enjoy the beautiful weather.

Bly spent a miserable twenty-four hours but I know the Lord has helped him and I feel he will be enjoying his trip on to Europe. He remarked yesterday that he would give fifty dollars to be free from sea-sickness. We spent a good while reading God's Word and praying yesterday and the Lord met us with Heaven's sweet and glorious blessings.

I overslept this morning and missed breakfast. But since it is so near noon I will wait until lunch now. The sleep was so refreshing and only the Lord knows how this trip has helped me. Plenty of good food and rest, and plenty of time to study, pray and write. Praise God for victory in my soul.

I hear Christians moan and wail about the "hard way," but I'm glad I'm born again, and old things have passed away. All things have become new." Sin is sickening and repulsive to a Holy Ghost filled child of God. You couldn't hire me to break fellowship with God! His Presence is dearer than all the world to me.

One man said jokingly that I would have a drink with them before we reached England. That was my cue. I began with, "I'm a Christian. I have been soundly converted." His face turned red, but I preached on until they ceased smoking and listened for 45 minutes as I told them how God saved me. Tears came into the eyes of some who listened and they turned away and looked out upon the deck.

God helped me! Bless His name! When that group sees me coming they act like gentlemen and ladies.

There have been many unusual opportunities afforded me to preach real, Holy Ghost salvation to individuals. Later on we will give you the stories of some. There was the girl from Liverpool, England who is a Methodist. Then the girl from Sidney, Australia, who has the world's largest children's broadcast and is taking a world-tour at the invitations of the world's largest radio networks.

Sunday Morning, April 13 -- Time has passed swiftly and now we are on the last lap of our voyage. Sunday morning dawned with a gray sky, which has never cleared.

We were denied a real Protestant service here today. The Church of England service was merely the reading of prayers and psalms, and three hymns. My heart was hungry for a good message, but no sermon was preached. Some ministers of the Assembly of God Church asked for a service, but all requests were denied them, and the Church of England services were all we had. Many were disappointed. But God has blessed my heart this Lord's Day. Being all classes of people on board, there has been almost every conceivable device for sin and sinners. I have had to sit and look at beer and women smokers until I am nauseated. God has helped us to exalt a standard on board that has commanded complete respect from all we have met. The news of a preacher "on board" travels fast, and I am filled with praise within because God has helped me own Him every hour with all kinds of company. The dancing, race-horse games, drinking, smoking, and all the other forms of sin have not received a penny of God's money from me. I have walked away from drinking. I have taken my stand boldly and with a good conscience. I'm feeling mighty good about my trip. Praise God for good victory. While I'm in Babylon, I'm glad Babylon is not in me. While I'm forced to eat and mix with God-haters and blood-rejectors, I'm glad God's love abides within my heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 07 -- CHAPTER

Monday Evening -- There are many events in anyone's life that will long be remembered. I experienced one of those events today. After five days upon the water, hearing the beating of ocean waves against the ship, and feeling the monotonous motion as we tossed to and fro, it was welcome news that we were in sight of land.

Hundreds of people braved the cold wind and stood on deck as we watched the dim outlines on the horizon as hazy, misty forms took on more definite shape and mountains and buildings soon appeared as a welcome to us all.

There was a grim remembrance of "D" Day that flooded my memory as we swung into the English Channel this morning. It was through these very waters the greatest offensive of warfare was conducted.

It was through these waters the giant American and British warships silently moved before dawn toward the gray coast of France. Many a mother's boy prayed his last prayer in the English Channel that dread day of June 6, 1944.

On a clear day one can see the coast of France where Eisenhower's forces won one of history's most famous battles and turned the tide toward allied victory.

Everyone is merry. Soon we shall land. Loved ones will be united; many after forty years of separation.

As I say good-bye to the Atlantic for several weeks, and to this great crowd of over three thousand people, I can do it knowing I have exalted Christ every mile of the way; and have lived the life of Holiness each hour.

Monday Evening, 6:45, April 14 -- News has just been broadcast we are grounded on a sand-bar. Some are panicky, some are trying to contact waiting friends and loved ones on the Southampton Docks. Some are seemingly unimpressed. But on the whole there is a general state of alarm among the passengers.

An hour later: Tug boats are coming. I counted twenty tying on to the Queen Elizabeth. Thousands are on deck anxiously watching what seems to be futile attempts in dislodging the mighty "Queen of the Seas."

It is dark -- only a few tugs stand by -- night is settling down and fog is covering us in a blanket of weird mysteriousness. The mighty fog horn sounds at 10 minute intervals as a warning to vessels in local waters.

Tuesday A. M. -- The day is clearer than was expected. The tide has gone out and the ship seems to be sinking deeper into the mud at low tide.

There is much speculation concerning our plight. Smaller ships and tugs are taking thousands of gallons of oil and thousands of pounds of baggage to lighten our load.

We will wait for high tide at 8:00 P. M. tonight to attempt to loose the ship.

7:30 P. M. Here are the tugs! If they fail tonight it will look pretty dark for us. Giant cables are stretched in every direction. Puffs of steam fill the air. Wheels and turbines are churning the blue water. Whistle signals are deafening.

The sun is dropping behind the sea with every color of the spectrum reflected and refracted in a million radiant hues upon the shimmering water as nature hurls pencils of splintered gold into our weary faces, until every countenance appears as a face of hope.

8:00 P. M. -- Three times the tugs have failed. This is their last try. The mighty turbines are groaning. They are ready! A blast from the pilothouse -- a shrill answer from twenty-one giant tugs. The crowd is in a frenzy of excitement. A lurch! a failure! -- Bly just now dropped down on his knees and with hands up to Heaven asked God to help us. The crowd is going wild! We are moving! We are moving! But I notice we didn't move until Bly prayed! We shall praise God who has once again answered prayer.

The fog is settling down again.

Wednesday A. M., April 16 -- We cannot leave today because of the fog.

8:00 P. M. -- We are slowly moving toward port -- the clouds are low and the tide is out -- but we continue to glide toward port eight miles away. At 10:00 P. M. we arrive.

What a royal welcome. Thousands are on the docks. Flags are waving. We are permitted ashore for an hour or so but will officially disembark in the morning.

Thursday A. M. -- We are disembarked hurriedly. The customs officials passed us in a few moments. Our first view of England is one to be long remembered.

Shattered buildings, and bombed factories are all around us.

Our trip to London was via train. We arrived there in the early afternoon, and were transferred to Easton Station immediately, from which we departed that night to Glasgow, Scotland.

The ravages of war were evident everywhere. Our American newspapers did not give half the story of the destruction of London, while blocks, even several blocks, blown completely away. Churches were not an exception. All suffered from Hitler's bombers. Our hearts fairly broke as we saw such scenes of loss and untold want.

Friday, April 18 -- This morning we arrived in Glasgow, Scotland. Dr. H. V. Miller, our General Superintendent, and Dr. George Frame, our British Isles Superintendent, were on hand to welcome us in the home of the Rev. Fletcher Tink.

Monday, April 21 -- Our meeting in Parkhead Church, (the Mother Nazarene Church of Britain) was good. The people were most receptive. The altar service was a powerful demonstration of Holy Ghost presence. Some old-timers said they had not seen a service like it for twenty years. Thank God for His goodness!

Tonight we begin at Port Glasgow, Scotland, with our Nazarenes there. We will go via auto to this engagement.

Friday Night, April 25 -- Tonight we closed our five-day services in Port Glasgow with our godly pastor, the Rev. J. D. Lewis, who is one of the most holy men I have ever met.

The crowds overflowed the building -- seekers sought God in the old-fashioned way. This was truly a Nazarene revival from start to finish, and one to be long remembered by those present. Such singing, and such praying as seldom is seen in the old world or the new. The kindness of Sister Lewis will always linger in our hearts.

Saturday Night, April 26 -- Tonight we held one service with our people in Troon, Scotland. The Lord met us and we enjoyed the fellowship of these loyal Nazarenes. We are to begin tomorrow morning with the church in Ayr, Scotland, "The Land of Bobby Burns."

Friday Night, April 25 -- Tonight we are on board the "Royal Scotchman" sailing for Belfast, Ireland.

Surely God met us in Ayr. The crowds were tremendous -- no standing room. People were seated from wall to wall -- from the back of the church to the altar. No aisles.

The power of God met us repeatedly. On the closing night the building was solidly packed. I had a spot about three feet square in which to preach. No way to jump but "up." So I jumped up.

The rain was pouring down at the close of the service. But in spite of the rain, forty souls pressed their way through the crowd and around the church to a rear room in order to find room to kneel and seek God. The fellowship with Rev. David Anderson, pastor in Ayr, was of the highest and most pleasant type. The Dornan family entertained us in their lovely home and shared with us their food and fuel.

Oh, what a joy it was to be their guests, and Bly and I would love to bring them to America and have the honor of doing for them as they did for us.

As we left their unselfish, Christian home, Mrs. Dornan, with tears streaming down her shining face told how God had supplied the extra food. Kind grocer -- kind neighbors -- and she ended by praising the Lord she had more food at the close of the meeting than when we first came.

We long to visit our dear Scottish friends again. There are no better, more devout, and loyal saints in the world than are found in "Bonnie Scotland." God bless them all!

Belfast, Ireland, May 6 -- Our meeting is progressing marvelously. Hundreds of hungry souls are packing the large auditorium, and the long altar is filled repeatedly.

This afternoon dear Bly was saddened by the cablegram from America telling him of the passing of his Mother. God bless her precious memory! Only a few short weeks ago she called me, "her boy" and I promised her I'd meet her when the morning breaks over the cliff-tops of eternity.

I mean to make it! What a blessed release to this dear suffering saint. She is cured today! No more agony! Heaven cures all!

Hallelujah! Another blood-washed soul has made the landing. Soon we shall all be there!

Saturday, May 17 (7:00 P. M.) -- We are back on board the Queen Elizabeth, having come from Belfast to Larne, Ireland via train -- from thence to Scotland, on board the "Princess Victoria" -- from Scotland to Southampton by train via London. She is scheduled to sail at ten o'clock tomorrow morning.

Bly is sick with a sore throat and has retired. We trust it isn't too serious.

The meeting in Ireland was wonderful with hundreds turned away one and one-half hours before service time, for want of standing room.

The precious pastor, the Rev. W. S. Trantor, wife and family, won our hearts in a hurry. Their zeal for God -- their sacrificial spirit and uncomplaining devotion to the cause of Christ

caused us to love and appreciate them deeply. We were treated like royalty. It is a wonderful remembrance to have been their guests for nearly two weeks. They have asked us to return to Belfast for a thirty-day campaign. We hope we can in the future. "The Lord has done great things for us whereof we are glad."

Sunday, 10:00 A. M., May 18 -- The rain is pouring down. Crowds are waving as the ship makes ready her departure. Bly is sick. He remained in bed today. Tears ran down my face as I gazed back upon the country I had learned to love in our few weeks' fellowship. Everyone had been so kind. Crowds were always too large for the churches and auditoriums where the services were held. God has been so good to us. Now we are leaving -- Good-bye, Britain -- we love you -- if God sees fit we shall return!

Tuesday Noon, May 20 -- Bly came out on deck today. I have never seen him so sick. The "strept" germ and sea-sickness caused him to be the sickest man I ever saw. At 7:00 A. M. today the Lord healed him instantly. What a time of rejoicing we have had since. His promises never fail! Praise God! I love Him!

The sea is calm and the glistening water throws sparkling golden splashes high upon the majestic sides of the swiftly moving ship.

Thursday night, May 22 -- The sea has been calm for the last three days, and we have traveled full-speed ahead.

The pale old moon shining upon the water causes our wake to look like a beautiful silver ribbon trailing us like a bridal train.

The stars are out on parade. I see the "Big Dipper," and all the 117,000,000 suns of the "Milky Way" are intensely bright. Mars winks at Venus and Jupiter and Saturn nod their brilliant heads toward the smiling moon. My soul is calm but my heart is jubilant with expectancy for this our last night upon the ocean.

We expect to be in New York Harbor early in the morning. I can hardly wait. It seems like years since we left. My heart is beating double-time as I look forward to meeting my precious little wife on the docks. She promised me she would. I know she will not disappoint me.

Later -- at home: On Friday morning, May 23, I was up early -- long before daybreak and stood alone on the main deck to watch for the first sight of land.

At 4:00 A. M. we were silently gliding past the buoys that guide the ship to harbor.

I hurriedly ate my breakfast and returned to top deck around 7:00 A. M. The sun fairly beamed down upon us. Everyone was happy. I was thrilled beyond words when I saw the beautiful Statue of Liberty with the Torch of Freedom and wreath of Glory welcoming us back to the "Land of the free and the home of the brave!" America! The grandest land of all!

The crowd shouted and we all sang "God Bless America." I did not try to hide the tears that flowed down my face -- nor did the multitudes around me.

Our flag was unfurled at top-mast and we saluted the most thrilling salute of our lives.

Within an hour after we pulled along pier 90 we were through the customs and on our way out to the waiting room and street.

I scanned the crowds -- from side to side I looked -- then suddenly just like the finding of a beautiful diamond among the rocks, I saw the prettiest hair and the sweetest face in the world. Beverly was running toward me! I, to her! We were too full to speak. But the sobs of joy told each of our hungry hearts what each longed to hear.

In fourteen hours we came via auto from New York to our home in Circleville, Ohio.

Beverly's brother, Charles, his wife and Beverly's mother added to the immense joy of our homecoming as we drove home.

The next stop was Ashland, Kentucky, where the following day I walked into the room where my precious mother lay recovering from a broken hip.

Her face was as radiant as the sun. Heaven moved in to welcome us. Shouts of praise and tears of joy and thanksgiving for God's goodness, filled the air. Her preacher-boy was home again! What a happy meeting!

We sat down to an old-fashioned chicken dinner, a quart of milk was set at my plate. I drank it all. The first in many weeks.

The trip was wonderful. The whole thing seems like a dream. But I can see the hand of God from beginning to end. Yet this is only the beginning.

Our hearts are crying, "Oh, Lord, give us souls -- immortal souls -- souls that are sinking to rise no more."

May God bless all who gave, all who prayed and all who directly, or indirectly contributed to this most successful venture for souls.

To Him who is worthy, be all the praise, honor, and glory forever! Amen!

\* \* \* \* \*

THE END