

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.

\* \* \* \* \*

**THE LURE OF THE HILLS**  
**A Tale of Life in the Mountains**  
**of Kentucky**

**By Mildred E. Norbeck**  
**Oakdale, Kentucky**

Published For The Author  
By The Revivalist Press

Printed Book Copyright 1931

\* \* \* \* \*

Digital Edition 07/05/99  
By Holiness Data Ministry

\* \* \* \* \*

**CONTENTS**

Preface

Introduction

Dedication

1  
An Adventure

2  
Former Ventures

3  
"Au Revoir"

4

Summer on Gun Creek

5

Dark Days at Hermon

6

A Ray of Hope

7

A Mountain Lassie

8

Trials and Triumphs

9

Brighter Days

10

Another Mountain Lassie

11

Sunshine and Shadows

12

Building Air Castles

13

Laying Foundations

14

Love and Labor

15

Opening Day

\* \* \* \* \*

## PREFACE

This book may well be called a tale if by that is meant a story which is at once "personal, intimate, and reminiscent." But it is by no means a tale in the sense of being an imaginary story based on unreal experiences.

One need only pay a short visit to the mountains of Kentucky to be convinced that this book is a true representative of life as it is found there. Yet, while the story itself is true from beginning to end, the author has, for different reasons, thought best to use fictitious names throughout.

The purposes in the mind of the author in writing the book have been many and varied, but perhaps the central aim has been to inspire other young people to accept the challenge to heroic and sacrificial service and thus to prove again to an unbelieving and skeptical world the eternal truth of the words of Jesus, who said, "Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit." And again, "He that findeth his life shall lose it, but he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

The Master has said, "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that he will send laborers into his harvest." This has been and is ever my constant prayer, and if through reading this book only one soul should hear and heed the call of the Master to an utter abandonment of mind, heart, and will to Him for the service of others, the author will feel that her efforts have not been in vain.

\* \* \* \* \*

## INTRODUCTION

If you go into one of the great second-hand book stores of Chicago you will see shelves from the floor to the ceiling literally filled with volumes of which there are scarcely any two alike. These books are of various grades of merit. Some are in the first edition and are not salable, while others are in such demand that they will never die.

The difference may be laid to various causes. Some are prosy, dry, and uninteresting. Others are written in an easy, restful style which causes one to forget his trials.

Then there are books that have been touched by Divinity which has given them a peculiar power and energy that lifts and blesses the reader. When God is thus in a book, it is His silent messenger. It insidiously wends its way into hearts and homes which would not receive Christ in any other way.

Such a book is now in your hands. It has been written by a college graduate -- a young lady of talent and refinement, whose heart is an altar of incense upon which burn continually the fires of love and devotion to Him who has called her into His service.

We bespeak for this book a wide circulation and pray that many thousands may be blessed by the perusal of its pages.

Julia A. Sheihamer

\* \* \* \* \*

## DEDICATED

to a faithful and true  
Shepherdess of the Hills,  
Elizabeth E. O'Connor.

\* \* \* \* \*

## Chapter 1 AN ADVENTURE

"Oh, it's nearly time for chapel," thought Evelyn Roberts as she glanced hastily at her watch. "I must go now or I'll be late." Slipping on her wraps, she gathered up her books and, calling good-bye to her mother, she was off.

It was a glorious winter morning. Golden sunshine was bathing the world in beauty. "Oh, I'm so glad I have the sunshine of God's love in my heart today," thought Evelyn. "Nothing else really matters." And tears of joy filled her eyes. "I'll simply not worry about the future any more. Of course, I'd love to have a special call to some certain field of service so I'd know just how to prepare myself now, but I'll do with my might what my hand finds to do and may be my opportunity will come. I know I can, never do big things like some of my classmates will, but if I can just shine for Jesus and tell others around me how wonderful He is, I'll be happy." And an "Amen" in her heart found its way to her lips.

When Evelyn reached the college campus the students were already filing into the auditorium. Some were quiet and thoughtful, while others were laughing and talking gayly. Still others were absorbed in reading letters just received. No sooner had she taken her seat than one of her classmates in front of her turned around and abruptly put the question, "Say, Evelyn, how would you like to teach in a mission school in the Kentucky mountains?"

"What do you mean?" questioned Evelyn with astonishment.

"I just received a letter from a girl friend in Kentucky who is teaching in a Presbyterian mission school there, and she wants me to apply for next year so I can be with her. But I don't see how I can, and I thought you might be interested."

"Yes, I'd just love to do something like that," Evelyn replied, thoughtfully, "but you know I ought to finish my college work as soon as possible, because mother will not want to stay after my brother graduates. You see we are making our home here only for the four years, and mother wants my brother and me to graduate together."

"Oh, but school in the Kentucky mountains opens the second Monday of July and closes the last of January, so you could return in time for the second semester next year," was the reply.

"Well," said Evelyn, "if that is the case I am very much interested, because this being only my sophomore year I could easily finish with my class anyway, providing I take a course in summer school."

Just then the first hymn was announced, and the next few minutes were devoted to worship in song, the reading of the Word, and prayer. To Evelyn the chapel exercises were always seasons of spiritual refreshing, but today they meant more than ever to her, and her heart thrilled with

gladness as she thought that after all she might be counted worthy to be in the Master's service in some special way.

When chapel was dismissed and her next class was over, she hurried home to talk things over with her mother. After carefully weighing the matter Mrs. Roberts gave her consent, and Evelyn lost no time in getting the necessary information in order to make her application through the missionary board.

One of her friends who also was interested in mountain missionary work made application at the same time. Their enthusiasm knew no bounds, for both were of an adventurous spirit, and the tales they had heard of rugged mountain life made an irresistible appeal to their romantic natures. Strong as this appeal was, however, it did not compare with that of the great need of the mountain people, socially, educationally, and spiritually. They longed to tell them of the Savior, who could reveal to them a better life. This led them to pray earnestly that God would direct in all things that His will might be done. Thus they were not greatly disappointed when word came that there would be no vacancies in the school the next year, as far as was known then. Both girls were resigned and were content to wait God's time.

Soon after the school closed that year, Evelyn received an invitation to assist in the singing in a revival meeting not far away. Here she got a taste of the joys of soul-winning, which only increased her longing to spend her life in seeking the lost. Not that she had never before felt the joy of leading others to Jesus, but somehow this was different. Often she wondered if God might not yet call her to Africa, or India, or China, or maybe Japan. She almost envied some of her schoolmates who seemed to be so sure about their calling. But quickly the Holy Spirit would whisper, "What is that to thee; follow thou me," and then, as she would think back over her life and see how faithful God had been in leading step by step, she wondered how she could ever again be tempted to question His ways of dealing with her.

She had been born in a Christian home, and, although her father died when she was a baby, her godly mother had brought her and the other five children up in "the nurture and admonition of the Lord" on a little hillside farm in western Pennsylvania. Her mother's prayer had always been that she and her younger brother should be laborers in God's vineyard.

Evelyn well remembered the day when, at the age of eight, she knelt at an altar of prayer and God saved her. From that time on she felt her need of a clean heart and sought for that experience, but it was not until she was fifteen years of age that she grasped the full meaning of such an experience and the price that must be paid to obtain it. It was then for the first time that she really caught the vision of the supreme love of Christ and realized that He would become her very life if she would but die to "self."

As she looked around her and saw how white the harvest was, how souls were "dying for a little bit of love", such an intense longing to show forth His love to the world possessed her soul that her whole heart's cry was:

"Not for ease or worldly pleasure,  
Nor for fame my prayer shall be;

Gladly will I toil and suffer,  
Only let me walk with Thee."

Faithful to His promise the Holy Spirit came to abide in her heart. With His coming there came also a passion to win others to this glorious Christ, whom her whole being adored; but she felt her inability most keenly. Then the Spirit whispered to her, "Say not, I am a child; for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee thou shalt speak." Still just where she should go and what she was to do the Lord saw fit to reveal only step by step. Sometimes, out of the fullness of her heart, she told her schoolmates what Christ meant to her and what He could do for them. Always she sought to honor Christ in her conversation, habits of dress, and conduct, and His smile was the only reward she asked. It was a time of trustful waiting.

"An hour of waiting!  
Yet there seems such need  
To reach that spot sublime!  
I long to reach it! but I long far more  
To trust HIS time!

"'Sit still, my daughter'--  
Yet the heathen die,  
They perish while I stay!  
I long to reach them -- but I long far more  
To trust HIS way!

"'Tis good to get,  
'Tis good indeed to give!  
Yet is it better still --  
O'er breadth, through length, down depth, up height,  
To trust HIS will!"

After she finished high school, she and her mother and brother moved to a small college town in Illinois, where they continued their education. It was the summer following her sophomore year in college that she assisted in the revival just mentioned, and when that meeting closed she boarded the train for Evanston, Ill., where her mother and brother had already gone in order to get work for the summer.

Shortly after her arrival word came that there might yet be an opening in the school in the mountains where she had made application. In this way it was discovered by friends of the missionary board of her own denomination in Chicago that she was interested in mountain missionary work, and the following day a telephone call came to her from headquarters. She was asked to come at once to the secretary's office if she would consider filling a vacancy in her own church school in the mountains of Kentucky. She took the next train for Chicago, and four o'clock in the afternoon found her in the office under the scrutinizing gaze of two members of the missionary board.

"And you say you are only nineteen years of age, and never taught a day of school in your life before?" one asked, after a brief interview.

"Yes, sir," was her simple reply.

"And you think you can discipline and teach that unruly bunch of fifty or more children after what I have told you?" he questioned.

Evelyn thought a moment. As she breathed a silent prayer she felt her heart strangely warmed. A courage not her own crept into her soul, and faith in God assured her it could be done.

She quietly answered, "Yes, sir, by the help of God." The secretary slowly shook his head, at the same time smiling at her audacity. Then, turning to the other brother, he said, "If you want to take the responsibility of sending her, all right. It's up to you."

"She shall go," was the reply.

Returning to Evanston that night, she told her mother of her decision. Together they rejoiced over the mysterious providences of God, and as they knelt in prayer Heaven seemed not far away. At one o'clock that night Evelyn bade her mother good-bye, as with tear-dimmed eyes she sang:

"There is a place where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;  
Though sundered far by faith they meet  
Around one common mercy-seat."

It was not until she was comfortably seated in the train, bound for the Kentucky hills, that she really had time to think. "Am I dreaming, or is it actually true?" she asked herself. "Can it be that at last my dreams are materializing -- that I shall see for myself 'the land of saddlebags', of feuds, and of moonshine? Will I really have the privilege of telling those mountaineers about Jesus?" It seemed too good to be true, but it was; and the hardships and difficulties which she knew awaited her in her new work served only as a challenge to her love of adventure.

Still she felt her insufficiency, and when fear of possible failure presented itself, she turned to the Word for strength. Isa. 41:10-18 was given to her as her very own: "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness. . . . Behold, I will make thee a new sharp threshing instrument having teeth: thou shalt thresh the mountains, and beat them small, and shalt make the hills as chaff. . . . I shall open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys: I will make the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water." "Who dare ask more than that?" she thought; and faith and courage filled her heart as she appropriated the promise.

After crossing the Ohio river, Evelyn spent most of her time viewing the country. Passing through the rich, beautiful blue-grass region, they came to Winchester, where it was necessary to

change trains. Here she took the L & N, which carried her into the poorer, rougher "knobs." These gradually rose into hills, which became steeper and higher the farther they traveled, until cliffs and mountains seemed about to close in upon them. Most of the hillsides had been cleared for the cultivation of corn, which evidently was the main stay of the poor families that lived in the log cabins or shacks set on the hillsides or along the creeks. The change in the people who got on and off the train all along the way was as noticeable as the change in topography.

About four o'clock in the afternoon the train stopped at the little country station, or rather store, where Evelyn got off.

"Is this Miss Roberts?" asked an elderly man, as he offered her his hand.

"Yes, sir," was her reply.

"Well," said he, "I am Brother Brooks, the visiting district elder, and I was asked by Miss Reed to meet you. The mission is only a mile up this railroad. Let me take your traveling bag."

"Thank you, Brother Brooks," she said. "A friend in need is a friend indeed." As they started up the track together, all eyes gazed curiously after her, and some one was heard to whisper, "That's the new mission school teacher."

It was a delightful walk, and Evelyn, a lover of nature, feasted her eyes on the rugged beauty of the landscape, which rose silently and majestically on every side, shutting her away from the world's mad rush and glamour.

Just before they reached the mission they met two women on horseback, who, after a brief introduction, went on, lest night should overtake them before they reached their destination, a newly established mission five miles distant. Miss Weston, the older of these two women, Evelyn was told, was the founder of three missions in that county, and Miss Reed, who was with her, was then in charge of the mission where she was to teach.

Leaving the railroad they descended the steep bank beside which stood the little mission cottage and the church, which was also used for a schoolhouse. The house of four rooms was of simple construction, having only planks for siding and narrow strips to cover the cracks. There was no plaster or ceiling inside -- only heavy, gray building paper. But it was cozy, and the simplicity of the furnishings appealed to Evelyn, so she felt at home at once. Miss Wells, who had assisted in the mission work for several months, gave her a warm welcome and they were soon enjoying a delicious supper of fried chicken and corn pone with sorghum molasses.

During the course of the conversation at the table Evelyn learned something of the history of the mission. It had been nine years since Miss Weston came there and opened the mission work, but the school had been in progress only one year before its opening the preceding month (July) by a young man who had assisted in the revival meeting which had just closed. He had opened the school with the understanding that a permanent teacher should be secured.



Strange to say, this young man chanced to be one of Evelyn's college classmates, so after supper they spent the evening together on the front porch discussing various subjects of mutual interest. When, at length, darkness crept over the hills they went in for evening worship. Already Evelyn was beginning to feel "the spell of the wilderness" upon her. She had often read about it, but now she felt it with an added something. It was that peculiar "something" that appealed to her, that challenged and gripped her, and as she knelt in prayer she knew it was the call of God. She had found her work. Peace like a river flooded her soul, and, as she yielded herself to the gentle sway of the Spirit, there arose from her glad heart the cry,

"Thy precious will, O conquering Savior,  
Doth now embrace and compass me;  
All discords hushed, my peace a river,  
My soul a prisoned bird set free."

The next morning Evelyn took charge of the school. All went well -- that is, as well as could be expected in a school of fifty ill-trained children of eight grades, with few books, and nothing but clumsy home-made church benches for seats and desks. Yet the children were so alert and responsive that she could not but love them and she longed in some way to lead them to Jesus.

Miss Reed returned that afternoon only to leave with Miss Wells again the next day. They did not think it wise to let a newcomer stay alone at the mission at night, so arrangements were made for her to stay in a near-by mountain home. Here she enjoyed real mountain hospitality, but, since it was a hot sultry night, the feather bed, alive with fleas and bedbugs, afforded her but little rest, especially since her mind was already battling with the solution to some of the school problems which were arising.

She was glad when Miss Reed returned, and it was not long before their hearts were knit together in love and sweet Christian fellowship. Realizing the need of better equipment in the school, they began praying at once for school desks. Learning of the need, Evelyn's sister wrote her saying that friends at home would soon send an offering for that purpose.

The following letter was her reply:

Dear Sister Charlotte:

I simply cannot tell you how delighted I was to receive your letter this afternoon. You know it means a lot to hear from your loved ones when you are so far away from home, and I could scarcely keep from crying when I read it to the folks here.

Not that I am exactly homesick or lonesome (for I just love this kind of work), but you know the responsibility of the school is so great, and it is such a big undertaking for anyone of my ability and experience that the knowledge that you think of me and pray for me helps a lot in lifting the burden. The Lord does wonderfully help me to roll my burdens on Him and in exchange He gives me rest and joy -- unspeakable joy. Isn't it just like Him? He's been so true to me, and I know that if I hold still in His hands He will make me a "vessel unto honor, meet for the Master's use." He may not lead in paths of ease always, but what matters that so long as I have His smile. We

shall always have some cross to bear wherever we are, but there's glory around the cross. May God bless you, Charlotte dear! I feel you are praying for me and I shall try to be worthy of your prayers.

Besides teaching from eight o'clock until four, five days in the week, I have charge of a young people's meeting every Saturday and teach the young people's class on Sunday. On Sunday nights we visit different homes, singing, with autoharp accompaniment, reading the Bible, and praying with the people. What poverty and destitution -- physical, mental, and spiritual! It makes my heart ache. And the filth -- actually at one home their pigs are penned under the house, and with wide cracks in the floor -- well, you can imagine the rest!

Still there are many pleasant things about this country, principally horseback riding. You remember how I always wanted to learn to ride horseback. Well, the fact is I never had to learn. Miss Reed says I'm a born mountaineer and I'm really quite proud of my title.

Occasionally after school I ride up some "holler" to make a call where there is some special need. Just the other day I went to one home to care for a tiny infant that needed some attention. Although the baby was only a few days old the mother was doing her work as usual. Poor little thing! There it lay in a dingy, foul-smelling bed, with the flies crawling all over its face and into its eyes and nose. The only light which cheered the little windowless two-room shack came through the door. A dreary world, in deed, for that little innocent babe. How helpless one feels in the face of such desperate need! Think if we had been born in such a home! We cannot be too grateful.

We shall be so glad to get the seats. Thank you ever so much for your efforts, and may God bless you! I know He will.

Your loving sister,  
Evelyn.

As the days came and went Evelyn learned many interesting things about the mountain people and their customs, and often as they sat by the fireside in the evenings she would coax Miss Reed to tell her some of her experiences in establishing the work there. In this way she learned how the mission came to be, and the story from beginning to end was one of love and adventure, of sacrifice and service.

\* \* \* \* \*

## Chapter 2 FORMER VENTURES

"I had a tiny box, a precious box  
Of human love -- my spikenard of great price;  
I kept it close within my heart of hearts,  
And scarce would lift the lid lest it should waste  
Its perfume on the air. One day a strange

Deep sorrow came with crushing weight, and fell  
Upon my costly treasure, sweet and rare,  
And broke the box to atoms. All my heart  
Rose in dismay and sorrow at this waste,  
But, as I mourned, behold, a miracle  
Of grace Divine. My human love was changed  
To Heaven's own, and poured in healing streams  
On other broken hearts, while soft and clear  
A voice above me whispered, 'Child of Mine,  
With comfort wherewith thou art comforted,  
From this time forth, go comfort others  
And thou shalt know blest fellowship with Me,  
Whose broken heart of love hath healed the world.'"

Back in Old England during the reign of Queen Victoria, there were bands of nurses especially trained for social service and sent out by the Queen to minister to those in need in the various districts assigned them.

One of those who thus gave their services was a little woman by the name of Marie Weston. One day she was informed that a lecture was to be delivered that night by an Armenian who, with his daughter, was touring England in the interests of his own persecuted people. She attended the meeting and was deeply moved by the address which portrayed so vividly the sufferings of that brave and noble race because they refused to deny the Christian faith. His own wife had died from a fright received from invading Turkish soldiers, and his little girl, Betty, (now sixteen years old) had narrowly escaped death in one of their massacres by being put in a barrel in an old store house. By a gracious providence they had come to England, but they hoped in the future to return to their native land, where he could resume his work of preaching and teaching among his people.

After the meeting was dismissed, he met Miss Weston at the door. As they clasped hands they both, felt strangely drawn to each other. This attraction led them to a closer acquaintanceship, resulting, finally, in their engagement. About this time he was stricken with typhoid fever, and, though she nursed him as only a lover could, it soon became evident that neither love nor skill could win in the battle for his life. His death was a crushing blow, but she found unfailing comfort in God's promises, and, as she said from her heart, "Thy will be done," indeed her "human love was changed to Heaven's own."

Naturally Betty, thus left with no one to care for her, clung to Miss Weston, and their deep sorrow bound their hearts together. Upon hearing of her father's death, Betty's cousin in Philadelphia wrote her to come to them, but it did not seem wise to let her go alone, so Miss Weston made arrangements to go with her, with the intention of returning to England afterwards. A friend of hers knew a lady in Massachusetts whom she wanted them to visit, so as soon as all was ready they sailed for America. After a short stay in Massachusetts, Betty went to her cousin's home in Philadelphia; but, not feeling contented there, she gave Miss Weston no rest until she was permitted to return to her, and together they went to Bristol, R. I., where Miss Weston had been engaged as a district nurse.

It became more and more evident that she could not leave Betty and go back to England, and the kindness shown them by their American friends made it still harder to break away. Three years passed, and although Miss Weston had no desire to return to England she could not be content to stay where she was. It seemed too much like a life of ease when there were so many who needed the service she could give them. But, if she even mentioned leaving her salaried position, friends were quick to reason that she was serving where she was and, in fact, was greatly needed. Still, she felt the call of God, and she knew there were many who were willing to take her place there, who would not be willing to go where the salary was uncertain. So, when through a small mission paper she learned of the wretched conditions in the mountains of Kentucky and the call for consecrated nurses, she could tarry no longer. She at once got in touch with the editor of the paper, and in a short time she and Betty were on their way to "the dark and bloody ground."

When they reached their destination they found that the hospital, which was then under construction, would not be finished for a while, so they consented to go and take charge of a little mission about eight miles away, until the hospital could be completed. Here they had but little furniture, and at night the rats played tag around the room and over their beds. Though unaccustomed to such plain, coarse food as corn bread and shucky beans, they rejoiced that they had the privilege of denying themselves a little for Christ's sake. It was a pleasure, too, to teach the little mountain urchins who gathered in on Sunday to hear the wonderful story of Jesus. However, one Sunday they were quite distressed with one mountain preacher who insisted on taking all the time to set forth his threadbare arguments in favor of "predestination," so called. Outside of this slight annoyance, they were unmolested.

Before long the hospital was finished, and they took up their work there. After they had been there a year, Miss Weston's sister came to assist in the work, but in a short time a romance developed which ended in her marriage to a mountaineer, a widower with seven children, (much to the chagrin of her sister who had sent for her).

Feeling her need of further training in Bible study, Miss Weston spent six months in a Bible School in Cincinnati, Ohio. Upon her return she found that Betty, lonesome and hungry for companionship during her absence, had fallen in love with a young mountaineer. Fearing for Betty's future happiness, she tried every means to dissuade her from taking the rash step, but all in vain, and in a few weeks they were married.

In November of that year (1914), Miss Weston felt that God was leading her to attempt the establishment of a mission at Hermon, four miles away. It was a place notorious for drunkenness, gambling, and shooting, and was considered beyond redemption. But she knew the worth of the promise, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" and, fully persuaded that it was His will, she took the step of faith. Having secured a small piece of land, she had a little shack put up for her home and another in which to hold services, trusting God entirely for her resources.

To one of such undaunted courage and faith nothing is impossible, and sooner or later the promise, "I will make all my mountains a way," becomes a blessed reality. At any rate it was so in her case, for mountains innumerable confronted her as she (another of the "quare women" or "furriners") came to live in the community of "bloody Hermon".

There were not only physical mountains to over come, though they always had to be reckoned with, but there were other mountains just as real and just as immovable as any found in the Southern High. lands. The first, if not the greatest, was that of suspicion. Then there were mountains of hardship, and of opposition, both secret and open; mountains of superstition, of ignorance, and of indifference, but through faith she challenged them every one, and by perseverance she, and those who succeeded her, have seen them slowly but surely disappearing.

As before stated, her first task was to win the confidence of the people, who were naturally suspicious of the motives of any "furriner." This was not strange either, considering the fact that for generations they had been shut in by themselves, having but little or no intercourse with the outside world, except when a revenue officer came to search for stills.

By visiting the homes up every branch and hollow, she got some of the parents interested in sending their children to the little Sunday School which she organized. Many could not come during the winter months for lack of clothing -- shoes especially, while others were not permitted to come, "Because," said their parents, "there ain't no place between the lids of the Bible that mention is made of a Sunday School. It ain't Scriptural. We ain't goin' to have our children taught to be Christians, fer the Master said, 'Ye must be borned again.' Besides, warn't Jesus twelve year old afore He ever went to the temple? A child ain't responsible till he's twelve year old. Then, too, the Scripture says, 'Suffer not a woman to teach.' We'll take the Scripture fer it any time."

Wherever she could she held meetings in the homes, and here she found hungry souls who welcomed the truth and found God. Many poor mothers were unable to attend the services because of a house full of children, families of ten or twelve being common.

It was a strange circumstance that enabled her to win their confidence in her as a nurse. A woman was dying in childbirth. Those caring for her could do nothing more. Finally one ventured to say, "Well, the woman is goin' to die anyway. It won't hurt to send for Miss Weston' and see if she can do anything." They sent for her, and an half an hour after her arrival the child was born. From that time on she could expect to be called any hour of the night, and her willingness to serve at all times won their hearts as well as their confidence, and no one would have thought of molesting her, although for two years she lived alone and was often out all hours of the night.

Some of her experience during that time were very amusing, as, for instance, the following. She did not always lock her doors before retiring at night, and one night she awakened and, behold, a man with a lantern stod by her beside quietly looking down at her. Of course she was frightened for a moment.

"What do you want?" she asked.

"My old woman is about to die, and I came to see if you would come over," he replied.

"Well, how did you get in?" she questioned.

"I just walked in."

"And why didn't you wake me instead of standing there looking at me?"

"Oh, you just looked so good a-sleepin' thar, I hated to wake you," was the reply.

Still he made no move toward leaving the room, so finally she said, "Well, if you want me to go with you, you'll have to leave the room so I can get up and dress." All he needed was the suggestion. Evidently he thought she did like many of the mountain women who go to bed with their clothes on.

She was not without suitors during those pioneer days, so if she was without a "man" and the protection he might afford, there were nineteen mountaineers that could not be blamed, for earnestly, though sometimes crudely, they sought her hand. And why she should refuse was a puzzle to all.

There were times when it seemed that her work was in vain, but prayer and faith and patience kept her at her task. She believed the promise, "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

In the summer of 1916 she wrote to a Bible School in Cincinnati and asked for a girl to come and spend a two-weeks' vacation with her. This opportunity was given to Ella Reed who was then working her way through school. Miss Reed had known little but hardship and privation all her life. She was born in Philadelphia, one of a family of six, and since her father was an epileptic and unable to provide for the family, all of the children were compelled to leave school at an early age and work in the factory in order to keep the wolf from the door.

When she was only nine years old God spoke to her heart with real conviction during a severe storm, but she said nothing to anyone. Doubtless she would have been saved at that time had some one shown her the way. It was not until five years later that she really found God in a Methodist revival. From the time she was eighteen years of age she felt God had a special claim on her life, and after the death of her father and mother she went to Bible School in order to better prepare herself for His service.

It was during her two-weeks' visit in the mountains that she received her call to the mountain work. She will tell her own story:

"My first service was held in a one-room house with a small shed as a kitchen. The chairs, tables, four beds, and the cook stove comprised the furniture. Planks were laid across the chairs to seat the congregation. The small amount of oil in the lamp (which had no chimney) soon burned out, so we held the greater part of the service by the light of the fire, which was poked frequently to give more light. The Lord helped me in giving a simple Gospel message, and from this meeting came my call to mountain work.

"In the year 1919 I graduated from the Bible School and returned to the mountains to take up the work there permanently. We were under no church at that time, but were simply trusting God for our needs. A teacher of the school promised to give me three dollars a month out of her tithe

money until I could get support and help from other sources. This was my 'salary' for several months. Yet I counted this no hardship, for I knew Phil. 4:19 could never fail.

"When I first came to this community only about one half of the houses we now have were here, and the most of them were windowless. Then, as now, comforts of any kind, such as rugs, rocking chairs, and so forth, were found in very few homes; but the people were hospitable and we soon learned to love them for their simplicity.

"However, the little mission had its enemies, and frequently our home was stoned and shooting around it was not uncommon. I remember one night while in prayer all alone I was startled by hearing six reports of a gun under my window. In spite of some nervousness, I entrusted myself to the Lord for the night, and the promise, 'He giveth his beloved sleep,' was verified. At another time our dog was shot under the house, where he was lying. Of course, shooting outside during and after the service was common, but we became accustomed to it and gave it no attention. A large percentage of the men and boys are always armed, so it was not strange that, during an altar service one night, one young man who was seeking pulled out a '45' revolver and laid it on the altar before he could find peace with God.

"Time and again the altar of that little mission hall was lined with penitent seekers, many of whom found deliverance from the sins of the past and power henceforth to 'walk in newness of life.' This was the only reward we asked.

"One cold, rainy night in January, 1920, we were startled by a knock on the door. We opened it and, behold, there stood a man we had never seen before.

"Is this where the missionary women live?' he asked abruptly.

"Yes,' was the reply, 'did you want something?'

"Well, I'm Brother Brooks, the conference missionary of this district. Sister Burke sent me up here to help you out a little, and to organize a church. If you don't want me, I'll go back on the 9:30 train,' he added with a touch of humor.

"If Sister Burke sent you, all right, whoever you are, for we know her. But you'll have to stay at our neighbor's overnight. In the morning you can tell us more about your business in coming.'

"Miss Weston then showed him the way to the neighbor's where he could spend the night. He stayed over Sunday and preached for us, and then, after prayerfully and carefully weighing the matter, we felt clear in having our little band of Christians organized into a church. Several had been saved through the labors of Miss Weston who had been on this field continuously since 1914; and the little Sunday School which was organized with only four members had reached an enrollment of seventy-five.

"Our services then were held in a boxed and stripped building, 15'x30', lined with building paper put on with round tins. On account of the strong wind storms, the paper had broken loose

from the tins and was torn from the wall in many places. The walls were streaked with tobacco juice, and when the boys wanted to try their skill, they attempted spitting through the cracks from the outside. The house we lived in was built the same way and we suffered much from cold in winter.

"In a short time our work was taken over by the missionary board of our church and in 1922 the little shack was replaced by a nice little chapel (24'x40') which was dedicated by Bishop S-----.

"It was shortly before his coming that a very sad incident occurred. I was getting ready for Sunday School when I heard some one screaming about a quarter of a mile up the railroad. Looking out I saw several people running in that direction. I inquired what the trouble was and learned that two neighbor boys were in a fight and one was beating the other up. I went up as quickly as I could, but by the time I reached the place the boy who was injured had been carried to his home, only a few yards away, and the other one had fled. Bob, the latter, had accused Jim of disturbing the meeting at the mission the night before, and Jim, who was always well-behaved, refused to be thus slandered. Angry words soon ended in a hand-to-hand fight, and finally Bob picked up a club near him and beat Jim on the head until he rolled over the bank unconscious.

"The people who had gathered in were frantic. Hunger for revenge was written on the colorless faces of the men, and the women and children were sobbing and screaming and wringing their hands.

"'Oh,' they cried, 'pray, Miss Reed, pray.'

"I felt helpless, and my heart was sad, for I remembered how he had been under deep conviction in a recent meeting and had refused to yield to God. After quieting them down a little I knelt by the bed side, and, taking him by the hand, I prayed as best I could. He was speechless and apparently unconscious, but several times he squeezed my hand, especially when I prayed for God to save him, which indicated that he was not wholly unconscious. They took him to the hospital at Lexington, but in a few days he died, and the body was brought home the day before the dedication. This seriously interfered with our services, making the congregations very small, but those who heard the Bishop appreciated his messages. Needless to say, Bob, who was then a county school teacher, never received justice. After a mock trial he was liberated, and only the self-respect of the bereaved ones prevented another family feud.

"We had many trying experiences in those early days. One never knew just what to expect, so we had to be prepared for anything. I remember one night we were awakened about eleven o'clock by some one calling outside.

"'Hello.'

"'Who's there?' asked Miss Weston.

"'It's me,' was the reply.



"Well, who's me?"

"Cindy,' came the answer.

"By this time Miss Weston was sitting up in bed. 'What do you want this hour of the night, Cindy?' she asked.

"I done what you told me to,' was the answer.

"Done what I told you to! What did I tell you to do?' she inquired with astonishment.

"You told me to leave and I've gone done it.'

"Well, Cindy, what do you want me to do?"

"Take me in for the night,' was the simple reply.

"Miss Weston then turned to me and asked, 'What shall we do?"

"The only thing to do,' I replied, 'is to make a pallet on the floor for her, and we'll see what the morning will bring forth.'

"We opened the door and in came Cindy, a girl of twenty, barefooted and with her few belongings tied up in a red handkerchief.

"Tell us, Cindy, how you got away,' said Miss Weston, offering her a chair; for she knew she had just escaped from white slavery.

"Well, after I left you all at the meetin' on the hill where I talked to you, I went home an' got supper fer 'em as I allers did. When nobody was lookin,' I took what few clothes I had and put 'em in a barrel that sot by my bed. After supper I waited till they were all in bed, then I got in bed, too. I laid thar a-thinkin' how I'd get out and what I'd do.

"Bout that time I heerd that ole man a-comin' to my room like he does every night. I got up, grabbed my clothes, and slipped out, it was awful dark but I follered the railroad, an' I'm here.'

At daybreak the woman who had been making gain of her was out searching the neighborhood for Cindy, threatening anyone who dared assist her in her escape. When she finally heard that she was in the mission, she came down. Miss Weston was away at the time, but all the doors were locked except the kitchen door, and I guarded that. She insisted that she would see Cindy, and when I refused she flew in to a rage and threatened both Cindy and me; but I held my ground and she finally went away.

"All this time I thought I was fighting this battle alone, but later we learned that our neighbor's wife was up on the railroad watching, while her husband and another neighbor were

just out of sight awaiting her signal, in case the woman should attempt to force herself into the mission.

"That night after supper, one of these neighbors came down. 'Howdy,' he said, and after a few words were exchanged, he told his business in coming.

"I jest came to tell you women that you needn't be afeerd, fer we men air goin' to watch this house till you get Cindy away.'

"We thanked him, but added that our trust was in the Lord. On the third day after her coming we took her to a rescue home in Cincinnati, where she later was married. As far as we know, she is doing well yet."

It was in 1921 after Miss Weston had gone to Rocky Cave to start the mission work there that Miss Reed began teaching the neighbor's children across the way. The kitchen was the classroom and they sat on the floor while preparing their lessons. When Bishop S---- saw the utter absence of proper educational opportunities for the children in the community, he declared that a school in connection with our mission work was an absolute necessity. Of course, there were county schools, but these had become worthless through mismanagement and political scheming.

Therefore, a young woman from Iowa was engaged by the missionary board to open and organize a school the following July, using the chapel as a school building. The clumsy home-made benches were converted into school desks by nailing an eight-inch board to the back of each bench. This served as a writing desk. The first year there were one hundred and two who enrolled, fifty being the average attendance; but their highly efficient teacher was equal to every occasion, and the school that year was a great success. One of the eighth grade graduates of that year went from there to a northern school to continue her education, and was later married to the brother of this same teacher.

The following summer (1923) Rev. Grace E. McDowell from a Kentucky college held a revival meeting at the mission. At this time the Holy Spirit was poured out in an extraordinary manner, and many were gloriously saved. But, as could be expected, Satan was also stirred, and some taking offense at the truth determined to "break up the meeting." The workers were warned of what was coming but they refused to take a backward step. That night, shortly after the service was opened, a rock came sailing through the window, just barely missing the lamp and the organist. Following this several rocks struck the side of the church. At the same time toads were turned loose inside, and they hopped up and down the aisles. Some of the leading men in the community could stand it no longer and, lighting their lanterns, they went out to search for the offending parties (their wives with them to keep them out of trouble). After they found out who it was, they came in again and the service continued.

It was shortly after this revival that the school opened again. The story of how the teacher was secured for that year was related in the previous chapter.

\* \* \* \* \*

Chapter 3  
"AU REVOIR"

"Teacher, Johnnie said he saw a louse on my head, and he never."

It hardly seems believable, but it was just such a statement that precipitated something very much like a feud in Evelyn's school that first year. It resulted in the lining up of practically the entire school, for and against, according to family relations. Having read about mountain family feuds Evelyn naturally saw the seriousness of the situation, and being at her wit's end to know what to do she took the matter to God in prayer. She never knew how it was accomplished, but in less than no time the whole trouble vanished and all was harmonious again. That it was an answer to prayer was evident.

Many times she felt she was an utter failure, but the consciousness that she was in God's will nerved her for every battle, and she often sang at the close of the day:

"Dear Lord, take up the tangled strands  
Where we have wrought in vain;  
That by the skill of Thy dear hands  
Some beauty may remain.

"Take every failure, each mistake,  
Of our poor human ways,  
Then, Savior, for Thine own dear sake,  
Make them show forth Thy praise."

Several of the children had been saved during the summer, and often at recess and noon they would come to her for her Bible and some song books, and away they would go to some secluded spot and hold service -- singing, reading, praying, and testifying, and sometimes holding an altar service for those who wanted to be saved. To see their glowing faces and to hear them tell of the good times they had had brought great joy to Evelyn's heart.

During the Christmas holidays another revival was held with Miss McDowell as evangelist again. God blessed her efforts as before and it was during that meeting that He definitely called her to mountain work. (In less than two years she was the founder of a splendid high school for mountain boys and girls, located only eight miles from Hermon.)

School closed the last of January and, having said good-bye to the mountains, Evelyn boarded the train for home. Something like sadness cast its shadow over her when the thought came to her that she might never see those hills again. She had learned to love them because they reminded her of God's protection, and their majestic silence was peculiarly restful to her. In fact, they had taught her many lessons, for they spoke to her in a language of their own. But the hills alone could not have so completely won her. There was more. Here she had felt the challenge to sacrificial service. Here she had verified in part the glorious truth that he that loseth his life for Christ's sake shall find it, and she knew that the joy she had found in living for others forever

overshadowed every other joy, legitimate though it might be. By being partaker of Christ's love she had also shared His joy -- the joy of giving, yes, and the joy of finding.

But what of the future? That same old question confronted her again. If she could only know! But she dared not open a single door. Christ was the only One whom she trusted to do that; for she had learned to trust His wisdom as well as His love, and the song of her heart was:

"Anywhere with Jesus I can safely go;  
Anywhere He leads me in this world below.  
Anywhere without Him dearest joys would fade,  
Anywhere with Jesus I am not afraid."

On her way back to school she stopped off at a certain college, where she became acquainted with a young man of ability and noble character, an evangelist. This acquaintanceship ripened into a beautiful friendship which enriched the lives of both, but when the point was reached when their lives might have become one her Heavenly Bridegroom whispered, "No." And she was happy to have Him choose, for of course He knew best, though she could not see then one reason why He chose for her as He did. For several years Christ had been the Lover of her soul, and often she found herself singing with deep devotion:

"Not a sound invades the stillness,  
Not a form invades the scene,  
Save the voice of my Beloved  
And the person of my King.

"Precious, gentle, holy Jesus,  
Blessed Bridegroom of my heart;  
In Thy secret inner chamber  
Thou wilt whisper what Thou art."

Immediately after school closed in June, Evelyn and her mother and brother went to Evanston, Illinois, again for the summer. Here she took a course in the summer school of Northwestern University, in order to make up what she had lost while teaching in the mountains. While here she came in contact with the theory of evolution in its subtlest form. In sociology the origin of religion was discussed with that theory taken for granted.

Before she realized it, she found herself intellectually at sea. Apparently the only argument she had for the truth of the Bible was that of her own heart. How blessed it was then to have her feet firmly planted on Christ, the Rock! She then felt as never before the truth of that old hymn:

"His oath, His covenant, His blood,  
Support me in the whelming flood;  
When all around my soul gives way  
He then is all my hope and stay."

Christ, the Truth, did not fail her in that hour of intellectual conflict. She knew that she dared to face the facts of the universe with Him, for was He not the Way, the Truth, and the Life? For several years she had known Him as the Way and the Life. Through Him she had learned the secret of complete and joyous spiritual living. But now she realized Him as the Truth, who said, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." She did not fear the scientific attitude of "an open mind" so long as she maintained "the mind of Christ," for had He not said, "If any man will do his will, he shall know?"

Hence, she confidently exposed her faith to the facts, always carefully differentiating between facts and theory, and instead of her faith growing dim it only shone the brighter.

One day she went to her professor's office to discuss with him some of the problems which were puzzling her, and in the course of the conversation the question of the validity of religious experience was mentioned. He was apparently a truth seeker who, with Job, was saying, "Oh, that I knew where I might find him!" and though he had formerly been a minister, he evidently had never known God. Evelyn's heart beat in sympathy and compassion for this soul adrift on the sea of doubt, and she could not but share with him the blessed secret of how she had found the Christ, who alone can make possible "rhythmic and harmonious living" in a world which is out of harmony with God. Intellect, feeling, and will all combined to make God real in her life, and as she spoke out of her experience and the experience of many others her whole being thrilled with the consciousness of the presence of the indwelling Christ. The professor listened intently; the strange light of joy in her eyes and the tremor in her voice told him that he was face to face with something supernatural -- that she was speaking from a realm of experience that was entirely foreign to him.

"You believe in mysticism then, do you?" he said thoughtfully.

"Yes, if you want to call it that," she replied. "I can't explain it all psychologically, but I know it works, and that's the final test of validity after all, isn't it? Can I afford to deny the faith that puts purpose and meaning in all of life; the faith that has love as its motive power and makes possible a passionate devotion to the service of others, however ungrateful they might be; the faith that, indeed, makes life supremely worth-while? Would that not be denying the facts -- the facts of experience, not of one only but of many?"

There was a pause and she continued, "I contend that whatever meets and satisfies the human need is scientific. Whatever makes possible 'rhythmic, harmonious living' is a worthy objective. But we do not find this life by seeking it. The truth of Jesus' statement holds good, 'He that findeth his life shall lose it, but he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.' And, again, 'Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground, and die, it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit.' If we are seeking life abundant, the cross is inescapable. This means self-surrender, not self-realization or self-expression. But once the surrender is made, the cross is illuminated and becomes the instrument of life rather than of death. 'When pride ceases, power begins.' 'As many as believe in him, to them gives he power to become the sons of God.' He is the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

There was silence for a moment. God was there. Soul-hunger was written on the man's face; but Evelyn could stay no longer and as she arose to go he, too, left his seat and with hands clenched he paced the floor as though in deep thought.

Finally, turning to her, he said with much earnestness, "If you have what you have been talking to me about, you are a queen. You have something that ought to be published in a book and given to the world."

It shocked her to think that he supposed her to have any revelation of truth that was not open to anyone who sought it, and she hastened to make this clear. "But, Professor, it is published in a book, the Book of books, the Bible, hated and ignored though it is. Millions have found the way of life through its simple teachings, and you may also if you will."

He gave her no reply, and she left, trusting the Holy Spirit to lead him to the Savior. She never saw him to talk with him again, but she hopes to meet him some day among the Blood-washed throng.

After summer school closed, Evelyn secured work until it was time to return to college again in the fall. Her senior year was not especially eventful, but it was a time of trustful waiting. The future was a blank as far as her life work was concerned. Nevertheless, she knew Christ was faithful, and she remembered:

"God's plans, like lilies pure and white, unfold.  
We must not tear the close shut leaves apart;  
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.  
And if through patient toil, we reach the land  
Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,  
When we shall clearly see and understand,  
I think that we shall say, 'God knew the best.' "

It was one day after the opening of the second semester that Evelyn received a letter from Miss Wells, who was then in charge of the Rocky Cave mission, five miles from Hermon. She had taken the place of Miss Weston, who had established another mission in an adjoining county.

In this letter Miss Wells told of the great need for a teacher in their county school, who really had an interest in the children, and who was properly qualified for such a position both educationally and spiritually. In many ways the former school had been worse than nothing, and she wondered if it might not be possible for Evelyn to apply for the county school near them and teach there the next year. Of course, the salary would be meagre, but the chances, she thought, would be in her favor because she would be a college graduate.

It seemed like an opening, so application was duly made, and Evelyn confidently awaited acceptance, for she knew that all the other applicants would not be even high school graduates and possibly inexperienced. But she waited in vain. Finally Miss Wells wrote and told her that the Board of Education refused to employ anyone outside of the county, no matter how highly educated

that one; and, furthermore, only he who gave the trustee his vote and promised him a good share of his salary would be recommended by him.

It made Evelyn's heart sad when she thought of the hundreds of children in the mountains who were being robbed of proper educational opportunities, because of political scheming and greed, but there was nothing more she could do so she was resigned.

Shortly after this there came from Miss Reed the following letter:

My dear Evelyn:

How time flies! And there is so much to be done; but though I haven't written you often, I think of you just the same.

Mrs. Gregory, whom you met at the college last January, has been teaching the mission school this year, but she will soon be leaving and I will be alone again. The missionary board can't afford to finance another worker, but I am wondering if you know of a consecrated girl there at the college who would be willing to come and help me. I will gladly share my salary with her if such a one would come. You know what it means to be alone here. I should be glad if you could come, but I understand that you plan to teach near Rocky Cave mission next year. Trust I shall hear from you soon. "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he will direct thy paths." May the Lord guide thee continually!

With love and prayer,  
Ella Reed.

"I wish I could be that consecrated girl," thought Evelyn, and somehow down in her heart she felt she should be. How happy she was! She soon wrote Miss Reed, willingly offering herself, and then began looking forward with eagerness to the time when she could take up her beloved work. To many of her friends it seemed that she would be throwing her life away in going back into that "wild country to labor among such uncultured and unappreciative people."

"So you are going to bury yourself in the mountains, are you?" asked a friend on her Commencement day.

"Yes, perhaps," was the reply. But no one knew the secret pleasure she took in the thought that she was losing her life only to find it again deepened and enriched a thousandfold. She pitied those who had not yet caught the vision, though there were a few who had. One dear girl, a brilliant classmate of hers, had accepted the challenge and was planning to leave for China that summer. Many times she had heard her with tear-dimmed eyes and glowing face repeat the words of the following beautiful poem:

"I had walked life's path with an easy tread,  
Had followed where comfort and pleasure led;  
And then by chance in a quiet place,  
I met my Master face to face.

"With station and rank and aim for a goal,  
Much thought for the body but none for the soul;  
I had entered to win in life's mad race,  
When I met my Master face to face.

"I met Him and knew Him and blushed to see  
That His eyes, full of sorrow, were fixed on me;  
And I faltered and fell at His feet that day,  
While my castles melted and vanished away.

"My thoughts are now for the souls of men,  
I have lost my life to find it again;  
E'er since alone in that holy place,  
My Master and I stood face to face."

Immediately after Commencement Evelyn and her mother returned to their home in Pennsylvania. After a short vacation, Evelyn left for the Kentucky hills, the lure of which was increasing the longer she stayed away.

On her arrival at Hermon she found the same natural beauty and the same human need that she had left behind over a year ago. The former appealed to her as before, but it was the latter which challenged and gripped her, and made her weep silent tears of compassion for the lost sheep of the Hermon hills.

"We are so young! If we should choose today  
To loiter on the Self-Road for a while  
What would it matter? Could we hope to cure  
The old ills of the world?  
We, who are young?  
This is our playtime, these our days of mirth!  
(If Thou, O Christ, wouldst turn away Thine eyes!)

"We are so young! We have a right to play!  
And yet above our willful murmuring  
Thy voice, O Christ, sounds ever sweet and clear,  
'I, too, was young!  
Ah, if ye will not give  
Your youth to me -- then I have come again  
Unto my own -- and they receive me not."

\* \* \* \* \*

Chapter 4  
SUMMER ON GUN CREEK



When Evelyn reached the mission she found that a revival meeting had just closed in which two young men from Greenville College had assisted. She was told that one of them, who chanced to be the son of a missionary in Africa, could not but be impressed with the heathenism of the mountaineers who persisted in showing their lack of civilization by shooting repeatedly around the church while he was preaching. She also found that although Miss Reed was there at Hermon to meet her, she had recently moved four miles away to Gun Creek mission and had engaged five teachers from a Christian college to take charge of the work at Hermon for the summer.

Early on the morning after her arrival a wagon drove up to the mission and in a few minutes she and her trunk were loaded into it and they were on their way to Gun Creek, Miss Reed riding horseback behind. It was a ride never to be forgotten. There was no place to sit but on the trunk or on the floor of the wagon box. The former was a little too high to be safe and the latter a little too low to be comfortable or sanitary. For a quarter of a mile they splashed up the creek, which was also the county road, until they came to a railroad crossing. From there the mountain trail, or "county road," led around a steep hill side where it was evident landslides were common during the rainy weather. The wheel track on the upper side of the hill was about a foot and a half higher than the one on the lower side, but by hanging on to the upper side of the wagon box Evelyn managed to keep from falling out. In other places, first one side of the wagon and then another would drop into a deep rut, so it kept her busy to know which way to lean. It might have been a little more comfortable if there had been some spring in the wagon, but she concluded that this was only one of the so-called "hardships" incident to mountain missionary life and she accepted it as an adventure, although it seemed unlikely that any kind of "ship" could be as "hard" as that wagon.

After riding thus for about a mile they came to the foot of a hill where the road made a steep ascent in order to pass through a "gap" between two "points." The road was entirely of rock which lay in almost perfect stair steps a foot high in places.

"Well, I reckon you'd better walk up this hill," said the driver as he halted the mules.

"I think I'd better, too," replied Evelyn who lost no time in getting out of the wagon.

How they did it she never knew, but in a few moments John and Jack, the faithful mules, had reached the top of the hill and were ready for the descent. They were now at the head of Gun Creek which kept growing as they followed its course down the narrow valley. The county road was again in the bed of the creek which in places was miry, and in other places was solid rock with deep ruts worn in it by many wagon wheels. Huge boulders all along the way made anything but smooth riding and in one place the wagon dropped about two feet over a waterfall which would have been beautiful in its place, but its place did not seem to Evelyn to be in the road. Perhaps the road and not the falls was out of place, however.

At the end of the four-mile ride they found a cozy little four-room mission home on a mountain side over looking a beautiful valley.

The revival mentioned afore was being held in a near-by mountain home that had been converted into a mission hall. It was built of unpainted planks with strips over the cracks. This building served under neath as a shelter for the numerous hogs which roamed around the hills.

Occasionally during service they would get into a quarrel and squeal and push one another against the foundations until the building trembled. Fleas there were in abundance so that it was impossible to sit still during service. The calves, however, were not quite so boisterous or annoying and seemed a little more reverent. One became so interested in the preaching one day that he put his head in at the door lest he might miss a word. Yet in spite of all these unusual experiences the Spirit of God was present to save and to bless, and Evelyn realized that He is no respecter of either persons or places.

There was no school at the Hermon mission that year, so Evelyn gave all her time to assisting Miss Reed in pastoral and evangelistic and Sunday School work. One time when Miss Reed chanced to be away, Evelyn spent the day visiting the little mountain cabins along the creeks and up the hollows, singing, reading the Bible, praying in each home and seeking at every opportunity to lead some one to Jesus.

Late in the afternoon she stopped at a home where they insisted that she stay with them overnight. The prospects for a sanitary meal and a clean bed were not very good and she shrank from it at first; but they knew that Miss Reed was away and she had no excuse for not staying with them, so rather than to offend them by appearing snobbish she consented, for she felt she must win their confidence at any cost.

While the "woman" of the house prepared supper, Evelyn sat on the front porch conversing with the men and acquainting herself with the children. The chickens seemed very much at home, walking in and out of the house frequently in search of scraps of food the children might chance to throw down, and even the pigs were apparently thoroughly domesticated for they were very friendly. Of course, there was little chance for even a spear of grass to grow around the house under such circumstances, but the yard was well swept and the absolute bareness was broken by several large lard cans of blooming flowers. The small yard was enclosed by a split-rail fence on which was hanging the family washing. Shrubs and trees were apparently considered undesirable, so inartistic martin boxes elevated on knotty poles had taken their places. Just outside of the gate was the creek which served also as the county road, and on the other side of it a mountain rose abruptly at an angle of nearly seventy degrees.

"Supper is ready," said the woman of the home as she appeared at the door.

"May I wash my hands?" asked Evelyn looking around for some water. The woman took her to the back porch and, pointing to a bucket and basin on a rough board between two posts, said,

"Thar's a place to wash."

With the gourd dipper Evelyn poured some water into the rusty basin and, extracting a small piece of home-made soap from the dirty gourd which hung on the post, she washed her hands. This done, she looked for a towel.

"The towel's over thar on that nail," said her hostess. With many an inward shudder Evelyn dried her hands on the grimy family towel and was ready for supper.

Although the table was large, Evelyn sat down with only the two men of the house for company. The woman refused to eat with them, insisting that she would wait table. Nor would she permit any of the children to sit down.

"No, they can wait. Go on out an' play, you young uns. Sarie, you take the baby out in the yard, and, Mandie, you take this fly bresh and mind the flies so this woman can eat." Then turning to Evelyn she said, "You see what's before you, now act like you're at home. Do you want coffee or milk? You can have sweet milk if you want it."

"I'll take milk, please," answered Evelyn, and then wished she had refused it when she saw the smeary looking glass that was given her. Swarms of flies were feasting at every opportunity on the greasy green beans, potatoes and bacon, but forcing aside all thoughts of this she picked up her fork, determining to make the best of it. To her dismay she discovered that food from the last meal was dried between the prongs of the fork. Slipping it under the table she tried to rub it off on her handkerchief, but in vain! The plate was smeary too. What should she do? Just then they passed the corn bread.

"Corn bread and milk. That's fine! I don't need anything else for a meal when I have that," she said, thus avoiding all embarrassing questions as to why she didn't care for any beans or potatoes.

Supper over, she again returned to the porch. (They would not hear to her helping with the dishes, for that took only a few minutes. All that was needed was some water and one dirty rag which was squeezed out in one hand after washing each dish and then used as the drying towel.)

The rest of the evening was spent in conversation, singing and worship. Heaven seemed very near, and Evelyn felt as never before the truth of the old song, "Where Jesus Is 'Tis Heaven There," though it be a thousand miles from home and loved ones and other pleasant associations. As darkness began to fall, the members of the home went one by one to their beds without removing any clothing except their shoes, a half dozen of the children sleeping in one bed.

"I've fixed your bed in the upper house" (meaning the room on the upper side of the house), said the mother to Evelyn as she escorted her to her room. She was tired and looked forward to a good rest, but her expectations were in vain for no sooner had she nestled herself in the feather bed than she discovered that it was already occupied by numerous living creatures -- both fleas and bedbugs. The feather bed, too, was rather uncomfortable for a hot summer night, and the odor was almost unbearable.

When sleep fled from her weary eyes she might have been tempted to say like Jacob, "All these things are against me," but, instead, she believed with Paul, "All things work together for good to them that love God," and she began wondering how that might be true in this case. While she was thus meditating there came vividly to her mind a former schoolmate and chum of hers -- one whom she dearly loved in spite of a wide discrepancy in their aims and ambitions. She was a girl of remarkable personality and unusual ability, and as Evelyn thought of how much she might accomplish in Christ's Kingdom if all were consecrated to Him, a deep heart yearning for her

salvation possessed her soul. She quickly forgot her uncomfortable surroundings as she gave herself to intercessory prayer and the hours fled swiftly by.

The next day she wrote a letter to this girl, and soon received a reply in which the latter expressed her sincere appreciation of Evelyn's interest in her and acknowledged that although she was making a success in a worldly sense she had not chosen the things in life that are really worth-while. Evelyn could only hope and continue to pray that she might let Him become King of her life, who alone can make any life supremely worth-while. Nor did she ever regret the lonely hours spent in prayer that night when her disagreeable surroundings made sleep impossible. She remembered the words of the Savior in the Garden of Gethsemane, "Could ye not watch with me one hour?" and she was glad she had the privilege of sharing His sorrow for the sins of others. The song she had learned to love while in high school she could now sing from a fuller experience:

"I know the way He trod is never easy,  
It cost the Son of God His precious blood:  
It leads unto the cross of nameless anguish,  
But ever climbeth upward unto God.

"I cannot turn aside, for love impels me  
To drink the cup of sorrow and of woe;  
But mingled with the tears I find the comfort,  
The peace that only Jesus can bestow."

Many and varied were those experiences on Gun Creek. Filth, poverty, and ignorance confronted them on every hand. The superstitions held to in the care of children were heartbreaking. Evelyn was calling one day at a home and after she had been given a chair, the mother, barefooted and dirty, also seated herself and began the conversation:

"I'm jest plumb wore-out. I've ben up in the holler under the cliff a-hoeing corn all day and the sun like to burned me up. The ole man and younguns can't get nothin' done, seems like, less'n I'm with 'em. They lose heart I reckon. We have a right smart crap to tend this year, an' if the season's good we'll have plenty of bread fer the winter. We hain't no reason to complain. Reckon you're makin' it all right, Miss Roberts?" she added.

"Yes, thank you. I'm feeling fine as usual. How are the children? I believe you have twins, haven't you?"

Just then the twins, Mollie and Rollie, came running to the mother and with one standing on either side of her she began nursing them.

"Rollie here is quite peert, seems like, but Nollie has ben jest drindlin' away here o'late. Reckon what's the matter with 'em, Miss Roberts?"

"How old are they?"

"They're turnin' into two years."

"Why, my dear woman, little wonder your children are not robust and you are worn-out yourself. They should have been weaned long ago."

"Honey, they have eat beans and corn bread and such like ever since they was four months old but they will be to nurse and I hate to contrary 'em. I reckon I orter wean 'em though."

"Do you bathe them frequently?"

"Law, no! This puniest one never has had a bath all over hit's body since hit was horned. I was allers told that water hain't good fer babies. The least you can get along with the better. I'm afeerd to risk it on Mollie here. She's so puny anyway."

"Why, my dear, a good warm bath once a day is the best thing in the world for a baby however young. You try it."

"Well, maybe," was the simple reply. After a pause, she continued, "Have you seed Sally Wilson's baby o'late? It had the hives bad and she was told that the best cure in the world fer hives was to roll the baby in the hog lot, so she done it they say. I hain't heerd how the youngun is since."

"I'm afraid that wouldn't help it much. Surely reason would tell you that such a remedy could be of no value, Mrs. Johnson."

"I don't know, it might. Did you hear about Sarie Gross' baby? It had the thrash so bad there warn't no hope fer it. Finally she listened to her Granny and tuk the child to ole Uncle Mike who never seed his father, and after he blowed in its mouth hit got well in a few days. It gets worse until the third day then it starts to get well right soon. Nobody but the seventh son or one who has never seed his father can do it."

"Oh, but, Mrs. Johnson, the chances are the child would have gotten well anyway. Such treatment could have nothing to do with its recovery," remonstrated Evelyn. But the mother continued as though she had not heard. "Then there was Janie's baby that they 'lowed was liver-growed."

"What is that?" asked Evelyn.

"It's like this. You take the left hand and the right heel and make 'em touch behind and then you take the right hand and the left heel and make 'em touch. If ary one of 'em won't touch, you jest have to pull till they do."

"Why, I never heard of such a thing! That's cruel to treat a child that way when there is nothing gained by it. What a pity you do not have any doctors around here to teach you how to care for the little ones."

"Yes, the nearest one is ten miles from here and you have to travel by horse or mule. You jest can't hardly get a doctor to come that fur any more. We're mighty nigh bound to fall back on

home remedies. Miss Weston an' Miss Reed have been real mothers to us pore folks. They've holped us all a heap when we've been up agin it to know what to do next."

"We are only too glad to do all we can for you both physically and spiritually. Would you like me to read the Bible to you before I leave?"

"Yes, but we hain't got a whole Bible in the house. There's part of a Testament on the fireboard. I've been wishing fer a Bible fer a long time."

"Perhaps I can get one for you. I have my own with me today. I'll read from it."

After reading and prayer Evelyn returned home, her heart sad with the realization of the greatness of the task of bringing intellectual and spiritual light to such needy people, yet faith assured her it could be done by loving perseverance.

"Well, Evelyn, tell me about your visit today. Where have you been?" inquired Miss Reed that night at the supper table.

"O Miss Reed," Evelyn replied, "it's too funny for anything, if it weren't so pitifully tragic, the dreadful ignorance of these people when it comes to laws of health! I visited the Johnson's up the creek and you should have heard the mother tell of some of the supposed cures for baby ailments that they believe in around here."

"Yes, I've heard most of them, I think. Perhaps you would be interested in my experience with that family last winter. It was one day in January when there was a heavy snow on the ground that I received a piece of writing, as they call it, which read some thing like this:

Dere Mis Reed,

I wont you to Come over rite away my babys are sick and the doctor says to bade them to ore tree time a wake you know more about that thun I do so pleas come.

Mrs. Johnson

"Two weeks passed before it was possible for me to go over for I was living at Hermon then. As soon as I got there I asked how the babies were.

"'The boy's better but the girl is mighty puny.'

"'Did they have typhoid when you sent me the note to come over and bathe them?' I asked, for I supposed that was the trouble with them.

"'No, honey,' she replied, 'the doctor said to bathe them two or three times a week and I knowed you knew more about that than I did.'

"'Did the doctor give you any medicine?' I asked.

"No, honey, he said jest to bathe them two or three times a week all over.'

"Have you bathed them?'

"Honey, I did the boy but not the girl. She never was strong. I'll jest tell you how it happened. We got the tub here in front of the fireplace and then tuk ole quilts and stopped up all the holes in this ole house. You know the wind comes through here mighty bad. Then we tuk hot water and plenty of soap, for that's the way he said, and we put the baby in it.'

"You didn't put the baby in the hot water, surely,' I said.

"Well, you see, we got him used to it a little at a time and finally we got him sot down. The doctor said to rub him good and, I tell you, Miss Reed, every one of these younguns had a chance on a-rubbin' him, until I made them quit. I tell ye they had his body as red as it could be.'

"You should have taken clean towels and dried him good.'

"Honey, I did and put a clean outfit on him and put him in bed. He slept all night, never did move, and all the next mornin' until dinner, till, I tell ye, I got scared and so did Sam, the ole man, and we woke him up. That's why It never did give it to the girl. She's so puny, I'm afeerd she never could stand it, all that rubbin'.'

"Have you never bathed the girl?' I asked.

"No, indeed, she's never been washed all over since she's been borned.'

"Do you mean she has never been washed since she came into this world?'

"Jest the one time when the woman (midwife) cared for her.'

"Mrs. Johnson, do you think I'm puny, as you call it?'

"No, no, honey, this country's been a mighty holp to you.'

"Well, my mother bathed me all over every day as a baby, and ever since I've been able to care for my self I have taken frequent baths. You see it hasn't killed me, has it?'

"No, dearie, you look good. And did your mother do that?'

"Yes, every day and sometimes oftener when I needed it.'

"I'll jest tell you how it is fer I'm a plain-spoken woman. I've raised fourteen children and I never bathed nary a one when they were babies.'

"Just then her daughter Lizzie spoke up, 'Well, Miss Reed, when I jest wash Johnnie's face and hands to take him to Sunday School he gets a cold.' I knew further argument was useless so said nothing more. Before I left I offered to bathe the twins for the mother but she said, 'No, not now,' so you see what one is up against when you attempt to teach these older ones a better way of living."

"Yes," Evelyn replied thoughtfully. "It can't be done in a day, I see that, but patience will win, I believe."

"I might tell you about another experience I had," Miss Reed continued. "It is only a sample for there are many cases like it."

"One morning I arose at four o'clock for my usual prayer hour and just as I stepped on the floor I heard a call:

"'Ho, Miss Reed.'

"'Hello, who is it?' I asked.

"'Alex Shelton,' was the reply.

"'What do you want?'

"'The old woman's bad off and wants you to come up right away.'

"'All right. My horse is in the stable. Saddle it and I'll be ready,' I said.

"We were soon on our way, and after riding through the creek for about two miles we reached a little two-room log cabin up in a hollow. It entered and found the mother in bed. The wind was pouring in through the cracks of the door so I covered it with an old quilt and then did what I could to make the mother comfortable. There was practically nothing in the house with which to work in the way of linen or utensils. We had to borrow a wash basin from a neighbor and fortunately I had brought with me a bag of materials which I thought I might need. The baby was born in just a few minutes. It was the tenth child in the family. The father is a consumptive and ill-treats his wife and family terribly. Just two months before the baby was born she walked to the county seat about eight miles from here and back in the same day, carrying a twenty-five pound sack of meal the last four miles. I asked her one day how old she was and she replied, 'We had it sot down in the Bible at Dad's but the house burned down and I don't know, but I reckon I'm thirty-five. That's what they say anyway.'

"As I was bathing her and thinking of the hard life she had I said to her,

"'Mrs. Shelton, this is my case and I don't want you out of this bed for one week at least.'



"Miss Reed, do you see that one?" she said, pointing to a child of about two years who had just crept out of bed. 'The day hit was borned I hoed corn for Sam Combs all day an' then walked a mile to the store and bot a sack of meal and twenty-five cents' worth of coffee, carried it home, got supper fer the ole man an younguns, and at eight o'clock the baby was horned.'

"Didn't you feel bad all day?" I asked.

"O honey; she said pitifully, 'I feel bad so much I can't tell what is the matter with me. Then when he was three days old I went back to the cornfield and finished the crap.'

"These poor women know nothing but slavish toil all their lives. No wonder they are old women at thirty-five."

"Surely the leaven of the Gospel is the only hope for the mountain women as it has always been to womankind in every age," said Evelyn when Miss Reed had finished her story. And she was thankful that she had not been born in the mountains.

One morning, soon after Evelyn's coming, as they were discussing plans for the day Miss Reed said,

"Today we must go to Hermon to see John Pence. He is suffering from a bad case of dropsy, but he wishes to unite with the church even though he can not attend services, so we are going to give him the opportunity to do so right in his own home."

"When was he converted? I remember his little boy came to school to me two years ago but he was not a Christian then."

"It was shortly after your school closed that year that he came to the altar one day at the close of the message and prayed until he knew that God had saved him. About a month before that he was very sick with pneumonia and wasn't expected to live. He promised God that if He spared his life he'd live for Him, and as soon as he was able to attend church he came and gave his heart to God. I'll never forget that day. How he wept as he confessed out the past and surrendered his life to the Lord! And how clear and definite was his testimony when the witness came! He has been growing in grace ever since and his dear little wife, too, has found the Lord. They have been happy with their little family of four. It seems such a pity he can't hope to get well since this terrible disease has recently fastened itself on him. Of course, God knows best. I'm so glad he's been walking in the light. Soon after his conversion he quit using tobacco and left the lodge to which he belonged, because he felt God wanted him to. You'll enjoy a visit with him, I'm sure."

"Indeed, I shall," was the reply.

Breakfast over they started on their trip. When they reached the Pence home they were greeted by numbers of relatives and neighbors who, according to mountain custom, had gathered in to express their sympathy and interest. The atmosphere in the sick room was stifling as well as foul-smelling because of the number of people crowded into it. Evelyn was almost indignant at

such treatment of the sick and would liked to have ordered every one, of them out, but she feared she might offend them without gaining her point after all.

After singing and prayer Mr. Pence was formally taken into the church and the service was closed with another song. While the friends around him were singing, his face lit up with the glory of another world, and he praised the Lord with a loud voice. Those who, like David, knew the joyful sound felt like joining in with him. Not long after that he went to be with Jesus, and on the following day he was buried in a home-made coffin without an undertaker.

Evelyn never forgot that dreary fall day and its vivid scenes -- the corpse dressed in a plain white shroud; the crude coffin covered with black cloth and lined with white; the "pallbearers" dressed in overalls, hammering its lid on with ten-penny nails and carrying it to the lumber wagon which stood waiting at the gate; and the long, irregular procession of horseback riders and pedestrians slowly following the "hearse" as the mules pulled it over the rough road (previously described) between Hermon and Gun Creek. Finally there came the long, steep climb up the mountain at the summit of which was the graveyard. The wagon and team had to be left at the foot of the hill and the coffin carried on the shoulders of the men. It was a hard climb for all, but by the help of a bush here and a tree there they pulled and scrambled until they reached the top.

The graves were decorated with bits of broken glass, dishes, a few clam shells, and here and there a growing plant. They were marked by rough slabs of stone on which were cut the names and dates.

TOMMEY SHORT  
BORN NOV 14 1907  
DEC. JUNE 28 1925

J. H. JOHNSON  
BORN MAR 21 1872  
DIED JUN 1921  
AT REST

After the congregation was seated on the ground the service began. There were only about two song books so those who would were asked to gather around and help sing. The first song was an old favorite, "On the Hills over There," which they sang both loud and mournfully as only mountaineers can.

"Oft in visions by faith I can see over there  
In that country so rich and so rare,  
Where the children of God shall unite by and by,  
In that home far beyond the blue sky.

Chorus:

"On the hills bright and fair,  
On the hills, yes, by and by,

On the hills over there We shall meet by and by.

"On the hills over there many loved ones have gone,  
They are dwelling in mansions at home:  
Blessed story, the Savior has gone to prepare  
All His children a home over there.

"Soon the Savior will call His beloved come home,  
On the hills we together shall roam,  
There we'll shed not a tear for we'll sorrow no more,  
Not a sigh of the heart we shall know."

Before the coffin was lowered into the grave the nails were pulled out far enough to permit the removal of the lid and all were invited to view the remains while the closing song, "My Loved Ones Are Waiting for Me," was sung. All who possibly could crowded around the coffin, the wife and other close relatives kneeling down and caressing and even kissing the cold form again and again, as they wailed inconsolably, wringing their hands and crying, "O Lord, Lord, what shall I do? Lord, have mercy on me. How can I ever bear it! To never see that sweet face again! Oh, I know you're safe in glory for your last words were, 'Meet me in Heaven,' and I mean to do it." In this manner they recounted the virtues and kind deeds of the dead until it was necessary to pull them away from the coffin so the lid could be nailed on for burial. After the grave had been filled and a few simple flowers laid on it the people filed slowly and sadly down the mountain to their homes where they continued to lament the loss of a kind neighbor and friend.

A thing that especially impressed Evelyn, even at the time of her first stay in the mountains, was the unusual intelligence of the mountaineers, even children, in matters pertaining to law. Many who were absolutely ignorant along other lines had the law at their finger tips. This puzzled her at first and she wondered why it was that in a place where they knew the law so well there should be so much lawlessness, while in the community from which she came the people knew scarcely anything of the law and yet they were law-abiding for the most part. But she soon discovered that in the mountains they informed them selves in matters of the law, not to keep it, but in order to evade it. For "the law is not made for a righteous man, but for the lawless and disobedient."

Ever since the first mission had been established at Hermon the missionaries had studiously avoided having anything to do with the execution of the law. The courts could not be depended on to give justice, so they felt it was useless to make enemies when nothing was gained thereby. However, when duty demanded it they proved the value of their testimony by fearlessly witnessing to the truth regardless of the consequences. During the time they lived at Gun Creek mission, Miss Reed was summoned one day before the Grand Jury at the county seat. When asked if she had witnessed any violations of the law during the past twelve months she replied in the negative for she could not definitely recall a single instance. There was, however, one mountaineer present who reminded her of a certain incident which had slipped her mind, and she told them all the truth.

Soon after this she was summoned as a witness in the trial of this case. Reaching the courthouse she made her way through the motley crowd of men, women, and children who

thronged the halls of the old building. The court room on the second floor was anything but what a court room should be. The atmosphere was stifling and foul-smelling, the windows dirty and the wall dingy. The floor was littered with bits of paper and filth of various kinds, and the floor covering was literally scaly around the seats where the tobacco juice had eaten into its fiber. On some seats were broken birds' eggs which had fallen through a hole in the ceiling from a nest in the loft. Scattered here and there in the front of the room were about twenty spittoons, but apparently those who used them did not care whether they hit or missed. On the wall behind the judge's desk hung a large grimy-looking American flag with the last few inches at the bottom of it dragging in the filth on the floor. Right beside it was a spittoon and it was evident that what had missed the spittoon had hit the flag. On the large desk lay a hand-carved, crude gavel and in front of the desk was the witness stand. All around the home made armchair lay the whittlings left by some nervous or perhaps indifferent witness.

The court room was well filled for it was something new to have a missionary as a witness and all were eager for the trial to begin. After the jury had been sworn Miss Reed was asked to take the witness stand and tell her story which was as follows:

"I was riding along the road one Sunday with Jim Turner, Lige Trent, and Mary Moore. We were nearing home on the gallop after a ten-mile trip to a meeting when a pistol dropped from the pocket of Jim, the boy ahead of me. He turned and said to Lige who was behind, 'Get that,' whereupon the latter dismounted, picked up the pistol and put it in his pocket. Nothing more was said until the next night when Lige came to me saying that Jim wanted him to tell me that he was sorry for what had happened the day before, and he promised that if I would forgive him he would never carry a gun any more, and I said I would. In a couple of weeks I was summoned before the Grand Jury and the indictment was made. I told Jim that I was forced to be a witness against him, and he acknowledged that he was in the wrong and would have to take the consequences."

"What did the boy, who picked up the gun, do with it?" asked the attorney.

"He said that he took it to Turner's home and put it on the dresser," was her answer. Then began the cross questioning of the defendant's lawyer.

"Miss Reed, you were with Jim Turner that day?"

"Yes, sir,"

"You saw him drop the pistol?" "I saw it drop from his person."

"Where were you coming from?"

"A meeting on Old Buck."

"Did Jim handle this pistol in any way?"

"How do you know it was his? It might have dropped from some one else."

"There was no one else on that side of me."

"It could have dropped from some one else, couldn't it, Miss Reed?"

"No," she repeated, "there was no one else on that side of me and I know it never dropped from the skies." The unexpected answer amused the audience and all laughed heartily.

Miss Reed was then dismissed and Jim took the witness stand.

"Where were you going the day this occurred?" asked his lawyer.

"I was riding home with Miss Reed and the others mentioned."

"Did you have this pistol?" "Yes, sir."

What were you doing with it?" "I was taking it to a repair shop." "Was it out of order?"

"Yes, sir. It wouldn't work."

"Then you could not have used it for harm if you had wanted to?"

"No, sir, it had not been in working order for several months."

"Where did you have this pistol, in your pocket?" asked the attorney.

"No, it was tied to my saddle girth," was the reply.

"Could anyone see the pistol on the saddle girth?"

"Why?"

"Because I had my leg over it."

"So you had this pistol so covered on the saddle girth that no one could see it?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's just the same as if it were in your pocket, you concealed it."

Jim was then dismissed; whereupon his father whispered something to his lawyer, who turned to Miss Reed, saying:

"Miss Reed, how do you know he wasn't taking this pistol to the repair shop?"

"For one main reason. We don't have such a thing in that country!" was the terse reply. Everyone in the court room laughed so uproariously that the judge had to hammer for order. The lawyer then continued:

"Miss Reed, how do you know that he didn't have the pistol tied to the saddle girth?"

"I'm sure he didn't."

"What proof have you got?"

"Did you ever see anyone in their right mind tie a pistol on the saddle girth and ride down the road?" she asked quietly.

"I didn't ask you what I ever saw," replied the lawyer, somewhat nettled. "I asked you what proof you had that he didn't have it there."

Still she would not yield her point but repeated, "Did you ever see anyone foolish enough to tie a pistol on a saddle girth and ride down the road?"

The lawyer could not answer; thereupon, the judge hit the desk, saying, "That's enough."

The case was then turned over to the jury, and as they were leaving the room the lawyer turned to the judge with the remark, "Judge, have this jury consider that he was taking this pistol to the repair shop."

"Consider nothing !" said the judge abruptly.

The sentence was fifty dollars fine and ten days in jail. This was almost too much for the pride of that family which hitherto had boasted that no Turner had ever been convicted, although they had been in many a case. They "labored from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same" to liberate the boy but all in vain. The parents threatened to disown him if he ever spoke to Miss Reed again, so it was not strange that she sought refuge in the ninety-first Psalm, for it is nothing unusual for a mountaineer seeking revenge to set fire to a home.

A few days later Miss Reed happened again to be at the county seat.

"You're the woman that put that feller in jail t'other day, ain't you?" asked a man whom she met on the street.

"No, I didn't put anyone in jail," she replied.

"Yes, but your testimony did," he said, laughing.

"That was shore a good piece of work." Thus many rejoiced that for once justice was administered in that old courthouse which had witnessed many a bitter feud ending often in the murder of scores.

From that time on the law breakers feared more than ever the witnessing of a missionary in court. One day Miss Reed was eating dinner when a noted bootlegger rode up to the gate.

"Ho, Miss Reed," he called.

Coming to the door she saw at a glance that he was drunk for he was reeling to and fro on the horse.

"How do you do," she said.

"I jest cum to tell ye that I wasn't drunk, now am I?" he asked.

"Why, Mr. Hollan, did I say you were drunk?"

"No, but I jest want to tell ye that I hain't."

"Well, you called me, Mr. Rellan, I didn't know that you were passing."

"Yes, you're a good woman and I know it, but I want you to know that I hain't had none. I'm sure not drunk, Miss Reed, now am I?" he said.

"Did I say you were or you weren't?" replied Miss Reed, for she knew that he wanted her to say that he was not drunk so that in case he was brought before the court she would not be a witness against him.

"No, you hain't said nothin'. Now some come to your meetin' to break it up, but I never did do that," he continued.

"We'd be glad to have you come any time, Mr. Hollan," and just then he nearly fell off his horse. "Now the best thing for you to do is to go home and keep out of trouble," she added.

"That's jest what I'm a goin' to do," and he spurred his horse down the road, calling back, "Now I hain't drunk, am I, Miss Reed?"

\* \* \* \* \*

## Chapter 5 DARK DAYS AT HERMON

The summer months soon sped by and then came October with its "bright blue weather" and brilliant autumn dress. To Evelyn every day was golden for each was filled with joyous and loving service to others. Her daily prayer was:

"Lord, help me live from day to day  
In such a self forgetting way,

That even when I kneel to pray  
My prayer shall be for others.

"Help me in all the work I do  
To ever be sincere and true,  
And know that all I'd do for  
You Must needs be done for others."

She was delighted beyond measure when news came one day that her mother was planning to accompany her sister and husband to Florida for the winter. They had heard that wages were high there and her brother-in-law, being a carpenter, thought it might be profitable to spend at least one winter in the land of sunshine and flowers. They motored all the way to Lakeland, Florida, in about two weeks. The kind friends there soon made them feel at home and they began writing to Evelyn, urging her to spend Christmas with them. She knew that that would be impossible since Christmas was the busiest time of all the year at Hermon and Gun Creek missions, but she did have some hope of going for a short visit later in the winter. At least Miss Reed thought she would be able to spare her then, and she looked forward with great pleasure to the trip.

After the workers, who had been engaged to stay at Hermon for the summer, returned to their school in September, it became necessary for Miss Reed and Evelyn to carry on the work at that place also. On this account they had frequently to stay alone at either Hermon or Gun Creek, but neither of them was afraid for they claimed the blessed promise that "the angel of the Lord encampeth around about them that fear him and delivereth them."

As time went on it became more and more evident that Hermon rather than Gun Creek should be their headquarters, so in November they moved their personal belongings back to Hermon and for the next seven months the work at Gun Creek was carried on from that place.

During the next two months they were busy with preparations for Christmas. Almost every day they had to ride faithful Dixie to the post office for sacks of second-hand clothing and Christmas boxes which were piled as many as five or six at a time on her. Then there was "Trade Day" which came every Monday. Frequently a hundred people would gather at the mission on this occasion. They came from far and near, walking or riding horseback sometimes ten miles, bringing "chickens, eggs, corn, or cash" to give in exchange for the clothing which they bought.

Even missionary life has its humorous side, Evelyn found, and this was true especially in connection with the trading. One of the rules of the mission was that there was to be no spitting on the floor. Upon hearing that she had been reported to Miss Reed as an offender, old Aunt Jocie came without delay to defend herself.

"Miss Reed," she said, "did anyone say airy a thing to ye about anyone spittin' on the floor out thar?"

"Yes, I guess they told me," Miss Reed replied.



"Now, Miss Reed, I never did it. I'll tell you who to ask, you ask May. God knows all things. Miss Reed, I spit nary a spit. I never spit nary a wet spit or a dry spit neither one way or 'tother. I've aiwa's been teched it were six dollars fine fer spittin' on any one's floor in store or dwellin' house. I said I've the whole outdoors to chaw 'baccar in, an' I don't need to spit in anyone's house."

Another incident was both amusing and pathetic. A woman and her little girl came to the mission and asked for help.

"What is it you want?" asked Miss Reed.

"My house burned down an' I lost everything -- didn't save a thing."

"That's too bad. How did it happen?" sympathized Miss Reed.

"Well, I went out to milk and left the younguns in charge an' by the time I got back the house was about burned down."

"Are you sure you lost everything?" questioned Miss Reed. Then turning to the little girl she asked,

"Couldn't you save a thing?"

"Well, I did save a quilt, Miss Reed," was the reply, "but I lost all my pretties (toys). Can you give me any?"

"Yes, I think so -- but, Mrs. Cooper, why didn't you go to the mission near where you live instead of coming way over here ?"

"I did, Miss Reed, but they didn't have anything and they told me to come to you," and the tears began trickling down her cheeks.

"Come with me and I'll give you what you can carry," said Miss Reed kindly. They went to the storeroom where the woman picked out the clothing she wanted and put it in sacks. All the time she was doing this she was trembling from head to foot.

"You're cold, aren't you ?" said Miss Reed. "Why don't you put on a coat?"

"I ain't got none but this ole one of my old man's," she replied. "I ain't much cold though. Hit's my nerves. They've never been settled yet since the fire."

With as many sacks as she could carry with the girl to help her, she started down the road and, stopping at the homes along the way, they attempted to sell all they could. At one place the mother went so far as to remark that Miss Reed was getting terribly high with her prices judging from the way she had charged her that day.

It was not long before word came to Miss Reed that Mrs. Cooper's house had never been burned at all. She could scarcely believe it, since the woman had played her part so well, but it was true nevertheless. A neighbor who had heard about the incident met Miss Reed on the road one day and said,

"Did Sam Cooper's wife come a-cryin' to you, sayin' her house burned down?" he asked with a twinkle in his eye.

"Yes, she did," Miss Reed replied.

"Did you help her?"

"Yes, sir."

Bursting into a hearty laugh he said, "I thought you'd knowed better than that, Miss Reed."

"Now, Mr. Brown," she replied, "don't laugh at me. Do you blame me for believing her when she cried?"

"Huh! if you knew these people as well as I know 'em, you wouldn't pay any attention to their tears."

However, this case represents only one type of people with whom the missionaries had to deal. There were many others that were as grateful as this woman was ungrateful. Once Miss Reed called a poor mother to the mission in order to give her some clothing for her large family. While sorting out some stockings for the children, she was startled by hearing some one break out in prayer just behind her. Turning around she discovered the mother on her knees, pouring out her heart in thanksgiving to God for the kindness and help of the missionaries. Miss Reed knelt with her and they united their voices in prayer and praise.

Besides the religious services held on weekends, there was much pastoral visiting and charity work to be done. One chilly day in November Evelyn saddled Dixie and rode to Gun Creek to call on Widow Corner, whose husband had recently died and left her with a family of ten children all under fifteen years of age. The house was practically destitute of furniture as well as food and clothing, while three of the children were sick in bed and the mother scarcely able to drag herself around. Evelyn gave them a few things which she had brought with her, and after doing all she could to make them comfortable she read the Bible and prayed with them. Bidding them good bye she rode on down to the mission where she found for her dinner a dry crust of bread and a little peanut butter. This did not make a very appetizing meal, especially as she was not feeling well anyway, but she felt she needed the strength from some food so she managed to get it down with a little water. After resting a few minutes she again started out visiting on her way back to Hermon. When she was still about three miles from the mission she began to feel faint. Suddenly things began to look black in front of her eyes and, realizing her danger, she quickly dismounted with the intention of lying down on the ground until relieved, but she happened to dismount in a deep ravine where a steep bank rose on either side of the narrow road. She managed to lead her horse out into the open where she threw herself on the ground and began calling for help. Although

there was a house not far away they did not hear her, so as soon as she was able to get up again she led her horse down to the house. Here she was given a drink, and after warming herself and resting a little she continued her journey homeward. It was dark before she reached the mission but Miss Reed was there to care for the horse and Evelyn host no time in preparing for bed. The next day Miss Wells came from Rocky Cave and informed them that Evelyn had a serious case of yellow jaundice.

It was hard for Evelyn to remain in bed two long weeks after becoming accustomed to such an active life, but she believed with the Psalmist, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted," and she knew the truth of the poem:

"Be all at rest, my soul, O blessed secret,  
Of the true life that glorifies thy Lord;  
Not always doth the busiest soul best serve Him,  
But he that resteth on His faithful Word.  
Be all at rest, let not your heart be rippled,  
For tiny wavelets mar the image fair,  
Which the still pool reflects of Heaven's glory--  
And thus the image He would have thee

This illness meant for Evelyn the deepening of her spiritual life, and as she took up her work again it was with a clearer vision, a stronger faith and a deeper consecration. This consecration, however, was soon put to the test when she received a letter from the district elder advising her not to consider going to Florida. A day or two afterward she wrote the following letter to her mother:

Hermon, Ky.  
Dec. 4, 1925.

"Even Christ pleased not Himself. God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of Jesus Christ by which I am crucified unto the world and the world unto me."

Dear Mother,

I received your card this morning. Thank you very much. Am glad you are all well and happy.

Today has been a full day. This morning I made three visits, came home and got dinner, then, after we had eaten, saddled the horse and went to the post office. On my return I enameled the kitchen range all over. Wish you could see how it shines. Miss Reed has cleaned the entire house today, scrubbed floors, etc. -- so you see missionary life is quite varied. Tomorrow morning we both plan to go to Gun Creek where I shall visit two county schools and help the children practice their Sunday School Christmas program.

I must tell you something now that I trust will not be too great a disappointment to you. You see the letter enclosed -- well, it is from the district elder and evidently he thinks I ought not to go

to Florida. All along the Lord has for some reason wanted me to keep that trip on the altar and by His grace I have, so it has not been so hard to say "Amen" as it might have been otherwise.

"Not for ease or worldly pleasure,  
Nor for fame my prayer shall be,  
Gladly will I toil and suffer,  
Only let me walk with Thee."

This has been my prayer. God's way is always best, mother, and doubtless He has something better in store for us. Remember --

"Not now, but in the coming years,  
It may be in the better land,  
We'll read the meaning of our tears,  
And there, sometime, we'll understand.

"We'll know why clouds instead of sun  
Were over many a cherished plan,  
Why song has ceased when scarce begun,  
'Tis there, sometime, we'll understand."

May God bless you! I must say good night.

Heaps of love,  
Evelyn.

The Christmas season soon came. What a pleasure it was to see the many eager boys and girls made happy by their gifts! On Christmas Day, after the program was over at Hermon, Miss Reed and Evelyn ate a delicious dinner with a neighboring mountain family and, saddling their horses, rode to Rocky Cave mission where they received a warm welcome by Miss Wells and her assistant, Miss Brown. The mission home was beautifully decorated for the occasion and the Christmas tree was loaded with gifts, not only for the mission workers but also for the few orphan children who had been recently taken into the home. It was a delightful evening they spent together. Although each was far from their loved ones they felt at home for they believed that God's will is home wherever it is. Miss Wells and Miss Brown at that time told the Hermon workers how God was laying it on their hearts to establish an orphanage for mountain children. The way was opening very definitely in answer to prayer, and they rejoiced together over the mysterious providences of God.

A few days after this Evelyn received from her mother, with whom she always had the closest fellowship, a letter which revealed a secret that was to be faithfully kept. Evelyn was almost overcome with astonishment, for the impossible was about to come to pass. Her mother was soon to be married after twenty years of widowhood! Could she believe her eyes? Yet that was what the letter said. Then she began to think. Could it be that her mother was making a mistake in taking this step? She knew many others had. But, somehow, mother was different, Evelyn thought. She always seemed to use such good judgment and, besides, she had always in the past

been careful to know the mind of the Lord in all important decisions. She believed she could trust her mother now, so after definitely committing the matter to the Lord she wrote the following letter in reply:

"They that fear the Lord shall not want any good thing."

Dearest Mother:

I have tried my best to find time to write you ever since I received your card last week, but a missionary's life is so full that the moments are golden.

Don't think I am complaining -- oh, no -- I am so happy, oh, so happy. Bless His name.

"Oh, could I speak the matchless worth,  
Oh, could I sound the glories forth,  
Which in my Savior shine;  
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,  
And vie with Gabriel while he sings,  
In notes almost divine."

That's just how I feel this afternoon. No sacrifice would be too great for I am learning these days to glory in the sacrifice of even the most legitimate things if it is for Jesus' sake. Oh, my heart is so full -- and then to think how unworthy I am -- it just makes me cry for joy. How can I love Him enough!

Your letter containing the fateful news came today, and had it not been for the card that hinted at what was coming I might have been overcome with surprise. After I had partly recovered from the shock I put the matter in God's hands, and the prayer that I really knew went through was that God should be glorified and His blessed will be done. After that I rested perfectly at ease, feeling confident that His will would be done. I would not influence you one way or an other, for I have no right to; in fact, it makes no difference to me what your decision is in the matter, for God's will is most blessed wherever it leads. I feel its blessedness in my heart just now.

"O sweet will of God, thou hast girded me round,  
Like the deep moving currents that girdle the sea;  
With omnipotent love is my poor nature bound,  
And this bondage to love sets me perfectly free."

So, mother dear, I feel that you are right in the center of God's will, and why should I censure you (as you implied in your letter that I might?) Bless your dear heart! If anyone deserves the comforts of a home in her last years it is you. You will always be mother to me if your name isn't Roberts. (However, that is the hardest thing for me to give up -- Mrs. Olive Roberts -- I wonder how much longer I can write it?) When is the wedding? I'd like to be there and I believe the way is opening for me to come. The district elder, Brother Brooks, now tells me that he thinks the missionary secretary would not object to my going to Florida for a short visit. He and his wife are now with us holding the regular quarterly meeting. God is in our midst. Pray for us! Like Paul,

we are "willing to impart not the gospel of God only, but also our own souls" unto these precious bloodbought people. Oh, that we might lay down our lives for them and their salvation. Give my love to the folks and to "Daddy".

Your affectionate daughter,  
Evelyn.

In a few days a letter came, saying that the wedding was to be February 18, on Evelyn's birthday, and that her fare would be paid if she would come. Following is her reply:

Dear Mother:

I received your letter of invitation yesterday. I can't thank you enough. As I read it I was reminded of the promise, "Delight thyself also in the Lord, and he will give thee the desires of thine heart". After I had had the opportunity of putting my trip to Florida on the altar and of knowing the joy that came from actually giving it up, how good the Lord is to open the way for me to go after all. Surely I ought to gladly "count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord."

Of course, something may yet hinder my coming. I am still ready for sacrifice or for service, but as far as I know now I can be at the wedding. What a pleasure it will be! The Lord is just too good to me, isn't He, mother? I don't have an opportunity to sacrifice anything for Him, it seems. My every need is anticipated. Bless His name!

Take care of yourself and God bless you.

Lovingly,  
Evelyn.

Very frequently it was necessary for Miss Reed to leave Evelyn alone at Hermon for several days at a time. One night an unusual sense of loneliness came over her. She knew the Lord was always present but somehow He did not seem real as He had at other times. Going to the organ she sat down and began playing and singing a song that had recently come to mean much to her:

"'Tis Heaven on earth since Jesus came in,  
Renewing my life, forgiving my sin,  
O'erflowing my cup with joy from above,  
And flooding my life with love.

Chorus:

"That's Heaven, just Heaven,  
Real Heaven on earth with Jesus;  
His power makes me whole,  
His love fills my soul,

'Tis Heaven on earth with Jesus."

By the time she had finished the chorus, tears of joy were coursing down her cheeks, and as she continued it seemed her heart would almost burst with gladness.

"To walk with the Lord, to know His sweet will,  
To learn when to speak and when to be still;  
To go every day where He'd have me go,  
To me is a Heaven below.

"To feed on His Word, to tell of His fame,  
To do all I do in His blessed name,  
And no other King but Jesus to know,  
To me is a Heaven below."

Alone? The thought of it made her both laugh and cry at the same time. Who could be lonely with Jesus, the Lover of mankind, so unspeakably near and real? And she thought of those who pitied her because of the sacrifice she was making. How she wished they could understand!

After reading and prayer she began preparing for bed. Just then she heard a voice calling outside.

"Ho, Miss Reed."

"Miss Reed isn't here. Could I do anything for you?" she asked without opening the door.

"Pa Chambers is bad off and wants you all to come up," was the reply.

"All right, just a moment and I'll be ready." Donning her hat, coat, and boots, she put the cat out and locked the door behind her, slipping the key into her pocket. When she reached the gate she found two boys and two mules awaiting her.

"You can ride this mule if you want to," said one of the boys, leading him up to the bank.  
"We'll ride the other'n double."

After helping her on her mule the boys mounted theirs and started down the road. The only light that penetrated the thick darkness was the smoky lantern which the boys carried, so there was nothing for Evelyn to do but let her mule follow them. In one way she was glad, for she imagined she made a pretty-looking spectacle jolting down the road, holding desperately to the saddle with one hand and to her hat with the other. In a few moments they reached a place where the road and the creek became one. For several days there had been a cold spell during which time the creeks had frozen over. But the ice was now thawing, and as they splashed along through the creek bed sometimes the ice would hold the mule but at other times he would unexpectedly break through or slip as he took a step, thus making the ride not only annoying but dangerous.

Evelyn was glad when the barking of dogs and a dim light shining through the darkness told them they had reached their destination. Dismounting from the mule she climbed the rickety steps leading to the kitchen. It was a two-room log cabin papered with leaves from a Sears, Roebuck & Co. catalogue. In the one room was a stove, a table, and a bed, and in the other an old organ, a small stand, two beds, and a few home-made chairs. On the stand sat an old smoky lamp with no chimney, the light from which revealed, on the bed near by, the figure of an old man who, judging from his groaning, was suffering intense pain. One side of his face was swollen so that one eye and the passage of his nose was almost closed. The saliva was running out of his mouth on his filthy clothes, on the bed and even on the floor as he, every now and then, would lean over and spit.

"What seems to be the matter, Uncle Jim?" asked Evelyn, as she approached the bed.

"Oh, I reckon hit's a bad tooth. Hit's been achin' me a sight and now it's took to swellin' and hurtin' till ary muscle in my body hurts and I can't find no peace day nor night," he groaned.

"Well, that's too bad," sympathized Evelyn. "It is an abscessed tooth, I suppose. The only advice I can give you is to be sure to have it pulled as soon as the swelling goes down. At present, hot applications are as good as anything to relieve pain."

"Yes, the woman here has been keepin' a hot rag on my face most of the time. Can I have hit again, Mandy?" he asked, turning to his wife.

"Yeh, here it is," she said, as she leaned over and pulled out of the teakettle, which was sitting by the grate, a filthy rag and proceeded to wring it out. "Hit's as hot as ye kin stand it," she added, reaching the cloth to him.

Evelyn could think of nothing that she might do to help, so she finally offered to read the Bible and pray with him. This he was glad for her to do, and while she was praying the blessing of the Holy Spirit was graciously felt. When she had finished praying the man arose from the bed, and, kneeling down, began to sing and then to pray. He was so touched and inspired that the pain, he declared, left him completely for the time being. After this he rested much better, and, having sung several songs for him, Evelyn thought best that she return home. It was about midnight so, of course, they asked her to stay all night, but the beds did not look very inviting so she declined, thanking them just the same for their kindness.

The boys soon brought the mules, which did not particularly fancy leaving home that time of the night and required considerable coaxing before they were persuaded to start. When they had gone only a few steps Evelyn instinctively reached into her pocket to make sure the key was there. To her utter dismay, it was gone! She felt in her other pocket but there was no key. What should she do? Perhaps she had pulled it out of her pocket with her handkerchief while she was in the house. She must return and make sure at least, so calling the boys she told them her plight. Returning to the house they searched both inside and out, wherever she had been, but all in vain. After another somewhat prolonged argument with her mule, Evelyn started home with the boys, hoping against hope that she had left the key in the door, or at least that she would be able to climb in through a window.



It was another hazardous ride and the thought of the lost key only added to the anxiety and unpleasantness of the trip. They finally reached the mission, and Evelyn hastened to dismount, hoping that the boys, whom she feared to trust, would not linger around while she investigated for a way to enter the house. But their mountain hospitality would not permit them to leave her in that plight without at least asking her where she would stay if she couldn't find the key. She assured them that in that case she would stay with a neighbor, so they left. She waited until they had passed out of sight down the road then started her search, using her flashlight as little as possible lest some one might be passing along the railroad near by, but -- the key was nowhere to be found! Her only hope was in climbing through a window, so she tried one after another of those nearest the ground, but not one of them would budge. Then she remembered that the very day before she had made sure that those windows were locked, thus doing her part to protect herself while staying alone. While trying to think of some other way to get in, it occurred to her that perhaps she had not locked the windows on the lower side of the house because they were so high from the ground. She could try them at least, so finding an old wash boiler on the back porch she carried it around to the window and, turning it upside down, she stepped upon it. To her delight it took but little effort to raise the window -- but could she even then climb in? Yes, she must get in somehow for there was nothing higher on which to stand. Taking a firm hold on the window sill she gave one desperate leap. Her head and shoulders landed on the feather bed just inside the window; then, by pulling and wiggling, she managed little by little to crawl all the way in, although in doing so she got her boots tangled up in the curtains and pulled them down on top of her. But that made no difference for she was safely inside, and she lost no time in securely locking not only that window but all others that remained unlocked. The idea of crawling in through a window at midnight all alone did not create very pleasant sensations. Moreover, she had been suffering for several hours with a severe headache, but, in spite of all this, after committing herself to the Lord's keeping and trusting mm that no dishonest person would find the key, she went to bed and slept soundly until after daylight. She never found the key which she lost but there chanced to be another one in the house that fit the door lock, and she was grateful for that.

A few days after this Evelyn started out to spend the day in visiting. She had heard that Widow Watkins, over on the head of Bean Creek, was in need, so she started in that direction. On the way there was a steep mountain to climb and Evelyn had to lead the horse both in ascending and descending the narrow rocky path. It was a scramble for her as well as the horse, for any minute she feared the latter would step on her heels or slip and fall on top of her.

At last, after she had followed a branch down to the creek and then turned up another branch until she had nearly reached the head of a hollow, the small cabin, to which she had been directed, appeared in sight. The yard was strewn with wood and chips, and the house itself appeared ready to fall. To the one room which was built of logs there had been added another built of rough planks with cracks, one to three inches wide, between them.

In the door stood a care-worn looking mother in filth and rags with about half a dozen dirty-faced and ragged children around her, some peering curiously at Evelyn through the door and others through the cracks.

"This is Miss Roberts from Hermon mission," explained Evelyn, as she approached the door. "Are you Mrs. Watkins?"

"Yes, ma'am, come right in and take ye a cher," she replied, stepping back and motioning for the children to do the same. "This here cher ain't much account but hit's the best I've got," she added wistfully, as she offered her visitor a rickety chair with no bottom in it.

"This is perfectly all right, Mrs. Watkins. But how do you keep from freezing these wintry days in such an open house?" asked Evelyn abruptly, as she carefully balanced herself on the front round of the chair, at the same time looking around in amazement at the utter destitution of the home.

"We did like to freeze to death before we fixed this fireplace here. There ain't no chimbley and all we had was this little cookin' stove to git warm by, so we jest tuk a notion to cut out a square place in the floor an' fill it with rocks and make us a log fire on hit. It's kindly bad on the eyes -- that smoke is -- but hit keeps the younguns from freezing." Then motioning to the children who, with the dog, were vieing with each other for the best place around the fire, she said, "Stand back, all of ye, so Miz' Roberts can git warm."

As they continued their conversation Evelyn observed other details of the room. In the wall just above the fireplace was an opening about three feet square through which most of the smoke was going. Near it was another hole for the pipe of the tiny cook stove that stood in one corner. Just opposite the stove was a table on which were a few half broken dishes and some corn meal. There were only two chairs in the house, the one occupied by Evelyn and the other by the mother who had to lean it against the table to keep it from tipping over. In the adjoining room nothing could be seen but a large pile of corn on the ear and one bed on which were several old coats and rags. Near the head of the bed the wall was slimy with tobacco juice, while the floor was littered with filth of every description.

During the conversation Evelyn learned that the father had died a couple of years before while working in the mines. The mother had done what she could to provide for the children the summer preceding by "working out a crap" as she termed it, but still that had not been sufficient.

Before leaving Evelyn read the fifth chapter of Matthew, explaining it as simply as she could. The woman drank in every bit as eagerly as if she had never heard such wonderful words before. After prayer with the family she left with an invitation for them to come to the mission for the clothing they so much needed.

Not long after this, Mrs. Watkins came one day to the mission with her face all aglow.

"Oh, I want to tell you," she said, "how the Lord saved me t'other night. I went to bed with the younguns but all I could do for hours was roll and toss; I had such a burden on my heart I couldn't sleep nary a wink. D'rectly I got up an' went to the door and looked out jest like a lost sheep and said, 'Lord, what must I do?' and something said, 'Go to your knees!' I did and I prayed for half an hour, it must have been, till peace came an' I knowed my burden of sin was gone. I am so glad you all came and I want you to come again. You're allers welcome at my house."

(Temporary aid was given the family and later, when Faith Orphanage had been established, Miss Wells took three of the children to that home. The following summer the mother and the rest of the children moved to another farm and she became a regular attendant at the mission. In her eagerness to help her neighbors she would give Miss Reed and Miss Roberts no rest until they had set a day for a preaching service to be held at her home. Finally the day for the meeting came. When they reached the little one-room log cabin at the head of the hollow, they were greeted by Mrs. Watkins all dressed in white ready to receive her visitors. Upon entering the house they were astonished beyond measure, for, although there were large cracks between the logs, she had made the walls and ceiling white and clean by papering them with Sunday School papers. The bed was white, the table and stove clean, and the floor spotless. Seats had been made by laying planks across boxes. When the crowd had gathered the service began. Following a simple Gospel message, an invitation was given to those who wished to find the Lord. The Holy Spirit came and melted hearts, while tears of joy were mingled with tears of repentance. As a result of this experience Miss Reed and Evelyn again rejoiced over the transforming power of the Gospel which affects every department of the life.)

February soon came and with it eager preparations for Evelyn's trip to Florida. It seemed too good to be true -- to think that she was leaving the dreary winter to go to her own dear mother's wedding in the land of sunshine and flowers. A ride of two days and nights on the train brought her to Lakeland, Florida, where she received a warm welcome from her mother, sister, and brother-in-law. She began at once to love Mr. Bruce who was soon to become her stepfather. To have a father would be an experience which she had always craved but had never known (since her own father had died when she was only a baby), and she was both proud and happy with the prospect of having a father of such noble character and real worth.

The evening after her arrival there was a lovely home wedding. Evelyn was the bridesmaid and Tom Bruce, the bridegroom's son, was the best man. Everyone present seemed to share in the gladness of the occasion.

The happy days that followed included trips with her parents to Winter Haven, to St. Petersburg, and to Passi Grille, a small island on the Gulf of Mexico. Several days were spent in a camp meeting in Orlando; then Evelyn went to Sanford to spend the Sabbath. In the morning she gave a missionary address and in the evening a Gospel message, which was followed by a gracious altar service. She also spoke twice at Lakeland the next Sunday.

One thing that especially impressed Evelyn was the fact that it was so much easier to speak before an audience of the above type than it was to speak to an audience of mountaineers. She mentioned this to her friends and when asked how she accounted for the difference she gave the following explanation:

"Of course there may be several reasons -- one being that in a mountain congregation there is much restlessness and many frequently going in and out during the service. But aside from the inattentiveness of the average mountaineer, there is also a lack of intelligence. By lack of intelligence I do not mean lack of mentality, for the mountaineer is as capable of becoming intelligent as anyone, but I mean the ordinary intelligence which is the result, not only of school training, but of living in a progressive environment and among intelligent people. The vocabulary

of the ordinary mountaineer is deplorably small because he has seen such a small part of the world. If he does learn anything about the outside world it must be through books studied in school, for he does little or no reading after he quits school, which is often before he has finished the third reader. It is not uncommon to hear one say, when offered a song book in service, 'I can't read, give it to some one else.' Because of this limited intellectual horizon it is necessary in speaking to them to limit one's self to the use of only those words and illustrations which are familiar to their extremely simple life. It has been a source of regret at times that so little of my college education has been directly called into use in the mountain work, although its in direct value has been inestimable. However, when tempted to think that the mountain people ought to be more appreciative of our service to them, I try to remember this lack of understanding of the values of life, for which they are not responsible. Some day when spiritual light and education have done their work more fully they will understand and be thankful."

Evelyn's two-weeks' visit in Florida soon drew to a close, and, strange to say, she was glad, for her "heart was in the Highlands" and she felt a real thrill of joy as she again faced homeward. She found herself singing:

"Oh, those hills, beautiful hills,  
Oh, those old Kentucky hills;  
If o'er land or sea I roam,  
Still I think of happy home,  
And the friends among the old Kentucky hills."

Miss Reed had been alone during her absence and, of course, was glad for her return. Now it was Evelyn's turn to stay alone while Miss Reed made a tour in the interest of the work in a northern state. Four long weeks went by before her return, but they were not lonely weeks for the Comforter was ever present to comfort and cheer. Then came the glorious spring time with its sunshine and flowers.

All was not sunshine, however, even in those days; many were the times that Miss Reed and Evelyn wept together over the hardness of heart and unbelief of the people they loved and for whom they were giving their lives. Even the missionary board felt that the results did not justify the effort that was being put forth and they were inclined to drop the work, but the missionaries settled it in their hearts to "stand by" even if all financial help should be withheld. They dared not pack their trunks without Divine commission, although, from a human standpoint, it might appear that their time was being wasted on a few worthless, unappreciative people. Yet at times they wondered, like Isaiah, "Lord, how long? And he answered, Until the cities be wasted without inhabitant, and the houses without man, and the land be utterly desolate. And the Lord have removed man far away, and there be a great forsaking in the midst of the land." They believed that if they were faithful they would some day witness the fulfillment of the promise, "And in this mountain shall the Lord of hosts make unto all people a feast of fat things, a feast of wine on the lees, of fat things full of marrow, of wine on the lees well refined. And it shall be said in that day, Lo, this is our God; we have waited for him, and he will save us: this is the Lord; we have waited for him, we will be glad and rejoice in his salvation. For in this mountain shall the hand of the Lord rest."

In the month of June seven workers came from a Bible School to spend the summer in the mountains. Two were placed at Gun Creek, two at Rocky Cave (which had been recently left by Miss Wells and Miss Brown, who were establishing an orphanage on Berry Creek) and three at Hermon.

On the fifth of July several of the workers took the afternoon train to Natural Bridge for an outing. They had heard much about this famous resort and, supposing there would be accommodations for travelers, they went with the intention of staying all night in a hotel or inn. When they stepped off the train there was not a soul in sight except the gardener who cared for the grounds. On inquiring from him concerning a place to stay they were informed that there was no provision made for visitors remaining overnight, and the next train out of there would be at nine-thirty that evening. It would not have been so serious had that train gone through Hermon, but instead it could take them only to the nearest town, which was about twenty-five miles from Hermon.

Determined not to let this distressing circumstance spoil their outing, they started the ascent of the mountain at whose summit they had been told was the natural bridge. About half way up they stopped to eat their lunch and then continued the climb until they reached the bridge. It was a beautiful sight. A bridge of natural rock extended in the form of an arch from one mountain peak to another. Following a narrow path they reached the top where they could view the country for miles around. Honeysuckle and shrubbery of every description grew in profusion around the bridge and even on top of it where soil could be found.

The party had almost decided to stay up on the mountain top all night (half of them acting as guard part of the time and the other half the remainder of the time,) when suddenly they heard thunder in the distance. Looking at the sky they discovered that a storm was fast gathering and they knew they would be doing well if they reached shelter at the foot of the mountain before the storm broke. It was as they thought, for no sooner had they reached the large open dancing pavilion than the rain came down in torrents.

Night was also fast approaching and, as darkness settled down over the hills, the intense stillness could almost be felt. Forming a circle in the center of the pavilion, they knelt in prayer and committed them selves to the Lord's keeping, and then spent the time singing with autoharp accompaniment.

At last a rumbling in the near-by tunnel told them the train was coming. The gardener had told them that it would not stop without being flagged and perhaps not then, so Evelyn was appointed for this task. She was given a large lunch cloth and told to stand in the middle of the track and wave it until the whistle blew. Everyone was on a tension lest the train should not stop, and even self-composed Evelyn was all a-tremble. Their fears were soon allayed when the whistle blew and the train gradually came to a standstill. Upon boarding the train they told the conductor their plight and he advised them to wait at the next town for the early morning train which left there at one o'clock. This train did not ordinarily stop at Hermon, but he promised to send a special dispatch and get permission from headquarters to let them off.

In about an hour they reached the station where they were to change trains. After buying their tickets, they proceeded to make themselves as comfortable as possible for their long wait. There was no one else in the station so several of them lay down on the seats for a nap. Everything was quiet for a time, then suddenly they were startled by voices and the sound of footsteps swiftly approaching the building. A young man opened the door and walked in. Looking around the room with astonishment, he simply exclaimed, "Well," and with a hearty laugh whirled on his heel, and walked out again. By this time a large crowd of young people, who were evidently on their way home from a dance, swarmed about the station. Some gazed curiously in at the windows while others laughed with unconcealed merriment. Just then one of the workers began to sing a Gospel song. This seemed to explain to the crowd the unusual circumstance of seeing a group of young women in that station at such an hour of the night, and when she had finished the song they shouted in chorus, "Sing again."

Thinking this might be an opportunity to "sow beside all waters," Miss Reed suggested that Evelyn get her autoharp and all join in a song. This they did, while the eager crowd outside listened with interest. As they continued singing some of the crowd even ventured to come inside and sit down. Following the song several of the workers gave their testimonies and short exhortations. Finally a man who was partially intoxicated asked permission to speak. He wanted to take up an offering for them but they declined, thanking him just the same.

After they had sung several more songs the train came, and they went on their way rejoicing that they had had such an unusual opportunity to witness for Christ and to prove again that "all things work together for good to them that love the Lord."

\* \* \* \* \*

## Chapter 6 A RAY OF HOPE

There had been no school at Hermon mission the preceding year, mainly because of the spirit of ingratitude that had been manifested by the parents during the year that Mrs. Gregory taught. However, after sending their children to the county schools for one year, the people could see more clearly the value of the mission school, so they began early in the spring to beg Miss Reed to open the school again.

Although Evelyn never felt especially called to devote all her time to school teaching, in this case the need was so urgent that she accepted the need as a sufficient call. The fact was, there was no one else to teach the school that year (since the missionary board was unable to support another worker), and she finally consented to do it although she felt her inability most keenly. A favorite quotation of hers was, "God will not send thee into a forest to fell a tree with a penknife. If He gives thee a task thou never didst, He'll give thee grace thou never hadst," and she believed it with all her heart. The following letter, written about a month before school started, reverts something of the responsibility she felt in undertaking the school.

June 14, 1926.

Dear Mother:

Just think -- four weeks from today my opportunities, as well as anxieties, begin -- seven months of school. Fifty have already enrolled; that number was set as the maximum -- it should have been twenty-five. But I shall make the best of it with God's help.

I wish you could see how well some of our young people are doing -- the boys especially. Their testimonies are an inspiration. But there are some who have rejected so much light. My heart aches for them. Still they come to church regularly and listen attentively. Surely the seed that is sown will some day bring forth fruit and harvest will be gathered -- if not by us, by some one else. I suppose we all naturally prefer the gathering, for the "songs of the reaper" appeal to us more than the "tears of the sower," but both have their place, and doubtless sowing affords great opportunities. May we never lose a single one, for we read, "In the morning sow thy seed and in the evening withhold not thy hand for thou knowest not which may prosper, either this or that," and again, "Be not weary in well doing for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not."

We had a good service yesterday. Miss Reed preached with much liberty, and the Lord blessed my soul, It is really amusing sometimes how Satan works his devices. He tempts her because the Lord especially blesses me in prayer, and he tempts me because she can preach so much better than I. How true it is that we are members one of another, each having our own function to perform, working together in perfect unity "until we come in the unity of the faith to the measure of the fullness of the stature of Christ." Amen!

I know I have your prayers.

Affectionately yours,  
Evelyn.

A couple of weeks later she wrote the following letter:

"Do all things without murmuring and disputings." Amen!

Dear Mother:

My Bible opened to the above verse, It is a good one, isn't it? One we all need to keep in mind. I do thank the Lord this beautiful morning that there is no murmuring or questioning in my heart. I am so happy and contented to be in God's will. It used to worry me a good bit that I couldn't do some things that others could do so well. But I have learned to some extent what it means to be content with such natural ability as I have, and to strive rather to improve on that than to question why I do not have more. You see a person with much natural ability can be lazy and still get along quite well. Not so with a less talented person. And do you know that mental laziness is the most despicable thing in the world? I have to fight it so hard! The fact is I'd rather do a hard day's work than to really think. Reading isn't thinking necessarily, It is only following another person's thinking, And it is so easy to fall into the habit of enjoying good reading and drinking it in as a sponge drinks water, never to give it out or let anyone else get the benefit of it unless they squeeze it out of us by questioning or some other artificial method. That worked as long as I was in

school and had a teacher to draw the hidden treasures out: but it is quite a different thing to rearrange and organize old and new ideas and give them to others in a way which will leave an abiding impression on their hearts and minds. To do this there must be neither mental nor spiritual laziness. May the Lord save me from both!

Our young people's meetings are especially encouraging. I have written you before about Jimmie, our little thirteen-year-old boy. Well, it was only a week ago that he testified to being sanctified one night before he went to bed and he told how happy he was. Of course, we rejoiced with him, but God had more than that for Jimmie. This last Saturday he gave another bright testimony, closing with the words, "The other day I was going up to the cornfield and the Lord said to me, 'Son, will you feed my sheep?' I told Him I would; and I will if it takes my life." And the big tears filled his eyes. Needless to say my heart was thrilled, for I had felt especially led to pray that God would lay His hand on him for special service. Pray for him! The years of temptation lie before him; but God is able to take him through and make him a man after His own heart.

Remember us at the throne of grace.

Lovingly,  
Evelyn.

When the twelfth of July came, forty-five barefooted, eager-faced children gathered bright and early at the little mission hall. From the first Evelyn loved every one of them with that tender compassion which the love of Christ alone makes possible, and she was determined to give them her best even though she knew that they were unable as yet to appreciate it, for love asks no returns. Several in the school had been her pupils three years before, when she first came to the mountains to teach, but there were others who had just recently come to the community. Whether new or old, however, each pupil had a place in her heart, and she felt that even her best fell far short of what she longed to give them. There were plenty of anxieties and problems even the first week, but she had an ever present Friend to help her solve them, as may be seen in the letter she wrote to her mother at that time.

Dear Mother o'mine:

How I love Jesus tonight! What ever in this world could I do without Him? I know one thing I'd do. I'd pack my trunk tonight and take the morning train out of here, But as long as He stands by me I shall not run away. Bless His dear name!

Somehow at the close of a strenuous day, Jesus just takes me up into His loving arms and breathes into my soul such an unspeakable calm and peace that every nerve of my body is rested in a moment. Let the psychologists try to explain what takes place if they will! One thing is sure -- God works a miracle in my mind and body and "bathes my soul in seas of heavenly rest," besides. I have been thinking of that song I love so well, and which is my own experience:

"They tell me the way is threatened with clouds and many a storm,  
But I hide in the Rock of Ages, until all without is calm;  
If my cup is sometimes bitter, 'tis because He knows it's best;



He but lets my feet grow weary, that I may have sweeter rest."

So don't pity me too much, mother, but do pray! God bless you! As ever,

Your baby girl,  
Evelyn.

As time went on her problems and perplexities increased, but by living only one day at a time she overcame discouragement and kept the "joy bells ringing in her heart." In the following letter she tells something of the battles she fought during those first weeks of school.

"Thou therefore, my son, endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." What a privilege!

Dear Mother:

Is it possible that already three weeks of school have passed? Yes, and next week will come exams! But I am not worrying about that. I need live only one day at a time, and the Lord has promised, "As thy day, so shall thy strength be."

This past week has been one long, hard-fought battle against discouragement, but by the help of the Lord I am still on top. It has been a season of "manifold temptation." In other words, every time I would go to the Lord in prayer He would lift the burden and give me in its place "joy unspeakable and full of glory"; but as the time came again to face squarely the problems of the school, conscious as I am of my inability, the temptation seemed to return with double force in the form of a suggestion, "Oh, what a relief it would be just to leave everything and go." Immediately I would reject the thought and from my heart would come a glad "Amen" to all God's will. But no sooner had this victory been won than the same temptation would return again. Yet through it all the Lord has kept ever before me this verse, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily and follow me."

And, oh, it is so true that around the cross is glory! I don't feel a bit like shrinking from it, I only want to bear it more worthily, without a trace of complaint in my heart or on my lips, As the Bible says, "Let every man bear his own burden." That is, don't pile your burdens on other folks, but patiently and sweetly bear them, although no one knows or understands but Jesus. In other words, don't pity yourself and go to other folks for consolation. We are so human that we sometimes think we must have human comfort, sympathy, and support. We long for some one to understand, but God wants to teach us all to lean on Him alone. Every other support will fail just when we need it most.

I am thankful for the seasons on the Mount of Transfiguration, but from there I must invariably descend into the valley of my own shortcomings. It seems I can never escape them. I have no fault to find with God's grace, for I have always found it abundant and satisfying, and how I do thank Him for it! After all, I can only do my best, and He never censures me for that -- only thoughtless people do, or more often I myself.

Here are some good things I recently gleaned from the Sunday School Worker that have helped me:--

"It isn't what you start that counts, it's what you finish."

"Suffering is the price one pays for power to benefit the world."

"A great deal of talent is lost to the world for want of a little bit of courage."

"If you are not too large for your place you are too small for it."

"A man with push will get there, but it takes a man with character to stay there."

Something worth thinking about, isn't it? I trust I haven't wearied you with my long epistle. Goodnight. Sweet dreams.

Lovingly,  
Evelyn.

About two weeks after school opened, a revival meeting began, Miss Reed acting as evangelist. All the workers from the other stations gathered in to assist in this meeting, and God's special blessing rested on each service from the beginning. Some nights, when the Holy Spirit so led, there was no preaching but the time was spent in prayer or praise. Although large numbers did not seek God, there was rejoicing over the "hand-picked fruit" that was gathered from night to night.

The influence of the revival was felt especially in the school. One fifteen-year-old boy, who had been a real problem in discipline, came to the altar one night and prayed and confessed with great earnestness until peace came to his heart. His life in the school afterwards proved the truth of his testimony, for just as he had been a ringleader in mischief before, he now became a leader for the benefit of the school. During noons and recesses, with his Bible under one arm and some song books under the other, he gathered the children together and took them to a near-by woods for a little service, which usually included song, prayer and testimony.

Special meetings were held in the school for the sake of those who could not attend at night, and in this way even the youngest were reached. In one meeting a little six-year-old girl was under such conviction that when the service was dismissed she ran home to her mother, sobbing as though her heart would break. When asked what was the matter she said, "Mamie, what would you do when your two hearts are a-beatin' so hard they like to bust?" She then went on to tell how much she wanted to go to the altar but was afraid, However, a few days after that another invitation was given the children to seek the Lord and she was the first to respond.

Doubtless the most outstanding conversion in the whole revival was that of Virginia Graham, an unusually sweet and intelligent girl who was then in the seventh grade. Her beautiful golden-brown hair fell in waves about a lovely face made attractive by sparkling brown eyes and a bewitching smile. Evelyn often wondered why she was not a Christian, for in spite of her bright,

sunny disposition she seemed so thoughtful and earnest at all times; and when an invitation was given for those who wished to surrender their lives to the Lord to come forward, the tears would invariably fill her wistful, longing eyes even though she tried hard to blink them back.

After school had been dismissed one day, she came to Evelyn with a note for Miss Reed. It read as follows:

Dear Miss Reed:

I can't tell you how much I wanted to be saved in the meeting this afternoon, but I felt I should make a confession to you first. You remember the time you were at our house last winter when you asked me if I knew anything about that barrel of clothing that was stolen from you. I told you I didn't. But I lied because I was afraid of mother. I hope you'll forgive me. I do want to be a Christian and every time I think about the Lord I can't keep from crying. I have been praying every night for over a year that He would give me a Christian home and I believe He will. Do pray for me.

Virginia.

The following day Evelyn gave her permission at noon to go over to the mission home to talk with Miss Reed if she wished. School had begun before she returned, but Evelyn asked her no questions for she could tell by the new light in her eyes and the shine on her face that something unusual had happened. As soon as school was dismissed that afternoon, Virginia slipped quietly up to Evelyn's desk and with beaming face said softly, "O Miss Roberts, I must tell you that Jesus saved me this noon. I'm so happy." "I am too, Virginia," replied Evelyn. "I knew something must have happened while you were gone. God bless you!" And tears of joy filled her eyes as she thought of the hidden possibilities which lay in that one precious life. How she hoped and prayed that this soul might be given the necessary grace to face the persecution which she was certain to meet at home, where both poverty and sin had done their worst!

After the revival closed the spirit of revival still continued in their daily chapel services, which were times of spiritual refreshing to those who knew the Lord. Virginia, especially, grew in grace rapidly and her earnest prayers and inspiring testimonies were a blessing to all, for every one knew something of what she was suffering for Christ's sake, although she said but little about it.

The first part of September Evelyn was again left alone. The summer workers from Cincinnati had returned to Bible School and Miss Reed was attending a conference in Tennessee. At such times she always found comfort in writing to her mother. Here is one of her letters.

"For I the Lord, thy God, will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not, I will help thee."

Dear Mother:

Well, praise the Lord! My soul doth magnify the Lord tonight. Bless His holy name! "Let us exalt His name together."

The utter loneliness of this place when Miss Reed is away would be unbearable were it not for the comforting and cheering presence of the Holy Spirit who abides within. We have blessed fellowship together and real heart-to-heart talks, He is "a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." He knows every secret longing of my heart and assures me that I need not be afraid of the future as long as He "holds my right hand."

What though the path should lead into the valley of shadows, of fiery trials, of misunderstanding, or of great self-denial? If He is there I have all -- without Him I have nothing, though I should be surrounded by all that heart could wish, naturally speaking. Of course, like any other girl I should like to have a home of my own. Nevertheless, not my will but Thine be done" is my daily prayer. "I'm happy with Jesus alone," and I am letting Him take the lead in my life. I sometimes wonder whither He will lead, but I ask no questions; one step is enough for me.

I am more and more convinced that contentment and happiness are not found outside of us. They are found within if found at all. How much it means to obey the injunction, "Be content with such things as ye have," or "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," and not to imagine vainly that some other task would be more pleasant, or that tomorrow will be better than today! How necessary it is to walk by faith, not worrying about the past or fearing the future -- living each day and each moment with one concern -- am I pleasing Him right now? Am I what He would have me be right now? Am I taking up my cross from a sense of duty or because I love it? Am I letting all things work together for my good and thereby reflecting His image more perfectly as the days go by? Truly the "spirit is willing but the flesh is weak," but He says, "My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness." Amen.' "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

I am sure you are proving this promise daily, as you always have in the past. May God bless you! Some day the battles will be over. May we never lay down the armor until He says, "Well done."

Your loving daughter,  
Evelyn.

Miss Reed soon returned. Then began busy preparations for the coming of the two new workers who were to be in charge of the Rocky Cave and Gun Creek missions during the coming winter. One of them, Rozella Keith, a rather short and robust blonde of twenty-three, had spent the summer at Hermon (being one of the Bible School workers previously mentioned). She had left for a couple of weeks with the understanding that she should bring back with her another young woman who was to assist her in the care of the two missions, On the day set for their arrival Evelyn met them at the train.

"Hello there, Evelyn," said Rozella, "I'm simply delighted to be back in the hills again. How are you all anyway?"

"Just fine! And we're glad to see you, too," replied Evelyn. Then turning to the other girl she said pleasantly, "I suppose this is Miss DeWitt of whom I have heard Rozella speak so often. I'll not wait for an introduction, for I feel I already know you."

"Yes, June DeWitt is my name-call me June. I like that better than Miss DeWitt."

"All right, and you call me Evelyn, Now that we're all acquainted, let's be on our way. Jimmie here will take your trunk and baggage on the sled, and we'll walk." Then together they started up the track, as happy and gleeful as three children.

June was a trim little figure, and her lovely chestnut brown hair, dark gray eyes, and flashing smile, all combined to make her unusually attractive. Evelyn admired her from the first, but little did she dream that day what her coming would mean to the future of Hermon.

Next morning Rozella and June rode with their trunks in a lumber wagon to Gun Creek mission where they were soon settled and ready for the winter's work.

It was about this time that Evelyn received word from her parents that, having spent the summer in Pennsylvania, they were now returning to Florida for the winter, On their way they planned to stop for a short visit at Hermon.

School was dismissed a little early on the day of their expected arrival, and at three-thirty Evelyn and her entire school were at the station to greet them. The children seemed no less eager to see them than she and, although they were a little shy, their glowing faces told her parents they were welcome.

From the first, both Mr. and Mrs. Bruce felt at home. Indeed, they had been at Hermon only a few hours when they felt something tugging at their heartstrings. They began now to understand more fully what it was that had kept Evelyn and Miss Reed there from month to month and year to year. It was the lure of the hills -- the lure of Divine love yearning for the lost sheep among those hills. It was the call of God upon their hearts.

But could they, who were advanced in years, be expected to sacrifice the comforts of their lovely Florida home in order to serve where even their health would be in danger from cold and exposure? That would be folly, reason argued. However, during family worship the next morning the question was settled. They would stay. "Why," said Mrs. Bruce, "it's just as near to Heaven from Hermon as it is from Florida -- if anything, it is a little nearer, I believe." And as she spoke her face shone with a glory that made one feel that she was already reflecting a bit of Heaven's radiance.

It was not long before she had won a large place in the affections of the mountain people, for besides acting as mission housekeeper she also did much personal work in the community. Thus she came to be known by all as Mother Bruce, a well deserved title, for she was a real spiritual mother to many.

She loved to tell how, at the age of fourteen, she was converted in her father's barn in Sweden; and then how, four years later, by the providence of God, she came to America where she was married and became the mother of four children before she came in contact with the people who taught and lived the "way of Holiness." "As soon as I heard of them," she said, "I knew they were my people, for they preached the way of the cross, just as the Spirit revealed it to my ignorant heart that day in father's barn."

Mr. Bruce, a typical Scotchman, was no less loved and respected than she, and it seemed only natural to call him Father Bruce. Everybody liked to hear him play his violin and sing (with marked Scotch accent) the old favorite hymns, such as "There Is a Spot to Me More Dear," and the like.

They soon found that there was plenty of work to be done at the mission for it was only a few days after their arrival that Miss Reed left for a tour, to be made in the interest of the mission work, leaving Mother Bruce to keep house and Father to act as pastor during her absence.

The messages he gave from time to time were appreciated by the roughest of the mountaineers. The homely simplicity and directness of his words appealed to their hearts, and they never failed to listen with interest to his personal experience.

When just a young man he was converted while at work in a coal mine in Scotland. "I scarcely ever darkened a church door," he said. "One day I chanced to hear a Gospel sermon that brought conviction to my heart and for three months I carried a mourner's bench around my neck. At that time I had never heard of people's being happy over their religion, so when the witness of the Spirit came to my heart that day I wondered what was the matter with me for I felt so good that I wanted to shout. I did say to the man I worked with, 'Bob, I wish I could tell the whole world how good I feel just now!' And, try as I would, I could not be solemn or serious about my new-found religion, For a while I worked with the Salvation Army and then I came with my family to this country. After living in Pennsylvania for a number of years we moved to Florida, where my first wife died, leaving me with a grown family of eight. The Lord has been good to me all along. Now He has given me another good wife and we're happy in the service of the Lord or we wouldn't be here with you mountain people. We love you all and want to be a blessing to you. Amen!"

For some time Miss Reed had had a regular monthly appointment at a place called Athorn, about five miles from Hermon. That this appointment might be filled in her absence, Evelyn made arrangements for all the workers to go -- Father and Mother Bruce, Rozella, June, and herself.

The little log schoolhouse was already packed when they reached there, and the presence of the Spirit could be felt from the beginning, While the message was being delivered by Father Bruce, conviction settled down on the listeners, and as soon as the invitation was given to those who wanted to be saved, five fell at the altar and began crying for mercy and forgiveness. Three of them were sisters and it was a beautiful sight to see them with shining faces rise to their feet one by one and tell how Christ had saved them.

Apparently the most earnest of all the seekers was a young man by the name of Jack Riffle, who ordinarily stammered so badly that it was painful to try to listen to him. Now, however, he seemed to have no difficulty in finding words to express himself, as with tear-stained face and outstretched hands he pleaded with God for deliverance from sin. Nor did words fail him a few moments later when, rising to his feet, he faced the congregation and told them what God had done for him.

This was the first fruit resulting from the seed sown by Miss Reed during the previous months. As Jesus said, "Herein is this saying true, One soweth and another reapeth." "Other men labored and ye are entered into their labors -- that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together." So, when Miss Reed returned, that saying was fulfilled in a very literal sense, and in her heart she not only hoped but believed that this victory at Athorn was merely the beginning of much greater victories. Her faith was to be rewarded, but not until it had been tried by two more years of apparently fruitless effort.

Thanksgiving Day soon came and before ten o'clock in the morning the mission hall was filled to capacity by mountaineers who had come from far and near to thank the Lord for His manifold blessings. No one could doubt that they were "keeping Thanksgiving," in a far truer sense than their fellow countrymen, who too often think only of stuffing themselves with turkey, cranberries, and pumpkin pie on that day. Indeed, some of them not only gave their means to the needy but they did as David who said, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me? I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord." And before the service was dismissed there was rejoicing in Heaven over two prodigals who had returned.

Ever since Rozella and June had been at Gun Creek mission, Evelyn had made occasional trips there on weekends to help them in any way she could. After Sunday School at Gun Creek on Sunday morning, they would eat a hasty lunch and then go on to Rocky Cave, about four miles away, for the Sunday School there in the afternoon. In the preaching service that followed the Sunday School, Evelyn frequently gave the message and then returned to Hermon in order to be ready to teach the next morning.

Sometimes darkness would overtake her before she reached home, but no harm ever befell her, although as the rainy season came on the traveling was often dangerous. Not only were there raging torrents to ford, both crosswise and "endwise," but there was the constant danger of landslides or "slips" as the mountaineer calls them.

One rainy Sunday in December Evelyn made the trip to Rocky Cave all alone. As the mission horse was in use it was necessary to borrow a neighbor's mule. When the owner brought him that morning, Evelyn noticed that he hitched him to a post in front of the mission, taking special care to keep his eye always on him until she was ready to start, but she thought nothing of it at the time. He had said that the mule was safe and she had taken his word for it and started out. She had gone a little over a mile when she came to a place where the road led around a steep, almost perpendicular mountain side. The road was narrow and sloping at its best, but now it was blocked with a landslide of mud and mire to a depth of three or four feet. Evelyn knew the fate that might be hers if the mule got his feet tangled in that deep mud and threw her over the embankment, and she wondered what she should do. She could not bear the thought of disappointing the few children

who might be at Sunday School, so she determined to let the mule choose his own way, which happened to be a narrow path about a foot wide, that ran along the very edge of the precipice. She held her breath and prayed as he confidently took her where a single misstep might have been fatal for both of them, and in another moment they were safe on the other side.

It was an interesting ride for the next three miles. Indeed, Evelyn did not have much opportunity to meditate on the Sunday School lesson, or prepare sermon outlines, as she sometimes did, for it kept her busy guiding the mule through the swirling waters, around partially submerged boulders, miry places, fallen trees and branches. Finally she came to a hill where the ascending road passed through a gap. About halfway up this hill the way was blocked by another landslide, consisting of nearly a solid acre of land covered with trees and bushes of all kinds. However, there was no way around this, as in the other case, for the road was in a deep gully which was now filled almost to the top with mud. Evelyn did not know whether or not the mule could ever find footing in that mass of miry clay, but she could not think of turning back now so she gave him the rein, at the same time clinging tenaciously to the saddle lest she might slide off backwards, as he plowed his way through the soft, sticky mud until he reached the head of the gap. It was a desperate struggle, but the mule made it and in a short time they arrived at Rocky Cave, where a number of eager children awaited the missionaries. They, too, had waded creeks and mud to get there and Evelyn was glad she had not disappointed them.

They were just getting interested in the lesson when, looking out of the window, Evelyn saw her mule rearing up on his hind feet and tugging with all his might at the rein which was tied to a post near the church. Then she understood why the owner had watched him so closely that morning before she started. Seeing her anxiety, Uncle Boone, a kindhearted mountaineer, slipped out of the church and watched the mule until the service was dismissed, lest he should pull the post or break the rein and go home.

When she was ready to start he helped her on the mule with the gentle admonition that she had better be pretty careful how she handled him.

"I tell you," he said, "that thar mule is like as not to kill you afore you git home tonight. A narrowyed mule like this'n never did have no sense. You can't never trust 'em."

Evelyn thanked him for his kindness and rode on, hoping and praying that she would be able to get through both slips before night fell. When she came to the first one she realized that there was even greater danger in descending the hill through the landslide than there had been in ascending; in case the mule should fail to keep his footing, she could almost see herself sailing through the air over his head, or perhaps wallowing in the mud with him. However, neither of these mental visions materialized, for they were soon past danger and making good time homeward. It was about dusk when they passed the last slip, but all went well, and before long Evelyn, wet and cold, was welcomed to a cheery fireside and a warm supper at the mission home.

School was dismissed a week before Christmas in order that Evelyn might help Rozella and June in their Sunday School programs, especially the part that had to do with the preparation and giving of the gifts. It was no easy task to decide on what gifts would be most appropriate for



each of two hundred people, or thereabout; and they worked until after midnight at both Rocky Cave and Gun Creek before they were ready for the programs the next day.

All three girls returned to Hermon for the program there on Christmas morning. Following the distribution of gifts, the entire mission family went to the mountain home where it had been customary for years for the missionaries to eat their Christmas dinner, When the meal was over they enjoyed the usual social hour followed by worship in song and prayer. The Holy Spirit came in convicting and melting power, and before they left, Roger, one of the lads of the home, had found room in his heart for the Christ-child.

When school opened again after New Year's Day, Roger was in his place as usual. However, that something very unusual had taken place in Roger's life no one could doubt, and his absolute sincerity soon won for him the respect and admiration of every pupil. By tactfully speaking the right word at the right time he settled many a trivial quarrel among his schoolmates, thus solving more than one problem for Evelyn, who felt from day to day that her nerves were fast approaching the snapping point.

There was, nevertheless, a boy and a girl in his own class (the seventh grade) who were sworn enemies, and every effort to make them friends appeared fruitless. The boy, Tim, was an exceptionally bright pupil, but he had a mania for stirring up trouble. Maxine, on the other hand, was very peaceable if left alone, but when her temper was aroused, woe be to the object of her ire! Neither sex nor size made any difference to her then, for she would see to it that justice was meted out even if tongue lashing and physical force were required to do it.

That Maxine Noble was no ordinary girl could be seen at a single glance. Her long, dark, flowing hair and searching, dark eyes could not fail to instantly arrest one's attention. Although her physical features attracted one's attention it was her real personality that held it, for those who knew her found her a most interesting study. Doubtless the psychologists would classify her as an extrovert, for she lost no time in putting her thoughts into either words or actions, or sometimes both. If she made up her mind to do a certain thing, nothing could stand in her way; while, on the other hand, if she made up her mind not to do a certain thing, nothing could make her do it. However, a warm, sympathetic heart tempered and controlled, to a great extent, this indomitable will; and one could not help loving her, for she was always thoughtful and considerate of others. Evelyn and she were at once mutually attracted to each other, and, in spite of the problem that the latter sometimes presented in discipline, her teacher saw in her great potentialities which, if rightly directed, would bring things to pass in the kingdom of God.

There being only seven months of school that year, the closing day came the last of January. Besides helping Miss Reed in her pastoral work at Hermon, Evelyn continued to make regular trips to Gun Creek mission. One night as the three girls were comfortably seated around the fireplace for a social hour, Evelyn suggested that June tell something of her life and call to the mountains.

"All right," said June, "I rather enjoy a little reminiscence now and then. We cannot look ahead and see what God has planned for our lives, but it is wonderful to look back and trace His hand which has unconsciously guided us down through the years.

"My first acquaintance with mountain missionary work came through our Children's Mission Band in the church of my childhood. Once a year we would have a public missionary program when an offering would be taken for missions. One year we especially emphasized mountain work. There was an exercise which featured a mountain cabin, the home of Hon Hepsy, a little girl who wanted a chance to go to school. The missionary came to visit her and plans were laid for her schooling. Well, I was chosen to be Hon Hepsy. I can never tell you what an impression this made on my life. Many times as I put myself in the place of that little mountain girl who had no chance, I would say to myself, "Wouldn't it be nice if, when I grow up, I could some day teach in a mountain school?"

"But these fond hopes were soon dashed to the ground, for I was the ninth child of a family of fourteen, with no hopes of anything beyond an elementary education.

"However, the hand of the Lord was upon me and I was soon led to give my life to Him. At the age of seventeen, while attending a camp meeting, I was clearly converted and I soon learned to "commit my way unto the Lord."

"It was not until I was teaching school my second year that there awakened within me that urge to enter definitely into Christian service. I longed to attend a school where I might devote my whole time to Bible study, but I knew not which way to turn. I thought some of attending the Moody Bible Institute but, because of lack of finances, I had to give it up.

"At the time my school closed a revival was in progress in the little church near by. I had prayed something like this, 'O Lord, if it is Thy will that I should go out into active Christian service, please open the way during this revival.' You have heard of people being surprised when their prayers were answered. Well, I must admit I was really surprised when the evangelist asked me to take charge of the children's meetings in a camp meeting he was going to hold near there in July. I just couldn't say, 'No,' although I felt the need of being taught myself.

"Then the way opened, and by following the leadings of the Lord I found myself in a Cincinnati Bible School preparing for service. While there I realized the truth of the verse, 'Where there is no vision, the people perish.' My vision became enlarged until I could see harvest fields all over the world. I longed so much to be of use somewhere."

"But," interrupted Evelyn, "what was it that first aroused your interest in the mountain work?"

"That question is easily answered. It was during my second year there that I had for my roommate a girl by the name of Golden Lucas. One day I asked her, "Golden, where is your home?"

"In B-- County, Kentucky," was her answer.

"B--?" I said, for the name impressed me as rather peculiar.

"Yes, Bloody B--. Didn't you never hear of that place? Hit's in the mountains.'

"If I ever did, I don't remember it;" I said, "but why do they call it Bloody B--?"

"Oh, reckon it's 'cause there's always so much shootin' and fightin' goin' on. You see," she continued, "we live near a mission at Hermon and it was through the mission school that I had a chance to come here. They change the teachers but Miss Reed stays there all the time and we all just love her."

"As we became better acquainted she frequently mentioned Miss Reed; so of course I rejoiced with her when the news came one day that Miss Reed was to pay her a short visit. In one of the classes she gave a talk on certain phases of mountain life, and from that time I felt a special interest in this work.

"As you know the following spring arrangements were made for several workers to come to the mountains for the summer, and I was to be one of them; but plans changed and I became a book agent in the hope of making money to attend college in the fall. While I was at my home in Pennsylvania, selling books, I frequently heard from Rozella who finally told me that if I'd come to the mountains for the winter we could live in a little mission home by ourselves, and she would be pastor and I teacher. I felt that this was God's will for me; so instead of using my earnings for college I used them for car fare to the mountains. Nor have I regretted it a minute since I have been here; for it has been a real joy to bear the message of salvation to these secluded mountain cabins, even though we have to wade mud and water and tramp many a weary mile to do it. Of course I haven't had a chance to do any teaching yet, but I'm planning to start teaching at Rocky Cave next week since the county school is closed."

"That's fine," exclaimed Evelyn. "A wonderful opportunity. I just know you'd make an ideal 'school marm.' And you've had experience too. But, changing the subject, let's hear some of your experience since you've been here. Rozella, I think it's your turn."

"Oh, dear, where shall I begin? I know!" she said with sudden inspiration. "It's a real joke on you and Miss Reed."

"What is it?" asked Evelyn expectantly.

"One time when Miss Reed was away we were out calling and we stopped to see Mrs. Johnson, in the course of the conversation she made the remark, 'Miss Reed's gone home to see her man, hain't she?'

"No," we said, 'Miss Reed went home to see her folks, but she hasn't any man. She isn't married.'

"Oh, yes, I know she says she ain't married, but she is, hain't she?" And although we assured her that she was a Miss, not a Mrs., she had the audacity to say, 'Well, Miss Roberts, she has a man, too, hain't she?' We told her otherwise but I doubt if she was convinced."

"Indeed that is a joke," laughed Evelyn. "No wonder they call us 'quare women.' Any woman who doesn't have a man must be 'quare' to them, for they can't conceive of anyone choosing not to marry. You know Miss Reed and Miss Weston have both had several suitors, and, strange enough, I haven't escaped entirely. I once received a letter from a Baptist preacher after a business call which he made at our home. Although it was not Christmas time the letter was written on a Christmas card, and read something like this:

I am sending you this card Because I Love your Presence But I wont you to for give me for the way I Express myself and feelings to you wont you to ancer this card I Do Believe if could Be in your Presence all ways I could Be grater for the Lord the hour that spent thair with you made me Happy and I just wondering if I could Be Permitted to come and Be with some Day, God Bless the work you are Doing I no that he will I am praying to that End I will never for get the Prayer in the house that we had. Excuse my Bad writing and ancer soon

(name)  
Delco Light Dealer

"You can about guess how I answered the letter, poor man!" she added, sympathetically, although she could not help seeing the funny side as did the other girls.

"What do they think we are?" asked Rozella indignantly.

"Well, I don't know, but you mustn't judge them too severely. You see, with their lack of education and enlightenment they do not understand. Some are just beginning to understand our real motives in coming here, so you will not be so apt to be sought after by these aspiring mountaineers as you might have been a few years ago.

"The ideals of love and marriage are extremely low in the mountains. Of course there are exceptions, but I mean in general. Girls frequently marry in their teens and sometimes before. The girl's husband may also be young with no means to provide for himself, to say nothing of providing for a wife and family. Parents are sometimes even anxious to 'marry off' their girls in order to make room in their crowded homes for more children of their own.

"That reminds me," said June, "of a visit I made recently at the home of a young bride who had just gone to housekeeping in an old log cabin. There was one room built of logs, with a lean-to kitchen at the back. In one corner of the room was a bed, and in another an old empty sugar barrel. Hanging on the wall was a suit-case; a little stand, a chair, and a box completed the furniture. The girl stood by the fireplace gazing wistfully through the one tiny window, down across the fields to a little mountain schoolhouse.

"There's where I used to go to school," she remarked.

"How long is it since you went to school," I asked, for she was just sixteen.

"Oh, I was going to school when I got married. You know they slipped it over on me.' Then she told me all about it.

"It was this way," she said. 'Me an' Sollie was a talkin'. He asked me if I'd marry him. I said yes, but I didn't mean right away. That was on Saturday night. He wanted me to run off and git married, but I said no, that if I wasn't worth askin' fer he couldn't have me. On Thursday they sent fer me ter hurry home. I went, and there was Sollie. "Hurry up," he said. "What fer?" I asked. "Why, to get married, of course." Well, I was so surprised I just flew upstairs, and there was a pair of shoes and a dress they had bought me. I didn't have no shoes before. After I was dressed we started down the creek to go to another girl's house and have a double weddin', but when we got about a mile down the creek we met the preacher. Some of my folks didn't want to go up to the house, so we jest stopped, and he married us thar on the rocks.'

"Then she showed me her wedding gown -- a little pink voile dress, that was tucked down in the barrel.

"'Would you like to see my fancy work?' she asked. Of course I was interested. She took that old suitcase down from the wall and very proudly showed me a half dozen dirty white rags -- mostly about six inches long, with little flowers worked in them. It looked like a six-year-old's box of sewing. Before I left she said, 'I'd like to ask ye to stay for dinner, but Sollie hain't got me a basin yet.' Think of it! They had been keeping house about three weeks and didn't have a wash basin yet!"

"That's an interesting story indeed but I believe I can match it," said Evelyn when June had finished.

"All right, let's hear it," demanded the girls.

"At about eight o'clock one morning last May, our little neighbor girl came to the mission and said, 'You all come over at one o'clock; there's goin' to be a wedding at our house.' We told her that we should be glad to go. In about ten minutes she came back to borrow dishes, cooking pots, knives, forks, spoons, baking powder, soda, and vanilla. You see a dinner was to be prepared for the friends that had been invited.

"When the time came we went over. A number of friends and relatives had gathered in for the occasion. The preacher was also there, and while waiting for the bride and groom to appear he was up in the hollow talking business with another man.

"Finally the couple to be married arrived. The girl wore a pink peter-pan dress which had apparently been washed but poorly ironed. She was only sixteen and the boy eighteen. Both had attended our Sunday School regularly and we knew they had been 'talkin' for some time.

"When the preacher came in he called the people together and told the bride and groom to stand at the foot of the bed. The former kept her coat on, and all through the ceremony she stood with her hands in the pockets, while the latter leaned against the bed in a slouching position.

"The preacher was dressed in ragged and patched overalls, and on his feet were heavy arctics with woolen lumber socks beneath. His hair was all tousled and he had not been shaved for weeks. To complete the picture, he was cross-eyed!

"Miss Reed and I were asked to act as witnesses, and while all stood looking on he went through the ceremony, so fast one could scarcely understand a word. Then, having pronounced them man and wife, he shook hands with them with the remark, 'It's all over in a minute but it lasts a lifetime.' After signing the certificate, we were invited to the dinner which the bride's sister had prepared.

"Of course we couldn't help being amused at the whole proceedings, but we were sad at the same time; for the whole affair spelled disappointment to us and we knew it would to them soon. It had been only a little over a year since that boy was at a Christian college, where he and his sister had been placed through the kindness of Miss McDowell, the founder of Hebron High School. Because of the opposition of the parents they came home soon after Christmas and never went back again. His sister had a definite call to missionary work but, failing to take her stand for right against her parents, she drifted away from God, and just recently she married an irreligious man, a widower with two children.

"It is just such experiences which try the faith and patience of the missionary to the limit. To go right on praying, working and sowing the seed in the face of such apparent fruitless effort requires no small amount of courage and perseverance, God only knows the tears we have shed over some of these young people. But we just can't give them up," said Evelyn with tears in her voice.

"I know," said June, "it must be discouraging at times. Even Golden Lucas has been a disappointment to you, hasn't she?"

"Yes, the first year I taught her she was a wonderful little girl. She, too, has a call to Christian service; but ever since she came back from school she has been drifting farther and farther away from God. It just crushes me to think of it, but I believe that 'In due season ye shall reap if ye faint not.' I, for one, can never give up until I can see some lasting fruit."

"I'm with you there, Evelyn," said June with feeling.

"Faith, mighty faith the promise sees  
And looks to that alone,  
Laughs at impossibilities,  
And cries, 'It shall be done!'"

"Prayer changes things! Let's pray right now."

Together they knelt, and together they wept, prayed, and pleaded God's promises in behalf of the mountain people in general, and the young people in particular. Over an hour had passed before they arose with shining faces, confident that God had heard.

It is a blessing oftentimes that we cannot see the future -- at least this was true in Evelyn's case at that time, for had she known what the next month and a half held for her, she might not have done her daily tasks with a mind so free from anxiety and care.

Although the teaching of the school that year had been a tremendous drain on her physical vitality, she was apparently enjoying good health until on her birthday in February she was stricken with a fever at Louisville where she and Miss Reed were attending a quarterly meeting. The third day after the fever began they returned to Hermon and, in spite of her illness, Evelyn walked a mile from the station to the mission home, where she was soon put to bed. After two visits the doctor pronounced her illness typhoid fever, and he wanted her to go to the hospital ten miles away (where he lived) that she might be under his care. But since they had no trained nurses there, it was decided by Miss Reed and Evelyn's mother that she could be given better care where she was. Mrs. Bruce had done practical nursing for years and her experience included several typhoid cases, while Miss Reed, too, had considerable nursing experience.

It was only a few days, however, before the mother was confined to her bed with an acute attack of bronchitis; so while Miss Reed nursed Evelyn, Mr. Bruce nursed the mother. Although both were seriously ill, Evelyn's condition was the more serious of the two; and in spite of the faithful care which Miss Reed so devotedly gave her, there were times when they almost despaired of her life. Yet the prayers of God's people far and near prevailed on her behalf, and at the end of three weeks the fever broke, From that time on she regained her strength rapidly, and for a while it seemed that she would surpass her mother, whose heart had been left weak by her illness, until one day, after being anointed and prayed for, Mrs. Bruce at once arose and went about her work as usual.

While Evelyn was convalescing her mind was not idle by any means, for though she was denied the joy of service in an active way, she could still pray and plan for the work that was ever growing dearer to her heart.

She knew that Rozella was intending to leave for Africa soon, but June, she believed, could not break away so easily. That she had in some measure felt the lure of the hills Evelyn could not doubt, and she believed that this lure was now taking the form of a challenge to meet the appalling need for better educational standards in the training of the mountain boys and girls.

One day while Evelyn was still in bed June paid her a visit, For six weeks she had been teaching in the county school at Rocky Cave, staying alone much of the time. As she talked both earnestly and enthusiastically of the work she had been doing among the children there, her eyes shone with pleasure and satisfaction; and Evelyn needed no further proof of June's call to the mountain work. She at once put before her this proposition:

"June, I've been thinking about the school this coming year. We must have a teacher for it, yet neither Miss Reed nor I have the courage to ask the missionary board to finance another worker. I suppose I might be able to teach it again, but I don't believe I was ever meant to be a school teacher. Aside from that, however, if Rozella leaves some one will have to take charge of the mission work at Gun Creek and Rocky Cave. I propose that we trade 'jobs.' You came here

with the thought of teaching, and since hearing of your successes at Rocky Cave I am convinced more than ever that that is your calling.

"Of course we can't promise you much remuneration. You know Miss Reed and I each receive a salary of only four hundred dollars a year, but this we'll gladly share with you. We feel you will be more than repaid for any sacrifice you make when you realize what a great part you are playing in the training of the future leaders of the mountain region."

June, who was usually so ready of speech, was silent for a while; then she began slowly, "Oh, but Evelyn, I don't see how I could ever do it! Of course I'd love to but -- it seems like too big an undertaking for me."

"Oh, no, it isn't," said Evelyn confidently. "You know that favorite saying of mine, 'God will not send thee into a forest to fell a tree with a penknife; if He gives thee a task thou never didst, He'll give thee grace thou never hadst.' Don't you believe that? I know you can do it, so that settles it."

Although June never said she would take the school that year, Evelyn felt confident that she would, and nothing more was said concerning the matter.

As the days came and went Evelyn spent much time in prayer and meditation, for she desired to learn well the lessons of patience, sympathy, and trust which she knew were to be found in even this unpleasant experience.

"God sometimes shuts the door and shuts us in,  
That He may speak, perchance through grief or pain,  
And softly, heart to heart, above the din,  
May tell some precious thought to us again."

Perhaps the lesson above all others which God intended her to learn was to cease asking Him questions. Being of a philosophical turn of mind she had always wanted to know the "why" of everything. This had often been a snare to her, but henceforth the promise, "All things work together for good to them that love the Lord," was to be her meat and drink.

"Not until each loom is silent  
And the shuttles cease to fly,  
Will God unroll the pattern  
And explain the reason why.  
The dark threads are as needful  
In the Weaver's skillful hand,  
As the threads of gold and silver,  
For the pattern which He planned."

\* \* \* \* \*



## A MOUNTAIN LASSIE

It was springtime! The peach trees were in blossom. The fresh green leaves were just beginning to bud forth. The birds were calling sweetly to their mates. Everything spoke of a resurrection, of new life, of hope and cheer. And Evelyn, catching the inspiration and promise of better things, felt new vitality infused into her veins.

Never before had life seemed so intoxicating and sweet, Now that God had spared her, she longed more than ever to give Him back the life she owed. But to break her alabaster box of love upon the head and feet of her Lord was not sufficient, she knew, much as that pleased Him. There was work to be done and she felt like saying to her soul:

"Be strong!  
We are not here to play -- to dream -- to drift;  
We have hard work to do and loads to lift;  
Shun not the struggle; face it -- 'tis God's gift."

Many and gracious had been the sacred influences cast about Evelyn's life from her earliest childhood; and when she thought of the many mountain boys and girls who were not only deprived of such influences, but surrounded by their very opposites, she felt that she could not be counted a faithful steward unless she did all in her power to share those influences with her less fortunate brothers. She had tried to give of her best to every one of her pupils that year, and while there were a few who seemingly had not responded there were others who had.

Evelyn was continually watching with eagerness for any sign of unusual strength of character or of marked intellectual ability in her pupils, for she realized that these traits were not to be despised in the development of stalwart, symmetrical Christians such as she hoped these boys and girls would become.

Among those who thus impressed her was Virginia Graham. She almost always had perfect lessons, even though in order to get them she had often to study by fire-light until late in the night. Having attended school only about four years altogether she had, nevertheless, passed the seventh grade, and taken some eighth grade work besides.

Yet aside from this splendid school record she had attained an even more admirable record as a real Christian, As a Sunday School teacher she was loved by all the children. Everybody had confidence in "Virgie" (as they called her), and doubtless the many letters of confession and restitution which she wrote after her conversion had much to do with this. Then, too, they could not but admire her for her courage in resolutely withstanding the determined opposition of her own relatives who did all in their power to win her back to the old life of sin.

In order to encourage her and give her as much Christian influence as possible, Miss Reed had invited her to the mission home for meals several times during the fall and winter. Though quiet and rather diffident, she always showed her appreciation, if not in words, in the expression of her face. That she had real stability of character as well as mental ability became more and more evident as time went on; and Evelyn felt that she must be given the opportunity to continue

her education. Of course the other young people who had gone away to school from Hermon had been a disappointment in many ways, but their apparent failure to make something of themselves must not cause her to lose faith in all mountain young people, she thought.

Therefore, determining to profit by former mistakes, if possible, Evelyn began at once to analyze the situation. She knew from experience that to attend a Christian school was a great privilege, but she was also persuaded that no matter how good the school might be it could not exert so powerful an influence for good over an individual as could a godly home. Then arose the question as to where such a home could be found. Evelyn was too anxious for Virginia's future welfare to trust her to the care of one who did not realize how much was at stake in the success or failure of this further trial of educating mountain boys and girls outside of the mountains. Indeed, she might place her in Miss McDowell's school, only eight miles away, but that would require funds which she did not have; moreover, she had observed that even this splendid school had sometimes been unsuccessful, not only in helping its young people to reach a place where they were established in their Christian experiences, but also in keeping them in school, when their parents insisted that they should come home.

So, after weighing all these matters carefully, she came to the conclusion that the only one with whom she dared to trust Virginia was her own dear mother. Evelyn knew that it would be asking a great deal to expect her in her advancing years to take this great responsibility, but she knew, too, that to live for others (especially young people) had for years been her mother's chief joy. She had succeeded in training one missionary who would gladly have gone to the darkest corner of the earth for Jesus' sake; now she was to be given the same opportunity again; for it was clear to all that Virginia was feeling God's call upon her life.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Bruce fell in with the plan at once, and it was left to the latter to break the news to Virginia. Several weeks before Evelyn took sick Virginia was visiting at the mission one day. Knowing the opposition they were certain to meet from the parents in taking her home with them, Mrs. Bruce thought it best to discover Virginia's attitude in the matter first; so, calling her to her room, she asked if she could keep a secret.

"Sure I can," said Virginia, somewhat surprised. And then Mrs. Bruce told her how they had decided to give her a home with them in Pennsylvania while she took her high school course, if she cared to go with them.

"Do you think you'd like to be my girl?" asked Mrs. Bruce as she finished. Virginia's face was radiant. She could scarcely believe her ears.

"Oh," she said, putting her hand caressingly on Mrs. Bruce's knee as if to make sure she was not dreaming, "wouldn't it be wonderful to have a mother like you?"

So the secret was kept until it was thought that Evelyn and Mrs. Bruce were strong enough after their illness to make the trip north. On March 21, four days before they were to leave, Miss Reed went to the Graham home to gain the consent of the parents to let Virginia go with them. Evelyn and her mother could scarcely wait to hear the results of her visit. They somehow felt that nothing but prayer would avail in this case; and they were right, for when Miss Reed returned she

said the prospect was very discouraging. The next day she went to their home again to get a final decision, but the only promise she could get was that if they decided to let her go she would be at the mission the next morning that her traveling outfit might be prepared.

Evelyn seldom set her heart on anything as she did on giving Virginia this opportunity. To her it was a thrilling adventure, and the suspense was almost unbearable as the anxious hours dragged slowly by. Late the next morning after they had almost given up hope, Virginia finally appeared, her face wreathed in smiles but her red, swollen eyes telling plainly that she had "cried her way out."

Having chosen a wardrobe for her out of the "missionary barrel" (since she had no decent under clothing and only one or two presentable dresses), Virginia returned to her home for the last night.

Thus the suspense was again continued until rather early the next morning when Virginia and her mother appeared together at the mission home. Bidding her daughter good-bye the latter left just before it was time to go to the train. Evelyn and her mother, still weak from their long illness, rode to the station with the trunks in the lumber wagon, while Mr. Bruce, Virginia, and those who accompanied them, walked. Upon their arrival they found that the train was three hours late. More suspense! That together with the chilly weather and unusual exertion was a little too much for Evelyn, who had to be taken to a house near the store (or station) and cared for until train time. Seeing that they were delayed in getting away, a cousin of Virginia's threatened to go home and get her people to come after her, so it brought relief to all when at last the train arrived and they were safe on board.

Virginia had never before in her life been more than ten miles from home, and it was most interesting to observe her response to the new and changing scenes along the way. Once, when they reached a place where the mountains were not crowded so close together, she looked out of the window and exclaimed with astonishment, "Why, that's the biggest bottom I ever saw." After the mountains disappeared entirely she said but little. She seemed to be lost in a new world.

At last they reached Cincinnati. Here Virginia was all eyes. A city lit up at night was like a fairyland to her, and although it could be seen that she was intensely interested in all that was going on she always managed to suppress her feelings of almost child-like pleasure except one time. Just as they were hurrying through the crowd into the station, where they were to wait for the next train, an advertisement of shifting colored lights caught her eye. She stopped stock still and gazed at it in wonder and amazement, at the same time calling to Evelyn, "O Miss Roberts, just look at that?"

The next day at noon found them in Johnsbury, New York, at the home of Evelyn's sister Charlotte, only ten miles from home. Here Virginia took her first bath in a tub and doubtless it was the first all over bath that she had had in many a day.

To those who knew the kind of home she came from it was a source of continuous astonishment to note the readiness with which she adjusted herself to the new conditions. No one would have guessed but that she had had the best of training all her life, and her quiet and gracious

manner soon won for her the admiration of all she met. Immediately upon their arrival Virginia was put in school. She had only two more months in which to complete her eighth grade work, but she did it, and on May twenty-ninth she graduated in good standing.

Calls for missionary addresses soon came to Evelyn and her parents from every side, and of course Virginia was not ignored on these occasions. Her earnest, Spirit-filled prayers and testimonies, and also her many sincere expressions of gratitude for what the missionaries had done for her and her mountain people, inspired all who heard her with a new appreciation for the value of missions.

Her life story as told in her own words from time to time ran as follows:

I was born in a log cabin near Athorn, Kentucky. Since my father had to borrow a suit and my mother a pair of shoes to get married in, you can imagine how poor the home was when I arrived, the second in a family which now numbers ten.

I cannot remember very much about my home life while I was under eight, but there are some things that I shall never forget.

About my earliest recollection is of a time when my older brother and I had to wash my baby brother's clothes. Brother was only six and I four. Since my baby brother was only five days old, mother was not able to be up, but she told us what to do. We got the dishpan and set it down in the middle of the floor. Then with a cup we poured water in the pan on the clothes. Of course I couldn't do much more than dabble in the water; but brother rubbed them on his wrist through one water, then rinsed and hung them on the old rail fence in front of the house.

It was about this time that father rented a farm on the other side of a mountain three miles long. Mother had to go with him every morning at four o'clock, returning at five in the evening, across that mountain after a hard day's work. We three children stayed at home alone all day. In the morning mother would always bake us a pan of corn bread. That with buttermilk was about all we had to eat. Corn bread and buttermilk for breakfast, buttermilk and corn bread for dinner, corn bread and buttermilk for supper. This was our daily routine.

When corn had been harvested and one-third of it paid in rent, as is the custom, we moved to Hermon so father could work on the railroad; but instead of that he began moonshining and bootlegging.

More than once father was gone all night, drinking and gambling, and, because we never knew when he would come home drunk with a crowd of other drinking men, mother and we children would sometimes sit up all night. In order to keep warm we would huddle up in the ashes of the fireplace, while mother sat near the door smoking her pipe and listening for a faint sound of a drunk man coming in the distance. If she happened to hear one she would rush to the fireplace for us children; then, with one on her hip, one on her back, and a couple in her arms, away to the woods she would go. When she had run through the cornfield to the top of the mountain she would put us down on the ground and there we'd shiver in the cold until mother thought it safe to return.

Sometimes the drunk man was father, sometimes it was one or more drinking men who had come after him, They would call for a while, and then if no answer came they'd get down from the horse and look through the cracks of the house to see if there was any fire. If they caught a glimpse of fire they thought we were in bed asleep, so they began to pound on the door and call again, If they saw no fire they would think that father was gone and they'd leave.

As soon as mother thought they were gone she would take us home and start the fire. But perhaps about the time the fire was nicely started she would hear them coming back. So running for the water bucket she would put out the fire and take us off to the woods again.

The reason that we would sit up at night was that mother could carry us more easily if we were awake. If she found we were getting sleepy she would pull our toes and pester us until we were wide-awake again. You can imagine how we shivered from cold on bitter wintry nights. Sometimes we had only one garment on -- no shoes, no coat, and, oh, how we did dread to be aroused from our slumbers and carried out in the cold, even if the only bed we had was a hard pallet of hay.

I remember one night some drunk men came to our house and asked for father. When mother said he wasn't there they didn't believe her and declared that if father didn't come out they'd shoot holes in the house. We children were back in the room between the beds, afraid to open our mouths. They finally left, after which mother took us children up to our neighbor's where we stretched out on the floor and were soon fast asleep. In a little while mother heard some men riding down the road and, thinking that father might be among them, she called and asked if he was. "Tell her, no; tell her, no," she heard him say. This made her angry, and out to the road she went. Seizing father by the leg she pulled him off the horse from behind another man and told the rest of the men to get down the road, the faster the better for them. A family quarrel resulted in father's doing better for a while.

By this time there were five of us children in the family. I was about ten and had gone to school only a few days, but that fall my two oldest brothers and I went to school almost every day until it got so cold that we couldn't go for lack of clothing. Many a cold frosty morning we went to school without shoes for we got only one pair a year and when they wore out we had to go barefooted the rest of the year. My brothers usually had only one pair of overalls and two shirts apiece, so when they put them on they kept them on until they were worn out. Mother was glad to get every old pair of pants anyone would give her, for she'd cut the legs off and put them on my brothers.

In the summer we dug herbs, seng (ginseng), and so forth for money to buy clothing. Sometimes when we had ten or fifteen pounds dried, mother would pick it up and send it to the store for coffee and tobacco. I tell you this was a trying proposition. I would get raving mad, cry, fight the children, and even call my mother bad names; but I'd soon get over this and go to work again.

Father continued to drink and things got so bad again that mother took us children and left him, but within three days we were back home again, and according to his agreement father did better and we began prospering a little financially. He bought a cow and mother raised chickens,

ducks, and geese; so we had more to eat than before, It was while I was taking care of the goslings one night that I swore because they wouldn't go under the tub (for that was the only shelter they had). This was the first time mother ever heard me swear and she gave me a good whipping for it. (I wish she had whipped me every time I did it afterwards.)

Not many months passed before one of our neighbors was again riding the road, drunk. Mother never said a word as long as he stayed outside the house, but the time came when he could no longer stay away. Riding up to the door with another man one night, he called for father. As soon as father opened the door they walked right in and sat down by the fire as if they were at home. Mother woke all the children and would have left had not father succeeded in getting her to stay by saying he would make the men leave. But there they sat for two hours. Finally they made such a disturbance that father declared that they must go.

They were both so drunk they were unable to get on their horses without father's help. After they were on they asked father to go with them home, or at least as far as the willow trees below the house, but mother wouldn't let him go. In fact, he himself was afraid to go. We always had an idea that he wanted to kill father that night, for he kept his hand on his pistol all the time.

This made father afraid to stay at that place any longer, so the next day he rented a house four miles away and we lost no time in moving. Here we lived for two years, and two horrible years they were! The old dilapidated house wasn't nearly so good as some old worn-out barn. There were only three rooms, and when it rained it poured through the roof everywhere. In fact, I often wished that a strong wind had come and made havoc of the whole situation.

Still that place has some precious memories, for it was while I lived there that I first began attending Sunday School, something I had never heard of before, although I was twelve years old. One bright, warm Sunday morning a neighbor girl came walking by our house and, as the custom is, we asked where she was going.

"I'm going to Sunday School," she replied.

"If you'll wait a minute," said mother, "Virgie will go with you."

"All right," she said, and in a few minutes we were on our way.

This being the first time I had ever heard of Sunday School I kept wondering along the way what it would be like. After a three-mile walk we reached the little mission hall. At the set time Miss Weston rang the bell and all the children came teeming in at the door. When everyone was settled the number of a song was announced and we began singing. I had never seen a song book before and didn't understand how to read one. When I came to the end of the first line of the first verse I went back and began to sing the first line of the second verse. I finally came to the conclusion that I was not singing the same as the others so I stopped. Every time I came to the end of the first line of a verse I didn't know where to go next, but by watching closely I at last caught on so I could sing with the rest.

The next Sunday I was present again. At the close of the service Miss Weston asked all the children who didn't have a Bible in their homes to hold up their hands. Since we had none, I held up my hand and Miss Reed gave me a nice new one. How tickled I was! (Yet if I had been a Christian I would have valued it even more.) I didn't say "thank you," for in the Kentucky mountains there are many children who don't know what "thank you" means. They can only show their appreciation by the expression on their faces, for they have never been taught how to express thankfulness in words.

I carried my Bible very carefully all the way home, and when mother saw it, she was glad, too, for that was the first Bible that had ever entered that home during the fifteen years that father and mother had been married.

Not having attended a whole term of school in my life, I was then only in the third grade, but I read the Bible the best I could anyway. The first two verses I learned were, "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of my enemies," and 'Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever." These were taught me in Sunday School.

I was just thirteen when Miss McDowell came to hold a revival at the mission. One night I went with my aunt and some other girls to hear her Preach. She gave a wonderful message and then invited those who wanted to be saved to come to the altar and pray. The Lord began talking to my heart, so I said to the girl beside me, "Let me out," and when she stepped aside I walked up to the altar and knelt down. I only cried for I didn't know how to pray, but there were others who did pray and when they had "prayed through" they testified. Some one asked me if the Lord had saved me and I said, "Yes." After we were dismissed and I came outside I felt so happy and my heart was so light it seemed I could have sung night and day.

As we walked down the railroad, those I was with laughed and made fun of me. This was hard to endure. Then, too, I didn't know much about the love of God -- not even that Jesus died for me. Mother had told me a few things but they were full of superstition and not at all like the Bible; so naturally without any instruction my religion didn't last more than a day.

One day soon after this, father came to the house with his horse all saddled and ready to go several miles away after some whiskey. After mother and we children got fruit jars enough to fill his saddlebags, he started off. Early the next morning he returned and in a short time the supply was sold. He and one of our neighbors made several trips after more, until they finally decided to make it themselves instead of buying it.

They set up a distillery on the side of the mountain right in front of our house, about a quarter of a mile away. When they were making the moonshine a passerby might have seen the smoke rising above the tree tops and ascending into the blue sky, but no one seemed to notice it that day. They kept it up about two days and nights. Just as soon as they got one batch run off they put up another, until some one found them out and called the sheriff. When they heard the sheriff was coming they dumped everything out and carried the barrels away. The sheriff (who happened to be Maxine Noble's uncle) came. He went up in the hollow, looked around, and came back with a long iron pipe on his shoulder. He at once arrested father, grandfather, and our neighbor and took them

to the county seat. But instead of giving them justice he accepted twenty-five dollars from them and let them go without even a trial.

From then on father would be gone two or three days at a time, drinking and gambling with a crowd of other men. One night they ran out of oil, so in order to see they made a torchlight out of beef bones, and continued gambling the rest of the night. You can imagine what slaves they were to gambling and drink.

Finally mother and our neighbor, Mrs. J----, got tired of having their husbands away almost every night, drinking and gambling away every cent of money they could scrape together while their children were at home half starved. Just about dusk one night we heard a familiar voice outside, "Come on, Ginnie Belle; let's go." It was Mrs. J----.

"Wait a minute and I'll be ready," replied mother. Then, telling us to go to bed and not be afraid, she was gone.

We were one frightened group of children. None of us dared to move. You have heard the expression, "My heart was in my throat." If ever I felt my heart in my throat I did that night. We sat alone there in the darkness, expecting any minute to hear a drunk man coming, or something even worse. If we had, it wouldn't have taken us long to run out behind the house and hide in the standing corn. However, before long we heard mother's voice in the distance. She was telling father what she thought of him in very plain words, while he said but little.

Mother told us afterwards where she found him. She and Mrs. J---- had gone to the railroad cars which were standing on the siding. Mrs. J---- told her husband to get out of there, in such a way that he lost no time in doing it. While he was begging her to hush and say nothing more, mother began looking for father. She found him sitting under the cars with others, gambling. Rushing for his leg like a hungry dog for a bone, she got a firm hold and gave him such a sling that he went tumbling over the hill into the creek. He got out the best he could and beat it for home. This was only one of the many times that mother followed him and made him walk home.

In a short time after this father was again arrested, this time for bootlegging. His sentence was sixty days in jail and a hundred dollars fine. This left mother in the dead of winter without any means of support. We had only a few bushels of corn and some bacon, and mother knew that wouldn't last long so she washed for the neighbors in order to earn more bacon.

At last father's sixty days were up and one of his friends "went his bond" so he could get out, for he had no money to pay his fine. He intended to go and get work somewhere in order to pay it, but the very first night he was out of jail he took sick with some thing like rheumatism, the pain of which was so in tense that he became delirious and half the time he didn't know what he was talking about. Mother was almost afraid to ask anyone in, because he talked so much about his moonshine still at times that she feared some one might go and find it. Finally he was taken to the hospital where he stayed for a while. One day they told us to come and get him as he had lost his mind. After we brought him home we got some medicine from an old herb doctor and soon he was much better and able to work again.



I have told you about father's illness but never a word about mother and us children. Who do you suppose fed and clothed us during this time? It was God's raven that He sent down there into the mountains of Kentucky -- Miss Ella Reed. I well remember the day she came around to our home and gave us money for food and told us to come to the mission for some clothing.

Today I am praising God that He ever sent missionaries to the mountain country. If it had not been for them I would still be a wretched sinner; whereas now I've been redeemed and saved, and instead of a sinful home I am now privileged to enjoy a real Christian home. I didn't intend to put this in here but when I see how miraculously the Lord has saved me, I can't help telling some of it.

During father's illness I was only thirteen, yet much of the time I had the whole family to care for. There were now eight of us children and often mother was not well. This left me to do the cooking and washing besides working in the field. For this reason I attended school only a few days that year. Miss Roberts taught the mission school, and I should like to have gone every day but I couldn't on account of the work at home. My brothers and sisters didn't want to go, and since there was no one to compel them, they stayed at home too. You see, many parents in the mountains do not see the value of an education because they are so ignorant of the way people ought to live. They think because they got along without an education their children can too. Moreover, the county schools are often so poor the children don't learn much if they do go.

When spring came we had to move again, and I went to work for the woman on whose farm we were living. I had to work hard there, too, but I was nearer the mission school than before, so I attended that year more than usual. Miss Gregory was the teacher.

The following spring we moved again, this time to a place on my uncle's farm. Here father fell in with other moonshiners and they began making whiskey by the gallons.

Once father put up a run of beer under our kitchen floor. The old floor was made of planks about six or eight inches wide. The cracks or open spaces between them were large enough for one to put his hand through. So with an axe father pried the planks up, and with a hoe dug a deep hole down in the soil. In this he put the barrels and then proceeded with the rest of the paraphernalia.

At this time I was fifteen years old and, since I was used to helping my father and mother in their work, I now joined in and helped my father make the moonshine. I'd heat the water, grind the malt corn, mix the mash, and do many other things which only those who have made it would understand.

After the beer was soured and ready for making into whiskey we moved everything out of the kitchen, took up all the planks, built the furnace, and made whiskey for two days and a night. Father sent us down to our uncle's to stay all night, but the next morning I got up and went home.

As soon as I came in, my brother offered me some whiskey in a cup. At first I refused, but after some encouragement from my father I took a swallow. It burned my throat so terribly that I threw the cup with its contents on the floor. In a few minutes I got so sick all over that I thought I

would die. I promised the Lord that if He let me get well I'd never swallow another mouthful of the stuff.

Later in the day I returned to my uncle's, but towards evening I made up my mind to go home. Mother tried to keep me from going but I went anyway and she soon followed with the children.

Upon reaching home we found them still at work. I wanted them to quit, and I thought of a way to get what I wanted. I said to father, "You'd better get that out of here; Miss Reed is coming."

"Is she?" he said, and, casting a glance at me, went into the kitchen. I told them all the same story and proved it by mother. You should have seen the stir that followed. The stones went in one direction, the whiskey in another, and the still in another. After the planks were laid down and the stove and the table in place, they began looking down the road for Miss Reed.

"She ought to be here by now," they said. But Miss Reed never came.

Presently father looked at me and said, "She hain't coming, is she, Virgie?"

Mother and I smiled. Then they knew we had only played a trick on them.

The moonshiners and bootleggers are afraid of the missionaries; therefore, if it is possible, they try to keep everything pertaining to moonshine out of their way.

How thankful I am that God sent a few of His humble and obedient servants down our way! He could not have sent anyone better than these spiritual missionaries. I thank Him over and over in my daily prayers for Miss Reed and Miss Roberts who were the instruments God used in the salvation of my lost soul. I had been a pure girl all my life and abhorred sin in some forms, but I was beginning to relish it in other forms, and God only knows where I would be today if He had not won my heart. The first prayers ever uttered for my soul were prayed by these missionaries in my home, the first Bible that ever entered our door was given by them; when we were hungry and naked they fed and clothed us. In the last day when God comes to claim His own I'm sure He will say to them, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Soon after the incident related above father was again arrested and sentenced to jail for sixty days. This was in the summer when beans and peaches were ripening, and as long as they lasted we had something to eat. Then we children, I'm sorry to say, stole apples with the intention of keeping them for the winter, but they all spoiled. I told mother it wasn't any wonder they spoiled for the Lord wouldn't let stolen apples keep.

After the summer was over and the winter was coming on we began to be without food. Many a day we had only a piece of dry corn bread or a skillet of parched corn. The latter tasted good when we had salt and lard with which to parch it, but when we had no lard it was a pretty dry affair. More than once I've seen my younger sisters go to bed crying for something to eat.

We didn't often go to school but when we did we had so little for dinner we were ashamed to eat it in front of the other children, and generally we'd go behind the coal pile or to some fence corner away from the others to eat our dry corn bread or roasting ears. In fact, I have gone to school for weeks and even months without any dinner.

That winter, as usual, we suffered much from cold. We were poorly clad to begin with and then, living in such an open house, it is a wonder we didn't freeze. Large cracks let the wind in from top, bottom, and all sides. A mountaineer once remarked that he believed it was healthful to live in an open house. He didn't mind it if the cracks were wide enough for a cat to crawl through. This was possible at our house without doubt.

Although there were nine of us children at this time, yet we had only three beds. By some sleeping at the head and some at the foot, as many as six or even seven could sleep in one bed, so we managed to get along somehow. I made the bed I slept on by sewing four burlap sacks together and filling them with hay.

On real cold nights we'd take this hay pallet and spread it on the floor by the fire. One night two of the children and I were by the fire sleeping as sound as 'possums when I was awakened by mother. Rising up I asked what she wanted.

"Look," she said, "ain't your bed on fire?"

Sure enough it was and in a little while the fire would have been on my back.

"Yes, it's burning!" I cried, and about that time I was busy with both hands. The fire was soon out and I lay back down and slept as sound as ever.

No one knows what we suffered from cold that winter. We children had to go to the hills for wood to burn, but in spite of all we could do the cold, snow, and wind far exceeded the fire. Many a time we'd sit up by the fire instead of going to bed where we would have shivered from cold rather than slept.

(In the summer we didn't suffer from cold but we suffered from something almost as bad. The fleas and bedbugs almost ate us up. My hay pallet was so full of them I had to burn it up and sleep on a quilt spread over the springs. The springs had a large hole in the middle so you can imagine how uncomfortable it was.)

Then besides all the other work there was corn gathering. How we dreaded that! When the snow was on the ground mother and I would wrap some rags around our feet, slip on our shoes, put on our coats (that we had gotten up at the mission), tie a rag around our heads and away to the mountain side we'd go. Sometimes my feet would get so cold that I'd cry; but at last all the corn was in the crib and we were glad.

When father had served his time in jail he came home, but his coming did not help matters any for he had no work and it only made one more to feed. After some time he got a job cutting cordwood and we fared a little better.

In April we began cutting sprouts, burning stalks, and so forth in preparation for the corn planting. I worked in the field practically all the time besides doing much of the work at home.

After we had hoed the corn the third time the crop was "laid by" and I began attending school. This year the mission school, which had been closed for one year, opened again with Miss Roberts as teacher. One of my sisters, who did not care much about school, was now old enough to help mother at home so I attended more regularly than in other years. Although I was sixteen years old I was only in the seventh grade, but I liked my school work and did my best to make up what I had lost by missing so much in the past.

When school opened I was a wretched sinner. As a result of home influences I had become a liar, thief, and moonshiner. It is no wonder, therefore, that at the mission school I soon got under conviction.

Miss Roberts, who was always full of zeal and enthusiasm for God, put forth every effort to get the school children converted. In the morning she read the Bible and prayed, giving all the children who were Christians the privilege of praying too. Then sometimes they would give their testimonies. They seemed so happy it made me long to be a Christian. I remember especially the joy which shone on Miss Roberts' face as, with tears streaming down her cheeks, she would play the organ and sing. All this tended to deepen conviction on my heart and I would have yielded at once but I dreaded the persecutions which lay in my pathway. I knew I would have a rough and hard road if I kept true; yet I had settled it in my mind that if ever I had a change of heart I would persevere and not give up as many had done.

To ease my conscience I endeavored to reform and refrain from committing any "big sins"; I decided to steal no more chickens, to break into no more houses, to carry no more water for moonshining, to tell no more lies, and to go to church every time I had the opportunity. This I did. Still a longing possessed my heart. How grateful I am that God did not leave me alone in this condition. Instead He made me more restless, more disturbed and more sin-sick.

I tried to keep my thoughts on God and to utter prayers: my desire to worship God was intense but all my efforts could not procure what God's goodness granted me when at last I came to Him in simplicity and faith.

While trying thus to reform I became more and more wicked at heart. Conviction made me cross and grouchy and stubborn at home. Instead of becoming better I was becoming worse.

Furthermore, since the necessity for restitution had been taught to us by the missionaries, I knew what I had to face if Jesus ever had His throne established in my heart. If I should begin to make things right it would bring shame and reproach on my parents; this I dreaded very much. Again, my relatives did not signify any desire for religion, so I had no friend whom I could consult except the missionaries.

The hardest thing for me to consent to was the idea of straightening up my past. I inquired of the Lord if there was any other way but the answer was always "No." Seeing there was no other

way I decided to begin making restitution before I gave my heart to Him who is now my Friend, the fairest of ten thousand, the Lily of the valley, and the bright and morning Star to my soul. How I love Him now!

I shall never forget that day in August when a special meeting was held in the school for the children. Miss Reed gave a short talk and then gave an invitation to seek the Lord. They sang the hymn, "There Is a Fountain Filled with Blood." This being the first time I had ever heard the song it got hold of my heart, especially the line which says, "When this poor lisping, stammering tongue lies silent in the grave." That pierced me to the heart. I wondered if I would be a Christian at the time of my death. I decided I would.

I didn't go to the altar that day but I wrote a note to Miss Reed in which I confessed to telling her a lie. The next day she called me to the mission home where I told her the whole truth and begged her forgiveness. I was almost afraid to tell all because it involved my father and brother, but she promised not to let them know lest they might abuse me.

At length Miss Reed said, "Let's pray." Kneeling with me she poured out her heart to God in prayer, and then told me to pray. My heart was melted and I was tired of sin so I was glad to pray. In a short time Jesus came and spoke peace to my sin-sick soul. Praise His name! I have been so happy since my heart is His throne.

Now I was a young plant that needed to be cultivated, for if there ever was a plant sprung out of dry ground I was one. I was very ignorant, but there were a few things I knew. One was that if I kept true to Jesus I had to tell others about Him. The first one I told was Miss Roberts; and of course she was glad. Then on my way home from school, when asked by my cousin if I had gotten a licking when I was at the mission home. I replied, "No, I got saved." When I told my folks at home that I was saved they made fun, laughed, scorned, and mimicked me.

As soon as I could get alone I took pencil and paper and wrote letters of confession to those I had wronged. Every letter I mailed made my heart grow lighter. I was so happy in Jesus for a few days that nothing seemed hard. Then all at once the tide turned and the enemy came with all his forces and did his utmost to break down the walls and take Jesus from His throne.

One girl to whom I wrote and asked forgiveness broadcasted it all around the community. Then my folks heard about it they poured out their wrath on me most vigorously.

Not being allowed to pray in the home I had a secret place up the hollow where I could steal away and pour out my heart to God. With what ardor I loved my Savior! It was inexpressible! Although my crosses increased it seemed that every cross, every sarcastic reply, the bitter sneers, reproaches, and the untrue stories that they told about me only drew me nearer to Jesus. Often I would choke back the tears until I could get alone with Him where I could tell Him all about it.

One reason that they so bitterly opposed me was that they feared I would report their moonshining and bootlegging. They threatened me saying that if I told on them I would have to leave home. Fearing I would be an outcast I did not tell anyone except Miss Reed.

It was not long after I was saved before I found that there were some things in my heart that were unChristlike. I had always had a bad temper and a deceitful disposition, and now I discovered there was pride in my heart too. Our family was classed among the lowest and we children were looked down upon by others. But now that I was a Christian I had other associates and was even invited to stay at the mission home for meals occasionally. Moreover, I was considered a good student and could often help others with their lessons. All these things fostered pride in my heart and I began to feel very important.

About this time Miss Reed gave me a little book which revealed my heart's need. I saw that what I felt within was carnality and that, according to the Word, Jesus came to destroy it and make our hearts pure. My daily prayer was, "Lord, come and sanctify me; take carnality out of my heart. Jesus, make me humble." More than once I soaked my pillow with tears as I prayed for the experience in Him that my heart craved. While thus praying one night the Lord came and poured out a blessing that I could not contain. He made Himself more real than ever before, and I saw my insufficiency, unworthiness, and the deceitfulness of my heart. How insignificant I felt! I cried, "O Lord, sanctify me," and in an instant I felt the work was completed. I was so happy that I cried, and cried, and cried some more. Mother heard me and, thinking I might be sick, asked me what was the matter.

"No, I'm not sick," I replied. And just then something seemed to say, "Tell her you are sanctified." Fearing that might bring even more crosses and persecutions, I refused. This grieved the Holy Spirit, but later I prayed through again, after which I was glad to witness to what He had done for me. I loved Him so! There was nothing I would not do for Him.

One day while praying, a still small voice seemed to whisper, "You must be my ambassador, bringing to the hungry souls that know me not the blessed tidings that Jesus saves." My answer was similar to the words in Isaiah 6:8, "Here am I, Lord, send me." Afterwards that verse was given to me as an assurance. I know not yet where He may lead but by His grace I'll follow Him step by step.

For some time after I was saved I had no whole Bible. I prayed that the Lord would give me one that I might read it through, but in the meantime I read the part of a Bible that I had. However, I was not allowed to read it any time I wanted to or felt my need of it. Often when I would sit down to read, my mother and the older children would begin to talk mean to me, and even try to take my Bible from me. But I read on without paying any attention to their remarks. If I had answered back they would have become even more violent.

When I was through reading I would try to hide my precious Book where they would not find it -- sometimes in a bunch of dried beans and other times in the ceiling, that is, between the paper and the ceiling. Nevertheless, there were times when they found my dear old Bible, the best treasure I ever had, and hid it where they thought I would never find it if I looked the house over.

Going to my hiding place one day I found my Bible was gone. I looked and looked but to no avail. For weeks I was left without any comfort. It was the only book I possessed except a few schoolbooks. In my heart I felt Christians ought to read the Bible and I felt condemned if I didn't

read a portion every day. Therefore I saved the papers that were given me at Sunday School and read them over and over again.

Finally mother, who had been sick for about three weeks, rose from her bed one day and went to the fireside.

"Virgie," she asked, "where is your old Bible?"

"I don't know," was my reply.

"I know, don't I, Merky?" she said, turning to my oldest sister.

"Yes," she answered.

However, I could not believe them for I thought I had looked everywhere. I supposed they were just making fun of me; then mother told my sister to get the Bible and give it to me. She went to the bedside, reached under the feather bed and pulled it out of the straw mattress.

"My head has been lying on it day and night for three weeks," said mother. I am sure God must have been talking to her.

How glad I was to see it again. The first thing I wanted to do was read it, of course.

Ofttimes when I had to work in the field I would slip away to a quiet place during the noon hour and read my Bible while the others were resting.

At last God answered my prayer by putting it in the missionaries' hearts to give me a new one. It came as a Christmas present. I was so glad that I both hugged and kissed it. Hurrying home I showed it to mother, who instead of rejoicing with me told me to throw it in the creek and let it wash away.

This answer to prayer increased my faith in praying for a Christian home. I had been praying for this over a year, but my faith was insufficient. The enemy whispered that an ignorant, poverty-stricken girl like me could never hope to have a good home and an opportunity for an education, so I almost gave up at times.

It was on one Sunday in January that a ray of hope began to shine. I shall never forget it. After Sunday School I was invited to the mission home for dinner so that I could be at the preaching service in the afternoon.

After dinner Mrs. Bruce took me to her room and asked me if I could keep a secret. I said that I could, and after I had promised not to tell anyone she told me something I could hardly believe although I had been praying for it. She said that Miss Roberts had asked her and Mr. Bruce to take me home with them to stay until I had finished high school. This they had agreed to do if I cared to go and my parents would let me.

When I heard this I was so tickled and, oh, so happy that it set the joy bells ringing in my heart. Yet, at the same time there was fear lest it was too good to be true, and as the days came and went I became more and more anxious.

After school closed in January Miss Roberts continued to give me private lessons so that in the fall I would be ready for high school. Then a month later she was taken sick with typhoid fever and her mother with bronchitis. It was the last of the month of March before they were able to prepare for taking the trip home.

Four days before leaving they made the secret known to my parents. They were hard against my going. Mother wasn't well and said she couldn't do without me. Father declared that I could not go under any circumstances and that it was useless to ask him. Upon hearing this, I carried a sad countenance and frequently visited my secret place up the hollow. At intervals mother would tell me I could go, but as soon as my countenance cleared up and I became happy and glad she let me understand that I was not going. Again my head was dropped. She did this several times that day.

On the following day father met Miss Reed at the county seat. She reasoned with him and tried to show him that it was for my benefit that I should go. She let him understand that such a privilege did not come to every girl.

When father came home he told mother that they had better let me go, but she declared that I should not. That afternoon Miss Reed came and reasoned with them again. When she left she told mother that if she decided to let me go I should come to the mission the next morning so they could prepare my traveling outfit.

Morning came, a scant breakfast was prepared, mother was lying in bed and father was out cutting wood.

"You're not going, Virgie," said mother firmly. Without a word I sat down and began weeping inconsolably. Mother tried to explain that she could not get along without me.

"I need you here," she said. "I can't see why you'd want to go with them people. You can't tell what them there missionaries might do to you. Like as not they'd take you, and you never could come back home no more."

But nothing moved me. The tears kept falling faster and faster as I begged her to let me go. I went so far as to say that if she deprived me of this privilege I would leave home, get some work to do, and never return, never write home, or let her know anything about me. I cried for about two hours until at last she said, "I guess you can go."

In less than a minute my tears were dried and I lost no time in getting my coat on lest she would change her mind. While I was getting ready she rose from the bed, walked out to the yard where my father was and whispered to him to make me stay. As I was leaving, father called to me that I could not go.



"Mother said that I could go," I replied, "and I am going."

On I went in hope. When I reached the mission they asked me if mother said I could go. They were glad when I answered in the affirmative, and they soon had me fitted out with all the clothing I needed. Then I returned to my old Kentucky shack for the last night. All that evening they tried to persuade me not to go, but I remained unmoved.

When morning came and breakfast was over I began to get ready to leave my humble home. The last word my father said was, "She doesn't dare go." My oldest brother swore a "blue streak" and called me names, and declared if I left that house I should never put my foot inside the door again. Father and my brothers all went to the field without even saying good-bye.

After they had gone, mother and I started for the mission. She did her best to persuade me not to go, but I was determined and my determination carried me through. I had settled it long before that time that should an opportunity come I would gladly say good-bye to my home of poverty and sin. Here was my chance and I would not let it slip. Seventeen years of that life had been enough for me.

Having said good-bye, mother went home and we started for the station. When we heard upon our arrival that the train was three hours late, a sensation of fear ran through my very bones. My brother had said that he would follow and whip me all the way home if I started, so naturally I could hardly wait until the train came, for I knew I was not safe until I was on board. Although my mind was anything but tranquil, I laughed and talked with one of the neighbor girls as if I were the most contented creature in the world. When at last the train rolled out of Hermon I sat down with peace of mind, and how I thanked God for answering prayer.

"Oh, for faith that brings a triumph  
When defeat seems strangely near!  
Oh, for faith that changes fighting  
Into victory's cheer."

The next afternoon we arrived at our destination. How strange everything seemed! Of course I expected to see nice homes, but I did not expect them to all be nice. Even old barns were nicer than our mountain shacks. I did not know what to make of it. Let me describe to you the home I lived in for two years (and none of the rest were much better) and you will perhaps see more clearly the vast contrast between my former and present surroundings.

The sitting room contained two beds, an open fire place, and about two or three pieces of home-made chairs. As the house was built of rough planks with wide cracks between, we pasted the leaves of catalogues, old magazines, newspapers, and Sunday School papers on the walls and ceiling. Just try to imagine the variety of pictures displayed. The chickens came in and out as they pleased and the pigs, when we had any, usually stayed under the floor. The lower house (as we called it, for every room in a mountain home is called a house) contained a bed, a shelf for clothes, and in the spring about seven or eight setting hens in paper boxes filled with straw; in the fall, what little canned fruit we had such as apples, berries, etc., took the place of these nests.

At first when we moved there the kitchen did not have any floor, so I took the few old planks I could find and laid them down about three inches apart, since there were not enough for a complete floor. You wonder where we set the chairs. The fact is, we children had to stand up and eat, and father and mother were always careful to set their chairs where the legs would not slip through the cracks. The roof, too, was full of holes, and when it rained the water ran in streams everywhere.

Do you wonder that I was amazed at my new surroundings? Then to think that I should have such a wonderful father and mother as Mr. and Mrs. Bruce, these dear old saints who have been living for God for forty years. Praise the Lord for His goodness to me!

I am now preparing myself for the service of Jesus who has redeemed me from a life of sin. I have enlisted in His army. If it had not been for the missionaries who loved my soul more than home or comforts I would be a wretched sinner today. In gratitude I want to spend my life in helping to save others.

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

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

\* \* \* \* \*

## Chapter 8 TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS

"For we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose."

If there ever was a doubt in Evelyn's mind as to the truth of this promise, that doubt was forever banished the summer following her illness. Scarcely a day passed that did not in some special way reveal her Father's thoughtful planning.

In June she was privileged to attend a general conference of her church at Rochester, New York, where she renewed many old acquaintances and made more new ones. Here she came to realize more clearly, than ever before the value of the prayers and interest of those in almost every state of the Union who felt the mountain work close to their hearts. The thought of this she knew would henceforth give her added inspiration and courage in the battle against sin as it is found in the mountains.

Following a trip to Niagara Falls, Evelyn went to Philadelphia to visit Miss Reed's relatives. Many and precious were the opportunities found for personal witnessing for Christ, and more than once she was surprised to find hungry souls where she least expected them. Moreover, the sight of the multitudes who thronged the places of amusement in their hopeless quest for pleasure involuntarily brought tears of compassion to her eyes. The fearful waste of physical, mental, and spiritual energy in the search for happiness was appalling to her. If they could only see that instead of finding real life they were losing it! She longed to tell them, but this she could not do; so she determined to write her message the best she could to the few who might read it. Soon the following article was published.

### What Price Glory?

What individual among us who has known the Divine touch of the Master on his own life in its transforming and invigorating power has not felt a deep heart-yearning for the redemption of time youthful energy and vigor of our present-day young manhood and young womanhood?

Who does not covet for the kingdom of God this abundant, overflowing life which, if misdirected, will fall wasted over the cataract of selfishness, but which, if rightly directed by the deliberate choice of the individual, will just as certainly prove to be a river of living water, resulting, not only in the highest development of the individual himself, but also in the regeneration and sanctification of other lives to the same end?

Sooner or later every young man and young woman reaches the place where he or she is able to sense at least in a measure the responsibilities of life and the practical problems which must be squarely met in this highly organized and complicated society in which we find ourselves.

Surely there can be nothing more worthy of our admiration and respect than to see such an individual -- conscious of his own inability to sublimate and rightly direct his innate powers which are clamoring for expression -- to see him turn with whole-hearted surrender of mind, heart, and will to the only One who can see the end from the beginning and who alone can "take up time tangled strands where we have wrought in vain and by the skill of His dear hands" create something of beauty still.

Oh, if we could only bring to the inner consciousness of others something of what we feel when, in His sacred presence, we catch just a glimpse of what the Savior purposed when He left the Glory of the Father, "took upon himself the form of a servant, humbled himself and became obedient unto death -- even the death of the cross," by which the apostle said the world was crucified unto him and he unto the world.

If we could only grasp with spiritual insight the truth -- the paradox that Jesus taught and exemplified in His own life that "whosoever loseth his life for my sake shall find it," we should realize that the highest blessedness that can be attained either in this life or in that which is to come is obtained only as it becomes the passion of our lives to follow His foot steps -- to be a reflection of His image -- to let Him be enthroned in our hearts with such absolute and unbroken sway that He, indeed and in truth, lives again in human form among men, interpreting by living example the meaning of His eternal Gospel as applied to the problems which face us in this twentieth century.

The world is saying that this is impossible. And why do they say so? Simply because "the god of this world has blinded the minds of them that believe not." And is not the god of this world materialism? The theory of the materialist is that we know nothing but what is perceived through the five senses. In his philosophy of life there is no place for "the things which are not seen." Little wonder that they do not understand the Christian when he says, "We look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." And again, as the mystery of godliness, even this hidden wisdom, is borne in upon his soul he in wonder cries out, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him; but God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit: for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God." And again, "For who hath known the mind of the Lord? But we HAVE the mind of Christ."

Oh, the wonder of it all! These finite minds of ours cannot grasp it. The thought of it enraptures and thrills us until we tremble and fear even while we adore and love as we bow in His presence. The apostle must have felt it when he said, "But we have this treasure in earthen vessels that the excellency of the power may be of God and not of us." Yea, he says, "God hath chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not to bring to nought things that are." And why? "That no flesh should glory in his presence." Rather let us glory in Christ Jesus, "who is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption," "that in all things he might have the preeminence."

Young man, young woman, would you know the blessedness of the Spirit-filled life and the glory of the fruitful life? If there is a craving in your heart for this, you are doubtless asking the question which may be expressed in a popular phrase of today, "What price glory?" The answer is found in the blessed words of the Master, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit. He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal. And this is eternal life that they might KNOW thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent."

Having attended one camp meeting in Pennsylvania and another in Illinois, giving in all twenty-five missionary addresses in the interest of mountain missions, Evelyn was ready to turn her face "homeward;" not because there was no other call for the service she might render, but because no other place but Hermon would be "home" to her. The lure of comforts, of money, of friends, or even of home and mother, was powerless in comparison with the lure of the hills which now took possession of her. How could earthly comforts charm her if she had not the heavenly Comforter abiding within? To her hardship meant fellowship -- the blessed fellowship of Christ. How could gold tempt her if for it she must exchange the Pearl of Great Price? She would rather have an empty purse than an empty heart. How could earthly friendships lure her if Christ, her unfailing Lover and Friend, walked no more at her side? Or how could home appeal to her if Christ the true home-maker was not there? Indeed, if she had Him she had all -- home, friends,

wealth, and comfort, together with a peace that passeth all understanding and a joy that is unspeakable and full of glory.

Hence Evelyn's return to the mountains was inevitable. She could not have done otherwise when Christ was calling her back to the hills. She must go to Him. Yet even then she knew not how long He would bid her stay. The verse given her when she was only fifteen was still her only call -- "Thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee thou shalt speak."

The very thought of returning to Hermon filled her soul with an indescribable sweetness and ecstasy, and, in some unaccountable way, she knew that God had something unusual in store for them the coming year.

Over and over again the following lines sang them selves in her mind as she journeyed homeward.

"Shut in with Thee, O Lord, forever,  
My wayward feet no more to roam;  
What power from Thee my soul can sever?  
The center of God's will, "my home."

At Hermon Evelyn was given a warm welcome by all, but especially by the mission school children and their capable little teacher, June DeWitt. It was the last of August, so school had been in session about a month. There was an enrollment this year of only twenty-five, due largely to the fact that a tuition of one dollar a month was asked for each child, whereas in other years there had been no charge. This change was decided upon partly because it would eliminate all pupils who were not really interested enough to attend regularly, and partly because it would tend to increase the appreciation of the value of an education both among parents and children. Moreover, it was evident that no teacher could do justice to a school of forty or fifty children in all grades. This tuition could be paid in money, work, or food-stuffs, and from the first the new plan proved successful.

Miss DeWitt, with her native enthusiasm and unusual genius for teaching, had already won the love and respect of all her pupils as well as that of their parents, and a beautiful spirit of co-operation and harmony prevailed both in the schoolroom and on the playground. One thing which doubtless to a great extent accounted for this splendid spirit was the introduction of the honor system as the method of solving disciplinary problems. In the mountains a teacher is not considered a success unless he gives several whippings the first day and then maintains this record throughout the year. Therefore, it took no small amount of courage and resolute determination to hold to the honor system when parents were on every hand urging the liberal use of the willow switch. It seemed almost impossible to them to see how children could learn anything without its use at least occasionally. The teachers who had preceded Miss DeWitt had eliminated corporal punishment to some extent, but it remained for her to make this innovation which completely upset the mountaineer's way of thinking. However, with gentle persuasiveness and characteristic firmness she held to her purpose and before many months had passed she had won her point, so much so that the parents began co-operating with her by punishing their children at home if they failed to remain on the honor roll.

Relieved of the responsibility of the school, Evelyn was now free to give herself entirely to the work to which she felt especially called. The summer's experience had meant much to her. Physically, it had meant rejuvenation; mentally, it had meant both inspiration and stimulation; and spiritually, it had meant all this and more. During her travels in the interest of missions she had come in contact with many people of various social, intellectual, and religious standings. She saw in a new light some of the problems confronting society as it is found in this age of unparalleled advancement. The "problem of youth," so called, especially arrested her attention. The fact that this was a real problem no one could doubt, yet, great as it was socially and intellectually, Evelyn was persuaded that it was greater spiritually, for could the spiritual phase of this problem be solved the other phases, she knew, would also be solved. The apparent hopelessness of the task, however, staggered her for a time. Not that she doubted the power of the Gospel to solve every problem of every age, but the question was, How was the Gospel to be applied? Why was the church as a whole failing to reach the young? Who was to blame? In trying to keep up with the times had the church failed to keep in step with Christ? Or in trying to avoid worldly methods had the church neglected finding out Christ's method in applying His Gospel to the present age? These were some of the questions which forced them selves upon Evelyn's bewildered mind.

Then these questions became personal. Was she in step with Christ in the fullest sense of the word? Was she making it her business to get God's thought for her generation that she might thus get in line with His Divine purpose and plan of the ages? Too well she knew her own limitations, but they could not limit God, for had He not chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty? If she could not preach like Peter or write like Paul, she could pray. Yes, she thought, but what effect could her prayers have on the salvation of the vast multitudes who were perishing for want of spiritual food? Where were the shepherds? Where were the reapers? Then she remembered the words of Jesus as He saw the multitudes, "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest."

This was at least a starting point. Then came the staggering question, "What proof have you that there is power in intercessory prayer independent of the personal touch or influence?" She was astonished to think that such a question should even present itself, yet it did cause her to wonder a little, for the answers to some of her prayers which she was conscious had been inspired of the Spirit were slow in coming. This doubt made the very foundations under her feet begin to crumble and in desperation she cried, "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief."

Unwavering faith at once began to banish doubt, and then, as if to reassure her that faith could not be unanswered, God laid on her heart again the burden for the salvation of one for whom she had prayed for years with apparently no result. By faith she saw the answer on its way and she knew she could never doubt again. Shortly after that a very definite answer to prayer in the salvation of a talented young man, for whom God had inspired within her the prayer of faith, forever settled that question in her mind. Henceforth, as never before, she would "live by the faith of the Son of God." She would believe for the redemption of her own generation.

Standing, therefore, on that promise, "For we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose," Evelyn felt great boldness in making the "whatsoever" promises her very own. In returning to the mountains she

knew she was in accord with God's purpose and therefore He was "bound" to do whatever she dared to ask for in faith. She accepted at face value the eternal truth, "Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." She believed that she had "died" and, more than that, that Miss Reed and Miss DeWitt had "died" likewise. Did they not have the right -- could they not dare to expect "fruit" in the birth of other souls into the kingdom? Surely the years of sacrifice and faithful seedsowing by Miss Reed could not be in vain! Surely the hours spent by her in agonizing prayer for the salvation of her dear mountain people must one day bring results.

Somehow Evelyn felt that day was very near and it was in this confidence that she began her work of personal evangelism in Hermon community. What a delight it was to find here and there a hungry heart! Then, when the Sabbath day came, what a joy it brought to see these hungry souls at the altar, humbly and earnestly seeking God, some for pardon and some for purity.

Evelyn's work as assistant pastor, however, was not limited to the Hermon church and community. Besides giving weekly Bible talks to the children in one of the county schools, she also frequently filled Miss Reed's monthly appointments at Athorn. A day service was usually held in a home and a night service in the little log schoolhouse.

It was late in September that Evelyn was called up on to hold a meeting at the home of Jack Riffle, who had sought God in the meeting held by Mr. and Mrs. Bruce the year before. He had friends and neighbors, including the school children and their teacher, gathered in for an hour of worship.

It soon became evident that the little log cabin, only fourteen by sixteen feet, would not hold the crowd, although practically the only furniture it contained was a bed, cot, stove, and three or four chairs. Some one has said that the mountains do not produce great scientists and inventors, but they do develop resourceful men. Jack Riffle was no exception, and he soon proved it by seating the congregation outside on old planks laid across two parallel logs under an apple tree near the house.

"Splendid!" said Evelyn, as she viewed the quaint scene before her. Then turning to Mr. Riffle she laughingly remarked, "Now that we have pews what shall we do for a pulpit?" "H-hh-h-ere is what's left of an o-o-old log we've been a s-s-sawin' up fer stove-wood. W-w-w-will that do?" he stammered, as he rolled a three-foot cross section of a log in front of her and stood it on end.

"Just the thing," she replied, laying her autoharp and song book on it in preparation for the opening of the service.

"That sun is mighty hot, ain't it, Miss Roberts?" remarked a mountain woman near by who observed that she had no shade whatever from the blazing September sun. "Here, take this sunbonnet. Hit ain't much pretty, but hit'll keep the sun out of your eyes," she added, handing Evelyn her own clean, white bonnet.

"Well, I never did hear of anyone preaching with a sunbonnet on, but I suppose it wouldn't be exactly out of order. Thanks ever so much." So, taking the bonnet, she slipped it on and was ready for the first song.

A blessed service followed, and while sharing the wonderful words of life with her own dear mountain people, Evelyn forgot all about the strangeness of her surroundings and even about her sunbonnet. Perhaps it was because they themselves seemed to see nothing unusual about the circumstance, and she could not but love them so much the more for their utter simplicity.

During the late summer and early fall Miss Reed made trips to Gun Creek and Rocky Cave missions for Sunday School and preaching services. Both missions had been unoccupied since the month of June, when Miss DeWitt came to Hermon and Rozella Keith returned to school. (Later she married and sailed with her husband as a missionary to Africa.)

Besides filling these regular appointments, Miss Reed was frequently called upon to hold meetings at various places far and near. Eight years of faithful ministering to both physical and spiritual needs won for her the love and respect of the mountain people for miles around. "You have been a mother to us," they would often say. "No one could ever take your place."

One particular kind of service at which she was occasionally asked to speak was the funeral memorial. These meetings, which have become a mountain custom, are held in the graveyards in memory of the dead, during the summer and fall months when the roads are good (?) and it is possible for all the neighbors and "kin-folk" to gather for the occasion. It is a time of feasting and often a hog, a sheep, or a calf is butchered in order to provide sufficient food.

Many attend the memorial simply as a social affair while others go to hear the crude mountain preachers as, one after another, they recount the virtues of the dead (regardless of the life they lived) and express their expectation of some day meeting them in Heaven.

On account of the absence of undertakers, burial of the dead takes place usually the day after the death. This may be at a season when, on account of the weather and roads, it is difficult to get all the kinfolks together in time for the funeral. Therefore the "funeral" is not preached until a later date when it is more convenient for all to come. This time may be put off indefinitely, as in the case when Miss Reed preached the funeral of a woman who had been dead thirty years.

The funeral, however, is not the same as the memorial, which is usually held once a year in most of the graveyards. As a rule there are three "preachers" or more engaged for these occasions, and too often, if they are of different faiths, there is an informal debate ending in anything but good feeling. Predestination, water baptism, denominations, feet-washing, eternal security, holiness of heart, child conversion, restitution, a paid or educated ministry, and women preachers are some of the main points of argument. The last five are bitterly opposed by practically every native mountain preacher.

Many do not seem to think that they are really preaching until they have so completely lost themselves in a flow or repetition of words that they must literally gasp for breath, as their voices rise and fall in almost perfect rhythm.



Since some can scarcely read their Bibles, and would not if they could, they are woefully ignorant of its truths. One man at Athorn who said he had preached for ten years did not even have a Bible in his home.

Moreover, the lives of these preachers are by no means always exemplary. They both preach and practise that "one must sin more or less every day." Even in the pulpit they think nothing of spitting tobacco juice around them, and the listeners do well to keep out of "spitting range."

While the preachers thus take turns enjoying their own oratory and demolishing one another's arguments, the people also take turns listening. If they get tired they go for a walk or have a little visit with a friend off to one side. If a mother thinks her baby needs a drink she will go to the bucket, which stands near the preacher, and give it a drink. By that time half a dozen children are up there for the same purpose. After they are all satisfied and have returned to their seats, several other people may decide they are thirsty too, so the performance is repeated. None of this seems to disturb the preacher; but if some drunken rowdy chances to become too unruly, he does not hesitate to use a gun on him if there is one handy.

However, if all are of the same religious mind and there is no serious disturbance, the service usually closes with a general handshake, and the song, "My Loved Ones Are Waiting for Me," or perhaps the following typical mountain song:

"I'm alone in this world, I'm weary of life;  
I'm alone in this world, I'm alone;  
I'm alone in this world, I'm weary of life;  
Take me home, blessed Savior, take me home.

My father is gone, I'm alone in this world; etc.  
My mother is gone, I'm alone in this world; etc.  
My brother is gone; I'm alone in this world; etc.  
My sister is gone, I'm alone in this world; etc. etc."

Because these memorials are both social and religious in their nature they have a strong hold upon the people. Those who wish to visit their friends on Sunday may do so with little compunction of conscience when they reason that they are going to a meeting at the same time.

Thus only those who loved the real truth and knew where to find it came to the little Hermon mission every Sunday. As one mountaineer expressed it, "If you want something for your stomach go to a memorial; if you want something for your soul go to the mission."

Although they saw the degenerating effect of the memorial custom on religion, nevertheless, both Miss Reed and Evelyn always accepted an invitation to preach at one, for they felt this was an opportunity to give Gospel truths to a large number who through prejudice would not attend the mission. They knew that the Gospel leaven would work even though the other preachers sought to destroy its power afterwards.

On one occasion Miss Reed was asked to come and preach at the funeral of a young woman who had been dead about four years. Some time before her death she had been converted in one of Miss Reed's meetings. When she expressed her desire to be baptized, her father threatened to beat her to death if she dared to be. In spite of this she was baptized, but as soon as she reached her home, near Athorn, the cruel father carried out his threat, beating her unmercifully until the blood streamed from her eyes, nose, and mouth. Although unconscious when later found by neighbors, she regained consciousness and lived for some time. Soon after her marriage she died as a result of internal injuries received from the beating. Burial took place immediately but the funeral had been postponed until this time.

Upon her arrival at the graveyard where the meeting was to be held, Miss Reed was informed that the funeral would again be postponed because the main speaker (the man who had baptized the girl) was not present. Determined, if possible, to accomplish yet her purpose in coming, she urged the people to remain for a preaching service at least. While those in charge were debating the question as to whether or not they should turn the meeting over to this "woman preacher," the husband of the deceased approached Miss Reed with this remark, "Miss Reed, I don't believe these funerals are in the Bible, do you?"

"No," she replied, "I'm sure they are not. Yet it is a wonderful opportunity to preach the Gospel, and that is why I came."

"Well, you're welcome to talk as far as I'm concerned, but some ain't satisfied. I think they're goin' to let you though. Now I'll tell you, Miss Reed, how it is. I'm a poor workin' man and here I lost all last week a-hangin' around, waitin' fer the funeral of my first wife to be preached. Now I've lost this week fer Leenar's funeral, and they ain't goin' to preach hit. And this is the second time they've put it off," he added impatiently.

Somewhat interested, Miss Reed ventured the question, "Have you a third wife?"

"Not yet," was the simple reply.

Just then word came that she was to preach and before long she was pouring out her heart in a Spiritfilled message to many hungry, sin-darkened hearts. Two years later she was again called upon to speak at the same girl's funeral but was unable to go then.

While there are many things pertaining to this mountain custom which are amusing, or even ludicrous, a thoughtful person could not but see the pathetic side of it. Indeed, the missionaries never failed to attend such a meeting without feeling both pity and compassion for the many who were being deceived by the traditional preaching and teaching of ignorant and often self-deceived spiritual leaders.

Frequently the missionaries found that by ministering to the physical needs of the mountain people they were given an opportunity to minister to them spiritually also.

One day soon after Evelyn's trip to Jack Riffle's there was a knock at the mission door. Another tale of poverty and suffering was poured into their ears. "A father, mother, and little girl all have typhoid fever. There is a new-born baby and no one to help. Come quickly."

Having packed the saddlebags with quilts, sheets, pillow cases, towels, soap, and first aid articles, they saddled their horses and started up the creek. There were two mountains to climb, seven miles to go in all, but their faithful horses, well accustomed to rugged mountain paths, soon took them to their destination -- a tiny one-room cabin nestled in a hollow between two mountains. Tethering their horses they went in. A glance revealed filth, destitution, and pitiful suffering. Two beds, two broken chairs, a table, a barrel, and a keg of corn meal were the only furnishings. There was a small stove in one corner but not in use.

They were told that the little dead baby had already been buried in a coffee can but that nothing had been done for the mother since its birth two days before. The little boy hastened to get water from the near by creek, their only source of drinking water, while Evelyn and Miss DeWitt (June's sister who was visiting them) searched for vessels in which to heat it that they might bathe the sick. They cleaned out a dirty, black iron kettle and placed it full of water over the logs on the open fireplace. Then they began work in earnest, repulsive though it might seem, remembering that Jesus said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." With a stubby hand-made broom they swept out the accumulation of debris, and, as usual, the pigs were on hand to dispose of what was eatable.

After they had done all they could to make their patients comfortable they ministered to them spiritually by reading the Word and pointing them to "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world," the One who "came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance."

Before leaving, they told them to send one of the children to the mission for some new clothing. The mother replied, "John, he said he don't much like to go cuz he hain't got no money to pay fer 'em." Where upon they assured her that that made no difference and urged her to send him.

A few weeks after this visit, Evelyn called on them again. This time all were able to be about except the mother who had barely escaped an attack of pneumonia. Her mouth was literally filled with running sores but her condition was improving.

While Evelyn was reading the Bible and explaining it to her, her mother came in. She drank in every word and listened with eager interest as Evelyn tried with the Spirit's help to lead her to the Cross. God spoke to her heart and when they knelt to pray she broke out in earnest confession of her sins and pleaded forgiveness. She soon found acceptance with God and, as they rose from their knees, she told the blessed news of her salvation to one of her daughters who had just come into the room.

Seeing that the daughter, who had attended the mission Sunday School at Gun Creek for some time, was under conviction and that she was at the point of yielding, Evelyn asked if she did not want to kneel right there and give her heart to Jesus. This she did and was soon on her feet with uplifted hands, praising God for saving her soul. The glory, of Heaven was reflected in her face, and Evelyn thanked God for two names written down in glory that day.

A few days later this girl came with her younger sister, a girl of fifteen, to the mission for clothing. As they were walking along the road a train passed by, and, in fear, her sister clung to her for protection. She had never seen a train before, although she had lived all of her life within four miles of the L & N railroad.

After they had selected what clothing they needed and had been told that they were welcome to it with out pay, their grateful spirit was manifested by their offering to pay twenty-five cents. "Here, take this," said the older girl. "It's all I have but I want you to take it."

While Miss Reed and Evelyn busied themselves with charity, pastoral, and evangelistic work, Miss DeWitt was planning and working for a "big day" in the school. For weeks the children had been using every spare minute in preparing for it, so when Farm and Home Day came in October, all was in readiness. There were on display, in the beautifully decorated schoolroom, farm products of every kind, ranging any where from peppers and cucumbers to pumpkins and cornstalks. Moreover, each child had on exhibition something of his own creation as a result of the sewing and manual training projects directed by their teacher.

All in the community were invited to come and bring their lunches so they could spend the day. At an early hour they began gathering and the morning was spent in viewing and commenting on the interesting and varied display. When it was time for lunch, tables were carried out on the lawn of the mission and the contents of all the baskets placed on them, where everyone could be served cafeteria style. What a variety! Corn bread, biscuits, fried chicken, salad, sweet potatoes, beans, roasting ears, pickles, jellies, sorghum, soggy layer pies, cakes, cookies, white milky butter, buttermilk, and sweet milk.

Immediately after the lunch a program, suitable to the occasion, was given by the school, followed by the awarding of prizes to those exhibiting the best work.

It was a great day for Hermon and community for it marked the beginning of a closer and more vital contact between the school and the home. It revealed in a clearer light than ever the unlimited possibilities for social and spiritual betterment which lay in reach of the mission, through the agency of the school. The mountain people, too, were beginning to awaken to the unusual opportunity which now lay at their very door, and they did not hesitate to express their appreciation.

\* \* \* \* \*

## Chapter 9 BRIGHTER DAYS

The missionaries, although grateful for present attainments, were not content with them. Ever eager to learn and apply new and better methods to their field of labor they sought every opportunity to profit by the experiences of other mountain workers who had been successful in accomplishing their aims, whether social, educational, or spiritual.

Having read in a popular magazine of a social settlement farther up in the mountains, Miss Reed, through correspondence, made arrangements for Evelyn and herself to visit it. Taking an early morning train they rode several hours until they came to an out-of-way place, still twenty-five miles from their destination. Here they waited in a country store for hours, expecting that any minute some one would come with horses to take them the rest of the way. It would have been a tiresome wait had it not been for the opportunity of personal witnessing for Christ which came to them while there. Evelyn played her autoharp and she and Miss Reed sang together. The eager listeners who gathered around to hear called for one song after another. A word of testimony or exhortation was interspersed now and then between the songs, and the soul-hunger expressed on some faces revealed the Spirit's faithful dealing.

Late in the afternoon, just when they had given up all hope of anyone coming for them, a Chevrolet car drove up.

"Are there two ladies here waiting to go to the settlement?" asked a young man as he climbed out of the car.

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "They've been here all day."

Thereupon Miss Reed and Evelyn made themselves known, expressing also their great surprise at seeing a car in that lonely "neck of the woods."

"Wall," said the driver, who had two other boys with him, "we did have a right smart of trouble in getting here -- flat tires and one thing and another, but I reckon we'll make it back somehow. Are you ready?"

"Yes," they replied and opening the back door of the car they climbed in, but not without some misgivings as to the success or outcome of the trip.

In a few minutes the car was on its way up the creek. The first mile was a real initiation. At any rate, that was what Miss Reed and Evelyn thought, as they bounced from one side of the car to the other, first bumping heads, then the top, then the sides, and so on until, in spite of the rather unpleasant sensations experienced, they were almost bursting with laughter. Just then the driver discovered that there was a flat tire. Delay number one! The sun was already dipping behind the hills, and they had twenty-four more miles like that one to travel. How could they ever live through it? Nevertheless, the calm patience and deliberation with which those three mountain boys set to work made them feel that if there was any way of getting them to their destination those boys were sure to do it.

When the tire was patched they started again. As before, they plowed through seemingly bottomless mud-holes and deep ruts; they splashed through creeks, both shallow and deep, narrow and wide, smooth and stony; they ascended and descended waterfalls; they wound their way through narrow ravines where there was scarcely room on either side for a man to pass; and they climbed long hills where rocks lay in stairsteps before them.

Finally, as they were winding their way around an almost perpendicular mountain side they met another car. Nothing unusual about that, it would seem. Yet this meeting presented a very serious problem just then, for on one side of the eight-foot road was a cliff and on the other -- nothing. There was only one of two things to do. One of the cars might back a quarter of a mile or so until it came to a wide place in the road, or they might pass right there with the risk of one of them falling off the road. They decided to do the latter. The car in which Miss Reed and Evelyn were riding chanced to be on the lower side. Little wonder that they literally held their breath as, inch by inch, the drivers guided the cars past each other, scraping fenders and even tops as they went. One move amiss might have been fatal, but all went well, and everyone breathed freely again.

Darkness soon covered the hills; still on they went. All they could see now was, here and there, a dim light in some mountain cabin near the road, or per chance a cow or a hog with her litter of pigs, which they had to arouse from their slumbers before they could go farther.

While they were still many miles from the settlement another tire went flat. More delay! By this time Miss Reed was suffering from a severe sick headache. She wondered if she could ever make it. She could pray at least, and she believed God would help. The tire fixed, they started on, repeating again the same experiences until at last, about nine o'clock, they arrived at their destination.

The morning found them refreshed (after a good night's rest in a little cottage) and they set out at once to acquaint themselves with their new surroundings. It had rained the night before, so the creek which wound its way through the narrow, deep valley was swollen to its banks. Some of these banks were artificially built up of rocks in order to prevent the washing away of what precious little level land there was between the precipitous mountains which rose bare and brown on every side.

What a scene met their eyes! There was not a modern building in sight, but up and down the valley and along the mountain sides were log cabins and rustic little cottages of every description. It was in deed a "little city draped down out of Heaven," as one mountaineer expressed it.

After a good breakfast in the spacious but simply constructed dining hall, they further inspected the settlement. One of the cottages was used as a music hall, another as a library, still another as a manual training shop where baskets, chairs, porch swings, and tables were made by hand. Then there were cottages for the teachers and still others for the three hundred mountain boys and girls who were there for an education which began with a kindergarten and carried them through the second year of college. One building, larger than the rest, accommodated the grades, while the class rooms of the high school and college were in small cottages perched on the steep hillsides.

Miss Reed and Evelyn spent the morning in visiting various classes, from college to kindergarten, but what impressed them most of all was the school assembly of the grades. They had been organized into something like a Students' Council for self government and every part of the meeting, even to the business that was transacted, was carried on by the pupils themselves. They apparently knew parliamentary procedure as well as their A, B, C's.

After dismissal one of the teachers showed Miss Reed and Evelyn a chart which pictured most vividly the philosophy of life which was being instilled into the children. On that chart the individual was designated as a "Human Machine" on a journey through life, the real starting point being what was termed Thinghood, before the individual has learned to say, "I am, I can, I will, and I ought." As soon as it is evident from his conduct that he has learned to say "I can" instead of "I can't," "I will" instead of "I won't," and so on, he then passes out of the stage called Thinghood into that called Selfhood, where his life gradually becomes purposive and he is enabled to form in his mind a life objective or goal. According to this chart the purpose or goal of every life should be World Service, and lives of men who had attained that end were designated as guide posts along the way. Among these were such men as Socrates, Jesus, and Lincoln. If for any reason the individual failed to continue following these guide posts and began to say "I can't" or "I won't" he had to start all over again and work his way out of Thinghood into Selfhood, from which he could once more enter upon the Purpose Road in life leading finally to the Ocean of Power and Stream of Plenty which make World Service possible. By looking at his chart each child in the school knew exactly what progress he was making. He also knew what progress his school mates were making and this served as an incentive to greater effort.

Although the Bible was taught in the high school and college, any practical or spiritual application of its truth was prohibited because of the fact that, although the school was founded by a woman independent of the State, it was at that time receiving support from the State.

Very few religious services were held at the Community Center, as the school was called, except those in charge of "Preacher Shelby", a crude mountaineer. They were glad therefore to arrange for a special meeting to be held while Miss Reed and Evelyn were there. At the appointed hour in the afternoon the entire school gathered in the assembly hall. It was a splendid sight! "Where could one find a finer group of boys and girls than this?" thought Evelyn as she stood before them to lead the singing. How her heart yearned for them as she visualized the great possibilities which lay within each life if surrendered to Christ.

After singing and prayer, Miss Reed gave a Gospel message from the text, "Sirs, we would see Jesus." She presented Christ, the only hope of the individual and the world, as opposed to Christian Science, Menticulture, and the like. The eager listeners seemed spell bound as they heard the glorious message of Christ, the crucified One, delivered in the demonstration of the Spirit and power. Their hungry-looking faces seemed to say, "We have never seen it on this wise before."

At the close of the service many (including Preacher Shelby) came to express their appreciation of the message, and a number of the students followed Miss Reed and Evelyn to their cottage, where Evelyn played her autoharp and sang for them, testifying also, out of the fullness of her heart, as she sought to point them to Christ, the only sufficient Savior, who alone could impart to them the power of the victorious life, which makes World Service possible. Great tears trickled down their cheeks as they sat and drank in every word. It all seemed so new and strange and wonderful to them.

What a ripe harvest field! If they could only tarry and gather some sheaves for Christ! But they must return home the next morning, so all they could do was pray that some day they might

establish a little mission near the school where these hungry hearts might indeed find the Purpose Road in Rim who said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life."

The twenty-five mile trip back to the station was not as trying as the one coming, although this time they had to walk up the mountains, which the little Ford roadster refused to climb as long as they remained in it.

A few days after their return home a letter was received from the superintendent of the school which they had visited. It ran something like this:

Dear Miss Reed:

Since your service here, the mountain men have come to us asking that you open up a mission in this community. They were all taken up with your meeting. This encourages us and gives us the thought that if we could secure some one of your adaptability we might be able to get the Gospel to these people. Pray for us!

However much this need appealed to the Hermon workers, they knew they could do nothing to meet it then for they had their hands full as it was. Indeed, after visiting that school they had a larger vision than ever of the glorious future possible for their own Hermon community, and from that time on they began dreaming, planning, and working in order to make that vision a reality.

Immediately after this trip Evelyn made a tour through the North in the interest of missions in general, but after an absence of three weeks she was glad to get back to the hills again, for she felt that God was planning something unusual for them, though she hardly knew just how or when it would come.

On the day before Thanksgiving the new district elder and his wife came to hold the regular quarterly meeting. Their presence and part in the Thanksgiving service added much to its inspiration. At the close of the service Miss Reed, with characteristic generosity, invited everyone to stay for dinner. Little wonder that, on hearing this, Evelyn, the cook, was seized with consternation, for she had prepared for only about ten. However, Miss DeWitt came to her rescue by finding a place for some of them in the homes near by, so twenty-two were all that dined at the little mission home that day.

The following Saturday there was a baptismal service for one of the schoolboys who had been converted sometime before. It was Tim, the boy who the preceding year seemed to think it was his prerogative to pick a fight with anyone who was so inclined -- Maxine Noble being his chief enemy. His conversion, how ever, had wrought a great transformation in him, and now he was one of the best boys in the school.

Sunday night one of the schoolgirls was saved. Because it seemed that God was working especially among the children, a meeting was held the next morning in the school. After a short message by the elder and an exhortation by his wife the invitation was given. What a scene followed as one after another they came, falling on their knees and raising their childish voices in



earnest confession and prayer; and what glory filled the room as together, with tears of joy Streaming down their shining faces and with up lifted hands, they praised the Lord for saving them.

Among those saved were Helen Miller, a sweet little girl of seven, and her brother Robert, an energetic lad of nine. Their mother had been converted four years before in the revival held by Miss McDowell, and only recently had been wonderfully baptized with the Holy Spirit. Their father, Bob Miller, was, on the other hand, anything but a Christian; in fact, he had been known for years as an unscrupulous politician, a gambler, a drunkard, and a murderer. During the past year, however, there had been a great change in him and for some time he had been a regular attendant at the little mission.

Of course Mrs. Miller was overjoyed when she heard the children were saved, but Mr. Miller only made light of it. Nevertheless that same night found him with his wife and the two children at the service as usual.

There was apparently nothing remarkable about the first part of the service, and even when the invitation was given there seemed to be but little conviction. It was a test of faith for the Christians, but, determined to hold their ground, they extended the invitation somewhat. Finally Evelyn, knowing that Maxine Noble had been thinking seriously, that day at least, went, to plead with her to yield to God. But Maxine, naturally stubborn and willful, would not even look at her and appeared as hard as stone.

At length Evelyn left her. Her heart was crushed with the apparent hopelessness of moving those young people for God. In desperation she felt she must say something, though she could think of nothing to say for she had pleaded with them so many times before. But determining to obey the Holy Spirit she began. She had spoken only a few words when she found herself, under the inspiration of the Spirit, challenging every young man and woman in that congregation to prove to her that they were enjoying the world as much as she was enjoying salvation. The result was electrifying. Maxine wilted in her seat and buried her head in her hands. Miss Reed, then standing near, told her she should go to the altar. Without hesitation she arose and, with both hands lifted, went to the altar, praying all the way, "Lord, have mercy on my soul."

How she cried and prayed and confessed! "Lord, forgive me and save my soul I've sinned against Thee but I'm sorry for all I've done. Do forgive me and take all my sins away. O Aunt Jane and Miss Reed, will you forgive me? Miss Roberts, I've been so mean. Will you forgive me? And Miss DeWitt, too, please forgive me; I want everybody to forgive me, I've been so mean. O Lord, if You'll forgive me and save my soul I'll live for Thee and do whatever You want me to do. Take me as I am, I give up every thing to Thee. O Lord, I believe You will take me." Then, as faith sprang up, a strange new light broke in upon her countenance and her large brown eyes opened on what seemed to her a new world.

"Oh," she continued, rising to her feet and facing the congregation, "the Lord saves me. I know I have Jesus in my heart. I am so happy. Praise the Lord! Folks, it's wonderful! I thought I'd be ashamed but I'm not. I never knew it was like this. Thank God for a Christian school. I never understood what sin was until I came here. My people are all so wicked. God save them I pray."

By this time she was walking back and forth in the front of the church exhorting the other young people. Finally she went straight to Mr. Miller and began "preaching" to him. "I tell you, Mr. Miller, the Lord's done something for me, and He can do the same for you if you let Him. You ought to pray now and get right. Oh, it's wonderful!" Then she would laugh and cry and praise the Lord all at the same time.

In the meantime the Christians were getting their share of the blessing, and Evelyn, though naturally reserved, scarcely knew what she was doing until her feet, which seemed to have suddenly taken wings, had carried her clear around the church. It was a scene that could never be forgotten.

The next morning the entire school went to the creek for another baptismal service. Those desiring baptism this time were Maxine, Robert, and one other girl. Language could not express the sacredness of that hour. As each one waded out into the water the school, standing on the bank, sang, "Jesus calls me, I am going." Then as they came up out of the water the Christians greeted them with a handshake. Hearts were melted and tears of joy flowed freely. Indeed, only he who had a heart of stone could remain untouched when Tim stepped up and shook hands with Maxine, saying, "Maxine, we've had many ups and downs, but we'll not have any more, will we?"

"No, we won't," replied Maxine laughing and crying at once.

That night, as soon as the invitation was given, Maxine went into the congregation and brought one after another of the young people to the altar where they prayed in earnest until peace came. Two of the number, Rosalee White and Jean Thomas, were girls about Maxine's age who had never before sought God. What a glorious time it was!

The next morning before school there was the third baptismal service. This time four were baptized. Since the elder and his wife had to leave that day there were no more special meetings, but the spirit of revival continued in the school and many and precious were the seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord during their daily chapel exercises. Miss DeWitt, whom they all loved dearly, proved a faithful and efficient shepherd of the little flock and they grew in grace rapidly.

Every Saturday afternoon there was a young people's meeting of which Evelyn had charge. A special study was made of the parables of Jesus which soon bore fruit in the conversion of a number of other children.

As time went on Hermon mission became more and more a community center where young and old alike felt welcome to come at any time for any purpose. Not only could they find there physical and spiritual help, but also pleasant and happy social times.

Desiring to make these social occasions profitable educationally as well as socially and spiritually, the mission workers decided to get a radio which would, with but little expense, give them a most vital contact with the busy outside world that seemed so remote and unreal to the simple mountaineer who had so long been shut in among the silent, though beautiful hills. Montgomery Ward being their nearest department store, an Airline was immediately ordered. With

what eagerness they awaited its arrival! Even the workers shared in the anticipation; so when the radio came they lost no time in securing one of the railroad men, who had offered his services, to come and install it.

Only those who have for years lived among the silent hills could appreciate the thrill of pleasure and satisfaction which came to those who, for the first time, heard the outside world speak to them in such unmistakable tones. Even to the workers, with their knowledge of modern science and invention, it seemed too wonderful to be true. Little wonder then that it took considerable persuasion to convince some of the mountain folks of its reality.

"That's nothin' but a talkin' machine," said one woman. "You can't make me believe nothin' else. They've got records in that thing (referring to the loud speaker). Maybe it'll all be different fer the first couple weeks, but then you see if it don't start all over and you'll hear the same thing again."

One of her little girls, who was a cripple, came frequently to the mission to listen in. At the close of the weekly American Speech Pioneers program broadcasted from WOE by Dagmar Perkins, the children who listened to her programs were invited to write her about incorrect forms of speech which they themselves knew better than to use. She would then select one of the letters as a text for her talk.

It occurred to Miss Reed that this might be a good way to convince those who were skeptical about the construction of the radio; so she had the little girl write a letter to Miss Perkins and, having enclosed a letter of explanation, she sent it.

At the regular time the following Tuesday night the little girl was there listening expectantly to hear her name at least mentioned. She was not disappointed, although she could scarcely believe her ears. Unfortunately, however, her mother came in just a little too late to hear it herself. Though she did not doubt the truthfulness of those who heard it she still remained skeptical.

"I tell ye, Miss Reed," she said, "I'll never be 'vinced till you go away from here sometime and I can hear you talk to me out of that thing yourself."

However this was not necessary for she finally gave in. Perhaps a clipping sent from a Brooklyn paper soon afterwards helped to convince her. (Of course, since she could not read, it was read to her.) It told how at a certain hour a little girl in the wilds of Kentucky would hear her own name come out of the loud speaker at the mountain Gospel mission house and her mother would probably be convinced that the radio isn't just a talking machine after all. This clipping also stated:

"Miss Perkins is particularly interested in this letter from the Kentucky mountains because of the people who live there and the speech they use. Some of their expressions used today are the same as those used in the time of Chaucer, and some of their customs, too. They are descended from pure Anglo-Saxon stock and have never mixed with the outside world, and the outside world has kept out of the mountains."

The radio came in time for them to enjoy many beautiful Christmas programs, and the night before Christmas when, as usual, they spent the entire night in wrapping gifts for the Sunday School, they were entertained with the best of music from all over the country.

For various reasons no night service was held in the mission on Sunday, so a crowd would gather regularly every Sunday night to listen to the services broadcasted from different churches. Those received from Paul Rader's Tabernacle were especially appreciated. Time and again the presence and blessing of the Lord were felt as they worshipped Him with thousands of people who were miles and miles away.

After Christmas cold weather set in, but Evelyn continued to make the regular week-end trips to Gun Creek and Rocky Cave. "Rain or shine," "snow or mud" -- she never disappointed the Sunday School children a single time. One Sunday morning when the thermometer registered ten below zero she decided to walk to Gun Creek, four miles, and on to Rocky Cave, four more miles, where she arranged to have her horse brought that she might ride the last five miles back home, because she thought it would warm up during the day. To walk eight miles in deep snow, besides teaching two Sunday Schools, was no easy task, but all of that was easier than the last five miles on the horse. It remained below zero all day and the wind was bitter. The road being in the creek much of the way, riding was hazardous on account of the glazing ice. Nevertheless, she made the trip safely, although when she arrived at Hermon she was stiff with cold and the legs of her horse were covered with large balls of ice.

Experiences similar to this came to Evelyn and Miss Reed week after week, yet they never thought of them as hardships. They only rejoiced that God had given them the health and strength to do what duty demanded. For does not the Word say that after we have done all we are still unprofitable servants?

\* \* \* \* \*

## Chapter 10 ANOTHER MOUNTAIN LASSIE

Maxine Noble, who could never do anything half heartedly, showed the same disposition in all that pertained to her Christian life. She must have God's very best or she would not bother with religion at all. Because of her fiery temper it was not long before she discovered her need of a pure heart, and she started seeking at once. It took some time before she reached the point where faith for perfect cleansing sprang up within her heart, but when she took the final step the Holy Spirit came in His fullness.

From the first it was evident that God's hand was upon her life for service. The moment she was converted she became a soul-winner, bringing, the very next night, a half dozen other young people to the altar. As she grew in grace the Holy Spirit continued to use her and frequently she would go with Evelyn to assist her in the services held at various outlying points. Sometimes they would ride "double," Evelyn in the saddle and Maxine behind.

In conversation along the way Evelyn gathered bits of information concerning Maxine's life before and after she came to Hermon to live with her Aunt Jane who was one of the charter members of the mission. Her story as she thus told it ran something like this:

I was born in a log cabin on Gun Creek, Kentucky, January 11, 1911, one of a family of twelve, eight of whom are now living. My father and mother, who had but little opportunity for an education, could scarcely read or write, but they tried to give us a chance, so when I was six years old I started to school.

I was a naughty little girl and often had to be whipped for fighting with the other children. Many a time the teacher had to chase me around the school before he could catch me. I remember one way he had of punishing us was to make us stand up against the wall with our noses in a knot hole.

Sometimes on the way home from school our neighbor boys would fight us and whip us around the legs. Father had always told us not to fight back, but one day we showed him the marks on our legs from the whipping. All he said was, "Go to them, girls." And believe me we did. The next time they started any thing we made them glad to stop.

As I grew older I, with my sisters, helped father in the field. One day he said, "Come on, girls, and help me plant this tobacco and care for it this year, and this fall you can all smoke."

"All right, Dad," we replied, and away we went. Fall came and the tobacco was gathered and placed in the attic to dry. My sister and I always had to get the cows and on the way home we passed grandpa's store. One day I said to her, "I'm going in and get us a new pipe."

"Go ahead," she replied, and as quick as a flash I slipped in, grabbed a couple of pipes and was gone.

"Come on," I said to my sister, "I have them. Let's go home."

When Dad came home from work one of my other sisters told him about the pipes. When he asked why we got them we reminded him of his promise in the spring, but he whipped us just the same and then told grandpa about it. We were ashamed, but that did not cure us, for I remember we were so determined to smoke that we went up in a field of sage grass and tried smoking an old weed of some kind. The grass accidentally caught on fire and did quite a bit of damage.

Finally three missionaries came to Gun Creek to hold Sunday School. The only thing I remember about this was the question, "Who was Jesus?" and the answer, "He was the Son of God."

My mother had excellent management about running the farm and home and controlling the children. It was a good thing, for father was away working most of the time. Very often she would have one of my older sisters read the Bible for her at night. I remember her praying once. Whenever there was a service near home she nearly always went. One night she went to hear Miss Reed and from that time on she considered her as her favorite preacher.

In November, 1923, we moved from Gun Creek about fifty-eight miles farther up in the mountains. We had not been there very long when father took us all to the show. Here we took the measles, and after all we children had had them mother took sick with them. Instead of getting better she got worse, until at last she asked my uncle to send for Miss Reed. For some reason he did not do it, and in a few days mother died. We were all heartbroken and father was never the same again. He seemed to have nothing to live for.

A few weeks after mother died, father began selling whiskey. Then when he was gone I would sell it. Later he left home to work about fifty miles away. While away he was put in jail for having whiskey on him, so he sold our home in order to get himself out of trouble. After moving he continued selling whiskey until one day a sheriff came and searched our house and took him to jail.

Thus we girls were left alone to get along as best we could. We had to do something to feed ourselves and our four younger sisters, so we decided to go and get more whiskey where father had always gotten it. It was a ten-mile trip, so one of my sisters and I took another girl with us. While we were there this girl and I got drunk. On the way home we stopped at a corn crib and, taking about fifteen ears of corn, my sister put some of them inside of my overalls and some in hers. However, we lost them all before we had gone very far. Then we discovered that our pistol was missing, and while they went to look for it I lay down on the hillside and cried and prayed, for I was, oh, so sick.

Not long after we got home with the whiskey it was sold and we went after more. This time I carried two gallons in shopping bags to the town where father was in jail. After I had sold it I went and told him about it. He told me that I was too brave and that I'd get caught if I was not careful. But this did not frighten me a bit, and we continued selling moonshine all the while father was in jail -- seventy three days.

When he was released in April he said that we would move to Hermon. Since the children had nothing to wear on their feet they put me inside the window of a store and I got about ten pairs of slippers, some cloth, ribbon, lace, and thread. The next day we made the trip. Father had to go back to jail, so arrangements were made for me and my three younger sisters to live with my Aunt Jane Lucas.

The following Sunday I attended the mission Sunday School at Hermon for the first time. Miss Roberts was my teacher and I remember her telling us that she became a Christian at eight years of age, but I could not believe it for I had never heard of such a thing.

When the daily school opened in July with her as teacher I, together with my younger sisters, entered, and from the very first day I liked the school. I was especially interested in Bible Study and was always glad to see morning come. But my interest in the Bible did not make me a good girl for, although I loved my teacher, I gave her a lot of trouble because of my awful temper.

When school was out I worked on the farm during the week and on Sunday went either to the mission or to some memorial meeting with my cousin, Golden Lucas, who, although once a Christian, was then away from the Lord. Just before school opened again my father was killed

while working in a mine. This was a great sorrow to us all. I shall never forget one thing Miss Reed said when she preached his funeral. It was this -- "The one that really cares for John Noble will prove it." She meant they would live better.

Four months after school opened there was a revival meeting going on in the mission. The Lord began to talk to my heart more than ever before, but because of stubbornness I did not want anyone to know it, so I tried to throw off conviction. But one night during the altar service God said to my heart, "If you don't get saved you'll be in your coffin within a week." This was more than I could bear and I dropped into my seat and began to cry. Some one told me to go to the altar so I went, praying all the way. After I had prayed for a few minutes, all at once God spoke peace to my soul. Oh, what a happy girl I was!

Then I realized all I had stolen must be straightened up, so I went to Miss Reed first and confessed to stealing some handkerchiefs from her washing. Of course I had to confess to the merchant from whom I stole the slippers, but he wrote back and gladly forgave me, saying. he was glad I had become a Christian.

But I know he could not be as glad as I have been since Jesus came into my heart. He saves and sanctifies my soul. and I am His girl. The joy of living is Jesus. I love Him supremely. He has promised good to me in the future. Praise His dear name! I mean to do His will and spend my whole life in His service, winning precious souls to Him. Then I shall some day see Him face to face.

Maxine's testimony, given under the anointing of the Holy Spirit, seldom failed to move her listeners to tears. Somehow they knew she meant every word she said, for she seemed always to speak from the very depths of her heart.

The month of January (1928) slipped away and February, too, was almost gone when one day an awful blow came to the Hermon school. Roger Newton, a lad of seventeen, who, since his conversion over a year before, had won the confidence and respect of every one in the community, suddenly gave up his profession as a Christian. To the mission workers, who had high hopes for this lad so gifted in singing, it appeared to be no less than a tragedy.

In the regular Wednesday night prayer meeting the truth became known. Roger did not even kneel during prayer! The next morning in family worship an unusual burden of prayer for Roger came upon Miss Reed, and, as she travailed in agonizing prayer, Evelyn and Miss DeWitt joined with her, and they prayed on and on. Eight-thirty came and still they were praying. Some of the Christian school children, hearing the voices of prayer at the mission home, came over and joined them. Finally Miss DeWitt slipped out with the intention of opening school, but when she reached the building the burden was still so heavy on her heart that she knew it would be useless to try to teach; so having dismissed school for the day, she returned to the prayer meeting which now seemed to be all over the house.

Before Roger left the school Miss Reed went out to talk with him and, if possible, to bring him in for prayer. But her pleadings and those of the other workers were all in vain. So the prayer meeting was prolonged until noon, when they all went down to Bob Miller's to continue their

intercession, How those precious young people wept, and prayed, and pleaded with God for this prodigal son! It was a day which none of them could ever forget. And, as we shall find later, it was a day which Bob Miller did not soon forget.

When Virginia Graham, who had gone with Mr. and Mrs. Bruce to Lakeland, Florida, for the winter, heard through a letter from Evelyn about Roger getting away from God, she wrote at once expressing both her surprise and regret. Here is a part of the letter.

Dear Evelyn:

How sorry I am that Roger Newton has backslidden! Why I never thought of his doing such a thing, for I supposed he was getting along wonderfully in his soul. Isn't it strange, Evelyn, how the devil can come around and make the broad road look so easy and smooth and, on the other hand, make the road to Heaven look so rugged and thorny, just to get the young pilgrim to forsake Christ? Then if they don't have the backbone to put their foot down and tell him right to his face that he is a liar, they are sure to let down under his temptations and give way to self. God help our young people today and give them grace!

I know how it is, and you know, too, I am sure, for you have been through the process. Here there is so much worldliness -- I never saw the like in all my life. And you know, Evelyn, how cunning the old devil is, and how he comes around in his smooth way and says, "I would be ashamed with my dresses so much longer than the rest, and my hair long like yours. Why, just look how nicely the other girls are dressed with their bobbed hair, jewelry, and painted cheeks. Now aren't you ashamed?" It takes every bit of grace I have to stand, but, praise the Lord, He helps me through!

I have never told this to anyone else, for I don't like to tell my trials and battles to anyone but God, since He is the only one that can help me. And, oh, He does wonderfully help me! He is helping me just now. I wish you were here to share some of the blessing. Glory be to His name!

I received a letter from Maxine today and she has been having some trials, she said. Let us pray that the enemy may not win her. All is well and I have a peace within my heart that the world never gave and the world can never take it away.

The following letter was Evelyn's reply:

My dear Virginia:

Your letter received today brought tears of joy, for to see you prospering spiritually is our greatest reward. I did get some of the overflow of your blessing, Virginia, even though it had to travel several hundred miles to reach me. God bless you!

Yet, although your letter brought joy it, at the same time, gave us a burden of prayer that you might be made perfect and complete in all the will of God.



Remember we have confidence in you and believe that you, can be depended on; but never forget your weakness. Peter said, "Though all men forsake thee, I will not;" yet in a few hours he cursed and denied that he even knew Christ. Unless we have the Holy Spirit ever abiding within we are no stronger than he was.

Always keep self on the cross, Virginia; do as Paul -- glory in it. Find your chief joy in it. Then you can say with him, "I am crucified with Christ, never the less I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." Read Philippians 3 carefully and prayerfully. Oh, the depth of spiritual truth in that chapter! Let it grip your heart. Think of what Paul suffered for Christ's sake, and yet he could say, "I take pleasure in reproaches and persecutions, for when I am weak then am I strong."

Yes, it is sad to see our young people drift away from God, but if they do, it is because they fail to heed Peter's admonition, "Add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge," etc. It is a warning to us to make our calling and election sure. We must grow -- we must keep adding or we will be barren and unfruitful. A tree in order to stand the storms must grow deep as well as tall. Dig deep, Virginia. Keep humble and God will lift you up. Have implicit, unwavering faith in His undying love for you. "He who has begun a good work in you will finish it." Yield yourself to His working as clay in the potter's hand and He will make of you a "vessel unto honor, sanctified and meet for the Master's use, prepared unto every good work."

Covet above all things the Spirit-filled life -- the life fragrant and radiant with the presence of Jesus. Watch your opportunities to speak for Him. Crave His fellowship as you would that of a lover's. Let Him be all in all to you -- Savior, Lover, Brother, Friend. Count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus your Lord. Cultivate a close acquaintanceship with Him. Always give Him the preeminence. Follow the leadings of the Spirit and be quick to obey. In all important decisions be very sure you know the mind of the Lord before you act. This will save many a misstep and much time in the end.

You say you have been tempted because of being different from the other girls. Remember, Virginia, that you are a child of the King who has chosen us to be a peculiar people. The hardest thing for most of us is to die to the opinions of others, but God can never trust anyone with His work who is not so dead to the world that he can say like the great saint, Athanasius, when he was told that the world was against him, "Well then, Athanasius is against the world."

How weak and spineless we are! God give us a "backbone like a saw-log," the courage of a Daniel, the faith of an Elijah, and the humility of Moses. God is calling for men and women who will dare to preach the truth -- to live or die for it. Will you, Virginia? Can you say like Isaiah, "Here am I, Lord, send me?" The refining process may be hard, but, oh, there's glory in it. We must be subdued, yielded, pliable in God's hands if we ever leave a mark for God in the world. He says He will thresh a mountain with a worm. That is God's method, paradoxical though it may seem. Surely His ways are not ours, but they must always be best. Let us live where He can trust us. May God bless you! We shall look forward to seeing you in June.

Love to all,  
Evelyn

Ever since Maxine's conversion three months before, the mission workers had been discussing almost every conceivable plan whereby she might continue her education. The very same reasoning which had decided Virginia's future decided Maxine's also, and as a result of prayer and a persuasive letter from Evelyn to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce promised to give Maxine a home too, providing they would receive two dollars a week for her board. Evelyn knew there were friends of the mountain work who would gladly meet that expense, so the question was settled. Mr. and Mrs. Bruce would stop at Hermon on their way north in June and take Maxine with them. Maxine was delighted with the prospect even though she, like Virginia, was certain to meet with opposition in getting away.

The last day of school, March 30, soon came and Hermon mission school held its first eighth grade commencement exercises with five graduates. Every number on the program was well given, but especially impressive was the class song, (sung to the tune of "Keep the Home Fires Burning") the chorus of which was composed by Miss DeWitt.

"Dear old Hermon mission, may you keep the vision,  
Of the mountain boys and girls who follow you;  
May your service given, guide the way to Heaven,  
Dear old Hermon mission school, we honor you."

Even in programs at Hermon there was always a place for the special manifestation of the Holy Spirit, so when Miss Reed called upon Maxine to give her testimony after receiving her diploma, it did not seem at all out of place to see the blessing of the Lord poured out upon those who knew from personal experience the truth of what she was saying. The fact, too, that Roger Newton had, only a week before, come back to Father's house was further cause for rejoicing.

This commencement was indeed a red-letter day in the history of Hermon school for it marked not only the closing of a most successful school year, but also the commencement of even better and brighter days for Hermon and community. While serving as teacher in the school Miss DeWitt had caught a vision of even greater things yet in store for her "mountain boys and girls" and she could never be content again until that vision had materialized. Many an evening June and Evelyn spent together on the front porch of the mission cottage, building air castles and dreaming dreams of the day when in that same valley a vocational school would open the door of opportunity to many mountain lads and lasses. But when they came back from dreamland to face the real facts -- all their air castles would seemingly crumble to the earth. Seemingly -- yes -- but not in reality, for they were more than air castles. They were visions of faith -- faith which "laughs at impossibilities and cries, 'It shall be done.'" But the time was not yet ripe. They would continue to pray and wait and work and watch -- watch for the opportune time, for God's time. Then they would dare to go forward without fear, certain that their faith would be rewarded.

The months April and May were apparently quite uneventful except for one incident which took place the latter part of May, shortly after June had gone to her home for a vacation. It was a beautiful spring day and Evelyn was sitting on the back porch studying when Eunice Noble, Maxine's sister, came running down the railroad track. As soon as she entered the yard she began telling her mission, stopping only now and then to catch her breath.

"Miss Reed sent me down here to tell you to come up to our house right away. Golden wants to get saved and is praying, and Miss Heed says you should come and help pray for her."

"Golden Lucas, you mean?" asked Evelyn in astonishment.

"Yes," replied Eunice.

"Oh, good! I'm so glad. Just a minute and I'll go with you."

Having closed up the house, Evelyn started up the track with Eunice. Involuntarily her mind went back to the first time she saw Golden. It was that first evening she spent at Hermon. While sitting on the veranda, conversing with the young man who had opened the school a few days before she came, she noticed some barefooted children getting the cows in the "bottom" just below.

"Do those children come to school here?" she asked. "Yes," was the reply. "The oldest one there is Golden Lucas, a bright Christian girl of fifteen. She has a wonderful mother, and her sister Mae is a Christian too. Through the influence of the teacher who was here last year, Mae is soon going to a northern school to finish her education.

As Evelyn came to know Golden, both in school and outside of it, she was much impressed with her unusual gifts and remarkable personality. Therefore she was not greatly surprised to hear that God had called her to preach when she was only six years of age. The year after Evelyn came, Golden went to a Bible school where she remained two years and finally came home backslidden, in spite of the splendid opportunities given her. During the last two years spent in the mountains, she had drifted farther and farther away from God, and now she was the bride of an unsaved young man whom she had recently met. "What a pity," thought Evelyn, "that she should spoil her life before yielding to God!"

By this time they were descending the steep bank leading to the Lucas home. Before reaching the door they could hear Golden praying, "O God, I'm sorry I've wandered so far away from Thee, but now I'm coming back. I'm tired of sin. The pleasures of the world can't satisfy my heart. I've tried everything, but nothing can fill that longing but Thee. You were once so precious and near to me, Jesus, but now You seem so far away. Oh, don't turn me away. Come into my heart and save me and I shall live for Thee and do Thy will whatever it is. I'll bear the reproach of the cross. I'll dress and act like a Christian. I'll take the way with the Lord's despised few, if You'll only speak peace to my soul once more. I know I'm not worthy but I plead Thy blood that was shed for me."

Thus she continued to pray until Maxine, who had been hoeing corn up on the hillside, overheard and came running down to the house. What a picture she made -- a charming lassie of seventeen, barefooted and simply dressed, with her thick black hair hanging down her back in two long braids. The moment she saw Golden she hastened to her side, and kneeling down she too poured out her heart in earnest prayer for her. At last when Golden's surrender to God was complete, peace came into her heart and she was once more His child.

Here was a "vessel marred on the wheel," but God in His mercy took it and made it over anew. Indeed God's second best is better than Satan's best, but, oh, the tragedy of missing God's first plan! Who can fathom it! Golden Lucas was saved, yet the life of soul-winning which God had planned for her was now impossible. She had chosen the comforts of a home instead. Had she awaited God's time she doubtless would have had both, but she had not yet learned to trust either the wisdom or the love of Him who said, "He that findeth his life shall lose it, but he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." Evelyn could only hope and pray that her cousin Maxine might grasp that truth before she made the same fatal mistake.

Feeling that young people cannot be too often warned in regard to getting God's thought for their lives, not only as it pertains to friendships but in other matters of decision, Evelyn wrote the following article for publication with the hope that it might help some one.

### Getting in Tune

We hear a great deal in these days about getting "in tune with the Infinite." To many the expression probably conveys merely a vague mental concept, but there is a Divine reality hidden in the words.

When God set in motion this great universe, according to His infinite plan there was perfect harmony in every part. Not a discord marred its beauty, for God's will was perfectly done. Then sin entered and we all know the result -- strife and discord, sorrow and disappointment, pain and death.

If we as individuals have gotten out of tune with the Infinite, if there is in our lives a discord, a jarring note which cannot be silenced, sin, or rather disobedience, is responsible for it. Failure on our part to do God's will is the only thing in the world that can get us out of tune.

Out of His will we are misfits wherever we go. No matter how pleasing to the natural eye the surroundings and prospects may be, there is somehow an inward discontent and restlessness -- so vague perhaps that it is indefinable, which nevertheless forces us to acknowledge, even though against our will, that we are out of tune; we have somewhere missed God's thought for our lives.

When we recognize this fact the temptation comes to blame circumstances for our discontent and we seek to alter them. But it is in vain, for the real trouble lies within, not without.

There are many young people who are anxious that the will of God be done in their lives, but, due to a lack of real confidence in God to work things out for them, they either worry about the future, and so become useless so far as present duties are concerned, or else they take things into their own hands and get out of Divine order perhaps for life. How many promising young lives have thus been shipwrecked which otherwise would have been a blessing to the world!

Since it is the carrying out of the will of God in every detail of our lives that determines our eternal happiness as well as our usefulness, we may well ask ourselves the question, "What is the secret of knowing God's will?" The psalmist says, "Great peace have they that LOVE thy law, and nothing shall offend them (Heb. -- They shall have no stumbling block)." Again we read in

Romans 8:28, "And we know that all things work together for good to them that LOVE God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." Finally, Jesus Himself says, "If any man WILL do his will, he shall know."

From this we infer that the secret of knowing God's will is to LOVE it, to delight in it, prize it as our dearest treasure, and to do it as our highest privilege. If that will then presents to us some cross to be borne, some sacrifice to be made or some disappointment to be met, we in spiritual vision can see beyond the present trial to God's eternal purpose behind it, and, instead of shrinking from the cross we can embrace it "with joy unspeakable and full of glory." "Looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith, who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame."

Such a love for God's will will beget within us a confidence and restfulness of soul which will enable us to hear the gentlest whisper of the Holy Spirit and we will not be afraid to await His time, nor to act when His time comes.

With this utter abandonment to the will of God will come the quiet, blissful consciousness of being in harmony with the Infinite One and His Divine plan of the ages. It is then that He often sees fit to reveal to us by His Spirit those things which "eye hath not seen nor ear heard."

Oh, that we might follow the steps of Him who said, "Lo, I come to do thy will, O my God," for "I seek not my own will, but the will of the Father which hath sent me." None of us can ever know the fullness of His joy until we, too, choose the will of God as our one and only business and calling in this life. Is not that being "in tune with the Infinite?"

The inspired poet has beautifully expressed this same thought in the lines:

"Oh, sweet will of God, Thou hast girded me round  
Like the deep moving currents that girdle the sea;  
With omnipotent love is my poor nature bound,  
And this bondage to love makes me perfectly free.

"For years my will wrestled with vague discontent,  
That like a sad angel o'ershadowed my way;  
God's light in my soul with the darkness was blent,  
And my heart ever longed for an unclouded day.

"My wild will was captured, yet under the yoke;  
There was pain and not peace at the press of the load,  
Till the glorious burden the last fiber broke,  
And I melted like wax in the furnace of God.

"And now I have flung myself recklessly out  
Like a chip on the stream of the Infinite will;  
I pass the rough rocks with a smile and a shout,  
And I just let my God His dear purpose fulfill.

"Roll on checkered seasons, bring smiles or bring tears,  
My soul sweetly sails on an Infinite tide;  
I shall soon touch the shores of eternity's years,  
And near the white throne of my Savior abide."

As the time drew near for Virginia to return home with the Bruces for a short visit, various tales reached the ears of the mission workers. Several declared that the Grahams were determined not to let her leave again if she ever came home. Fearing that this might be true, Miss Reed had a very plain talk with them which resulted in their promising faithfully that they would not compel her to stay.

The next problem before the workers was to gain the consent of Maxine's relatives to her going home with the Bruces. Her Aunt Jane, of course, had no objections, for two of her own girls, Golden and Mae, had already been away to school; but her Uncle Strat Noble would not hear to it. Miss Reed and Evelyn did their utmost to persuade him that it was the thing to do, but to no avail. Then when he saw that Maxine was determined to go in spite of his objections he resorted to intimidation.

One day as Evelyn was resting in her room and Miss Reed working in hers, a little neighbor girl came in and, having handed a note to Evelyn and another to Miss Reed, she left without explanation. Evelyn opened her note and read as follows:

Dear Madam:

This is to notify you that Maxine Noble is under my care and I shall see to it that she gets her schooling. You must neither persuade nor assist her in getting away from here.

Strat Noble

Evelyn felt her heart sink to the floor. What did this mean? Could it be this man was determined to rob Maxine of this unusual opportunity? It hardly seemed possible, but the note was plain. When she had partly recovered from the shock she started to Miss Reed's room, not knowing that she, too, had received a note to the same effect. They met at the door, compared notes, and with scarcely a word they parted. Each knew that the other wanted to pray.

Miss Reed found her way to the church, her secret place of prayer, while Evelyn hastened to her room where she fell on her knees in an agony of prayer. Satan could not, he must not, have this victory in Maxine's life! Everything depended on it -- her future happiness, her own soul's salvation, and above all the salvation of the many whom she might win to the Lord. If she stayed there it would mean an early marriage, a house full of children, and little or no opportunity for soul-winning. That very thing had occurred at Hermon more than once. But it must not occur in Maxine's life! Faith whispered that it would not. Prayer was changed to praise and defeat to victory. Two promises were given Evelyn on which to stand -- "Blessed is she that believed: for there shall be a performance of those things that were told her from the Lord," and "Sit still, my daughter, until thou know how the matter will fall."

Evelyn rose from her knees confident that God had heard and that His will would be done. Miss Reed likewise felt the same assurance, and they calmly awaited developments. A few days later they saw Aunt Jane coming down the railroad track. Knowing that she was leaving that morning to spend a short vacation with her daughter Mae, who was now married and living in Iowa, they felt that some definite arrangements in regard to Maxine's going should be made before she left.

Calling her to the gate Miss Reed said, "Mrs. Lucas, don't you think you ought to see your brother before you leave, and let him know your wishes concerning Maxine's going?"

"I've already done settled that, Miss Reed," she replied emphatically. "Maxine and me went over t'other day and had it out with him. I told him plainly that when them children were brought to me I was given to understand that I could expect no financial help from anyone in raisin' 'em, and when I have a chance to put 'em in school somewhere I'm aimin' to take it."

"What did he say to that?" asked Miss Reed.

"Nothing," she replied, "he knows what little money the children have won't put 'em through school. I reckon he'll work to the last though to keep her from goin', but I wouldn't worry."

"No, but we'll pray," said Miss Reed, "God is able!" So Mrs. Lucas left.

At last the day set for the coming of the Bruces arrived. A large delegation met them at the station. It was a glad reunion. Of course everybody was eager to see what change a year outside the mountains had made in Virginia's appearance and conduct. Suffice it to say that all were agreeably surprised. Her testimony and prayers in the services next day proved that she had grown both in grace and knowledge since her departure the year before.

After a visit of three days Mr. and Mrs. Bruce decided they must go, since they had left their car in a garage where the good roads ended about sixty miles away. There was suspense up to the last about Maxine's getting away, so all breathed a sigh of relief when they were safely on board the train. Evelyn also started home with them, stopping on the way to attend a camp in Illinois.

When Evelyn arrived home she, with her mother, father, the girls, and a few other Christians, held several Saturday night street meetings. If their home town had been a large city this would not have been such a cross, but it was a small village where every one knew them, and where spiritual religion was not particularly relished. Hence it took no small amount of courage for Virginia and Maxine, as well as the rest, to testify before those who would sneer at the religion of the cross; but the joy of the Holy Spirit made it easy to speak and they could not think of being ashamed, though they felt most keenly the reproach of the cross. They were confident that some of their listeners were hungry for the kind of salvation that delivers from the fear of man and sets the soul at liberty. In fact, many marveled to see girls like Virginia and Maxine thus take their stand so boldly for Christ. After hearing their fire-baptized testimonies, some even went so far as to say that

it looked as if the Kentucky mountains needed to send missionaries to Pennsylvania instead of the other way round.

Shortly before her return to the mountains, Evelyn received an invitation to come and hold a young people's revival in Illinois. Taking the matter to God in prayer she heard the unmistakable whisper, "Back to the mountains," and again her heart thrilled with gladness at the thought of returning "home."

When she reached Hermon, school was already in progress with Miss DeWitt as teacher. In a few days Miss Reed left for a missionary tour in Iowa and Pennsylvania, after which Evelyn also left for a series of camp meetings in Oklahoma, Illinois, Indiana, and Tennessee. While in Illinois Evelyn received a letter from Miss Reed in which she outlined her plans for the coming year. At a camp in Iowa she had met a young woman, a college graduate by the name of Marion Vieth, who felt called to the Lord's work and who had offered to come, without remuneration, providing there was a place for her to fill. Miss Reed's plan was for her and Evelyn to locate at Rocky Cave mission immediately after the revival which was to be held in Hermon in September. An elderly lady had been engaged as the evangelist for this meeting, and a real outpouring of God's Spirit was anticipated.

As soon as Evelyn read of the plan she felt that it was of God and she began to look forward at once to a blessed year of soul-winning. Somehow she believed that God again had something unusual in store for them. Indeed she could never forget that day in the Indianapolis camp when she "prayed through" for the Hermon revival.

At a conference in Tennessee Miss Reed and Evelyn met; and taking the evangelist with them they started for Hermon the third of September. Marion Vieth joined the party at Lexington and together they journeyed homeward. It was a profitable as well as a delightful trip, for several times when the train stopped at stations they sang Gospel songs with the autoharp accompaniment to crowds of eager and appreciative listeners.

At last the conductor called "Hermon" and they knew their journey was ended. But while this marked the end of their journey it also marked the beginning of a very important chapter in the history of Hermon.

\* \* \* \* \*

## Chapter 11 SUNSHINE AND SHADOWS

Although the revival at Hermon was not to open until after the second annual Farm and Home Day which was scheduled for Friday, September seventh, the spirit of revival began at once to assert itself in prolonged seasons of prayer and intercession at the mission home.

On Thursday night they had had an unusually blessed time in prayer, and were about to rise from their knees, when they were startled by a sound which seemed suddenly to transport them back to "civilization." It sounded like an automobile horn, but a second thought told them that was



impossible, for they were still in the Kentucky wilds. What could it be? Looking out of the window they saw two glaring lights. Just then the horn blew again.

"An automobile!" some one ejaculated.

"Of all things," said another, "who could it be?"

In a moment they were all out on the porch peering into the darkness. Miss Reed ventured to the gate and asked who it might be and what was wanted.

"Miss Rose and Miss Baker," was the reply. "Is there a way to drive into the yard?"

"Yes, right through this gate here. I'll open it," said Miss Reed as she swung back the gate so they could enter. Puffing and sputtering, a little model-T Ford drove into the yard and came to a standstill.

"Why, Miss Rose!" exclaimed Miss Reed. "How did you ever get up here with a car?"

"I hardly know myself," said Miss Rose, "but we're here, thank the Lord! We're both pretty tired, though."

"Well, I'd think you would be!" exclaimed Miss Reed. "Didn't I tell you in the letter not to attempt to drive all the way to Hermon?"

"Yes, you did, but we never dreamed the roads could be so bad."

The two ladies were then escorted into the cottage where they received a warm welcome from all. Miss Baker, who had pushed the car out of several mudholes was literally bespattered from head to foot with mud, while Miss Rose was flushed and nervous from the strain of driving. They were friends of the mission who had come all the way from Chicago to spend Farm and Home Day with them. After enjoying a lunch and resting a little, Miss Rose, formerly a missionary to India, told a bit of their experience.

"Felicia, my Ford, has a long and honorable history, having traveled thousands of miles on business for God, but she has had a new experience today. That last stretch of four miles from Athorn to Hermon surpasses by far anything I have ever seen either in home or foreign lands.

"We left Athorn at three o'clock, passing the time of day with such folks as we met; they must probably have thought us fools but they were far too polite to say so. We drove through a creek bed just out of the "town," very rough and tippy, but hoped for better things -- in vain. The road through the trees just then became so narrow that in the effort to avoid the bank we got one of Felicia's fenders securely caught over a stump. It looked as if it would never be loose till the stump was cut down or the car was jacked up, but persuasion of the engine on the part of the driver and the fender on the part of Miss Baker worked the wonder and we were off.

"After a half mile or less of comparatively good going we ran straight into a truly terrible mud-hole. Almost hub deep we reconnoitered, Miss Baker cautiously alighting in mud over her shoes while I, afraid of getting permanently mired, stayed in the car or climbed along the running board to see the extent of the calamity. First we tried to back out but Felicia does not like backing out. It did not seem as if there could possibly be anyone within hearing distance, but we blew the horn.

"A mountaineer came slowly down the slope from a little cabin near and with the utmost kindness and considerable skill engineered our release. We asked him if he was acquainted with a Ford and he said, "No, ma'am, them's one of the gentlemen I never did meet up with before." He patted the car, however, and applied his experience with lumber wagons to the new problem of extricating cars. Not until he and Miss Baker had been liberally bespattered from the futilely spinning wheels, not till they had pulled armful after armful of tall weeds and crowded them under the wheels, not till they had both pushed and Felicia pulled with all their strength, not until we were all dripping with perspiration, not to say mud, did we inch by inch go through that unspeakable 'slough of despond.'

"By that time the sun was dipping below the high horizon of the hills and we realized that the last three miles must be made in darkness. There was no other place so difficult as this though there were several more dangerous. Once we stopped on what seemed to be an almost perpendicular climb up a rock wall. It was mercifully short but in the middle of it Felicia got hot and had to rest. I held the car with the foot brake while Miss Baker hunted in the dark for a stone big enough and loose enough to prop the rear wheel while we waited for Felicia to cool off and try it again -- all in the dark of course, except for the lights which were growing decidedly dim as the battery proceeded to wear out with much stopping and starting and backing and climbing in low. Those four miles seemed longer than forty and yet we had a sense of high adventure in it all and of thankfulness for our safe going through real danger. You may be sure we were glad to see the lights of the little mission."

The second Farm and Home Day proved to be an other great event at Hermon. Doubtless one thing that made it so was the presence of Felicia. Most of the children had never seen a car at close range so, of course, they all wanted a ride. It was with regret that Miss Rose decided not even to attempt to start the car until they were ready to return for she well knew that some small damage had been done and that they might have more trouble climbing down the mountain than they had climbing up. The boys and girls looked longingly at her and she knew they wanted a ride more than anything else in life. Still they were allowed to examine every bit of the car and found that comforting and tremendously interesting.

(Of the return trip suffice it to say that three days later by the aid of six men, five mules, and a horse, not all at once but appearing just when needed most, they returned to real roads again.)

There was another special feature of interest in connection with this Farm and Home Day. The 4-H Club, which had been organized by Evelyn in the spring, had their work on exhibition. Prizes and blue ribbons were given as before, and those who had worked faithfully felt rewarded. Moreover, the response on the part of the community was even more gratifying than it had been the

previous year. Another milepost in social and educational progress had been reached. Now, through a revival campaign a mile post in spiritual progress was almost in sight.

The weeks that followed were filled with remarkable manifestations of Divine glory and power and many were swept into the kingdom of God. By far the most remarkable conversion was that of Bob Miller. It was the talk of the community for miles around. Some who had been inclined to speak lightly of the missionaries made the remark that "if them women could get a man like Bob Miller to change his ways there must be something in 'em." Even the most skeptical had to admit that there was a most radical change in him. "But time will tell," they said. And it did.

As soon as the revival closed Marion Vieth and Evelyn moved their personal belongings to Rocky Cave. The mission home and the church which stood close beside it were completely surrounded by a beautiful woods. Not far away a sparkling mountain stream poured its crystal waters over picturesque cliffs, rocks, and boulders past a large cave overhanging with mosses, vines, and ferns, and surrounded by mountain laurel, hemlock, pine and holly trees.

The four-room cottage was already simply furnished, but there was much work to be done both inside and out before it would be an example to those around them, whose lives they would seek to raise to a higher plane.

They could not afford to get a man to do even the rougher jobs so they set to work with a will. Evelyn, a rather tall and slender blonde, and Marion, who was about the same build only a little heavier, together made a splendid "team." Both had been reared on farms so they felt right at home.

The first task was to repair the chimney which was too low to make a good draft. By means of a stepladder and a boost from Marion, Evelyn managed to reach the roof. Marion then handed her a heavy two foot tile which she stood on end on top of the chimney, propping up the broken side with a brick.

Next the fence had to be fixed for Dixie, their saddle horse. The only tools they had were a handsaw, ax, hammer, ash shovel, and hoe. Two holes for posts had to be dug. The ax, hoe, and shovel soon accomplished this and the posts were set. Then two crosspieces had to be secured for the picket fence. Going to the woods they sawed down two saplings and, having nailed the pickets to them, they nailed the whole frame to the posts.

It was a busy week and they were glad when the Sabbath came. Since the Sunday School had been closed during the Hermon revival, there was not a soul present that first Sunday, but God met with them and their faith was greatly strengthened as they prayed that the coming year might be fruitful in the salvation of many souls. No church had as yet been organized at that place and the work had been neglected. Besides, the homes in the community were so scattered that only those who were especially interested would come out to the mission which was itself in an out-of-the-way place. But determining not to "look at the things which are seen" but rather "at the things which are not seen" they claimed the promise for Rocky Cave.

Soon after they were settled, the district elder and his wife came to spend a few days with them. Just before supper the first night they were there, Evelyn walked to the post office two miles away to get the mail, since they had not been after it for two days. Fearing that she would be late for the service she did not look at her mail until she sat down to the table. Opening a letter from her mother she read:

"Take time to be holy" -- Maxine is now practicing that on the piano while waiting for school time.

I must tell you something now that you would not expect to hear -- nor did I. (O God! Will we ever could not -- must not -- be in vain! Evelyn would rather die than see Virginia back in the old life of sin again. It must not be! So she wrestled and pleaded with God until a sweet assurance crept into her heart that all would be well, and the promise, "Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear," was whispered to her inmost soul.

The next day she wrote a letter to Virginia and one to her mother. At about the same time Miss Reed, having heard the same news, also wrote to Virginia a letter which in a few days brought a reply showing real repentance on Virginia's part. In it she told how the enemy had defeated her and how after a struggle with herself she had asked forgiveness of both Mr. and Mrs. Bruce and Maxine and had gone back to stay with them. She also begged Miss Reed's and Evelyn's forgiveness for causing them such sorrow of heart; and she rejoiced that Jesus had forgiven her and spoken peace to her heart again.

Another crushing blow came to the mission workers at this time. Roger Newton who, through the aid of Miss DeWitt, had gone to a Bible school the month before, came home discouraged and backslidden. All efforts to get him to return were in vain and he was out of school a whole year before he started in again.

These bitter experiences gave the missionaries a little taste of the cruel ingratitude which was breaking Christ's heart when He said, "How often would I have gathered you together as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, but ye would not."

The meetings held by the district elder and his wife helped much in getting the work started at Rocky Cave. Every service had God's peculiar seal upon it. It was a foretaste of better things.

While waiting upon God for guidance in regard to a special revival effort they felt that the Christmas holidays would be a fitting time, since it would be easy then to get one or two young men who were in school preparing for the ministry to come and help in the revival during their vacation. Knowing that personal evangelism and house-to-house visitation are always a necessary preparation for a revival, they put heart and soul, yes, body too, into the task of faith fully sowing the seed in the many secluded mountain cabins around them. From morning until night they climbed those rugged "perpendicular" mountain sides, seeking lost sheep for the Master till every muscle in their bodies would ache with fatigue.

Only one of the many interesting experiences which they had on these trips will be mentioned.

It was a gloomy day in December. The precipitous hillsides, robbed of their harvest of corn, rose bare and brown on either side of the stream, which wound its way beneath overhanging willows onward to the river near by. Following the road they crossed and re crossed the bridgeless creek until they came upon a little log cabin by the side of the road. Tethering their horse at the old picket fence, Evelyn and Marion made their way through an accumulation of debris to the front door.

The house consisted of two rooms with an open porch extending from front to back between them. An old woman putting a log in the large, open fireplace called to them to come in. Climbing the rickety steps they stooped low to enter the little door. A tiny cooking stove (with pipe running through a hole in the wall) and a cupboard stood on either side of the fireplace. A table, a bench, and chairs -- all home-made -- made up the rest of the furnishings. In the ceiling were hanging slabs of bacon and ham, draped with sooty cobwebs. Two or three pet chickens were strolling lazily around the room, and after the visitors were comfortably seated around the fire, they nestled down at their feet.

While coaxing the fire to burn, old Aunt Cindy entertained them with an incessant stream of conversation.

"I'm tryin' to make me up a fire. Hit went out on me this mornin'. You come to a mighty dirty ole place, too. Them's pet chickens you see thar. We had an ole settin' hen and she hatched off thirteen chickens. After a while the cat got to eatin' 'em, and me an' Mattie, that's my girl, decided to turn the old hen loose an' put 'em in a lard can by the fire an' kiver 'em over. One night we'd gone to bed, and d'rectly we heerd somethin' scratchin' on tin. We 'lowed hit war the cat tryin' to get at the chickens, so I got up an' went to makin' me a light, but the cat had already killed and eat one, and ag'in I got a light made hit was under the bed eatin' another 'ne. So me and Mattie decided to kill the cat but we didn't. We had it killed though. An' now the chickens has got to be real pets, an' at nights they come and sit on Mattie's shoulders, waitin' fer her to put 'em to bed."

Seeking to divert the conversation from chickens to more personal things, Marion asked her how she was getting along herself.

"I hain't been much well o'late -- been sorter punyin' around. I've had a hurtin' in my stomich and hit mighty nigh like to kill me. I take spells with it. But the good Lord is able to heal us, ain't He? He's healed me."

"Yes," replied Evelyn, "He's the Great Physician both for our bodies and our souls. Shall we read some of His Word and pray with you?"

"Yes, shore, I'd be mighty proud to have you read and pray in my house. Did you know Miss Weston?"

"Yes, I know her," Evelyn replied.

"You do. Well, one day 'bout six years ago, I got up cryin' with my stomick. It was hurting me mightily. I couldn't do nothin', but the gals went to washin'. As I was a-lookin' up the creek I seed Miss Weston comin', her and Miz Combs. They came in and sat down, an' directly Miss Weston asked me if I was a Christian. I said, 'No, I hain't, but I'd love to be.' She said could she read and pray with me. I said, 'Shore I'd be proud to have you.' And you can believe it or not, but ag'in she was done readin' my stomich was plumb easy. An' while she was prayin' her and the Lord just turned me plumb around an' made a new woman out of me.

"I believe in healin', don't you? If I had to give up believin' in healin' or lose my head, I'd tell 'em to fetch my head off. Yes, sir. Wouldn't you? Seems like people's gettin' awful wicked these days. They don't fear God Almighty, the One that made 'em and put 'em here. I tell 'em they orter do right."

After reading the Bible and praying, the missionaries bade her good-bye. She begged them to visit her often to read and pray.

"'Cause," she said, "you don't know how much good it does me. It hoips me a heap. You know I never could read nary a word. Hain't got no larnin', but I love to have educated people come to see me, even if we air pore. I want you to come and have meetin' here sometime. I'll have a big crowd to listen at you all. I love good meetin's. The prettiest meetin' I was ever at was over at Jim Stamper's buryin'. He had a 'brot-on' coffin. Miss Reed preached. I tell yer she's the preachin'est woman I ever heard around these parts."

As they mounted the horse they invited her to go with them to a meeting in the schoolhouse on a mountain top near by.

"No," she said, as she peered through the door, "I reckon I'll lay here today; I feel so sorry an' no 'count. Good-bye."

The spiritual darkness which held these people in ignorance and superstition was appalling and weighed heavily upon Evelyn and Marion at times. But when they almost despaired of ever seeing any results, the Christ whom they served was pleased to give them a fresh baptism of all-consuming love and Divine compassion for such unfortunate ones. They would take new hold upon the never-failing promises of God, and, with renewed courage, toil on, sowing the seed with tears and many prayers. How their hearts thrilled with joy as, one by one, hungry souls wept their way to the foot of the cross, sometimes in their homes, and sometimes at the altar of the little mission. Faith whispered to their hearts, "The end is not yet."

On December 19 they opened a revival with three young men from a Christian college as evangelists. There were several "lewd fellows of the baser sort" who made the boast that the first night of the meeting would be the last. During the first season of prayer they vigorously rang the bell and hurled rocks against the church, with the expectation that the preachers would lose courage and dismiss the meeting. There was a general disturbance through the first half of the meeting, but the speaker, a lad of only eighteen years, pluckily held his ground, and the service finally closed with victory.

Two of Evelyn's brothers, who had come all the way from Pennsylvania to spend one night with her in Kentucky, could not have chosen a better time if what they wanted was a thrill. LeRoy, the youthful professor, when asked why he sat so perfectly unmoved and dignified through the whole performance, replied, "I thought they might get a little 'kick' out of my looking at them and I didn't want them to have that satisfaction." Dan, the other brother, who was a successful dairyman, never did get through wondering "why people would ever live in such a God-forsaken, poverty-stricken country." The only answer that Evelyn could give was that it was home to them. Of course, she knew what kept the missionaries there, and he knew, too.

It is the custom in the south to celebrate Christmas with fireworks, and also by getting hilariously drunk; so one night they attempted to break up the meeting in this way. They bombarded the place through the entire service, even throwing firecrackers inside the church. Twice the explosion was so great that the Aladdin lamp was extinguished instantly. In spite of the forces of Satan there were two seekers, and every explosion seemed to clear the atmosphere for more prevailing prayer. Jesus said, "Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness' sake." They proved this to be true.

The following night (Christmas Eve), the sheriff, who chanced to be present, attempted to arrest a young man for talking out loud when the message was being given, but the latter refused to go with him. Thereupon the sheriff drew a gun and the other a knife, cursing every other word. About that time the Christians fell on their knees and a mighty volume of prayer for deliverance ascended to God. Finally the disturber decided to go with the sheriff, but when they went practically the entire congregation left. However, determined to hold their ground they went on with the meeting and closed with victory. From that time until the closing meeting they had almost perfect order and good crowds. A number found peace with God and still others were sanctified. An outstanding characteristic of this revival was an unusual spirit of prevailing prayer without which there would have been certain defeat in spite of the splendid preaching.

There was one mountain family of ten every member of which was touched in a special way by this meeting. One of the boys, Tom Fultz, was home for his Christmas vacation from Hebron High School where he had been recently converted and filled with the Spirit. Through his efforts his brother Matt had also been saved, and during the revival he was gloriously sanctified. Nearly every member of the family sought God before the meeting closed. Tom had to return to school after the holidays, but his brother Matt remained faithful in attendance at the little mission, and he grew in grace by leaps and bounds.

During the month of January, Evelyn and Marion spent much of the time in pastoral visiting. Some times night would overtake them and they would stay at some home until morning. Once upon returning to the mission they found the house had been broken into and ransacked for valuables ranging anywhere from fountain pens and a watch to flour and soap. The pocketbooks also had been emptied.

It was a most trying experience in many ways but Evelyn and Marion learned even in it some very valuable spiritual lessons.

The next day their neighbor and friend, Uncle Boone, came over. "How are you all?" he asked as he entered the cottage.

"Just fine! Row are you, Uncle Boone?" asked Evelyn, offering him a chair.

"Oh, jest tolerable. I 'lowed I'd come over and see how you fellers was a-makin' it. The old gal was a tellin' me that your house was broke into night afore last while you -- all was out visiting the sick folks. I tell ye hit's a dirty shame that anyone would treat you-all that a-way when you're here benefitin' the community all ye can. I'd be willin' to give twenty. five dollars of my hard-earned money if we could get the bloodhounds on their tracks an' trail 'em down. People that does sich as that is nothin' but low-down trash of the yearth. Was ye sceered last night?"

"Oh, no, Uncle Boone. The Lord will take care of us," answered Evelyn confidently.

"I tried to get the ole gal to come over afore we went to bed to see if you was," he continued. "I'd sleep on your front porch with a gun if I thought ye was afeerd, but she 'lowed you wouldn't be so she never come. 'Bout midnight, though, she woke me up and tole me I was a-bound to come over an' see what ole Arch was a-barkin' at down by your barn. I stepped out but couldn't see nary a thing."

"Well," said Marion, "I'm sure we appreciate your thoughtfulness, Uncle Boone."

Then he continued, "I have an idea who the thieves war. 'Course I don't know pint-blank, but hit was jest sich fellers as tried to break up your revival meetin'. A couple of 'em broke into the store and post office at Lonesome Creek last fall and carried away seventy five dollars in money. The bloodhounds trailed 'em down but their folks paid 'em out and nothin' more was done with 'em. I tell my boy that I'll never pay nary a cent to keep him out of jail, if he's so sorry and no 'count as to do such as that. I never did steal nothin' in all my life but a watermillion and I soon confessed that fer fear some one else would get the blame fer it.

"I tell ye there hain't nothin' too mean fer these outlaws to do. They'd knock ye in the head an' try to kill ye like they did ole man Cundiff a while back, if they 'lowed ye had a little money on ye. I wouldn't put nothin' a-past 'em. If ary one of 'em tries to break into your house when you-all's here, one of ye jest slip over an' tell me and I'll be on the spot with a gun. I tell ye hit wouldn't be good fer 'em either."

"Oh, but, Uncle Boone, you wouldn't shoot anyone, would you?" gasped Evelyn.

"Oh, no, I wouldn't hurt none of 'em but I'd give 'em a good sceer. I got me a new Winchester t'other day. Hit's a-hanging over my bed, and when I'm dead and gone ye'll still see hit hangin' thar. I tell ye hit's gettin' so it hain't safe to be thout a gun in the house, an' 'the reason fer it is that the laws' hain't enforced. If you do indict a feller you can't get no witnesses to tell the truth on him. If they did, like as not the feller that's indicted could tell something jest as bad or worse on them and they'd be in fer it too.



"Nother thing, when the sheriff goes to serve a writ on anyone, there are too many ready to go bond fer him. I allers did want to be a friend to everybody, an' I'd beg fer the boys when they'd git in trouble, but I've done quit. Last Sunday atter meetin', the sheriff served a writ on Matt Fultz fer failin' to appear at court when he was summoned as a witness to a shootin' that took place over on Lonesome Creek last fail. That was afore he was converted. Wall, he axed me to go bond fer him and I told him I would now 'cause I believe he's a-tryin' to do right, but thar sure was a time when I wouldn't a-done it.

"You remember at Christmas time the fellers swore that you wouldn't have but one night meetin'."

"Yes, we remember," replied the girls.

"Well -- one night one of the gang came a-yellin' and a-screamin' up the road so drunk he was crazy. He told us before meetin' that night that he was gwine to come an' pitch ary one of the benches out the door an' get up in the pulpit and preach hisself; so when I heerd him a-comin' I went to head him off. When I tried to keep him from comin' in, he struck me above the eye so hard it went to bleedin' and then he began cussin' me and my family till I got so mad I didn't know nothin' fer fifteen minutes. I jest couldn't help it. I tell ye hit's a fact -- if I'd had a gun I'd planted him right thar, and he'd been in another world today.

"I told that feller the next day when he was sober that if it'd take hit, I'd sit out thar in the middle of the road with a gun before I'd let him tear up a meetin'. But you gals know I couldn't handle that gang alone, and the other men wouldn't help me. That's why we couldn't do nothin' with 'em the night they shot firecrackers both inside and outside the church house. Then the next night when the sheriff did arrest one of 'em, a couple of outlaws overtook them down the road an' shot all around his feet till he had to let him go.

"Before you have your next revival we'll go to the county seat and git us a sheriff that'll take 'em straight to jail thout bond. Sich low-down trash of the yearth would be better off in the 'pen' where they make chairs, and we'd be better off, too.

"Ye hain't heerd from the preachers yit?"

"Yes," said Evelyn. "I guess they had to walk part of the way back. Their Ford gave out before they got home. They were fine, consecrated boys, weren't they?"

"They shore was! I've done made up my mind that if they'll come back fer another meetin' I'll give five dollars towards their expenses, goin' or comin'. I tell ye I ain't easily fooled, but as shore as I have a soul to save them thar was good boys. When they'd come over to the house after meetin' at night, they'd talk to me till my hair would stand on end, and then one of them would say, 'Uncle Boone, we're a-bound to pray with you afore we go to bed.' Then down on their knees they'd go and pray till hit'd mighty nigh lift the house.

"I was tellin' my boy t'other day that the time to seek the Lord and get saved is now while he's young, before he gets old and hardened like I am. I tell you hit's pretty hard fer a feller like me

to get right. I pray every night, an' sometimes while I'm haulin' logs I take to prayin' as hard as a body could, 'peers like, fer half an hour at a time."

"But you know you must take your stand openly for the Lord," Marion interrupted.

"Yes, I know I'll have to step out before the world if I ever git saved, but you know when I was young we were never taught that a-way. Parents never did pray with their children till you missionaries came here and taught them the way they orter do. Now the woman has prayer with the children that's home, and my gal that's married does too. T'other one that's in Michigan writes back and says not to worry 'bout her, that the same God that's here is thar too. I shore hope she holds out faithful."

"Yes, we do, too," said Evelyn. "I shall never forget the day she found the Lord. The Holy Spirit came during the first part of the service in such convicting and melting power that we didn't even have any preaching that day. Your other daughter, too, has been so happy since that night she was saved when we were having family worship in her home. You ought to get right with the Lord, too, Uncle Boone."

"Yes, but there are so many things in my way. I hope we can have some peace in the next revival. As I told the preachers once, of course I want to get saved, but how can the Spirit of the Lord strive with a feller when the devil's a-knockin' him on every side. If He did get his attention for a minute the 'boogers' on the outside would be ready to start something and git his mind all torn up. A feller with any pep at all can't stand that.

"Well, I reckon I'll have to go," he said as he rose to leave.

"Won't you stay for supper with us?"

"No," he replied, "I guess the ole gal has some ready. An' I feel like I deserve a little atter haulin' logs all day. You-all come over when you git ready."

With that he left, and the girls, who were almost bursting with suppressed laughter, enjoyed their sense of humor to the full. Uncle Boone was such a unique and interesting character. How they longed to see him surrender his life to the Lord.

While there were many encouraging things about the work, there were other things just as discouraging. Often when they saw what small crowds attended the services, Evelyn and Marion were almost tempted to think that perhaps after all their lives were being wasted on such rude and unappreciative people. Were there not many other places where they could spend their time more profitably? It did seem so to others. Yet God could not have made a mistake in placing them there, or in laying the burden of that work so heavily upon their hearts. Some one must be willing to "throw their lives away" that these dear neglected people might be led out of ignorance and superstition into the path of truth and light. Why not they?

While thus meditating one day as she was riding along the road, Evelyn found herself putting her thoughts into verse.

You say that we're wasting our lives,  
'Tis sacrifice made all in vain  
To toil 'mongst the rude and uncultured:  
In such loss can there be any gain ?

Friend, tell me, did Christ think of loss  
That day when He came to our earth  
Ah, no, if He had, our sad hearts  
Had never known gladness or mirth.

You tell me that life is too short  
To barter one's youth all away,  
In living for those so ungrateful,  
Why not taste of life's sweets while you may?

Life's sweets, did you say?  
What is sweeter Than the love of the One you adore?  
To love is to know, and to know is to live--  
Could anyone ask for more?

We keep what we give but we lose  
Whate'er in our hands we would hold;  
The wealth that is gained by giving  
Is something far better than gold.

Yes, gold was mere trash in comparison with such wealth. Did not Paul say, "As dying and behold we live; as sorrowful yet always rejoicing; as poor yet making many rich; as having nothing and yet possessing all things?" As she caught a new vision of these truths she wept for joy. Even faithful Dixie seemed to catch the inspiration of the thought as she pricked up her ears and quickened her pace. She did not feel she was wasting her life even if she had already spent many a weary hour on that muddy road between the mission and the post office, carrying load after load of second-hand clothing for the needy ones.

Soon after the revival Evelyn and Marion began planning for the organization of a church at Rocky Cave. Several had expressed their desire to unite with the church and expectations were high. Then, too, arrangements had been made for a noted evangelist to come in April for a revival which they hoped might be a climax to their winter's work, making it possible to organize a strong church. But instead of the interest increasing it seemed to decrease, and the climax came when three days before the revival was to open word came that the evangelist was ill and could not possibly come. Evelyn was crushed. She could not bear the thought of disappointing the people, but what should she do? Here was a mystery she could not fathom. Was this the only answer to those prayers which she knew were Spirit-inspired? In desperation she cried:

"I will not doubt though all my ships at sea  
Come drifting home with broken masts and sails;

I will believe the Hand that never fails  
From seeming evil worketh good to me.  
And though I weep because those sails are tattered,  
Still will I cry while my best hopes lie shattered,  
'I trust in Thee.'

"I will not doubt though all my prayers return  
Unanswered from the still white realm above;  
I will believe it is an all-wise love  
Which has refused those things for which I yearn;  
And though at times I cannot keep from grieving,  
Yet the pure ardor of my fixed believing  
Undimmed shall burn.

"I will not doubt, though sorrows fall like rain  
And troubles swarm like bees about a hive,  
I will believe the heights for which I strive  
Are only reached by anguish and by pain;  
And though I writhe and groan beneath my crosses,  
Still I shall see through my severest losses  
The greater gain."

Many months would pass before she would be permitted to see the "greater gain," but through it all her faith remained unshaken. She and Marion continued to toil on, content to know that they were in God's will. Matt and Tom Fultz at least could be counted on. Who could tell the hidden possibilities which lay in the lives of these young mountaineers? The winter was by no means wasted if these two were the only result of their labors.

In May, Evelyn went to Indiana to assist in a young people's revival. While there she was offered a pastorate that at first seemed to be an opportunity for larger service, but in prayer she again heard the unmistakable whisper, "Back to the hills." And she was glad.

"The Cross knows neither east nor west,  
And all lands face the sky;  
Who works for God is truly blest.  
And asks not where nor why."

\* \* \* \* \*

## Chapter 12 BUILDING AIR CASTLES

Evelyn did not ask why God wanted her back in the mountains, even though her efforts during the past year had been apparently so fruitless. She knew He must have some good reason for it, and she was content to await His time for the explanation. That time, however, was much nearer than she expected.

It was only the day after Evelyn's return that she and June were back to their "old job" again -- building air castles. The past school year had, if anything, been more successful than the preceding one. Rosalee White and Jean Thomas, who were converted when Maxine was, had graduated from the eighth grade in March. Now the problem as to where they were to continue their education was confronting them. The Bruces could not be expected to take any more girls. They had done more than their duty. Yet to send them away to school was an impossibility for they had no means with which to pay their way.

"How I wish we had at least the first year of high school here!" said June, as she gazed wistfully down Hermon valley. "I just can't give up the idea. I know the missionary board is not in a condition financially to help us. But surely there is some way. God is not limited."

"That's true," agreed Evelyn. "David says that the cattle on a thousand hills are His. And Paul tells us that God shall supply all our needs according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus. That ought to be enough for us."

"Do you know," June continued, "I believe the way is already beginning to open up. The other day I was talking to Mr. Miller and he declares that it wouldn't cost a bit more than one hundred dollars to move that mission hall at Rocky Cave over here. You know that mission was located in the wrong place in the beginning. True, it might be of value if it were moved to Lonesome Creek which is a more central location, but it seems hopeless to build up a work in such an out-of-the-way place as Rocky Cave."

"Yes, I agree with you there," said Evelyn, who knew too well the difficulties that had confronted Marion and her during the past year.

"Mr. Miller will give us the land," continued June, enthusiastically, "and he says there are lots of men in the community who would gladly donate their teams and labor to move the building.

"I wouldn't doubt it," said Evelyn. "Then while we're building we might as well get a little more lumber and make the building large enough for four class rooms. I'm sure I can get my brother-in-law, James Long, and perhaps his brother too, to come and put up the building for little or nothing. They are both good carpenters as well as good Christians, and they are interested in our work. Wouldn't that be wonderful?"

"Yes," answered June, "that would be a beginning at least. 'Great oaks from little acorns grow.' As our work grows and enlarges we could then enlarge our building, but unless we start something we'll ever get anything done. I have heard it said that 'all things come to those who wait,' but I think there is more truth in that saying, 'The Lord helps those who help themselves.'"

"Indeed!" responded Evelyn, "Wasn't it Hudson Taylor who said, 'Expect great things from God; attempt great things for God?' How our lack of faith must grieve Him."

Miss Reed happened to be away that day, but as soon as she returned they told her they had some plans to talk over with her.

"More plans!" laughed Miss Reed. "It's hard telling what you children will think of when you get your heads together. What next?"

Then they told her all about it. Nothing definite was decided that night except that they would pray and, at the same time, present the matter to the people in the community to see what their response would be.

The next day Evelyn returned to Rocky Cave mission. In more ways than one Rocky Cave was a garden of Eden during the month of June. It could not be surpassed in natural beauty; it was quiet and restful; and it was a place which God was pleased to visit with frequent manifestations of His presence and glory. Mr. Miller was wont to call it, in modern terms, the "filling station." Yet even in this month Evelyn and Marion had severe testings of faith and patience. Only a few would attend the services but the Holy Spirit was always there. Moreover, Matt and Tom Fultz could always be counted on and they preached as faithfully to these two as they would have to a houseful. What a joy it was to hear their glowing testimonies and to see the Christlife shine out in their lives! Surely the Master was preparing them for a large place in His vineyard.

Counting it a privilege to be faithful in even the smallest things, Evelyn and Marion could gladly say:

"I'll stay where you've put me, I'll work, dear Lord,  
Though the field be narrow and small,  
And the ground be fallow and the stones lie thick,  
And there seems to be no life at all.  
The field is Thine own, only give me the seed,  
I'll sow it with never a fear;  
I'll till the dry soil while I wait for the rain,  
And rejoice when the green blades appear;  
I'll work where you've ye put me."

There were several times that Bob Miller came to Rocky Cave to help in the services. His personal experience was always eagerly listened to, for everyone could see the remarkable transformation which had taken place in his life. Here is a part of his story as he told it.

I was born in 1895, about seven miles from Hermon. My father was a drunkard and when I was only five years of age he took a man's life and was sent to the penitentiary. While he was there mother married again and we moved to Hermon where I attended school until I was about thirteen. I remember that one day while on my way to school I met two men who gave me some whiskey. I drank so much it made me drunk and I spent most of the morning asleep on the school house floor.

When I was fourteen I began working in the distillery at Hermon where I soon formed the drink habit, and at fifteen I was a real drunkard. Many a time I set a bottle of whiskey by my bed so I could get a drink any time I wanted it during the night. I went from bad to worse. I smoked

cigarettes, chewed tobacco, cursed, gambled, and carried a pistol. When I could get no whiskey I would use morphine, or drink such drugs as extracts and patent medicines.

When about sixteen I was almost scalded to death in a tub of beer into which I fell accidentally, but as soon as I was able to crawl around again I began looking for whiskey as before. I had such a thirst for it that I remember giving away my last coat for some once. The man I gave it to and I both got drunk and went to sleep. I woke up first, took the coat, and left without his knowing it.

At the age of eighteen I got in trouble and took a man's life. After scouting in the hills for about six months I surrendered to the law and was found not guilty by the circuit court (though not in the sight of God). I was drifting farther and farther away from God each day -- doomed for hell. I was traveling the downward road at a fearful rate. Yet I could never get away from that Scripture, "Be sure your sin will find you out." It followed me for years.

"I wandered on in the darkness,  
Not a ray of light could I see,  
And the thought filled my heart with sadness,  
There's no hope for a sinner like me."

Fathers, take warning. Be careful how you live before your boys for they follow your footsteps. I believe I would have been saved young if my father had been a Christian.

When I was twenty-two I married a girl of my own community. She had an excellent character and was highly respected although she was not a Christian then. After two children, Robert and Helen, were born we moved near the mission at Hermon. It was about this time that my father, who had been released from prison, was run over by a train while he was drunk. Thus he went out to meet God unprepared.

During a revival meeting at the mission in 1923 my wife was converted. Although I could see a change in her life I was not much impressed with her religion at that time. When she had family prayer with the children I would stamp around the room or more often leave the house entirely.

Ever since I can remember there was a desire in my heart to be a Christian, yet I had many prejudices to overcome before I could get a real experience in the things of God.

It was in the fall of 1927 that my wife came home one day and said that Robert and Helen had been saved in a children's meeting. "Ah, that is foolishness!" I remarked. "Why, those children don't need to be saved. They're already saved."

Just a few nights later, while in prayer by her bedside, Helen began screaming. On inquiring as to what the trouble was, I found she had taken some candy out of her grandfather's store and, as she put it, the devil was going to get her. She wanted me to go down at once, pay for the candy and ask her grandfather to forgive her. I finally got her to agree to wait until morning, thinking that by that time she would forget all about it. But she didn't. She gave me no rest until I

went to see about it, and when I came back she was waiting at the gate to make sure that everything was straightened up. This incident left a great impression on my heart.

About this time my wife was sanctified and her Christlike life was a rebuke to me. Then, as time went on, I began watching the lives of the missionaries and I made up my mind that if ever I got religion I wanted the kind they had. I had seen so much sham and false profession that I was thoroughly disgusted with it.

One day in February, 1928, I was coming home from the store when I saw a number of school children in the yard and heard some one praying in the house. I paid no attention to it at first but went on with my work. While I was up on my barn roof fixing it, some of the children came around and I asked them what was wrong and why they were not in school. They said that something was going to happen. This rather startled me. I wondered if it might be that the end of time had come. Looking up I saw thick, dark clouds covering the sky. "If the end of time has come I certainly don't want to be up here," I said to my self. So down I climbed as quickly as I could. I wanted to go in the house, but I was afraid that if I did they would start praying for me and I would get saved and I was not ready for that yet. Finally I slipped up to the door, where I stood and listened for quite a while. I thought if the Lord did come He might take me along with these good people. I found out later that they were praying for Roger Newton.

After that I began attending church and Sunday School regularly. Sometimes I would go to the cottage prayer meetings with my family and the missionaries. My brother-in-law said to me once, "I'll tell you what's goin' to happen to you, Bob. You'll keep on associating with those missionaries and carrying their song books and Bibles around for them until the first thing you know you'll be a preacher yourself."

I continued to watch the lives of these Christians and when I saw how happy and joyful they were I became more and more hungry for salvation. I always did enjoy the general handshakes they would some times have and often got some of the overflow of the blessing the Christians were getting; but it did not last and I was the same old Bob Miller as soon as I left the church. I would have been a Christian long before if I could have gotten in through the back door, so to speak, but I did not want to come up to the front and pray. Joining the church, signing a card, shaking hands with the preacher, or anything but real repentance would have suited me, but I did not want to go to the altar.

Conviction continued to deepen on my heart and finally (about four months before my conversion) I decided that I was going to live a Christian life. I knew that if I did I would have to give up whiskey and tobacco, so I asked God to take away the thirst for them. This He did.

In September there was a revival meeting in progress at the mission and I attended it regularly. When I first went I would sit in the back, but I kept moving up every night until I reached the front seat. I got under such awful conviction that I would grip the seat to keep from going to the altar. One day while working on a high hill back of our home I was thinking of what a terrible life I had lived and I wondered if there was any hope for me. My life was so miserable that I could hardly rest day or night. I was so tired of sin and this terrible burden on my heart that I cried, "Lord, what must I do to be saved?" He answered in a voice so plain that it startled me for a



moment, "Son, give me thine heart." Tears of joy came to my eyes. How glad I was that there was hope for even me! I wanted to pray right there but I was afraid some one would see me. I had served the devil so long that he hated to give me up.

On Monday night a little while before the service, my wife asked me if I was going to church. I said, "No, I'm not going to church. I don't believe in women preaching. I'd like to have Miss Reed show me where it says in the Bible that a woman has a right to preach." In my heart I did not mean this for the only real reason that I opposed women preaching was that every time I heard them they preached me under conviction. If Miss Reed had come I would have gone the other way. I did not want to go to church because I knew if I kept going I would soon be at the altar and this made me angry at myself.

However, when the church bell rang I could not stay away, so I went as usual. This time when the invitation was given I did not feel as much conviction as I had before and I was afraid God's Spirit was leaving me. I made up my mind that I would put it off no longer. Hastening to the altar I wept my way to the foot of the cross, confessed my sins, and met God's conditions. He forgave all the past and wonderfully saved me.

Of course my wife, who had been praying for me for five years, and my children, too, were overjoyed. What wonderful times we have together now around our family altar!

For two months I had smooth sailing. If any one had suggested that I needed another work of grace in my heart I would have supposed that they thought I was backslidden. I was sure I had all there was for me, for I had constant and perfect victory over sin and was so happy in Jesus.

Then one day I had an experience that revealed to me my heart. My wife was washing and I had drawn two or three tubs of water. After a while she asked me to draw some more. Just then I felt something rise up in my heart and before I thought I said, "I've already drawn enough water to wash all the clothes on this creek."

I knew right then there was something wrong in my heart, so I made straight for the barn loft, which was my secret place of prayer. There I prayed until peace came to my soul again, and I went at once to ask my wife to forgive me. From that time on one thing after another would come up until I told the Lord that He would have to do something for me or I would have no time for anything but making trips to the barn loft to pray through.

Up to this time I had never believed much in sanctification as a second work of grace but now I began to see my need of it. I searched the Bible for light and kept my heart open to the truth. Although the mountain preachers tried to persuade me that such an experience was not possible in this life, I knew it was for my wife had it and lived it.

Strange as it may seem, there still remained a trace of prejudice in my heart against women preachers in spite of the fact that I had been converted under the ministry of one. Now the Lord chose a peculiar way to cure me entirely of that. It came about in this way.

In January the district elder and his wife came to hold the regular quarterly meeting. There had been several night services and, although I felt my need Of a clean heart, I had not sought publicly. One morning when I got up I felt a drawing toward Rocky Cave. I was sure that for some reason I ought to go there. When I mentioned it to my wife she did not think it necessary, but the impression became stronger until I decided to ride over. I thought perhaps Miss Roberts or Miss Vieth might be sick or needing help in some way; so I went. When I arrived there I found them both well and they invited me in. We began talking on the subject of being delivered from the carnal mind and made perfect in love, and as we talked a real hunger for the experience possessed my soul. I felt I must have it right then. We knelt for prayer and I poured out my heart to God in confession of the inherited sinfulness of my heart and in humble consecration of all my life to Him. When all was on the altar faith sprang up and that instant I knew the work was done. The fire of the Holy Spirit fell, burning up all the dross and filling my heart with perfect love. I shall never forget it. Miss Roberts and Miss Vieth invited me to stay for dinner but I had had such a filling that I did not care for anything. I went home shouting the victory.

At first I wondered why, in order for me to get the experience of Holiness, the Lord should lead me all the way to Rocky Cave for two young women preachers to pray for me when there was a man preaching every night at the Hermon mission, but I soon saw that the Lord was trying to teach me a lesson and I think I learned it. I believe one reason that the men oppose women preaching in this country is that the women can so completely outdo them. Thank God, when the "old man" dies, envy is gone from the heart.

For some time I felt that God wanted me to preach, but after I was sanctified wholly that conviction became so strong that I now feel, "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel." I do not expect to be a great preacher but I want to be a faithful one, and by His grace I want to make these hills echo with the glorious Gospel of Jesus Christ.

"No longer I'm walking in darkness  
For the light is now shining on me;  
And now unto others I'm telling  
How He saved a poor sinner like me."

Before my conversion there were four things that I did not believe in -- child conversion, sanctification, women preachers, and restitution. I have shown how I was convinced of the first three, now the Lord began on the fourth.

One day I went to the county seat on some business, and while I was in a restaurant I saw a man whom I had owed for over twenty years. The bill was three dollars. The Lord told me I should tell him about it and pay him. I thought that was more than I could do, and I tried to push the thought aside by reasoning that it was so long ago it was surely forgiven anyway. But God's Spirit kept saying, "You had better pay that man." Finally the man left and started down the street. I went out and sat down in front of the restaurant for a moment, but the farther the man got away from me the worse I felt, until I determined I must do something. I called him back and told him of my conversion and how God showed me I must pay him what I owed him; then asking him to forgive me I handed him three dollars. Without a word he started down the street again. (He must have

thought I was crazy.) Then he turned, came back, took the money, and said, "Of course, I'll forgive you."

Soon after this there was a revival at Hermon. One night while I was on my knees the Lord kept bringing one thing after another to my mind. It was like a moving picture film. They came so fast that, thinking I might forget, I borrowed a pencil and paper and wrote down all the things I must make right. Among the things that came before me were a ballast fork, a dirt shovel, and a clay pick which I had stolen from the L & N railroad twelve years ago; then there was a dentist bill I had owed for over twenty years; and many other things I might mention. Later I was reminded of a law book I had stolen from the desk of a justice of peace officer. It was hard for me to make this right for it was a penitentiary offense, but I went to the office and, having given my personal testimony, handed him the book. He expressed his appreciation and encouraged me. Just then his son came in and, seeing my traveling bag, he remarked, "Well Bob, have you got a drink in that bag?"

"No, no," replied his father. "He doesn't have any thing to do with that any more."

So now I believe in restitution along with child conversion and all the rest. There is no use in looking for an easier way. A thing's never made right until it is made right, however bitter the pill. It is wonderful to be able to look the world in the face and know you have straightened up the past as far as it lies in your power.

I shall never cease to praise God for the missionaries and what they are doing in these mountains. Had it not been for them I would not be saved today. They have said good-bye to loved ones and home and have come here as soul-winners for Jesus Christ. God bless them and increase their number.

Mr. Miller preached his first sermon at Rocky Cave mission. This seemed especially fitting, since it was there that the Holy Spirit came in His fullness giving him the needed power to preach "the unsearchable riches of Christ."

On the fourth of July Evelyn and Marion rode Dixie to Hermon to spend the day. Shortly before this a trained nurse by the name of Margaret Vance had joined the mission family. Evelyn had met her the preceding March in Cincinnati where she was attending a Bible School and, knowing that an extra worker would be needed for the summer, had made arrangements for her to come to Hermon as soon as her school closed. June had initiated Margaret at once by putting her at the task of helping her clean house and paint furniture and woodwork. By this time every thing was "spick and span" in the little mission home, and after a delicious dinner they got together for a "conference." (Little did they realize what a momentous day that was in the history of Hermon.)

Since their last meeting they had "sounded out" the community in regard to their interest in having a larger and better school, and the results had more than met their expectations. Numbers had offered to give various sums in cash, others in labor. Mr. Miller had offered nearly two acres of good "bottom land" just below his home about halfway between Hermon station and the mission. They felt that the time had come to go forward. They would begin small and grow. If possible, they would get the consent of the missionary board to move the Rocky Cave property,

and by purchasing a little more lumber put up a one-story building something over twice the size of the mission hall. Then sometime in the future they might put a basement under it and add a second story. It was agreed that Evelyn should draw a sketch of the building plan they had in mind and send it to her brother-in-law, asking him if he and his brother would be willing to donate some of their time to such a worthy project as putting up a school building for the purpose of educating mountain boys and girls under Christian influence for future leadership in the world.

Since the regular mission school was to open in about two weeks, definite plans were made for that also. Miss DeWitt was given a leave of absence that she might continue her college education the coming year, and her place in the school was to be taken by Miss Vieth. This left Evelyn without a co-worker, so it was decided that Miss Vance should take Miss Vieth's place at Rocky Cave.

This change was made five days later, and although it was hard for Evelyn to part with Marion, with whom she had enjoyed such sweet Christian fellowship, she soon found that Margaret, though less experienced in the work, was quick to adjust herself and everything went on as harmoniously as before.

Margaret, who was of the same age as Evelyn, was nevertheless the shorter and more slender of the two. She had dark eyes and black hair, and her remarkable agility of movement soon earned for her the nickname of "cricket." Her consecration was indeed put to the test when nine days after her coming to Rocky Cave she was left to carry on the work alone with the help of Jean Thomas from Hermon.

Evelyn had to leave in order to go to a camp in Illinois and one in Wisconsin in the interest of the work. It was while on this trip that she visited the missionary secretary in Chicago, to discuss with him the plans that had been made for a new school building.

He offered four important suggestions: First, Rocky Cave property should not be moved; second, the dimensions of the building should be limited to 40 x 60; third, a basement should be put under the building but not finished; fourth, the outside walls of a second story should be put up but not finished. It was further understood that the missionary board was not to assume the financial responsibility of the building. That was left entirely to the missionaries.

Having attended the camp meeting in Wisconsin, Evelyn went directly to her home in order, if possible, to engage her brother-in-law for the work. He and his brother drew a carpenter's sketch of the building plan for the purpose of getting an estimate of the cost, and they also gave many valuable suggestions, but on account of their work and their families they could not make any definite promises about going to the mountains.

After this Evelyn attended a camp meeting near her home. While there, she and also Virginia and Maxine spoke in a missionary meeting. With these two girls as concrete examples, the question, "Do missions pay?" could have only one answer. Their testimonies made a profound impression, and when they had finished speaking there was scarcely a dry eye in the audience.

After dismissal, a man by the name of Thomas Drake came and made himself known to Evelyn, at the same time expressing his sincere interest in the work that was being done in the mountains. He told how only recently he had been deeply moved by a missionary address given by Miss DeWitt at another camp where he had been representing a church school. He was especially interested in the building and wondered if there might be something he could do to help. His wife had died two years before, leaving him with no family obligations; and although he was not an expert at building, he had had considerable practical experience which might be valuable.

Evelyn saw at once that his interest was more than superficial. God was laying this upon his heart. How ever, no definite arrangements were made at that time for they wanted to be sure of God's will and plan in the matter.

A few days later Evelyn went to June's home for a short visit; from there they took the train for Hermon as happy as two children on their way home after a long absence. Their heads were busy with plans for the coming year and time went swiftly. How glad they were to see the Kentucky hills again! There was another joyous reunion as Miss Reed and Miss Vieth greeted them with the usual "chicken supper" which awaits every worker on her return. Together they talked and planned both thoughtfully and enthusiastically of the work that was so dear to their hearts.

After prayer that night it was decided that Evelyn should write Mr. Drake at once, asking him to come and supervise the building from foundation up -- without remuneration!

\* \* \* \* \*

### Chapter 13 LAYING FOUNDATIONS

The five months that followed were crowded with many and varied experiences. A peep into Evelyn's diary will give some idea of this most interesting period, of Hermon history. It was indeed a period of beginnings -- beginnings which, like the grain of mustard seed, had unlimited possibilities.

August 16.

I wrote Brother Drake. Trust he will answer the Macedonian call. After lunch I rode to Gun Creek to see a mother who was dying with tuberculosis. Went on to Rocky Cave, arriving there about five-thirty. Margaret was overjoyed to see me. Little wonder! She had been expecting me every day for a week and although absolutely alone had managed to keep up her courage until five minutes before I came, when (as she told me) she had given up hope for another day and could hold back the tears no longer. Brave girl! I shall write oftener next time I go away. Having eaten supper we saddled Dixie and rode her double, back to Gun Creek. A beautiful ride in the moonlight. We sat up all night with Mrs. Gabbard, expecting her to breathe her last any minute. She was still living when we left in the morning.

August 18.

Having heard nothing from Mrs. Gabbard since we left yesterday morning we decided that Margaret should ride over to see how she was. On her way she met a man whom she thought might give her some information. "Have you heard how Mrs. Gabbard is?" she asked. "Yes, she was buried this morning," was the reply. "Miss DeWitt preached the funeral, and I tell you that that was the best talk I ever heard." Strange things will happen! Mr. Gabbard gave me to understand that by all means I was to preach at her funeral and here she was dead and buried before I knew anything about it.

August 24.

Heard from Brother Drake. He plans to come. God bless him! James sent the material list so we can soon get an estimate of the cost of the building.

August 28.

Good prayer meeting. Had an informal "sing" after service. Matt Fultz played the guitar, Margaret the mandolin, and I the harp.

August 30.

Funeral of the store-keeper at Hermon. Great loss to the community. He gave \$100.00 towards our new school building just a few days ago. His sudden death was a blow to Brother Miller (his stepson).

August 31.

While at Hermon today it was decided that I should be Marion's assistant when June leaves for college. June is now teaching the first three grades and Marion the other five. There is an enrollment of forty in all. I'll teach about sixteen. I don't know why teaching should be such a heavy cross to me. God help me to bear it patiently! O soul of mine --

"If thou, impatient, dost let slip thy cross,  
Thou wilt not find it in this world again;  
Nor in another: here and here alone  
Is given thee to suffer for God's sake.  
Canst thou not suffer then, one hour or two?  
If He should call thee from thy cross today,  
Saying: 'It is finished -- that hard cross of thine  
From which thou prayest for deliverance,'  
Thinkest thou not some passion of regret  
Would overcome thee? Thou wouldest say,  
'So soon? Let me go back and suffer yet awhile  
More patiently. I have not yet praised God.'"

September 1.

I went to Rocky Cave alone. Margaret had gone to a camp meeting at Hebron high school. There was a memorial meeting near by so only six came to Sunday School in the morning. In the afternoon only two were present -- Jesus and I. What a precious time we had together. The meeting lasted one hour. How I praise Him for the "Divine pull."

September 2, Labor Day.

Margaret and I dug potatoes in our garden this morning. Then after canning some tomatoes and beets we went to the river for a swim. On the way back we heard that Granny Cochran was "so bad off she like to die," so Margaret went to her home with the intention of staying all night. Finding that she wasn't so serious after all, she returned before ten o'clock.

September 3.

I visited the government agricultural station which is only about fifteen miles from Hermon. A wonderful place! When we get our vocational school started the agricultural class must make some trips there.

September 4 and 5

Attended a mountain missionary convention seven miles from the railroad.

September 6.

Margaret and I had charge of a baby's funeral near Hermon. Miss Reed was away. Returned to Rocky Cave.

September 8.

After the Sunday School and preaching services we both felt especially drawn out in prayer. While praying in regard to the new school building I gripped the promise, "Blessed is she that believed: for there shall be a performance of those things which were told her from the Lord." Assurance came that God would see us through from "the first shovel of dirt lifted to the last nail driven."

September 10.

I moved my personal belongings to Hermon and began teaching. All we have with which to separate our classes is a little screen, but the children don't seem to mind it. Everything runs smoothly.

Miss Reed came home from the conference today. She informs us that she is now an ordained minister -- Rev. Ella Reed. I wonder if she feels any different. God bless her! She is a dear soul.

They say, "When it rains, it pours." Of course we were all glad to see Miss Reed, but who should she bring with her but Brother Drake! The man of the hour! We were all delighted to see him, for right now there is nothing that we need quite so much as a man. We are reminded that among the requests sent out by the Women's Missionary Society for the World's Day of Prayer was this one: Pray for a strong man to "help those women" who are laboring in the mountains of Kentucky. We wondered then why such an unusual request should be given (for we did not fore see this need). Now we know that this was no mere coincidence. Thank God for the folks whose prayers thrust laborers into the whitened harvest just when needed most.

September 12.

Farm and Home Day. Over two hundred people present. Besides the regular display, picnic lunch, and program the Little Mothers' Club (organized by Margaret among the schoolgirls) gave a demonstration. The Baby Contest was also an interesting feature. Miss Reed presented the building project and introduced Brother Drake, who gave a short talk.

September 13.

June leaves for college. Trust she won't forget us. I believe the lure of the hills will hold her and that next June will see its namesake joyfully turning her face "homeward." Dear girl! Her heart and soul are in making this school a success. I'm sure she'll "talk" for it wherever she finds a willing listener.

September 15.

Margaret and I rode to Rocky Cave for Sunday School. In the afternoon I spoke on Isaac and Rebekah as a type of Christ and the church. My own soul was refreshed. After service we talked to Matt Fultz about going to Bible school. He seemed interested.

September 17.

After supper Brother Drake, Miss Reed, Marion and I walked about two miles to a home for a meeting. The oldest son, who was instantly killed on the railroad, had been brought home in a coffin, so according to custom they asked us to hold a meeting. Miss Reed preached.

September 18.

A neighbor girl came over this morning saying that the report was out that Mr. Drake was Marion's "man." The very idea! These people do have queer notions.

Margaret rode about eleven miles to preach the funeral of the young man who was killed. The coffin was carried seven miles in a wagon, three miles on the train, and one mile on foot. There was a river to cross in a small rowboat, and a mountain to climb before the graveyard was reached. The grave was not yet ready when the crowd arrived, so Margaret started the service while they were still at work. By the time the service was over the grave was dug, and they were about to lower the coffin (without a rough box) into the earth when some one asked whether the



flowers (which the railroad company had given along with the coffin) should be buried too. Margaret suggested that they, be laid on the top of the grave. Dear simple folks! How 'little they know of our modern society's fastidiousness in such matters; I hope they are never spoiled by it.

This is indeed a red-letter day in our history. The first rock to be used in the new building was blasted this afternoon.

September 21.

Margaret and I went to Rocky Cave for a cottage meeting. Four raised their hands for prayer. We stayed overnight at Fultz's. That song I love so much to hear Matt sing and play on his guitar has a new meaning to me now that the cross of teaching has been given me again. I never get tired of hearing it.

"I walked one day along a country road,  
And there a Stranger journeyed too,  
Bent low beneath the burden of His load,  
It was a cross, a cross I knew.

"I cried, 'Lord Jesus!' and He spoke my name;  
I saw His hands all bruised and torn;  
I stooped to kiss away the marks of shame,  
The shame that He for me had borne.

"'Oh, let me bear Thy cross, dear Lord,' I cried,  
And, lo, a cross for me appeared;  
The one forgotten I had cast aside,  
The one so long that I had feared."

Yes, but now I love it. Truly "bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, by the cross are sanctified." I find no joy apart from it. "Row can I make a lesser sacrifice when Jesus gave His all?"

September 23.

My brother-in-law writes that he cannot come. Jehovah-Jireh!

September. 25.

This morning Brother Drake, Margaret, and I were called to a home where a little baby had died. Miss Reed was already there. She and I acted as undertakers, and while, with Brother Drake's help, we lined and covered the coffin, Margaret made a wreath of artificial flowers. Miss Reed preached with much of the Spirit's help. Brother Drake left for a short trip North on business.

September 28.

Jean Thomas left for Bible School. Trust she makes good. Received word that my brother-in-law has appendicitis and must undergo an operation.

September 29.

I preached at Hermon. Text was "He smote thrice and stayed." Miss Reed, who had been with Margaret at Rocky Cave, came home, with the sad news that the mission had again been broken into -- the third time.

September 30.

All the furniture was moved here from Rocky Cave. My heart weeps for that place. Methinks I hear Christ say, "How often would I have gathered you together as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, but ye would not. Behold, your house is left unto you desolate."

October 1.

Another red-letter day. At last Miss Reed has managed to round up enough men to start the excavation for the school basement.

October 3.

Little Evelyn Ella arrived at the Miller home today. I hope she makes a real missionary in the future.

October 10.

Our evangelist came and the revival opened tonight. God give us a good revival!

October 11.

Brother Drake returned, bringing the blue prints with him. He declares that it will pay us to finish the second story and the basement with the rest of the building, since lumber is so much cheaper when bought in large quantities. He further advises the addition of a half-story with dormers (unfinished). He stopped on his way back to talk over building plans with James, who is rapidly recovering from his operation.

October 12.

Mrs. Black, a parole agent from the girls' reformatory, came to get Nellie Spencer of Athorn, who is throwing her life away and demoralizing the community. All her efforts, together with ours, proved unsuccessful.

October 23

Lula and Mattie Jett were saved in the school chapel this morning. Their parents are both unsaved and the mother especially is bitter against the mission. I trust God uses these dear girls in that home.

October 27.

In the morning Margaret and I went from Athorn (where we plan to organize a Sunday School) to Rocky Cave. After Sunday School there Matt Fultz, she, and I came to Hermon for the afternoon service. Matt sang, "Take Up Thy Cross," accompanying himself on the guitar. Many were moved to tears. Mrs. Jett was gloriously saved. How earnestly she prayed! And what glory shone on her face when the witness came! She said, "I once was blind, but the Lord fetched me to eyesight." At night Mr. Jett and their oldest girl, an epileptic, found God. A blessed time!

October 28.

Miss Reed was called upon to act as undertaker and preacher again today. There were not many mourners. Brother Drake who was also at the funeral was horrified by the disrespect for the dead manifested by one mountain preacher. Just before the lid was to be nailed on the coffin he remarked indifferently, "Come now, hurry up, everybody that wants to look at her before we kiver her up."

October 31.

The missionary secretary from Chicago came to visit us today. He seemed well pleased with the progress being made in the building. There were evidently some objections to the circular letter we had sent out. We regret this misunderstanding on our part. We are indeed learning by experience which is often a dear teacher.

November 1.

They began concreting the basement today. Brother Drake is having the experience of his life bossing a crew of men who do not know the A, B, C's of that kind of work. It is a good thing he has lots of patience. I wonder what we'll do for another carpenter to help him. Poor man! I guess he thinks we women are expecting the impossible of him. We might be able to get Betty Caudill's husband who is as good a carpenter as this mountain country can boast. (Betty is the Armenian who came with Miss Weston to the mountains.)

November 2.

Received a letter this noon from the bishop's wife, suggesting that I write a book telling of our mountain work -- its origin and growth. For some time I have felt impressed that I should do this, but it was only this morning that I felt this impression was becoming a conviction. I feel most unworthy and incapable of such a task. If I do undertake it my central purpose will be to magnify the Christ who is the Author and Finisher of our faith and this work.

November 3.

Say -- if missionary life isn't thrilling! Yes, and sometimes it's chilling too. At any rate I found it so today. While Margaret and I were on our way, in a pouring rain, to Rocky Cave for Sunday School we came to a place in the road (creek) where we could turn off into the field and have a stretch of good traveling, providing we stooped in passing under a wire fence which extended from bank to bank across the creek. I never thought of the wire until I rode right up to it with my umbrella up, so what I was to do must be done quickly. I could have stopped the horse and put my umbrella down, but, instead, I leaned over to one side with it open. I scarcely know now what happened but the next instant I found myself lying full length, face downward in the creek. Needless to say I lost no time in getting to my feet and wading to the bank. My horse, which had evidently been frightened by the open umbrella at its side, had swerved to the left, throwing me to the right, in which direction I was already leaning in order to pass under the wire. Margaret said she happened to turn around just in time to see me fall, and, although it might have been serious, we both enjoyed a good laugh over it. My horse stopped as soon as she caught up with the other one, so I mounted and we were on our way again. I churned water in my arctics the rest of the way, which was about three miles. It was a cold day and I was glad to get to the mission where I built a fire and soon dried out.

After Sunday School at Rocky Cave, Margaret went to Athorn alone to organize the Sunday School there while Matt and I rode to Hermon. Five were baptized and nine united with the church -- Mr. and Mrs. Jett and their three oldest girls were among the number. It meant much for both the father and mother to give up their tobacco after using it for years. God bless them! They have found something better -- something that satisfies. Praise the Lord!

November 10.

Went to Rocky Cave for Sunday School and from there to Athorn. On the way home we had to cross a mountain. Just as we had descended it and were starting down a long hollow, Margaret spurred Dixie into a gallop. Bill, the horse I was riding, being a trained racer, accepted this as a challenge and broke into a run. Not being in a mood to do any racing I tried to check him. This rather provoked him and he started bobbing up and down in such a way that my feet slipped out of the stirrups. I never thought about calling to Margaret to stop, for I was too absorbed in trying to hold onto the saddle, while Bill continued galloping down the road at a breakneck speed. If I could have gotten my feet back in the stirrups I would have been all right, but that became more and more impossible as I continued slipping farther and farther to one side, the saddle turning with me. I clung to the saddle until I was clear over to one side, and perhaps I would not have let go then had I not seen how narrowly I missed striking my head against a tree close by the road. When I struck the ground I slid a little ways but was uninjured. Although rather nervous I managed to pick myself up and start down the road after my horse, which was now out of sight. I had gone only a few steps when Margaret came running to meet me, her face white with fear. She knew nothing of what had happened until my horse overtook her, and when she saw him without a rider she at once dismounted and left both horses loose while she went in search of me. She was relieved to find that I was uninjured, and together we hastened down the road to catch our horses. After mounting them we rode on and turned up another hollow to visit a home where a baby needed care. When we arrived there I went in with Margaret to watch her dress a wound where an operation for an abscessed lung had been made. And then came the climax of the day! I had ridden fifteen miles and

taught two Sunday Schools without a bite of dinner, besides being thrown from a runaway horse; and, entering from the cold into a hot, stuffy room to watch the dressing of a running sore was the last straw that broke, not the camel's back this time, but something far more sensitive -- my poor nose! For the first time in my life I fainted dead away, and when I came to Margaret was bathing my face with cold water. A bruised, aching nose told me that I must have fallen with my full weight face-downward. With Margaret's help I got to the bed, where I rested until she had finished caring for the baby. In spite of a bleeding nose and trembling nerves I got on the horse again and we rode home in the dark. I was glad it was dark so no one could see me cry. Of course all the workers sympathized with me.

November 11.

I have been a constant source of amusement to everyone today. I expect a bump on my already too prominent nose will remind me the rest of my days of this heart-breaking or rather nose-breaking experience. Margaret taught school in my place, and in the afternoon an Armistice Day program was given. The children enjoyed a good laugh when they saw me. Well, I'm glad the Lord loves me even if I am homely. I believe I am learning to "take pleasure" even in that fact. He says He will "beautify the meek with salvation." I find great consolation in this thought. "Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me. Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake; for when I am weak, then am I strong." Amen!

November 17.

We made the rounds to Rocky Cave and Athorn as usual. The creeks were raging torrents. Had service at the schoolhouse at Athorn at night. Only one girl present, but she sought and found God. Blessed time! We rode back to Hermon in the moonlight.

November 18.

They have concreted the basement to the ground line.

November 24.

I think Margaret and I are getting our fill of adventures on these week-end trips. On the way back from Athorn at just about dusk, Bill, Margaret's horse, was frightened by something he saw and with a bound he started flying up the road. They soon disappeared in the darkness, and as I rode on I was expecting any moment to find her lying by the side of the road some where. I met two men whom I asked if they had seen a lady on horseback. "Yes," they said, "we just met a woman flyin' up the road a-hollerin' 'Whoa' at her horse." I rode on, praying and hoping against hope that she was still safe. At last I heard some one just ahead say "Hello." It was Margaret standing by a man who was holding her horse. He happened to be on the road as Bill began slowing down, so he headed him off at Margaret's request, although after dismounting she saw that he was drunk. She said that she never wanted such a swift ride again but confessed that she had partly wished to have a runaway. However, I think she is about cured of such desires. The rest of the workers are

becoming alarmed about us two "reckless children." We do love adventure but really we are not seeking it. It comes unbidden.

Marion says that her little Sunday School at Deer Creek is growing. It was started just last summer in a log cabin which was used as a hiding place by soldiers in the Civil War.

November 25.

I wrote to mother to see if she thought there was any chance at all of getting James to come and help in the building yet. It is very evident that Mr. Caudill is not big enough for the job. I guess James will think I am like the widow in the parable of the unjust judge.

November 28.

Thanksgiving. Another big day! Matt Fultz and his brother Tom and Rosalee White, who is attending Hebron high school, sang beautifully together. Betty Caudill and her family of five children were here. Poor soul! She has known nothing but heartache and trouble since she took that rash step fifteen years ago. She shunned the sacrifices of a missionary's life, but better a thousand times would that have been, compared to what she now endures.

November 29.

Wrote James a persuasive letter.

November 30.

Zero weather. We walked to Rocky Cave for a Saturday night meeting in a home near the river. A new experience -- we slept in the same room with the man, his wife and family of five or six children. Three beds in one room. He didn't even go out while we prepared for bed, but he did very thoughtfully keep his back toward us. Well, that wasn't nearly as bad as one of Miss Weston's experiences. She went to bed one night with a mountain woman and when she woke up the next morning she found that the woman's husband had also gotten into the bed on the other side of his wife.

December 1.

We walked to Athorn for Sunday School and also meeting at night. We stayed in a mountain preacher's home. At the supper table the wife apologized for having fried chicken, by saying that they hadn't butchered their hogs yet. We assured her that we were rather glad they hadn't. Our stomachs are already beginning to rebel at the vast amount of pork we are getting on our weekend trips. When it was bedtime the man said, "Just pull off your shoes in front of the fire and act like you're at home." This time we slept in the same room with the father, mother, and their fifteen-year-old boy. They slept three in a bed. God bless them for their hospitality.

December 2.

Walked home in a deep snow -- four miles.

December 4.

James is coming, Jehovah-Jireh!

December 6.

Wonderful night meeting at Brother Miller's. The revival spirit continues at Hermon. We are planning for a Christmas revival at Rocky Cave. Don't know whom to get for an evangelist. Jehovah-Jireh!

December 7.

Rode to Rocky Cave. Meeting on a river houseboat. Only a few gathered in but the Lord was with us. At the close of the meeting the man who had the boat came in. We asked him why he was not at the meeting. He replied that we were having such a pretty meeting that he didn't want us disturbed so he sat on the bank and kept the others (mostly young men and boys who always attend the meeting) away.

We decided to write to a Bible school in Cincinnati for a preacher.

December 8.

Only twenty-three at Rocky Cave Sunday School and eighty at Athorn. We suggested having the meeting at Athorn instead of Rocky Cave. People seemed much interested. "Where there is a will there is a way." I overheard one of the men speaking of us as "quare women." I suppose we are. Has He not "chosen us to be a peculiar people, zealous of good works?" "Faith without works is dead." God has helped us pray in faith, now we must put our faith into action.

December 12.

The lumber for the building has come and many are at work on the flooring. Sometimes dreams do come true. Brother Drake, Marion, Margaret and I built a large platform tonight for our Christmas program. Brother Drake said we knew more about driving nails than many of his carpenter crew. I feel sorry for him.

December 19.

Received word that a preacher is coming for our Christmas revival. Our faith is up for a good meeting. God is able!

"Is not Thy grace as mighty now  
As when Elijah felt its power;  
When glory beamed from Moses' brow,  
Or Job endured the trying hour?" Amen!

December 21.

This morning the evangelist, a young man by the name of Mendal Morris, arrived from Cincinnati with Roger Newton and his friend, Brother Smith. They all came to the mission just as we were preparing to go to the Athorn schoolhouse for the Christmas program. After a season of prayer they went on to Newton's for dinner. Then, having loaded Dixie with eight bags of Christmas gifts, we started walking. On the way we stopped at a home for our dinner. Here the "preachers" were to meet us, but they were slow in coming so we went on lest we should be late. We led Dixie all the way through ice, mud, and water. Once or twice in order to cross the creek Margaret rode sidewise behind the saddle, which was covered with bags. A large crowd awaited us, and after a good program the gifts were distributed.

Just as the crowd was leaving Brothers Morris and Smith came in, footsore and weary. They had wandered around, lost, among the hills until a mountain woman came to their rescue and brought them to the schoolhouse.

Rather a hard pull in the meeting tonight, but it was a beginning. Thank God! It was easy to pray. Heaven seemed so near.

Arrangements had been made that we should stay at Baker's (a mile down the creek from the school), but no one from their direction was present at the service so we were left to grope our way as best we could, without a light, over the fences and through the ice, mud, and water until we finally reached our destination where a cheery grate fire awaited us. I don't know what the preachers think of this country after such an initiation as they have had the very first day. Smith reminds me a little of John Mark, and Morris of Paul, who said under similar circumstances, "None of these things move me." It remains to be seen whether our estimate of them is correct or not.

December 22.

This morning Margaret and I walked to Rocky Cave for Sunday School in a snowstorm. We were back to Athorn in time for the Sunday School in the afternoon. The preachers brought heavy wrapping paper to tack over the broken windows. About half of the panes are out. Brother Smith preached. Another hard pull but we kept our faith up. Brother Morris preached tonight with much of the anointing. The "dry bones" are beginning to shake. (Ezekiel 37.)

December 23.

A deep snow on the ground. We had charge of the funeral of a baby this afternoon. After a short service in the home the preachers took turns carrying the coffin on their shoulders to the hilltop where there was a large bonfire which had been built by the grave diggers. After singing, prayer, and a short talk at the grave, the coffin was lowered. It was found that the rough box inside the grave had been made too small so they had to get hammer and saw and fix it before the coffin would go in. This done, we descended the hill, Margaret and I stopping at a home and the preachers going on to the school to build the fire. Brother Morris preached again. Conviction is deepening.



December 24.

Left for Rocky Cave at six o'clock this morning, stopping for breakfast on the way. Brother Drake was there with the Christmas gifts. After the program Margaret and I rode horseback to Hermon while the men walked. In the afternoon we rehearsed the school program; then after supper we had our mission family Christmas tree. A pleasant time. When it was over we went caroling.

December 25.

We gave our school program to a packed house. The subject of it was "Tidings of Great Joy." The central truth portrayed was that we do not find joy by seeking it but by seeking Him who came to bring the abiding joy to all who will trust Him and serve Him with loving hearts.

After dinner we returned to Athorn. Glad to be back on the battle ground again. We stopped at Baker's for prayer. God helped us to grip the throne. On to the school where a large crowd awaited us. Interest is increasing. Thank God! The bones are beginning to come together.

December 26.

"One of you shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight." I did not know the significance of this promise when it was given to me this morning, but I do now. John Mark (Brother Smith) left for Hermon before dinner, saying he came only for a vacation anyhow. (I expect the rest of us will have to take our vacation in Heaven.) The Lord bless him! I hope some Barnabas comes to his rescue before long. Margaret rode over for Matt Fultz to take Smith's place, leaving Brother Morris and me to take charge of the afternoon service at Moore's. God came in melting and convicting power and there was one seeker. Lo! the dry bones are taking on flesh. Thank God for sending a man to prophesy in this valley of dry bones. "For lo! they were very dry."

Margaret returned with Matt in time for supper. The Holy Spirit hovered over us at the table until the atmosphere seemed radiant with Divine glory. "The assurance of things hoped for." Large crowd and much conviction at night but no seekers. Brother Morris and I play our autoharps and Matt his guitar.

December 27.

Behold! the bones can and do live! How can I describe the indescribable? What scenes we have witnessed today! Service this afternoon was at Baker's. Mrs. Baker (who is married the second time) had her entire family at home except one. There were Bud, Jim, Steve, and Jack Riffle, besides their married sister, Lizzie Wilson. From the first the Holy Spirit was present in a peculiar way. After singing and prayer, testimonies from the Christians followed. Then Bud Riffle (a railroad man) arose and, although unsaved himself, began showing the reasonableness as well as the privilege of being a Christian. His earnestly spoken words broke him up as well as the rest. His wife, Jim, Steve, Jack, Lizzie, and old Mr. Baker all wept like children. God laid real soul

burden and travail upon our hearts. There could be no preaching. None was needed. Those hardened sinners themselves would talk to each other a while and then cry a while, and then continue talking and reasoning together, as we continued singing and pleading with them to yield to God. Although none yielded, we knew they were counting the cost.

After service Marion arrived from Hermon and brought the wonderful news that James had come and was at work on the building. How good the Lord is!

There was a real break tonight -- five seekers, Steve, Jack, and Mrs. Bud Riffle, Lizzie Wilson, and Verna Riffle, Jim's girl. Only Steve and Verna seemed to pray through, but Jack did some "mighty hard praying." Once he deliberately got up and walked back to ask forgiveness of a woman in the congregation and then returned to the altar to continue praying. He didn't get through but he said he would seek until he found God.

December 28.

Had another service this morning at Baker's for the special benefit of Bud and his wife who had to leave on the train. Again hearts were melted but no one prayed through. Jack, who was still seeking, said he didn't sleep last night.

In the afternoon we had a service at Zack Porter's, with whom the Riffles have had serious trouble which has of hate developed into a family feud -- all over a little piece of land. Zack and Jim both claim it, and Zack's daughter, Mrs. Clara Wilson, once went so far as to waylay Jim, who barely saved his life by taking the shotgun from her before she pulled the trigger. Dear Mrs. Baker says she has prayed on that very spot in hope that this feud would somehow come to an end. God is answering her prayer. Mrs. Baker and Steve both testified in the Porter home today. "The wolf and the lamb shall feed together."

Tonight Jack and Lizzie were at the altar again. Suddenly Jack's earnest praying changed to preaching and he got up from his knees. He made straight for Mr. Porter and began "laying it off" to him.

"I tell ye, Zack, you'd better make your arrangements with God, 'cuss if you'd die now you'd go as straight as a bee-line right into the middle of hell. You know we almost had it the other day when I met you. There might have been trouble if I'd carried a gun. The fact is I did carry one the first night I came to this meetin', in case I met up with you ag'in, but the next night I left it home; and you will too when you git in as bad a fix as I was. I couldn't rest day nor night. And when I went to prayin' I couldn't get nowhere till I went and axed your wife to forgive me for a few things I'd said to her. I tell ye, Zack, we've got to lay all these things down and get on our knees as humble as a child if we ever get right with God. You'd better be prayin'. When God does the work there hain't no rubbin' it out. I tell ye He'll knock all the wrinkles out of ye, and if you git it just right there hain't no trouble in tellin' hit either. You folks all know how I stammer. Well, the reason I backslid before was that God wanted me to preach and tell what He'd done for me and I said I couldn't 'cuss people would laugh at me fer stammerin', but I believe He could make a bulldog preach if He wanted to. The devil will try to shut your mouth, but don't you act on the devil's propositions. The Lord will help you spit it out if you trust Him. He'll pack you through; He hain't no balky horse. But

you've got to take the knee route like I did if ye ever git to Heaven. There are too many folks that profess and don't possess. I tell ye you'll know it when you get hit. Praise the good Lord!"

He continued praising the Lord all the way home. God bless him! Surely God is running this revival. He says, Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord."

December 29.

Margaret went to Rocky Cave for Sunday School and returned in time for the afternoon service. Three were saved. At night three more prayed through -- Lizzie Wilson being one of them. Oh, what a change in her countenance! Heaven was reflected there as she praised God and exhorted the people while still on her knees.

December 30.

Service at Jack Riffle's in the afternoon. Brother Morris wanted me to preach but I didn't feel clear to. God had something better planned. After he read the Scripture lesson he called for testimonies. Jack got started and never stopped for at least thirty minutes. The meeting closed with an altar service -- Mrs. Clora Wilson being the seeker. She sought again at night. This time Jim Riffle, whom she had waylaid, was seeking God beside her. The Lord is rewarding Sister Baker for her faithfulness in standing by the missionaries. She will soon claim all her household for God.

December 31.

We enjoyed much help in prayer after the service in the P. M. At night the schoolhouse was again packed. (The men had made more seats out of planks during the day.) Another of the Porter family sought the Lord. It is wonderful how God helps Brother Morris preach to these people. They all marvel because of the good order. Athorn has become notorious for breaking up revival meetings, but thus far we have had no trouble although our poor lights are against us. The lanterns brought by the people must serve as our sole lighting system, hence the larger the crowd the brighter the room. The expression, "It's a great life if you don't weaken," is considered slang, but there is a "powerful" lot of truth in it as it pertains to missionary life. We are too tired tonight to watch the New Year in. I wonder what 1930 has in store for us. Like Whittier --

"I dimly guess from blessings known  
Of greater out of sight." Amen.

My future is in God's hands.

January 1.

For several days we have been more and more convinced that to leave these people here without a pastor after the revival closes would be anything but wisdom. God has been laying the burden of this on my heart and, having gained Margaret's consent to teach in my place at Hermon, I have decided to stay here for the next few months at least. Of course it was necessary to discuss the matter with Miss Reed so I rode up to see her this morning. She seemed to fear that she was

"losing" me. I don't know why, unless it is because she realizes that I am no longer a child. In that sense she is losing me perhaps. Dear Miss Reed! She has been a mother to me and naturally it is hard for her to see her little girl grow up. We could not refrain from shedding a few tears. Yet I am sure it is not so serious as she thinks it is. Bless her heart! I realize that she is carrying a tremendous burden in looking after this building and I could not think of putting my share of the responsibility on her too. But the fact that I shall be at Athorn most of the time will by no means lessen my active interest in Hermon. Although Miss Reed is a woman of remarkably strong character and personality I must not forget that she is human and, like all of us, needs sympathy and understanding, especially in a time like this when she is doing the work of half a dozen women. Who could ever take her place? I know she thinks I could, but I fear she is mistaken. Characters of such physical, mental, and spiritual strength are few and far between. She has meant much to me.

I stopped at the building to see James. Surely he is a friend in need. God bless him! Things are moving right along since he arrived. Brother Drake has just returned from a trip he made after Christmas.

As soon as I returned to Baker's, Margaret left for Hermon. Brother Morris prevailed upon me to preach in the afternoon service which was held in an old log cabin about one hundred years old. There were two seekers. Tonight a quiet solemnity was on the congregation but no one came to the altar.

January 2.

There was a pouring rain all day, but even rain cannot dampen the spirits nor the interest of these hungry-hearted people. Where, outside of the mountains, could one find a people so hungry for the Gospel that they would wade mud and water up to their ankles, by lantern light, to a little dilapidated school house, there to sit for two or three hours on rough planks that they might hear the Word of truth and behold the wonderful works of God?

A good service this afternoon. God sent conviction and without a sermon two sought and found God. Jim Riffle invited Zack Porter and all his family to his home for service Saturday afternoon. Family feuds are disappearing. Thank God! The "rough crowd" seemed restless tonight. May God help us these last few days.

January 3.

"I am made all things to all men that I might by all means save some. For though I be free from all men, yet have I made myself servant unto all that I might gain the more." Oh, for grace and love to do this as Paul did! How I rejoice that I am counted worthy to have a small place in the white harvest field. I have realized today more than ever before that those who have tasted the joys of soul-winning through self-sacrifice can nevermore find satisfaction in anything else. All other joys become insipid and flavorless. Oh, the unspeakable joy in the "poured out" life -- the bliss of a Divine recklessness and indifference as to one's future when in God's hands. There is nothing like it.

God helped me to exhort along this line in the service at Lizzie Wilson's this afternoon. There was one seeker following Brother Morris' message on the prodigal son.

Tonight he preached on "Holiness, a Second Definite Work of Grace." Nine came to the altar and it was not long before we discovered that most of them were seeking the gift of tongues. It is a pity that the "tongues people" have spoiled the word "Holiness" in this mountain country by calling themselves "Holiness people". It is a scandal on true religion, and a great hindrance to the spread of "Scriptural Holiness."

Two of the nine received definite help tonight but the rest need teaching. May God give us patience and wisdom.

January 4.

Meeting this afternoon at Jim Kiffie's. Brother Morris insisted that I preach again, so I did. It was a heavy cross for I knew that the folks had come to hear him. When I announced my text two men got up and walked out, as much as to say, "We will not have this woman to preach to us." In spite of it all God wonderfully helped me and after the message, while Brother Morris played and sang "I Want That Kind of Blessing," one of Jim Riffle's girls fell on her knees and began to pray earnestly. Evidently God was revealing the pride of her heart, for in her struggle to give up worldly things she pulled her ring from her finger and threw it across the floor. We need more of that kind of conviction these days.

It was so cold in the schoolhouse tonight that almost everyone huddled around the stove to keep from freezing. I am sure Brother Morris does not find it easy to preach under such circumstances. He has been preaching in a pair of borrowed rubber boots, since he brought no overshoes with him and left his shoes at Hermon when we were over there for Christmas. There were two seekers again tonight.

January 5.

"The end has come, as come it must to all things." This last day of the revival has been especially good. Margaret walked to Rocky Cave for Sunday School and was back in time for the afternoon service. There was a large crowd and the presence of God was graciously felt in our midst. James, who had walked over from Hermon, was there, and after service we went for supper to a mountain home near by.

I don't know what James was trying to get at, but as we were chatting around the fireplace after supper he, in his own characteristic, teasing way, did his utmost to find out from me something about that "mysterious fellow, Drake", as he called him. I said I did not see anything very mysterious about him; but since James told me about his recent trip to "nobody knows where" my curiosity has been greatly aroused. I wonder what it is all about. Leave it to James to find out.

Another large crowd was present tonight. The offering for the evangelist amounted to \$13.50. That is good for these people who have been taught that it is wrong to pay the preacher.

James and Margaret walked to Hermon after the service, and Brother Morris, Matt, and I returned to Baker's where several of the Riffle family, recently saved, stopped for a little visit. We closed the day with prayer around the fireside -- Oh, the unutterable sweetness that filled my soul as the Comforter whispered, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee, so we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper and I will not fear what man shall do unto me." It was like the best of the wine at the last of the feast, exhilarating for both body and soul.

Our faith mounts up as we think of the wonderful promises God has given us. He has said, "The hill country shall be thine," and something in my soul says, "Let us go up at once and possess it" for we "have compassed this mountain long enough."

I feel that God would have us claim the county seat for Him. Oh, that we might bombard with Gospel truth that citadel of wickedness which has witnessed scores murdered on its streets as the result of feuds and moonshine.

Brother Morris has promised to come back for a real campaign next summer if God so leads. Thank God there are still a few young men who will scorn to sell themselves for worldly honor, money, or ease.

January 6.

I came to Hermon today to get my personal belongings; and tonight, after the men had gone to their room at Millers, we had a "workers' conference." These conferences are becoming both serious and mysterious. Brother Drake made the remark recently that mission problems were increasing, and I am beginning to think that he is one of the most puzzling of all. I see now why James called him mysterious. Strange that we all could have been so stupid as not to see that a romance was developing right before our eyes. No wonder Marion was so delighted when Brother Drake came back from this last trip! And we understand now why he was so glad to get back, too. Well, Emerson said, "All the world loves a lover," and I think he spoke the truth. If this is God's will there could be nothing more beautiful. God bless them! They certainly deserve the best that life has for them if anyone does.

January 7.

"Be thou there till I bring thee word." -- Matt. 2:13. Even in missionary life misunderstandings come sometimes. How glad I am that even these cannot disturb the soul that rests in Jesus. He always understands. My covenant with Him still holds good. I'll live and die in these hills before I'll leave without Divine commission. This morning while I was riding over to see a boy who is dying of tuberculosis, the following lines were given to me.

As dying and behold we live --  
Strange paradox is this;  
But they who shun the bitter cup  
Can never know its bliss.

How oft we fear the death to self

When, could our eyes but see,  
'Tis only thus real life is found,  
So rich, so full, so free.

Fear not, my soul, to drink the cup  
Of anguish and of loss,  
'Tis Christ who beckons thee to share  
The glory of His cross.

Love not thy life nor count it dear,  
Spend and be spent for Him;  
Losing thy life thou wilt find it again  
With a glory naught can dim.

James and I enjoyed having a real "Swedish sing" tonight. I am glad the Lord gave us a piano for our new school. James plans to leave the last of January.

January 8.

This afternoon I returned to Baker's with whom I shall make my home for the next few months. They are fine old people. God bless them! (They call me Sunshine. I trust I shall at least reflect a little of Heaven's light while I'm here.) Tonight we had our first prayer meeting since the revival. A large crowd and a good meeting. How my heart yearns for these babes in Christ that they might attain "unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." I feel so insufficient for the task before me, for I remember that I am "only a woman." These people would not let me forget that. Yet if I cannot preach like some, there is one thing that I can do -- I can love, and love never faileth. Love always finds a way. So when I am up against it and don't know what to do next, I can still weep, and pray, and love, and give, yes, even my life's blood if need be. God knows I love these people, and "being affectionately desirous of them, we are willing to impart unto them, not the gospel of God only, but also our own souls, because they are dear unto us." Amen!

\* \* \* \* \*

## Chapter 14 LOVE AND LABOR

Only one short year had passed since, in response to the request sent out by the head of the Women's Missionary Society, friends of the Hermon mission everywhere had prayed for a "strong man to help those women laboring in the mountains of Kentucky."

In Iowa this request was given to Marion's sister-in-law who, with characteristic womanly instinct, remarked, "What if a man goes down there and Marion falls in love with him?" Strange to say -- that is just what happened.

The very first time she met Brother Drake there flashed through Marion's mind the thought of how much happier her life might have been had one of such noble character been part of it. But,

since she had long before given up the hope of ever having an ideal lover, the subject was dismissed from her mind. This, she thought, ended the matter as far as she was concerned, but it was not long before she found out otherwise. A few days after his arrival Drake was called away on business. During his absence Marion noticed that she missed him, though she tried hard not to recognize the fact, and she was glad when he again returned to the mission. Since he was the only man of the household, Marion, who had had experience in caring for several brothers, attempted from the first to make him feel at home by seeing that he was cared for as she knew her brothers liked to be. Because of this sisterly attitude he began calling her "Big Sister."

One beautiful Sabbath morning about this time Marion was riding off to Deer Creek Sunday School, of which she was in charge, when Drake remarked pleasantly, "I wish I were going with you this morning." Anyone else would have without thought said, "I wish so, too," but Marion could not find words to say it. She simply dropped her head.

As time went on Drake seemed more and more like one of the family. Everyone appreciated his friendly spirit and kindly advice. He was especially fond of teasing Evelyn and Margaret, whom he nicknamed the Siamese Twins, doubtless for two reasons -- because their work kept them together so much, and because they were "two of a kind, enthusiastic and visionary but sometimes extremely practical." He, as well as the rest, enjoyed his meals better when Miss Reed was at the table spicing everything with her Irish wit.

But it was not long before he found that it was the Big Sister that was especially attracting his attention. Though she was carrying the heavy responsibility of the school she always seemed to find time to help anyone and everyone, but him in particular. Thus through snatches of conversation in the midst of the busy life of the mission he discovered a hidden source of unhappiness in Marion's life. She had always before tried to pass it off by thinking that this was because her life of usefulness was not as great as she wished it might be. She knew her call was "Come and help," but not until Drake called her attention to the fact that "helps" is spoken of as one of the gifts of the Spirit did she see fully the significance of that call. After that she tried to fulfill her calling by helping in even more and better ways than before.

One Sabbath, after listening to a sermon on "Despise not the day of small things," Drake whispered to her, "That sermon was meant for us." This was to her only another proof that in him she had met a character that understood her far better than anyone ever had before. As this began to dawn upon her, she became conscious of a strange "pull" in her heart. This she tried to ignore. Indeed, she went so far as to ask God to remove it, but her prayer remained unanswered.

While working one night on the platform, which was built for the Christmas program, Drake touched her with his hammer. Glancing up she saw the twinkle in his eye and she feared he saw the hunger of her heart. During the next few days their lives were thrown more closely together. Each felt the presence of the other to be peculiarly restful and sometimes stimulating, both physically and mentally, though they scarcely knew why. They seemed to "think in each other's hearing." Words were often unnecessary. Drake would sometimes read aloud to the "family" and one evening he came across the poem, "I'm Lonesome." As he finished reading it he glanced at Marion and again gave her the twinkle of his eye, but she could not believe that he meant anything by it.



It was after Marion's return from her visit to the Athorn revival that she was informed that Drake had gone away "with his suit-case" the day after James arrived. How her heart did sink within her! Being tired and worn from the strain of the school she knew she would miss the few words of cheer he might speak and the tender look from his kindly eyes. However, there was One who understood her and she leaned the harder on the bosom of her Lord, trusting Him to direct her path and keep her under His anointing.

Marion knew that Drake was corresponding with other friends and, judging from the mysteriousness of the trip, she came to the conclusion that he had gone to see one of them. Doubtless that was why he read that poem, "I'm Lonesome," she thought. Her heart ached, but she found strength and comfort in living still for others. Indeed --

"When all our hopes are gone,  
'Tis well our hands must keep  
Toiling on for others' sake;  
For strength to bear is found in duty done;  
And he is blest indeed who learns to make  
The joy of others cure his own heartache."

Only a few days had passed when word came to Marion that Drake had returned. Now was her opportunity to test him to see if he did in any way care for her, so she purposely kept out of sight. He at once inquired for her and having found her explained his absence and handed her a letter. Their separation had only deepened their love for each other, though neither was quite ready to confess it.

They were seldom given an opportunity to be alone, but once it happened that for a short time everyone left the house but them. They conversed freely for a while, then there was a pause. For a moment their eyes met with unwavering frankness. Each read the other's thoughts. At last he spoke slowly and with great emphasis, "Marion, I do care for you."

His words so thrilled her heart that she could not speak and he continued, "But don't you think we had better stop because of the difference in our ages?" Here Marion agreed with him and he soon went to his room. She had little to say after that but she did much praying and a "powerful lot of thinkin'," as the mountaineer would say. It was not long before she let him know that she was ready to reconsider the matter.

As the days came and went their friendship deepened. Finally one morning as he came to breakfast, Drake handed Marion a letter containing a great question. She had always said that she would not be hasty in answering such a question, so all she could reply was that she wished to weigh the matter further. All this time she continued much in prayer, still asking the Lord to remove the "pull" if it was not His will. Instead of the "pull" being removed, it increased though often the reason he had given for the discontinuation of their friendship came to her mind. He willingly waited and would not press the question for it was a matter which she must decide for herself.

Trying days followed -- days of suspense and anxiety but the tug and strain and pressure of circumstances tended only to weld their hearts together more securely. Each time Marion prayed about taking the step it became clearer that it was of God. Still through fear of getting out of His will she hesitated, but when she would even think of dropping the matter, darkness would settle down over her and she could no longer hear from Heaven. She said but little to others of what was going on in her heart and mind for she knew that only Christ, her unfailing Guide, could make plain His will in this momentous decision. Besides, it seemed to her that everyone was too busy with what appeared to them more important business to give any serious attention to such personal affairs.

Not even Evelyn seemed to understand, one with whom she had always before enjoyed the closest fellowship. As Evelyn made her weekly trips from Athorn to Hermon in order to watch the progress of the building she talked only of plans for the school and the enlargement and extension of the work spiritually. When Marion finally did mention the subject to her, Evelyn remained neutral, fearing to express herself one way or another, for she knew that only as it was in God's will could the step she was to take mean future happiness for them both, which it surely would mean should it be in His will. Her only advice was:

"Wait, patiently wait!  
God never is late;  
Thy budding plans are in thy Father's holding,  
And only wait His own Divine unfolding:  
Then wait, patiently wait."

In seeking a solution to the many puzzling problems that confronted her in her work at Athorn, Evelyn tried to take her own advice. The willful ignorance, the prejudice, and the despicable religious bigotry of many among whom she labored tried her patience and faith to the limit.

In one service a man arose and read from his Testament these words, "Let the woman learn in silence with all subjection. But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence. For Adam was first formed, then Eve." With that he threw his Testament down on the desk with a challenge to anyone to explain that passage who could. Thinking that possibly he might be sincere in his desire to understand it, Evelyn felt it her duty to speak when no one else did. But it was a waste of breath as far as he was concerned (though it might have helped the rest) for in his case the saying was true, "Convince a man against his will and he is of the same opinion still."

As time went on the order in the Sunday night services at the schoolhouse became a real problem. Many in the community declared that they did not believe in night meetings, so they stayed at home. This gave the drinking "rowdies" more freedom and at times they apparently had no respect for God or man. More than once it seemed that Evelyn would have to dismiss the meeting because of the terrible confusion; but, believing that man's extremity is God's opportunity, she would in desperation grip the promises until the searching truth given under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit often arrested the attention of even the most disrespectful.

Many times as she was preparing for these services, she trembled to think of what she might have to face that night, and she would cry to God for the courage and power she needed in order to counteract the forces of evil which seemed to fill the house. While thus engaged in prayer one day she opened her Bible and her eyes fell on these words, "Therefore, behold, I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her. And I will give her her vineyards from thence, and the valley of Achor for a door of hope; and she shall sing there. . . And it shall be at that day, saith the Lord, that thou shalt call me Ishi (husband), and thou shalt call me no more Baali (lord); and I will betroth thee unto me forever. . . and thou shalt know the Lord." It was the very message she needed. Yes, Christ had indeed lured her by His love into this wilderness which seemed so barren and fruitless; but it was not in vain, for He had promised to give her vineyards in the valley of Athorn, which was only a door of hope -- only an entrance to better things. Then she would sing the song of victory, not by faith as now, but by sight. She thanked God for the few who, through obedience and love of the truth, were growing in grace and bearing the fruits of the Spirit.

From time to time God would lay on her heart a burden not only for Athorn but for other places around her. Sometimes it was Hermon, sometimes Rocky Cave and Lonesome Creek, and other times the county seat; as she prayed, plans for a summer revival campaign formed themselves in her mind. By faith she saw the answer on the way. She would yet see the desire of her heart for her beloved hill country. So she confidently sang:

"Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered,  
Her feet were firmly planted on the Rock;  
Amid the wildest storms prayer stands undaunted,  
Nor quails beneath the loudest thunder shock;  
She knows Omnipotence hath heard her prayer,  
And cries, 'It shall be done -- sometime, somewhere'."

Besides these other interests there was the spiritual welfare of Virginia and Maxine for whom Evelyn always carried a burden lest the labor bestowed on them should be in vain. It was very evident from letters received since Christmas that Virginia was drifting spiritually. The warmth of her testimony was missing and ingratitude was showing itself. Evelyn felt she must write her. Here is the letter.

Athorn, Ky.  
Feb. 6, 1930

My dear Virginia:

I have waited patiently for some word from you since my last letter, but in vain. I cannot wait any longer so I shall write.

Just now I returned from a visit with Jack Riffle. He surely is growing in grace. Poor soul! They are hounding him on every side trying to get him off the track, but he keeps blessed, for he follows the light as he sees it and doesn't fear anyone. What a pity he doesn't have an education.

He'd make a real preacher. When he was converted he could scarcely read a word, but now he does real well in spite of his stammering.

Through some things he said I could tell that some in the community had tried to undermine his faith in us by making unkind remarks about us as though we were "here only for a big time" or what honor or money we could get out of it.

I cannot but feel such thrusts most keenly but, oh, what a comfort to know that Jesus understands, for "He came unto his own, and his own received him not." "He was despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." Even His own friends said He was beside Himself, and when at the cross His enemies cried, "He saved others, himself he cannot save," He only beheld them with infinite pity and compassion, while His heart bled and He prayed, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

The cry of my heart for some time has been that I might "know the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death," and He is answering. I cannot tell you how I feel, but it seems I could die for these mountain people, though the "more I love the less I be loved." Jesus is taking me with Him through the garden and I cannot turn back. "Give me souls or I die," is the cry of my heart.

"I know the path He trod is never easy,  
It cost the Son of God His precious blood;  
It leads unto the cross of nameless anguish,  
But ever climbeth upward unto God."

"The mark of rank in nature  
Is capacity for pain;  
And the anguish of the singer  
Makes the sweetest of the strain."

"They tell me I must break  
The skylark's heart,  
Ere her cage song will make  
The silence start."

If there is anything in the world that breaks my heart it is to see a soul for whom I have "travailed in birth that Christ might be formed in them" -- to see them drifting away from His love little by little until at last they deny Him. God only knows what I have suffered from this at Rocky Cave as well as at Hermon, and I am feeling something of it here at Athorn, too.

What infinite suffering must be His who has such infinite capacity for suffering and anguish! Surely it has been truly said, "He died of a broken heart."

O Virginia dear, do not add to His grief by letting His love leak out of your life. God has been so good to you. It was His compassion in our hearts that caused us to come all the way to the mountains, leaving home and friends, to tell you of Jesus and give you an opportunity to prepare

yourself for His service; for to see you doing God's will is the only reward we ask for our sacrifice, in fact, nothing could ever atone for your failure to consecrate all to Him forever.

The words of Paul in I Cor. 4 are so fitting, please read them.

Virginia, remember we have confidence in you though we know how subtle Satan is. I am doing much praying these days lest Christ should come and find me without oil in my vessel.

Give my love to Maxine. Have you heard from Jean Thomas at Bible School? She is doing fine I understand. God bless you all!

Affectionately your sister,  
Evelyn

About two weeks later, in response to an appeal from the community, Evelyn consented to teach school at Athorn for a few weeks at least. One night as she returned weary and worn from her day's work she found the following letter on her table.

Bronville, Pa.  
March 8, 1930

Dear Miss Roberts:

Your welcome letter came. Thanks. I am glad to hear you are prospering in your soul. Wish I could say the same, but I cannot. I fear all the efforts you folks have spent on me are coming to no good end.

To tell the truth, Evelyn, I have been sorry ever since I went to Florida that I came to Bronville, and if I ever get out of this place I shall never return, unless I come to see the folks for a few days or so -- never to stay. If I had a dozen children I would never put one of them in a private home to go to school.

Sorry to say -- I don't believe I ever was so far down spiritually as I am right now. I see no hope for my betterment here. I am just a miserable failure, a "good-for-nothing," and I fear I never will be anything else. I don't care if I never go back home.

I tell Mother Bruce just what I am telling you. The truth will do to die by. I know I am to blame. It is not God's fault. Neither is it the devil's, for no one can take us out of our Father's hand.

Lovingly,  
Virginia

When Evelyn finished reading the letter she dropped into her chair and there she sat motionless for some time. She could not shed a tear. It seemed her heart had turned to stone. Sorrow and disappointment, grief and anguish, doubt and fear, assailed both mind and heart as she tried to realize what it all meant.

What more could she do? In spite of everything that had been done it seemed that Satan was determined to claim Virginia's life and she was determined to let him have it. Was there any use of further effort on Evelyn's part? These were the questions that filled her mind.

But as she realized how much was at stake, the thought of giving up seemed out of the question. She could not -- she would not -- give up. She would pray this thing through if she had to wrestle with God in prayer all night. With this thought in mind she began laying a fire in the grate. In the meantime her heart was crying out to God for deliverance for this soul. Suddenly, as she prayed, the promises of God loomed up before her in such a wonderful way that unbelief in Virginia's case seemed absurd. Faith sprang up spontaneously and with it came the sweet assurance that God would be glorified in it all. Virginia would be brought back to God and her life spent for Him.

Glory filled the room as, with tears of joy streaming down her face, she walked the floor, praising the Lord with all her heart. Just then Mrs. Baker came in. "O Mrs. Baker!" cried Evelyn with beaming face, "I was going to fast and pray tonight, but I've already prayed through so I guess there is no need of fasting." Then she told her of the letter and how God had met her before she was even through laying the fire.

That night she wrote the following letter to Virginia.

Isa. 61 :3; 62:3-5.

My own dear child:

How I thank God for you tonight! You are so precious to me. Words cannot express the tender, yearning love which floods my soul for you just now. Though you are so many miles away in person yet "I have you in my heart." Distance cannot separate us. You are my own precious child in the Lord.

He has been revealing to me in the last half hour what He will do and is even now doing for you, and the joy which is mine is unutterable. "What is our hope, our joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming? For ye are our glory and joy."

Oh, if you only knew how Jesus loves you! He delights in you. He rejoices over you as the "bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride." Virginia, did you ever stop to think that He has faith in you? He has faith in you! And that is why I have faith in you tonight, and I just know you won't disappoint Him. Why, you just can't! He will not let you go. He has a beautiful -- beautiful plan for your life. You are on His wheel for moulding right now, and you are not going to let the vessel be marred. You are going to come out of this trying place with a blessed experience that surpasses anything you have known, if you just hold still -- just hold still. "Satan has desired you that he might sift you as wheat, but I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not," said Christ to Peter just before he denied Him. And, thank God, his faith did not fail, for he went out and wept bitterly as soon as Christ looked at him. Only one look from those eyes of infinite love melted Peter like wax.

Love won him when all else failed. "The love of Christ constraineth you." "I beseech you in Christ's stead be ye reconciled to God."

Oh, if I could only tell you how He yearns for you. He longs to be the Bridegroom of your heart -- to fill that aching void within, to whisper words of love meant for you alone. None other can fill that place. It is wonderful indeed to have a human lover but human love is limited. Only an infinite Divine love can satisfy the hunger of an infinite soul. He is wooing you to yield yourself to Him forever, when He pleads, "Give me thine heart." Christ hungers for your love. You cannot deny Him. Oh, the unspeakable blessedness of being a love slave! Just to lie at His feet and weep and love until our whole being is absorbed and swept along on the resistless current of undying love for every living soul. It is this love poured through our empty, yielded hearts that reaches out in patient tenderness and pity to those blinded by sin who spurn God's mercy. It is that all-consuming, personal, passionate devotion to Christ Himself that impels us -- that draws us on, that makes us long to suffer with Him and to "fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ for the elect's sake."

God has not so marvelously saved you from a life of sin for naught. When I think what He has saved you from and the way He has helped you to rise above your heredity, I realize it is nothing short of a miracle, and some day God is going to use you in a special way as a real soul-winner. You have many talents that I lack and you have character, too, that God has enabled you to develop. Hold on to it, Virginia. Have faith in God. He has faith in you. Look up! Take God at His word. Believe His love, although your whole heart and reason rebel at the thought. "Bring into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ." Remember there is one unworthy child of His in the Kentucky hills that will never let go of God in your behalf as long as breath remains in her body. I'll refuse to believe Satan's lie. God will see you through.

I'll "stand by," Virginia. My love for you will never let you go. Though I have no children of my own I feel that a mother could not love her child more than I love you. I ask nothing in return, for I seek only your eternal welfare, and faith whispers to my heart just now that some day we shall spend eternity together and you shall have some precious sheaves to lay at His feet.

"Only wait, again I hear that whisper,  
Only wait, ætwill not be very long;  
Even now the Father's hand is leading,  
Soon with Jesus we will sing the victor's song."

I have already sung it for you, dear -- by faith. God only knows how I long to see you tonight. Yet, as I said, miles cannot separate us, and God has heard, so I rest like a child in its mother's arms. I put you in His care. How I thank Him for His goodness to me! He knows what I am able to stand physically. This evening when I read your letter after my return from school, Satan came with a flood of temptation and doubt and fear, but I immediately resisted Him in the name of Jesus. I refused to doubt, but I made up my mind to spend the night if necessary in praying through for you.

I knew I'd need a fire if I did that, so I proceeded to lay the fire in the grate. At the same time my heart was crying out to God for you. Suddenly the promises of God loomed up before me

so great that faith sprang up and joy unspeakable filled my soul as assurance came that "we have the petitions we desired of him."

So tonight I have written you out of the fullness of my heart and with many tears. Remember there is one who cares. I shall always be your friend. I take my hands off your life, but, whatever course you take in the future, if you ever need a friend who will stand by, remember me. Please forgive me if I have wronged you by trying to do too much for you. I did not mean to make you unhappy. I only longed to give you the same opportunity I have had. Will you forgive me, Virginia? I may have been unwise, but I meant to choose the best for you. My heart is broken. If there is anything I could undo I'd gladly do it. I know mother loves you. She always has, and I beg of you not to put any blame on her. Don't say anything to grieve her. Put all the blame on me for I am responsible for your being there, but please, please, forgive me. I believe you will. I'm so glad Jesus knows my heart.

"Oh, love that will not let me go,  
I rest my weary soul in Thee;  
I give Thee back the life I owe  
That in Thine ocean depths its flow  
May richer, fuller be.

"Oh, joy that seekest me through pain,  
I cannot close my heart to Thee;  
I trace the rainbow through the rain,  
And feel the promise is not vain  
That morn shall tearless be."

Yes, through my tears I can trace the rainbow of promise that a letter from you will add to my joy. May I hear from you soon?

With deepest love,  
Your sister Evelyn

A few days later the following letter came assuring Evelyn once more that prayer avails.

Thursday night

Dear Evelyn:

Oh! I am so happy in Jesus tonight. He has saved me. He has cleansed my heart from sin and I am so glad, oh, so glad!

You were right in singing the victor's song for me. When I received your letter and read it, it made me think. Evelyn, I never realized you loved me so much. In fact I had reached the place where I thought not even God cared for me any more, to say nothing of anyone else. Of course the devil made me think this.



I had listened to him until I made up my mind to turn my back on God, never to live for Him again, and I intended to write you to that effect but it . seemed I couldn't make my pen write a letter which would be such a disgrace to the cause of God and to myself as well.

When mother found out that I had given up, it almost broke her heart. She had to go to bed and she never got better until I came back to the Lord.

Not in all my life have I thought so much about the returning of my Savior. It was on my mind night and day. Everywhere I went I thought of Jesus.

"Alone on the cross He hung,  
That others He might save,"

kept going over and over in my mind. But it was not until this afternoon that my stony heart was broken. I went upstairs to see mother and she began talking to me. Jesus drew near, and finally she said, "Don't you want to pray, Virginia?" I said nothing. Then she arose and knelt by the bed and began praying for me. All at once she took me by the arm and pulled me toward her and at last I knelt beside her and began to pray. Jesus who had seemed so far away came into my heart again and I am His tonight. Praise His name

Please forgive me for writing such letters to you as I have of late. I have been losing out in my soul for some time because of neglect in prayer, but I never gave up until last Sunday. Pray for me! I cannot afford to fail God again. I am like a lost sheep without Him.

I trust you can come home for my commencement.

With love,  
Virginia

Besides the services held in the schoolhouse on Sunday there were regular Wednesday and Saturday night meetings in the homes. Usually Jack Riffle had charge of the Saturday night meeting, which was frequently held at Zack Porter's home.

One Saturday evening as Evelyn was sitting by the fire discussing various phases of the work with Margaret, who had just arrived from Hermon, the subject of the Porter-Riffle feud was mentioned.

"By the way," remarked Evelyn, "did you know that the meeting is to be at Porter's tonight? And what do you think! Jim Riffle and his family are planning to go. You remember when he invited the Porter's to his home for a meeting during the revival they never came. Perhaps he thinks that if he goes to Porter's he will be returning good for evil, but I fear the consequences. We must pray much.

"How I wish we might help settle that feud by getting that piece of land they are quarreling over for a mission site. It is an ideal location. What a pity that the old log schoolhouse that once stood on it was torn down. It was there that God gave us the first fruit at Athorn when Mother and

Dad were here. Hazel, Jim's girl, has been true to the Lord ever since, and though Jack lost out for a while, I'm sure he never forgot that night he prayed through the first time."

"Is it true," interrupted Margaret, "that both Porter and Riffle have offered the land to us for a mission?"

"Yes, but we have no funds to put up a building now," Evelyn replied thoughtfully. "It's a real pity, too, for if we could, many a problem would be solved."

After supper Mrs. Baker and the two girls started for Porter's. When they reached the little three-room log cabin perched on a "bench" of the hillside they found that already a large crowd had gathered and it was with some effort that they finally managed to squeeze in. A large log fire both heated and lighted the small room; and the two beds, besides one or two planks laid across chairs, furnished seats. Since these were all occupied, Evelyn made herself comfortable on a wood pile near the fire.

For some time they sang both loud and lustily as only mountaineers can. Then Jack said, "Let us pray." As Evelyn knelt by that pile of wood she was sure she never before felt such a great need of Divine help. The very atmosphere seemed thick with demons and it was hard to get a prayer through. While trying to muster enough faith to bring victory over the forces of evil, she was peculiarly and strongly impressed that some one many miles away was prevailing with God on their behalf. The thought gave her the needed inspiration and faith, and as she prayed victory and blessing came.

After prayer another song was announced. As they were singing, the door opened and in walked Jim Riffle and several of his girls. At once the atmosphere became tense. Everyone waited to see what Porter would do, but though his face became flaming red he did not move.

When they had finished the song Jack called for prayer again. This time he himself prayed. He had spoken only a few words when Zack Porter started for the door. On his way he passed Jim Riffle who was on his knees. He would have struck him in the back with the butt end of his pistol had not a man near him seized him by the arm saying, "There ain't no use in that."

Hearing the confusion Jack stopped praying and was on his feet in an instant. Wondering what had happened Evelyn also turned around just in time to see Mr. Porter going out of the door leaving a crowd of frightened people looking first one way and then another.

"There ain't no use in getting excited," said some one. "Let's go on with the meetin'." So down they went on their knees again and Jack finished his prayer.

Having read the Scripture, with an occasional prompting from Evelyn, Jack gave a short message after which he gave opportunity for testimonies. Several had spoken and all was going well. Even Mr. Porter who had returned to his seat seemed reconciled. Then Jim Riffle arose and began to speak.

"Sit down," commanded Mr. Porter. "I'll not have you preachin' in my house."

Again everyone waited to see what might happen. "All right," said Jim quietly as he sat down. And then some one started a song. While they were singing, Mrs. Baker suggested to Jim that they had better go, so they did, and the meeting closed peaceably.

On the way home Jack remarked, "I tell ye, Zack tried to read me tonight, but he couldn't. He scarcely never took his eyes off from me, 'cause he knowed jest what I'd have done before I was converted and he wasn't sure that I wouldn't do it again. He knowed I'd never take nothin' from him whether it was against me or against any of my kin. He didn't know what to make of me standin' there so peaceful. The Lord sure did help me or I couldn't have done hit."

Evelyn and Margaret rejoiced that no lives were lost and they prayed that peace between these families might permanently be restored.

Evelyn's school closed at Athorn the last of March, just before the commencement exercises at Hermon. For the next few weeks she spent much of her time in putting up sheet rock (plaster board) in the new building. She enjoyed it so much that she almost wished she were a man that she might learn the carpenter's trade, which certainly would be an advantage to any missionary.

At this time Margaret was at her home in Ohio, Miss Reed stayed alone at the mission home, and Marion and Evelyn stayed at the new building. Drake of course took his meals there also and many were the happy times they enjoyed together around the table.

One day he surprised the girls by suggesting a motor trip to a Bible conference that would be held soon at the college of which Evelyn was a graduate. Marion especially thought that would be too good to be true, but this time she was mistaken. Since Miss Reed did not feel clear to leave her work, arrangements were made for Bob Miller to go in her place, so by the middle of April they were on their way. The first Sunday was spent at Indianapolis where God wonderfully used Mr. Miller who gave his personal experience in a missionary rally. From there they went on to Chicago for a board meeting, which concerned the Hermon work, and thence to southern Illinois for the conference.

Here they found June DeWitt who could not ask enough questions to satisfy her mind concerning the progress of the new building and the work in general. Of course it was impossible for June and Evelyn to get together without talking plans, but they were not the only ones who talked plans this time, for Marion and Drake were at last free to be together as much as they liked.

They had long before expressed their love for each other, but Marion was not yet decided as to how she would answer that "great question." During one of their rides together Drake came to the conclusion that it was of no avail, for it seemed that she was going to answer in the negative. But the next evening as they were out riding again they stopped beneath a spreading maple tree. There Marion told him she would be his. There they pledged their lives each to the other. It was a sacred hour -- an hour in which two more loving hearts found a new Eden of God.

From the conference Marion went to her home, and Drake, Miller and Evelyn returned to Hermon.

Again Evelyn acted as carpenter at the new building when her work at Athorn did not call her away. Margaret, on the other hand, who had earned the reputation of being capable of doing anything and everything, was kept busy living up to her reputation. If she did make any plans she always remembered that they were "subject to change without notice."

Therefore she was not at all surprised when one evening Miss Reed said to her, "I have changed my plans for you. tomorrow. Nellie Spencer came to me today saying that she wants to go back to the reform school at Greendale, and I want you to take her if you will."

Two months before, this girl came to the mission and wanted some one to take her to Greendale for she was tired of the life she was living. Miss Reed put her in charge of a visiting friend who was returning to her home in a northern state, but at Athorn station a young man got on the train and took Nellie off by force at the next station.

So the task that faced Margaret the next morning as she boarded the train with this girl was not an easy one. In various ways precautions were taken to prevent former associates from knowing about her departure; nevertheless, a suspicious character came on the train at Athorn and, nodding at Nellie as he passed, walked to the back of the coach. Margaret did not know who he was but his suspicious actions alarmed her, for he passed frequently down the aisle and into the smoker with another man whom she knew to be a bad character. It seemed to her there was trouble brewing, though of just what sort she did not know. She kept praying almost continuously, especially whenever they neared a station. Over and over again she breathed the name of Jesus in whom alone she put her trust.

Once as the boy passed Nellie, who was sitting a few seats ahead, he handed her a note; so Margaret sent for Nellie to come back with her. She came and, seating herself next to the window, read the note and threw it away.

"Who was the boy that got on at Athorn?" Margaret inquired.

"Carthy Crawford," she replied, "the one who took me off the train the other time I started to Greendale."

"Do you think there will be any trouble this time?" asked Margaret rather anxiously.

"No, not as I know of," she answered, and nothing more was said.

In just a few minutes the young man came to their seat and leaning over said, "Nellie, you are getting off at Marshstown."

"I am?" she questioned.

"Yes, now I don't want any trouble. You get off at Marsbtown. Mind what I tell you. There won't be anyone left on this train if you don't," he threatened.

"Funny train with no one on it," she said in a forced voice.

"If you don't want trouble you just get off there now. You are not going to Greendale with Miss Vance."

"But, Carthy, I must do something," she pleaded.

"You can go there or somewhere else later if you want to, but you are not going with Miss Vance." Then turning to Margaret he said, "If you want to you can get off at Marshtown too and I will pay your fare back to Hermon. Nellie can go to Greendale this afternoon if she wants to, but she is not going now."

"But we have our fares paid so why shouldn't she go on now?" reasoned Margaret.

"I'll pay the fare for both of you and your taxi fare to Hermon." Here he produced a roll of bills.

"We'll wait a while," muttered Margaret.

"I can pay her way there any time she wants to go," he said, "but you are not going to get anything out of this."

"But I don't get anything out of it," she hastened to assure him. "I shall do well if we get our train fare from the state. I am just going with Nellie as an accommodation on my part because she asked for company on the way."

"You can't tell me that," he replied, and Margaret saw it was useless to try to show him differently.

"All right, Nellie, get off at Marshtown or here is something that says you will," and he laid his hand on his right hip pocket which evidently concealed a revolver.

"I'm not afraid of that," Nellie said.

"You see that you get off at Marshtown," and with these closing words he left them.

By this time Nellie was becoming a little nervous and Margaret tried to assure her that all would be well, in her own heart there was perfect peace. She determined to do nothing, but just let God lead for He knew what would be best in the end for all concerned.

As the train stopped at Marshtown they sat motionless. Then along came Carthy Crawford who, without any apologies, reached in front of Margaret and pulled Nellie out of her seat, grabbed her coat, as she started to reach for it, and pulled her down the aisle and off the train.

Margaret picked up her coat and bag and started after them. As they got off on the right hand side of the train, she went to the conductor and said, "That boy took my girl away from me, so I shall get off here and I would like to have the money for our fares re funded."

"All right," replied the conductor, and they went off at the left side of the train and into the ticket office. Here she received the amount due her. On inquiring she found that it would be at least four hours before she could get a train back to Hermon, so she went into the waiting room and began to read, "The Christ of Every Road," a book she had brought with her.

Everything was quiet around the station for a while. Then several men began to appear and Margaret heard one of them say, "They went in that house there. The sheriff went after them but he had to get a warrant to search the house. Later he got Crawford as he tried to escape from the back of the house. He arrested him and he's on his way to Athorn now to getsome one to go on his bond."

A crowd of people was beginning to gather once more around the depot. Finally a deputy sheriff came in and asked Margaret what she wanted done with the girl.

"Tell her I am waiting here for her and we shall go on to Greendale," was the quick reply.

"I'll get her for you if you want her," he said and left. In a few minutes he returned with Nellie. The girl made no resistance but was rather nervous.

They then began inquiring how they might get to Lexington. It was finally decided that the safest and quickest way, if not the cheapest, would be by a private auto. As they were ready to go Margaret asked the sheriff if he was going with them. He said that he would and got into the front seat of the car beside the driver while Nellie and she sat in the back seat.

Then came a beautiful ride over a fine mountain road and at four o'clock they drove in front of the office building of the Kentucky Houses of Reform. Before getting out of the car Margaret paid the driver six dollars as she had bargained, and had him sign a receipt for the money received.

Then the sheriff asked, "What are you going to give me?"

"Oh, I didn't know you wanted anything," she said with great surprise, for she supposed that sheriffs were paid by the county or the state and were to be used by the public as needed. "What do you want?"

"I want two dollars for my work today," he stated emphatically. Knowing nothing else to do she paid him also and got a receipt.

At last they were safe inside the reformatory and Nellie was again in good keeping. On hearing Margaret's story, the officers there thought her very brave, and they showed her every kindness besides paying all the expenses of her trip. She left for Hermon at midnight and arriving

there the next morning. After relating her story to Miss Reed they knelt and thanked the Lord together for His guidance and protection.

While Margaret was having this rather thrilling adventure, Evelyn was, the same day, faithfully sowing the good seed in many needy homes around Athorn -- an experience not quite so thrilling though none the less important.

That evening, weary and worn from the trampling over the hills, she dropped into a chair by the fireside with the hope of getting some thoughts for a short message in the prayer meeting that night. She wrote her experience that evening as follows:

### THE CHRIST OF EVERY ROAD

There sat one night at her fireside  
A missionary true;  
Her head was bowed, her heart was sad,  
She longed for a message now.

A message -- a word from the Christ she loved,  
Who now seemed so far away,  
Though always before He had walked by her side  
Giving comfort and courage always.

The day had been hard, the day had been long,  
As she trudged o'er the Athorn road  
With no one to cheer her along the way,  
As the Word she faithfully sowed.

That One had been with her she truly believed,  
For He says, "I am with you alway  
If ye go to the world with the message of life,  
And all my commandments obey."

Yet His face or His smile she had not seen;  
His whisper of love so true  
She had not heard, though she listened close  
To catch some promise anew.

So she sat and mused by her fireside,  
Longing for a glimpse of Him,  
Whose dying love had won her heart  
And cleansed her from all sin.

She had read of the Christ of the Indian Road,  
Was He not of the mountain road too  
Had He not in the past proved a Brother and Friend,

Ever faithful and loving and true?

Oh, yes, He was indeed to her  
The Christ of the Mountain Road;  
She had felt His touch, she had seen His smile,  
He had often carried her load.

But was He the Christ of Every Road?  
Faith whispered that this was true;  
Then -- He was the Christ of Athorn Road,  
Of Hermon and Lonesome Creek, too!

The thought filled her heart with ecstasy,  
And tears of joy there flowed,  
As she saw and heard and felt once more  
Her Christ of the Athorn Road.

No longer she sits by her fireside,  
Whatever her feelings or mood,  
She faithfully gleans in His harvest so wide,  
With the Christ of Every Road.

\* \* \* \* \*

## Chapter 15 OPENING DAY

The day is dawning in the eastern sky,  
New life is bursting forth from every nook,  
The trees which once the brilliant leaves forsook  
Are being clothed anew, no helper nigh.  
The meadows, fields, and hillsides all defy  
The vain attempt so often undertook  
By artists who, enraptured as they look,  
Essay to paint the scene which meets the eye.  
So is it when the soul is born anew,  
Life, light, and love spring up within the heart,  
Transform, renew with energy Divine;  
'Tis then the soul feels words are indeed too few  
To tell this world of sorrow e'en a part  
Of all the wondrous charms that round Him shine.

It was indeed a new day that was beginning to dawn at Hermon. Springtime had come again. The very atmosphere seemed pregnant with life and hope and cheer. May flowers were blooming and the birds were singing. Everywhere the hillsides echoed with the voice of the



plowman as he followed his mule from morning till night. Even the women and children found their way to the busy fields, leaving behind lone some little cabins.

Resting on their hoes now and then they could gaze down Hermon valley and see the new school which meant to them the dawning of a better day. From all outward appearances it was already completed except for a coat of paint, but it would not take long for an experienced eye to see that it would require many weeks of labor to finish the inside and get everything in readiness for the Opening Day which was to be on the fifth of July.

This fact was becoming a serious problem to those who knew how low the funds were. Then, too, the time when Thomas Drake must leave was drawing nearer every day. Where could they hope to get any one to take his place? That was the question now confronting them.

"Miss Reed," said Evelyn one evening as they seated themselves on the front porch to discuss future plans, "I have been wondering what we should do about finishing up this building. You say we have no funds and in a few weeks Brother Drake will be leaving. What shall we do?"

"You have asked a question that has been staring me in the face for a long time, but as yet I have been unable to answer it. There is not a man in this county capable of finishing that job if we did have the money with which to pay him. You know what a time Brother Drake had with the men who were recommended as first-class carpenters."

"Yes, the Lord bless him! He certainly was a Godsend," said Evelyn. Then she added laughingly, "Marion, at least, must think so. We had never thought of paying him for his labors here by giving him a wife. I wonder when the wedding will be?"

"The chances are it will be soon, was the reply," "now that we have released Marion from teaching next year. We surely wish God's best for them. Marion said she never felt that she had a life-call to the mountain work. Of course that is true of the rest of us but, as for me, I expect to live and die in these hills. My prayer is that I may live to preach until I'm eighty and then die suddenly. I have told the mountain people that I want them to lay me away in a home-made coffin and sing at my funeral, "Am I a Soldier of the Cross?" and "Oh, for a Faith That Will Not Shrink." I am ready to leave this place any time God tells me to, but not until then." And a note in her voice told that this determination was the out come of many a Gethsemane experience.

"I sometimes wonder, too," said Evelyn, the tears glistening in her eyes, "if I could ever leave these hills. They have almost become a part of me. And these dear people -- I could die for them! I shall never forget what my former pastor said to me on my college commencement day, "So you are going to bury your self in the mountains, are you?" Little did he know how much his life and words had influenced me in making such a venture. My philosophy of life thus far can be expressed in that wonderful paradox, "Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit." And there is another verse that goes with it, "Love never faileth." I have staked everything on this eternal verity. I have determined that my life shall be a failure only as love fails, and that is an utter impossibility. I like to think of my life as a great experiment. Some one in this life may profit by it, but eternity alone will reveal the results. Christ was considered a failure and there are still a few who 'count all things but loss' in order to

be like Him. His was the First and Great Experiment. 'Who follows in His train?' By His grace I will, whatever the consequences."

"Amen," responded Miss Reed fervently.

"Now to make this practical," Evelyn continued, "God knows that through faith in His guidance every one of us workers has given everything we have to make this building project a success. Though doubtless we have made some mistakes, He knows we undertook it in His name and for His glory, and He will not fail us. When I was praying about this recently, James came to my mind. I wouldn't be surprised if he would come back and finish up this building, providing he could come in his car and bring my sister and their two children with him, but he will have to have something for his work. The other time he came I gave him little more than his fare and he worked from daylight till dark. He would do the same again, but he is not financially able to put much more into this building."

"I know!" interrupted Miss Reed, "we can use our salaries for the next quarter to pay him. That would be two hundred dollars, which ought to be enough, don't you think?"

"Just the thing!" exclaimed Evelyn. "I plan to go home for Virginia's commencement anyway, and I can talk it over with him after I get there. Then Virginia and I can ride back with him and thus save our fares."

"So much for that, then," said Miss Reed. "Now about the teachers for next year. It is wonderful how the Lord is working things out. As you know, June will teach the primary room, for she is a genius in that department. Lois Hale, whom you met in the Bible school at Cincinnati, will teach the intermediate department, including the fourth, fifth, and sixth grades; and just recently I received a letter from Paul Kent, saying that he and his wife and baby will be here in time for Opening Day. He is a graduate from a college in Indiana so he can teach the seventh and eighth grades and a couple high school subjects. Then we take for granted that you'll teach the other fresh man subjects."

"As far as I know now, I can," Evelyn replied. "But who is going to teach music and sewing?"

"Mrs. Kent will teach music and art and Margaret will teach sewing."

"What a privilege it will be," said Evelyn, "to work with a faculty of such consecration -- every one coming without promise of any salary outside of the eight hundred a year that you and I can share with them, (providing there is not some, other pressing need which will demand the use of even that small amount). Well, being clothed out of the missionary barrel isn't so bad after all, and the money from our clothing store ought to pay for our board. Food and clothing are all we need. God will take care of our future, I'm sure. It isn't any sacrifice if you look at it in that light."

"Say, Miss Reed, changing the subject, have you heard our new school song? Margaret and I composed it the other night at Athorn. It is a parody on the 'Church in the Wildwood.'

"Standing now in a beautiful valley  
Is Omar Vocational School;  
Opportunity, Vision, and Service,  
Are ever its ultimate goal.

Chorus:

"O come to this school for your learning,  
"O come and you need never fail;  
In all of life's hardest battles  
Come for help to this school in the vale.

"How sweet on a bright Tuesday morning  
To list to the clear ringing bell;  
Its tones, oh, so sweetly are calling,  
Children, come to this school in the vale.

"There close by the school in the valley  
Waves the flag that we all love so well;  
It floats, freely floats in the breezes,  
Telling freedom to all in the vale.

"As falleth the dew upon Hermon,  
So falleth His love on us here;  
For today in our halls there is unity,  
Always pleasant and good everywhere."

"Good!" exclaimed Miss Reed. "The faculty ought to sing that on Opening Day. Brother B--- from Indianapolis will be the main speaker. I trust it will be a great day in every respect. There is sure to be a large crowd. Athorn, Rocky Oave, Lonesome Creek, and even Gun Creek, will be represented, from what I hear."

"Poor Gun Creek!" said Evelyn musingly. "Two years have already passed since we had to close our Sunday School there on account of the greed of one man. If that deed had only been clear! You knew, didn't you, that we recently tried to get the use of the schoolhouse for a Sunday School, but the trustee refused to give us permission?"

"Yes, but I believe the Lord will give us an opening there yet. We'll pray and wait," said Miss Reed. Then together they knelt for prayer, claiming again the promise of Jehovah-Jireh, and rejoicing over the many answers to prayer already witnessed.

It was the last of May when Evelyn boarded the train for Bronville, where she was to attend Virginia's commencement. She had traveled that way many times and had always enjoyed the beauty of the hills, but now her mind went back seven years to the first time she saw them. Then, to her, the mountains of Kentucky were synonymous with romance and adventure. What girl in her teens would not thrill at the thought of spending a few months there? It was all past her dreams. Nor was she disappointed. The months that followed opened up to her a new world -- a

world of romance and adventure in which Christ was the central figure -- a world far more real than any found in a story book. And as the years had come and gone it was the love of Christ, the Bridegroom of her heart, that had lured her on and kept alive that sense of adventure and of the romantic even in the dull routine of everyday life. While thus meditating she wrote a poem expressing her thoughts and called it "The Lure of the Hills."

Some love the hills because they stand  
For beauty, strength, and might;  
While others in their shelter seek  
A refuge from sin's blight.

For gorgeous is their beauty rare  
In summer, spring, and fall;  
And from each tree on mountain side  
The song birds give their call.

The hillsides fair with waving corn,  
And ferns and flowers gay  
Are furrowed deep with sparkling brooks  
That sing a merry lay.

At eventide a stillness creeps  
Softly o'er vale and hill,  
And naught is heard but the peeping frogs  
And the song of the whip-poor-will.

But in each hollow and along the creeks,  
Which serve as highways too,  
Are the humble homes of the mountaineers  
With children not a few.

'Twould all be well if in these homes  
Reigned peace and happiness,  
Yet even here sin pays its wage in suffering --  
In suffering and distress.

Of doctor's care they are oft deprived,  
Of schools and churches, too;  
But not of guns and gambling cards,  
Of moonshine and home-brew.

Yet, in these hills are jewels rare  
Redeemed from lives of shame,  
Because of those who knew their worth  
And to their rescue came.

'Tis not the grandeur of the hills,  
Nor yet their solitude  
That lures the missionary there  
With grace and love endued.

'Tis more -- 'tis Christ with outstretched hands  
That calls with loving plea,  
"Inasmuch as ye do it unto these,  
Ye do it unto me."

At Bronville there was a joyous reunion. Evelyn was glad, not only to see her own people, but to find both Virginia and Maxine happy in Jesus. Virginia gave her commencement oration beautifully, but not many of those who heard it realized as fully as Evelyn the great change that had been wrought in Virginia physically, mentally and spiritually, since she entered the seventh grade at Hermon mission four years before.

Such worth-while results encouraged Evelyn to believe God for the redemption of other young lives hid away in the Kentucky hills. She knew that faith in God had been responsible for the starting of a school building at Hermon for this purpose; now faith in God must find a way to finish it. Just what God's plan was she did not know, but she believed that "all things work together for good to them that love God," so she proposed to her brother-in-law, James, the plan which she had mentioned to Miss Reed. It was his opinion that it would be better to get a carpenter who lived nearer the mountains and suggested that they try to get some one at Lexington or thereabouts.

To go to a strange city and secure a carpenter who could be depended on to do his work both conscientiously and well was an undertaking which by no means appealed to Evelyn. They had already been disappointed in one man who had been highly recommended by a lumber company and they did not want a repetition of that experience. Nevertheless, Evelyn felt assured that the Lord would provide in some way, so she let the matter drop without any further persuasion. The next day she wrote a card to Margaret as follows:

Dear Margaret:

I received your letter yesterday. Was glad to hear from you. I was interested in your vision of a little church building at Athorn and I expect it to materialize in another year or two, providing the book I am writing is a success, but hardly this summer as you hinted. We'll do well to finish the one we have started. I know better than to take you as seriously as some people do. Ha!

Virginia and I plan to leave here Monday. James and Charlotte aren't coming unless we can't get anyone else. I'm going to try to get some one on my way back. James thinks his old Ford is too nearly worn out to take him there. Besides, the trip, he says, would require three days going and three returning, making six days lost time.

Jehovah-Jireh! May God bless you! I Hope to see you next week.

Love to all,

Evelyn

That afternoon Evelyn spoke in a young people's convention, and the next morning (Sunday) she gave a Gospel message in her own home church, the place where she first felt the call of God upon her heart and began her missionary career. After spending Sunday afternoon in visiting the "shut-ins," the Bruce family drove about seven miles out to a country church where Evelyn was to speak again. Just before the service began James called her outside for a moment.

"Say, Evelyn," he began, "Charlotte and I are about ready to reconsider going back with you. When we were at the supper table tonight I said something to the effect that I wished we could go down and help you folks finish up the job. 'Why can't we? Let's go,' she said; and that set me to thinking. I see no reason why we can't, providing we can use Bruce's car. Of course I hate to lose my job now when times are hard, but it happens that right now the house we are working on must be plastered before we can finish it, so this would be a good time to get a leave of absence. Do you think that Mother and Dad will let us use their car?"

"Oh, I'm sure they will. I'll see about that tonight," was the eager reply. Then in a more subdued voice she added, "How good the Lord is. 'All things work together for good to them that love God.' I know He will reward you, James. I was perfectly reconciled to your not going, even though it seemed we were up against it, but I am reminded again:

We keep what we give but we lose  
Whate'er in our hands we would hold.

"How soon do you think you can leave?"

"Tuesday morning, I expect. I'll have to get my leave of absence first."

"All right, any day will suit Virginia and me. God bless you, James. I know He will." And nothing more was said.

Evelyn had no difficulty in getting the promise of Bruce's car, and early Tuesday morning, only a week after her arrival, Evelyn, Virginia, James, Charlotte, and their two little boys, were on their way to the Kentucky hills.

In Cincinnati they left Virginia at a Bible school to which she and Maxine had made application for the coming year, and her place in the car was taken by Miss Reed, who was attending a camp meeting there.

On Thursday afternoon, June the fifth, the little party of six reached the county seat which was ten miles from Hermon. There they left the car in a garage and took the train the rest of the way.

Margaret and Bob Miller were at the station to meet them, and, as could be expected, there were many questions to be answered in regard to the success of the trip.

"Evelyn," said Margaret, after hearing how defeat had been changed into victory in getting James to come, "how is it that you always seem to get your own way in the end? What is the secret?"

"My own way!" exclaimed Evelyn with surprise. "I didn't know I did. I admit it does look that way sometimes, and if I have any secret it is this: I get my own way by giving it up. My way doesn't amount to anything anyhow unless it is God's way. I try always to remember that and to keep my hands off the 'ark,' so to speak. I don't need to worry about God's affairs. His clock keeps perfect time. Isn't that what you have been trying to tell me this past year, Margaret?"

"Yes, and I think you are learning it faster than I," she replied. "If you have a fault it is your curiosity, and I fear I am not much better."

"Well, I am a woman and so are you. I suppose we inherited that characteristic from Mother Eve. It is our business not to get rid of it but to keep it consecrated," concluded Evelyn.

Although it was dark before they arrived at the building, James lost no time in "viewing the walls" as Nehemiah once did in Bible days. The next morning he was up at daylight, busy with saw and hammer for two hours before breakfast was served by Charlotte. At the table he was asked about the possibility of finishing the building before July fifth.

"It will be absolutely impossible," said he, "unless I can have at least one man to help me, and then I am not sure we can finish it."

"Of course," said Miss Reed, "our funds are low, but this building must be finished. There is Brother Jett who is a conscientious worker. I can get him for a dollar a day; and Evans Little, whom Brother Drake considered his best helper, will work for two a day."

"If you want the building finished," explained James, "it will pay you to hire a couple of men now, while I am here to boss the job."

"All right, I'll see that they come tomorrow. There is still some concreting to be done in the basement but I'll not have to hire men for that, because several have promised to donate their labor when we are ready to finish up that job."

"You folks certainly were fortunate," said James, "in getting a man like Drake to come and supervise this building without any pay whatever. I mean without any promise of pay. It is my opinion that he was well paid when he succeeded in winning Miss Vieth, but I don't suppose he figured on that when he came here. And you say they were married the first of June?"

"Yes, Marion wrote us about it. They had a lovely church wedding in her home town, and they plan to go to his home in New York soon. The chances are that they will take a pastorate this fall. Then, too, you know he holds a responsible position as trustee of one of our church schools there."

"I'd like to see them. again," said James as he started back to his work. "Drake and I had some good times together last winter."

"Yes," agreed Evelyn, "and Marion and I had some good times together the winter before. I shall never forget it."

The days that followed were busy ones for "all had a mind to work." James labored from daylight till dark and even after; Margaret and Evelyn put in their time either painting or bossing a crew of boys in putting up sheet rock; Charlotte did the cooking; and Miss Reed was kept busy looking after things in general.

For some time it had been on Evelyn's heart to hold a street meeting at the county seat. Mendal Morris was planning to come for revival meetings at Athorn, Lonesome Creek, and Hermon, but it was doubtful if he could stay for a fourth revival. So Evelyn felt they must do something for that place if it was nothing but to hold a street meeting. After some difficulty she mustered a little crowd and they were on their way.

There were seven in all, Bob Miller, Matt and Tom Fultz, Rosalee White, Betty James Caudill, Margaret, and Evelyn. The service was held in front of the courthouse, and before long the singing with autoharp and guitar accompaniment drew a large crowd. Bob Miller found it a privilege as well as a cross to testify to the saving grace of the Lord Jesus on the very streets which he had often before traveled as an unscrupulous politician and a drunkard. It was a blessed service and all felt repaid for the trip.

As soon as they returned to Hermon, Margaret saddled Dixie and went on to Athorn for the regular Wednesday night meeting. The next morning she was back at Hermon bright and early, ready for work as usual.

"What kind of meeting did you have last night, Margaret?" inquired Evelyn.

"We had a good little meeting. It was nothing out of the ordinary, but what happened after the meeting was. I guess you can be thankful I'm still alive."

"Why, what happened?" everyone asked in chorus.

"Well, I'll start in the beginning and tell it all. The meeting was at Jim Riffle's. There were not many out but the few young men who did come were well behaved. Carthy Crawford was one of them. I knew he had threatened anyone who ever dared to take Nellie Spencer away from him, but he was so slow in carrying out his threat that I supposed he had forgotten about it. Perhaps my text, 'Be sure your sin will find you out,' brought back some memories. At any rate, after service as I started riding down toward the road on my way to Baker's for the night, I heard a shot fired; but, thinking it was farther down the creek, I paid no attention to it. Just then I heard several more shots right behind. Glancing back I saw some of the boys, one of them Carthy, firing at my horse's heels. They might shoot at me next, I thought. What should I do? Calling for Mr. Riffle I turned Dixie around and started for the house. The firing ceased and the boys went on. Poor Dixie! She was trembling from head to foot. I wasn't a bit nervous or excited, for, although my ears were ringing



from the reports of the pistols fired so near me and my head ached for an hour or two, 'my heart was fixed, trusting in the Lord.' Death has no terrors when we are in God's will."

"Do you think they meant to harm you?" Evelyn anxiously inquired.

"I don't know, but the rest of the folk there were of the opinion that the boys fired with the intention of frightening my horse so that she would either throw me or run away. Thank the Lord for faithful Dixie! Carthy took his spite out on her instead of me that time, but she took it patiently. Bless her heart."

The following day Virginia Graham, Jean Thomas, and Wallace Royer came from Bible school to Hermon for a two weeks' vacation. Royer, a converted cowboy now preparing himself for the ministry, soon found that he had chosen the wrong place to take a vacation. He apparently had a mania for work and he could not easily resist the temptation when there was so much of it around him. But where should he begin?

Only seven days remained before the Opening Day and a well had not yet been dug. This fact was mentioned the next morning after breakfast.

"I can help with that," said Royer. "My father was once a well-digger in Colorado so I've had a little experience in that line."

"Fine!" exclaimed Evelyn. "Now the question is, Where shall we have it dug?"

"Brother Jett claims that he can find water with a peach twig. That seems like superstition to me but I'd like to see him try it," suggested James, laughingly.

"I don't know myself whether there is anything in it or not," remarked Royer, "but my father claimed there was and he usually succeeded in finding water. Let's ask him to try it anyway."

Following the suggestion everyone went out to see the performance. If seeing was believing, in that case there were several who were compelled to believe, even though they could not explain scientifically what they saw. No one could deny the fact that as Mr. Jett walked across a certain area near the building the forked branch, the ends of which he was holding vertically in his hands, was noticeably drawn toward's the ground. But the strange part of it was that no one could do the trick but him.

"Well, they say that the proof of the pudding is the eating of it, so the proof of whether there is water here or not will be the drinking of it," laughed Evelyn.

"This is a good time to dig a well for if you strike water in this dry weather it will be more than a freshet, so go ahead, Brother Royer."

Royer soon found that well-digging required the use of muscles that he had never needed as chief cook in the school he attended, so it was well for him that the next day was Sunday.

Early Sunday morning Margaret, Evelyn, and Royer started on horses for Rocky Cave. Here they learned that a young man living near Athorn had been found dead in the woods that morning. He had been hauling logs, and it was the general opinion that his mule had kicked him in the head thus killing him instantly. They thought of how this young man the Sunday before had attended their Sunday School with his young wife, a girl of fourteen; they had been married only the week before.

Immediately after Sunday School and preaching at Rocky Cave the three workers started for Athorn. On the way they stopped at the home where the body of the boy lay, unprepared as yet for burial. The coffin was being made and they hoped to have the funeral that afternoon; but as there was some suspicion in regard to the cause of his death they had sent for a coroner to come and hold an inquest first.

The missionaries, who were given to understand that they should have charge of the service, soon concluded that at the rate things were moving there would be no burial that day. But, knowing the mountain custom, they called the people together for a little service while they were waiting for the coroner. The house was crowded and the yard swarmed with people who had come from far and near. After singing and prayer Royer gave a short message and the meeting was dismissed. Then, having spoken a few words of comfort to the mother, they left for Hermon.

The next few days Virginia, Jean, Margaret, and Evelyn scraped paint and cleaned all the windows from the basement to the third floor. In the meantime Royer, with the two men who were helping him, had struck water and were bailing out tub after tub full of water, mud, sand, coal, and even hickory logs.

On July second June DeWitt and Lois Hale arrived by train, and Paul Kent, his wife, and child, drove on the campus in an old Ford coupe which could boast only one fiat tire as the result of its tussle with mountain roads.

The next day Miss Reed moved all of her belongings to the new building and the Kent's took possession of the mission home, which was to be used as a boys' dormitory.

"This is all like a dream to me," said Evelyn that day as she found Miss Reed located in her cheery room on the second floor. "It doesn't seem possible that we could have a building of this size and quality all finished except the inside varnishing, when we consider the amount of money put into it. Just think! Men who ought to know what they are talking about have estimated the cost of it at \$20,00 and it hasn't cost half that much. I have almost thought the Lord must have multiplied the dollars as He did the loaves and fishes."

"Yes," answered Miss Reed, "it does seem that the impossible has been accomplished, but I have record in black and white of every cent I've handled. Seventeen hundred was given us as the result of that circular letter we sent out telling of the building project; twenty-two hundred eighty-six was loaned us by the missionary board; and one thousand by Brother Drake. Of course we workers have given nearly nine hundred altogether and the mountain people over three hundred in cash, besides ninety days' labor. All the rest came from our clothing store fund and personal friends.

"Although we don't have the furnace yet," continued Miss Reed, "the Lord will provide that when we need it. If we do as Brother Kent suggested it won't cost us more than two hundred and fifty dollars to get a furnace that will heat the first and second floors. We won't need the third floor this year. Isn't it fine that Mr. Kent is such a 'handy' man?"

"Yes, indeed!" said Evelyn. "He says he is going to put the lavatory in the bath room, and when we get our lighting system we can have running water with very little extra cost because he can do the plumbing himself. Surely the hand of God has been over us from the very beginning. To Him be all the glory."

"Amen. He alone is worthy," responded Miss Reed. "May there be many who shall go out from this school to bless not only the hill country but the world!"

That evening Evelyn accompanied James, Charlotte, and their boys as far as the county seat where they stayed overnight, leaving for Pennsylvania early the next morning. When she returned to Hermon she found that three car loads of friends had just arrived from Indianapolis for Opening Day, and the place seemed alive with bustling activity. Neither June nor Lois had escaped the whirl of work which apparently swallowed up every one that came near. June at once busied herself with setting up the school desks which had been donated by friends in Illinois, while Lois found a place in the kitchen where she celebrated fourth of July by firing the cook stove and baking beans. The women in the community had solicited all the food necessary for the lunch which was to be served the next day, and that evening the young people from Indianapolis all helped in making sandwiches and potato salad.

At last the eventful day arrived. Soon after breakfast the people began coming -- some on foot, some on horses or mules, some in wagons, and some by train. To many the sight of such a building was a revelation, and as they followed Miss Reed from room to room in the "inspection tours" they were dumb with amazement. In the basement were the dining room, kitchen, pantry, coal room, laundry, manual training, and furnace rooms. On the first floor were four class rooms, a library and a clinic room. Between two of the class rooms were folding doors which could be opened to make a large auditorium. On the second floor were ten dormitory rooms, most of which were simply furnished, besides the bath room and sun parlor. The third floor was as yet unfinished.

The program which began at ten o'clock was enjoyed by a crowd of about three hundred people some of whom had to remain in the halls or outside the windows. The most interesting feature of this program was that given by the Hermon and Rocky Cave Christian young people. Rosalee White sang in her clear soprano voice, "Whispering Hope;" Tom Fultz gave a short talk; Matt played his guitar and sang; Jean Thomas gave a stirring testimony; and Virginia Graham delivered her commencement oration, which especially impressed the audience for all knew the life that "Virgie" had been saved from.

"I tell you," said one mountain preacher, "that shows what education and Christianity will do. We can see that for ourselves. What would Virgie have been if the missionaries hadn't given her a chance? Nothing! The truth of the matter is that we don't give these good people the credit that they ought to have for the work they are doing for our mountain girls and boys."

Following the program there were about eighty who registered to enter the new school which would open two weeks later. Then lunch was served free to all on the grounds. At one-thirty there was another service, in which a splendid address was delivered by a minister from Indianapolis, and other interesting features followed. It was nearly four o'clock before the people began dispersing and things were again quiet and peaceful on the campus.

Margaret had just left on Dixie for the regular Saturday night meeting on Lonesome Creek when word came to Evelyn that Mendal Morris and Walter Hohman, who were scheduled to open a revival meeting at Athorn the next day, were not on the evening train, the only one on which they could possibly come. The news dazed her for a moment for she knew that all the people at Athorn would be expecting Brother Morris to preach Sunday afternoon and the thought of disappointing them was almost unbearable. What should she do? There was one thing she could do. She could still believe Romans 8:28. So she did.

The promise was soon to be fulfilled. Just before the hour set for the closing service of that eventful day, two men were seen walking up the track, carrying musical instruments.

"That must be Brother Morris and Brother Hohman, but how did they get here?" she thought. It was not long before her question was answered. They had gotten off the train at Athorn, five miles below, and, leaving their traveling bags at Baker's, they had walked the rest of the way to Hermon. In spite of the fact that they were hungry and tired from the long tramp they took an active part in the service at the mission that night.

After the meeting, while they were eating potato salad and sandwiches, fuller explanations of plans for the summer were made, and Evelyn could see that they were prepared to "endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ."

Not one of them as yet knew what the summer held for them, but they feared 'nothing so long as Christ, their Captain, led on before. What had been the lure of the hills now became a challenge -- a challenge to the conquest of the hills. That conquest was to begin at Athorn, a place sacred with memories as expressed in the following poem written by Margaret.

A mountain path I rode one day  
And stopped to gaze along the way,  
My footsteps there He seemed to stay,  
My Christ of Athorn Road.

Though not a home appeared to light,  
I knew that lurking out of sight  
Were homes that made the way seem bright  
To my Christ of Athorn Road;

For in them lived the souls of men  
Whom, gathered out from haunts of sin,  
He could restore to life again,

This Christ of Athorn Road.

He spoke to me on the mountain side,  
"Will you go, and to Me their footsteps guide?  
For, oh, they've traveled in sin so wide,"  
Said my Christ of Athorn Road.

The task seemed hard, the way seemed long,  
But He called me aside from the busy throng  
And asked me to go and to right the wrong,  
My Christ of Athorn Road.

I looked above to the heavens high,  
Then I looked to the earth with a longing sigh,  
He knew my thoughts and I found Him nigh,  
My Christ of Athorn Road.

He heard me that day on the mountain side,  
For I gave my life to Him who had died,  
And He gave it back for His harvest wide,  
This Christ of Athorn Road.

I traveled on, but not the same,  
As down into the road I came  
To visit the homes of sin and shame,  
With my Christ of Athorn Road.

How wonderful it was to find,  
Though things of earth were left behind,  
I walked with my Savior so true and kind,  
The Christ of Athorn Road.

The way was rough and sometimes steep,  
The waters crossed were oftentimes deep,  
But my faithful Guide did never sleep,  
The Christ of Athorn Road.

I talked to Him along the way,  
His presence sweet did ever stay,  
Shedding around me its hallowed ray,  
This Christ of Athorn Road.

I cannot tell of His love to me,  
But it circles round like a boundless sea,  
This wondrous love that makes me free  
In my Christ of Athorn Road.

Through summer's sun or winter's blast,  
When fading leaves are falling fast,  
He stays with me to the very last,  
This Christ of Athorn Road.

Oh, may I ever cling to Him,  
Though paths grow rough, and light grows dim  
I'll yield my torch for Thee to trim,  
Dear Christ of Athorn Road.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE END