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VICTORY OUT OF DEFEAT
By Lovick Pierce Driskell

The Life and Sayings of L. P. Driskell

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DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to the hundreds of faithful friends that have stood by me so courageously in the work of the church for these thirty-seven years of my ministry in the pastorate and the evangelistic field. Many of these names I will mention in various chapters of my book.

* * * * *

INTRODUCTION

I come to you in the contents of this book undertaking one of the most difficult tasks of my life, feeling tremendously the responsibility. But the request has come to me repeatedly across the nation by friends, both preachers, laymen and lay-women that I should write the book of my life.

I could not have succeeded in any measure if it had not been for the faithful support of a large circle of friends who have stood by me with their prayers, their love, their cooperation and their financial aid.

Therefore, I thank God for them, and take no credit to myself for anything that has been done, but give all the credit to these veterans of the cross and give God the glory for all that has been accomplished.

L. P. Driskell

* * * * *

BISHOP'S INTRODUCTION

L. P. Driskell was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth. As a matter of fact, he was almost grown before spoons became a part of his equipment. He was born in an atmosphere that was lacking in the comforts that most of us consider as necessities. At twenty-three years of age he was unable to write his name, and at that late stage he mastered the alphabet. He never spent a year in school. But the good God found a way into his rugged and unlettered heart and claimed him for the ministry, and as the book which gives the story of his life attests, he has had a rather romantic and successful time witnessing for his Lord.

Over a period of a year he talked aloud to his sister, a skillful secretary, who set down his story just as the words came hot from his lips. Having known the man for more than a quarter of a century, and having heard his unique impressions and the long drawl of his voice, I felt as if I were

sitting before him as I read the account of his beginning and the experiences of his ministry. His sister captured the tone of his voice and managed to set in writing his words just as they sounded, coming from his heart. The readers of this story of the life of Lovick Pierce Driskell will discover new ways to spell some rather familiar words and it will be quite apparent that he is like Bud Robinson from the standpoint of punctuation. Bud used to publish a newspaper column and when he would submit his manuscript he would include a page of commas and periods and semi-colons and other punctuation marks and ask that the editor put them in where they belonged. To have edited this book, correcting words and reconstructing sentences would have lessened the drama of this book. If it were letter-perfect, then it would not be L. P. Driskell as I know him.

I commend the subject of this book to you with the promise that if you stay with it to the end you will feel the pulsations of a friendly and good heart and realize that the author has had a grand time telling it.

-- John Branscomb

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ISAIAH 61:1-3

The Spirit of the Lord is upon me;
Because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek;
He hath sent me to bind up the brokenhearted,
To proclaim liberty to the captives,
And the opening of the prison to them that are bound;
To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord,
And the day of vengeance of our God; To comfort all that mourn;
To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion,
To give unto them beauty for ashes,
The oil of joy for mourning,
The garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness;
That they might be called trees of righteousness,
The planting of the Lord,

That He might be glorified.

* * * * *

WHISPERING HOPE

Like the faint dawn of the morning,
Like the sweet freshness of dew,
Comes the clear whisper of Jesus,
Comforting, tender and true,

Darkness gives way to the sunlight,
While His voice falls on my ear;
Seasons of heaven's refreshing
Call to new gladness and cheer.

Whispering courage for warfare,
Bending Thine ear when I pray.
Glorious, risen Redeemer,
O how I praise Thee today!

Hope is an anchor to keep us,
Holding both steadfast and sure;
Hope brings a wonderful cleansing,
Thru His blood, making us pure.

Whispering Hope of His coming,
How my heart thrills at His word!
O to be watching and waiting
Ready to welcome the Lord!

Chorus:

Whispering hope, like the song of the angels,
Jesus, Thy love is sweet music to me.
Singing the song of forgiveness
Softly I hear in my soul,
Jesus has conquered forever
Sin with its fearful control.

* * * * *

TO THE READERS OF THIS BOOK

For more than thirty years the members of churches and congregations over the nation have profited by Rev. L. P. Driskell's ministrations and within this period he has greatly endeared

himself to many congregations by his amiable character, earnest devotion to duty and the hearty interest he has manifested in the welfare of the people.

In the pulpit he has faithfully presented the precepts of our religion, has warned people against the evils that continually beset them and has earnestly pleaded with them to seek their truest happiness in the paths of rectitude and peace.

In the homes he has been a sincere and sympathizing counselor and friend. In hours of pain and sorrow he has spoken gentle and soothing words to troubled hearts; the children of his congregation have profited by his instruction; he has united the sons and daughters in holy wedlock; his benediction has rested upon all in their domestic and business affairs; he has cared for the sick in a special way by day and night, and comforted those in the loss of loved ones; and in all things he has proven himself a competent and loving pastor and evangelist.

The congregations, homes and friends have a deep sense of his many benefactions, and there is a mutual and increasing admiration, esteem and gratitude for his labors in their behalf who has daily and hourly prepared them for the joys of Eternity.

I trust that this book will have a wide circulation across the nation. I sincerely hope and pray that God will bless him, and he will have many years of happiness.

Edward P. Parry, President
Railroad Evangelistic Association

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TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

I have known Bro. Driskell for several years, and our love and esteem for each other has been like unto that of Jonathan and David. To know Bro. Driskell is to love him with a tenderness that cannot be expressed in words. He has faithfully and conscientiously preached God's word to many thousands of people over a large section of country coming in contact with every race and creed imaginable. His consecration and deep interest in the problems and burdens of people have drawn him to his congregations, and he has been able to help in the hour of trouble and sorrow, no hour too dark and cold and long for him to go his length to pray and extend sympathy to those who need his help, -- His sacrifice cannot be measured by those who know him. Therefore those who know him love him deeply for his sincerity in carrying on the work of the Kingdom of God in the world.

Success in the sacred calling of a preacher demands these five things: Preparation, Perseverance, Purpose, and a deep, abiding and sincere love for people, -- he has them all, and these attributes have led him into a happy harmonious fellowship and relationship with his people. His motto has been: "A Charge to Keep I Have".

Large success has crowned his efforts. All classes have been drawn to him and his interest has been intense. He preaches the "truth" that makes you free and he is strikingly in earnest, and

boldly denounces sin, and declares to all men their need of a Saviour. His power of endurance is remarkable, and his willingness to help console and direct God's work surely is heaven sent.

Go little book, go into the highways and hedges, find them and bring them in as did your writer! Bro. Driskell may you:

"Scatter thus your seeds of kindness
All enriching as you go.
Leave them, trust the 'Harvest Giver',
He will make each seed to grow."

Hugh C. Brown, Secretary and Treasurer,
Railroad Evangelistic Association

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PSALMS 121 and 27:1-4

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord is thy keeper: The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?

The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.

One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life,

To behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in His temple.

* * * * *

01 -- BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD

I was born and reared on a farm two and one-half miles west of Juliette, Georgia, Monroe County, March 27, 1892. I was christened Lovick Pierce Driskell. My father's name was Thomas Jefferson Driskell. My mother's name was Sarah Frances Lavonia Greet. There were ten children born from this happy union. I was the fifth child.

The name of our home was "Owl Hollow." It was a two-room log cabin with stick and dirt chimney and wooden window shutters, and a hewed out floor. It was back so far in the woods that you could not hear a whistle blow. We heard no sound but hoot owls and whip-poor-wills hallooming. It was one of the most desolate spots and surroundings that anyone could think of. We could have very well used wild cats for yard dogs, and big fat possums for house cats and hooting owls for chickens.

We had home-made furniture. The bed was made by hand, and made large enough for my father and mother and five children to sleep on. Later, as the family increased, there was a trundle bed, which was small enough to slip under the other bed in the day time to conserve room. We had wooden benches made for seats and also to use to sit at table while eating. We ate from tin plates and used iron-handle knives and forks. Many times two or three of the children ate from the same plate as there was not enough to go around. These were the days of President Cleveland's administration and poverty does not express the hardship and suffering mother and father and the children had to undergo. We had coffee once a year to drink, usually on Christmas morning. We had biscuit only once a week, on Sunday morning. All other days we had corn bread and fatback meat and black-strap syrup some of the time.

These days were very trying ones, but my father was an Irishman and my mother an English lady, and they were surely some of the salt of the earth when it came to knowing how to manage and plan to feed and clothe a family of ten children. We had one cow, her name was "Pink". There was not a child on the place that did not learn to milk that cow. Many times all the milk did not get to the kitchen, as one of our chief pastimes was to suck Pink at the lot. All the children thought the milk was better there before it got to the kitchen. We had some hogs, but very few of them. As a general rule my father butchered enough meat to do us from one winter to another. It was salt-cured and smoked at home, as people knew nothing of cold storage in those days.

We had to carry our water from a rock spring about two hundred yards from the house. That was the best water that God ever let go down my guzzle. We kept the butter and the milk in the cold spring in containers. Mother did the family wash at the spring. We had only two washtubs which was a wooden barrel sawed in two.

We had a crude shed built by the side of the house. The children would roll the tubs up under the shed on Saturday afternoon and water was heated, and every one of the children used the same water to bathe in, as sanitary conditions were not known in those days, We had only one tin wash pan, and at night water was heated and all the children used the same water to bathe in. We had only one water bucket, made of cedar, and it had brass rims on it. My job quite often was to scour the rims to make them shine. We had one tin dipper to drink from and if the readers of this book could see our tribe, we all lived through it, -- all the children are living at this writing, and there are ten children and about fifty grand children and great grandchildren.

Our family cow, Pink, became sick and died. That was a sad night to me as my mother and father and all the children cried as if death had claimed one of the family. If there is a cow heaven, I feel sure our precious Pink is there as she played such an important part in sustaining the family many years.

As we were growing up cotton sold for two and a half cents a pound, eggs five cents a dozen, butter fifteen cents a pound, meat eight cents a pound, corn for twenty cents a bushel and syrup for twenty cents a gallon.

When I was five years old we moved from Owl Hollow out to the main road from Juliette, Georgia, to Forsyth, Georgia. We felt when we arrived there that we had reached the land of civilization, as our surroundings were much more modern though our poverty was still inexpressible. We had five rooms in our new home which our father built, and an extra large rock chimney that my father built also with his own hands. Though it was very crude, it was home. Many times food supplies were so limited until I would leave the table and go around in the corner of the old rock chimney and put my elbow on the rock chimney and weep because I did not have enough to eat, u those were miserable days to a husky, growing boy.

My mother and father were allowed to live on the little farm for the upkeep of my grandfather, J. W. Greet, and my aunt, Miss Amanda Greer, my mother's only sister. (This property was entailed and would go to my mother at the death of her parents.) These two loved ones lived in our home until their death. That made fourteen in our family. Quite a bit of sickness being encountered from time to time made the burdens very heavy. But after all of the sorrow and heartache and heartbreak, God in a marvelous way blessed all of us.

The most of the time my mother would take the lead in the family worship, and would read the Bible and have family prayer. My earliest recollection is of holy men of God like Bro. McClesky, Bro. John Mashburn and Bro. W. A. Dodge visiting in our home and having family prayer. The latter was the founder of Indian Springs Camp Grounds, Indian Springs, Ga., fifteen miles from our home. These mighty warriors for God would come riding up to our home on a horse, as the old-fashioned Methodist circuit riders would do. They would come in the house and my mother and father would call all the children in and there was a small table in the front of the house that contained an old-fashioned Methodist hymnal, a family Bible, and a Methodist discipline. The dear man of God would line off a hymn and sing it in long meter. He quite often would read the general rules of the discipline of the Methodist Church, after which he would read some passage from the Bible and kneel down and have prayer. My mother and father would be weeping many times after he left. I could not understand all this in my childhood days, but later,

when I came to know the Lord, I knew why my mother and father were weeping when the preacher came and paid visits to our home.

Not only did Methodist ministers come, but ministers of various denominations, such as Missionary Baptists, Primitive Baptist -- of the Hard-shell type and Presbyterians. Later a number of my brothers and sisters were graduates of the great Baptist institution, Bessie Tift College, Forsyth, Ga. Some of the children graduated from Mercer University, Macon, Ga., which is a Baptist college. Rev. H. L. Driskell graduated from Mercer, getting his theological degree, after this he took a post-graduate course and graduated in law. Then went to the Baptist Seminary, Louisville, Ky., for his doctor's degree. He also went to Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, Ill., and his ministry has been known around the world. The five Driskell brothers are licensed preachers. Also there are two sisters, two brothers-in-law and three grandsons that are licensed ministers. My work for the Kingdom of God has been as follows:

A Methodist Pastor and Evangelist for thirty-four years. Built thirty-three churches and parsonages.

Held one hundred and fifty Revival Meetings.

Received two thousand five hundred members into the church.

Preached ten thousand two hundred sermons.

Led forty-two Home and Foreign missionaries and preachers into the active service of the Kingdom.

Traveled two million miles preaching.

Preached the gospel in twenty-nine states in the nation.

Rev. J. C. Moore married my oldest sister, Clara. He graduated from Mercer University, Macon, Ga., from the Theological Department; also he has a son attending this institution at present. Later J. C. Moore composed music and words of one of the most noted hymns that is loved the most of any hymn that has ever been written for the last fifty years, "Where We Never Grow Old." He has written various hymns, and compiled a number of song books, writing both music and words. In the family connection there are Methodist, Baptist, Nazarene and Pentecostal, but when all of us come to our Annual Reunion at the old Homestead the family tie and love for each other is of such depth that you cannot tell who's who as to denominationalism, as we have one motive in view and that is the salvation of souls.

My brother, Rev. H. L. Driskell, was Chaplain in the United States Army for many years, representing the Baptist Church. He served in this field during World War II, and was retired as Major.

I was none other than a natural boy, I got my chief pleasures out of pranks of various kinds. I had a bull calf named "Jerry". It was my job to take him to the branch for water. One morning I decided that there was no object in leading him, but I would ride him to get his drink. Jerry acted so strange, -- he stretched some and looked around at me, then threw his tail over his back and down the hill he went, and what a ride I did have. It was fine, so far as it went, but he left me about half way down the hill against a hickory sapling, and it took some time for the skin to grow back on my head and side! So I never tried to ride Jerry any more! But that did not stop my pranks!

My father would tell us boys when it would rain in the spring of the year to go to the barn and shuck some corn while we rested. By that time we had several head of cows. They would come around the barn wanting some shucks to chew on. My mother kept her red pepper in the barn on strings so it would dry that she might have it to plant and use for seasoning in meats, etc. I would take a couple of the pods of the pepper, put them inside the shucks and give them to the cow. They would chew away very complacently until their mouths would begin to burn until they could not stand it, and the last thing I would see of them, they were hurrying off to the branch to get a drink of water. My parents got on to this after a while, so they kept a little motto in the home hanging on the wall with a good peach tree switch hanging across it and the motto read, "I Need Thee Every Hour", and it is useless to say my parents practiced the wording of that motto very often. That is the reason I did not grow any more. When a young man I only weighed two hundred and eighty pounds and was six feet and three inches tall! But that didn't stop my pranks!

My father made what syrup we used out of what we called ribbon cane. My, it was good! That, with good yellow butter, and corn bread or biscuit, or what ever we had to eat would make a boy feel like swallowing his tongue! It was my job to take the hot skimmings from the syrup kettle to the hogs, and I had to get some fun out of it. I would pour it in the trough, and the hungry hogs would come up and put their noses in the hot skimmings up to their eyes, and they'd get burned and run and squeal and rub their noses in the dirt to try to get relief. Poor hogs! But I would laugh heartily at them!

On one memorable Sunday afternoon some of the children, myself, and our Uncle Dan Driskell, were seated at my home in the yard on a bale of cotton (we had a number of hogs by that time), a dog came along and snapped one of the hogs, we thinking nothing of it, but eight days after that, on the next Sunday afternoon, we children liked to go down in the pasture to get sweetgum to chew. It had rained all the morning and we could not get out of the house. Our parents told us that we might go down and get some gum, and down we went, and how we enjoyed it! But after we had returned to the house my father went out and detected that one of the hogs had hydrophobia. My, what a scare we did get, thinking if this had happened while we were down there! My father came into the house quickly and got the old muzzle-loading shotgun, caps were used on it to make it go off. When he went to kill the hog the gun wouldn't work, but my father finally got the gun to work, and he killed the hog, and cleaned the premises as best he could, so there would be no bad results with any of the other stock. I have not forgotten that remarkable afternoon and the night following. I was afraid to go to sleep many nights thereafter, thinking that some of the other stock might go mad and would come in and get me.

* * * * *

02 -- CHILDHOOD ON THE FARM

It was at this juncture, when I was about ten years old, and we felt keenly the need of more room in the home, my father and I cut some timber and hauled it to a nearby sawmill and had it sawed and this lumber seasoned until the next fall. We hauled it to Forsyth, had it dressed, built two more rooms and a hall onto our home, which was my first experience in carpentry. What an addition that was and how badly needed! It was some experience for a ten-year-old boy.

There is one outstanding feature of the home that has surely come across the years with me that I wish to mention. On rainy afternoons when we couldn't go to Sunday School, Mother would gather us children about her and read in a very noted book, which she counted as sacred almost as the scripture, "Wells Springs of Truth." That book probably was read in our home from lid to lid a dozen times, and also another book that was read in the home quite often was "Bunyan's Pilgrims Progress." Oh! that all the homes of the land could have such sacred influences by good mothers and Godly fathers.

There is another incident that stands out prominently in my mind. There was but one suit of clothes on the place that was store bought, and that was my father's suit. One Day when the "Protracted Meeting" (this is a revival) was running at the Methodist Church in the summer time I asked my father if I could go. He said, "Yes, Son, you may go, but you have nothing to wear but your clean work clothes." I said, "Father, your suit will fit me." He said, "I suppose it will." So, I wore my father's hat, shoes and suit to church on this particular day. My! If I did not feel big! Some of the people laughed at me, but what did that matter, I had on my Daddy's clothes, and I was proud of them! That fall my father went to Forsyth, which was the county seat, and he bought my first store-bought suit. How well do I remember that day! The next Sunday morning I went to put on my new Sunday rigging to be off to church on time. I got up in the middle of the bed to put on my pants to keep from soiling them.

My second store bought suit was purchased about two years later, I had been able to make a little money and I had mother to take my measure. We ordered it from Sears, Roebuck & Company in Chicago. It was a beautiful tan suit, and I bought a tan hat to match. Also I bought shoes that had something like cat-eyes in the middle of the buttons. My! Wasn't I dressed up! On this occasion I felt like a speech that one of my boys recited one time at a school entertainment. They wanted me to speak after all the recitations were through. My small son had told me on the way to the school that he had a speech. I did not ask him what it was, but I told him that I would give him an opportunity to recite. So I set my son on top of the desk, as he was a very small lad, and he said with a good strong bass voice:

"When I dress up I look so fine, so very fine and gay, I have to take the bulldogs along to keep them girls chased away."

Of course, the audience roared with laughter. So that is the way I felt when I got my first and second suit of clothes.

At this same revival meeting that was being held when I wore my first suit one night there were so many of us to go to church that we decided to go in the wagon on some straw. There was a

wagon load of us, my mother and aunt and seven or eight children. We made it to the church safely. The people sang with power and unction that night! Bro. Matt Hawkins, who was Superintendent of the Children's Orphanage at Decatur, Ga., for many years, was the guest speaker and Bro. Harris was the pastor. Bro. Hawkins preached a great sermon that night. That has been at least forty years ago, and I remember to this day what his text was. "Matt. 5: 20. For I say unto you, That except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven." He preached on the parable of the Tares. The song was sung and the benediction was pronounced, and we started back home. About half a mile from the church we had to go down a steep hill to a small creek, which had no bridge, and the backing strops on the harness broke. The family mule that we were using that night was named "Hulda." When the backing strop broke and the wagon ran down On her, if she had any religion she did not use it, so she started to running and kicking, and I can hear my mother say until this day: "Whoa Hulda! Whoa Hulda! Whoa Hulda!" My mother kept that up until the wagon and Hulda got to the bottom of the hill and dumped the whole crew into the creek, but fortunately it was not deep enough for any of us to suffer any serious damage, but we had the "pleasure" of crawling out of the creek and walking home as Hulda did not stop until she got to her stall at the barn.

My parents would send me to the pasture in the evening to drive up the cows. When it was raining I would carry the parasol along and the cows were desperately afraid of it, especially if I shook it at them. I'd get around behind the cows and open and shut the parasol two or three times right quick, and they would be "late" about going home. The old bell cow would tell on me by going so fast that her bell would ring very loud. My parents spoke to me about it, and they told me that they were going to have a "revival" with me at the end of a peach tree switch if I did not correct my ways. But the temptation was too great. I went down one afternoon and tried out my scare again, and the cows did not stop at the gate that afternoon. They were so scared, over the gate they went, on into the field near the house, and I went after them hurriedly. But my father was standing behind a tree, and as I passed by he stepped out and caught me. My! what a session he did have with me that afternoon! I have not forgotten it until this day!

I would take the cats, tie their tails together and hang them over the clothes line to see them "grin" at each other and "love" each other! I would take a paper sack and tie it to the dog's tail and saturate it in coal oil and stick fire to it to see them run. One day I played this prank and one of the dogs went straight for the hay barn. It is useless to say that I released him right quick. I would tie a paper over the cat's feet to see them walk in the air and try to get every foot in the air at the same time. My mother said that she thought I set up at night to study devilment but I did not, though I surely thought of enough of it when I was awake.

* * * * *

03 -- YOUTH

My older brother, H. L., had his first date with a girl one night when we were having a candy pulling in our home. My mother told my brother to draw the syrup out of the big barrel which had just been made, as my father would make several barrels of syrup and roll it under the house. My brother drew two Dr. three gallons of syrup just before night for the candy pulling. He did not get the bung back in the barrel well, and the hogs rooted around and the bung came out. My

brother hurried off after his girl with the old horse and buggy and brought her back to our house and helped her out in a pool of syrup. My! She was a sweet girl! All bogged down in the molasses! She looked like she did not like it! But that tickled me, as I got my chief fun from seeing someone else gotten away with. But I was not satisfied at that, I went out and took the taps off the buggy wheels and wrapped rags around them which I knew would hold the wheels for a few hundred yards. There had been a heavy rain that night, and my brother started to carry his girl home, and had to cross a flat near the house where the water would get deep when it rained. Sure enough, the wheels came off the buggy when they reached deep water, and left his new girl sitting in the middle of the stream. I heard them hallooing down there as I was listening for them. Out of my "sympathetic" heart I went down to assist them, having the taps in my pocket! I scolded my brother severely and told him that he had greased the buggy that morning and did not put the taps back on securely. His girl had to go back and borrow clothes from my sisters to go home dry.

At this candy pulling the first Epworth League in our community was organized and they elected my older brother president. After he had his quaint experience with the girl and he got back home, we having company in the home that night, he slept in the room with me, and in his-dreams he said while he was talking in his sleep, "I went and got my first girl tonight and brought her out and set her in a pool of syrup, and got elected president of the United States, and on my way to carry her back home the wheels ran off of the buggy and she got baptized, but may the Lord help me not ever to get in such a predicament again."

But be sure your sins will find you out! I learned to like that girl in later years after my brother had left the community and stopped going with her. I had purchased a new buggy and harness and I had gotten some new clothing and I had a date with this girl to let her christen my new buggy. She was very much elated over the fact. However, I had not outgrown my pranks, so instead of going in my new turnout and wearing my nice clothes, I decided to go down and make her see how "good" I could make her feel! I took the old family buggy, the harness tied up with hay wire and put on about the sorriest clothes I had, and hitched Old Bill to the buggy which was an old flop-eared, tired farm mule. When I got to the lady's home she had invited a crowd of kinfolk and friends to meet her fellow with his new rigging. When I got there she did not look as if she liked it much! She did not meet me with a very joyful smile! But she knew it was some more of my pranks. She looked like she could have bit a ten penny nail in two! Finally, I asked her if she was ready to go to church. She said she supposed she was. So, away we went. When we arrived at the church I helped her up the steps, and remained outside with some of the boys. She hadn't more than entered the church until another young man came out right by me with my girl and helped her in his buggy and drove off.

Of course, I didn't feel very happy over this, but I was determined not to show my snub. I stepped up to another girl, and asked her if I could walk home with her, leaving the buggy with another brother. There was a singing that night at the home of the girl that I was walking home with. The girl that had slighted me I knew would be there. Sure enough, she came, and she told me it seemed that I was mad with her. I told her she never was worse mistaken. But I asked her if I might come and carry her to church the next Wednesday night. She said I could. So, I drove right by her home on the next Wednesday night, and her sitting there. But I did not break my pace, I left her sitting where she was. It is useless to say from then on we were not on very good terms.

But on with my pranks! One of my older brothers named Roy would go over quite often and sit with my grandfather and grandmother on the opposite hill from where we lived. We were talking one morning about being scary at night. My brother drawled out, "I'm not scary, nobody can make me run at night." So, I thought I would try him out as I knew he was going over to sit with our grandparents that night. I got a white sheet out of the old chest and I went over the steep hill that led to our grandparents' home, and after a while here came my brother. I put the sheet around me and got behind a big tree. Just as my brother passed by I stepped out and with a deep bass voice said, "What are you doing up here this time of night?" I can hear until this day my brother's feet hitting the ground running. He had to go on a foot log over a creek at the bottom of the hill, but it is useless to say he was going so fast that he missed the footing and into a big hole of water he went. He yelled like a hyena. After getting out he ran every step of the way to the house and fell at the front door screaming for help. My nickname in the home was Dud. I heard my mother come out with a good strong voice and say, "That was Dud that scared this child." But I went around through a peach orchard, and left the sheet in one of the outhouses, and came in the opposite direction singing with my bass voice, "Nearer, My God, To Thee." But my mother did not practice her motto that hung on the wall that night. If she had used it every time it should have been used on me, it would have taken her quite a bit of her time.

We often had company on Sunday afternoon, and I can hear my mother today as she would chirp her tongue and say, "Tut, tut, rut!" to me, and call me by my nickname, Dud, saying, "You have been an ugly boy this afternoon. I want you to meet me at the garden gate in the morning just after breakfast." I knew very well what Mother was going to do. I knew that she was going to hold a "revival" with me. I knew quite well she would have one "penitent at the altar" and I knew she was going to make the fur fly, and I knew I was going to have to furnish the fur. She would always tell me after that performance was over that she was doing it because she loved me. But I didn't believe a word Mama said, but I have learned to believe it as the years have come and gone after raising quite a family myself.

My father would teach us boys how to drop corn, he wanted us to put four grains in a hill. So he made a song out of it that rhymed:

"One for the black bird,
And one for the crow,
One for the rocks,
And one for the grow."

But I was not very teachable until my father held one or two "revivals" with me, then it was not any trouble for me to learn his hymn perfectly.

One day in our home after my brother, H. L., was converted and called to preach we had a number of young folks for company that day. My parents decided to let all the young folks eat first, so my brother was seated in my father's place at the head of the table. I said to him in a very sanctimonious tone, "Brother H. L., will you bless the table?" And he was always very slow about everything that he did, somewhat like an old hen starting to make her nest who had forgotten how. So, while he was fixing and getting ready to start to ask the blessing, I said with a very serious voice, "Lord, bless us and bind us, and put us in a hole where the devil can't find us." The young

folks cleared away from the table with a scream of laughter like a drove of partridges, leaving my brother setting there to enjoy his meal alone. Until this day it is hard many times for me to be serious as I should because I can always see the humorous side of life.

One time many years after I was converted and called to preach and had been a pastor quite a while in the Florida conference of the Methodist Church, I was at home visiting my parents and my father and I had been to Forsyth, Ga., which was the county seat of Monroe County. On the way back home my father told me when I got to the shade of a certain tree to stop, he had something he wanted to tell me. So I came to the place and stopped. My father related quite a bit of his Christian experience to me, telling me that when he was twelve years old on the way to the field called The Ziddiley Bottoms deep conviction had been upon him for several days, and he knelt by the side of the tree and God powerfully saved him that day. He said he had never doubted his experience of grace with the Lord. About a year later my father said on the way to the same field the Lord spoke to him in unmistakable terms and called him to preach the gospel. He said the older he got and the longer he postponed the call the weaker the impression was, but he told me that a few mornings previous to the time he had been talking to me that the Lord had been waking him up at four o'clock every morning and he would spend some time in prayer. He said just the morning before He was talking to him and this verse of scripture came to him, "Whether you eat or drink, or whatsoever you do, do all to the glory of God." He said this was repeated several times and he enjoyed his communion with the Saviour, but finally at last the Lord said to him: "Have you done this?" And he said, "Yes, Lord, I have." And the Lord said to him, "What about your call to preach the gospel that has been on you these seventy-five years?" My father said to the Lord, "I have furnished you five sons and given daughters to preach the gospel." But the Lord said in return, "I called them as definitely as I called you, and your sons and your daughters cannot fill your mission in life." My father's one regret in his last days was that he did not yield to his call to the ministry of Jesus Christ. He told me that day and many other times that he knew that the Lord would save him, but that as by fire, and his works would be burned up. I sympathize with him deeply in his great regret.

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04 -- SCHOOLING

In the community where I was reared we had but very little schooling advantages. The nearest school was about a mile and a quarter from home called "Hill Academy". My parents tried to give me what advantages they could in going to school, but considering the fact that there was only three months school in a year -- the summer months -- June, July and August, I never went to school but just a few days and I did not want to go then. The days I did go, the teacher would send me to the spring to get a bucket of water just after school started. I would go crawfish hunting, not returning until dinner time. The teacher would give my shirt a good warming with a hickory switch, but it had very little effect on me as I kept up my pranks. One morning on the way to school I thought how funny it would be for me to catch two or three lizards and put them in the teacher's pencil box in the drawer of her desk. So I did that, and when she sat down very sanctimoniously to get out her work sheet and pencils for the day out came the lizards, and she was scared "pink". No sooner had she looked over the crowd until she saw me, and said, "Come on up here, Dud, I will teach you how to scare people." I was willing to take a whipping any day to see a woman get

scared that badly. I stopped school as my two brothers and two sisters older than I were not very strong. They suffered very much with granulated lids and weak eyes and sick headache, and I was needed on the farm to help make a living. My parents did not try to force me to go to school.

I learned to plow the year I was eight years old, and help my father on the farm. The year I was eleven years old my father turned over a horse and the tools and so much land to me. The first year I farmed I made five bales of cotton, one hundred and fifty bushels of corn, fifty bushels of sweet potatoes and thirty-five gallons of syrup. I shall never forget that year! We all had the measles in the home, and everyone of them took the measles before I did. I undertook to plow my crop and also the crop that my father was tending. I was always very strong and robust, and few boys of that age were better developed than I was. During this first year of my farming experience I was using a horse that walked very fast, and I would stop just long enough to eat. Then at dinner I would feed my horse and as soon as I ate my food, back to the field I would go, and at supper time the same way. I would feed my horse and eat, and back to the field and work until ten and eleven o'clock at night by moonlight. I never saw any two weeks that the moon shined any brighter than it did during those two weeks. These long strenuous hours did not seem to hurt me, but since that time through life as my years of toil went on for many years I feel sure that I have paid dear for it. As I have suffered four nervous crashes in life, and I am just coming out of one now.

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05 -- MY FIRST JOB -- JULIETTE MILLING COMPANY

"For this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour: Who will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth." I Tim. 2:3-4.

Then I went to work for the Juliette Milling Co. when I was fourteen, and I worked for them three years. Most of the time when I first started was spent doing various things around their factory, this being one of the largest grist mills in the world. They ground seven thousand five hundred bushels of meal a day, and two thousand five hundred bushels of grits. I always had a hobby for machinery, so the second and third years I was there they put me in charge of looking after the machinery, at night. This was some promotion in pay. I worked for ninety cents a day the first year, the second year I worked for \$1 per day, and the third year \$1.10. I always enjoyed my work there very much. Mr. T. J. Adams was the general manager of this company, and Mr. Ivy Johnson was the chief grinder at night and he and I worked well together.

Occasionally I worked for my uncle in the store at Christmas and on holidays. One Christmas I decided to play a prank on the colored preacher, Joe Hamilton, in the way of presenting him with a Christmas present. I took what was called a penny-wheel, very large, round, sweet crackers, and took thin slices of axle-grease and placed between crackers and made him a very nice sandwich out of it. I wrapped it up in an attractive manner, and presented it to him. He smiled and thanked me for his Christmas present saying, "Mr. Lovick, I thought you would do something for the old Negro Christmas, and he unwrapped his present and started eating his sandwich. I asked him when he was through with it, how he liked it? He said, "Mr. Lovick, that sandwich was all right, it was fine, but it had the most rancid taste of anything I ever had in my life." Then I presented him with another present, -- some more of my pranks. I gave him a loaded

cigar, and he lit it and smoked furiously until the cigar burned down to the powder then it exploded, and there was nothing left of it but the small piece in his mouth. It did not hurt him, but it scared him so bad until he jumped three feet high. Then I tried to make restitution for my devilment and I gave him one dozen good cigars.

It was during these days that I took up the drink habit, and I drank every time that I was not on duty, and what a shame that men old enough for my father encouraged me to do these things, and would drink with me!

One of the outstanding things that took place while I was working for the Juliette Mills was that Joe Hamilton, the colored minister, was caught in the machinery and hurt seriously, both legs were broken and his head fractured badly. Dr. Smith being the attending physician felt that if one of his limbs was amputated there would be a possibility of his living. As there was no hospital convenient, Dr. Smith said if I would help him he would take his limb off. What an undertaking! What a lasting impression it made on my young mind! I thought a lot of the colored minister, always had great confidence in him. He died a few hours after his limb was amputated. Everybody called him Uncle Joe. I expect to meet him one day in the Land Beyond, as the colored folks say, "There will be no distinction there."

I walked five miles a day during these three years work at Juliette Mills and boarded at home. My sister, who is so faithfully helping me to write this book, cooked for me during those years, -- bless her heart, she is one of the slowest women I have ever known, but I feel sure that she will be rewarded for her faithfulness, and not for speed. We had to get up at 3:30 in the morning, so that breakfast might be fixed and my lunch bucket might be packed. I carried my lunch in a gallon lard bucket. My lunch consisted of corn bread with good yellow butter and streak of white and lean bacon. In those days I did not study about quality, but the quantity was what I was looking for. What an appetite I did have! Many times I would eat my lunch by 10 o'clock in the day, and would go to my uncle's store and buy cheese and crackers for dinner. Those were strenuous days with me, and all the home folks out on the farm. We might well join in with the hymn of old and say, "Through many toils and snares we have already come."

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06 -- MY SECOND JOB -- WITH SOUTHERN RAILROAD IN MACON, AND MY MARRIAGE

"Wherein I suffer trouble as an evil doer, even unto bonds; but the word of God is not bound. Therefore, I endure all things for the elect's sakes, that they may also obtain the salvation which is in Christ Jesus with eternal glory." 2 Tim. 2:9-10.

July 1909 I went to Macon and secured a job with the Southern Railway Company. I worked in the car repair shop about two miles south of the old Southern Depot which was then called South Yards. I had not worked in this capacity but a short time until my superiors recognized that I knew a lot about machinery. They put me over at the Southern Depot as an inspector of passenger trains. It was my job while there to look over all the trains coming in and going out, and to change the engines on all of them. Sin was rampant while I was working in

Macon and I plunged deeper into a life of drink and shame. Many times being led into the haunts of sin by men that were old enough to be my father. They encouraged me in my wickedness!

In April 1911 I transferred from Macon to Atlanta. I worked for a short time in what was called South Yards, still for the Southern Railway Company. Then I fired the engine on the railroad for a while, and many times an engineer would get sick. As I was familiar with machinery, I have run an engine many a trip. And how I did like to run one! It was the joy of my life to pull a heavy train, and I would run an engine as fast as it would turn a wheel, and curse the engine because it wouldn't run any faster. I still participated in the life of sin.

In the Fall of 1911 I met Miss Pearl Goddard of Marietta, Ga. We were married Dec. 24, 1911, and to our home was born five children, three girls and two boys.

A few days before my conversion I was boarding with the Goodwins and Mr. Goodwin was a railroad man also, and we would get together quite often and drink. We went out to his home one night not in very good shape, and Mrs. Ada, his wife, being one of the best women I ever knew, and my! What a cook she was! She could cook waffles and make black, coffee until it was a sight. Just after we were seated at the supper table one night I talked too much with my tongue. I asked Mrs. Goodwin, "Why she fixed good meals for me and her husband, and we as mean as we were?" She always addressed me as Bro. Driskell, even when I was in sin. She said, "Bro. Driskell, if you and Nelson don't change your way of doing business, this is the best world you will ever live in, and I only desire to make it as comfortable for each of you as I can." Just after she made that statement with tears in her eyes my victuals did not taste good, so I excused myself from the table and went to my room, and that is the first time that I ever tried to pray. My heart was deeply convicted for sin. While I was trying to pray, I heard Mrs. Ada back in their part of the house singing soft and low:

"Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there is a cross for everyone,
And there is a cross for me.

"The consecrated cross I will bear
Until death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

I shall never get through thanking God for this good woman's life, and for her faithfulness to myself and to God. She is still living today a beautiful, devout Christian life. In the great day of all days I feel sure that whatever I may be able to accomplish she will share my blessing in a large way.

In the fall of 1911 I was deeply convicted of sin. I dropped into a little prayer meeting being conducted by Mrs. E. C. Goodwin in the Congregational Church, corner of McDaniel and Hood Streets. I do not remember anything Sister Goodwin said, but I know it seemed that all her message was directed to my hungry heart. After her short talk she extended the invitation for those

who felt the need of prayer. I started to the altar as a seeker. There was a big stove in the aisle of the church, and I never could get by that stove, therefore, I used it for a mourner's bench and there it was where I was brought from "Darkness to Light, and from the power of Satan unto God."

I lived right for a while, the Lord definitely called me into the ministry, and because of the lack of a literary education I backslid over the call to preach. There were four more years of revelry and sin, heartache and heartbreak. I plunged down the slippery path toward death and despair.

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07 -- THIRD JOB -- WITH THE FIRE DEPARTMENT, ATLANTA, GA.

When I was reclaimed from an awful life of deep sin and sanctified and accepted the call to preach, I joined the M. P. Church and took my course of study in that church.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, BLESS His holy name." Ps. 103:1.

I continued on with the Southern Railroad Co. until 1912. I resigned my position with the Southern Road because of a life of dissipation and drink. My health was in such condition that I did not feel like doing the work. I secured a position on the Atlanta Fire Department working for them as a city fireman for eight years.

The next Christmas after I went to the Fire Department God was dealing with my heart, though I was deep in sin and far away from Him. On a cold, bleak winter evening just before Christmas there was a knock on the fire station door by one of the most emaciated women with a little baby in her arms. Providentially, I went to the door. They both looked like they were almost frozen. I raised my cap and said, "Kind lady can I do something for you?" With a weak, tired voice she said, "May I come in and warm?" Then I said, "Certainly you may" She came in and related one of the saddest stories that I ever heard. She said, "My husband and I lived in Chattanooga, he was taken sick and died some days ago with galloping consumption, which is a horrible disease. We used all the money that I had to lay my dear loved one away. I have a brother in Brunswick, Ga. I have walked most of the distance from Chattanooga to Atlanta trying to make it to my brother's so that my baby and I may not starve." That poor woman had walked until blood was oozing out of her shoes while she stood there by the warm fire and related her touching experience. My heart was stirred as I was always tenderhearted regardless of my sin and revelry. I said to her, "Lady, are you not hungry?" She looked up kindly and said, "Fireman, I can't tell you how hungry I am." I excused myself for just a minute and hurried to a cafe and bought some food for her, spending all the money that I had but one dime. When the waiter of food was presented to them how grateful that poor mother and baby were and I don't think there was a dry eye among nineteen firemen. Then I said to the captain of my company, W. B. Cody, who was later made chief, "May I take an offering for this lady and baby, and pay their way on the train to Brunswick, Ga.?" I said with tears in my eyes, "I have only one dime, but how welcome she is to that." The offering was taken. A visitor that came to see us often, a good citizen of Atlanta, Mr. Gus Ryan, was present. He pulled out his pocket book quickly and said, "Driskell, here's five dollars for the kind woman." I don't think there was a fireman that did not help liberally in that offering. After she was through

eating I said "Kind lady, though there is no one here but men, if you will let me, I will be glad to get you a basin of hot water, and let you bathe your feet." She agreed to do so. I brought the water and how grateful she seemed to be for that! She bathed the child some, and soaked her tired bleeding feet. While this was being done some of the boys asked her what number shoe she wore. She replied, "No. 4 in EE last." They slipped out and bought her a good pair of shoes that were soft and comfortable, and a good pair of hose. After soaking and drying her feet and thanking us for our unfailing kindness, and assuring us that she trusted that if she did not see our faces again that she would meet us in heaven. That was an hour that I will never forget. Then my captain said to one of the boys, "Will you take the good woman and carry her to the railroad terminal and buy her ticket out of the offering that was taken, and give her what money was left." So, this was done and how happy all of our hearts were made to feel, and though I was in sin, I thought of the scripture found in Heb. 13:2, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers for thereby some have entertained angels unaware." Having given away all the money that I had to the dear woman, which was not but a few pennies, how God did honor my gift!

A few moments after the experience just related someone knocked at the fire station door, and said there is a bale of cotton afire in an office in the Candler Building, which was just one block from our station. This was in the fall when everyone was encouraged to buy a bale of cotton. This gentleman had purchased this bale of cotton and put it in his office, which it was nothing uncommon that fall to see bales of cotton sitting in offices in show windows. My captain told me and my partner, Ed Carwild, to take an ax and a fire extinguisher and go at once and put out the fire, but after we arrived we saw that the cotton would have to be removed from the office at once. This was done, some of the tires were cut from the bale of cotton and the fire was put out, but the owner of the cotton was afraid to have it put back in the office, so he asked me to take charge of the cotton for safekeeping during the night, I got a truck and carried it to the fire station. To my surprise, the next morning the owner of the cotton came by the fire station and asked me if I would like to buy the bale of cotton. I said, "I would," not having the first dime to pay down on it. I asked what he would take for it, and he said, "\$10." I used some diplomacy. I said, "May I come to the office in a few hours and bring the \$10?" He said, Certainly. I got off a few minutes from my duties and hurried down to a large cotton warehouse, and sold the bale of cotton for \$46 cash. They came and got the cotton, paid me my money, and I hurried to the office and gave the man his \$10. As that was Christmas Eve Day wasn't I a happy soul! I had given away the last few pennies I had to the needy woman the evening before, -- the Lord had replaced it several hundredfold. This and many other incidents in my life showed me the importance of giving my life to the Lord! "Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days." Eccl. 11:1.

Shortly after the experience I have just related I was called on to keep order while Circuit Court was in session. I did not know what was to come before the court, but just after I arrived in the Court Room I found that there was a young man being tried for murder. Judge Calhoun was the Criminal Judge. After all the evidence was given, the judge charged the jury, they retired and were gone only a few moments, when they returned and charged the young man with murder in the first degree. The judge arose and said, "Young man, guilty, or not guilty?" With tears streaming from his eyes, he said, "I am guilty." The judge said, "Before I pass sentence on this young man, his mother is present, and I am wondering if she would like to make some statement." An old lady with kind, but haggard, expression arose from the back of the audience and came out, and as she went to the front of the court room I noticed blood oozing out of her shoes, she said, "Your Honor, I

appreciate, Sir, your letting me speak in behalf of my son, though he is guilty. I have walked from Calhoun, Ga., to Atlanta to defend my child, my feet are bleeding and my body so very tired. He is the blood of my blood, the flesh of my flesh, the bone of my bone. I went to the jaws of death to give this child life. My husband died in his infancy. I have had a hard struggle in the battle of life to keep myself and this child from starving. Judge, suppose this was your boy, how would you feel about his case?" I have never heard such a plea come from human lips, her heart seemed broken. As her message echoed through that court room that day, it seemed that the angels were bending over the battlements of heaven weeping over a condemned wanderer and prodigal son that had strayed from the paths of righteousness to the very depths of sin. That mother pled and wept until there was not a dry eye in that court room of a large audience. The judge seemed to be swept from his feet. The mother said, "Judge, if you and the jury will reconsider this verdict and let me have my boy and carry him back home, I will be responsible for his conduct/" The judge wept like a child, and said to the court and to the jury, "I am going to do something that I never did before." The judge said to the jury, "You may be excused and go back to the jury box and reconsider the young man's case." They did so and came back and recommended mercy from the judge and the court. The boy was given to his mother. There was almost a stampede in that courtroom that day. They literally carried that mother and boy around the room while they laughed and cried. Several hundred dollars was raised for the mother, she had to walk to Atlanta, but she did not have to walk back to Calhoun, Ga. A mother's love reaches deeper, broader and higher than any sin or shame or ill-repute that might be brought on a home. How truly great is a mother's love! In my experience I have seen this and thousands of other things which makes me exclaim, "Oh, Sin, what hast thou done?" And makes me more determined to go out into the highways and hedges, find the wanderer and compel him to come in.

"There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far-off from the gates of gold--

Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.
"Lord, Thou has here Thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for Thee?"

But the Shepherd made answer: "This of Mine
Has wandered away from Me;
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find My sheep.

While I was on the Fire Department I had some of the most tragic experiences of my life, fighting some of the largest fires in the history of Atlanta, and some of its largest buildings were also burned. I was in what we called the Picture Show Film Fire on Walton Street where eight people were burned to death. What a dreadful scene this was! It took place on Saturday afternoon about two o'clock. These people were completely cut off by the flames on the second floor of this large building. When we beat the flames back with the streams of water, all of them were so overcome with the smoke and heat until the skin would slip off of some of the bodies when we

undertook to bring them out. When I was bringing one young lady down the ladder her mother screamed so loud that she could be heard several blocks, and said, "My poor daughter, she never heard her mother pray." Those echoes still ring in my ears.

Another bad fire I fought was the Brooks Grain Company fire on Marietta Street where I was hurt seriously, receiving a badly fractured skull, and several other injuries that have given me serious trouble through the years. I surely should have been pensioned for life by the City of Atlanta, but I overslept my rights in putting in for my pension, and the law of limitation caught me, and when I went to put in for it, I was refused, which was not fair to me. If there ever was anyone entitled to a pension, I was!

In the winter of 1916 Rev. C. M. Dunaway came to Broughton's Baptist Tabernacle in Atlanta, and conducted truly a great revival. On Sunday afternoon I attended the service for the first time. I do not remember what Bro. Dunaway preached about as I was under the influence of whiskey, but I know every word he said seemed to grip my hungry heart, and I got Brother Juliette, a good man, and a friend of mine, to write on a card, and ask Brother Dunaway to come to see me at the fire station, 87 North Pryor Street, on Monday afternoon. Brother Dunaway was faithful in coming, and I told him about my conversion four years prior to this time and about my call to preach, and about my limited education. He listened to me attentively, with sympathy, and he only asked me one question, "What are you going to do about it, Brother Driskell?" With tears in my eyes I told him I was done with sin. He had prayer with me. Though at that time I did not seem to get any victory. But the following Sunday afternoon I went to the service at the Baptist Tabernacle on Lucky Street. Brother Dunaway preached another mighty sermon and I made my way to the altar. God powerfully and blessedly reclaimed my tempest-tossed soul. I had to renew my vows to God, and tell Him I would preach. During the days of the past week prior to the time I was restored to the joys of my salvation it seemed like I walked over dark damnation on a spider web. What dreadful hours of remorse and condemnation accompanied my broken spirit! That memorable Sunday afternoon of January 26, 1916 when I was reclaimed it seemed for the next few weeks that I was walking on a literal sea of liquid glory. I cried, laughed and shouted aloud for the victory that had come into my life!

In the same meeting the Sunday afternoon after I was restored I went to the altar again. After making the consecration, burning the bridges, and cutting loose the shore lines, I received a mighty spiritual baptism of the Holy Ghost and with fire. You can call it whatever you may, but I know no better name to give it than some of the terms the Methodists used. They called it a strange heart warming, or the baptism of the Holy Ghost and with fire. But there are five different terms for this marvelous experience quoted by different denominations:

First, that we get it simultaneously with regeneration. Second, that we grow into it. Third, that we get it at death. Fourth, that we get it after death.

Fifth, that we get it as a second definite work of grace subsequent to regeneration.

But, I know no better term for this rich experience than I Thess. 4:3, "For this is the will of God even your sanctification." You may call this experience whatever you may, we will not fall out about that, but God did something for my heart that afternoon that I did not receive in

conversion, and I have enjoyed this rich experience for many, many years. Oh! The inexpressible joy that attended my soul! I have preached it as best I could with my limited education.

I went to the Methodist Protestant Church as I was thrown with those people quite a bit at that time, and I joined this church, leaving the Southern Methodist, which I had been a member of since a child. The Methodist Protestant Church, seeing that I had special gifts and graces and qualifications they gave me a special license as a local preacher, which gave me the right to administer any of the ordinances of the church, such as administering the Lord's Supper, Marriage, Baptism, etc. This all took place just after I was reclaimed and sanctified. So I preached in their church five years taking what was called my conference course. I never was turned down on a single examination.

But I shall never forget in February about one month after I was reclaimed and sanctified I got the book of Saint John and went into the chamber of the Fire Department upstairs at 87 North Pryor Street and I spread the book out before me on my knees, and the first two letters I learned in the alphabet were in the first verse of the first chapter of Saint John, "In the beginning was the word and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." I refused to pass by a letter or a word without knowing what it was. Many times I would ask some of my fellow firemen, and they would laugh at me, ridicule me, call me crazy for the idea of attempting to preach, not knowing my alphabet. They said, "You can never interest anyone, you'll be a laughing-stock to the world." Sometimes it would discourage me, but it didn't stop me. I would press the battle that much harder. Each of us boys had to take our turn and set up at night and watch for fire alarms and answer the telephones, so it fell my turn to be up one memorable Saturday night after my wonderful experience that I had received at the Tabernacle. I had read this first chapter of St. John down to the forty-fifth verse, and when I came to this verse and the first words were: "Philip found" and when I got to the third word, I could spell this word, but could not pronounce it. I knelt down and prayed as earnestly as I did for my salvation, and the Lord moved on me to get up and spell the word again, assuring me that He would help me to pronounce it; so, I got up and spelt it, "N A T H A N A E L", and when I did, no quicker than my tongue repeated the last letter, unthoughtedly, I squalled at the top of my voice, "Nathanael". Then all the boys upstairs, being asleep, thought I was giving in a fire alarm and they came sliding down the brass poles hallooing out one after the other, "'Where is the fire! Where is the fire!" I told them, "It was in my soul, Glory to God!" I got a good cursing and tongue lashing, and they went back upstairs to their beds, and said, "This fool is crazy." Words cannot express the hardship that was connected with these days of struggle, burden and hardship in trying to equip myself for life and the call of the ministry. Opposition and criticism on every hand by many of those who knew me. But I set my face like a flint to go through, and truly God was with me in great power and victory! Many times I would get down to pray in the large room upstairs over the Fire Department, and unknown to me as to who threw it or where it came from, a nice soft rubber boot would be hurled across the room by someone. Sometimes a bed slat would hit me in the head and knock me unconscious. This went on for a good while. They would pour whiskey on my bed and tell me repeatedly that I was a fool, and they would get me back into a life of sin, but never did I swerve one bit from the way of truth and righteousness. I would think of that old song so many times:

"I saw a way-worn traveler
With tattered garments clad

As he staggered up the mountain,
It seemed that he was sad.
Then Palms of Victory,
Crowns of glory,
Palms of Victory
I shall wear."

The Chief of the Fire Department got onto this some way. Our Chief was W. B. Cody. The Chief called up one morning from headquarters to the surprise of everyone, the Captain and my fellow-firemen. Providentially, I answered the telephone, My nickname was "Tim", and the Chief, recognizing my voice when I answered the telephone, said, "Tim, is Captain Ivy there?" I said, "Yes." He said, "Let me speak with him." The Chief said to Captain Ivy, "Report your entire company out of service and bring every man to the office at once for a general investigation." The Chief talked to me at first and asked me the facts about the mistreatment I was receiving at the hands of my fellow-firemen. I told him the facts in as few words as possible, and he called in the captain of my company. I never heard a man get such rebuke and reproof. Then he called in each man, and he told them after reproving them severely for mistreating me that if he heard any more of it he would either give them thirty days without pay, or he would discharge them from the fire department. From that time on I received no further mistreatment, but they treated me very hostile and cool. In just a few weeks I was transferred from No. 4 Station on Pryor Street to No. 11 Fire Station, 22 East North Avenue, and I stayed there the remainder of the time until I retired and went into the active ministry.

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08 -- MY FIRST CHARGE -- ALCOVEY

"And a vision appeared to Paul in the night; There stood a man of Macedonia and prayed him, saying, Come over into Macedonia and help us. And after he had seen the vision, immediately we endeavored to go into Macedonia, assuredly gathering that the Lord had called us to preach the gospel unto them." Acts 16:9-10.

Just after I was reclaimed and sanctified and called to the ministry I joined the Methodist Protestant Church and was received into their conference as a traveling local preacher. They appointed me to my first charge. Alcovey charge consisted of Old Mitchell's Chapel, corner of Fourteenth Street and West Peach-tree Street, Atlanta, Ga., and Alcovey Church which was located at Alcovey, Ga., in Newton County, about sixty miles east of Atlanta on the Georgia Railroad to Augusta, Ga.

I shall never forget my first appointment at Mitchell's Chapel. It was a cold, drizzly winter day. I preached with all the power the Lord would give me to a small congregation, the church being weak as to numbers and also in spirituality. I studied hard on my text all week. The text was, "Break up your fallow ground, for it is time to seek the Lord." Hosea 10:12. I got on the street car after the service was over and started back to my home across the city. I had to change cars in the main part of the city, and to my surprise there was a good friend of mine, who was a minister, standing there where I had to transfer. He was known as Uncle Billy Wellington. He said to me,

"Brother Driskell, you went to fill your first appointment today, did you not?" I said, "I did." He said to me, "How many did you have to preach to?" I dodged the issue persistently. I told him that we had a good congregation. He said again, "How many did you have to preach to, Brother Driskell?" I said very positively, "I had seventeen." Uncle Billy said to me, "Could you say, Amen?" I said, "Yes, I think I can" He said, "Let's hear you." I said, "Amen" very weakly, and Uncle Billy said to me, "Brother Driskell, that 'Amen' sounds like it has dyspepsia, let me hear you say an 'Amen' joyfully." By this time, out of my dull brain I took the hint that he was trying to help me, and I said one joyful, happy, "AMEN!" He said, "Brother Driskell, don't you feel like that will be as many as you will want to answer for when you get to the judgment?" I said, "Yes, I think so." From that day until this I have never felt bad about the size of my congregation, but have always tried to dispense the words of life, and cast the bread of eternal life upon the waters realizing that the Judgment Day will alone reveal the sheaves which we bring in.

My second year at Mitchell's Chapel as pastor, we decided to tear the church down and remove it to Fox Street in Western Heights, and it was rebuilt there. Much of the work was done by myself and others at night by electric light.

Before we moved Mitchell's Chapel from Fourteenth Street several of us preachers decided to hold a tent meeting on Fox Street in Western Heights, Atlanta, Ga. In a three o'clock service on a hot Sunday afternoon it fell my lot to preach. I used for a text, "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all nations that forget God." Ps. 9:17. I had just taken my text when one of the finest looking men I ever saw walked under the tent and every fiber of his being showed that he was drinking then, or had been drinking heavily. But I preached with all the power God would give me, and this young man came to the altar together with others, and God powerfully saved him that afternoon. Later God called him to preach, and he was a puzzle to the devil, and has been for thirty years, and is still holding some very successful revival meetings across the nation. The man that I refer to is Rev. Will Ivy. I am glad God can meet every need regardless of how poor and destitute they are! This meeting continued for several months. Many souls wept their way into the kingdom during this tent meeting.

Many interesting things happened during the two years I was at Alcovey Church. When I first arrived Brother Tom Hambrick, one of my stewards, saw that I was a young preacher and he tried to discourage me by telling me that no one ever invited a circuit rider in for a meal or to spend the night. I told him readily that I would invite myself to Brother Tom Hambrick's home for my headquarters during my sojourn to fill that appointment, as long as he had a crust of bread, I was going to have part of it. He laughed heartily and told me to come in. He and his family with many others proved their part of faithfulness to me while I was there, which lack of time will not permit me to mention. I attempted on two different occasions to hold a revival there. The first time I had no results at all, if I did, I think it would take an archangel to tell it. But, persistently, I went back the second time, and preached two weeks, day and night, and the more I preached it looked like the madder the people were and finally, I did not get an invitation to any home to spend a night, or to have a meal. It was cool weather in the summertime, and a rainy spell. I slept in the church two nights, what little I did sleep, on a thin church bench with hymn books for a pillow. My clothing was thin and I really suffered these two nights from the cold. Out of this meeting I saw only one young girl blessedly saved. Her name was Ethel Wiley. As far as I know she has been true as steel across the years, and still loves and serves the Lord. Brother George Gober, a man

who professed no Christianity at all, found out that I was at the church without a place to stay, and he came down and insisted on my going to his home, and making it my home while I was there. I told him I did not want to do this for I knew his wife was sick as they had a young baby in the home, but he insisted on my going, and I went. Pauline, the oldest daughter in the home, was fifteen years old, and certainly was an excellent cook, and the food she prepared was either mighty good, or I was dreadfully hungry, but I think it was some of the best food that I ever had set before me.

One morning during the meeting I had spent the night with another family which I will not name. We were going to serve communion next day, and we were using the old-fashioned method of communion. The bread was prepared without seasoning, and pure blackberry wine. The man of the house had the awful habit of drink; his wife was not well that day and stayed at home. On the way to church he said that there was something wrong with the car. He went around and opened the trunk of the car, and came back and drove off. In just a few minutes I detected that he was not in condition to drive. Therefore, I told him to stop, and I would drive. He consented and when we got to the church, his two daughters and I went around to get the bread and wine, and lo and behold, he had drunk every drop of it! Therefore, we postponed our communion that day. While it was quite embarrassing to this young preacher, in the fact that I could not serve the communion, and worse than that, I had a steward setting out in front of the meeting house in a car as drunk as a dog.

I closed my meeting that day and on my way home someone asked me what kind of meeting I had. I told them I had a great meeting. They said, "How many converts did you have?" I said, "One." They said, "We would not call that a great meeting." I said, "Brother, it is owing to how you define a great meeting, if it was my daughter that had been blessedly saved I would say it was a great meeting, and praise the Lord for it." I was moved from that charge that fall and about ten years after this revival I was asked to preach, or conduct, the People's meeting at Indian Springs Camp one morning. The People's Meeting consisted of songs and testimony, but the one that appointed me said that I might preach if I liked, and I felt the Lord led that way! So, I used the hundred and third division of the Psalms for a basis of my talk, and the Lord did give great grace, glory and victory. In that service many people were shouting and praising God, and the altar filled with seekers. There is a fifteen-minute intermission between this service and the next, I started to the hotel to refresh myself and get ready for the next service. As I went out from under the tabernacle three young men met me, and said, "Brother Driskell, do you remember us?" I said, "I'll have to look you over." Then I said, "Ten years ago I think these would be the three Lee boys from Alcovey Church in Newton County, Georgia." They said, "You have placed us right." These brothers said to me, "Brother Driskell, the last meeting that you held at Alcovey Church in Newton County, Georgia, you thought that there was only one convert, but you were altogether mistaken as powerful conviction seized our hearts in the meeting and we prayed through to definite victory a few days later and God called each of us to preach the gospel. We went to Young Harris College in North Georgia, and prepared for the ministry." I said to them, "Well, we had a better revival than I thought, three Methodist ministers coming out of one meeting was not a defeat at all, but a glorious victory."

Back to my career on the Fire Department. I fought what was called the big fire, -- the largest fire that Atlanta has ever known or experienced, which took place sometime in the spring months of 1917. The fire broke out at Bell Street and Decatur, and it burned everything for several blocks wide, -- homes, churches and places of business from there to Ponce DeLeon Springs.

Doubtless, it would have burned the entire city if it had not been for expert workers dynamiting houses down ahead of the fire so that the flames would not spread. This fire broke out at 1 o'clock, and we did not get it under control until 1 o'clock at night. The estimated cost of this fire was five million dollars. Words cannot describe the homeless, misery and suffering that was caused by the flames of that one day in the city of Atlanta, Ga. Everyone for hundreds of miles around was gracious in their response to try to relieve those that were left homeless. Also every fire department from every city for a hundred miles from Atlanta, or farther, came with glad hands and eager hearts to assist the tired, weary firemen of Atlanta and protect every interest of our fair city. May God richly bless each one of them that extended any assistance to both fireman and business men and the homes of our beautiful Atlanta. This shall be a day that will stand out in my memory, and in the memory of thousands of others, as a day of expense, suspense and suffering, but I trust that all who had this sad experience shall so live and walk that they will reach a country where the flames will be quenched forever, in a land that is undimmed by clouds and unshaken by storms.

The last fire that I fought in Atlanta before I resigned was No. 14 Fire Station in West End on Lee Street near Fort McPherson. These fellow-firemen were out at other fires over the city, and the garage caught fire next door to No. 14 Fire Station, therefore both of them burned. My fellow firemen being out all over the city very near it, they called my company which was No. 11, 22 East North Ave., and we had so far to go until the fire was well under way when we reached there. It did not totally demolish the fire station, but there was several thousand dollars damage.

About two weeks after this, I notified Chief W. B. Cody, Chief of the Atlanta Fire Department, in writing of my resignation, and he told me if I felt disposed to hold a service in front of No. 11 Fire Station, 22 E. North Ave., that he would report every company in the city out of service in their respective territory. I told him I would be glad to hold the service, and used this for a text: Phil 4:13. "I can do all things through Christ which strengthenth me." That service was a memorable one with me. I saw many of my fellow firemen that afternoon touched and moved under the power of God, as I proclaimed to them the Words of Life.

Words cannot express my deep appreciation to the Mayor of the City of Atlanta, and to the Chief of the Fire Department, and to my fellow firemen, to the Board of Councilmen, and each official in the city for their unfailing courtesy to me. From the time I felt the call to preach and the years that I was preparing for the ministry they granted me the privilege to get off any time it was necessary to preach funerals and fill various appointments. I was called on often during these days, as the "flu" epidemic swept Atlanta some eighteen months before I resigned, and I preached as high as four funerals a day during this awful scourge of sorrow that swept our land. I married a couple in my home on Whitehall Street, and he is still an employee of the City of Atlanta, stationed somewhere near Grant Park. I do not know the number of his fire station. The names of the parties are, Mr. and Mrs. Ephraim Johnson. They have raised an honorable family and are greatly beloved by those who know them throughout the city. I married one couple in No. 11 Fire Station, Mr. and Mrs. Syntell of Columbus, Georgia, and I have had the honor of being their pastor for one year since they united in matrimony. They too have raised some lovely children.

When I went to bid W. B. Cody, my Chief, good-bye, it was indeed, a touching hour for each of us. He told me that he knew the time would come when I would go into the active ministry, but he called me by my nickname and said, "I bid you God's speed." I shall not forget his kindness

to me. Many other of my fellow firemen were courteous to me in many ways. Their memory will linger in my mind through the years.

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09 -- MY ORDINATION AT ANVIL BLOCK CHURCH, HENRY COUNTY, GEORGIA -- SECOND CHARGE

"And in that day thou shalt say, O Lord, I will praise thee: though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortedest me, behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid: for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song, he also has become my salvation. Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation." Isa. 12:1-3.

On December 18, 1918 I was ordained elder in traveling connection with Methodist Protestant Church at Anvil Block Church in Henry County, Georgia. At this conference I was moved from Alcovey and was appointed to the Bowden charge in Carroll County, Georgia, which consisted of four churches: Bowden, Victory, New Hope and Smith's Chapel.

This was my first year of itineracy without any salary to go on except what the church paid me. It was a trial of faith, as I had a wife and three children at that time. This circuit promised me four hundred and thirty-five dollars for my year's work, -- but they paid me \$10,450, the first ten thousand dollars of it was paid off in love and prayers. All the folks were gracious to me on this charge, and it was one of the happiest years of my life.

When we arrived at the charge we did not have a horse or buggy, or any way to travel except to walk. I was determined to visit my charge if I had to walk. It was just eighteen miles across the charge! Sometimes some of my kind neighbors and brethren would loan me a horse and buggy, many times I had to walk to fill my appointment through rain, cold and heat.

Much of our salary that year was paid in sweet potatoes, syrup, white bacon, corn meal, etc. We had good revivals in every church. We tried to have Saturday service both morning and night in those days. Also Sunday morning and night, which gave each church four services a month by their pastor. At New Hope, a country church, four miles west of Carrollton, Georgia, on the Burwell Road, we had a unique experience. The people would not come out to meeting very well on Saturday morning, but I was determined to get a crowd some way. The church didn't have a steeple on it, or a bell. A church in Carrollton, Georgia, was being rebuilt, and they had a very large bell that they said I might have for this country church. I told one brother secretly about it. He brought the bell out to the church about the middle of the week. The church had no steeple so we decided to put it up on a big limb in a tree. These people had never heard a church bell out in that section of the woods, so I hurried to my appointment on Saturday morning, arriving there about 10:30, and the brother had agreed with me that he would say nothing about the church having a bell, so I rang the bell good and strong. The people came from everywhere out of the fields and from their work, thinking that some farm home, or the church, was on fire. I had one good congregation at New Hope. I used for a text that morning: Eph. 5:1. "Therefore, He said, Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead and Christ shall give thee light." We did have a gracious service that morning, if I did have to play a joke to get my congregation to come.

We lived at Victory, four miles southeast of Bowden, and one Saturday morning as I was leaving the parsonage home my wife told me that we had eaten all the food that we had in the parsonage for breakfast. I told her I knew it, but the Lord would provide. I told her and the babies to go across the road to the church to prayer meeting that morning if the Lord did not provide something to eat before that time. Also I suggested that she could go home with some of the neighbors for dinner and stay until I got back the next night. But our prayers were heard speedily, -- at the second home from us as I was passing, a lady ran out and stopped me. It was Sister Fanny Causey's home, -- her husband had spent many years in the ministry and had already gone to his reward. She asked me pointedly when she came out, "Bro. Driskell, how are you fixed for food at the parsonage?" And I reluctantly told her. She gave me \$5, and told me to go get some groceries for my family before I went to fill my appointment. That was one of the largest \$5 I have ever seen. I went back and told my wife that God had heard and answered our prayers.

On one bleak, cold evening while on the Bowden charge I was called to come quite a distance and marry a couple. It was just before Christmas, or in the early part of December. A neighbor was kind enough to let me have his horse and buggy to ride a long distance through the hills. I arrived at the home, went in and asked the young folks if they were ready. They told me that they were, and I proceeded to marry them. After the ceremony was through, the blessing of God was pronounced on the young couple. I started to leave at once for home, and they would not hear to it, they said I must stay for supper. Well, my appetite was good and I agreed to stay. They had a delicious meal. My! what good food they had prepared! After supper was served we went in the living room for a few minutes warming and chatting, and having some blessed fellowship, then I told them I must go home. The young couple that I married followed me to the front door, they did not ask me what I charged, but just presented me with a small package, expressing untold thanks for my courtesy in coming. I put the package in my overcoat pocket and home I went. When I arrived my wife said, "Give!" like most preachers' wives do. I pulled out the package and threw it over on the bed, as she had already retired. She opened it quickly, and it was a lovely pair of kid gloves for the preacher. She disgustedly laid them down and exclaimed, "How I wish they had given something that all the family could enjoy!" While I felt the same way, I put the gloves in the trunk and it was but a few days until Annual Conference, so I made ready for the Conference. My gloves were taken out and given to me that I might make as good appearance as possible. I did not put them on then, but waited until I had met some other preachers nearby, then I went to put my gloves on, and lo and behold! I could not get them on! They had placed a brand new \$1 bill in the finger of each of them! So we possessed \$10 for quite a while and did not know it, So others believed in pranks besides me! Such is life!

While on the Bowden charge the Victory Church was painted at a cost of about \$125, which was a lot of money in those days. Some much needed repairs of about \$100 were made on New Hope Church. There was \$150 spent on Smith's Chapel in placing on it a lovely metal roof.

At the Bowden Church I shall not forget many of the dear ones there that were not only faithful to God but very faithful to the pastor and his family. I name them as follows:

The Huwetts, the Admonsons, the Sherrolls, the Bishops, the Campbells, the Garretts, and many more too numerous to mention. These lovely people were gracious to me in every respect. May God bless their memory.

At the Victory Church the following names I will mention: The Causeys, the Hambricks, the Hems, the Garretts, the Tysingers, the Smiths, the McDaniels and many others, too numerous to mention. All these were the salt of the earth. May God bless them, their children and grandchildren.

At New Hope Church I mention the following names that were gracious in many ways to the program of the church and to the pastor: The Garretts, the Holmes, the Moores, the Creels, the Walkers, the Morses. These dear ones so faithfully stood by their pastor and family and were blessed folks to work with.

At Smith's Chapel there were some as gracious folks as I ever knew and they loved God and their pastor and their church. We give the following names: The Thermonds, the Sherrolls, the Johnsons, the Holmes, the Peaces.

There was an unusual incident that took place at one of these churches. During my visitation at Smith's Chapel on one occasion calling on some of the homes and getting acquainted I found a family by the name of Peace. I made some inquiry as to how I might find them. I was directed to the forks of the creek at the back side of nowhere. I felt perfectly at home as I went to look them up as that was the kind of surrounding that I had been used to in my boyhood days. When I arrived at the home the father and the mother and seven or eight children met me with out-stretched hands and warm hearts as if they had received the surprise of their life. I did not let on that their surprise was out of the ordinary, but I made myself perfectly at home among them. I asked the head of the house, Brother Peace, in a few moments after I had arrived, "How long it had been since a minister visited in the home," and he said, "Ask my grown daughter." I called her by name and asked her the question. With trembling lips and tears in her eyes she said, "You are the first preacher that has ever been in our home." That made me appreciate my efforts more. In a few moments I informed them that as it was late in the afternoon and I was far from home I would stay with them that night. Their surprise was still greater, but they did all that the angels could have done. They gave me the best that they had. The food consisted of turnip greens, white cornbread, black strop syrup, streak of lean and white meat, and I enjoyed that more than I would have enjoyed pound cake under some other conditions. Then after the meal was over we chatted and enjoyed each other's fellowship, and then off for the night's rest. They showed me the guest chamber. I had a shuck mattress to lay on made out of corn shucks and a shuck pillow, and the quilts had been quilted out of burlap, which is none other than tow sacks. It was one of the prettiest moonshiny nights I have ever seen. There were so many holes in the roof I could see the stars and count many of them very plainly. There were so many cracks in the floor that I could count the pigs that were sleeping under my bed. There was no beauty-rest mattress there, but God lived in that home. It has been said that the Lord must have loved poor people because He made so many of them. I never remember sleeping sounder. Next morning bright and early after we had prayer and the meal was over I was off for another day of visitation. The expression on the family's faces as I drove away was sufficient proof to me that my visit was deeply appreciated, and that it would never be forgotten.

After I reached the main thoroughfare, the Carrolton-Bowden Road, I met Brother Robert Sherroll, one of my parishioners in this community, and he said, "Brother Driskell, where did you spend the night?" I said, "In Brother Tom Peace's home." He said, with a sheepish grin on his face, "Are you lying or joking?" I said, "Neither." He said, "Honest, you don't mean to say that you, the pastor of this church, stayed in Tom Peace's home last night?" I said, "It is a fact, and I am not ashamed of it." He said, "Brother Driskell, that is the poorest family in this county." I remarked, "Thank God for the privilege of spending the night with the poorest family in Carroll County. If I know my heart, I feel deeply concerned about every man, woman and child that is less fortunate than myself."

About the middle of the year while I was on this charge I said to my wife one morning it was getting very hot and the roads were not getting any nearer to my appointments, and I did not want a car for luxury, but I wanted one that I might serve my people more efficiently and I was going to the woods for prayer and meditation, and not to call me unless it was a case of emergency. She promised me faithfully that I would not be called, I went down in earnest prayer before God to meet my needs in the way of a conveyance to serve my people. I waited there before the Lord from early morning until about 11 o'clock in the day. That was a blessed waiting for me as God gave me the assurance that my needs had been supplied, I would have a car before night. I went back to the parsonage and had been there only a few minutes when the car rolled up and was delivered and how my heart did rejoice! Not in the fact of the car so much, but in the fact that the God of Israel still lives, who could do for us "Exceedingly, abundantly, above all that we might ask or think according to the power that worketh in us." How I did use that car during the remainder of that year to pastor my people and haul many of them to church that would not have gotten there otherwise!

We had revivals at every church on the charge and good ones, and saw many homes made happy and many hearts made to rejoice because of the mighty outpouring of the spirit of God on both pastor and people during that year.

I went back to the same place in the woodland for prayer one morning, and I received this text, II Cor. 6:2: "Behold, Now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation." This is the outline God gave me on my knees while at prayer, as follows:

1. Does my life please God.
2. Am I studying my Bible daily?
3. Am I enjoying my Christian life?
4. Is there anyone I cannot forgive?
5. Have I ever won a soul for Christ?
6. How much time do I spend in prayer?
7. Is there anything I cannot give up for Christ?

8. Just where am I making my greatest mistake?
9. The sin of omission is as great as the sin of commission.
10. How many things do I put before my religious duties?
11. How does my life look to those who are not Christian?
12. Have I ever tried giving one-tenth of my income to the Lord?
13. Is the world being made better by my living therein?
14. Am I doing anything I would condemn in others?

15. May the Lord help us to search our hearts and yield to Him fully while it is yet day for the night cometh when no man can work.

I was moved from this charge in December 1920. The people gathered around the parsonage when they found that I was to leave. They wept like it was a funeral, and I joined in freely with them for I could hardly see how to drive as I bid them good-bye. It reminded me of the time when St. Paul looked on the people and said, "Why do you weep and break my heart? for I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus." Acts 21-13.

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10 -- MY THIRD CHARGE -- COLUMBUS STATION, 1728 THIRD AVENUE

"Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He had done for my soul."
Psalm 66:16.

I was appointed to the Columbus charge. Old Pearce's Chapel that was located at the corner of Third Avenue and Seventeenth Street, Columbus, Georgia.

I arrived on the charge the first of December 1920, and no man has ever arrived on a charge in a parsonage home that was treated any more royally than my family and I. The dear ones there met us with open hands and glad hearts with a beautiful shower of groceries for the pantry, and they gave me a new suit of clothes from head to foot, including everything, for a Christmas present.

The work there started off well. I had not been on this charge but just a few weeks until my health became such that I had to have a triple operation. The Wesley Memorial Hospital of the Methodist Church in Atlanta, Ga., was generous to me and would not make any charge for this very serious operation. I arrived on Monday afternoon at the hospital and was put to bed at once. Dr. Elkin and Dr. Goldsmith were the two efficient physicians that operated on me. The operation was

the next morning after I arrived and I was in the hospital ninety-one days. I was kept on the operating table some three hours. When I regained consciousness from the ether it was about six o'clock in the afternoon and my misery was inexpressible. For nine days and nights I retained nothing on my stomach. Many times death would have been a relief. Oh! What indescribable suffering I did go through! The ninth morning Dr. Goldsmith came to my bed and I asked him amidst my nausea what he thought of my condition. He said with a very honest, kind face, "Time and God will only tell your condition." That night about eight o'clock seemingly I could stand my agony no longer. I threw myself in prayer and deep humility on the mercy of God, and I cried mightily for the healing of His power, and automatically my nausea ceased and I slept sixteen hours without waking up until the doctors and nurses both were getting a bit uneasy about me. When I did awake it seemed that I was in a new world, and how glad and happy I was that the dark valleys were passed, and I almost shouted aloud thanking God for His marvelous deliverance! But I was flat on my back for seventy days, and how weary I did become. Then they began to prop me up in the bed a little and finally the orderlies began to let me sit up a little in a wheel chair. The eightieth day after the operation I had my first solid food. The ninety-second day they told me that I might go home, but they said it would be best for someone to accompany me. Rev. E. P. Cowan, a local preacher, at that time in the Methodist Church, was kind enough to go home with me and stay several days.

When I arrived at my parsonage home at Columbus they had a bed prepared for me in my study, and they told me that my wife and children were all very sick with "flu" and I must not see them. I did not see any member of my family for two weeks after I arrived home, because the people felt that in my weakened condition it would be a dangerous thing for me to take cold. But the good people of Pearce's Chapel could not have been more gracious to a kinsman, or a king, so far as that is concerned, than they were to me.

The first service that I held at the church next door to the parsonage where I lived was the funeral service of one of our most beloved members, Aunt Frankie Walton. Poor, weary pilgrim, her life had been well spent in the work of the Kingdom. She served her church and community sacrificially. To know this dear soul was to love her tenderly. But God had spoken and said, "Well done, my Child, come home and rest."

I gained my strength slowly and it wasn't but a little while until I was out among my people visiting, praying and doing the work of a busy pastor. The church had never had any Sunday School equipment. Therefore, I raised about \$1500 and I did the work myself. I excavated under the church in some of the hardest rock and clay I ever dug into. I carried the dirt out with a wheelbarrow some distance to a vacant lot. It took me three months to underpin the church with piers, and move the dirt away. Then I bought the lumber, and with the aid of some donated labor we put six nice rooms in the basement of the church, which was very needful and surely a boost to the work there.

About this time a certain man came to me and asked me to marry him to one of the fairest ladies I ever knew. I did so, and he borrowed my car, and said he would bring it back in a few days when he got through with his honeymoon, but I have not seen that man nor the car since. I was advised by many people to have him arrested. I did nothing about it, but I turned him and the whole matter over to the Lord.

We had many bright conversions while I was at Pearce's Chapel, but one of the brightest was Rev. Henry Screws. This fine young man was wonderfully saved in a meeting that I held while I was pastor there, and received the call to preach, and has been a very successful pastor and evangelist for a number of years.

During my stay at Columbus, I held a number of revivals at different places in Georgia, Alabama, etc., but one incident took place in a revival just out of Columbus about six miles toward Warm Springs. I conducted this country meeting, and had some bright conversions, and met lovely people there, but just after this meeting closed there in Old Pearce's Chapel, they had a railroad strike in Georgia that year, and as most of my congregation were railroad people, they had nothing to pay me with. We went on preaching with practically no salary for some time until things were getting desperate.

I told my church folks that money, or no money, we needed a revival, so we opened the meeting. In the meantime I told my family that we had no money to go on. If my memory serves me right I think I had \$2. I decided to fast and pray for the entire time during that revival, and let what little money I had go to keep my family. I did not get out and quote my trouble to anyone, but I fasted and prayed for 10 days and nights. How well do I remember on Saturday night of the second week of the meeting, I was getting very weak physically, but spiritually I was mounting up with wings as eagles. We went to the church that night, and I preached with all the power God would give me. We had a glorious service, and a great sweep of victory, and that was the break in the meeting, and the first victory we had. I went over to the parsonage and after prayer we retired, still having no money and no food, but God always answers just in time. He is faithful to His promises, bless His dear name! There was a rap on my door at about 10 o'clock. I went to the door; a gentleman was standing there, and said, "Is this Brother Driskell?" I said, 'tis is." He said, "I have a large box out in my truck for you." I said, "Who sent it?" He said, "I was requested not to tell you who sent it." I told him, "Well, they are refusing to give their names, but I know God has sent it." So, I showed him where to put the box, and after he drove away, my family and I opened the box.

It must have weighed three hundred pounds. There was sugar, flour and tea, and every imaginable commodity that was needed in a kitchen, together with a purse of money in a paper sack. We shouted for joy for answered prayer, but we did not eat anything that night. We had a prayer and praise service, and thanked God for the victory.

The next morning about five o'clock I told my wife, "Let's arise, kill and eat," as I felt that I had rather a coming appetite. Incidents like this, I could give one after another a hundred times in our pastorate and evangelistic meetings where God definitely answered prayer for material needs as well as spiritual, for which we bless His dear name, take courage and press on to know the Lord better and love Him more. "And all the angels stood round about the throne, and about the elders and the four beasts, and fell before the throne on their faces, and worshipped God, Saying, Amen: Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen." Rev. 7:11,12.

I left just a short time after this, and came to Florida, as I had already put in my application through Dr. Householder, who was Presiding Elder of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, of

the Tallahassee District at that time. He had written me and said that the discipline ruled that I would have to take the examination again as an Elder owing to the fact that I was coming from another denomination. Also, they questioned my educational qualifications. I accepted the challenge. And the Florida Annual Conference was to be held in Hyde Park Church, Tampa, Fla.

As soon as I arrived there on Tuesday afternoon, before the Conference was to convene on Wednesday, I met with Dr. Householder and he treated me very kindly and said I would come before the committee on Wednesday afternoon at two o'clock. I told him that I was prepared to go before the committee. I did not tell him what preparation I had made, but I had made none only through the school of Knee-ology. I went to my room that night and prayed all night long. The Lord gave me the assurance at four o'clock that morning that He would see me through in my examination when I came before the committee the next day. It was truly wonderful how gracious God was to me in those hours! "I will therefore that men pray everywhere, lifting up holy hands, without wrath and doubting." I Tim. 2:8.

"Faithful soul, pray, always pray,
And still in God confide;
He thy feeble steps shall stay,
Nor suffer thee to slide.

"Lean on thy Redeemer's breast;
He thy quiet spirit keeps.
Rest in Him, securely rest;
Thy watchman never sleeps."

It came time for me to go before the committee. I went in, and of course, they introduced me to the committee. Dr. Partridge was chairman, and had been chairman of that board for about twenty-five years. He told me in a very courteous tone that he wanted me to make myself at home, and feel very comfortable among the brethren as they were all friends of mine. They were wonderful words to me, as I felt that I was in a strange land and among a strange people.

The first question I was asked was to tell them something about the growth and origin of the Methodist Church. I did this briefly, describing and giving a short account of John and Charles Wesley as the founders of the church, Bishop Asbury, and others.

Then they asked me to tell them how it was that a person can be brought from darkness unto light and from the power of Satan unto God, or how a person could become a Christian. I told them that conviction must first come for sin, this could come in various ways, either in preaching the gospel, or the dealings of the Holy Spirit with the human heart privately. And then if the heart would yield to the preaching of the gospel or the wooings of the Holy Spirit, and confess its sins, and forsake them, a person would become a child of God, and his name would be enrolled in the Lamb's Book of Life.

They asked me the third question, "Is this all that the human heart can receive in this life?" I told them "No, according to the teachings of the scripture we must go unto perfection, and this came about by making a complete consecration of time, talent, thought and earthly possessions and

that we knew, and that we did not know. And put ourselves unreservedly upon God's altar and invite the Holy Ghost to come in and burn up carnality, we would receive the blessing taught by John and Charles Wesley, as the definite second work of grace subsequent to regeneration." They asked me "Have you got the blessing of this rich experience?" I told them, "I had the blessing."

They asked me, "Will you preach it?" I said, "I will, God being my helper."

They asked me, "What is your purpose in transferring from the Georgia Conference to the Florida Conference?" I told them that I had but one purpose in view and that was I felt in this pioneer country and the opening up of Florida with its vast resources and opportunities that it opened a wider opportunity to me than any place I knew of to work out my own salvation with fear and trembling and help others to work out theirs. They said, "You may be excused from the room."

Dr. Partridge told me later I stood one of the best examinations of any young man he had examined in a long time. I was introduced to the Annual Conference the next day by Bishop W. N. Ainsworth, who was presiding, and he told me it gave him great pleasure to introduce me to Florida Methodism and the brethren of the Conference. He said several complimentary things about me, one thing particularly I remember. The Bishop said that he had received more letters about me from different denominations than he usually received in connection with any man. He said, "Brother Driskell, you will be received into the Florida Conference in full connection at eleven o'clock today." I was received in full connection with the Florida Conference, and was reordained without the re-imposition of hands.

The Monday following my ordination the appointments to the Florida Conference were read by Bishop W. N. Ainsworth and I was appointed to the Yulee Charge in the Jacksonville District. After the appointments were read, I returned to Columbus, Georgia, to my former charge, to get my family and move to Florida. I arrived in Columbus on Tuesday morning the 22nd of December and remained there until after Christmas day.

When I arrived in Columbus and went out to my parsonage I never felt at such a loss to know what to do. I had a wife and three children at that time, and had an appointment on a big rural charge in Florida three hundred miles from Columbus, Georgia. I told my wife that I was going to my room and stay there until I heard from heaven about an automobile as mine had been stolen. I shall not forget that remarkable day. I stayed in prayer and meditation all day, and until the next morning about four o'clock. God appeared to me in a mighty way, and assured me that I would receive a car that day, and showed me that I should get up and take some rest.

"There is a place where God's resistless power
Responsive moves to thine insistent plea.
There is a place, a simple trusting place
Where God Himself descends and fights for thee.
Where is that blessed place? Dost thou ask where?
O soul, it is the secret place of prayer!"

As I was wearied both in mind and body, how sweet that sleep was! But I had rolled my burdens on Jesus and I fell asleep shouting the victory while I did so.

I awoke about eight o'clock in the morning feeling much refreshed. I went in and ate a little breakfast, feeling a soul quietness that I had never felt before. After the meal was served I felt impressed to walk down town in the city of Columbus. As I went it seemed that I was walking on a literal sea of glory and praise to God for hearing and answering prayer. I had just arrived in the city when I met a friend of mine, and he asked me if I succeeded in joining the Florida Conference and receiving a charge. I told him, "I had been appointed to the Yulee Charge of the Jacksonville District." He said to me, "How are you going to get there?" I looked up, crying and laughing all at the same time, and told him that God would provide the way. He was melted into tears, and said, "Come on and go with me." He carried me across the street and introduced me as his good friend, a Methodist preacher, to Mr. Burrough, who was president of the Burrough Motor Co. My friend told him of my misfortune about having my car stolen. He asked Mr. Burrough, "Have you a new car in stock?" He said, "I have." "How long will it take you to get it ready for Brother Driskell?" He said, "About thirty minutes." He said, "Here's my check for same." Then my good friend, W. H. Spear, turned to me still weeping and said, "May God use you and this car to be a blessing to tens of thousands" The car was delivered to me in a few minutes, and I got in it and started out to my parsonage. I felt like I was not in this world but I was leaping from Mars to Jupiter and turning a somersault over the Little Dipper. I literally shouted for joy, and cried as I went down the street until I could hardly see how to drive.

I drove up in front of my parsonage at 1728 Third Avenue, and were my wife and children surprised! They did not know what had happened. I told them that the Lord had sent me a new automobile from heaven. I called in my friends and neighbors. There must have been 50 people there in just a few minutes, and we dedicated that car to God, and the on-going of His kingdom!

We had a very pleasant Christmas though we did not have any money. Santa Claus was brought in through a group of friends. Three days after receiving the car, we left Columbus with the total amount of money of \$7.35, but the Lord assured me that He would see me through. So, joyfully, my family and I traveled that day, like Abraham of old, we felt that we were going out in a strange country "not knowing whither we went," but like Joseph as his brothers sold him into Egypt we said in our hearts, "The best of all, God is with us." [This a quotation of John Wesley on his death bed, and not something said by Joseph in the Bible. However, the thought is precious, even though the source quoted is wrong. -- DVM]

"O the unsearchable riches of Christ!
Wealth that can never be told;
Riches exhaustless of mercy and grace,
Precious, more precious than gold.

Chorus:
Precious, more precious
Wealth that can never be told
O the unsearchable riches of Christ!
Precious, more precious than gold.

O the unsearchable riches of Christ!

Who would not gladly endure
Trials, afflictions, and crosses on earth,
Riches like those to secure.

We drove from Columbus to Fitzgerald, Ga., which was about half the distance to our new charge. We spent the night there at the Fitzgerald Hotel, got up early the next morning, and were on our journey again to our new charge at Yulee, Fla. In those days the roads were dreadful, and we could not make much time. But we arrived at Yulee, Fla., about six o'clock in the evening, December 27, 1921.

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11 -- FOURTH CHARGE -- TRANSFER TO FLORIDA CONFERENCE

"And Jesus said unto them, Come ye after me, and I will make you to become fishers of men." Mark 1:17.

Before I left Columbus, my former charge, I wrote Mr. J. A. Flood, Yulee, Fla., Chairman of the Board of Stewards of that charge, also my Charge Lay Leader. In fact, he was the whole cheese, so to speak, in all that county, and a dear, good man, but he had quite a bit of Irish wit about him. I wrote Brother Flood and asked him what kind of school, roads, parsonage and its furnishings, etc., did they have?" As I was like anyone else moving to a new community, I wanted to know what my surroundings would be. To my utter surprise he wrote back and said:

"Dear Brother Driskell: Received your letter and contents noted. All we need on this charge is one Methodist preacher with a backbone like a weaver's beam and a good Ford car. Good-bye, J. A. Flood."

We arrived at Yulee on Friday night and found that they had no parsonage, but Brother Flood and his family told me and my family that we might stay with them until they got tired of us, then they would let someone else keep us.

Brother Flood also decided to try me out as a young preacher, and see the kind of material I was made of. Just after supper was over and our families were gathered in the living room he started to criticizing the Methodist Church, severely, and kept this up until eleven o'clock at night, telling me repeatedly that he was going to leave the Methodist Church and go to the Catholic Church. I defended courageously the faith of our Fathers, and the doctrines of the Methodist Church. After he saw that he could make nothing off of me he laughed hilariously and said, "Well, young preacher, I think you'll do pretty well. I will stand by you with all the powers of my being." We had prayer and off to bed for a good night of rest.

On Saturday, December 28, I spent much time, as my custom always was, going from house to house and getting acquainted with my flock. I did just a little different from many Methodist preachers. I visited everybody I met with, I passed no home by. That was a busy day with me.

I went to church on Sunday morning. Bro. Flood was Superintendent of the Sunday School. The Methodists had no church there, but they held service in an old dilapidated abandoned Catholic Church. Bro. Flood opened the Sunday School with the usual worship program, and then off to the classes. After Sunday School was over, there was a short intermission, then Bro. Flood introduced me to the congregation as their new pastor. I whispered and asked Brother Flood who was in the habit of praying there. He said, "Pray yourself, that is what we pay you for," and laughed heartily. I arose and lined off the gracious old hymn, "Amazing grace how sweet the sound that saved a wretch like me." After we sung the hymn, I said, as my custom always was, "Let us kneel and pray," and there was a quietness all over the church, and I said with a good strong voice, "Brother J. A. Flood, pray with us," and he went at it.

We had a gracious service, we sang another hymn, and I called on a kind, motherly soul sitting on the front seat addressing her as, "Grandmother," not knowing her name. And she got down and prayed earnestly, thanking the Lord for the wonderful way that He had blessed, not only her, but her friends and neighbors, and thanking Him further for what He was doing. Then she commenced praising Him for what He was going to do, then she got to praying for herself, and told the Lord that she was a guilty sinner in His sight, and cried to God for mercy, and "God came down from heaven to greet while glory crowned the mercy seat," and He saved that good woman that morning, so there was great joy in my first appointment.

Dr. J. B. Rooney was my Presiding Elder, and he was a good one. He loved the Lord and the work of the church, and was a powerful preacher, one of the old-time type. There had not been a church built in the Jacksonville District in seventeen years.

The Yulee charge consisted of the following preaching places: Yulee, Crandell, Chester, East Port, Hutto, Asbury, Dinsmore, Grand Crossing.

My second Sunday on the charge I preached at Dinsmore Church, and I was received graciously there by each one. At my fourth appointment at Dinsmore, I talked it over with the Board of Trustees of the church. They had no where to worship but a Union Church where several different denominations worshipped in the same building, each having their respective Sunday. After discussing at length the advisability of building a Methodist Church the Board unanimously agreed to stand by me in this project, and I solicited for funds, and was able to secure about \$1200 in cash and pledges. In the meantime it was decided by the Yulee Board of Trustees that we would try to build there also, the same type of church that we were going to build at Dinsmore. It was a "T" type of church, with the main auditorium and ten connecting Sunday School rooms. But the people and I were so eager to build each of these churches I possibly did not use as good judgment as I should have, but I went to the Brooks Scanlon Lumber Company, and as I had figured out the bill for each church, and it would take 210,000 feet of lumber. I talked to Mr. J. S. Foley repeatedly about this matter, and lumber being very cheap in those days, but Florida had an abundance of timber, and as pretty as anyone ever saw. Mr. Foley's first price on this large bill of lumber was \$5,700. I told him that the people at neither place could pay that price.

After we had several conferences about the matter I told him that he could mark it up on income taxes, and I encouraged him to do the great thing, and let those churches have that material. He said, "Brother Driskell, how much money do you have to pay down on it?" I said, "not one

dollar, as I have to take care of the labor bill." But I assured him that I assumed the debt as a personal obligation.

When this dear good man saw my intense interest to try to do something worthwhile for God and the people of Nassau and Duval Counties he picked up his pen, and said, "I'll cut the bill about half in two." He sold me the bill of lumber for both churches for the small amount of \$3,300. He said, "When do you want the material shipped out?" I told him I wanted the Dinsmore bill shipped at once, which was 100,000 feet. He said it would be loaded the next day on two of the largest freight cars he could find!

As the two carloads of material passed through Jacksonville they pulled the draw-head out of one of the cars, and I got in touch with Mr. Foley the second afternoon, and told him I had not received the lumber. He told me to hold the telephone a moment, and he got in touch with the Atlantic Coast Line in Jacksonville and told them to put those two carloads of lumber out there that night, it mattered not how they had to do it! So the railroad company guaranteed a delivery at two o'clock at night.

I was standing there at Dinsmore when the cars rolled up, and when they were set off in the siding. I went around and started waking the people all over the country. By daylight we had fifty men, wagons, trucks, etc., there. They stood by me faithfully and all the lumber was taken off those two cars the next day and put on the ground for the new site of the church. The Dinsmore Land Company gave me three lots one block west of Kings Road in Dinsmore to build the new church. The church was to go on two of the lots, and a parsonage was to go on the third lot. I am sorry that I never was able to build the parsonage, and in later years the Church Board decided to put a recreation building on the parsonage lot, so Dinsmore has no parsonage until this day. There is a pastor that serves the work and lives in Jacksonville. In three months from the time the material was put on the lot, a beautiful new church that would seat possibly 350 people together with ten Sunday School rooms was erected and finished with the small indebtedness due on the church of about \$400.

The day that we had our opening service at Dinsmore Church I had Bishop W. N. Ainsworth engaged to preach that Sunday. He came to Jacksonville on Saturday and unfortunately he was taken with ptomaine poison, and had to spend some days in St. Luke Hospital, but my District Superintendent, Dr. W. F. Dunkle, agreed to preach the sermon. He did preach a powerful sermon and there was sufficient money raised that day to cover all of the outstanding indebtedness with the exception of the \$400 that I have mentioned above. It was estimated that there was some 1200 people present, many more than the house could begin to hold. That was a red-letter day in my experience as a young preacher!

These are some of the outstanding officials of the church at that time: Bro. A. C. Presley, Bro. Calvin Presley, Bro. Clarence Ellis, Bro. Dan Ellis, Mrs. Grace Stover, C. A. Hilyard, J. H. Higginbotham, Henry Higginbotham and Lony Smith.

These together with their families and many others that are too numerous to mention surely stood by me and the work of the church courageously. No words can express my tender love and deep appreciation for the co-operation and loyalty of the fine people of Dinsmore. Many of them

are still my good friends, and I trust in the great Beyond there shall be a host of souls come up in the Day of ALL Days with their robes washed in the blood of the Lamb and made whiter than the snow as the fruits of our labors, sacrifice and suffering on the part of one and all at Dinsmore. When rewards are being meted out, any trophy that might be cast at me, I will give it to our dear Saviour, and the precious people of Dinsmore that loved me and bore with me in patience while we put the work over.

At a later date this \$400 was raised and they got me to more that loved me and bore with me in patience while we put the work over.

* * *

Fellowship In Travel

I went from the Annual Conference in Bradentown, Florida, and held a revival in the First Nazarene Church in Miami, Fla. We had an inspiring meeting and many souls were blessedly saved and the church was revived in a wonderful way. Brother Robey was Pastor of the church. The meeting came to a close, and I caught the Florida East Coast train, leaving Miami at eleven o'clock at night. As I was very tired, I secured a berth on the Pullman car so that I might get a little rest. I did have a good night's rest. The next morning when I was awakened and called to breakfast, the meal was served and I enjoyed it greatly. There was a distinguished lady sitting just across the aisle from me on the Pullman; she was a beautiful woman. She asked me if I would care to chat a little bit, I told her I would be glad to do so. She said, "What kind of business are you in, Sir?" I told her that I worked for the King's Insurance Company. She said, "I never heard of such company." I seemed very much surprised, and told her, "You never heard of the King's Insurance Company?" She said, "No, Sir." I said, "The King's Insurance Company is the largest insurance company in the world and pays the greatest dividends per capital dollar of any insurance company that is known. It is the oldest company that was ever organized." She said, "Where is its headquarters, Sir?" I said, "In heaven." She said, "You are a minister of some type." I confessed that I was. I told her that I was also a mind-reader as I could tell her what state she was born in. She said, "You can do no such thing." I said, "But I can." She said, "What state?" I said, the state of ignorance like myself. I said, "Did you ever see anybody born with a pocket full of college diplomas?" She looked at me hard, and then laughed heartily. Then she told me something of her travels over different portions of the nation and something of her background, and after I found out some facts about her, I asked her if she was happy. Her answer was, "I am the most miserable woman in the world." I said to her, "You'll never find any peace to your troubled heart until you find it in the out-stretched arms of a loving Saviour." By that time she was weeping. She said, "Will you pray for me?" I told her I would, and we went to our loving heavenly Father in prayer, and she was genuinely converted. As we changed trains in the City of Jacksonville, Florida, she assured me that if she never saw me again in this world she would meet me "in the Land that is fairer than day."

On this same trip I met Bud Robinson at the Terminal Station in Jacksonville. We were not so well acquainted at this time, but we had been together some. I said, "Hello, Uncle Buddy." He said, "Hello, Brother Driskell." I said, "I didn't know whether you would know me or not." He said, "Son, I would know your hide in a tanning yard." I said, "Where have you been?" He said, "I

have been down to Miami trying to get some of those tourists to go to heaven with me." I said, "Did you succeed?" He replied, "No, they were not in the notion to go to heaven now." In later years Bud Robinson preached often for me, and how blessed was our fellowship! He could quote more scripture, and tell more dry jokes, and get blessed while we were together than any man I ever met. He said he would rather preach holiness than anything he ever did in his life. He said the next greatest thrill he had was riding in an automobile. He said the third thing that he enjoyed most was catching fish. Bless his dear heart! He is in a country today where holiness is the main theme, and he does not have to ride an automobile for he can ride in a chariot of glory and he does not have to try to satisfy his hunger with fish for the scripture says, "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more," Rev. 7:16, in the land of the blessed; "For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Rev. 7:17. Praise God! Hallelujah!

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Construction Of Yulee Church

Just after finishing Dinsmore Church and having our opening-day service there, the material was shipped to Yulee, Fla. and we went to work at once there to build the Methodist Church. The material was unloaded, a new lot was purchased, and the work of erecting the building was begun at once, but some very outstanding things took place when we were getting ready to build. Brother J. A. Flood, Sunday School Superintendent, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, Chairman of Board of Stewards, told me it was the height of folly to even think about building a new church in Yulee. He said, "Brother Driskell, if you will go out and raise \$500 the first day soliciting for a new church I'll endorse your plan, if not, I'll veto it." Neither of us was to say anything about his challenge to me. I told him I would reserve the right to pick the day I went out, so I prayed over it often and he was laughing and poking fun at me every time he saw me, and saying, "You old fool, you'll never be able to raise that \$500!" One beautiful afternoon, I told him that I did not need all day as I had prayed over it earnestly the night before, and I felt that I should go out that day. He jeered and laughed at me, and said: "Brother Driskell, you have less sense than I thought you had to even undertake such a thing." I was brave and paid no attention to his fun and ridicule. He went back in his store laughing! I went to Brother Flood's home, -- Miss Jenny, his wife, was a devout, good woman. I showed her the blueprint of the church, and told her I had just started soliciting for the new church, as I had prayed over it the night before, and felt that it was God's chosen time to raise the money. She said, with a happy smile, "While I was on my knees this morning, God told me to give you \$1200," and she said, "Here is the first payment on it," giving me a check for \$500. I did not doubt her check, but I wanted to have the cash to lay before her husband that afternoon, so I went and had it cashed. I had been advised not to go to see another party as they said, "This was the stingiest person in Nassau County," but I went to see her, and she gave me \$200. I saw several others that afternoon, and I was able to raise \$935 cash, besides some pledges. The Post Office was in Brother Flood's store and many of the people gathered there to get the mail in the afternoon. I went in at this time, and told Brother Flood that I raised a small purse of money on the erecting of the new church, and poured out \$935 before him. He yelled like a hyena, and screamed like a panther, and said, "My father, my father, 'the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof', where did you get this money?" And I said to him with a smile, "Your wife gave me the first \$500." He said, "An old fool, I thought she would do that!"

We made wonderful progress on Yulee Church, and it was erected in about three months with ten Sunday School rooms. When the church was finished there was a large deficit carried over a number of years, as I had to borrow some money from the Board of Church Extension, but finally this amount was raised. Across the years the church has had its struggles and burdens, and many of the faithful ones have died, but the work is still going on. Praise the Lord!

We had our Opening Service. Dr. W. F. Dunkle preached the sermon. We had a great day, and a great crowd! That was one of the second red-letter days in my young Christian experience!

These are some of the leading people that stood by us courageously in the erection of this church and carrying on of the work: J. A. Flood, Ed Flood, Ernest Davis, R. S. Mills, Brother Thomas, L. L. Owens, Brother Wanamaker and their families, and many others too numerous to mention. I shall never forget the faithfulness of all those mentioned in the carrying on the work of the church. While many of them have fallen asleep, their sons and daughters are bringing up the tradition of their fathers, and the work of the church is progressing nicely at the present. Words cannot express my deep love and sincere appreciation for the love and friendship of the Yulee folks, and the co-operation of all the county where this church is located.

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Construction Of East Port Church

I went to East Port in the latter part of this same year to fill my appointment. We had nowhere to preach but in the picture show building. I took it up with Mr. J. A. Foley, President of the Brooks Scanlon Lumber Company, who had so generously sold me the lumber for the other two churches, and after much consideration he said, "I'll build a Methodist Church in East Port without one penny of expense to you or the Methodist people; all I want you to do is to draw the plan and superintend the job. I'll furnish both the material and the labor to build this church."

A beautiful new chapel was erected there with four connecting Sunday School rooms. We had our Opening Service about sixty days after the church was started. Dr. W. F. Dunkle preached the opening sermon. I will always have a deep appreciation for the gift of this church by the lumber company, for the unfailing courtesy of Mr. Foley, and his gracious spirit in the matter and the names of the faithful ones that stood by in the progress of the Methodist Church:

Bro. Callahan, Bro. Rand, Bro. Charley Lewis, Bro. Harrison, Bro. Hayes, the Browns, Bro. Fielding and their families and many others.

That church met the needs for the community for many years, but after a long while, it was taken down, and this entire company was moved to what is called Foley, Florida, five miles east of Perry, Florida. Many of these faithful souls are still there working for this company and loyally standing by the church. They have my tender love and appreciation for all they meant to the Kingdom of God and me.

Two outstanding things I wish to mention in connection with this work at East Port:

I was preaching so hard against sin and worldliness while there until I was reported to my District Superintendent that he would have to do something about it, so he wrote me a letter and asked me to plan a certain day to go with him to visit my charge. I planned the day, not knowing what he had in mind, and we went to several of the churches of the charge, and he appeared like he was just paying a general visit to my work, but when we arrived at East Port some of the brethren met with him and as they had planned this privately, as I was unaware of it, and they told him that I was too drastic with sin and worldliness in my preaching, and he apologized for me and said that Brother Driskell is a young preacher, he will learn better than to preach like this after a while. I did not say anything in return as my District Superintendent was my superior, and he could have injured my character by accusing me of insubordination. But, as I was driving the car on our way back to the district parsonage, I made it convenient to stop on the way, and I invited my District Superintendent out of the car telling him in as kind a manner as I could that I did not propose for him, or anyone else, to apologize for my preaching, and I would not stand for it as the truth that I had preached would stand when the world was on fire. Of course, he did not like it, and he said nothing in return, but when I had finished defending my ministry and my faithfulness to God, I asked him if he would not get out and let's have prayer about the matter. He said, "Pray yourself if you want to, I do not care to pray." I knelt down and prayed earnestly for my District Superintendent that God would soften his heart and help him not to compromise. I also prayed for my charge and the district as a whole. Then I returned to the car and drove him back to the district parsonage. I heard nothing from this unpleasantness for a few days, then I heard that he was driving around on the charge trying to find some other means whereby he might prefer charges against me. He went to one of my parishioners and asked him what he thought of my preaching and administration. This party, knowing of his criticism of me, told him that he felt that I was one of the most faithful souls they had ever known, and the best thing that he could do was to go back to his District parsonage and leave me and my charge in the hands of God, as he felt' sure God would take care of the situation. My District Superintendent took the advice of the parishioner. Seeing that he could find nothing against my character, he went back to his home and wrote me a nice letter inviting me to come down and have dinner with him on a certain day. I went, and he treated me royally; in a measure he apologized and told me he wanted us to bury the hatchet, handle and all. I told him that I had no hatchet and handle to bury as I held nothing against him or anyone else, but to love them and pray for them.

We had prayer together and what a prayer he offered, confessing to God for his shortcomings, and thanking God for my faithfulness to my charge and churches. We had a wonderful day together and a delicious meal was served. From that day on he and I were the best of friends. After he superannuated he still took supply work with the conference in the pastoring of churches, and I was invited to hold a number of revivals for him. Our love and esteem and fellowship for each other during these meetings were truly wonderful. He has been in heaven for a good while. I feel sure he was a good man, but sometimes good folks make some very serious mistakes in some of their decisions.

At East Port Church, Miss Emma Tucker, the founder of the Florida Methodist Children's Home, and one of the most faithful, courageous, and fearless preachers I ever heard held a revival for me. The meeting ran two weeks. The second Sunday of the meeting Miss Emma was preaching with great power and about the middle of her message, like a thunder clap out of a clear sky, she

stopped preaching for a moment. There was a deep silence and to the surprise of all she said, "Brother Driskell, will you come to the altar." I moved quickly and knelt at the altar. She took her text and preached on for twenty minutes, then at the close of her message she said, "All of you wonder why I asked Brother Driskell to come to the altar, and you see how readily he responded. I asked him to come to the altar because I wanted him to repent for killing himself working for his people on this charge." Then, Miss Emma said, "I want everybody in this church to come to the altar and I want each one of you to repent for letting Brother Driskell kill himself as he is carrying many burdens for you that you should be carrying yourselves." We had some very earnest prayers and a gracious service. Miss Emma held several other revivals for me at other places always with great results in the salvation of souls.

While on Yulee Charge, Chester Church, near St. Mary's River about half way between Yulee and Fernandina, I found this church in very bad repair. After giving the matter serious consideration we started to raise the money. The work was completed at a cost of about \$500. The congregation was small, and it was hard to raise money in those days, but I shall not forget the faithfulness of that little crowd. I do not remember any of the members of that church as it has been many years since I was there, m only the Cooks, there were a number of families of Cooks in that community and some other folks, but I do not remember their names, May God bless them for their faithfulness to the church, to God, and to the preacher.

It was always hard to carry on at this church because of the liquor forces. Sin ran rampant in that community, and I was not welcome at all in their midst. Many times I was stopped as I would pass through their vicinity, and they would order me to go some other way as they had doubtless a big batch of liquor that had been brought in on a boat, and was being unloaded. I would obey but many times I would get stuck trying to turn around for the sand was dreadful in that part of the country. The liquor crowd was reported to the authorities and they investigated the matter and found that they had tunneled out under a hill near the river, and they had 55,000 gallons of liquor stored in that cave. The liquor was captured and it took government trucks several days, being guarded by soldiers to remove the liquor from that place. Doubtless, that was one of the largest liquor rings that was ever captured in North Florida. I will not say who reported this to the authorities, but I was a well-wisher for it.

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Awakening Chorus

Awake! Awake! and sing the blessed story;
Awake! Awake! and let your song of praise arise;
Awake the earth is full of glory,
And light is beaming from the radiant skies;
The rocks and rills, the vales and hills resound with gladness,
All nature joins to sing the triumph song.

Refrain:

The Lord Jehovah reigns and sin is backward hurled!

Rejoice! Rejoice! Lift heart and voice, Jehovah reigns!
Rejoice! Rejoice! Rejoice!
Jehovah reigns!

Ring out! Ring out! O bells of joy and gladness!
Repeat, repeat anew the story o'er again,
Till all the earth shall lose its weight of sadness,
And shout anew the glorious refrain;
With angels in the heights sing of the great salvation
Re-wrested from the hand of sin and death.

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12 -- FIFTH CHARGE AND SIXTH CHARGE -- DINSMORE, CALLAHAN AND HILLYARD
-- DINSMORE AND MURRAY HILL

"O Lord, I have heard Thy speech, and was afraid: O Lord, revive Thy work in the midst of the years, in the midst of the years make known; in wrath remember mercy." Hab. 3:2.

At the next Annual Conference which was held in the Fall of 1924 the bounds of my former charge was changed. I had served these eight churches three years, and I moved from Yulee, Fla., to Callahan, Fla., and this charge consisted of these churches: Callahan, Hillyard and Dinsmore.

It was in that year that I had a nervous breakdown and had to be sent to the mountains of North Georgia for two months. The people of my charge were faithful to me, and they stood by me with their prayers, their love, and their money, but after I regained my health and returned to the charge I overhauled the Callahan parsonage and also built a new garage. I did quite a bit of work at Hillyard that year on the church, but much of my time there was spent in holding a number of revivals on other charges for other pastors.

While on the Callahan charge Brother J. C. West, pastor of Myakka charge got me to help him at Pine Level church ten miles west of Arcadia. I arrived at this church on Monday night, Sept. 1. In those days the roads in Florida were almost impassable everywhere. It took me all day to drive from Callahan to Pine Level, and it was a hard drive. I shall never forget that day, but I arrived at Pine Level about 6:30 in the afternoon. Both pastor and people received me graciously; supper was served in Brother Hagan's home, the home where I stopped during the meeting, then off to the first service. There were thirty-seven present, but a gracious spirit was manifested. The next night seventy-five were present, and before the first week went by the house wouldn't hold the folks. God gave me great liberty and victory in my preaching. The services grew in momentum and interest every day down to the last day of the meeting, -- the revival continued three weeks.

We held prayer meetings and preaching services in homes, schools, turpentine quarters, and even out in orange groves. God in a marvelous way moved all of that county and the surrounding community during that meeting. Often I would see faces of friends that had driven as far as seventy-five miles to be in the service. After the fourth and fifth night the altar was filled with seekers. It was estimated that more than one hundred people were converted in that revival.

They gave me one of the largest offerings there I ever received anywhere. Besides they gave the pastor and his family a great shower of groceries. They also bought the pastor of the church a new overcoat, as he had ruined his overcoat the winter before putting out the fire in the church. The last day of the meeting I preached eight times, eating nothing that day. After I had spoken the seventh time, one of the aged brethren came to me, and said, "Brother Driskell, I want to look at you." He looked me over thoroughly and said, "Preacher, there is something about you that I can't see." I laughed heartily, and told him, "There was something about every spirit-filled man or woman that could not be seen with the physical eye."

As the pastor was sick most of the time during the meeting, he got me to look after the baptismal service of the new converts. I baptized by immersion forty-seven candidates in a large creek just back of the church. People were shouting, laughing and rejoicing everywhere that day. We had our first service at sunrise, and did not close the last service until 11 o'clock at night. In the church I baptized some twenty more candidates by the mode of sprinkling.

As I entered the church at 7:30 in the evening service, the last night of the revival, for fifty feet from the door there was not standing room. What a throng of people! My heart really ached as I yearned over them! As I reached the front of the vestibule, the spirit of God bid me to speak twenty minutes to the great mass of people on the outside of the church. I felt on that occasion like I imagine Jesus felt on the great day of the feast when he cried and said, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink." John 7:37. I spoke from this text: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. Wherefore do you spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness." Isa. 55:1-2. I feel sure that I spoke to four times as many people on the outside of the church as I did inside. The special services closed that night. Until this day the people still speak of that revival as the "Big Revival". Many homes were made happy, and many hearts rejoiced because of the mighty saving, reclaiming and cleansing power of the blood of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Never have I worked with a more consecrated man than J. C. West, their good pastor. I mention a few of the prominent families:

The Hagans, The Mizells, The Hargroves, and many, many others too numerous to mention. May riches of grace in Christ Jesus be the everlasting portion of the many, many faithful ones in that community.

We had truly a great revival at Lee, Fla., that year where Brother H. H. McAfee was pastor. Possibly there were fifty converts. Brother L. D. Lowe was District Superintendent. He came out to Lee Church to hold their quarterly conference while I was holding this meeting. When he arrived there, and found that we were in a revival meeting he declined to hold the Conference. I invited him to preach that night, and he refused, saying that he did not care to interfere with me.

A tragedy had happened to one of the daughters in a home in the community, and the whole family felt so humiliated over the matter that they were attending none of the services. That afternoon before Brother Lowe arrived, I told the pastor I was going over to Madison and get Grandmother Owens and put her in this home, as I felt that she could solve the problem and save the day for the girl and the home. I went over to get Sister Owens, and she was sitting on the porch

with her grip all ready. She told me the Lord had showed her that I was coming for her. I carried her to this home, not telling her anything of the tragedy, but that night after the pastor, the District Superintendent and I had spent much time in prayer we entered the church at the beginning of the service. Sister Owens came in with that entire family with whom she was stopping. I used this scripture for a text: Ps. 9:17, "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all nations that forget God." God gave me great liberty and victory in preaching, and I delivered most of the message on my knees weeping over the people while I preached.

That was truly an important hour as I felt that the destiny of many souls depended on their decision. Before I was half through preaching, many people rushed to the altar crying to God for mercy. When I was through preaching the altar was filled, and people were kneeling all the way to the front door of the church, and I called on Brother L. D. Lowe, District Superintendent, to pray, and the Holy Ghost surely directed the prayer, as Brother Lowe prayed from the altar all the way to the front door with anxious, seeking souls. A multitude wept their way to God that night! Truly this was one of the greatest services I ever experienced in my life. The girl from the unfortunate home prayed through to definite victory and lived in the straight and narrow way ever after. She married well.

I went from Lee Church to Hickory Grove which is six miles north of Lee on the old Valdosta Road. We had a gracious revival there. There was a number of people in that community by the name of Blair. The second Sunday of that meeting, the power of God came on the service. At eleven o'clock the second Sunday there must have been fifty people prayed through to definite victory. I saw more Blairs hugging each other than I ever saw before or since. Many of these people were prominent as school teachers. Some of them were pretty folks, and some of them were ugly as home-made sin, but God saves, and meets the needs of every hungry heart learned, or unlearned, rich or poor, high or low, praise the name of the Lord! He saves every one just alike that will heed the wooings of the Spirit!

We had a good revival at Dinsmore and Callahan and Hillyard that year. At Callahan the people stood by me courageously, and the following are some of the faithful souls there:

Brother and Sister H. L. Ezell, N Brother Ezell was a local preacher in our district who held a number of successful revival meetings over the state. He was an ex-railroad conductor from the Seaboard Railroad Company. Brother and Sister Bob Wells, Brother and Sister Dave Wells, and many others too numerous to mention, stood faithfully by me, and the work of the church. May God bless every one of them! They still have my love, my prayers and my sympathy. The work of the church is progressing very nicely there under the leadership of some of those same faithful souls.

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SIXTH CHARGE -- DINSMORE AND MURRAY HILL

At the coming Annual Conference in the Fall of 1925 my charge was changed again, and I was moved from Callahan to Dinsmore, Fla., and my churches that year were Dinsmore and Murray Hill in Jacksonville. I preached at Dinsmore during this six-month year two full Sundays

each month, and the Conference Board of Missions purchased a lot in Murray Hill, Jacksonville, that was put on my charge so I might build that church.

When I arrived in Murray Hill water was everywhere and it was still raining. I could very well travel that portion of my charge in a boat. I got in touch with the City Drainage Department of Jacksonville and got them to do quite a bit of ditching, drainage work out there. It was about the middle of February before we could get the lot drained off enough to start the building of the church. We just built a stucco parsonage there, and left the partitions out. I shall never forget the first day I worked on the building. Mrs. Benjamin F. Phillips, a very prominent lady of that community, and her husband was one of the outstanding merchants, she drove up about four o'clock in the afternoon, where we were working. She stopped as though she wanted to make some inquiry. She said, "Pardon me, Sir, but I understand that they are building a Methodist Church somewhere here, and the Florida Conference has appointed a pastor. Could you give me any information about this?" I said, "I am sorry, Ma'am, but I do not know anything about the pastor or the work." She looked very surprised as she had been informed that this was the place. I let my Irish joke soak in for a moment, then I told her I was the pastor, and also the one that was expected to build the church. She smiled as good as to say you don't look very much like a preacher to me, and I don't suppose I did. I looked more like a dirt dauber. She assured me of her hearty support, she and her family, and gave me \$50 on the building. That was certainly a boost to me, as I was tired, hungry, and soiled. Brother and Sister Phillips have been my unfailing friends through the years.

We were able to get the parsonage built and seated, to be used temporarily, as a church. We had our opening on Mothers' Day, the year of our Lord 1926. I had invited John B. Culpepper, Sr., to do the preaching, and John B. Culpepper, Jr., to do the singing. We had a gracious revival there. And I only preached in my new church one time.

* * *

Revive Us Again

We praise Thee, O God!
For the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus who died
And is now gone above.

Refrain.
Hallelujah! Thine the glory
Hallelujah! Amen!
Hallelujah! Thine the glory,
Revive us again.

Revive us again.
Fill each heart with Thy love;
May each soul be rekindled
With fire from above.

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13 -- SEVENTH CHARGE -- LABELLE STATION AND FORT DENAUD

"And the things that thou has heard of me among many witnesses the same commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also. Thou therefore endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." 2 Tim. 2:2,3.

A few days after the revival at Murry Hill at the following Annual Conference I was appointed to the LaBelle charge in the old Bartow District which was about two hundred miles from Jacksonville. The Annual Conference convened that year in St. Petersburg in our beautiful new church there.

I went to that charge, leaving my family at Dinsmore, Fla., where I had lived in a rented house for the past six months, because they had no parsonage there. I went to the LaBelle charge under the most distressing circumstances of any charge I ever went to in my life.

There had been a race riot there between the white and colored people, and they had cut a Negro all to pieces, sliced him up, and offered him for steak for supper at the hotel and cafes. When this lynching took place about one month prior to my going there, the former pastor got up the next Sunday after the lynching and said, "The blood of righteous Abel would cry out against the lynchers at the Judgment." Then he found out that some of his close friends, and also some of his enemies, did not appreciate his message of fearlessness on the preceding Sunday, so he got up the next Sunday and apologized, in a measure, for what he had said the Sunday before. He was invited out of the city at once, and he had to leave under conditions that were not very nice. He had just laid the foundation for the new church in the City of LaBelle, and the church was in debt \$14,500, and not one penny in the treasury.

Bishop W. N. Ainsworth told me at the preceding Conference that he would not appoint me to this charge against my will as it was in such a desperate condition, but if I would consent to go, and could make a success of it, it would be a great credit to me. If not, he would move me any time I saw fit, giving me a better charge.

Well, when I arrived there, it was the darkest picture I ever saw. Nearly everybody was mad with everybody else and the church hopelessly in debt. I visited the people by day and night and prayed in their homes for a radius of five miles from the town. I would not let anyone discuss the former tragedy with me. I told them this was water that had gone under the bridge. I begged the people everywhere to get their eyes on the Lord, and pray through to victory. I stayed there thirty days studying the general condition, preaching, praying and working with the people. Then I went back to Dinsmore for my family.

After I arrived at LaBelle I put on a canvass at once for money, raising some four or five thousand dollars, and was able to start the work again on the church which had been stopped about six weeks. I made wonderful progress on the church until sometime in October when the most fearful hurricane that was ever witnessed in Florida swept all that section. I was just getting ready to put the roof on the church when this happened. That will surely be a memorable day to me as

long as I live! There was a one hundred and fifty mile an hour wind together with floods of water. A regular cloud burst hit us at four o'clock in the morning and lasted well into the next night. About eight o'clock there were no windows in my parsonage, and the roof to the parsonage went off about that time. I saw that I had to do something and do it quick for the protection of my family. I took my wife in my arms as she was expected to be delivered of child in just a few hours, and I carried her to a nearby school building, leaving my little children in the home clinging to the piano to keep from being blown away. I left my companion as soon as I arrived at the school building and made it back to the parsonage to get the children. After I got them safely in the school building, I went back to the parsonage and held a piece of tin over my head and opened an old trunk to try to get some dry clothes for my family. I managed to get some clothing for them not thinking of myself at all. I put the clothing in a small steamer trunk. I made it back through the storm and changed their clothing to get them warm and dry. Then I went to the parsonage, where we had a pile of quilts, comforts and blankets in a closet stacked up on some chairs. I got some of this covering out, still holding a piece of tin over me to keep me dry, as the water was coming down in torrents. I put these things in another small trunk and made it back to my family at the risk of my life as the air was full of debris of every kind, and the wind blowing at about 150 miles an hour. I made the fourth trip back to the parsonage to try to get something dry for myself, but all of our clothing that hadn't blown away was drenched in water and ruined. I saved no books, nor Bible notes, nor anything out of this storm. I remember very well I had \$2.85 when the storm struck us, and I had an ambulance engaged to be at my home that morning at nine o'clock to carry my wife to be delivered of a child to Arcadia Hospital, which was about sixty-five miles away. Well, it is useless to say the ambulance did not arrive.

That was one of the darkest days I ever experienced in my life. That is one day that I had to run like fighting fire and pray to keep from freezing, but I had no bad results from it, only I was worn out when the day was over. My little family stayed on the rostrum of this school building and used that for their sleeping quarters for two weeks. At that time I got my companion in the hospital and the baby arrived, believe it or not, without any hurt to the mother or child. I put my children around in different homes while the mother was in the hospital, and I overhauled our parsonage.

On the day of the storm it was no trouble to get people to pray, but how quickly people forgot those hours of tragedy. On Sunday following no one thought of holding a service anywhere as preacher or people had no clothes fit to wear, but that night someone had given me some clothes, and we had a great service, and a packed house, as many of the people felt so very grateful to God for sparing their lives.

Monday following the storm on Saturday I helped bury fifty-nine people that were killed by the storm. Sometimes putting as many as six in one grave, and some of them having no coffin, just sewed up in government canvas like anyone that was going to be buried at sea. We kept finding and helping to bury people for six weeks after the hurricane was over. Words cannot express the awful distress, agony, suspense and expense that a tragedy like this brings to any community.

The storm at LaBelle hit us on Saturday morning as I have already stated, and we had no telephone, telegraph, radio or mail connection until the next Tuesday afternoon late. I shall never forget how good that old fog horn sounded on that boat as it came up the river bringing to our glad hearts the first message from the land of civilization. I received several letters that afternoon from

various parts of the country. However, there was one letter particularly that will be long remembered from my District Superintendent, Dr. Norton. This is about the contents of the letter:

"My dear Brother Driskell: If you are living, I am glad. If you are dead, it gives me great grief. If you are living, you need the contents of this letter. If you are dead, your family needs it. Therefore, you'll find enclosed as a love offering unto the Lord to yourself \$100 that will never have to be paid back."

Eternity alone can only express our deep appreciation for letters, checks, telegrams that came from far and near to gladden our troubled hearts. Words cannot express the darkness of those hours.

After all the stress and strain of the storm, with the tremendous burden of building the new church and dozens of other things that were pressing me, I had my second nerve crash, and for six weeks it seemed that I just hung by a thread between life and death. How I did suffer during that spell of illness! But I had a faithful family physician that came to see me twice a day during my illness, and the good people, I shall not forget them. They did stand by their pastor faithfully, and many of the people of LaBelle have been my good friends through the years.

After I got my parsonage repaired and my family back together as quickly as possible we went back to work on the church, and carried it on to completion. The Florida Conference came to me just after I got back to work on the new church and asked me to take charge of the Moore Haven Church and parsonage as their church was moved by the storm five hundred and fifty-six feet from its permanent seat. I practically swam into Moore Haven to estimate whether it would be easier to tear the church down and carry it back, or to roll it back. I decided it would be easier to roll it back, but what a job I did have! I had to go over seventeen feet of muck, and I had to build a track-way under the church like a railroad all the way from there to its former setting. Then when I went to jack the church I found the sills were rotten, and I had to re-sill the entire church and the Sunday School building before I could do anything with it. In about sixty days time, I had both church and parsonage overhauled, and in a shape to be occupied again. There were a number of unpleasant things that arose in this connection, which I do not care to discuss. If you could dig down under the foundation stone of every church and parsonage in the land and ask them "why are you here?" I feel sure the answer would come ringing back, "We are here through the suffering, sacrifice, suspense and expense of a great army of faithful souls across the nations of the world."

Then when these two jobs were finished at Moore Haven, the same year, the Conference asked me to take charge of the Bartow District parsonage, as it was badly damaged in the storm. I looked over the situation and prayed over it, and agreed to do so. I tore the old District Parsonage down at Bartow and rebuilt it at a cost of about \$5,100. This work was completed in about ninety days. The people of Bartow treated me graciously while I was working there.

Dr. M. H. Norton was my District Superintendent in this year of conflict and trial, and God will have to make another man and wrap him up in skin to make a more faithful soul than M. H. Norton. He was a real father to me in all of his dealings. He has gone to heaven. God bless his memory. His going was a great loss to the church and Christians everywhere, as he was a great

scholar, and mighty in the knowledge of the law of the church, a powerful preacher and a gracious soul.

After the job at Bartow was finished I hurried back to LaBelle. After the storm I made such repairs as was needed on the parsonage, but it was torn up so badly I got a good offer for it and I sold it at once. I built a new parsonage for us, and also finished the church at LaBelle. My report that year to the Annual Conference was about \$78,000.

These are some of the faithful souls that worked with me at LaBelle: F. Watts Hall, E. M. O'Bannon, Brother Richards, Brother Phlugey, Brother Bush, R. H. Magill, Brother Pfaff, Col. Rider, the Malakowsky family, Frank Magill, also another Magill family that I do not remember their initials. All of these and their families that I have mentioned rendered me valuable assistance, and I feel sure at the great Day of all days when we come up for a reward I will stand empty handed and the trophies that were accomplished during the years of suffering will be awarded to the faithful souls who stood by me with their love, their prayers, their tears and their money. Some of them have already gone to the land that is free from sorrow. Some of them are fighting on faithful to this day in the work of the church. May God bless every single faithful soul on the LaBelle charge. One other family that I wish to mention particularly before I leave this charge is Brother Baldwin and his good wife. Brother Baldwin was a local preacher on my charge, and gave me valuable assistance with his prayers, his love, and his counsel, and with what money that he could spare. He is one of the oldest men in that county, and greatly beloved by every one who knows him.

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14 -- EIGHTH CHARGE -- BOWLING GREEN STATION, COLLEGE HILL, AND FORT GREEN

"There remaineth yet, very much land to be possessed." Josh. 13:1.

At the following Annual Conference which was held at Jacksonville, Florida, at First Church, June 1927. Bishop Hoyt M. Dobbs presided. I was appointed to the Bowling Green charge. The appointments were read out at Jacksonville on Monday afternoon about three o'clock. I left there at once, and drove from there to Fort Meade, Fla., and spent the night with my good friend, Brother Henry, the pastor of the Fort Meade charge.

The next morning I was at Bowling Green visiting and getting acquainted before some of the people were up. Some of them had not heard who their new Pastor was, but it did not take me very long to tell them. After spending several hours there, I went to LaBelle and moved my family, getting to Bowling Green the next Saturday. On my way to Bowling Green I stopped at Arcadia and bought me a suit of clothes, as I needed it very badly. I bought it from a friend of mine who was a Jew, a Mr. Roseman. He told me they fitted me perfectly. The next day, which was Sunday, I got in the pulpit before my new congregation, and the more I preached the more I perspired, and to my utter surprise I looked down at my coat sleeves, and my coat was wet with perspiration and my sleeves had drawn half way to my elbows. I looked down at my pants and they were above my shoe tops. I did not tell the congregation how I felt, but I felt like a fool. I thought of the fellow in

the Old Testament where he said, "The bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it: and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it." Isa. 28:20. But I did not let this faze me in the least. It was all the clothes I had that was fit to wear, so I wore them that night in the service, and told the people to laugh at me all they wanted to, that was what I did when I saw some of them. I was on the Bowling Green charge three and one-half years, which was some of the busiest moments of my life, as I saw so many hundred things that needed to be done. Failures, mistakes and blunders were thickly spread along the way on my part, but the folks were gracious to me, I shall never forget their great patience and forbearance with me. We had not been at Bowling Green but a few weeks before I saw the need of some Sunday School equipment. I was informed by my good Chairman of Trustees and Board of Stewards, Brother J. B. Reid that he had heard / was born with a hand saw, a hammer and a framing square in my pocket, and he said very pointedly to me, "We do not want any building here." I received his message courteously, not telling him what I would do, but I knew right then that if God would give me the strength and the people would give me their co-operation we would do something about the equipment in just a short time. So, I went through the community privately and asked about a dozen ladies to cook me a cake, telling each one not to say anything about it, but I would let them know later what I would do with it. I told them to please have them ready and bring them to the parsonage on Tuesday night. I also asked the fine young people of Bowling Green to make ten gallons of ice cream, and keep it at the parsonage until after we had our church board meeting in the church on this special night. They carried out their part of it well and the entire official board, all who had any official part at all in the church, were asked to meet me this Tuesday night at the church. They came, some of them through pure interest, and doubtless a small minority, through curiosity. After we had read the Bible and had prayer I made a short talk. I told them the possibilities that I saw in connection with some equipment there in the Sunday School. I also told them that God would hold the Pastor and the People responsible at the Judgment for the stream of youth there in that community and the unborn if we did not do something about it. I pulled out the blueprints that I had carefully put away under my coat, and showed them to each one. The idea went over in a great way. The entire official board, without a dissenting voice, voted to stand by me in this project. I told them that I was sorry a hundred dollars worth for the needed condition there in building and equipment and several others gave me \$100 apiece, and we raised that night in pledges and cash about \$1000, and we dismissed the Board Meeting with prayer. I said, "Everybody will please go to the parsonage next door for refreshments." Many of them said, "Who has fixed any refreshments?" I said, "Well, there has been some fairies passing through the community and I think the refreshments are already prepared." We went to the parsonage and had a delightful evening of fellowship and association, and the occasion seemed to be enjoyed by everyone and we dismissed with prayer and everyone went home seeming to be very happy over their new venture.

It was just a few days until materials were put on the grounds for the Sunday School Building. I arrived on the charge July 1, 1927 and on the following Thanksgiving Day we had our Opening Day Service with a big barbecue with all the countryside of all churches, kindred, tongues and tribes invited. There were eight preachers on the platform. Dr. M. H. Norton, District Superintendent of the Bartow District, made the chief address, while short talks were made by every one of the preachers. The people of Bowling Green Methodist Church were complimented very highly for the faithful part that they played in making this Sunday School Building possible. As the pastor, there was some gracious things said about me because I had so faithfully stood by and watched the "band play" while the building was being erected.

It was estimated that there were twelve hundred people at the services. There was about two thousand dollars raised that day in cash and pledges, and this cleared up the indebtedness of the erection of the building with the exception of a small amount that we owed the Board of Church Extension.

After this building was completed I put on Three Sunday School buses which went out through the various communities and brought in those who did not have a way to come to church. I purchased these buses with my own money, and operated them on Sunday for Sunday School, and rented them to Hardee County in the week to transfer children to the public schools. The day I arrived at Bowling Green as pastor there were 147 at Sunday School, my last day, if I remember correctly, there were 365 present. During my stay of three and one-half years there many joyful things happened, and some things that took place were enough to make the angels weep.

We had many good revivals while I was there, some held by myself where I did my own preaching, and others held by the visiting pastors and evangelists. One of the most outstanding revivals that we had while I was pastor there was termed as the "Big Revival" which was held in the Fall of my second year on the charge. Rev. E. P. Cowan from Atlanta, Ga., did the preaching. Miss Eunice Bucand was the choir director. Mrs. Carswell was one of the pianists. There being two pianos on the platform, Mrs. Doctor Pyatt was the other pianist. Rev. T. N. Cowan, the evangelist's father assisted in the altar work and many other preachers and former pastors came in from various places and assisted in this great revival. We operated the meeting on Camp Meeting style, sleeping many of the visitors in the Sunday School building, but most of the visitors had their meals at the parsonage next door to the church.

This meeting continued for three weeks, some of the greatest preaching, singing and praying that I ever heard in all my life took place in this meeting. There was not a barren service, but the altars would fill with seeking, anxious hearts and scores of people were reclaimed and saved and sanctified in this memorable revival. The meeting continued for months and months, to be correct about a year after the evangelist and the party of special workers had gone home. I tried to hold a church conference after the meeting was supposed to be closed, and I repeated trying to hold this conference for four or five times, and every time somebody would come in crying and saying, "I am lost, pray for me". So that church conference was never held, and I am not going to ask the Lord to let me hold it after I get home to heaven, as I feel that we will have more important business to transact when we sing and shout forever in heaven.

There were, possibly, one hundred and fifty people converted, reclaimed and sanctified during this great revival. I received ninety-two into the church at one time by profession of faith, and many others by certificate. I immersed thirty-nine of these candidates that were converted in this meeting in Paign's Creek about one and one-half miles west of Bowling Green on the old Fort Green Road. I can always see the sublime as well as the ridiculous. There was a certain very large lady in the community who told me that she wasn't satisfied with her baptism, she wanted to be immersed. I told her that I had thirty-eight candidates to be immersed the next Sunday afternoon and she would make the thirty-ninth one, if that was all she was dissatisfied with to come on out. She was there on time, and providentially or some way, she was the last one to be baptized. The creek was up quite high, and the place where I had stood so long baptizing people had gotten

slippery and soft. So after she had taken the vows of baptism, and I went to administer this sacred ordinance, both of us, being very large, my foot slipped and into some ten feet of water both of us went. So we had to swim out. But it did not raze her in the least, she could swim like a duck, so I asked her after it was over, If she was satisfied with her baptism? She replied frankly, "Yes." But I am just glad that we didn't get drowned. No service did I hold at Bowling Green while I was pastor of that delightful people did I enjoy any more than I did that baptismal service. There were three hundred people gathered at the waters edge for that occasion and they sang joyfully:

"Thou my everlasting portion,
More than friend or life to me,
All along my pilgrim journey,
Saviour, let me walk with Thee."

Refrain:

Close to Thee, close to Thee,
Close to Thee, close to Thee;
All along my pilgrim journey,
Saviour, let me walk with Thee."

Then prayer was offered by Bro. Bascome Carlton, one of our local preachers, and one of the holiest men I ever knew. The vows of baptism were taken and while we entered the water the congregation sang soft and low, "Shall we gather at the River?" I felt, as many others there felt, that heaven was mighty close to that scene.

I went to see one of the lady parishioners while I was pastor in this community, and I asked her, "Why have you not been attending the services?" She offered various excuses. She said, "I am very nervous, and you preach too long and too loud." I told her that if I was a physician and was called in to diagnose her case I would never examine her nerves that I felt that she had a heart condition. Before she had time to feel too badly toward me, I said, "Let us pray." And down we went. And I prayed earnestly for her and her good husband and the precious children, calling each of them by name. When I concluded my prayer, I hurried out and told this dear soul that I would look for her at the church the next Sunday morning. She did not tell me what she would do about it, but she was there, and I preached with all the power the Lord would give me, and all the tenderness that I knew how to put into a message, and this good woman found her way to an altar of prayer together with many others in the service. They confessed their hearts' need to God, and the Lord came down and blessed quite a group of folks that day. Then she arose weeping, and said, "Brother Driskell, I misrepresented things to you the other afternoon. It was not my nerves at all, but it was my heart that had grown cold, but it is all right now!" I feel sure from that day until this that good woman has fought a faithful battle for her home, for her church and for her God. My only prayer is that she'll make the run successful to heaven at last.

The three and one-half years that I was pastor at Bowling Green there were many things took place that is worthy of special note some of which I will mention:

We planned a Special Service on one Sunday to give special recognition to three of the outstanding heads of homes of that church, the names are as follows: Rev. R. T. Higgs, Rev. J. B.

Carlton, these two men being local preachers for fifty years or more, and had served their church sacrificially. The third party, Brother Mack Bryant, who had been Sunday School Superintendent of that church and on the Board of Trustees for many years.

A Twenty Dollar Bible was purchased for each one of these with his name entered in gold on the back. A beautiful spray of flowers was prepared for each of them, and Miss Eva Bryant and Mrs. Mary Of ford were chosen to make the presentation of the flowers. After the service was opened with song and prayer, singing such hymns as were appropriate for the service, such as, "There's a Land that is Fairer than Day." "How Beautiful Heaven Must Be," and "Close to Thee." I arose and set forth the purpose of the service that the entire church and their pastor wished to extend our deep appreciation and love to these three good men. I invited them to come to the chancel. They came, and a spray of flowers was presented to each one.

I, as Pastor, made the presentation of the Bibles to each. Then I asked them, if they felt disposed, to give a word of testimony, but they were so deeply touched by the expression of the church to them that they were weeping as though their hearts would break, and neither of them could scarcely say anything. The large congregation was all melted to tears. The service was then thrown open for testimony and praise, and this was one of the outstanding services of my pastorate there as the service continued from eleven o'clock until about two in the afternoon. No one became tired or restless, but it was one continual stream of praise and thanksgiving to God.

This Special Service had been advertised in the paper, and the churches in the adjoining communities at Wauchula and Fort Meade, Fla., many of their congregations knowing of the Special Service, came in as soon as their service was over. We had a packed church at Bowling Green before any visitors came in, but before the service came to a close at two o'clock there were more people there than two buildings like this one would hold. Across the years this day has stood out as a red-letter day in Bowling Green.

When I arrived there as pastor the people of Bowling Green met me with Outstretched hands and loving hearts, and with a nice pantry shower of groceries. My family and I were received royally, but about a month after I arrived the gracious people of Bowling Green sure gave me a happy surprise. They started to drive up at the parsonage about night, and it wasn't but a few minutes until there were over two hundred people there. They brought in the largest pantry shower that I ever received. Some three hundred pounds of rice, about the same amount of sugar, and other commodities in abundance until the large dining table would not hold the packages, and lovely gifts from those faithful souls to their pastor until under the table was packed full. It took me many weeks to exchange some of these things for other commodities that I needed, but the merchants in the town were generous to me in making such exchanges as were necessary. This spirit of daring, bravery and humble trust on the part of both pastor and people prevailed throughout the three and one-half years of my stay at Bowling Green as pastor. Eternity alone can only reveal the many, many precious hearts that wept their way to God in the reclaiming, saving and sanctifying power of His marvelous grace.

Another outstanding feature of our experience while we were at Bowling Green took place on Friday afternoon before the Big Revival was to open on Sunday. I was at the parsonage for a few minutes for prayer and meditation and someone came to my door, and said, "Is this Brother

Driskell?" I said, "It is." She said, "This is Eunice Bucand." I said, "Eunice, what can I do for you?" She said, "I want to talk with you a few minutes." She was invited in, and seated. She started out by saying that her mother was dead, and her father was a professed infidel, and that he had told her that she would accept his infidelity or he would kick her out. She said that she refused to accept her father's infidelity, but she left home at once, and went to see Brother I. J. Whitworth, who was a very successful evangelist in the Florida Conference for many years. Under this good man's preaching Miss Eunice had been saved and sanctified. She informed me that she had talked to Brother Whitworth about her unfortunate condition and he said that he could do nothing for her, but she said that Brother Whitworth had sent her to me to see if I could solve her problem. I did not tell Miss Eunice at once that I had been praying over someone to conduct the singing in the big revival that was to start the following Sunday, but I had been praying over same, and had not felt impressed to get anyone. But God moved on my heart that He would provide a singer, so I asked Miss Eunice what special qualification she had. She said, "I don't feel like I have any." But she timidly stated very modestly that she had specialized in music somewhat. As soon as she said that the Lord said to my heart, "That is your singer for the meeting." So, I felt so strongly impressed in this direction that I told her my impression. She almost collapsed with the responsibility, but said, "Brother Driskell, I'll do the best I can." I said, "Dear child, that's all the angels could do." So, she was made acquainted with my family and Mrs. Carswell, who was one of my pianists, and they literally lived in the church very nearly until Sunday morning practicing various songs and getting acquainted with each other. The meeting opened and truly God was in every phase of the first service. Miss Eunice was introduced to the congregation by the pastor, and very timidly she took charge, and the Holy Ghost's presence was manifested in, and through, this young girl in the first song. She conducted the singing for the three full weeks of the Big Revival, and also rendered special music to the edification and blessing of the hundreds who heard her.

I told no one in the community of her unfortunate background in her home, and her professed infidel father, and his cruel treatment of her, but the next Sunday after the big meeting came to a close I stated her story briefly, and told the congregation that Miss Eunice had not completed her high-school work even, as she was just a young girl. The congregation and I feeling that she had some very outstanding qualifications and as God had dealt with her graciously by putting His spirit in a mighty way upon her, I felt that the church should stand by her in the completing of her education, and told them what I wanted to do. I wanted to raise all the money for her I could that day and send her to Asbury College, and let her complete her education. Seven hundred dollars was raised in that service. It was turned over to the treasurer of the church. Miss Eunice went to Asbury at once, and the necessary funds were sent to her as she needed it.

Miss Eunice remained at Asbury for a time, then I transferred her from Asbury and put her in God's Bible School, Cincinnati, O., where she remained until she was equipped for life. While in God's Bible School she met an excellent young Methodist preacher from Iowa, and after each of them completed their education they were happily married. I don't suppose any soul ever adorned a parsonage home more graciously than Miss Eunice has. She and her good husband seemed to be very happy together.

Other outstanding revivals were held in the Bowling Green Church while I was Pastor there. One of these revivals was conducted by Miss Emma Tucker. This meeting continued for two weeks. This meeting was held some two years before the Big Revival that I have just referred to.

Miss Emma preached with unusual power, demonstration and fervor and there was a deepening of the spiritual power of both pastor and people. There was a number that was saved and sanctified in these services and I feel sure that this was only a special preparation for the bigger revival that followed a few months later. Every one that knew Miss Emma loved her tenderly as she was one of the most gracious souls I ever knew.

I finished out my administration at Bowling Green three and one-half years of the most tragic hours of my life when it comes to stress, strain, expense and suspense, but God truly was with me in great power and victory and I trust that eternity alone will be able to reveal the good that was accomplished there.

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REVIVALS- BOWLING GREEN CHARGE

Pine Grove Church

While pastoring at Bowling Green, Brother M. L. Reid, pastor of Wellborn, Suwannee County engaged me to come to Pine Grove Church and hold a two-weeks revival meeting. I went to that old historical church, and God came in a great way and blessed both pastor, evangelist and people until as Brother Bud Robinson quotes it, "We almost had to be identified." The people in Pine Grove Community, many of them, were spiritual and they liked to sing, and I preached with all the grace that God would give me. We had truly a great revival, and if my memory serves me right, there were nine conversions in the revival and they all joined the church. Brother Reid was a young pastor at that time, but he and his young wife were gracious folks to work with.

Frostproof

Shortly after this meeting at Pine Grove, Brother J. B. Reid, the brother of the pastor at Pine Grove, was pastor at Frostproof, Fla., and he engaged me for his revival. We conducted this meeting for two weeks with some gratifying results and many souls prayed through. One of the most outstanding conversions was a young woman, that the pastor nor I did not know. She came to the altar after I preached one night, together with others, and she wept so bitterly over her sin, I encouraged her as best I could. Finally, she pushed back from the chancel, and said, "Preacher, you do not know my life." I said, "How true, but God knows all about it." She said to me, "I am a great sinner." I said in return, "I have a message of good news for you, I have a Great Savior to offer you." She took courage and prayed through and as far as I know is still a faithful member of that church.

One other matter I wish to mention of special interest in this meeting. The electric fixtures in that church were very poor. I whispered to the official board, without the knowledge of the pastor, and told them the pastor was going to be away on the following day to look after some special matter elsewhere. I said to them, "Let's make the pastor's heart glad, and have new electric fixtures installed while he is gone." Sixty-nine dollars were secured, the fixtures were put in, and when the pastor arrived at the church that night he was greatly surprised. He said, "How can this be and where did it come from?" I told him, "A little fairy has passed through the community." We

had a good meeting, and God was with us in a special way. I was entertained in the parsonage for that two weeks. Brother J. B. Reid and his dear wife and children were good folks to work with.

Manatee

Shortly after this revival Brother J. B. Reid was moved to the Manatee charge in the Tampa District. He secured me for his revival and Brother and Sister Fred Davis, Nyack, N. Y. were the engaged singers. We did have a gracious revival there together, and many precious souls wept their way to the Lord. Bro. Wiggins, who is one of our fine young pastors in the Conference today was reclaimed and sanctified in that meeting, and received the call to preach. The meeting continued for three weeks with great results.

Nocatee

While on the Bowling Green charge I held a revival for Brother Boyd the pastor at Nocatee, Fla. It came a Noah's Flood during that meeting and it rained and kept on raining, but the people came to church, and we had some wonderful results in that meeting, and Brother Boyd and his good family were gracious folks to work with. One day during the revival we decided to go over and visit with a pastor on another charge. While driving along I was singing that old familiar hymn:

"O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet Messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove me from Thy breast."

I looked around and brother Boyd was weeping, and he said, "Brother Driskell, I would be willing to give my right arm if I had the joy of salvation that I once had." We stopped by the side of the road and prayed together, and both were blessed.

The meeting closed with some marvelous results. It was but a little while after this until Brother Boyd was transferred to the Greensboro charge, and the Lord called him and said, "Weary Pilgrim, come home." God bless his memory!

Brother Wright Carlton is one of our beloved pastors in Florida. While on the Bowling Green charge he and I decided to hold a revival in a little community two miles west of Fort Meade in the Oak Grove School House. We opened this meeting on Monday night, and the house would not hold the people the first service, so we decided to build a brush arbor, or a kind of tabernacle made of brush out in front of the school house, and use the porch for a pulpit. The crowds came and God came down and blessed in a great way. One night during the meeting I preached on this text, Heb. 2:3, "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" There

was liberty and victory in the service. When I was through with the message, conviction being on the congregation, I extended the invitation to those who felt the need of prayer. No one moved. There was a man in the congregation by the name of Brother George Mann, he was a big-hearted fellow, but he had never sought the Lord and found Him in pardoning grace. Brother Carlton went back to speak to him. Brother Carlton always spoke with a low tone, but Brother Mann spoke quite gruff. Brother Carlton said to him, "Brother Mann, won't you go up for prayer?" He replied, "No, I'm not going." Brother Carlton said, "I wish you'd go." Brother Mann said, "Go on and let me alone, I'm not going." Brother Carlton said, "Did you ever pray, George?" He replied, "Yes, I prayed one time." Wright said, "How was that?" He said, "I went down on my bottoms one morning, and the coons were eating up my roasting-ears, and I got down by the side of a cypress log and asked God to make me a coon dog until I could catch those coons that were eating up my corn." When this conversation between Brother Mann and Brother Carlton was through, it is useless to say, there was no conviction on the congregation. They went out laughing after I dismissed them like they had been to a circus.

We name briefly some of those that stood by us at Bowling Green so courageously and faithfully and helped to win the victories that were won during the three and one-half years as their pastor. I name them as follows: Rev. J. B. Carlton, Rev. R. T. Higgs, C. A. Bryant, Ira Bryant, Luther Bryant, Walter Bryant, Mack Bryant, H. H. Bryant, Trave Bryant, A. C. Jones, Mrs. Maggie Durrants, Misses Neva and Loris Peeples, Miss Eva Bryant, J. B. Reid, Ervin Lockler, T. S. McGill, Will Harrold, Mark Talley, Grandfather Harrold, Roy Hilton, C. L. Taylor, Gus Bryant, H. L. Sherrard, Homey Hancock, Eston Howard, Lonny Brooks, Cleve Perry, John Knight, Bob Best, Dr. Pyatt, G. W. B. Jones, Misses Mary and Mae Offord, Will Cliett, The Voglers, Sister Brown, Ivy Royall, and many others too numerous to mention. All of these above named together with their families were great souls. While we may not be able to share with them their fellowship in this country we trust that in the Day of all Days we'll be able to meet and greet each one, and sing and shout forever in that country that is undimmed by clouds and unshaken by storms.

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15 -- NINTH AND TENTH CHARGES -- MICANOPY, EVANSTON, ARCHER AND SHILOH -- MIMS AND GENEVA

"This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations." Matt. 24:14a.

The Annual Conference was held December 15, 1930 at Lakeland, Florida, Bishop John Moore presiding. I was removed from the Bowling Green charge and appointed to the Micanopy charge. The Micanopy charge consisted of Micanopy, Evanston, Shiloh and Archer Churches. These days were not different from all the days of my activity in Florida Conference. I arrived at Micanopy December 20, 1930 and the people received me graciously. I held revivals at every church on the charge that year, doing my own preaching. I had not been on this charge but a short time until my District Superintendent, Dr. R. A. Guy, talked to me about the erection of the University parsonage at Gainesville on Rue Street. After giving it much consideration I undertook this tremendous task. In about three months time this beautiful parsonage was erected at the cost of about \$5000. I had a nervous breakdown during this time, and was in bed several weeks. The

hours of that year were hours of truly stress and strain. I was removed that fall at the annual conference to the Mims charge.

Mims charge consisted of two churches: Mims and Geneva, which is in the Orlando District. Dr. I. C. Jenkins was my District Superintendent the first year, and Dr. J. H. Daniels the second year. My accomplishments of this charge were truly not very gratifying to me as these were the years of the depression. Two or three very outstanding facts we wish to mention. I went to fill my appointment at Geneva on one rainy Sunday during that year and I had to go fifty-five miles around because of high water. A freshet was on. It had been raining for weeks, it just rained and kept on raining. There was nothing coming in for the support of the pastor and his family in the way of finances. The offering was taken on this memorable Sunday and fifty-five whole cents came to sustain the parsonage the next week. But there was a dear good man in the congregation that had come quite a distance to be in the service. I was not aware of it, but this man, like the Saviour of old, set over against the treasury and saw the meager contribution that came in for the support of the pastor. After the services were over for the day, I drove back to Mims, fifty-five miles, having to go around by Fort Christmas because of the high water. I hated to go in and tell my family what amount of money I had received that day, but when I went in they asked me, and I took out the amount and laid it on the bed. They were almost frantic, and said, "What are we to do?" I told them emphatically that God would provide. I knelt down and had prayer after quoting a short scripture passage, I prayed earnestly that we would be sustained in one of the darkest hours of life, and we were, praise the name of the Lord! Each one of us went off for a night's rest. The next morning school was opened. Those were in the days when we had to furnish our own books. The children asked me what they were going to do about books, and shoes to wear to school as they had neither. I told them to go on as they were and hold up their heads like they were somebody going somewhere, assuring them that God would undertake for me and them that day.

I used what money we had above a little bit of food I purchased for the family to go out to visit and pray for some sick folks that lived quite a distance from the parsonage. I returned home that afternoon, and when I got there my wife was standing in the door with a legal size envelope in her hand, and she said to me, "You cannot guess what I have." I said, "I do not know what you have, nor the amount, but I know it was sent from the Lord." She handed the letter to me, and I read it. It had a check in it for \$100. The brother that sat in the congregation the day before wrote me as follows: "Brother Driskell, after seeing what was placed in the collection plate yesterday for your upkeep, I went back to my home and tried to rest that night, but there was no rest for me." He stated that at two o'clock on Monday morning after rolling and tumbling until that hour he got up and wrote me the letter placing the check in it for \$100, and sent it to me stating that it would never have to be paid back. It was a gift unto the Lord! That was the largest \$100 I ever saw. I took the check and had it cashed and took my family, to Titusville, Fla., the county seat and purchased shoes and clothing and books such as the family stood so much in need of. But before we went to Titusville we all knelt and prayed and thanked God for the victory that had come.

On another occasion on this charge when we had come to our row's end for finances, and nothing was coming in, I was spending the night in the home of one of my parishioners at Lake Geneva. I had not slept any until two o'clock in the morning, but quietly, making no demonstration, I was making my wishes and needs known unto our loving heavenly Father in prayer. When the Lord assured me that my needs would be supplied the next morning, and the spirit bid me to arise

and go to sleep. Just as I arose, there was a knock came on my door from the lady of the house, who was quite aged. She said to me with a very positive voice, "Brother Driskell, will you come to the front room? I have to talk with you a few minutes." I replied, "I'll be there." I dressed and went in. She said to me, "Brother Driskell, I have not rested any tonight but have felt very keenly the burden of prayer." She looked at me kindly but positively, and said, "What is your needs at the present time?" I said, "Sister Daniels, I need \$100 to meet some emergencies that I will have to face tomorrow." She said tenderly, "Here is the \$100. Go to bed and get some sleep, as you look tired and weary." I went back in my room and after rejoicing and praising God for another victory that had come, I fell asleep and did not awake until nine o'clock the next morning. How blessed that sleep was! Praise God from whom all blessings flow! for the unlimited victories He has given me in every way!

When I got to the Mims and Geneva charge I found the Geneva Church was in debt a few hundred dollars, we do not remember the amount, but I felt that something had to be done to raise this amount. We had a home-coming and barbecue just after arriving there at one of their regular appointments. I had in those days driving with me a colored boy that I called Doc, as I was carrying on a building program at that time. When we arrived at Geneva I was told by Grandmother Daniels that I would be entertained in Mrs. J. C. Bills' home, but Sister Bills wanted to see me before I arrived at her home. It was only a few moments until I contacted her. She told me that she had a very unique character in her home, which was her Indian maid. She found this Indian girl in Puerto Rico (Rich City), dying of hookworm. As Sister Bills was a Medical Missionary in that island, she nursed the Indian girl and was able to restore her to health. The gift's name was Concha Fernandes de Ortez. Ever thereafter she adopted Sister Bills and served as her maid until Concha was claimed in death about two years ago. I asked Sister Bills, what did Concha like She said, "Peppermint candy, she is foolish about it." I got her one of the largest sticks of peppermint candy I could find. I went to the home and was introduced to the Indian maid and chatted with her a while. I presented her with the candy. She was very happy over it. When the meal was served in the evening, they gave my chauffeur, Doc his meal in the kitchen. After supper I asked Concha how she liked my chauffeur She said, "Me don't like him, he eat like a hog and smell like a skunk!"

The next day we had our home-coming, and it was truly a great day! A great crowd was present. Sister Bills came to me before the service begun and said, "Brother Driskell, we have an honored guest present today." I asked who it was. She pointed her out in the congregation and told me that she was not just an ordinary person, but she was famous around the world as she was an opera singer, and had sung around the world several times. Her name was Madam Bettinetti. I was carried back and introduced to her and her father by Mrs. Bills. I gave them a cordial welcome in our midst, and asked if she would not render a special, assuring her that it would add interest to the service. To start with she declined as she was not accustomed to singing sacred hymns. But afterwards she reconsidered and sang well the song: "In the Garden."

"I come to the garden alone,
While the dew was still on the roses,
And the voice I hear falling on my ear
The Son of God discloses.
And He walks with me, and He talks with me,

And He tells me I am His own,
And the joy we share as we tarry there
None other has ever known."

The Florida Children's Home at Enterprise furnished Special Music for the service. The sermon was delivered, and God gave great power and victory. The offering was taken to take care of the present indebtedness, and enough money was secured to meet all the outstanding obligations of the church.

One thing that we wish to mention in this connection. On the afternoon when I arrived at Lake Geneva to take charge of the church they were cleaning up the premises around the church, and while this was being done different ones came and greeted their new pastor, and gave me hearty welcome, but one welcome that I received has stood out in my mind through the years. Sister W. J. David came to me and said, "This is Brother Driskell our new Pastor, is it?" I said it was. She said "Well, here is my hand and also my heart." Assuring me that she and her family would stand by me with all the powers of their being. This good family has certainly done all of that as they are still my unfailing friends. Sister David told me that she was one of the black sheep of my flock. But there's nothing black about her, nor her loved ones, but they are all wool and a yard wide.

Truly all of the days that I was on this charge were days of hardship and suffering, as there was not much money that could be gotten from anywhere, but thank God for His presence and leadership and blessing in it all! Also thank God for the faithfulness on the part of the people that stood by the pastor and the work of the church while I was on the Mims and Geneva charge. My wife was ill quite a bit while I was on this charge as she was taken with an attack of arthritis. It surely did its deadly work in incapacitating her for the remainder of life down to the present time. I left the Mims-Geneva charge in the Fall of 1933.

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16 -- ELEVENTH CHARGE -- WELLBORN, HUNTSVILLE, BETHLEHEM, LEONA, PINE GROVE, NEW HOPE, HOUSTON AND UNION PARK

"For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek." Romans 1:16.

The Annual Conference convened at Tallahassee, Fla., First Methodist Church, Bishop Sam Hay presiding. I was appointed to Wellborn charge in Suwannee County, Florida. I moved at once after the Annual Conference to Wellborn, and this charge consisted of the following churches: Wellborn, Pine Grove, New Hope, Houston, Bethlehem, Huntsville and Leona.

I told the people there that I was pastor of the Seven Churches of Asia, and they felt that I did not have enough to keep me occupied. So I had been at Wellborn charge but a few days when I was visited by a committee from a little Congregational Church called Union Park, about two miles Northeast of Wellborn. They wanted me to take this church over together with the congregation. I told them that if I went to Hell for anything I did not want to go for stealing

churches and congregations. Therefore, I told them to take it up with their respective conference. They did so, and came back and told me that they wanted me to take the property and the congregation over into the Methodist Church. I had a called session of the quarterly conference of the Wellborn charge, and I received this property and the congregation legally into the Methodist Church. Some pastor that they had at Union Park before I took over the property had put an excellent roof on the building, but the woodpeckers and termites just about totally demolished the entire building below the roof.

Therefore, I looked over the situation, and decided to secure some jacks and raise that entire church roof with heavy timber. There was on that property quite a bit of nice timber. I traded with the sawmill company and got them to cut the timber, saw it and have it dressed. I gave them half of the timber for their work, and in this way by raising what finances I could I built a new church under that roof, and let the roof down on the building. That church is standing there today giving good service, and speaking as a monument to what God can do with determination, backbone, grit and grace.

There was a faithful, loyal bunch of folks there. They were poor people, but they loved the Lord, and stood by me in this project. The new church was brought to completion, and we had our opening day service without any indebtedness at all. That added church made eight churches on the charge, then I told the people that I had been pastor of the Seven Churches of Asia, but that I had gone down to South Africa and built the eighth one. I can always see the amusing side of anything, and there is enough Irish in me to enjoy some fun as well as I did when I was a child. Here are some of those that stood by me loyally at Union Park: Two Williams, The Owens, The Jones, and many others too numerous to mention. God bless them for their loyalty.

I left Union Park community after finishing their church. I went to New Hope community in the bounds of this same charge, and what a dreadful shape the old church was in! It was down on the ground, the wooden blocks on which it had formerly set had been carried away by the termites. After looking over the situation, I felt like the best thing that we could do was to call the people together and have a revival meeting, as the church could not sink any lower than it was. I contacted many of the people. One dear man, Brother Clarence Bozeman, a faithful soul, but who did not have much vision, and doubtless needed some help spiritually, said to me, "Brother Driskell, whoever heard of having a revival meeting in April." All of those people in that section being farmers, he said, "General Green," which was the grass, "will eat up our crops if we try to have a revival." I said to him emphatically, "Is General Green larger than God?" He said, "No, I don't suppose he is." I said to him, "Brother Clarence, we are going to start a revival at New Hope Methodist Church next Saturday night if there is nobody there but me, and the singers, Brother and Sister W. A. Fisher from Nashville, Tenn., and the Lord and the devil." I felt quite sure the latter two would be present. I left after having prayer in Brother Bozeman's home. It was but a few hours until Saturday arrived and in those days there were no electric lights in the rural sections, we were going to use gasoline haremns to give light. The singers and I went over to the church after six o'clock in the afternoon to sweep out the dirt-dauber nests and get the lights ready. I laughed heartily as I entered the church as it was full of wasps and dirt-daubers, and I went up in the pulpit and there was a big diamondback rattlesnake in the bottom of the old box Bible stand. I killed him at once, and said to my singers, "I feel sure the revival is already on as the Lord has promised that 'the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head'."

Sure enough the people came, we had a nice crowd, and a gracious service. There was one family in the community that would invariably be late and get to the church about the time the parson pronounced the benediction. There was quite a crowd in this family. On this memorable night, Brother "C" came poling in late, he and his family, just before I pronounced the benediction. To the surprise of the congregation, and I feel sure the devil was surprised, I took the text automatically, "Thou art the Man," II Sam. 12:7, and I preached with all the power God would give me for thirty minutes. No one seemed to be restless or uncomfortable, but the Brother and his family that was late. They assured me that they'd be on time from then on, and ever after that they were some of the first ones at church. This meeting continued three weeks. God surely helped me to bring fearless, uncompromising messages, and show up sin in all its heinousness and warn the people with no uncertain words that there was a hell to shun and a heaven to win!

People drove to that revival from Jacksonville, which was seventy-five miles away, and Jasper, which was fifteen miles away and Live Oak, which was four miles away, and many other surrounding villages and towns. They would come to the revival for the one service, and return home to be on their jobs the next day. Truly, we had one of the most outstanding revivals of all that country! They have not quit talking about the revival yet. There were possibly fifty people saved and sanctified and restored in this meeting. I immersed seventeen out of this meeting in the lake, besides baptizing a number at the altar of the church by the mode of sprinkling.

It was in this meeting that Brother Scotty Bozeman was converted, and later received the call to preach, and he is one of our very popular young pastors in our conference today. He is pastor at Haines City, Fla. After continuing three weeks the meeting closed with shouts of victory and palms of glory.

At our regular appointment at this church one week later we had dinner on the ground, and all day service, and there was about \$800 raised to overhaul the old church. The work was done, and many people that went through this revival, were greatly blessed, worked so faithfully in overhauling the church, many of them have fallen asleep, and have gone to be with the Lord; but some of them are faithfully and courageously standing by the work until this day. Their names are as follows:

Brother Clarence Bozeman, Bob Skein, Harvey Wiggins, Finley Brinson, J. C. Henry, Jim Bozeman, Charlie and Sister Nettie Skein, Mrs. Sallie Skein, Drew Skein, The Browns, Homer Skein, Uncle Oliver and Katty Skein, L. L. Brown, and their families and many others too numerous to mention. You would have to go to the New Jerusalem to find better folks, and more faithful souls than they are.

Wellborn

I went from New Hope to Wellborn Church and truly we did have an outstanding revival. The faithful people had just built a new church there. We opened the revival at Wellborn shortly after the New Hope revival. It continued for two weeks, but just prior to this revival I had been having some trouble with my youngest son, Cornelius. He would play hooky from school, fight and do everything that was ornery and mean that a child could do. The school professor had talked to

me about it, and I had punished him and paid, prayed and done everything I knew to do to get the child to straighten up and do right. He had some of the characteristics of his father as I was "Peck's Bad Boy" in my childhood, as I bring out very clearly in the beginning of the book. My young son had begun to pay attention to a very sweet little girl that lived next to the parsonage. I could always tell when one of my boys began to pay attention to the girls. I always had trouble with them in washing their teeth and cleaning their ears and combing their hair before this time. Finally on Friday before the meeting was to start at Wellborn on Sunday, my young son came to me and said, "Father, the meeting is going to start at the church Sunday isn't it?" I replied that it was. He said, "Father, will you get me a new suit of clothes tomorrow?" That was Saturday. I told him "Yes," not knowing just how I might arrange for it as I was having continued illness in my home. Mrs. Driskell had been in the bed with arthritis just after we arrived at Wellborn, and was in bed most of the time while I was pastor there. Feeling that in getting the suit of clothes for my young son it might encourage him to go to the revival more, I was willing to make any sacrifice to do this. We went to Live Oak on Saturday afternoon, and a nice suit was selected, and the boy was surely tickled with it. I told him a suit of clothes wouldn't look nice on a boy unless he had a nice hat to go with it and shoes, etc., to match. He smiled a sheepish grin, and he said, "Daddy, that's true, but I didn't know what sort of condition you were in to get these things." I replied, "You forget that part of it, you need the things and you shall have them." We got them, and it is needless to say that he was up ahead of time Sunday morning. After the chores were done, breakfast was over and prayers were offered, he was "running late" in getting on his new rigging, and going over next door to get his girl to walk to church.

Well, we had a gracious day over that Sabbath, and each service increased in momentum and interest, and about the following Thursday night the heavens seemed to fall on the congregation in mighty convicting power. A great number came by way of the altar for prayer, among them was my son. He was a chronic seeker crying to God mightily for help for about a week. One night he came forward and said to me as he knelt down, "Daddy, I have come to stay until it is finished." I encouraged him all I could, and about one o'clock in the morning my son prayed through to definite victory and pushed back from the chancel and said in a very modest way, "Daddy, it is done, I am the Lord's and He is mine." We rejoiced with him in his newfound victory. He walked away from the chancel in a very peculiar manner, and walked down to the front door of the church, and there a stream of God's divine glory struck him, and he screamed like a hyena, and it was some time before he could leave the church. Finally we went to the parsonage just in front of the church, we were all rejoicing. My son would go upstairs and try to go to sleep, but he would get up and come downstairs every few minutes, repeating these words, "I am so happy, oh, I am so happy!" Slapping his hands and crying and shouting for joy. This continued nearly all night, and of course, I felt that a great victory had been won. About five o'clock next morning, my son was keeping so much fuss with his new-found experience that we could not sleep, neither could the neighbors, so people began to come in, and others, being under conviction, several prayed through to victory that morning in the parsonage. One lady sprang to her feet, one of my parishioners, and gave me money to buy me a suit of clothes, as these were so badly needed I appreciated it very much. So the revival went on, and many people were saved and sanctified in that meeting. My son that was converted that night later received the blessing of entire sanctification and later was called to preach. He went to college and university eight years and completed his education. He is one of our young pastors in the Florida Conference today, and has been for two years. He is pastor of the

church at Marathon, Fla. The meeting came to a close with great victory and the salvation of many precious souls.

The following names are some that stood by me and the work at Wellborn: The McClarrins, The Mallorys, The McKeythorns, The Hemans, The McDonalds, The Cobbs, The Geigers, The Howells, The Adams, The Betheas, and many others too numerous to mention. God bless these faithful souls.

I went from there to Leona Church in the Southern part of Suwannee County, and we had a great revival there. Much interest was manifested. Not so many people were saved but the church received a great blessing spiritually. The church needed quite a bit of repair. I spoke to some of the brethren about it, and one of the brethren challenged me. He said he would give \$25 on the amount if I would raise the money, but, he said, "It cannot be done." I told him I would get out and see what could be done about it. I marked up his conditional pledge, and before the sun went down that day I had the necessary funds in my hands to overhaul the church, and he gave his \$25. A more faithful, loyal people I never served than those dear people.

I went from there to Bethlehem and held a meeting. We had a very gratifying meeting with some conversions and I raised the money while in that community to overhaul that church. The Rivers, The Howells, The Baileys, and many others stood faithfully by the pastor and the work.

I went from there to Huntsville for a revival meeting, and a Home Coming Service. We had a wonderful meeting and raised some funds to do some needed repair work on that church. Never have I served a more faithful bunch of folks than the Huntsville folks. To know them was to love them.

I went from there to Pine Grove Church, seven miles east of Live Oak on the old White Springs road. We had a marvelous revival. The tide of spirituality rose higher and higher in each service. There were many that prayed through and definitely sought and found the Lord. Their church building needed repairing. I raised the necessary funds to put new pews in the church. This church set in the triangle of three roads which was quite a busy place in the community, and it was a large farming section, but there were old pine stumps in the yard that the people had been stumbling over for forty years, so I secured a stump-puller, and proceeded to take them all up by the root, which made the grounds much more attractive. We also put in sanitary fixtures which were very badly needed. In about a month the meetings closed. We had the church cleaned and repaired nicely and decided to serve a basket dinner on our Opening Day. I tried to get someone else to bring the message but failed so I undertook to bring the message. We had a host of visitors from Jacksonville, Fla., which was about seventy miles away; also Live Oak and Madison, Fla., and other surrounding towns. There was a large crowd of people there, but just as I was getting warmed up in my message I noticed quite a spirit of levity playing over the congregation. I did not see what the fun was, but no seriousness could be had, so lo and behold, we had repaired the church and put in all the glasses that were out, and one of my stewards, Albert Johnson, always sat by one of the windows with a mule's-earful of tobacco in his mouth. He did not relieve his mouth very often, so he turned to the window and painted the entire pane with his amber fluid. Some of the congregation said they thought that he was going to pull his shirt off to wipe it off, so that is what got the congregation's tickle-box turned over. Before the church was repaired there were a lot

of Angora goats in that country with long whiskers and they had a very peculiar odor, you could smell them for a quarter of a mile. Some of the dogs in the community got after a bunch of these goats down in the woods below the meeting house, and here they came toward the church for a safe place of refuge and there were doors in each end of the church. One of the goats ran and jumped right over the front door steps into the church, and let out two great bleats: "Baa, Baa!" as he passed down through the congregation. He was running so fast somebody said you could see the bottom of every foot at the same time. To say the least of it he was saying by his actions, "Show me the way to go home." I saw there was no possible chance to get any further seriousness, so I told the congregation to go home, or go out and serve their dinner. Many dear, honest-hearted folks went out of that church with such merriment and laughter that you could not tell whether they were laughing or crying. After the dinner was served, we went back in the church for the afternoon service, and many of the people seemed penitent over the foolishness of the morning and we had a gracious hour of fellowship and blessings together. I shall not forget Pine Grove. God bless the dear good people there that stood by their pastor and the work so courageously. The most outstanding ones are named below: The Delegalls, the Hagans, the Baileys, the Privetts, the Armsteads, the Lees, the Corbetts, the Johnsons, the Rains and many others too numerous to mention.

I went from there to Houston Church, a little crate-mill town, four miles east of Live Oak on the Lake City road. I held several different revivals at this little church to the edification and blessing of my own soul and many of the precious young people of that community, who are some of the fathers and mothers of that community today were powerfully saved and sanctified. A number have been faithful as they could be to God and the church during many years. Some special ones we wish to mention are Brothers J. B. Long, Dave O'Neal, Jim Long, Walter Ingram, Romus Long, the Dempseys and their families and many others that are too numerous to mention. All these dear ones were a great inspiration to me.

Three special ones that I wish to mention: First, Mrs. John Long, a more devout, faithful soul I have never known than she was. She surely exemplified the spirit of Jesus in all of her life and was triumphant and victorious. This good woman was triumphant in her Christian experience to the last day of her life. While I was her pastor, God having prepared some better things for her, took her home to be with the Lord.

Second, Miss Nettie Long was beautifully saved in one of the revivals that I held, and also was blessedly sanctified in one of meetings. She has truly lived a beautiful Christian life across the years, and still loves the Lord with all her heart. She is a great blessing to her family and church. God is still using this fine young woman to be a blessing in a mighty way to both young and old in the church that she attends.

Third, Mrs. Ferne Long, she has mothered more souls, carried more burdens, and said the least about it, than any woman I have ever known. She was surely a blessing to me while I was her pastor, she, and her good husband are my good friends until this day.

While on the Wellborn charge I held a lot of revivals at "different places and different charges, and under various circumstances. I held the Sylone meeting on the Fort White charge. Brother Stewart Austin was pastor. We had some gracious services, and many victories. Also I

held a meeting at Branford, where Brother Smith was pastor. I also held all the meetings for the five churches on the White Springs charge. Brother J. W. Nease was pastor. I enjoyed working with all these brethren that I have mentioned and their congregations, but particularly did I love Brother Nease. He was a peculiar piece of curiosity, but the most noticeable feature about him was that he loved everybody, and he loved the Lord. Later I held two meetings at White Springs for Brother Selby while he was their pastor. One of these meetings was held at Fallen Creek Church. We stayed in Brother Moore's home. Brother Moore had a large family, about ten or twelve children, and his mother ninety-six years old, at that time, made her home with her son. One night there was a very peculiar thing took place. Just after we had prayer and retired I heard a big noise out about the barn. I did not give any alarm as I thought Brother Moore was aware of it. They had a number of horses and mules that stayed in a lot not very far from our room, and they had one beautiful white horse that was blind in both eyes. They called him Grey. They had an old-fashioned well out in this lot and the noise that I had heard was Grey trying to get some water, and he fell in the well about forty feet deep. Grandmother Moore was always the first one to get up in the morning, and it was very amusing the morning after this occurrence. She got up with her easy-walking shoes on, and I heard her go down the porch hurriedly, calling out to each one of the children, "Arise quickly. Sara, grind the coffee. Tom, make the fire in the stove," and assigning a task to each child. She came down to her son's room, and said with a good, strong voice, "Get up, Son, Grey is in the well." Her son came out pretty quickly and after the meal was over, the pastor and I went out and assisted Brother Moore and we quickly devised a plan to get Grey out of the well.

The Widow's Mite

While on the Wellborn charge I was soliciting for the broken-down preachers. I visited one of my parishioners' homes, after I made the contact and told my business, she said, "Brother Driskell, I will give you the widow's mite." I patiently waited and she came out and gave me a quarter. As I was acquainted with her circumstances, I felt that I wanted to cure her forever of making such a statement again. I just kept waiting around, and waiting around! After a while the lady became nervous, and said, "Pastor, I do not understand your attitude." I said, "Well, I can surely tell you what I mean. I was just waiting for you to get your land deed, your automobile papers, your bank book and all of your earthly possessions, as the widow gave all she had, and you have given me one lonely quarter." The lady became very indignant as she thought I was presumptuous beyond measure. She looked like she wanted to give me a piece of her mind, but I didn't think she had any to spare, so I left quickly.

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17 -- TWELFTH CHARGE -- WEST MADISON, ROCK SPRINGS, EBENEZER, CHERRY LAKE, SHILOH, GREENVILLE, AND AUCILLA

"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls." Matt. 11:29.

At the Annual Conference I was appointed to the West Madison charge, which consisted of the following churches: Rock Springs, Cherry Lake, Ebenezer and Shiloh, Greenville and Aucilla.

The day that I arrived at the West Madison charge my wife was dangerously ill. I carried her to Little Griffin Hospital at Valdosta, Ga. She was truly in a dangerous condition as she was unconscious. The doctors there told me that they could do nothing for her, and advised me to take her to Wesley Memorial Hospital, Atlanta, Ga., which I did under the greatest strain of my life. When I arrived in Atlanta at the hospital I had paid out all the money that I had but one nickel, and I had no relative living near the hospital. It was Saturday evening, late, when we arrived. The ambulance met the train, and we were carried to the hospital; my wife knew practically nothing about it. I stayed with her until eleven o'clock at night, praying and trusting God for her, and for a way to open for me to get fifteen miles across the city to my brother-in-law. The city bus fare was only seven cents at that time, but I had only five cents. I did not know what I was going to do, but I knew I was going to trust and love the Lord, and try to get home to heaven. Finally, as I had rested very little during the week, I felt impressed to leave the hospital. As I was coming down the steps from the hospital I met an old friend that I had known for many years; she ran up to me and said, "Brother Driskell, what are you doing here?" I replied, "I brought my wife here dangerously ill tonight." She sympathized with me deeply and as she left me, she shook hands with me and left a \$1 bill in my hand. I cried for joy and praised the Lord, and thanked Him for the provision that He had made for me. I went out and got some rest that night. How blessed was that rest! When I arrived at the hospital next morning someone told me that there was a telegram for me at the Western Union. I called them on the telephone and they told me that there was a cashier's check down there for \$100. It was from a group of friends on my new charge. They stated that this was a love offering, as unto the Lord, and it would not have to be paid back. I cried for joy, and though the hour was dark, I felt I was walking on a sea of literal glory that day.

My wife remained at the hospital for six weeks. Finally the doctors called me long-distance and told me as there was nothing could be done for her, I could come to Atlanta and get her. From that time until this she has been bedridden most of the time, which has been approximately fifteen years. She is still confined to her bed all the time. Truly these have been years of hardship and great care, expense and suspense. But it is marvelous how God has intervened and seen me through a thousand close places that seemingly no one could go through, and He is still giving blessed victory! Praise His dear name!

I returned to my new charge the next morning after taking my wife to Atlanta. I took up the work there as speedily as I could with six churches in part of two counties, Madison and Jefferson. A number of good revivals were held while I was pastor of these churches; but the outstanding revival was held at Cherry Lake where the government let me have its large auditorium that would seat about 2000 people. Dr. H. C. Morrison from Louisville, Ky., was engaged to do the preaching. He was not only an outstanding figure of America but was one of the world's geniuses. He was President of Asbury College at Wilmore, Ky., for about form years. He was the editor of the Pentecostal Herald for about fifty years.

I was able to get the co-operation of fifteen churches of many different denominations to participate in this meeting. Dr. Morrison preached with unusual liberty, power and victory. Brother and Sister Cunningham from Memphis, Tenn., were the engaged singers. We truly had a great revival, and a mighty time of salvation. Many people came from other states to be in this meeting. This meeting is still spoken of throughout Madison County and the surrounding counties as the "Big Revival," but it surely had its burdens and cares. There was not enough seating capacity in

the auditorium to take care of the congregation. I hauled church pews from churches for ten miles around until I was worn out, but I trust in the great day of all days we will see a few blood-washed souls that we may lay as trophies at the feet of Jesus from this memorable revival.

The next day after the revival closed which was Monday and not very far from Christmas, I left for an extended trip across North and West Florida with a large truck to receive commodities of various kinds for the Florida Methodist Children's Home, located at Enterprise, Fla. I was dressed in my railroad garb,- overalls, cap, and even big goggles like I used to wear on the railroad to protect my eyes. There's a number of events that took place on this trip. I will relate some of them.

I arrived at a Fishery out in West Florida on the Gulf of Mexico. A lady, the superintendent of one of our Methodist Sunday Schools operated this place. All of these people had been notified that I was coming on this trip. I went into her place, not telling her who I was, or what I was. I said to her, "How is the fishing business?" She said, " Extra good, sir." "Fish are cheap, though." I said, "Do you sell all your fish as you catch them?" She said, "No, I have 2,000,000 pounds on cold storage." I broke the news to her then that I was one of the Methodist Pastors of Florida, and I was representing the Florida Children's Home at Enterprise. I saw readily that she was not in any notion of making a contribution. She said, "I have helped the Children's Home before." I said, "Lady, past blessings will not suffice for the present, we need help now." She said, "I am sorry, but I can't help you, sir." But when anyone says that to me, I have just started, so I said to her, "Are you willing to meet 150 pale-face children that are hungry at the Judgment with 2,000,000 pounds of fish on cold storage, and you will not give them a mouthful of them?" She was not expecting me to come at her from that angle, and she said quickly, to one of the colored men working there, "Put two barrels of fish on the preacher's truck." If I could have talked a little bit more I might have gotten a truck load of fish. May the Lord help stingy folks to open up and honor God with their substance.

I left her place and approached a lady out on a farm that had an abundance of everything that heart could wish. After telling her who I was, and who I represented, she said, "I am sorry but I have no rags for the Children's Home" I lifted my cap from my head, and I was moved by the spirit of the Lord to preach to that dear lady a little bit. I said to her, "Lady, are you serving a ragged God? Has he meagerly meted out blessings to you? I see you have turkeys, chickens, cows, hogs, -- I note you have fourteen banks of potatoes put away for the winter. Can you face these things and hungry children at the Judgment, and not open up the bowels of your compassion to keep them from starving?" She said to one of her men, "Put a half dozen turkeys on the preacher's truck, and chickens and corn and ham, and such like." If I had stayed a few minutes more I think the lady would have broken my truck down with various commodities. She said to me, "Do you preach this way everywhere you go?" I said, "I do, as I realize I must give an account of my faithfulness in my stewardship when I come to the great day of all days." I do wish sometimes I could get all the stingy folks in the world in one congregation and use for a text: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt and where thieves do not break through nor steal. For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Matt. 6:19-21.

I continued my trip taking about two days to finish soliciting for the Children's Home. There was a number of burdens to it, but great joy came to my heart in meeting the needs of those dear children. It was said by those that were in charge of the Methodist Home at that time that I brought in the largest load of commodities that had ever been brought into the home, as there were 12,000 pounds. Havana Methodist Church made the largest contribution on this trip that I ever saw.

I held a number of other revivals on the charge. One of the outstanding meetings was held at Rock Springs church four miles north of Madison, Fla., on the Quitman, Ga., road. The tide of interest rising high in this meeting. Julius Hawkins, a fine young man in that community was saved and sanctified, later went to God's Bible School of Cincinnati, O., and finished his education and was called to preach, and is serving one of our rural charges in the Tallahassee District at present.

While I was pastor of the West Madison charge at Cherry Lake there lived in that community my good friend, Brother Jim Sales and Mrs. Carry, his wife. They have a noted servant in their home that has been very faithful for many years. Her name is Maria. She is a genius as a housekeeper, cook, etc. On one Wednesday she told her mistress that her pastor was going to take dinner with her on the Sunday following. She asked Mrs. Carry to please excuse her after she had come up and fixed breakfast and dinner for the white folks, and to let her get through with her work at the white folks' house a little early as she wanted to fix her own dinner and get off to her church. Mrs. Carry agreed to do so, but on Friday night about ten o'clock the dogs at the Sales' home were barking furiously. Brother Sales rose and called to the dogs and said, "Come back." Sister Sales said, "Why, Jim, what do you mean? I never heard you do that before." Brother Jim answered, "That is Maria out there getting some chickens for the preacher Sunday." Mrs. Carrie said, "It's no such thing, my cook does not steal." But somehow there was a bit of curiosity in Mrs. Carry's mind. So, Sunday after her dinner was over, as the colored service just starting over across the way, Mrs. Carry decided to go down to Maria's house and see what she had fixed for her pastor in her absence. She said when she reached the colored home that everything was spotlessly clean, but she could not find one morsel of food in the house anywhere. She finally pulled up the old-fashioned counterpane and looked under the bed, and there was two big pans under the bed. One of them contained an old-fashioned pound cake, and the other one a large pan, contained two of Mrs. Carrie's big fat geese, parboiled and baked with dressing around them. Mrs. Carrie decided to go to the colored service and when she arrived there the minister was just getting his gospel machine up in high-gear and Mrs. Carry's cook, Maria, came out shouting and Maria said to her Mistress, "Oh, Mrs. Carry I wish you had a little bit of what I have got a whole lot of." Mrs. Carrie said positively, "How about the geese, Maria?" Maria replied quickly, "Oh! Mrs. Carry, I would never let a little thing like that bother me about praising my Jesus!"

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18 -- THIRTEENTH CHARGE -- CRYSTAL RIVER, HERNANDO, HOMOSASSA, FLORAL CITY AND NEW HOPE

"Only let your conversation be as it becometh the gospel of Christ: that whether I come and see you, or else be absent, I may hear of your affairs, that ye stand fast in one spirit with one mind striving together for the faith of the gospel." Phil. 1:27.

I finished my work at West Madison charge, and was moved from there in the summer of 1940 to the Crystal River charge. The following churches were in this charge: Crystal River, Homosassa, Hernando, Floral City, New Hope.

I arrived at Crystal River about July 1, 1940. I only served this charge one year, but all the hours were filled with great joy and blessing, mingled with tremendous responsibility and sorrow. Just after arriving on this charge the Bishop told me that he had sent five preachers there to rebuild New Hope Church, and all of them had failed to do so. I smiled and told him that I might fail him too. He said he didn't think so. I looked over the work at New Hope shortly after arriving on my first general visit in the community. I thought it was one of the most difficult situations I had ever seen. But, I called my Official Board together and I found that there was \$176.50 in the treasury. I asked the board how much did they think could be raised for the rebuilding of their church. After some discussion one woman arose, and said, "We certainly need a new church for the parents, the youth and for the unborn that are to follow in this community." She stated that she would put on overalls and do as much work as any man in the community according to her strength, and this good woman surely did. She would come dressed in work clothes, bringing her three little children, leaving them in a small truck in the shade near the church. Whenever I had a difficult problem to be solved in the erecting of the church, [I would always assign the difficult tasks to this good woman. She would climb like a squirrel, was daring, and was not afraid to go anywhere that duty called her. I shall never forget her faithfulness and zeal for God and His kingdom.

We went to work on the finances at once, and I was able to raise about \$700 in that community. The people there were very poor, but very zealous, so the Board and I agreed to solicit funds among our friends and former residents of that community. We secured about \$2000. The old church was taken down, and we salvaged what materials out of it that could be used, and purchased some new material. The work was begun, everybody donating their labor, but one man was hired, who was a former minister in the Salvation Army and an excellent mechanic, Brother A. W. Fisher. This good man certainly fought a courageous battle in the rebuilding of this church. The day the foundation was laid out of cement, the cement mixer operated by an old gasoline engine, failed to work. I cranked and cranked until I gave out. Finally it went off and backfired, the crank struck me in the mouth and broke my jawbone and knocked out two teeth, but I picked up the teeth and put them back in my mouth and they grew back in a few days, -- a little thing like that I did not let it stop me! We finished pouring the foundation that day, but we had to work until nine o'clock that night. We finished rebuilding this church in about sixty days, and had a great dedication service and the church was built free of indebtedness. I shall never forget the faithful ones in that community that stood by me so courageously in this project.

One day while we were working on the church I heard the distressing screams of a woman not far off. I was not acquainted there, and I asked someone who lived over in that direction.' They said, "Brother Stokes." He could not hear well, so he was not aware of the distress of his wife. I told him to come down at once, and we got in the car and hurried to the scene. They had a chicken fence built very tall, and in one corner it came down to a sharp angle, there were some hen nests back in this angle. The lady went back there to gather up the eggs, and a very large diamondback snake had crawled in and cut her off so she could not get out, and he was furiously mad and in his coil defying her when we arrived. I went over the fence right quick and grabbed a weeding hoe

and shook hands with the gentleman, taking his head off! Until this day that good woman is my unfailing friend!

This work was brought to completion. I mention the following names that were faithful to me and the work while there: The Petersons, the Peters, the Wailers, the Browns, the Stokes, the Lomens, H. D. Bassett, the John Watts, the George Watts, and many others too numerous to mention. God bless these for their faithfulness.

About this time I was called to several funerals in various portions of the state. One night after returning from a distance conducting one of these services I went into my parsonage at Crystal River very tired. At one o'clock in the morning I was awakened quickly out of sleep by the door to my room burning down and falling across my bed. I went out of my room in the opposite direction carrying screen and a l l with me. I grabbed the gun as I went out and began to shoot as fast as I could. As that is the only fire alarm that we have in small towns. Then I rescued my wife and daughter from the burning building. My youngest son sleeping in another room fortunately was not burned badly but some of his hair singed off. He saved the typewriter and our car from the flames, and that was all that we were able to save. We have always been very thankful that none of our lives were lost. What an harassing experience! Only those who have had a similar experience know how very poor and desolate anyone feels the next hours after a fire and the loss of everything they have in this world.

I was always very fond of stock, and I had one milk cow at that time in a barn some distance from the house. Her name was Pet, and she was one of the greatest pets I ever saw! When I would go out to milk her in the morning, she always liked to put her head on my shoulder and let me scratch and caress her under the neck. That particular morning, she seemed to know that I was in trouble and she sympathized with me deeply, and I was willing to give her affection. I told her that I was in trouble and of my great loss during the night, and I said, "Pet, do your best for me this morning, and give me plenty of milk." I poured in some two gallons of feed into the box and started to milking her, she poured the foam over a two and a half gallon pail. But while milking her I started to singing this old hymn:

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When They Ring The Golden Bells

"There's a land beyond the river,
That we call the sweet forever,
And we only reach that shore by faith's decree.
One by one we'll gain the portals,
There to dwell with the immortals
When they ring the golden bells for you and me.

Chorus:

Don't you hear the bells now ringing?
Don't you hear the angels singing?
'Tis the glory hallelujah Jubilee,

In that far-off sweet forever,
Just beyond the shining river,
When they ring the golden bells for you and me."

As I happily sang these words one of my parishioners that lived up the street heard my singing and he got up and hurried down to where I was. He was standing there weeping when [looked up, and he said to me, "Brother Driskell, as I don't see how a man can be so joyful under such crushing circumstances!" We had some good fellowship together, and he went on. My friends stood by me in a marvelous way, and God bounteously met our needs in sending in such things as we stood in need of.

It was but a few days until I had the necessary funds and I rebuilt the parsonage at Hernando, Fla., as some of the brethren felt that this would be a more suitable location to serve that charge. That parsonage cost approximately \$2500. A number of revivals were held on the charge during the year with a great ingathering of souls. I will mention the following names at Hernando who stood by me faithfully: The Bellows, the Bellomas, the Thomases, the Jenkins, the Vannesses, the Spires the Webbs, and others too numerous to mention.

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19 -- FOURTEENTH CHARGE: WEBSTER, CENTER HILL, LINDEN, SUMTERVILLE --
FIFTEENTH CHARGE: LAKE BUTLER, RAIFORD, ST. JOHNS, WORTHINGTON SPRINGS,
SPRING HILL -- SIXTEENTH CHARGE: CITRA, SPARR, PINE GROVE, ANTHONY,
BURBANK, AND ORANGE SPRINGS

"But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst: but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting .life." John 4:14.

At the Annual Conference in 1941 I was moved to the Webster charge. The following churches were embraced in this charge: Webster, Linden, Center Hill, Sumterville.

When I arrived on this charge my parsonage was practically on the ground because we have sinkholes in Florida and a great hole had fallen out under the parsonage. We underpinned, and did a lot of jacking, and raised and leveled the building. The parsonage was badly in need of a new roof. The roof had already been purchased but had not been put on. We re-roofed the parsonage and did some other minor repairs.

The following names I will mention who stood by me and the work at Webster: The Hayes, the Hewetts, the Browns, the Collins, the Boyds, the Tussells, the Drawdy's, and many more too numerous to mention. God bless them!

Then we turned our attention to Sumterville, where the former pastor of that charge had just laid the foundation of the new church, as the old church had been struck by lightning and burned. They had no money in the treasury, and what a tremendous undertaking this was! But I secured what money I could and a good man in the community gave me enough saw timber that I might have it sawed and dressed and put the roof on and the floor in. They had started a rock church, but had

no more rock hauled than what had been used in the foundation. With donated labor we hauled enough rocks out of the woods and fields in two days to build the church, so I secured a rock layer and the work was begun. In about ninety days we had one of the most attractive little churches there is in that county. It was free of indebtedness with the exception of a small loan that was made to that church from the General Board of Church Extension.

About the time the church was completed I received a telephone call from Leesburg, Fla., from one of the business men in that lovely city. He said that he had received something and wanted to talk to me about it. I went over at once and found that he had received a lovely pulpit Bible from an estate that had been turned over to him for some indebtedness. He told me that I might take the Bible and do with it as I saw fit. If my memory serves me right the Bible was printed in 1817 and had been wonderfully preserved. I took the Bible and made the presentation of it from this dear good man to Sumterville Methodist Church the Sunday morning that we had our Opening Day Service. The work was finished at Sumterville, and the names I will mention who were faithful to the work: The Beltons, the Reids, and many others too numerous to mention. God bless them and the work there.

There was a great deal of repair work that needed our attention at the Center Hill Church. The work progressed nicely there. The money was raised, the work was finished. A number of revivals were held during that year with some gracious results. I mention some of the faithful ones at Center Hill: The Prices, the Revels, the Jones, the Howells, the Hewitts.

There was some good work done at Linden Church, and I mention the following names that were faithful to me and the work: Sister Phelps, Sister Stanfied, Sister Rhoda Jones, the Thompkins, and many others too numerous to mention were faithful to God and the work.

In 1942, which was the summer of this year, I was moved to Lake Butler, Fla. The following churches were embraced in that charge: Lake Butler, Worthington Springs, St. John, Spring Hill and Raiford. As usual when I arrived on the charge I found plenty of work to do to keep me out of mischief. I found the parsonage at Lake Butler in very bad condition. I looked over the situation prayerfully and started at once to secure such funds as was needed to purchase some furniture for the parsonage, and also do quite a bit of repair work that was needed to be done. I secured about \$500. When this work was completed I went from there to St. John's Church and did considerable work there in the way of painting and general repair.

Next I went to Worthington Springs and did a good bit of repair work there, building them a beautiful Bible stand.

Then I turned my attention to Raiford, -- I secured quite a bit of money, but not sufficient funds to tear the church down and rebuild it, which had to be done. The money that was raised while I was on the charge was left with the secretary and treasurer of the church. I understand that later this work was done.

A number of revivals were held while I was on this charge, but the results were not what we wished. My wife was a bedridden invalid my entire stay on this charge, which of course, made it quite difficult for me to carry on.

The following groups of people were faithful to the pastor and the work while on the Lake Butler charge:

Lake Butler -- The Driggers, the Knights, the Dyers, the Kennedys, and many others too numerous to mention were faithful to God and the pastor in the carrying on of the work.

St. John's Church -- The Stanleys, the Duprees, the Harrollds, the Davises, the Matthews.

Worthington Springs -- The Taylors, the Sanders, the Reids.

Raiford -- The Clemonts and many others.

Spring Hill Church -- The Tracklers and many others.

At the Annual Conference in 1943 I was appointed to the Citra charge which embraced the following churches: Citra, Anthony, Burbank, Pine Grove, Orange Springs and Sparr. I had scarcely arrived on this charge when I had a nervous collapse and was in bed about two months. The most serious spell of illness that I ever had, but God was with me. When I was taken so dangerously sick I had my son, Cornelius, who was a local preacher and in college at that time, called home, and I dictated this telegram to him to be sent to six different communities across the country. This was the words of the message:

"Behold him who thou lovest is sick. Please pray." I knew anybody that was spiritually discerned would surely know I was in trouble and needed special help from God. Sure enough telegrams and letters came from everywhere, saying that my case was being taken to the throne of grace. Days went by and the loyal people of that charge and my nurse did everything they possibly could for me. It seemed after three weeks went by that I was reaching a crisis. I had no feeling in my body. I was clammy and cold from head to foot. I could not see anything but I could hear them whispering around the bed and through the home, saying, "He is going swiftly as he is sinking fast." The doctor was summoned, and he said he would give me something that I might slip out quietly and just as he came to the bed, like a flash, in a moment, in a twinkling of an eye, I had the most wonderful experience of my life! It seemed that there was a great white sheet came down from the ceiling and it covered the entire room, and it seemed that I was literally floating on a sea of God's Eternal Glory. The experience was blessed and words cannot express or describe it. I said in my heart, "If this is death, it is marvelous," but just at that time the blessed Holy Ghost, being faithful, whispered in my ear: "This is not death, but this is a testimony to you that the prayers of the saints have come up before God, in your behalf, and you are going to live many years, and see hundreds of souls brought into the kingdom." So, to the surprise of both doctor, nurse, family and friends I sprang from the bed, grabbed my robe, threw it about me, and I shouted aloud for some thirty minutes. My preacher boy seemed to be very much excited, and said, "Father be cool, be cool! Stay calm!" And I said, "Son, I never was better fixed up in my life." The nurse said to me, "I am trying to get you to die decently, and behold, you live!" But God had spoken and my body began to receive strength, and I slowly improved from that hour. Though I was weak I was back at my work in about thirty days and able to carry on the work of the charge. In regards to my work on that charge this year was surely a year of gross disappointment. I was able to hold a number of revivals

and money was secured to re-roof Sparr Church, but I was not able to have the work done as my health would not permit it.

I was sent from this charge in the summer of 1944. I was appointed to the Trilby charge, which embraced just two churches: Trilby and Lacoochee. I arrived on the charge and paid a general visit to the work. Trilby Church needed some Sunday School equipment badly. I started at once to raising funds, and was able to make some progress in this direction, but my serious spell of illness which I had the year before incapacitated me to carry on the work. I talked the matter over with my District Superintendent, Dr. O. Alton Murphy, Lakeland District. I told him how I felt about the matter that I did not wish to continue in the active ministry feeling as badly as I felt, so I was relieved from the charge after I had been there three months.

The Conference sent me at once to Florida Children's Home, as head maintenance man and purchasing agent. During my stay at the Florida Children's Home a lot of my work was out on the road visiting from city to city throughout Florida purchasing and receiving such commodities as the Home needed. There I laid out the work at the home, having four men working with me. My work was very unsatisfactory during that year to me. I resigned my position in the summer of 1945. I took superannuate relation that summer in the Annual Conference.

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Yorkville Church, North Georgia Winter Haven With Brother And Sister Guy And Other Meetings

"If any man serve me, let him follow me, and where I am, there shall also my servant be: if any man serve me, him will my Father honour." John 12:26.

I went from Enterprise, Fla., in the summer of 1945, to Yorkville, Georgia, which is about sixteen miles from Rome, Ga. I remained there for about a year trying to regain my strength and health. I had not been there but a few days when the Methodist folks came and prevailed with me to rebuild the Methodist Church. We took the matter up with the pastor, the District Superintendent and the Official Board 'of the church. They told me they were very glad for me to undertake the project, so I went to work at once to secure what funds I could, and I raised about \$7,000. They had \$2,000 in the treasury, so the old church was torn down, or part of it, and we built a beautiful church out of Stone Mountain granite. But I did not bring the church to completion.. We only got the roof on as it was so cold that I felt that I was compelled to leave the work in the hands of someone else. This being agreeable with the Official Board, the District Superintendent and the pastor, so I left at once for Florida. I arrived in Florida about February 15, 1946. I stopped at the Florida Holiness Camp Ground on South Florida Avenue, Lakeland, Fla. The camp opened the following Thursday night. When the Camp Meeting came to a close my former District Superintendent, Dr. O. Alton Murphy, asked me if I felt sufficiently strong to hold some revival meetings. I told him I did. So he got me to go to Eloise Church in South Winter Haven and we had a two weeks' meeting there. This was the third revival that I had held at Eloise Church. The spiritual tide rose high, and God blessed with an old-fashioned revival.

Then I went to Dundee, Fla., which is just six miles east of Winter Haven, Fla., and we held a ten-day revival in the Methodist Church. The people and the pastor in each of these

churches were truly gracious to me. Never did I work with finer men than these two brethren. The Pastor, Brother Guy, and his dear family, of South Winter Haven Church, took me into their home as though I had been their father, and I remained in their home for several weeks holding meetings at different places.

After the meetings closed, Brother Guy, his family and I went together to West Florida and Alabama on a little vacation. We visited Brother Guy's father and stepmother, and also Sister Guy's parents. This was a delightful visit and one that will continue a pleasant memory.

Just after I returned from this visit I went to Philadelphia and New York with some friends, and remained there for two weeks. This was one of the most wonderful trips that I ever had.

On my return from this trip I held three revivals on Bro. Matthew's charge in the Marianna District on the Snead Circuit. We had three gracious meetings. I stopped in the Pastor's parsonage, and they treated me like I was "somebody." I was there about twenty-seven days and it rained about twenty-six of them. Never have I seen such down-pours of rain, but the people came by great crowds to the services, and we saw some brave souls weeping their way to the Lord.

Then when these meetings were closed I went to Union Camp Ground, five miles from Waco, Carroll County, Ga., and I was in charge of the Camp that year. We did have some glorious services. I was assisted by Rev. Andrew Jenkins of Atlanta, Ga., and the pastor of the Methodist Church at LaGrange, Ga. Both of these brothers were pleasant to work with, and there is not a more delightful people on the globe than the Union Camp Ground folks. I have preached in eight different camp meetings at Union Camp Ground. I shall never forget the gracious spirit and the kind hearts as they have loved me, prayed for me and paid me, maybe, more than I was worth. I name some of the ones that have been quite prominent in the carrying on of that work for many years: The Lively Brothers, the Carrolls, the Holmes, the Sherrolls, the Austins, the Ernests, the Finleys, Bera Walton, J. A. Walton, T. N. Pitts, T. V. Kelly, H. S. Archer, H. R. Thompson. All of these, together with their families, and many others have truly stood by this work bringing up the traditions of their fathers, and they are my unflinching friends and I love them dearly. Some of the greatest services I have seen were at this dear old camp. May God bless all the good people there, and help the camp that it may carry on and stand for the wonderful doctrine of entire sanctification until its influence shall echo through all eternity. I closed this camp meeting on Thursday night, and went to Indian Springs Holiness Camp Meeting on Friday. That was the forty-second camp meeting I had attended at Indian Springs. This camp meeting was held in August 1946. We had a great sweep of victory at Indian Springs that year in the salvation and sanctification of many souls. I remained at Indian Springs until the camp meeting closed the third Sunday in August. Then I went to my brother's at East Point, Ga., for a few days of much-needed rest. While I was there I received a telegram from Rev. C. C. Smith of Tallahassee, Fla., to come and assist him in two revivals on the Henson Charge, Tallahassee District. My first meeting there was held at Old Midway Church. We had some gracious results, and the Lord gave me great liberty and victory in preaching. I went from there to Henson Church, which was my second revival to hold there, -- I had been to this church eleven years previous to this time. We had great services at each revival I held there with the salvation of many precious souls. There was a delightful people at each one of these places I had to work with, and Rev. C. C. Smith as the gracious pastor. He has been my unflinching friend for thirty years.

I closed this revival and went from there to Jacksonville, Fla., and visited with friends a few days, and from there to my home in Sanford. Then I received a long distance message from Dr. W. F. Dunkle the middle of October 1946 to come to the Leon Charge. I held my first meeting with Dr. Dunkle at Lloyd Church. It rained all the time we were there, but we had some glorious services and some results. I went from there to Chairs Church and we held one week's meeting there, in pouring rain, but we had some great results.

Then the county fair of that county met, and we had to postpone our next meeting for one week. I came back to Sanford to rest for that week.

Then I went back to the same charge and held a week's meeting in the Miccosukee Church. We did have some wonderful services there. Thirty years prior to this time I had conducted meetings in each one of these churches. Many of the dear people had died or moved off. We closed the meeting at Miccosukee on Sunday night, though the rain was pouring we had a very gratifying crowd, and the Lord was with us in great victory.

Then we opened a revival at Bethel Church about four miles west of Tallahassee, one of the oldest churches in West Florida. God truly gave us great victory in this meeting. Some of the finest young people I ever worked with, and Dr. Dunkle and his wife are great people to work with. I closed that meeting, and came back home for Christmas at Sanford.

I preached some during January and February of 1947 at Fellowship Front, which is a religious center at Sanford two miles west of the main city where hundreds of tourists gather for sunshine and rest, recreation and spiritual uplift. This religious center was formerly an officers' quarters that was built and operated by the United States Government during the war. A great soul by the name of Brother Matty purchased this property and services are conducted there every day of the year. Also a Bible School is operated in connection with this work. Miss England is in charge of all the services and the school. She is a gracious soul, and one of the old-time type of Christian. You can wipe enough salvation off her face with a kerchief to convict a whole camp meeting of people. If you have not been to Fellowship Front for a vacation, you have missed a great part of your life as it is not operated for financial gain, but for the upbuilding of God's kingdom, and the blessing of the poor, hungry world everywhere. There is a large hotel operated in connection with this work that is called the Homotel, where board and rooms can be had at a reasonable rate.

The first of March 1947 I was called to the Port Tampa City charge seven miles southwest of Tampa, Fla. Brother Dean was the beloved pastor there, and one of the sweetest-spirited men I ever worked with. I held a two-weeks' meeting there, and truly the heavens came down to greet us while glory crown the mercy seat, and we saw many precious souls brought into the kingdom. A spirit of harmony, prayer and blessed fellowship prevailed throughout the meeting. This meeting continued two weeks, and closed with great victory. I was entertained in Sister Margaret DeLow's home. I made many new acquaintances while in that community, and formed some blessed ties of friendship.

Shortly after this meeting I went to hold several meetings in North Georgia then I came back to Sanford, and rested and studied quite a bit through the Winter months, preaching occasionally at Fellowship Front in Sanford.

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20 -- JOIN RAILROAD EVANGELISTIC ASSOCIATION

"Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and shew my people their transgression, and the house of Jacob their sins. And the Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy souls in drought, and make fat thy bones: and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not." Is. 58: 1, 11.

Then in the spring of 1948 I went to Minneapolis, Minn., and attended our National Railroad Conference that was held in Wesley Memorial Church on Nicklet Ave. The Railroad Conference was royally entertained in this great church. People came from many parts of the nation to be in this conference. And the spiritual tide rose higher and higher as the days went by. The people of that city were gracious in their entertainment and carrying the delegates sightseeing. I made some warm friends during the conference that has lasted until this present minute, and I feel sure it will go through life with me. I shall never forget the Chairman of the Entertaining Committee with my love and prayers. Mr. Ed E. Sheasgreen so beautifully took the lead in the entertainment assisted by the Udeens, the Lennards, the Hoefs, the Sigvertsens, the Ramberts, the Ogles, and many others too numerous to mention made our stay so pleasant in the city. These tender manifestations from them will go through life with us. It was at this conference that I met Rev. A. D. Hillyer and wife, Danville, Ill., and Mr. Ed E. Parry and wife, Joliet, Ill., and Rev. Bert Critz and wife, Bloomington, Ill., Rev. J. E. Smith, Rupert, W. Va., Mr. J. W. Nye, Moorehead, Minn., Rev. J. T. Larson and wife, Denver, Colo., Rev. H. R. Rose, Indianapolis, Ind., R. S. Paul, Kankakee, Ill., Roy Sybert, Indianapolis, Ind., J. T. Sigvertsen and wife, St. Paul, Minn., Mr. Howard Kemis, Fargo, N. Dak., all these new found friends, their fellowship, association and brotherly love to me from that hour to this, has been like that of Jonathan and David. The Conference closed after being in session for eight days and nights with a great sweep of victory, and great grace was upon each one as we formed a great circle around the church and sang, "God Be With You Till We Meet Again."

It was on January 1, before this Conference in 1948 that I met Rev. Louis Harkey of Sanford, Fla., the Editor and Founder of the Railroad Evangelist. I shall always treasure the thought of meeting this beloved soul who loved the Lord with all his heart, and who gave much alms to the aiding of Railroad men everywhere. He gave his life for our paper, The Railroad Evangelist. No night was too dark or burden too heavy for him. He went far and near with his ministry of the gospel to reach lost Railroad men. I joined the Railroad Evangelist Association on the memorable afternoon that I met Brother Harkey. But our labors together only lasted a year and four months. The Saviour took Brother Harkey home to be with the Lord forever, May 9, 1949, after serious illness of many years of a heart condition. We traveled, preached and prayed together quite extensively over the country. He is gone but he is not forgotten. His influence and ministry and faith in His Lord will last until time will be no more.

After returning from this Conference to Sanford, I spent most of the time in study, prayer, meditation and rest. Then I joined Rev. L. C. Douthit first Sunday in August at the Wesley Methodist Church in Savannah, Ga., and I held a two weeks' revival there, encountering another flood of rain. I was in Savannah 16 days, and it rained 15 of them. Despite the bad weather I held services each night in the church with increasing numbers and crowds, and preached each day in the Railroad shops of the Southern, Central of Georgia, and Atlantic Coast Line with great interest at each one of these shop meetings. A delegation going from the church each day with me to assist with the music. I made many more new friends in Savannah, and those precious people have been wonderful to me from that day to this.

Three days after my arrival in Savannah I had a very painful operation, the doctors telling me that I must stay in bed for several days, but I was operated on at nine o'clock in the morning, and I preached at the Central Railroad Shop at noon that day with great power and grace. The meeting closed in Savannah, Ga., on Sunday at eleven o'clock. I left that city at once, and drove to Jacksonville and stored my car there, and caught the Southern Railroad train to Cincinnati, Ohio. I changed trains there and rode the Greyhound Bus to Indianapolis, Ind. I arrived in that city Wednesday afternoon about 2 o'clock. Rev. Hermon R. Rose, pastor of the Assembly of God Church, met the bus and carried me to his home where I was entertained royally for three weeks. I never found a more gracious family than Brother Rose's family. We opened the revival in his church Thursday night after I arrived. Unfortunately it turned extremely cold just after we opened the meeting, and it remained cold until the meeting closed. It continued three weeks. We had some glorious services while in this meeting, and the Lord, in a marvelous way, gave me great liberty and victory in the preaching of the gospel. I held a number of noonday meetings in various Railroad shops. I had the pleasure of being in a six o'clock broadcast service, Cadle Tabernacle, and was called on for the morning prayer. We had a gracious service there.

While in Indianapolis, I visited the Memorial Monument and various other points of interest. This monument was erected by the State of Indiana in honor of the boys who gave their lives in World War I and II. This is one of the most outstanding Memorials that I have ever seen and I feel that all the nation should take knowledge of the State of Indiana for her loyalty and appreciation of her honored dead. The keeper of this Memorial Monument spent some two hours showing Brother Rose and me through this lovely building. They have an auditorium in this building that will seat possibly 300 people. Anyone is allowed, regardless of sex, kindred or tongue, to come and hold services any time they wish with this understanding, that they are not to discriminate against any other race, creed, or nationality. I shall never forget my visit to the beautiful city of Indianapolis, and to the State of Indiana. Her love and courtesy, and the fellowship of her loyal citizens, shall be long remembered by me. I never worked with a more lovely soul and devout Christian than Rev. Hermon Rose. You would have to move off to the New Jerusalem to find a more lovely wife and children than Brother Rose has. I closed the revival in Brother Rose's church on Sunday night, November 11.

I went from there to Joliet, Ill., on Monday and opened the revival meeting in the Trinity Methodist Church with Dr. Lily in Ridgewood. The meeting opened with unusual interest and a large crowd. We had great results in every service. The Railroad people in Joliet surely gave me one hundred per cent co-operation, and the Lord certainly helped me to preach with power to the edification of my own soul and to all who attended the services. I never worked with a more

gracious spirit than Dr. Lilly. The following names co-operated so beautifully in these services: Mr. Ed. E. Parry, and wife, Mr. Lawlor and wife, Mr. Crossen and wife, Mr. Charlie Meyer and wife, Ralph King and wife, and A. L. McDonald and wife, and many others too numerous to mention. All of these dear ones extended their love, prayers, sympathy and their money to encourage me. The meeting closed with great victory, and it is the talk of Joliet until this day, not about my preaching, but the gracious manifestation of the spirit of God on the services. These people have stolen part of my heart and carried it off, but I know the good Lord will forgive them as they did it in a spirit of tenderness and love, God bless every one of them! The meeting closed on Friday night. I preached on Saturday night in the large high school auditorium to the Youth's Crusade for Christ. It was a cold, dreary winter night, but God did give liberty and victory in the service.

I went from there to what is called Six Corners, about five miles northwest of Joliet, and preached in the Methodist Church there on Sunday morning for dear Brother and Sister Crossen. Brother Crossen was pastor here. We had one of the most gracious services that I was ever in. The service continued until about 12:30, no one becoming restless or tired. There is a delightful people there. I went back that noon to Joliet, and had dinner in Brother and Sister Ackley's home at 2305 N. Rainer Avenue. Their lovely daughter, Miss Loreen, who is in Wheaton College in Chicago, was present, and we all did have some blessed fellowship together. That afternoon Brother and Sister Ackley drove me around quite a bit over the city showing me some of the most beautiful homes you will find in the north. Then we had supper and went to church. I preached at Brother and Sister Ackley's church that night, the Swedish Baptist Church, which is in the center of the city of Joliet. They have a faithful young pastor, and a wonderful spirit of unity and co-operation was manifested in the service that night. I went to Brother and Sister Ed Parry's at 160 Park Ave., in Joliet and spent the night. On Monday afterward, Brother and Sister A. D. Hilyer from Danville, Ill., which is one hundred forty miles from Joliet, drove to Joliet for me just after noon. God bless these dear folks! I feel that their equal cannot be found in the world. They carried me to Dr. and Sister Green's home at 112 N. Boman Ave., Danville, Ill., where I was royally entertained for two weeks. Brother Green was pastor of the Free Methodist Church in Danville. The parsonage is located next door to the church in that city. The revival was opened that night. After songs and prayer I was introduced to the congregation by the pastor. He told them that he had never seen me before that afternoon, but he had already observed I had a good bit of Scotch-Irish wit about me, and I could see the humorous side of life. This is very true as I don't aim to die until they get ready to carry me off to the bone yard. That is really the last thing I intend to do in this country, and Jesus may come for me before I go through that ordeal. Should this take place I'll take a leap over the little dipper and turn a somersault over the big dipper and fall prostrate at the feet of Jesus and tell Him that all I was able to accomplish during my sojourn here and to give ten thousand of my friends credit for it as I deserved no credit for any of it. But I think after I praise the Lord the first ten thousand years after we get to heaven, and I surely mean to be there! I haven't any musical talent, I could not carry a tune in a basket if it was well wrapped and labeled. Therefore, I want to borrow David's harp and summon the thousands of friends that have been washed in the blood of the Lamb to gather around the throne of God with me, and we want to sing that old familiar hymn:

"All hail the power of Jesus' name
Let Angels prostrate fall
Bring forth the royal diadem,

And crown the Savior Lord of All!"

Then we want to join in and sing another familiar hymn:

"When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

"Should earth against my soul engage
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

"Let cares like a wild deluge come
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all.

"There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast."

Then when we have been in heaven ten million years and we think we have seen everything our fondest dreams could comprehend, I feel sure that cloudbursts of God's eternal glory will break across our vision until that which we have dreamed of and looked for "through a glass darkly" while in this life will become a glorious reality in all the eternity to come.

Well, back to my revival at Danville in the Free Methodist Church. I preached that night with great power and enthusiasm to the edification and blessing of all present. The revival gained in momentum and interest and continued for two weeks. There was not a barren service! The last Sunday morning of the meeting the Sunday School Superintendent asked me to talk to the Sunday School for a few moments. I told him that I would do so. And I started to talking and I went so high on the tenor of my intense interest and zeal for God and the ongoing of His kingdom that God came in on the bass, and shook the thing all to pieces. The service lasted well into the noon hour, and I was interrupted many times during the service with shouts of victory from the congregation. At one juncture in the service there must have been twenty people on the floor shouting and praising God, but the services came to a close. We went to the parsonage and refreshed ourselves and had a delightful meal.

That afternoon we met back at the church at three o'clock and we organized a Railroad Chapter. These organizations in the various communities throughout the country do not minimize the church, but it magnifies and exalts the church. These organizations: are only a means of fellowship and blessing to Railroad men and their families where they may meet monthly and discuss their problems. These meetings may be held in the church or the Y.M.C.A. building, or

Gideon Halls or wherever the president sees fit, These Railroad Chapter meetings are always opened with song, prayer and praise, and then some speaker is invited to preach and bring a special message. In these chapters a portion of the time is generally given to discussing the business of the organization. After which refreshments are served and they have the benediction. This chapter was organized in the Free Methodist Church the closing day of the revival at three o'clock in the afternoon the fourth Sunday in November 1948. The revival was closed that night. They gave me, the evangelist, the largest love offering that I have ever received.

Every minute I was in Brother and Sister Green's home was thoroughly enjoyed. Often we would spend some time in prayer and meditation and devotion, but Brother and Sister Green seemed to appreciate very much some of my dry Irish jokes. We would all laugh heartily.

On Saturday before we closed the revival Rev. A. D. Hilyer invited me to go out for a ride with him. The hour was set at 10 o'clock. I did not know where Brother Hilyer was going, and how long he was going to stay, and I did not care for that matter, just so he got me back for the service that night. That was truly a red-letter day in my life. Brother Hilyer was at the parsonage at the appointed hour. We drove out of the city of Danville, and saw various churches, schools, and farming sections that were lovely to behold. Finally, we drove to an extremely high railroad bridge, and as Brother Hilyer wanted me to see a fast train cross it, we had just arrived when the whistle blew, and what a sight that was to behold! The train must have gone across that bridge making seventy miles an hour. Brother Hilyer said the bridge was about two hundred feet high spanning .a great gorge from one mountain to another. We went on our trip, driving slowly and exchanging ideas, and enjoying blessed fellowship, and we reached Covington, Ill., at noon. We had a delicious meal together in that lovely little city. When we completed the meal we continued our trip, seeing mountains, plain and woodland, and enjoying blessed fellowship together. We arrived back at the parsonage about four o'clock in the afternoon. I had always loved Brother Hilyer before then but after having this rich experience I have always felt that I was just one of the "Hilyer Tribe" and that's how we address each other when we correspond.

On Sunday night after the revival closed I was to leave for Cincinnati, Ohio, over the New York Central Railway, but after the service I was invited to Brother and Sister Hilyer's home where his aged mother, together with the stepfather and a delightful sister, lived with them. These folks had not attended the meeting very much, and they wanted to have some fellowship with me, and I was surely anxious to enjoy the courtesy and fellowship of their home. We went there for supper, which was served at ten o'clock that night in a very gracious manner, and truly a delightful meal. After an hour's fellowship I was reminded that my train was due in a few minutes. After we had prayer, and wept together, I said, "If we do not see each other any more in this world, may we be faithful and loyal to each other and God and meet at Jesus' feet." I bid the entire family good-bye. Brother and Sister Hilyer carried me to the train in their lovely car, and we bid each other good-bye, joyfully assuring each that we would fight the battles of life bravely for God.

Well, God in His wisdom, love and compassion saw fit to claim our dear Grandmother Hilyer about one year later on the twenty-fourth day of December 1949. She went to ever be with the Lord in a world that is undimmed by clouds and unshaken by storms. Her going was sad but triumphant. She is not dead, but she lives! She's away, but not forgotten! She has just wandered into an unknown land. We will meet her and greet her one day! Hallelujah! The departing of our

loved ones is always sad, but the uniting will be blessed! I bless the day when I met the "Hilyer Tribe"! May God bless each one that mourns the loss of this precious mother, wife, neighbor, friend and church-woman! May all of us be as triumphant in our departure as she.

I arrived in Cincinnati, Ohio, the next morning, and it was on this trip that I had a seven-hour layover in Cincinnati. I wanted to use the time as best I could, so I went out and visited God's Bible School. I was sorry that I did not get to meet the President and his wife. But the ones that were in charge showed me over the building, the class rooms, the sleeping quarters, offices, the printing presses, the dining room, the kitchen, etc. My impression, I am sorry, was not so favorable as to the building, equipment, etc., as they needed countless repairs and painting, etc., but I enjoyed my visit there. Returning to the city I visited various stores, shops, etc., and then came back to the lovely railroad terminal and decided to look it over thoroughly. This is one of the most lovely terminals I have visited in the United States, not excepting Washington, D. C., Philadelphia, Penna., or New York City. The terminal station in Cincinnati is the only one that I know where the city buses and taxicabs make a circle around through the station, and those who are traveling do not have to get out and look for same as they may get accommodations to any portion of the city at once. The station is 935 feet long, 435 feet wide and 75 feet high in the tallest point of the dome. It has seating capacity for 1,200 people. It has 600 parcel lock boxes for baggage; it has four lunch rooms and drink stands. It has two notion shops and two barber shops and 18 ticket windows. The most beautiful and well equipped station of its kind in the country. I left Cincinnati at 9:30 at night, securing reservation on a Pullman car as I was very tired. I arrived in Atlanta, Ga., the next morning at 10 o'clock. I visited with my brothers there as two of them are ministers and railroad men. Then I boarded the train the next morning and arrived in Jacksonville, Fla., that night.

The friends with which my car was stored failed to receive word that I was coming, and did not meet me. In a few minutes I met with some old friends in the station and they carried me out to the home of my friends who were keeping the car. We spent the night with those gracious folks, then we drove to Sanford the next day, arriving in Sanford in time for Christmas, 1948. I had a very pleasant Christmas, receiving a number of gifts and cards from different portions of the country.

For the next several weeks I was at Sanford, resting, meditating and studying, preaching in various sections of the country on special invitation for just two or three services at a place.

April 3, 1949, Sunday night at 7:30 our National Railroad Evangelistic Association met at Fellowship Front Bible School, Sanford, Fla., the Celery Center of the World. Mr. Edward P. Parry, President of this Association was the speaker of the hour from Joliet, Ill. Evangelistic services were held each night until April 10. Many other outstanding Railroad Evangelistic speakers were visitors at this conference and truly brought some great messages. At this conference everyone enjoyed a great spiritual uplift and blessing from each speaker that brought his inspiring message. Several Railroad officials were visitors at this conference. I was guest speaker one night during this conference to a very gratifying congregation. The conference closed Sunday night, but many of the guests remained over for a few days visiting in Florida.

I had the pleasure of entertaining the following dear good folks in my home for one meal: Brother and Sister King from Joliet, Ill., Brother and Sister Ed Parry, Joliet, Ill., Brother Hermon Rose, Indianapolis, Ind., Brother and Sister Hugh Brown from Tampa, Fla.

I preached in a number of towns in the vicinity of Sanford, then I went to the annual conference which convened in Lakeland City Auditorium, Lakeland, Fla.. Bishop Roy Short presided. Truly we had a great conference and every possible courtesy was extended to us from the Lakeland people. Dr. Ludd M. Spivey, President of Southern College, entertained most of the guests at this Annual Conference for meals and night lodging at beautiful Southern College which is a very lovely piece of property owned and operated by the Methodist Church. Everyone was truly made to feel much at home at Southern College with its lovely grounds, beautiful lakes, and gorgeous orange groves and wonderful hospitality. The Conference came to a close on Monday morning, June 6.

Then I returned to Sanford and made ready to meet some engagements in North Georgia. I helped Brother J. E. Welsh in a Baptist Revival at Smyrna Church, eight miles northwest of Thomaston, Ga. We had truly a great meeting together, not so many people were saved but the church was greatly uplifted spiritually. This meeting continued for eight days. It was good to labor with the delightful people of Smyrna Baptist Church and the consecrated pastor who had such "an interesting family that was very spiritual and talented in music. Sister Welsh was one of the leading helpers in the meeting as she could play almost any kind of instrument, and had a melodious voice. At this revival I formed many new friends: R. B. Bruce, R. M. George, Miss Dollie Sims, J. A. Truitt, J. L. Ard, B. F. Mason. All of the above names with their families and many others too numerous to mention co-operated with me beautifully in this meeting. Miss Bessie and Mother Moody, are well known in that section, as Miss Bessie is a minister and has held a number of meetings in tents and churches extensively over Georgia and Florida. She has been sick for the past five or six years, not able to attend services anywhere. But they were able to attend these services, and we enjoyed some gracious fellowship together. The meeting came to a close on Saturday night, July 30.

On Sunday, the next day, I went over and preached in a great homecoming service about five miles north of Thomaston, Ga.. at Mount View Baptist Church, using the text: Matt. 16: 18-19: "On this Rock I build my church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it, and I will give unto you the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." I had unusual liberty and victory in this service. A barbecued luncheon had been prepared, a great crowd of people were present, many other speakers spoke throughout the afternoon. It was truly a great day for all.

I received a message from Washington, D. C. to come there and visit some friends. I left Thomaston, Ga., August 2 and arrived in Washington, D. C., August 3. I enjoyed my stay: there so very much. I left Washington August 6 and preached in the evening hour, August 7, in the Nazarene Church in East Point, Ga., where Brother Bruce Hall is the delightful pastor. Two of my preacher brothers and one of my sisters and a host of nieces and nephews attend this church and were present at this service. We had a gracious meeting and I had liberty and victory in my message. I left East Point, Ga., on Monday morning, August 8. My sister-in-law, Mrs. Mary Driskell and her son of ten years and her mother, Sister Bullard joined me on the trip, and we arrived at Pearson,

Ga., just out of Waycross at 12:30 o'clock. We were served a delicious meal in Sister Marie Courson's home. Shortly after dinner I left for Jacksonville, Fla. Spending the ninth and tenth of August with friends there. Then I arrived at Sanford on August 11.

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21 -- RAILROAD EVANGELIST IN REVIVALS IN NORTHWEST

"Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish." Matt. 18:14.

I spent a few days in Sanford making ready to meet some dates in North Dakota. A dreadful hurricane struck all of Southern Florida on Thursday and Friday, Sept. 1 and 2, and our beloved state suffered millions of dollars in damage, but God in His providence wonderfully saw me through without hurt or harm. On Monday, September 5 I left Sanford for Fargo, North Dakota. I rode the Greyhound Bus to Jacksonville, from there to Cincinnati, I rode the Southern Railroad. From there to Chicago, Ill., I rode the New York Central arriving in Chicago Wednesday morning at eight o'clock. I called Brother Ed Parry over long distance 'phone at Joliet, Ill., and was invited to his home for a few hours rest, which is twenty-seven miles from Chicago. A number of Railroad men were contacted after I arrived there and were invited to Brother Parry's home on the night of September 7, and we had some blessed fellowship until eleven o'clock at night, then Sister Parry served refreshments in the most delightful manner to all of us. After which we had prayer together, and off for a good night's rest, and a "God bless you" to one and all.

Brother McDonald, a delightful soul, and his son who live in Joliet, Ill., the next morning insisted on carrying me to Chicago, so I accepted their courtesy. We had a nice visit together and arrived in the Chicago Railroad station about one o'clock. I did not think that we could get a train until about four or five but I found that we could get one of the fastest trains that goes across the west leaving at 1:15. I purchased my ticket quickly, Brother McDonald and son assisted me to get my baggage on what is called the Hiawatha, truly a beautiful train that pulled about twenty-five coaches with two big Diesels. I barely had time to get my seat before the train pulled out. It is quite a thrill to ride on this road, as you go right up the Mississippi River for about 300 miles. [had a good trip, and arrived in Minneapolis, Minn., that night at 7:55. I had a two-hour layover which I did not mind as I was a bit hungry. I called several of the Railroad brethren letting them know that I was going to be in the North and Northwestern part of the United States for a number of weeks. It was nice to chat with each of them. As I was very tired from travel I secured reservation on a Pullman over the Northern Pacific Railroad en route for Fargo, N. Dak. The train arrived there the next morning which was September 9. They set my Pullman car off on the sidetrack about five o'clock in the morning. I did not wake up until about eight. When I awoke out of sleep I pulled back the curtain and thought it was one of the prettiest days that God ever made. I got down on my knees by my berth, and called the Lord's attention to the fact that there was a little fellow in Fargo, N. Dak. that was standing awfully in need of a blessing, and he also wanted to be a blessing, and the Lord did bless me there in a great way. I dressed in just a few minutes, and went out to 725 Oak St. in that city, where lives my beloved friend, Brother Howard Kemis and his delightful family. This was my first trip to his home. His dear wife was just fixing to serve breakfast, so I enjoyed the meal and the fellowship with them. Brother Kemis has a delightful wife and three very

sweet sons and daughters. After the meal was served Brother Kemis and I went down into the town shopping and sightseeing and shaking hands with one and all and inviting them to church, or to the Mission at 116 Front St. Brother Kemis carried me down to the Mission, and made me acquainted with Rev. O. E. McCracken, and he is some McCracken. Brother Rosted is Brother McCracken's delightful assistant in the work of the Mission there. This Mission has been operated by Brother McCracken for about one-half century, and eternity can only reveal the marvelous good that has been accomplished at this place. We opened the revival there on Friday night, September 9. We had a very good crowd and a delightful service.

I was assigned to the guest chamber upstairs over this Mission, and everything was done for me humanly possible to make me enjoy my stay with them. Various ones came to the service and assisted in the meeting, and were a blessing in prayer, testimony and music. Among these was a lumberjack, I do not remember his name. but he could play a Swedish Harp to perfection. I think he could have made music out of it even if it had not had strings.

Another that added quite a bit of interest to the meeting was Miss Nellie Rautio. She was the delightful entertainer for Brother McCracken's invalid wife, We had some gracious services in this meeting. On Sunday morning, September 12, I was notified that I was wanted to take Brother McCracken's place at eight o'clock in the morning broadcasting. I was taking my meals down the street from the Mission about five blocks. On my way down to get a cup of coffee and sandwich, feeling just a bit lonely and in that far-off Northwestern city I began to hum this old tune, "Whispering Hope" and I whistled it as I walked down the street, and felt the thrill of thanksgiving to God that were not alone it matters not where we were, the spirit assured me that Jesus was with me always. So I went down and opened the door of the care and went in, and somebody had just put a piece of money in one of the music boxes and it began to play sweetly "Whispering Hope." Well, I still relished it very much. After my meal I hurried back to my room spending a few minutes in meditation and prayer. Then Brother Rosted, the assistant pastor of the Mission, took me to the hotel for the broadcast. When I arrived there a lady asked me, as we went into the broadcasting room, if I cared for a song. I told her, "Yes, after I speak." She said, "Do you have any suggestion as to a hymn?" I told her "No, just so it is some old hymn." I had liberty and victory in the broadcast. After I was through here came the hymn, "Whispering Hope." By that time I was surely blessed in my heart!

The meeting closed at the Union Gospel Mission on September 16. I rested and prayed on Saturday following, still occupying the guest chamber in this mission for a week. On Saturday night I spoke on Front Street, which is considered a slum section, to a crowd of drunken bums and every type of sinner. I used for a text, Matt. 11:28, one of the most tender texts in the scriptures: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." We felt the Spirit's presence there in His tender woosings with hearts. Sunday morning I had an invitation to go over Red River which is the dividing line of North Dakota and Minnesota and preach in Moorehead Methodist Church both morning and night at Moorehead, Minn. I was invited into the delightful home of the pastor of that church for lunch. We had two gracious services.

On Wednesday and Thursday nights which was September 14 and 15, I was invited to preach in the Christian Missionary Alliance Church at Hawley, Minn. Rev. Duane S. Morcheck was the delightful pastor there. He had a lovely wife and baby and some delightful people to work

with. We had two inspiring services. I shall not forget the kind, tender friendships that were formed by my visit to that community.

On Saturday afternoon, September 17, at two o'clock I left Fargo, on what is called the fast mail, for Minot, N. Dak., which is two hundred and forty-two miles northwest of Fargo. On my way to hold this revival I met with Dr. Roy Hodges whom I had met at Fargo, and had some fellowship with him there. Dr. Hodges is a delightful Christian gentleman and he is secretary of North and South Dakota Baptist Convention. Our fellowship and association together was truly a blessing to my own soul, as he believes in the "Old Time Religion." That is what I believe in and preach with all the power God will give me.

We arrived at Minot at 7:30 o'clock" in the evening. Brother Graham, who is Major in charge of the Salvation Corps there, met the train. Though I had never seen him before he adopted me into his family and was very gracious to me. He took me to a hotel and gave me an excellent room, and we opened the revival at the Salvation Hall in that city on the morning of September 18. The meeting continued through September 25 with some wonderful results along during the week. I had a number of meals in Brother Graham's home, and he and his wife are both Majors in the Salvation Army and have been for some time. He has a delightful family. I shall never forget all of the dear people that I met there: the Peterson family, and a good Dunkard preacher, I do not remember his name, but he was a dear soul; a Russian family and some other brother that I cannot remember his name, but how he could pray, sing and shout! I appreciate all who stood by me in the meeting and for the glorious result in the salvation of a precious Swedish brother, also a man and his wife. We shall never forget that scene, and give God the glory and take courage and press on. I spoke once in the Minot Bible School. I spoke twice in Railroad shops to a crowd of Railroad men. The meeting closed September 25 with shouts of victory and palms of glory. On Monday I had dinner in Brother Graham's home, the Major of the Salvation Army. He took me to the train. I left Minot on the Fast Mail at 2:15 o'clock, September 26. I arrived at St. Paul next morning at three o'clock. St. Paul has a magnificent railroad station and is a beautiful city. If I ever felt like I had reached a graveyard it was that morning everything strange, new and not a soul to ask about anything. I went out on the street and found a policeman and asked him where I could find a good cheap hotel. He directed me to the Ryan Hotel. He said they have the best fare for the least money of any hotel in the northwest. I found this true. After I registered the clerk at the desk took me to a lovely room. I said, "What are the charges for a night's lodging?" He said, "Two dollars, Sir." I said, "It is worth that, Sir, to walk through your hotel." Every possible courtesy was extended to me. I had breakfast next morning at 9 o'clock in the hotel dining room, and found the price as reasonable for breakfast as the night's lodging. My stay in this hotel shall not be forgotten. I telephoned Brother E. F. Hoers in Minneapolis, which is the adjoining city to St. Paul. Brother Hoers is a retired railroad engineer of forty-two years service on the Great Northern Railroad. He is one of the finest Christian gentlemen I ever met. However, I had met and been with him in some blessed fellowship two years previous to this time. He told me when I called him that he would be at my hotel in a few minutes to get me as the railroad men in Minneapolis and St. Paul had made special arrangements for my speaking in a number of missions and churches while there. When he arrived we hurried to the City Mission in Minneapolis. I spoke that day at the noon hour, having a gracious service, not many present but the Lord was there. Brothers Hoers and Ed Shaesgreen and I had dinner together in a care, and surely they served a delicious meal. The afternoon was spent in visitation and prayer.

Arrangements had been made at the Y. M. C. A. chapel in Minneapolis for me to speak at a Union service of the two Railroad Chapters of St. Paul and Minneapolis. After some blessed fellowship and making some plans for the coming days of my stay in these two cities a tasty meal was served and enjoyed. I spoke for thirty minutes. God truly gave me power and victory in that service. I was in these two cities fifteen days, and spoke in various missions and churches and God surely blessed us in every service. Some of the most outstanding services were as follows:

The one in the Y. M. C. A. the first night I was there, and one at the City Mission, I think on South Washington Street. The building would not hold the people that night, many were turned away. Seven poor, unfortunate souls wept their way to God. Another very remarkable service was in the Highland Park Baptist Church at St. Paul, Rev. Kenneth W. Carlson, Pastor.

Another successful service was held on October 2 at the Y. M. C. A. building in Minneapolis where all the pastors of that county were gathered for a luncheon in the early morning hour. There was a layman present for every pastor. Pulpits were exchanged throughout the county that day. A special drive being put on for the Community Chest. There must have been eight hundred laymen and preachers present. When we were all gathered in the dining room they sang: "Blest Be The Tie That Binds." Then all enjoyed a delicious meal. The guest speaker spoke for just a few minutes, setting forth the object of the meeting, which was exchanging the pulpits that day. The song, "Stand Up for Jesus," was sung, the benediction was pronounced, then each layman took the preacher assigned to him. I was assigned to the Swedish Covenant Church, which was in the extreme southern part of Minneapolis. We did have a gracious service. The presence of the Lord was unmistakably manifested. I shall not forget the special courtesy that was extended to me in that service. The church was without a pastor at this time.

On Tuesday morning, October 11, I spoke at the Northwestern Bible School to one of the finest youth groups. I was invited to speak to another group in the same school Wednesday morning, October 12 at nine o'clock. There were about two hundred in the group. At ten o'clock in the same school I was invited to speak in the main auditorium to about twelve hundred. There were several speakers on the platform, each one speaking about five or six minutes, and all of our messages being broadcast. This was also a wonderful group of youths. Then at twelve o'clock that same day I broadcast from Radio Station KTIS from the same Bible School for fifteen minutes.

On this same date I spoke at the Revival Mission, Nicollet Avenue operated by Miss Sandirk and her friend. The house was crowded to overflowing, and I used for a theme, The Three Crosses. We had a great service and many hearts were touched and blessed. After the congregation was dismissed I was accompanied to the Milwaukee Railroad station by dear Brother Hoefs and Brother and Sister Harold Leonard. These three people are the most gracious souls I ever knew.

During my stay at Minneapolis in the meeting on October 6 there was one of the greatest storms that swept across several of the northwestern states. I had just come through the Florida hurricane some six weeks before that. Though I am acquainted with storms and the desolation and misery that they leave in their track, I do not like storms any better now than I did before I experienced them: This storm caused possibly three million dollars damage to the city of

Minneapolis alone, to say nothing about the millions of damage it did elsewhere. I saw showers of glass fall that day from big buildings,, and many of the.: buildings looked like a checker board, so many windows were taken out of them. There were one hundred and twenty-one in the hospitals in Minneapolis. I did all I could to help relieve those who were hurt. Storms are a dreadful thing, and it, isn't very hard to convince a man that there is such a thing as a storm when he has been blown away several times. I received no damage from that storm. I just stood around and smiled that day, and thanked God from the depth of my heart that we were serving a mighty Deliverer, one that can speak to the "tempestuous winds and the boisterous waves" of a troubled world, and speak " Peace be still," and there comes a great calm.

* * *

Master, The Tempest Is Raging

Master, the tempest is raging!
The billows are tossing high!
The sky is o'er-shadowed with blackness,
No shelter or help is nigh;

"Carest Thou not that we perish?"
How canst Thou lie asleep,
When each moment so madly is threat'ning
A grave in the angry deep?

Refrain:

The winds and the waves shall obey my will.
Peace, be still!
Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea,
Or demons, or men, or whatever it be,
No water can swallow the ship where lies
The Master of ocean and earth and skies;
They all shall sweetly obey My will;
Peace, be still! Peace, be still!
They all shall sweetly obey My will;
Peace, peace, be still!

* * * * *

22 -- RAILROAD EVANGELIST IN REVIVALS IN THE NORTH

"Delivering thee from the people and from the Gentiles, unto whom now I send thee, To open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me. Whereupon, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision." Acts 26:17-19.

Just before I left Minneapolis I received a telegram from Bro. Ackley at Joliet, Ill., that they wanted me there for ten days in a revival meeting. I wired them that I would come. I left Minneapolis the night of October 12 on the Milwaukee Hiawatha, one of the most beautiful trains that goes across the west. I arrived in Chicago the next morning at eight o'clock and took the Greyhound Bus for Joliet, arriving there at eight o'clock. I went to Brother Ackley's home and was received graciously. Brother A. L. McDonald, who is quite prominent in the Railroad Chapter in Joliet and had much to do with the plans for my coming, and is one of the most gracious souls I ever knew. He got in touch with me at once. We visited, prayed, contacted and invited people far and near to come to the meeting, which would open at the Salvation Army Hall on 201 East Clinton Street, Sunday night, October 15. This meeting grew in interest and crowds. There was not a barren service during the meeting, which continued through October 23. One of the finest men that I ever worked with is Major Robert W. Elliott, who is in charge of the Salvation Army, Joliet, Ill. He is an excellent Christian gentleman, and has a wonderful corps to work with him both young and old. So far as I know there was but one convert in the meeting, and that was Brother A. L. McDonald's son. He was blessedly saved in this meeting. I trust this young man shall keep his heart open to the Lord as I feel that the Lord has a special work for him to do.

I left Joliet, Ill., October 24, and went to Marion, Ind., and remained there one week, visiting with my good friends, Brother and Sister Brinson and Brother Scharid. They treated me like I was a king. I left there next Saturday and went to Mansteloine, Mich., where I held three weeks' revival with Brother and Sister Leland Scharid. We had a gracious revival and many people sought the Lord and found Him precious to their souls. The closing day of the meeting was truly a great day. Brother Scharid had just built a new church and had finished it all but the educational building. And the work had ceased because of the lack of funds. I managed to raise \$2500 on the closing day of the meeting. I do trust to meet many of these people in a land that's fairer than day. I left there in an awful snow storm, arriving at my home in Sanford, Fla., on Christmas eve. My sister, Mrs. Susie Freeney, joined me in the writing of this book, which was almost a hopeless task. We worked at this for six months, by day and by night. But we got a lot of pleasure out of it as the contents of this book was all memory work. As my records had been burned up in the loss of my parsonage home, some few years prior to this time. So the readers of this story of my life will see readily what a hopeless task it was. Many times we would laugh and cry and pray a lot. But to our Blessed Saviour is all the praise and honor and glory, for the marvelous way He blessed us in this undertaking.

Now I wish to make special mention of quite a group of unfailing friends that have done all I could ask them to do in helping me to carry on the work of the Kingdom of God in the work of the Church. Here are the names:

Mrs. Grace Stover, Dinsmore, Fla. This dear faithful soul is in Heaven. I can not think of her without thinking of this song:

"Up to the Bountiful Giver of Life,
Gathering Home, gathering Home,
Up to the Dwelling where cometh no strife,
The dear ones are gathering Home."

God bless her memory is my humble prayer, in the Savior's name.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Long, Houston, Fla., Brother Jim Long and family, Plant City, Fla.;
Dr. and Mrs. W. F. Dunkle, Tallahassee, Fla.; Brother Clarence Bozeman and family, Live Oak,
Fla.; Brother Harvey Wiggins and family, Live Oak, Fla.; Brother F. W. Kellogg, Live Oak, Fla.;
Brother Clarence Ellis and family, Jacksonville, Fla.; Dan Ellis and family, Jacksonville, Fla.;
Brother A. C. Presley and family, Jacksonville, Fla.; Mrs. J. A. Flood and family, Yulee, Fla.;
Brother L. L. Owens and family, Yulee, Fla.; Mrs. Maggie Picket and family, Jacksonville, Fla.;
Mrs. Gladys Picket and family; Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Murray and family, Jacksonville, Fla.;
Brother Lonnie Smith, Dinsmore, Fla.; Brother Bob Wells and family, Callahan, Fla.; Mrs. Alice
Hall, LaBelle, Fla.; E. M. O'Bannon, LaBelle, Fla.; Mrs. Amber F. Lilly, Philadelphia, Pa.

And thousands of others across the world, that have stood by me with their love and
prayers and finances. I do trust all of these shall be as faithful as steel. And we will all meet at
Jesus feet. Washed in Jesus blood. To spend all eternity together. And I do know there will be
some shouting there, "Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth and good will to man
everywhere." I say from the depths of my soul, "Amen. Come quickly, Lord Jesus."

* * * * *

THE END