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THE SNOW TRAIL
By Loy Snow

Printed By
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By Holiness Data Ministry

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This narrative does not start from a palace or mansion, nor with a silver spoon for the
silverware was of the ten-cent store variety, but in a log cabin, near the old Woods Ferry, in
Lawrence County, Indiana, south of Bedford, on Wednesday, March 20, 1874, a little brown-eyed
girl was born. There was no announcement of this birth from the White House at Washington, D.C.,
but from the portals of the Glory World, a birth announcement must have been given for from that
hour angels were given a mission in caring for this little one.

This log-cabin overlooked the beautiful stream called White River. Had this stream been
able to talk I am sure it would probably have said, "Don't call this community 'Heathen-bend' any
longer for it would have been an anonymous name. Old timers said the reason it was called
'Heathen Bend' was because of a family that lived near the bend of the river. They had a number of
boys, who were not angels, unless fallen angels, who would throw stones at the ferry boat as they
ferried the passengers across the river. The boys were classified as heathen, hence we have yet to
bear the blunt of coming from Heathen Bend.

The parents of this little girl were William Henry Harrison and Nancy Charlotte Ann Wood Dunlap. Yes, you have guessed it, that name Dunlap is Irish and surely only Irish could have carried such long names. William Henry Harrison Dunlap was a red-headed Irishman and was quite an entertainer with his sharp wit. One day he called us children around him and said, "Children, you may not believe this but it is true, when I was in the Civil War I was a cook. I cooked over the fire-place and I actually got so good frying pancakes that I could flip them up the chimney and run outside and catch them." Yes, that was somewhat far-fetched but he had to unload his wit.

When this little girl, Mattie, was six months old her parents moved to the City of Mitchell, Indiana, and resided in that fair City until she was thirteen years of age, and then moved back to the farm. She knew more of city life than she did of the country. One night as her father was milking the cow, she noticed he just kept milking and milking until finally she said, "Pa, you better leave some of that milk for in the morning." Her brother killed a large ground hog one day and came carrying it to the house and she thought it was a young lion.

Mattie attended grade school at the old Byrd School House, learnin' her readin' and 'ritin' and 'rithmetic. While attending this school, she had a school mate whom she grew fond of. She was united in marriage to this fine young man, Archie Martin Snow, on Thursday September 17, 1891 by squire Crawford at Mitchell, Indiana. Eight children were born to this union and they were named with three letters to each name. They also rhyme in rotation of their ages. Ora, Fay, Loy, May; Ray, Zoe, Ina, Joe.

Ora was born March 10, 1893 and on March 23 a cyclone came through that section of the country. It blew away part of the old Stumphole bridge, part of the Dunlap house, two large barns on the old Pless farm and numbers of trees. That night Mattie prayed her first prayer that she ever remembered other than her "Now I lay me" prayer. She did not know how to pray to be saved but prayed for God to spare them through the cyclone. As, I, Loy, am writing this, I can never remember my mother as being any other than a Christian and knowing how to pray. On the night of this storm she received such pungent conviction she was never able to shake it off until she was wonderfully saved. Thank God for the cyclone.

In 1895 after Fay was born my parents moved to Mitchell where my father served as mail-carrier. There was no free delivery then as we have now but the government paid the carrier to deliver the mail to the out-lying towns and anyone wishing their mail left in their box could pay one dollar per month and they would have it left at their door. My father rode a mule and took the mail to Bryantsville in the morning and to Orangeville in the afternoon.

While they lived here at Mitchell I was born and also May was born here. As a baby, May, took spinal meningitis and died February 7, 1901. It had its bearing upon my mother as she wanted to meet little May again some day and she made a vow to God to keep true as she had been converted just a short time before.

From the time of the cyclone my mother had endeavored to live a different life but not knowing how to get saved and also not knowing the tricks of the enemy she had a struggle especially with her Irish temper. Her mother would say, "You better control your temper and not

get mad or God will send another cyclone." That would scare her into trying to live better. God sent some good holiness people along to hold a tent meeting, so my mother started going. My uncle told her to stay away from them as they were mesmerizers and would hypnotize you until you were just under their control and power. She continued to go, however and she could not help noticing how happy they were and that made her that much more anxious to have what they were testifying about. In one of their services they sang:

To be lost in the night, In eternity's night
To sink in despair and in woe,
But such is thy doom if thou turn from the light
Refusing God's mercy to know.

That night she looked up to the stars and tried to talk to God but she did not know how. She knew there was a God up there somewhere but He seemed so far away. The last day of the meeting arrived and she thought it was going to close and leave her without God as her personal Saviour. She said, "O God, if you will send one of those sisters to me to ask me to go to the altar I will go." No sooner had she made that statement to God than here one of them came to her and she walked out to the altar on the afternoon of that last day and was wonderfully saved in 1896. If that was hypnotism, she has been under that influence for almost fifty seven years. She came home and told my father she had been saved and he got up and went right out of the house. The devil told her he was mad, but some time after that he told her when she told him she was saved something got hold of him and he felt so terrible he had to leave the room.

On Monday after she was saved an unsaved lady was visiting with them and a terrible black cloud came up and a storm began. This lady and my father were walking the floor wringing their hands from fear but my mother was sitting calmly singing:

In God I have found a retreat
Where I can securely abide,
No refuge or rest so complete
And here I intend to reside.

Oh, what comfort it brings
As my soul sweetly sings,
I'm safe from all danger
While under His wings.

Before she was saved she would walk the floor and her teeth would chatter from a hard chill, when it stormed. Now she said she felt as calm as if the sun were shining. Shortly after this my father took typhoid fever and was very sick. He prayed and sang continually but after he got well he tried to live different for a while but without the grace of God in his heart he failed in a short time.

One morning when my youngest sister was about a month old my mother awakened with a start and a voice seemed to say, "You are smothering your baby," She grabbed it and it was almost dead from being smothered. They worked with it and brought it back to life. My father said, "The

first thing I thought of was I swore yesterday and God allowed that as punishment." So again he tried to live different for a while.

His mother took sick and was about to die, she sent for my mother who was her daughter-in-law and God helped my mother to point her to Jesus Who saved her. When she came to death's door she started singing, "I'm going home, I'm going home" and then took her flight to that better country. Again this moved upon my father but he still did not yield to God.

Rev. Canary and Rev. Dye conducted a revival at the old Byrd school house. God seemed to visit the whole neighborhood. My father got under such conviction again he could hardly live. One night he told my oldest sister not to go to that altar and make a fool of herself. Just four days later a spider bit him on the arm and poisoned him until he almost died. My other grandmother had a terrible dream about my father. My mother then dreamed someone came to her and told her he had drowned. She told him about these dreams and warned him. On the night of October 30, 1912 he told my mother he was praying and he would never swear again but was going to live a Christian life, but next morning we found him dead out at the chicken house. We hope he made it through but may we have a more assurance than that for it is a dangerous thing to trifle with God.

My mother now being left a widow had all the management of the home. She was a strict tither and could therefore believe God for all her needs. We all worked hard to provide the home of its necessities. One Monday she washed for Dr. Gardener and received two dollars for the washing, which was to be used on Saturday for groceries for the children. Next day as she was having family worship with us before we went to school, God told her to put that two dollars in a letter she had already written and send to Brother and Sister Clarence Dye at Bicknell, Indiana. She hesitated and asked the Lord if that was His voice and He soon let her know it was He that was speaking and she readily consented to carry it out. When I asked her what she was doing, she told me that God said to put the money in there as the Dyes were in need. I told her that she knew that wasn't God as that was all the money we had to buy groceries for my brothers and sisters on Saturday. She told me not to worry about that as He would supply our need. We received a letter right back from the Dyes stating they had no money and no food and that was just like manna dropped from Heaven. When I read their letter I said, "I am sure glad you minded the Lord for they were hungry," and that I could load up a sack of corn and take it to the mill and have it ground into meal and we could eat mush and milk if necessary. Saturday came and we had no money for groceries. The mail man stopped and she went to the mail-box and there was a letter from a man that had beat my father out of a grocery bill when he had a store years before that and he had been converted and made a restitution and sent her forty dollars. She said, "Come here, Loy, isn't that good interest on my two dollars sent to Rev. Dye." I took a trip to the barn so I could cry without her seeing me.

We had a young cow that got out of the pasture and ate too much green corn. She got down and couldn't get up. My uncle was called over and assisted us and we got the cow back on her feet. My uncle had hardly reached home when she got down again. My mother just dropped on her knees and told the good Lord we couldn't bother Uncle Lew anymore as he was so busy but she reminded the Lord that she needed the cow for the milk for the children. Then she thanked the Lord for hearing her. As she arose from her knees she looked out and the cow was getting up and went to grazing and never showed any signs of sickness from that.

One day as Mother was going to town she went Past my oldest brother's house. It was a cold day and she noticed my brother's little children had on very ragged shoes. She prayed that the Lord would stretch her money some way so she could get three pairs of shoes. She found she had enough so she bought the shoes without any measurement of their feet. When she got back to his house and tried the shoes on each one fit as if they had been tailor-made. The Lord knew their size.

Rev. and Mrs. Frank Kinsey lived in Indianapolis. Mother wrote them that she and Ray and Ruby would be up there on Saturday to see them. Later she wrote and told them that she would have to postpone the trip as something had come up unexpectedly. Sister Kinsey got the second letter but said to Brother Kinsey, "The Lord will send her any way." God talked to my mother and told her she must go. They loaded the car with canned goods and produce from the farm. Brother Kinsey asked his wife what they would do for dishes as they had none scarcely. That morning before the company arrived the next door neighbor called Sister Kinsey over there to her house and told her she was cleaning her shelves out and had a lot of dishes she was going to throw away unless the Kinsey's could use them. She told her sure they could use them. She took them home and in the set was a large meat platter. Brother Kinsey said, "We have the dish but what about the meat?" "Oh," she said, "God will provide the meat." Soon my Mother, Brother and his wife arrived. They visited a little while and she noticed that Sister Kinsey was cooking something for Brother Kinsey. She said they only had a few bites for breakfast and she and the babies ate it and Brother Kinsey had to go without any. When the groceries were unwrapped, Sister Kinsey shouted, "Frank, here is the meat for the platter." That was years ago but just a few months ago my mother received a letter from the Kinsey's from California. They had been left a nice sum of money by a wealthy relative and sent in this letter three money orders for fifty dollars each, one for her, one for Ray, and one for me. "Cast your bread upon the water and it will return."

My little brother's shoes had worn out and mother told me to go to a shoe store at the noon hour while I was at school and see what a pair would cost. I came home from school and told her for two dollars and fifty cents we could get a pair that I thought would last him the rest of the winter. She said we didn't have any money but she would go to the barn and pray. She had a stall up there that was her prayer room. I was cutting wood with the old buck saw, while she went to the barn. After about thirty minutes she came from the barn singing and blessed and said I could get the shoes the next day. I said, "What are we going to use for money?" She said, "Oh, Loy, don't doubt the Lord, He said you could get the shoes and that is all that we need to be concerned about." Just at this time our old dog came past the wood yard chasing a rabbit. I took after it with the dog and we chased it into a hole out by our woods. I went back and got a steel trap and set it in the hole and next morning I went out there and instead of having the rabbit I had a skunk. I went down to my cousin's and said, "Clay, you know where that hole is out there by our gap there at the woods, well, I have a skunk in a trap. I wish you would go and get it and come past the house and whatever it is worth you can pay us." He came and got it and came past the house and said, "Loy, that is a star skunk that is worth two dollars and fifty cents." That is just what the shoes cost. God had to draft our old hound dog and a little rabbit to help answer my mother's prayer but they seemed to be willing to work for Him.

That reminds me of other instances where God used the animal world and a fish. He could not get Baalam to do what He wanted but He could get the mule under him to speak. He couldn't

get Jonah to go where He wanted him to go but He could speak to a fish and it minded Him without having to go through some form of judgment. I like that old fish for it held Jonah until he prayed. Then he didn't come back and claim the credit for the revival at Nineveh. God couldn't get Peter to do all He wanted him to do but He could speak to that rooster and Chanticleer just crowed big and loud to please the Master. May the good Lord help us to obey Him.

Didn't He say, "If we had faith as a grain Of mustard seed we could say to the mountain be thou removed and it would be cast into the sea." He didn't say the size of a mustard seed, He said as a grain. Grandma used the mustard seed when we were children. If we had a boil she would make a mustard seed plaster and then she would place it right on the boil and tenderly wrap it around the sore. Then she didn't go back every fifteen minutes to see if it was working. She always mixed some sweet oil in to keep it from blistering. We must have the oil of the Holy Ghost or we will blister people instead of healing them. Lord give us some mustard seed faith so we can bring things to a head.

Our school fund interest was due which was thirty-six dollars. We only had twenty-six but we started to town to pay it, as we went past my married sister's house she handed my mother a bill. Mother looked at it and said, "Fay, that is a ten dollar bill!" "Yes," she said, "Harry told me to give it to you." There was the rest of the interest.

We were badly in need of twenty-five dollars and my mother wrote a timber-man and told him she had some trees to sell. He came and looked at them and told her he would give her fifteen dollars, no, she told him she would have to have twenty-five. He went to his car and came back and said the fifteen dollars was the limit. She said twenty-five was her price. He went to the car again as if he were leaving but she prayed, "Lord, I must have my price to pay my bills." He got out of the car and said, "Well, the trees are hardly worth that much but I'll take them," and paid her her price.

One summer our wheat was dead ripe and our neighbor said he was cutting his on Sunday and then would drive over and cut ours. Mother told him he couldn't cut ours on Sunday as that was the Lord's day. But he said he had no other day to cut and she needed that wheat for bread for us children and it would not be any harm to cut it. She wouldn't allow that. He cut his on Sunday and my brother-in-law came and cut ours about Wednesday. The neighbor stacked his on his side of the fence and we stacked ours on our side of the fence. The threshing machine pulled into his stack first. We just started to thresh and without warning scarcely it began to rain and rained for two weeks until that stack sprouted from top to bottom and they couldn't thresh another bundle. They pulled over to our stack and the old yellow grain seemed to imply, "I wasn't cut on Sunday, see how yellow I am." Again God proved His love.

My mother was paid ahead in her tithe and could believe God. They needed some potatoes at the camp-meeting so we dug some and took them to the camp. A few days after the camp she looked out and the hogs had crawled through the fence and just ruined all the rest of the potatoes. The devil told Mother if she had not taken those to the camp we would have potatoes now. A few days later a neighbor came by and gave us about four hundred pounds for he had more than he could use. They were much nicer than ours were so we had plenty of potatoes that year.

The same neighbor watched for us boys as we came from school one evening and gave us a paper and told us not to lose it but to give it to our mother. When she looked at it, it was a deposit of wheat in the mill which would entitle us to four hundred pounds of flour.

Our old log house was getting rather weather-beaten. My mother was hulling some beans one day and threw the hulls in the fire-place and a spark went through the bricks into the old poplar logs and soon the house was burned down with almost everything burned up. Some one called my married sister and told her of the accident. She got in her car and came driving up crying and said, "Oh, Mother, what will you do?" But instead of crying, my mother was singing. She said the good Lord knew what He was doing. The neighbors came to our rescue. One let us live in his house until we could rebuild. We bought an old house from the Cement Plant at Bedford. The farmers went over with their teams and tools and helped us tear it down and haul it out there to the farm and helped us erect it and we had a much nicer home than before.

My sister, Zoe, had curvature of the spine. It had her almost doubled over. My mother took her to Princeton to have Rev. and Mrs. Kinsey anoint her. She couldn't stand to lean back against the cushion of the B and O train without a soft pillow to her back. She was anointed about four in the evening and she rode that night to a revival meeting, about fifteen miles in an old Model T ford without a thing to her back and has been as straight as ever since that time, to God be the praise.

My brother, Ray, took leakage of the heart until you could hear it with your ear as it sounded like an old leaky pump. He and I were both unsaved at the time. I would try to pray for him but I didn't know how to pray. We were such pals that we were nearly always found together. My mother grew desperate for he was about to die in sin without God. One morning I was awakened about two in the morning and they were singing, "Is not this the land of Beulah, Blessed, Blessed land of light." Ray had been converted and they were praising God. I thanked God in my weak way: But Ray continued to grow worse. I was going to get my older brother for it didn't look like he could last much longer. As I started out he called me over to the bed and said if he was gone when I returned he asked me to meet him in heaven. I hesitated and then promised him I would. He continued to grow worse. I held his pulse, it ceased, his eyes turned glassy, his nails and lips were blue, the death dew was on his brow. In the midst of all this my mother contended that he was to preach the Gospel and she said I was too, yet I was unsaved. After about five minutes, Ray's heart caught and a towel hanging over the bed jerked when his heart caught. The Doctor examined his heart and said, "There is not the slightest leak, I can't understand it." My mother told him God had healed Ray. That has been over thirty years ago and Ray is my mother's pastor today and I am an evangelist in the Church of The Nazarene.

My oldest brother, Ora, preached at a school house on Saturday night July 14, 1928. He came past my house at Bloomington on Sunday afternoon and told me he had a job at Romoana Quarry running an electric wardle. He said he wanted to get up to Spencer in time to go to the Church of the Nazarene that night. He said he hated to leave his wife and seven children and go that far to work but he needed the work and probably he could get someone saved while working up there. That was before I started preaching and I was working at the University Quarry at Bloomington. On the next Tuesday my Superintendent came and told me to shut my machine down. He said he just received a call to notify me that my brother had been killed. His machine had become shorted with electricity and he was electrocuted. It was a sad funeral with the children

calling for their Daddy. But my mother almost shouted at the funeral because he had made it through to heaven. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

My youngest brother had his mind set on making money. He was a stone cutter making good money as a young man. My mother prayed for the good Lord to save him at any cost. He came home from work one evening and could hardly walk up the hill to the house. The doctor found he had heart-dropsy. He became weaker as his limbs became swollen and the swelling kept going up on his body. My mother prayed continually for his soul. One morning she said to the Lord, "I have prayed and now I turn him over to you." She just relaxed and felt that God was undertaking. That afternoon I had some of our boys from the Church at Bloomington go with me to see Joe. Those with me were; Clyde and Ora Sciscoe, John Williams, Wynn Ruble and Claybourne Engleman. When we went in I said, "Joe, we have come down this afternoon to pray you through and get you saved." He said, "Loy, there is no use. I have been trying but I can't get saved." We insisted he could so we got on our knees and began to pray. I knew what his trouble was as a preacher had made a remark one time that he didn't like and he had hatred in his heart toward him. After we all prayed hard God came and melted his heart. "A broken and a contrite heart He would not despise." That afternoon as Joe sat in his chair Jesus sweetly forgave him of all his sins and his name was written down in the Lamb's Book of Life. About three months later on November 19, 1931, he knew that the end was near. He said, "I am suffering so much, but this is nothing like being nailed to a cross for Jesus suffered more for me than I am suffering." He then asked mother to promise him she would not cry when he was gone. She told him she couldn't make that promise but she would promise him that she would not grieve over him. He smiled and was gone where suffering ceases and sickness never comes.

At the funeral she lifted her hand in the air and thanked God another one had made it through.

My oldest sister then the next year on June 1, 1932 was taken to the hospital and was operated on and on Sunday June 5, I was in the pulpit just ready to start Sunday School, as I was Sunday School Superintendent, at Bloomington First Church and my pastor came and told me there was a call to come to Bedford at once as my sister was at the point of death. When I went into the hospital she looked out from her oxygen tent and said to me, "He is such a present help in time of trouble." In a very short time she smiled and was gone to be with Ora and Joe.

My father died on October 31, 1912 and my mother married Mr. George W. Kern in 1916. But he passed away in 1924. One boy was born to them named Paul. Though he is a half-brother he is just as dear to all of us as our own brothers. My mother had gone through so much she was almost bedfast, so worn and thin. While the Christians had gathered around the altar for a season of prayer at the mission at Bedford, dear old Sister Garret put her hands upon my mother and prayed, "Lord, put flesh on these bones and new strength in this body." Hardly had she prayed that until my mother got so blessed the Church could hardly hold her as she shouted. Her same strength returned to her and now she is in good health at this writing and she just had her 79th birthday. Yet today "With His stripes are we healed."

My mother's mother died from a cancer on her face. My mother had one coming just like Grandma's. It was about the size of a silver dollar. She told the Christians at Church on Sunday

night to pray for her until Wednesday night and she wanted to be anointed on prayer meeting night. They anointed her and she claimed healing, yet no change was apparent in the cancer. The next morning my little sister said, "Mom, that scab is gone from your face." It was and still is just as smooth on that side as the other with all traces gone.

Just recently I was in a revival at Worthington and after Church a long distance call came from my brother and told me to come home at once that my mother was at the point of death. She had the Flu and the Doctor had given her two kinds of shots that had some kind of counteraction and she was almost gone. Before I arrived they had called in a returned missionary that had been in a service at their Church and he had anointed her by the time I arrived as I had quite a drive. She was sitting up feeling fine. Thanks be to a God who never forgets His own.

In the summer of 1948 she had gone with me to five straight revivals with the exception of the nights when they were in their own services. On Saturday night of the tenth week she told me she was so sick she would be unable to go. I told her I would miss her, but to stay home and rest if she didn't feel like going. She said, "Oh, I wouldn't be any sicker to go than I would to stay at home." So she went along and arrived at the Church still very sick. The singing started and she wanted to sing with them so she just got a book and began singing. The good Lord came down and touched her and when I got up to preach she said, "Loy, I just have to testify." She told how God had touched her body and she didn't have an ache or pain and got blessed and shouted. The people got blessed and there were eighteen came to the altar and prayed through from her testimony. Again the Lord honored her self denial. "He is the same yesterday, today and forever." My own heart cries out, "I want that kind of blessing." He will not forsake His own. He is our Healer, our Banker, our Provider, our all in all.

In conclusion let me give her own recent testimony:

I am still walking in the light I received fifty six years ago. I comb my hair the same way, no "frizz or wave" I believe in a permanent wave of glory but not of the hair. I still have my neck high (no V neck), long sleeves, long skirts, black stockings, heavy so you know I have some on, not "mosquito bar ones", no fancy buttons or pins. I want only one ornament and that's the "Ornament of a meek and quiet spirit which is in the sight of God of great price." They say I'm too narrow but there is more danger of being too broad instead of too narrow in these days of compromise. "Ask for the old paths where is the good way and walk therein." Beware, God never changes. I'm happy and blessed minding Him and giving Him the benefit of every doubt. Others may be different, I can not.

I do not want her to be different from what I have known her all my life. May her mantle fall upon others as she is not able to get out and work for the Lord as she once did. I wrote this poem in her memory:

They say she is quite old fashioned,
And to some at least she may be
But she knows how to talk with her Saviour
And that is sufficient for me.

Her hair has grown white and her temple
Is not quite as smooth today
As it was in her early childhood
When she raced with others at play.

And though her steps may be failing,
Her soul is renewed day by day,
For Jesus hath said in His Gospel
The body is lust made of clay.

Her vision is growing stronger
As she gazes beyond the sky,
And longs for the grand reunion
That will come in the sweet bye and bye.

May the God of all grace sustain her
And lend her a helping hand,
And keep her in tune with heaven
As she nears the glory-land.

Where with the saints of all ages
And those she was able to win,
There awaits a grand home coming
In that land that knows no sin.

Battles and trials will be over,
Angels will welcome her there
In yon bright glorious City
With heavenly rapture to share.

* * *

We Spend Our Years As A Tale That Is Told, Psalms 90:9

Most everyone enjoys a good wholesome story. The little child will ask for a story before he goes to sleep. There are beautiful stories in both prose and poetry.

As we read the story "The Last of The Mohicans" we are held spell-bound by the interesting happenings. The characters become so lifelike, that it seems we have known them in true life. But the book ends with the hero and heroine (Uneas and Cora) both being slain. We dislike for it to end that way but it must end that way or it would not be the last of the Mohicans.

A beautiful story is dramatized in the poem "To A Water-fowl". As we seem to see it as it flies through the pathless sky without a compass or chart and yet knowing well its destination. Then the author gives a wonderful lesson in the last stanza:

He who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky, thy certain flight
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.

Then the same poet seemed to be watching a little flower, as all others had died, and it knowing that winter's snows and freezes would soon kill it, yet it kept blooming and growing right up to death. So the last verse of "The Fringed Gentian" ended thus:

I would that thus when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope blossoming within my heart
May look to heaven as I depart.

So the Psalmist said, "We spend our years as a tale that is told".

Most of the old stories began with "Once upon a time". We want to start the story of our life with "Once upon a time we got under old-fashioned conviction and we found an altar of prayer and confessed our sins and Jesus saved us. We would not want to start our story with the time we spent in sin but after they were put under the blood. "If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." The keynote of every Christian is "I am glad" that once upon a time I repented. The key note of the sinner, if not said is implied by their countenance "I am so sad".

There is nothing greater in one's life than to say, "Once upon a time I was born again." But we have not spent all our life when that occasion takes place. There is another interesting chapter. We find in our heart something that is antagonistic with Christian living. So once upon a time we heard we could get sanctified and could get those evil carnal traits killed out. So again we found ourselves at the altar seeking holiness of heart or the baptism of the Holy Ghost. So another page was written in the story of our life. It was not only written but read by other individuals.

A story is incomplete without a hero. So as we "Spend our years as a tale that is told" we have Jesus as the Hero of our story. The hero of a story is always doing the impossible. So Jesus our Hero does what seems to be the impossible. He becomes the center of a romance. The most wonderful love story is in the making with Jesus the Hero and the Christian, the prospective bride. Then in this story there is a wedding to take place, not in a church but in the sky. The wedding march will not be "Here comes the bride" but the "Song of Moses and the Lamb".

Then there will be a wonderful reception called, "The Marriage Supper". It will last from three and a half to seven years and it seems to me the supper bell is about to ring. He didn't say the marriage breakfast or the marriage dinner but the "Marriage Supper". Supper comes at the close of the day after the toil and heat of the day in which rest and repose follows. So this supper is to come at the end of this life's day for "blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth; Yea saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them." Rev. 14:13.

After this wedding there is to be a honey moon, lasting a thousand years. What a wonderful story, here on this earth a thousand years with all curses lifted. We can have a big shaggy lion for a pet cat. No sickness, sorrow, or death for God "shall wipe all tears from their eyes".

Then most all stories end with "And they lived happily forever afterwards". So we shall be with Jesus forever and forever. Praise His name. So let's vow that Jesus will be our hero and then we can say "We spend our years as a tale that is told" with joy and happiness and heaven in the end.

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THE END