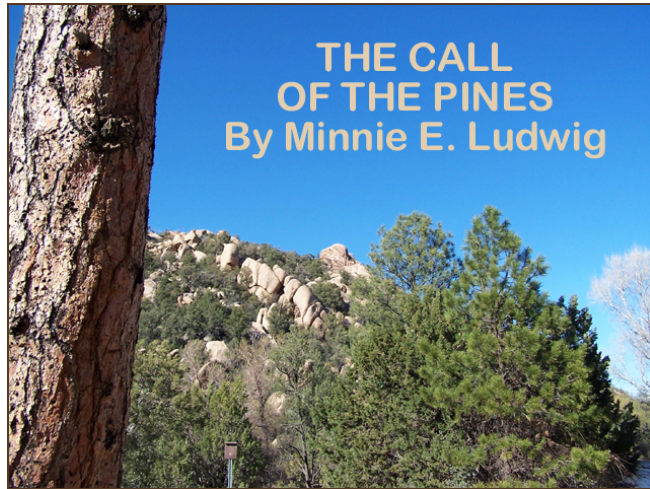


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**THE CALL OF THE PINES  
By Minnie E. Ludwig**



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Living For Jesus  
At The Crossroads**

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**DEDICATION**

**To the great army of noble Christian young people who are to be the leaders in the Church and State of tomorrow, this little book is affectionately dedicated.**

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**THE CALL OF THE PINES**

**"I wonder if after all we have made a mistake in coming to these mountains? Perhaps we were over-persuaded because of father's great desire to come, -- think Allen: no schools, no churches, no Sunday schools, and Mylton now eight years of age. Neither you nor I can say that we ever had a special call to come out here to do missionary work in the mountains."**

**Evangeline Bentley was speaking to Allen, her husband, as they were seated on the mossy bank of the beautiful Pomme de Terre river not far from their crudely constructed log cabin.**

**The cabin consisted of only two rooms, but it served as a temporary home for the little group of four, namely, Evangeline and Allen Bentley, their son Mylton and Mr. Archer, Mrs. Bentley's father.**

**In his boyhood days, Mr. Archer, with his parents had lived, for a number of years, in the Ozark mountains but had moved to Illinois when he was sixteen years of age. When a young man he had married and had become a prosperous farmer in the rich corn-belt of Illinois. Here, four years previous, his wife had left him for her better home in heaven. Here, his two children, of whom Evangeline was the younger, were born and here they were both married.**

**Though prospering financially, Mr. Archer had never been contented since he had left the mountains. The illiteracy, the ignorance and the almost utter unChristianized condition of some of the mountain people, and the dire need of someone lifting them to a higher level had made an impression on his young mind that time had not been able to erase.**

**Evangeline had married Allen Bentley, a young man of strong Christian character. After the mother's death they, together with Mr. Archer, had lived in the old Archer home. Finally Mr. Archer had succeeded in shaping his business affairs so he could leave the farm and return to the mountains. Evangeline and Allen had refused to let him come alone. This had now brought the little group of four to the Ozarks.**

**They had chosen for a location a beautiful spot on the Pomme de Terre river, a long distance from any town, railroad or highway; a place where they felt the need was greatest. The community was known as Five Pines, deriving its name from five tall pine trees that stood like sentinels on one of the peaks overlooking the river lifting their heads far above all other trees in the vicinity.**

**For beauty and grandeur the location could hardly be surpassed anywhere. The few acres of clearing with its carpet of green, and wild flowers blooming profusely, the log cabin almost entirely covered with vines, the river with its sandy bottom and clear sparkling water and overhanging trees and grapevines, the mountain peaks in the distance and the five tall pines outlined against the blue**

summer sky, all made the beholder feel that he had entered a beautiful garden of God's wonderful creation.

In their leisure hours Evangeline and Allen delighted in sitting on the bank of the river under the shade of a large elm tree. Here they talked over their problems and their future plans. It was now Sunday evening and they had sought out this spot to spend a few quiet hours alone. The setting sun was casting its last golden rays across the mountains and painting in golden glow the west. The white fleecy clouds had first changed to a delicate pink, then to bright scarlet and now to a beautiful purplish grey. All this was picturesquely mirrored in the river at their feet.

Allen sat in silence for some moments after Evangeline had spoken, pondering over the question that she had asked, "Could it be possible that we have made a mistake in coming to the mountains?"

With eyes fixed on the mossy ground at his feet, and elbows resting on his knees he was picking to pieces a leaf that he had plucked from a nearby shrub. He now spoke slowly and without lifting his eyes.

"No, Evangeline dear, I can not feel that we have made a mistake. It is true that we have had no special call to come here, but should not we consider the very great need of the people, and their desperate darkened condition as a call for us to be willing to offer our help? If you were struggling in the deep waters of this stream at my feet would it be necessary for me to hear a supernatural voice urging me to leap into the current and rescue you from drowning?"

"No Allen, you would not wait for a voice from anyone or anywhere. My helpless condition and your love for me would compel you to hasten to my rescue. As for me, Allen, I do believe that we are in the field where the Lord has need of us and I asked the question simply because I was wondering if you are really satisfied to bury your life here among this people."

Then with a far away look, her eyes fixed on the five tall pines in the distance, Evangeline continued, "The need of this people is far greater than I had imagined, and they are struggling desperately to extricate themselves from the dense ignorance and superstition that is engulfing them, and I am convinced that many are really longing for the Gospel.

"I witnessed a very pathetic scene this morning. A large group of children gathered at our cottage for no other purpose but to hear Mylton read and to see him write. The news had spread that a boy had moved to Five Pines who could read and write. They came from their tumble-down shacks, some of them almost naked. Several carried in their hands old scraps of newspapers which they had brought to test out Mylton's ability to read. I think each child carried away with him a sheet from Mylton's writing tablet on which they had persuaded him to write their names.

"They ply Mylton with the strangest questions. One of the boys asked him if he were a lawyer. It of course, amused Mylton and he answered, 'No, and I never expect to be.'

"'Oh I thought only lawyers could read and write. The lawyer that fixed up some papers fer dad could both read and write.'

"Another said, 'Say feller, did God come down from heabben en larn you such things?' This time Mylton's answer amused me, he chuckled and then said very emphatically, 'No!' but after a few moments thought he added, 'Well, I don't know, maybe God did have something to do with it, because he let me be born where there are schools and churches.'"

"I am convinced, Evangeline, that this is a ripe missionary field," Allen replied, "but at times I am made to wonder -- will it be possible even though we be willing to bury our lives among them -- the way most of them live could we hope to be able to lift them to a higher standard of living and to Christianity?"

"I think Allen, that we can find an answer to your question in that group of children I referred to. Mylton has already fallen in love with them, especially with two of them whom they call Pines and Eyewinkers. It seems that none of the children have real names but they address each other as Bowleg, Redtop, Speckles, Clubfoot, Smarty, Highhead, Tightfist, Pines and Eyewinkers. Studying each one's peculiar characteristics, I think they are all appropriately named, and those who named them must have been as efficient as Adam was in naming all living creatures in his day.

"Really, Allen, some of these children are wonderful. I am persuaded that some of them are 'diamonds in the rough.' I am not at all surprised that father had such a longing to come back to the mountains to help them in their struggles. You know he lived here from the time he was twelve until he was sixteen years of age, and some of the earliest recollections of my childhood are hearing father speak to mother of the great need of someone bringing the light of the Gospel to these mountain folk. For many years he was tied down with family cares but I heard him say, again and again, that when his children were settled in life, he would go back to the mountains."

"Allen," Evangeline said after there had been a long silence, "I am sure that your father is happy, going from shack to shack among the people pointing them to Jesus. You and I will doubtless be happy helping the children and young people get an education, but like you I am concerned about Mylton. We must give him a chance in life."

"As for Mylton, dear, -- true we must provide for him an education -- but with you and me both in the teaching profession I think we shall be able to manage that part all right, at least for the time being. I think Mylton is very happy, only yesterday

he told me that two of the boys are coming over regularly and he is teaching them to read. So you see Mylton has outstripped us in getting a school started."

Evangeline and Allen, arm in arm, were now slowly walking back to the cottage. Suddenly Evangeline stopped. She heard voices.

"Allen," she said in a whisper, "Pines and Eyewinkers are at the house again talking to Mylton and, as usual, they are interested in his books. I want you to get a good look at them and watch them when they are not aware of our presence. We will go in at the back door. They are directly under the front window."

"Aw you kin too," Pines was speaking to Mylton. "You're edgicated, even if you're not growd up yet, -- you kin larn us how to read that there book, -- now read 'bout that there boy en dog a'chasin ther fox. I'm a'wondern' if they'll git him."

"That's Pines speaking." Evangeline whispered. "Now watch him while Mylton is reading."

Mylton began to read and soon Pines, with both hands thrust deep into the pockets of his ragged trousers, stood erect, his head gently swaying back and forth and with his lips tightly closed he was making a weird sound, "M-m-m-m-m" as when the autumn winds are passing through the topmost bough of the pines.

"Do you wonder that they have named him Pines?" Evangeline said. "He is as straight as the pines on the mountains that are a part of his very life. I think he is strikingly handsome too, if he does wear ragged clothes. Look at that forehead and that head of abundant rich auburn hair, those perfect features, and those firmly set jaws and sparkling eyes."

"I can see why they should name him Pines, but what about Eyewinkers? From whence that adorable name?" Allen asked.

"Watch him for a moment and your question is answered, -- did you ever see such eyes and eyelashes? When I look into those beautiful large deep blue eyes and see those long dark lashes sweeping up and down, I -- well -- I want to write a poem or a book or something. Eyewinkers, yes that name is rightfully his."

"Say kid, if a person larns to read, then kin they wear swell clothes like you-  
ins wear?" Eyewinkers said, looking longingly at Mylton's clean and neatly pressed garments.

"I don't know." Mylton answered, somewhat perplexed, realizing the difference between the attire of the mountain folk and that of the people he had left behind in his native state.

**"Poor Mylton," Evangeline whispered, "they ask him questions that would baffle a Philadelphia lawyer."**

**While Evangeline and Allen were trying to adjust themselves to their new surroundings, and while Allen was busy conferring with county and state authorities to make available, if possible, some funds for the purpose of opening schools, Evangeline teaching one in the immediate community and Allen one four miles deeper in the hills, Mr. Archer busied himself visiting the people and inviting them to the Sunday school they were conducting in one of the rooms of their cabin.**

**In their efforts to help the people they met with considerable opposition from several sources. One Sunday morning when Mr. Archer was conducting the Sunday school, suddenly the door was thrown wide open and a man with disheveled hair, unshaven, blear-eyed and with fumes of liquor on his breath, and armed with a heavy club took his place in the middle of the room. With a loud coarse voice, that resembled the roar of a lion, he began to speak.**

**"We'er not a'gonna have you stuck-up fellers a'pokin yer noses into our business here at Five Pines. Our young'ins don't need none of your smarty larnin from books. They kin shoot their guns jest as straight en kin make jest as good booze without book larnin' as they kin with it."**

**Before Mr. Archer had a chance to collect himself, a child's voice in shrill tones was heard distinctly above the confusion that was reigning.**

**"Listen, Mr. Archer!" Pines was exclaiming, "Don't yous pay no 'tention to big-mouthed Mudslinger. He never wants us to do nothin' but shoot en smoke en drink booze, but we'er not a'gonna listen to him no more. You don't need'ter be 'fraid of him. He ain't a'gonna hurt nobody. He's a coward, that's what he is. Jes look at him right straight en he'll run, a'thinkin' you're gonna hit him."**

**While speaking, Pines stood before Mr. Archer, erect, his eyes bearing a defiant look, his fists clenched and his whole body trembling with emotion. At the same time, almost in the twinkling of an eye, every child in the room was on its feet. They were surrounding Mr. Archer as if to protect him, and meanwhile all were speaking to the intruder, vying with each other as to the limit of their vocal organs.**

**"Mudslinger!! Mudslinger!! Mr. Mudslinger, we'er not a'wantin you here! Go home, Mr. Mudslinger, en drink your booze if you want to. We are wantin' a Sunday school!" The children spoke with loud voices.**

**The quick united action of the children took the rough mountaineer completely by surprise. He immediately began a retreat, mumbling under his breath and into his thick dark beard something about, "The young'ins arght'to have r'spect fer ther s'periors."**

Before Mr. Archer had opportunity to tap his little bell the intruder was gone and order was restored. Like magic, the children were back in their classes, except Pines and Eyewinkers. They stood directly in front of Mr. Archer, Pines speaking excitedly; "Now Mr. Archer, don't you's pay no 'tention to Mr. Mudslinger, the sheriff done got him once fer meddlin en he's skeered of him. He ain't a'gonna hurt you!"

While Pines was speaking Eyewinkers stood boldly by his side blinking his eyes assuringly. Not until Mr. Archer had assured them that he was not afraid of Mudslinger would they resume their seats.

While Mudslinger caused then: no little trouble, the strongest opposition was not encountered from this source. Mudslinger was a drunkard and had no standing or influence in the community. By the people in general his annoyances were winked at, but not so with regard to Josiah Golden.

Josiah, who had a few years previous moved to Five Pines, had once been a man with considerable wealth, having fallen heir to several hundred thousand dollars at his father's death. He had made bad investments and had lost the greater part of it. He still had enough income, that with the strictest economy, his little family was kept from actual want. Although Josiah did not blame anyone in particular for his misfortune, yet when he was forced to move from his beautiful home in the city and sell his cars and could no more mingle in the social circles of former days it had embittered him, and he was now trying to bury himself in the hills of the Ozarks where he hoped, never again, to meet his former friends.

A few weeks before the Bentleys and Mr. Archer had come to the mountains another sad calamity had overtaken Josiah Golden and his family. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Golden and their two children, Elmer, seven years of age, who had been nicknamed Eyewinkers, and little Essie, four years of age. Little Essie was a very unusual child. She was of a bright sunny disposition, very fair complexioned and had beautiful golden curls and, like Eyewinkers, her large blue eyes and long dark eyelashes were of striking beauty. She was the idol of her father's heart and she, in return, idolized him.

One summer evening, while out alone at play near the river, little Essie had suddenly disappeared. For days they had dragged the river, but all to no avail, the little body could not be found. With this added sorrow Josiah Golden's heart had become more and more embittered. Especially so in regard to religion. He also was indignant because of the extreme poverty of the mountain people charging God with cruelty in not providing them with more food and better homes. Any reference that was made to God or religion in his presence he answered by saying:

"If there is a God in heaven let him prove his existence by giving these mountain people a respectable living and by giving my little girl back to me. He lays claim to having raised the dead in the past, let him show his power now by restoring to life my little daughter."

Although Josiah Golden, himself, was an educated man, in his embittered state of mind he was utterly indifferent regarding the education of the mountain children including his own son Eyewinkers, who was now seven years of age. He attended all religious gatherings and, although he created no open disturbance during the services, he would be seated where all could see him and would sneer at all that was being said and done. After the service and at every other opportunity he would show open antagonism and hostility.

Mrs. Golden was a praying woman but being opposed in all her efforts to serve the Lord, and the deep sorrow of the loss of her little daughter weighing heavily on her, she often became discouraged. To her it was joy beyond expression when Mr. Archer and the Bentleys came into their midst.

The days were now growing shorter. The foliage on the trees was fast changing its color of green to that of bright yellow, orange and deep red. A vacated shack, not far from the clearing, that had been cleaned and somewhat remodeled was converted into a crudely equipped school house. Here Evangeline was teaching school.

The seats, made from rough lumber, and the wide board painted black by Evangeline, which was to serve as a blackboard, were a constant curiosity to the children. So many attended the first day that the little room was taxed to its capacity. All who came were beginners. Few had ever before been inside of a schoolroom, although some were above twenty years of age. Most of them seemed very eager to learn.

Mr. Archer had now sold some of his land in Illinois and expected soon to purchase the plot of ground on which their cabin was located. Here he planned to build a more comfortable little cottage, a little chapel and a schoolhouse.

The humble mountain folk came to look on Mr. Archer and the Bentleys as their kind benefactors and bestowed upon them no little kindness. However, when all seemed promising for the future, suddenly, an epidemic of diphtheria broke out among the children and young people. There was no physician in the immediate community, and when they succeeded in getting one from Antlersville, thirty miles distant, seventeen children were already stricken and two had died.

When the physician learned that Evangeline and Mylton were just recovering from a severe cold he insisted that they leave the community immediately, before they should be exposed, saying that to remain would be suicidal. Hastily their suitcases were packed. Allen would accompany them. They would go to Illinois to the Archer home.

Regardless of Evangeline's and Allen's pleadings and the urgent advice of the physician that Mr. Archer accompany them, he refused to leave, saying, "I will



not leave my people in this time of distress. They need me more now than when all is well, -- No, I shall live and die with this people."

It was necessary to almost force Mylton into the car. He loved the mountains, the river, the trees, but most of all he loved the people.

"Even if I could leave the hills and the river and the trees," Mylton said, "I could not leave Pines and Eyewinkers, -- look at them standing there by the tree weeping.

Some distance away, leaning against a tree, stood Pines and Eyewinkers -- yes, they were weeping, and they were now making their last appeal.

"You'r not a'gonna leave us, Mylton, are you?" they were pleading, "We jes can't git 'long without you. We're a' countin on you to larn us to read en write."

Mr. Archer stood with arms folded across his chest watching the car disappear around the curve and then listened until the clatter of the loose boards on the old bridge and the hum of the motor had died away. He then turned to speak a few words of comfort to Pines and Eyewinkers, then entered his cabin, alone, but not discouraged. As soon as the epidemic was over he would again open the Sunday school and also the day school. Until that time he would do house to house visiting and personal work, pointing, as many as would listen to his message, to Christ.

Pines and Eyewinkers slowly walked away. They sat down under the "Sign-tree," where they always resorted when in trouble and where, with Mylton, they had spent many happy hours playing.

The Sign-tree was so named because of a large metal sign, advertizing washing machines. It had been placed on the tree many years before when the tree was yet young. In a peculiar way, as the tree had grown, the bark had grown around the sign forming extremely large knots on both sides and underneath the sign leaving an opening above where a limb had been broken off. The boys delighted in throwing pebbles endeavoring to throw them so they would drop behind the sign. This tree had been a landmark for many years and was known far and near, as the Sign-tree. Here Pines and Eyewinkers now sat down, with sad hearts, to talk over their troubles.

"We'er mighty glad that Mr. Archer isn't goin', but we'er sure a'gonna miss that kid a lot." Pines said mournfully.

"I sure wish I could be like that kid," Eyewinkers said solemnly, "en then when I get growd up I'd like to be like Mr. Bentley, en then marry a nice lady like Mrs. Bentley, en call her, Evangeline dear, like he calls her."

Alien, Evangeline and Mylton arrived at the old Archer home in Illinois after a tiresome journey and were welcomed by their friends with open arms. Their plan was to return to Five Pines with the opening of early spring. But the renter having left the farm, it was necessary that they remain, at least for the year.

Mylton was delighted to return to his old home and to his former young associates, yet he was never altogether contented. He was Mylton A. Archer's only grandchild, and in honor of him had been named Mylton. He was eight years of age but in actions and in general demeanor was a child far beyond his years. He was very religiously inclined and from earliest childhood was much interested in stories of the lives of missionaries. He had beautiful dark brown hair, large brown eyes, was strikingly attractive and loved by all.

Like his grandfather, Mylton loved the mountains and never wearied of telling his playmates about the river, the pines and about the wonderful mountain folk. Like his grandfather, all his planning for the future was to go back to Five Pines.

In the front yard of the Archer home in Illinois was a single tall pine tree. Under its shade Mylton would play, with his companions in the summer months and listen to its murmuring song in the winter time. Often he remarked that the murmurings of that pine was an echo of the Five Pines in the mountains calling him back to the Ozarks.

Under the shade of this tree Mylton's playmates often gathered around him pressing him to tell, over and over, the legend about the Five Pines and the great dragon. This legend Pines and Eyewinkers had often related to Mylton while they were seated in the shade of the old Sign-tree.

The legend was, that a great dragon had walked through the forest in the mountains before people lived there. He became very hungry and when he could find no food, in fierce anger, he began to scratch with his great claws, saying he would scratch all the mountains to a level and destroy all the trees growing there. He scratched so furiously that wherever he went he left a deep ditch behind him. The five tall pines were directly in his path. When he drew near them they bowed their tall heads almost to the ground. The dragon stopped and looked at the beautiful trees bowing so gracefully before him. The pines lifted their heads and made the second bow shaking from their branches food for the dragon. In gratitude for this kindness the dragon changed his course scratching in another direction leaving the five beautiful pines unmolested. The ditch that the dragon had scratched with his great claws had become the beautiful Pomme de Terre river.

Mylton knew that this was only a legend but it sounded beautiful to him and, because of it, Five Pines and the river held a great charm for him.

On New Year's day Mylton was ushered, by his father, into his mother's bedroom. In the corner of the room stood a beautiful white crib that he had never

seen before, and in it he discovered two little bundles and a white-capped nurse bending over them.

Mylton heard a faint voice from the bed saying, "Son, how do you think you will like your twin brothers?"

For a moment Mylton was too much mystified to speak. But after he had taken a long look at the two little faces and had touched the tiny hands, he drew near to his mother's bedside, with a broad grin, saying, "Mother, are they ours to keep?"

"Yes son, they are ours to keep, and now we must find pretty names for them."

After a few moments of thought Mylton exclaimed jubilantly, "I know, mother! We'll call them Pines and Eyewinkers!"

Mylton was much disappointed when he learned that his choice of names did not meet with the approval of his parents, but greater was his disappointment when one day he was informed that they could now not return to the Ozark mountains until the twins were at least a few years of age.

Some time later Mrs. Bentley found in the pocket of Mylton's overalls a soiled slip of paper on which were penned some verses in Mylton's handwriting. She read:

I love my lather, mother dear,  
I love the twins, they bring me cheer;  
I love my home in Illinois,  
All these are giving me great joy,  
But, Oh? the fines are calling me!

Oh Jesus, won't you help today,  
And by Thy hand point me the way?  
Oh send me back to Ozark land,  
That I may tell the Story Grand,  
For, Oh! the pines are calling reel

When Mrs. Bentley enquired of Mylton who had composed the verses, he answered with pretended indifference, "Oh I was thinking about Five Pines after papa had told me that we could not go back for a long time and I just took my pen and wrote my feelings down on that paper."

"Son," Mrs. Bentley said with quivering lips, "you are your grandfather over again. I see no way now for you to get back to the mountains, but if you continue to pray the Lord is sure to open the way for you as he did for your grandfather."

The twelve thousand dollars that Mr. Archer had received for the sale of part of his large farm he had deposited in the Antlersville bank thirty miles from Five Pines. Had it been possible for Evangeline and Allen to remain to help him in his enterprise, they would have, long before, replaced the log cabin by a better home and would have built a little chapel and a schoolhouse. As it was Mr. Archer, disregarding his handicap, pressed forward conducting the Sunday school in his cabin and teaching a few months of school in the tumbledown shack that they had fitted for that purpose.

In a letter to Evangeline and Allen Mr. Archer stated that rumors had reached him that the bank at Antlersville was on the verge of bankruptcy and might be closed any day and that he had decided to withdraw his money immediately so he might not lose it.

Only a few days later the Bentleys received a telegram from the sheriff stating that Mr. Archer had been found dead in his cabin. Immediately Evangeline and Allen took the train for Five Pines. There were no marks of violence on the body that would indicate murder. Three physicians, after consultation and after a post-mortem examination, agreed that his death was due to apoplexy. They found that Mr. Archer had withdrawn the twelve thousand dollars from the bank, but although thorough investigation was made and a detective employed no trace of it could be found. After the burial of Mr. Archer's body, Evangeline and Allen returned to their home. They were convinced that, either the physicians were in error and that Mr. Archer had met death at the hands of some person whose motive was robbery, or that some one had entered the cabin after he had succumbed and had then, with the money in his possession, made his escape.

The grief of the mountain folk at the death of their kind benefactor was pathetic. They pleaded for Evangeline and Allen to remain and take Mr. Archer's place. This, at the time, was impossible. But they left them with the promise that, should the Lord open the way, they would, some day, return.

Days passed into weeks, weeks into months and months into years but no door seemed to open for the Bentleys' return to the mountains. Mylton was very attentive to his books in school, but even as he grew up into young manhood he never seemed quite contented. His parents became interested in a choice of a profession or vocation for his life but his answer usually was, "That question is not settled yet, but I do know that the pines are calling me."

He finished high school and then went away to college. Shortly before the holidays a letter came to his mother, saying, "Mother, may I invite home with me the sweetest girl in all the world, as a guest for the holiday vacation?"

After meeting Esther May and forming her acquaintance, Mr. and Mrs. Bentley did not wonder that Mylton thought her to be "the sweetest girl in the world." She was possessed of a sweet disposition, was reserved in her demeanor yet brimming

over with life and energy. Her eyes were as blue as the summer sky. Her golden hair was as a crown that adorned her forehead and fell in ringlets down to her shoulders lending great charm to her almost perfect features. Above all she loved her Saviour and endeavoured, daily, to follow in his footsteps.

"Now Mylton will forget his call to Five Pines." Mr. and Mrs. Bentley said with a tinge of sorrow in their hearts, for they could not forget the pleadings of the mountain folk for their return.

But Mylton did not forget. All through his school days he carried in his Bible the little verses that he had written at the age of nine. He had made the last verse his daily prayer:

Oh Jesus, won't you help today?  
And by thy hand point me the way;  
Oh lead me back to Ozark land;  
That I may tell the Story grand,  
For, Oh! the pines are calling me.

Not one word had Mylton ever said to "the sweetest girl in all the world" regarding his call to Five Pines, though she knew that he was preparing to enter the ministry. He knew that his heavenly Father, who had placed the burning desire for the salvation of the mountain people, in his own heart, could also touch the heart-strings of Esther May and place a desire there to become an ambassador of Jesus Christ.

One evening when attending a revival meeting, and Esther May was seated by Mylton's side, she suddenly, and without a word to him, arose, placed her gloves and purse into Mylton's hands, went forward to the altar for prayer and there made her consecration to God. After some time in prayer while yet on her knees, she lifted her head and Mylton heard her singing softly:

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord,  
O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;  
I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord,  
I'll be what you want me to be."

Leaving the church, Esther May laid her hand on Mylton's arm saying, "Mylton, I did not dare to confer with anyone, not even with you,. regarding the question that I have just settled. I have had a call from God into his service, and regardless of what the dearest on earth may think or say, I have decided to obey that call, -- I expect to be a missionary!"

Mylton's eyes filled with tears as he gently pressed her hand, saying, "Esther May, I have prayed for this hour for many months, and I am thankful to God for your decision.,

"Then, Mylton, you too, think that I should go as a missionary?" Esther May asked in surprise when he offered no objections.

"I am happy beyond expression, and feel that your call is a direct answer to my humble prayers."

"But Mylton -- Mylton --" Esther May spoke hesitatingly, "I can not understand, -- I am called to give my life to be a missionary, and yours is a call to the ministry."

"Yes dear," Mylton replied, "the Lord has given me a call to the ministry that I may go as a missionary to the mountain people ministering to them, pointing them to Christ. And this, Esther dear, is as much missionary work as if we were called to go across the waters."

"Oh Mylton, then we can -- then together -- we can --" Esther May again spoke hesitatingly.

"Yes Esther May, you and I can go together in the Lord's service. I knew when you promised to be mine that the Lord would give you this call, for he never makes a mistake."

Not until now did Mylton feel free to tell Esther May of his call to Five Pines in the Ozarks. He had told her only of his call to the ministry, which she believed to be a call to become pastor of some established church.

During the revival Esther May had walked to the church altar alone making her consecration to God, but on Easter morning she was led there leaning on the arm of her father and was met there by the handsome young Mylton Bentley, the young man who loved her dearer than he loved his own life.

Two happier young people seldom walk away from a marriage altar than did Esther May and Mylton that Easter day. Their love for, and devotion to each other was very beautiful. The day following the wedding, amidst touching farewells and fond well wishes by their many friends, they sped away in their car to their long coveted field of labor.

When at last they arrived at Five Pines in the Ozarks it was evening. Nearing the Pomme de Terre river bridge they suddenly came upon a warning sign in the middle of the road. Mylton stopped and threw the full glare of the car lights on it and found that the bridge had been condemned because of recent floods.

"This bridge," Mylton said as he opened the car door helping Esther May to alight, "I remember well. Just beyond it, on the clearing, is the cabin in which we lived."

**They decided to take their blankets and cots and walk across the bridge to the cabin and, if possible, spend the night there instead of going back five miles to a little mountain village where perhaps they would not find better accommodations for a night's lodging than in the abandoned cabin.**

**For a few moments they stood in the middle of the bridge where they could command a full view of the scene that had become so dear to the heart of Mylton when he lived there as a lad. There was a scene before them that an artist might covet to put on canvas.**

**Here was the old wooden bridge with its odd rustic banisters, the sparkling waters beneath the bridge, the low murmuring of the waterfall, the majestic elm with its gracefully low hanging branches, the moon in all of its effulgent glory above them, the five acre clearing with its green mossy carpet before them, the peculiarly shaped old Sign-tree near the bridge, the almost ancient looking log cabin in the midst of the clearing and the five tall pines in the far distance outlined against the clear moonlit sky.**

**It was such a scene, in the presence of which one might wish that all about him were hushed into silence, and in the presence of which even the softest human voice would seem to have a strange note of harshness.**

**In the midst of this enchanting picture stood the young missionaries. The beautiful bride now twenty-one and the young husband scarcely twenty-three. They stood in breathless silence for some moments. Then, as if overwhelmed by the grandeur of it all, Esther May laid her head on Mylton's shoulder saying in a whisper, "Oh, Mylton! -- How wonderful! -- How wonderful God's handiwork! -- Would that I were an artist, I would put this wonderful scene on canvas!"**

**They walked to the cabin. As they drew near they wondered -- would the door be unlocked? -- would it be in condition for them to place their cots and lodge there?**

**Now Mylton's hand was on the old-fashioned wooden latch, -- yes, the door was unlocked and Mylton threw it wide open. No, they did not turn on electric lights, for there were none. They did not even have a candle nor a flashlight; but by the light of the full moon sending its friendly rays through the windows, and by the aid of a few matches they could see quite clearly. What greeted them caused an exclamation of joy to escape the lips of Esther May. Order and cleanliness met their eyes everywhere.**

**They did not know now, but learned later, that since the death of Mr. Archer and the promise of the Bentleys that, should God open the way, they would return, this cabin had been kept in order for occupancy.**

This place held sacred memories for some of the mountain people. Here had lived their kind benefactor; in the other room of this cabin he had conducted his Sunday school teaching them the Word of God and a few of their number had here found the Saviour; from this place the angels had carried his blood-washed soul to his home above; here the few who had been converted had, amidst a thousand difficulties, tried to conduct a Sunday school; here, a few had met frequently for earnest prayer asking God to send them a missionary who might teach their children to read and write and to point them to Christ.

Esther May stood in the midst of the room with its crude furnishings, her hands clasped together, and with beaming eyes, saying, "Mylton! -- Our home!"

"Yes, Esther dear, our home." Mylton replied. "Can you be happy here!"

"A tent or a cottage, why should I care,  
They're building a palace for me over there."

Esther May sang softly. They entered the other room of the cabin. There in the corner stood an old organ; there were the old benches and a little table that served for a pulpit. On the table was lying a much worn Bible. Mylton struck a match and read on the flyleaf, "Mylton A. Archer." Tenderly he laid it down, saying, "My grandfather's Bible."

"Listen! I hear voices!" Esther May said, drawing Mylton to the open window.

They could see, distinctly, three persons were coming toward the cabin, -- Had they been discovered! -- Were some rough mountaineers coming to bid them leave the cabin? -- Or would they be friendly? -- They could not tell. In silence, at the open window, but hidden by an old scrim curtain, they waited.

Yes, they were coming to the cabin. They could now see clearly in the bright moonlight, there were two tall young men and a woman of middle age. They wondered what could bring them to the cabin this time of the night, for it must be now ten o'clock.

Esther May and Mylton watched them as they stopped just outside the window. The woman sat down on an old broken bench while the two young men sat down on the grass before her. They were engaged in earnest conversation.

Mylton drew Esther close to his side and whispered, "Evidently they are not aware of our presence, but I think they will be friendly. We will listen to what they have to say."

"Dad has been mighty cross of late. I feared he would object to me comin' tonight so I waited 'till he was asleep, then I come." One of the young men spoke.



"We were wondering what was keeping you," the woman answered, her speech and manner bespeaking some refinement and culture, "we must not neglect the prayermeeting even if it is late before we can come."

"Why not do our prayin' out here under our good Lord's open heaven?" the young man said.

"That's what I was thinking." The woman said as she slowly got down on her knees by the broken bench. The two young men knelt by her side.

"Oh Mylton, they're going to pray! -- How wonderful-They must know the Lord!" Esther May whispered.

One of the young men lifted his face heavenward and prayed very earnestly, saying, "Our lovin' heavenly Father, before we go to askin' for more blessings we want to thank en praise Thee, as we have done now fer twelve year, fer ever sendin' that good man here to tell us about Jesus en that He was willing to save us. If that good man hadn't come we never would have knowd of thy great love. En now we want to ask Thee agin to, please, send some one else to us who will tell us more about thy love. And, please, Lord send them soon, or some of our kin-folk will be crossin' the divide without knowin' the Saviour's love. We three have been prayin fer these years en no one else is gettin' saved. Mudslinger is drinkin' himself to death. Please, Lord do send someone soon."

The other young man also prayed very earnestly, and then the woman lifted her wrinkled, care-worn face trustingly heavenward and prayed. The burden of all of their praying was that God might send a missionary to Five Pines.

"We will go and tell them that their prayers are answered!" Esther May said, excitedly, taking Mylton's arm and moving toward the door.

Gently Mylton lifted the old wooden latch. Quietly they walked around the corner of the cabin and were within a few feet of the little praying group before they were aware of their presence. It was such an unusual occasion that Esther May and Mylton stood before them in silence for a few moments, not knowing just how to proceed introducing themselves.

Esther May was the first to speak. Out of the fullness of her heart she exclaimed, "We are here! God has sent us to help you I"

With a countenance that bespoke mingled hope and mistrust the woman arose from her knees saying, "Who are you? -- And where did you come from?"

Mylton finally collected himself and proceeded with an introduction of himself and wife. "I am Mylton Bentley, Mr. Archer's grandson, and this is my wife Esther May. We have come to Five Pines to help you in your labors for Jesus."

**"Mylton Bentley! -- Mylton Bentley! -- Mr. Archer's grandson! -- and this time of the night?" The woman speaking, staggered backward until she was leaning for support against the wall of the cabin.**

**One of the young men, tall, erect and handsome, though not elegantly dressed, now quite composed, drew a few steps nearer that he might better see Mylton's face in the moonlight, said quizzically, "What did you say your name is?"**

**"Mylton Bentley, I lived at Five Pines when I was eight years of age."**

**"Mylton Bentley! -- Can this be Mylton Bentley!" The tall young man said, laying both hands on Mylton's shoulders and looking into his face with a scrutinizing gaze. Then added hesitatingly, "Yes -- this looks like Mylton. -- Mylton, my name is Pines." Then waving a hand in the direction of his companions said, "this is Eyewinkers and that is his mother."**

**The next moment Mylton was in the embrace of the two stalwart mountain youths, and next he found himself in the embrace of Eyewinkers' mother who was now repeating over and over, "I knew God would answer our prayers! I knew he would answer prayer!"**

**Now followed an urgent invitation from Eyewinkers' mother asking that Esther May and Mylton share with them the hospitality of their humble mountain home. This, however, was graciously declined, for they wished to spend the night in the old cabin.**

**After giving promise that they would take charge of the Sunday school the next morning, Esther May and Mylton bade the little group good night.**

**The following morning the news was hastily circulated that Mylton Bentley, with a young wife, had come back to Five Pines. The people came from every quarter until it was useless to attempt to have the service in the cabin. The old organ and: the benches were moved out into the open; the aged people occupying the few benches while the rest sat on the grass.**

**The crowd had already gathered when Mylton and Esther May came out of their cabin. Esther May wearing a plain white silk dress with a large pink rosette on her shoulder and Mylton a light grey suit and a blue necktie. They were received with deep feelings of emotion by the mountain people.**

**With no little embarrassment, Pines, Who had conducted the Sunday school for some time past, introduced the new missionaries.**

**"There comes old man Mudslinger. I s'pose he's a'gonna break up the meetin' agin!" piped out the voice of a little lad when Mylton was about ready to announce**

the first hymn. But evidently Mudslinger was awed by the sight of the two strangers and sat down on the grass in the outer edge of the crowd. There was a dark frown on his face while he was stroking his heavy dark beard and puffing incessantly at his old pipe, sending the smoke as far into the crowd as he could.

After announcing the hymn, Mylton asked for the organist to come forward and play, but no one responded. The only person in the company who could play was a young man who played every Saturday night at the dance and on Sunday morning for the Sunday school. This morning he flatly refused. Some one in the crowd spoke out saying, "Can't the lady play fer us?"

Esther May took her place at the organ seated on an old wobbly stool that threatened to go down with her, but as happy as any queen ever sat on a throne.

While they were in the midst of singing the first hymn Eyewinkers' mother, who was seated on one of the old benches near the organ, suddenly leaned forward looking intently toward the keyboard of the organ. Then, to the embarrassment of Esther May, she arose, leaned forward and looked staringly at Esther's right hand, and then, unceremoniously, reached over and drew her left hand from the keyboard gazing at it for a moment. Next, with both hands, she drew back Esther May's golden curls and looked at her ear. The next moment she was on her feet with both hands lifted heavenward exclaiming loudly, "My Essie! My Essie! -- It's my little Essie! -- God has sent my little Essie back to me!"

Without any more warning, Esther May felt herself being lifted bodily from the organ stool in the embrace of the mountain woman.

Excitement now reigned, for most of the people understood. They knew from the words and actions of the woman that she believed Mylton's beautiful young bride to be little Essie, her long lost daughter who had so mysteriously disappeared seventeen years before.

Esther May and Mylton found themselves bewildered, yet they partly understood for Esther May had told Mylton, what little she could remember, regarding her abduction and how she had lost all trace of her people. Some in the congregation were in doubt, thinking that perhaps the overjoyed mother might be mistaken and said, "How can she know that it is Essie when it is so many years since she disappeared?"

The mother hearing what was said, exclaimed, "How do I know that this is my little Essie!" Then in answer to her own question she took both of Esther's hands in hers and lifting them high so all could see she pointed to two dark birthmarks, about the size of a dime on both of Esther's hands alike, "These are my Essie's hands." Then again lifting Esther May's beautiful hair she pointed to a dark birthmark on her ear, saying, "By these I know it is my own little Essie! God has answered my prayer and has sent her back to me!"

In the crowd stood a tall well built man of middle age who now began to edge his way closer and closer to where Esther May was standing; suddenly Eyewinkers' mother saw him, grasping his arm she shouted, "Pa, come here, this is our little Essie!"

For a moment the man hesitated, and betraying doubt, drew back. Mylton, taking in the situation said, "Esther May, here is your father."

Things were transpiring so rapidly that it had not dawned on Esther May, until Mylton spoke, that this man who stood before her, so tall and straight, with iron grey hair, was her father.

"My father! -- My own dear father!" she exclaimed, and the next moment she had thrown herself into the embrace of Josiah Golden.

Pines was now seen leading a stalwart youth to Esther May's side. "Essie," he said, "here is your brother Eyewinkers."

No one could doubt for a moment that it was brother and sister who were now embracing each other; for there were the same deep blue eyes and the beautiful long dark eyelashes.

There was no Sunday school service held that morning. There was now a clamor by those present to hear from the lips of both Esther May and her mother, the strange story of Esther's disappearance and the circumstances that led to the miraculous restoration to her people.

At the suggestion of Mylton, the mother was asked to first tell her part of the story. She arose and, with a brave effort at self control, began to speak.

"Twenty-one years ago, shortly before we left New York City, we heard a man of God preach a sermon taking for his subject, "Beautiful Queen Esther." Three months later our little daughter was born and we named her Esther. When little Essie was four and a half years old one day she was playing out of doors. When the shades of evening began to fall I went out and called her but she did not answer. We searched and called, but could find no trace of her. All of our neighbors aided in the long search but she had disappeared as if the earth had swallowed her. Some said she had fallen into the river and that the current had carried her little body away. Others said they had seen Gypsies at Five Pines and that doubtless they had taken her away and that I would never see her again. But I always believed that my little girl was alive and that God would answer prayer and send her back, and, praise the Lord! he has brought her back to me!"

Here the mother's part of the story ended, for she knew no more. Esther May was now asked to take up the thread of the story and tell what she remembered.

**"I faintly recollect," Esther May said, "that while alone by the roadside, playing with my little kitten, I was suddenly seized by a man and carried a little space in his arms. Next I was placed on a horse with a dark skinned woman. The man mounted another horse and they galloped away.**

**"I remember very little about my captors, but they must have been kind to me for I remember that they sometimes played with me and gave me candy. About the next thing that I can recall is being taken in a car for a long, long distance. After it was dark and I had been asleep, the car stopped and I was lifted from the seat and placed into the yard of a large country home. The yard was enclosed by a tall picket fence, and after the man had closed the gate they drove away leaving me there alone. The farmer and family were not at home and a large dog stood near me barking incessantly until the family arrived. I shall never forget how frightened I was, thinking every minute, that I would be bitten by the dog.**

**"How long I was in this home I do not know, but for several months I suppose. Then I have a faint recollection of being in another home for a little time. When no trace of my people could be found I was adopted by my kind foster parents in Virginia, the people in whose yard I had been so mysteriously placed. Though not rich in earthly store, these people were rich in God, and provided for me a wonderful home -- a Christian home, and an education. I always believed that my own people were somewhere in Virginia, for it was in that state I was placed into the farmer's yard. At college I met Mylton, now my dear husband and we were married. God gave us both a definite call to become missionaries and therefore we have come to this place.**

**"All my life I have greatly desired that it might be possible to have these birthmarks removed from my hands," saying this Esther lifted her hands with her eyes resting on the dark marks, "but now they look beautiful to me for God has used them as a means of restoring me to my own dear people."**

**While Esther May was speaking Josiah Golden sat with bowed head his strong form trembling with deep emotion and frequently wiping tears from his eyes.**

**When Esther May's story was finished a commotion was heard in the rear of the crowd and all eyes were turned that way. Mudslinger, who had so often in the past tried to break up religious services and who had opposed every move that had been made for the betterment of the community, was now standing with hair disheveled and untidy attire, but now with tears coursing down over his tanned cheeks and falling over his dark bushy beard to the ground.**

**With right hand lifted, he was speaking in a loud voice saying, "It's God! -- It's God! -- It's God who has put them there birth-marks on little Essie's hands! -- It's God who led little Essie into that there Christian home so she could come back en**

**larn us 'bout Jesus! -- It's God who let Mylton Bentley bring our little Essie back to us! -- en I want that God in my heart, en I want him right now!"**

**While Mudslinger was speaking he slowly crowded his way to the front and, dropping on his knees he spoke pleadingly, "Essie en Mylton, kin you larn me how to pray? I want my sins fergivn' I don't want no more booze!"**

**While Mudslinger was speaking, a fearful battle, between two great forces, was raging in the heart of Josiah Golden, but King Jesus was victor. The strong man, calloused by sin, slid down from his seat and humbly knelt in prayer by the side of Mudslinger. With little Essie's arm around her father, and Mylton's around Mudslinger, they prayed together. Both men bitterly repented of their sins and soon saving faith brought them in touch with Christ the sinner's friend. Both arose happy in Jesus.**

**With the tender touch of Jesus, the bitterness that had been embedded so deeply in Josiah Golden's heart for so many years, vanished like dew before a bright morning sun. The tender love that he lavished upon his long lost, but now restored daughter, Esther May, was at times almost pathetic. No sacrifice was now too great for him to bring that he might help Esther and Mylton in spreading the Gospel of Christ.**

**The restoration of Esther May to her people, in this miraculous manner made a profound impression on the people in the mountains. It caused a fear to come over the ungodly. They were now afraid to molest them in their religious worship. They seemed to fear that some dreadful calamity might overtake them should they cause disturbance.**

**The greatest handicap to the onward march of the Gospel, now was the lack of finances. True, Esther May's adopted father and mother in Virginia occasionally sent them a few dollars, all they could possibly spare. Evangeline and Allen Bentley also gladly gave of their scanty means, but there was now a great need of building a chapel in which to conduct their services. The old cabin also was hardly a fit place anymore for any one to live in. The mountain folk gladly shared with Esther May and Mylton their scanty fare, but the lack of proper food was telling on Esther's health. She never complained but Mylton was not blind to the situation. He knew that he must provide for her more nourishing food or she would suffer a complete physical breakdown.**

**Esther and Mylton had now labored at Five Pines for almost two years. Winter would soon be at the door. There had been a severe drought and the little patches of clearing had yielded but little. What little crops they had tried to raise were almost a total failure. Now when already everything seemed almost as dark as midnight a yet darker day was at hand.**

**Esther May and Mylton had been to Antlersville to get some provisions and upon their return, when there was only one lone dollar left in Mylton's pocket, they found their little cabin lying in ashes. Grass and shrubbery were so dry that when a man had carelessly cast aside a lighted cigarette, it had set the grass in the clearing on fire, and before men could gather to extinguish it, the cabin, with all of Mylton's and Esther's belongings, their bedding, their clothing and even their Bibles and song books, all were lying in ashes at their feet.**

**A dark gloom spread over the community, and the ungodly said, "If God loves his children why does He permit such as this? Are not Mylton and Esther serving God with all their hearts? Are they not making great sacrifice in coming to the mountains? Would a God of love permit such a calamity as this?"**

**The young missionaries' faith was tested but not for a moment did they yield to discouragement; nor did they, for one moment, doubt their call to Five Pines.**

**The doors of many of the humble shacks were thrown wide open. All were vying with each other to share with the missionaries the hospitality of their humble homes. Mylton knew that Esther May could not long hold out physically living in their shacks and eating their ill prepared food.**

**After waiting on the Lord in prayer for some time they decided to remain yet two weeks during which time the men would help Mylton rebuild the log cabin. Then he would take Esther May to the Bentley home in Illinois where she would remain for some time to recuperate, while Mylton would immediately return to Five Pines.**

**All hands were soon busy felling trees and trimming and shaping them for erecting the cabin. Not only did they turn their hands to labor but they turned their hearts to God in prayer.**

**Esther May and Mylton discovered that, without their knowledge, a group of Christians had been gathering each evening, for an hour of prayer, near the spot where the old cabin had been destroyed. It seemed a mystery that they were not invited to meet with them. One evening, in the darkness, they drew near and listened to their prayers. Soon they discovered that the burden of every prayer was the speedy recovery of Esther May and the immediate return of Mylton.**

**Mudslinger, now named Daniel, was praying earnestly; "Oh Lord, we kin not git 'long without Mylton en Essie. Now dear Lord when they git to their nice home in Illinois, then please, don't let them like the big house en the 'lectric lights en the fine eats so good that they won't never come back to the mountains."**

**Wiping tears from her eyes Esther May said, "I am glad that it is in our power to help the Lord answer that prayer. The home comforts in Illinois shall not keep us from this needy field of labor a day longer than is absolutely necessary." They**

quietly slipped back to their room leaving the little group alone in prayer with their Lord.

The following morning Esther May was among the trees with Mylton. Mylton and Josiah Golden with Pines and Eyewinkers and a few other men, were searching among the trees for those of proper size to build the cabin. Passing the Sign-tree Mylton pointed to the old metal sign and speaking to Esther, said, "Here is the old land-mark, the Sign-tree. Pines, Eyewinkers and I have thrown many a pebble against that old sign."

They walked around the tree examining it. "This sign must have been placed here many years ago," Mylton said, "for the bark had almost completely grown around it when I was here fifteen years ago. I remember there was just one place above the sign where the bark did not extend over it, and we would try to throw our pebbles so they would hit that mark and fall down behind the sign. Now the rough knotty bark has completely covered that also."

Examining the tree, the men discovered that, a few feet from the ground, the heart of the tree had been decaying so that only a shell remained. They decided to cut it down for fear it would fall on the children who delighted to play there. Only a few moments with the sharp woodman's ax and, with a crash, the Sign-tree was lying on the ground.

Remarks were made by the men regarding the crude way the metal sign had been placed there. A very heavy wire had been twisted around the tree and then fastened to the sign to hold it in place.

Noticing a hole in the middle of the sign, caused by rust, Esther May said humorously, "Perhaps I can find some pebbles in here that my adorable husband threw when he was a lad of eight summers."

Saying this she thrust her hand through the opening and when she withdrew it she was holding in her hand an old rusty metal box.

"A cigar box!" one of the men ventured.

"No, not a cigar box -- but we will see what it contains," Esther said, prying the lid off with Mylton's knife. The hinges gave way and the rusty lid fell to the ground.

"Money!" like one voice came from every one in the group,

Excitement reigned for a few moments. Esther, kneeling On the grass, turned the box upside down. -- They counted, -- "Twelve thousand dollars!"



**"Grandfather's money!" Mylton exclaimed, "It is doubtless the twelve thousand that he withdrew from the bank the day of his death, -- but how can we prove it?"**

**Esther reached again for the old metal box. In the bottom she found a faded slip of paper. She read, "Mylton A. Archer, Five Pines, Missouri."**

**It was enough. They knew now of a certainty that this was the money that had so mysteriously disappeared at the time of Mr. Archer's death.**

**The will that he had made some months before his death stated definitely that, after his decease twelve thousand dollars of his money should be used to carry the Gospel message to the people at Five Pines in the Ozark mountains, and for the support of such of his heirs who should labor there preaching and teaching the people.**

**All plans were now changed.**

**Esther May did not leave Five Pines. They could now buy nourishing food. Drinking the rich milk from the little Jersey cow that Mylton purchased, eating rich nourishing food, and breathing the invigorating mountain air, the roses soon returned to her cheeks and she soon became strong in body.**

**A carpenter was employed and soon, instead of a two room log cabin, there stood in the clearing, a beautiful little four room cottage, inexpensively, but comfortably furnished. Near the cottage was erected a modest little chapel for religious worship, and on the other side of the clearing stood a beautiful little school house.**

**Best of all, however, the goodness of God led the mountain people to repentance. The missionaries announced a revival and the people came from far and near to attend. Mylton preached and Esther May played the old organ, and her sweet soprano voice rang out in song, singing the Gospel message into the hearts of the people.**

**A great revival was soon in progress that swept through that part of the mountain country and hundreds wept their way to Calvary's Cross an(t there found peace with God.**

**\* \* \* \* \***

**THE END**