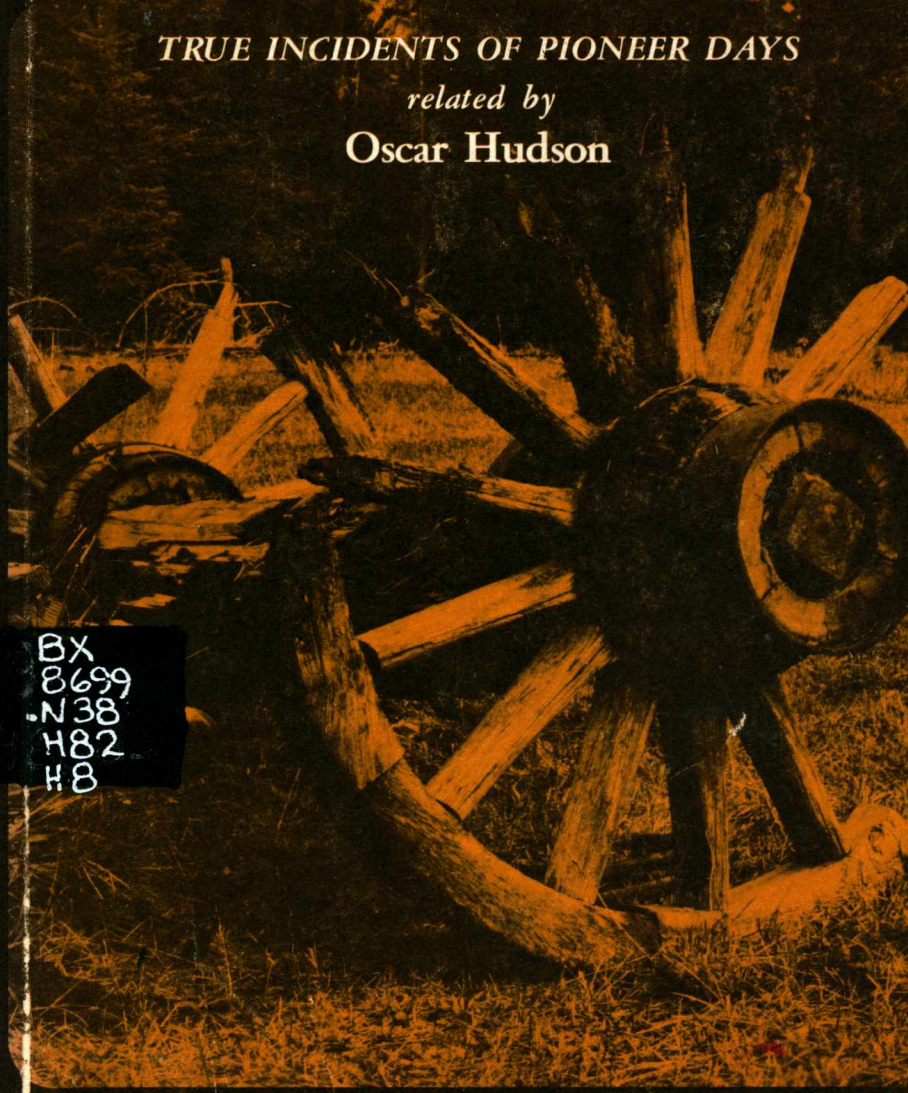


THIS I REMEMBER

TRUE INCIDENTS OF PIONEER DAYS

related by

Oscar Hudson



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This I Remember

*True incidents of pioneer days
related by*

OSCAR HUDSON



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Preface

This little volume has been written at the insistence of others. Holiness evangelism in the beginning of the movement that resulted in the organization of the Church of the Nazarene was quite different from what it is today. There were problems to face and difficulties to be overcome that are wholly unknown today.

In recording these incidents we have endeavored to refrain from self-exaltation. The achievements and successes were not the results of personal abilities or qualities, but the manifestations of the Holy Spirit. The sufferings were our glory, and it would be our joy to go through them again if it were necessary.

A prominent minister in the Church of the Nazarene, who has known us all of his life, wrote us recently saying:

"It is always a lift for us to see and have the privilege of being with those who pioneered and made the Church of the Nazarene what it is today.

"Pray for us that we will be able to serve our generation as well as you have yours."

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1

The Call of a Cowhand

I have been called a pioneer. My parents, James Franklin Hudson and Mary Ann (Holt) Hudson, uneducated but sturdy, honest, industrious citizens, spent their lives on the frontiers. I was my mother's tenth child, born in a sawmill camp eight miles west of Fayetteville, Arkansas, on April 24, 1874. Soon thereafter the family continued their journey in a schooner wagon to Texas.

I grew up among the cowboys on the plains of western Texas, where there was little civilization. There were no railroads or highways, no fences, no towns of note, and the villages were widely separated. In a county embracing more than 4,000 square miles there

was not a church house or school building. I lived and attended school in dugouts and passed my majority before I ever saw the inside of a college or high school building. The few people in the area were mostly cowboys who carried big revolvers in holsters. When trouble developed, usually some one or ones died quickly. The first seven graves in our cemetery were dug to bury men who died with their boots on.

Twice in my youth I suffered accidents that brought me to the verge of death. Once I was riding a pony, running at full speed, when one front foot landed in a prairie dog hole and the pony turned a somersault. When it stopped rolling, my right leg was under its body with my foot caught in the stirrup. The pony was stunned and made no effort to move. I reasoned that it would soon recover and begin to kick, and since I was lying between its legs I would be in danger, so I should do something about it. I raised my left foot and dropped the spur in the tender spot behind the pony's foreleg. I began to rip the skin as I ran the spur up and down; the pony jumped and my foot came out of the stirrup. I arose to my feet but could not stand. The pain was intense. There was no doctor or anyone to help me, so I sat on the grass until the intense pain grew easier and with difficulty mounted my pony and went on my way. It was almost a year before the injury, doubtless a fracture, healed entirely.

Another time, with others, I was camping on Grape Creek. Our water for drinking was exhausted. As day was breaking I mounted a mule and, taking a jug, pursued a narrow trail through scrubby timber to a spring in a canyon more than a mile away. I had filled the jug and was on my way to camp when I passed under a large tree that was filled with wild turkeys. It was light enough now that they could see me and they began to fly out. The mule dashed away in fright and, since I was holding the jug with one hand, I could not control

my mount. Finally my head struck a limb and I fell to the ground unconscious, where I lay for about an hour. The mule went on to camp, but supposing that I would come later, the boys proceeded with their affairs. Later becoming anxious, my brother came to hunt for me.

When I regained consciousness I thought I had just fallen, and dashed off to retrieve my mule. Then I discovered that I could not see out of one eye and that my face was covered with a mat of clotted blood. I returned to the brook and was washing the blood from my face when my brother arrived. There was no hospital in the county, and only one doctor, and he was thirty-five miles away. So, with no medicine, we tied a dirty handkerchief around my head and went on with our work. Miraculously the wound healed, but for nearly a year a light tap on that side of my head would knock me down, indicating that the skull was fractured.

Before I reached the age of twelve, with no church or preacher at hand, I was brought under deep conviction for sin and made to feel that if I ever reached heaven I would have to preach the gospel. I burst into tears and wept for nearly an hour. Those about me thought I was sick. I knew what was the matter and that I should seek the Lord; but I had never attended church or Sunday school and knew of no one who could help me. All of my associates were wicked. I reasoned that if I professed religion they would all ridicule me. I did not have sufficient moral backbone to face it. I deliberately resisted conviction and turned from light.

Up to this time my life had been reasonably clean and I decided to continue as I was. But conviction forces a change. One must walk in the light and receive God's blessings or become more like the devil, whom one chooses to serve. So I sank deeply into sin. Before I reached the age of twenty I was smoking cigarettes, drinking, gambling, etc.

"Nesters" were now moving into the country, fencing up and plowing under the grass, and large cattle ranches were forced to move out or reduce their stocks. The X I T ranch in the western part of the Panhandle, the largest cattle ranch in Texas, with more than a hundred thousand cattle, decided to move to Montana where there was open range and free grass. They would bunch up a herd of eight or ten thousand, put them in charge of a crew, and start the drive. In a week or two they would start another. They needed many cowboys. They would provide a mount of about five ponies, carry the bedding, furnish good food, and pay a salary. I decided this was my chance to get started in the cattle business.

Once in Montana, I could add a few ponies and yearlings to what I already had and, branding mavericks occasionally, soon have a herd. So I started riding west. On the third morning, as I was nearing the ranch, I was seized with a conviction that I would be eternally lost if I went to Montana; that if I got into the cattle business I would never preach the gospel; and that if I did not, I would know a terrible doom. The resultant shock caused me to stop and I sat on my horse an hour pondering what to do. When I considered turning back, a poverty-stricken preacher with no funds to care for a family stared me in the face. When I considered going on, I almost smelled the brimstone. I was made to realize that if I got into the cattle business I would never quit, and hell would be my end. I turned around and retraced my way. I left the plains country and went on to Newport, Texas. Here I attended my first revival meeting. It was in a Presbyterian church and conducted by the pastor, Rev. Jehu Walker. I was soon awakened to my lost condition.

At the close of his sermon on Sunday morning he asked those who desired an interest in prayer to give him their hands. In my eagerness I thought that was

all I needed and went forward. The preacher urged me to kneel and pray. I did, but went away feeling worse than when I went forward. I went to the altar night after night, only to sink into deeper darkness, and became appalled at the blackness of my wicked heart and the accumulation of past sins. The pastor would pray with me at the altar until the congregation would tire and leave; then he would put his hand on my shoulder and say, "Young man, don't you think we should go home and come back tomorrow night and pray?" I would be astonished to find the house empty.

The devil suggested that I had crossed the deadline and I became almost unbalanced mentally. They say that I returned to the church one night and, finding it locked, knelt on the stone doorstep and prayed all night. In my despair I wandered into the cornfield and there, alone, I knelt and prayed. I confessed my sins anew and told the Lord how terrible it was to be doomed and damned. In my agony I said: "O God, give me one more chance and I will be true to Thee." These words stood out before me: "If we confess our sins, he IS faithful and just to forgive us our sins . . ." (I John 1:9). I caught the present tense of the verb. There was no room for doubt. I cried: "Praise the Lord!"

I joined the Presbyterian church. The call to preach was clearer than ever but I did not believe in Calvinism, the theology of that church, and said nothing about how I felt. I became active in the church and they, supposing that I was a potential preacher, offered to pay my way through college. I was sure they expected me to become a Presbyterian preacher. I felt it would be dishonest to take their money to pay for my education when I knew I would never preach for them. I turned down the offer and said nothing of my call to preach, and trouble followed.

2

"Miss Nettie"

While I was visiting my parents, who lived near Francis, Oklahoma, a prominent, well-to-do citizen who, it was rumored, had waylaid and murdered one man decided that I had wronged him. When I was informed that he was hiding, with his Winchester rifle, in the river bottom through which I was to ride on my way home that night, I detoured, went home and armed myself with a heavy Colt's pistol, and carried it until I could dispose of some stock and other property I had. The society in which I had lived trained me for self-protection. I thought that it was right and manly to do so. To avoid trouble I left and went to Texas, stopping at Moreland.

Some holiness people, W. L. (Lonnie) Rogers, a thrifty farmer, and W. G. (Beecher) Airhart, a mer-

chant, erected a gospel tent near where I was boarding and opened a meeting. Neither one was ordained or licensed to preach. They had no songbooks or musical instruments. They would read from the Bible where it spoke of holiness and that the blood of Christ cleansed the heart from sin, and some began to seek this experience. I discovered that there was something wrong with me and went to the altar seeking to be sanctified wholly. After several days I found out that I held a grudge against the man who had given me trouble and that "whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer: and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him." Before I was fit to seek this glorious experience I would have to forgive that man and make things right with him as far as I was able.

It was a bitter pill for me. My stubborn will rebelled and for eighteen hours I wrestled in prayer. I wrote him a letter of confession, asked him to forgive me and to pray for me. When I signed, sealed, and addressed it, the peace of God came into my heart. That night I made my consecration and the Holy Ghost cleansed and filled my heart.

The call to preach was now an overwhelming passion. In my ignorance I thought I would not be allowed to preach until I held a minister's license. Without mentioning my state of mind to anyone I suffered in silence for several days. During the song service one night the suffering became so intense that I went to the evangelist to seek advice about what to do. I said: "Brother Rogers, I am dying to preach. What must I do?" He replied, "Go to preaching." "Here and now?" I asked. He said, "YES." I took his Bible, entered the pulpit, and delivered my first sermon. Six adults responded to my invitation and all prayed through.

A few days later a storm interrupted the service and no one was present except myself and a dozen tough boys. Stanly McCollum, a splendid bass singer, but

wicked and rough, was present. I asked him to help me sing a song, after which I preached to them. I called seekers; Stanly came to the altar and found blessed victory. Immediately I abandoned all my plans, social and commercial, and devoted myself wholly to the ministry, assisting in and conducting pioneer holiness revivals.

Three farmers engaged Rev. R. L. Averill to hold a meeting at Sunset, Texas, and he asked me and two other boys to assist him. We opened services on December 6, 1897, in an empty store building, seated with straight planks and no backrests. Mr. Averill was a great preacher and crowds filled the hall to overflowing twice daily. After one week he had to leave to fill an engagement with Uncle Bud Robinson in Waco, Texas. Our meeting was just beginning to break, and we decided to continue. It did not close until the middle of January. We had two and three services a day, with scores finding the Lord. Some who were blest became prominent in the work of the Church of the Nazarene. Among them were: Chas. A. McConnell, a newspaper publisher, who became editor of the *Texas Holiness Advocate*, afterward did editorial work at the Nazarene Publishing House, and later became dean of theology in Bethany-Peniel College; Dr. J. W. Harvey, a leading physician; his cultured wife and accomplished daughter, Eunice, who later became the wife of General Superintendent R. T. Williams; also Nettie, the popular daughter of John T. and Nettie Bellows. Mr. Bellows was a merchant and his family were prominent social leaders. We were facing stubborn opposition and heartless persecution. False reports about us were circulated and it was a reproach for anyone to profess to be sanctified wholly. This family was much humiliated when their beautiful daughter professed it. When she announced that she was called to preach, and was going to do so, the lid blew off.

Her father took her aside and said: "Nettie, this matter has gone too far. We are embarrassed when we appear in public, and you must give it up or I will have to disinherit you and ask you to leave home. I will give you twenty-four hours to make your decision."

At the end of that time he entered her room and asked for her decision. With eyes swollen from weeping she placed her arms around his neck and said: "Daddy, I love you better than I love my life, but I love Jesus more."

He asked: "Does that mean that you will not give up this nonsense?"

She replied: "I can't."

"Then," he said, "there is the door. Walk out and do not come back."

At Bellvue, Texas, where she was assisting in a meeting, she arrived at the tent before anyone else. As she knelt to pray, the devil appeared and said: "You have played the fool. You were popular in society, a prominent Sunday school teacher, and a favorite in your home. All have become ashamed of you and turned their backs upon you. This holiness business is a wave of fanaticism, will soon pass away, and you will be left alone." It was almost too much and she cried to the Lord for support. Opening her Bible, her eyes fell on these words:

"For both he that sanctifieth and they who are sanctified are all of one: for which cause HE is not ashamed to call them brethren" (Heb. 2:11). She arose with a shout, "Good-by, society! Good-by, loved ones! Good-by to the church I love so well! If I can just live so that Jesus is not ashamed of me, it will be worth all the world beside."

Some citizens at Crafton, Texas, were anxious for us to hold a meeting there, but were unable to secure a building in which to hold it. They learned that we

were raising a fund to pay for a gospel tent and made up a purse to be added to what we raised, requesting that we use it there first. A few days before we were to begin, a well-known preacher who had served as pastor there for several years went over the community circulating scandalous reports. He told the people that I was immoral, that I had broken up homes in other communities and ruined young girls. Without investigating the reports, many, as is often the case, believed it.

When we drove in with our tent, no one would talk to us. As soon as anyone learned who we were, they turned their backs on us and walked away. We supposed that arrangements were all completed, but we were denied a place to erect the tent until late in the afternoon. We put up the tent and built a platform before night, but no seats. A large crowd gathered and sat on the grass while we preached. We had been there all day with nothing to eat, and no money to buy anything. When we dismissed the service, all left, leaving us with no place to stay.

Ed Haynes, principal of the high school, was an old friend and former associate of mine. He came to me and made apologies for not taking me to his home for the night, making as his excuse that his wife had lost her health and was an invalid. We lay down on the grass and got some rest. The next day we seated the tent, but still had nothing to eat. This continued three days until the Boone family, who had been saved in meetings elsewhere, drove in with provisions to supply them over the weekend. I knew they were good cooks and asked them to drag the eats out, as we had tasted nothing for three days.

In the Sunday afternoon service the break came and people were saved all over the tent. A large crowd filled and surrounded the tent that night. We opened with a testimony service in which Mr. Wells, who was

about the most prominent citizen, arose and spoke about as follows:

"I am ashamed and feel that we are disgraced for the way we have treated these people. Without investigating, I believed rumors and false reports. I humbly beg their forgiveness."

When he sat down, another prominent citizen got up and talked the same way. A great altar service followed the sermon and all opposition melted. Ed Haynes, the high school principal, asked me to go home with him. I said, "No! I won't impose on Mrs. Haynes." He said, "She sent for you."

I went. He took me into a nice bedroom and said, "This is your home as long as you stay in Crafton. Visit whenever you want to, but this is your home." Mrs. Haynes was able to do the housework, and my laundry in addition.

We secured forty acres at Sunset, well watered and covered with oak trees, for a campground, and built a large wooden tabernacle. Rev. R. L. Averill, Rev. L. L. Pickett, and I were called as evangelists, and George Kersay as music director. Miss Nettie Bellows, who had just closed a meeting at Deer Grove, preached once. She was the most beautiful and lovely girl that I had ever seen, but our lives had been so different. She had lived in about the most beautiful home in that section. It was lavishly furnished, and her associations had been the best. I had lived a camp life, working and eating in the open in all kinds of weather and sleeping on the ground, with rough cowboys for associates. It seemed preposterous for me to approach her as I did, but when I proposed, she accepted me.

Her father had forced her to leave home because of the reproach that her religion heaped upon the family, but I felt I should ask him for her hand. When I approached him for his daughter he became furious, took her home and locked her up. Several thousand people

were on the campground. A tragedy was expected and it affected the meeting, interrupting the altar work.

Two days later as I was walking down a back road, returning from a grove where I had gone for secret prayer, Mr. Bellows overtook me, riding in a buggy. I stepped aside to allow him to pass, but when he got to me he drew his horse to a slow walk. I did not understand why he did this, so I climbed into the buggy and sat down. He became very much agitated. I said: "Don't become excited. I will not harm a hair on your head."

With his black eyes flashing, he exclaimed: "If you would not fight, your eyes tell a lie."

Quietly I said, "I will not fight, but I want to talk to you. You are acting very foolishly. You can't keep Miss Nettie and me from marrying. She is eighteen years old and the law gives her the right to select her own life companion. Using good judgment, you should allow us to marry at her home; then our future relations will be pleasant. I will take her away and will never annoy you by coming around unless you indicate that you want us to."

He replied: "I am going to do all that I can to prevent it."

Then I told him: "If you persist, the first thing you know we will get off here by the side of the road and marry like a couple of your field hands and you will always regret it."

He meditated a few moments and said: "You are crazy over religion, and so is Nettie. If you would get out of that nonsense and stay out of it for six months, you would be cured, and you would make a fine business-man. I will make you a proposition: If you will get out of it for six months I will give you a home wedding; I will build and furnish you a cottage and give you a half-interest in the business."

I was overwhelmed. I had no business management training. I could ride a bronco, rope and brand a year-

ling, but would be at a loss trying to manage a mercantile establishment. I said: "Mr. Bellows, I appreciate your confidence and promised benevolence, but all I ask of you is your daughter's hand in marriage."

With this we parted. The next day he unlocked her room door and opened it. She boldly asked him for the use of the family horse and buggy. When he asked her why she wanted it, she told him she wanted to go to Sunset. He told her she could use it if she would promise him she would not marry "that preacher" while she was gone. When she reached the campground, I explained to her the excitement that prevailed and how it was affecting the meeting. I suggested that instead of waiting until the end of the camp meeting to have the wedding, as we had planned, we have it as soon as we could and stop the excitement. She consented. When I asked her how soon she could be ready, she said the afternoon of the next day. We set the time for three o'clock, Wednesday, August 10, 1898.

I was on the program to preach that night. It was twenty-one miles to Decatur, the county seat. The round trip, forty-two miles, was a long drive in a buggy on an unimproved, sandy road. When I finished my sermon, seekers came hurriedly to the altar until it was crowded. Friends had a good team and buggy at the corner of the campshed. I turned the altar service to the other two evangelists and left immediately. When the county clerk's office opened next morning, I was at the window; I secured my marriage license and was back at the campground in ample time for the wedding. The ceremony was performed by Rev. John T. Stanfield, the warmest ministerial friend the family had, in the home of B. P. Hull, who had given us the campground and furnished most of the material for improving it. The meeting moved on smoothly to a glorious climax.

You may ask if the family ever became reconciled. Oh, yes. A little more than a year later Nettie's father

wired for us to come home. When we arrived he made a very humble confession and asked me to forgive him. We were the warmest of friends after that.

The oldest son-in-law, Dr. W. R. Potter, was a high-class gentleman. He was an able physician and surgeon for the Burlington Railroad. Because of the attitude of the family he did not invite me to his home at first, but when he was converted at the altar in a Baptist church he said the first thing he thought of was the way he had treated me. He wrote me a fine letter, making confession and asking my forgiveness. He urged us to visit them, which we did repeatedly. He developed cancer years later. Leading surgeons of Fort Worth and Dallas agreed with his diagnosis that an operation was his only hope and that it offered but one chance in a thousand. When he was ready to start to the hospital in Fort Worth for the operation, he had all the family leave the room except Opal, his niece. Then he dictated a letter to me. Among other things, he said:

"Oscar, this is my last message to you. You will never know how glad I am that you took the stand you did and have maintained it across the years. I trust you will never waver, but remain faithful and meet me in heaven."

This swept away all remaining animosity and the entire family became lasting friends.

3

Complete Consecration

The last of September, 1898, we joined Bob and Buford Hudson for a tent meeting at Lamasco, Texas, near their home. The entertainment was primitive. We camped in a run-down, abandoned cottage, where we prepared our own food and slept on thin mattresses. Crowds were large and many were saved. Three young men—C. C. Cluck, Allie Irick, and his brother, Solomon—were saved and all became fruitful evangelists in the Church of the Nazarene. Nettie conducted a tent meeting in the country in which a political stump speaker, J. G. Jeffries, was saved. He became an unusually eloquent preacher and successful evangelist in the Church of the Nazarene.

Consecration, full and complete, is not perfectly understood by some, and practiced perfectly by fewer. Friends of ours by the name of Greer, living near Abilene, Texas, illustrated this well. The family consisted of middle-aged parents and two teen-age girls. They were farmers. In the summer when they finished cultivating their crops, they would take a gospel tent and hold revivals. None of them was an ordained or licensed preacher, or possessed any knowledge of homiletics, and had no musical training. They would sing "How Firm a Foundation" and similar hymns with such fervor that foundations would tremble; pray until "heaven would come down our souls to greet, and glory crown the mercy seat"; invite people to an altar of prayer and help them into an experience of salvation.

They did this for several summers, when the oldest girl approached her father and, with trembling lips and flowing tears, said: "Daddy, there is something that I have been trying for some time to summon courage to talk to you about. God is calling me to the mission field." She was the leader of the band. She directed the services, delivered the exhortations, and opened the altar services. She was the keystone, and to pull out would mean that the whole structure would fall. He did not bat an eye, but said, "May God go with you!"

We had no organized church at that time and no foreign missionary board. Those who undertook foreign missionary work went out on the "faith plan." They visited bands of holiness people telling them how they felt and taking pledges for their support, to be paid every month or year. She did this and came home, preparing to leave for China. The mother made over some dresses and put some chickens in a coop to trade for thread, ribbons, etc., to complete the work. Friday morning they were fasting and praying and the Lord urged Brother Greer to sell Old Jude and equip the girl properly. He told me that Jude was the best mule he

owned and he felt he could not farm without her, but Jude belonged to the Lord, and he felt no regrets. When he told the hired hand to feed and curry three mules the next morning, he argued that two mules could pull the load of cotton to town, and three would not be needed. Brother Greer replied: "Don't argue. Tie Jude behind the wagon." She readily sold for \$200, and he and his wife spent \$190 for the girl's equipment. She went to China.

When her health failed, in company with her husband she started home. Soon after boarding the boat she broke out with black smallpox and was isolated in her cabin. Her husband felt that something serious was pending and forced his way in. There she lay, a mass of sores; eyes swollen shut, lips turned wrong side out. When he asked how she felt, she raised a scarred hand and said:

"I am nearing the port. I will soon be at home."

As he left the cabin he asked: "Is there any message you want me to give the homefolks?"

She said, "Tell them I said to remember darkened China."

They buried her in Japan. When he arrived in San Francisco he wired Brother Greer, giving him the news and telling him what train would bring him into Abilene. That morning Brother Greer drove the hack to the station and restlessly paced the platform watching for the locomotive to appear. When it did, his heart began pounding and his step quickened. The young man stepped off and walked into his arms, but neither one spoke. Heart spoke to heart in a language that could not be expressed in words. In silence they climbed into the hack and drove to the homestead. The mother and other daughter came to greet him, but no one spoke. In silence they walked in and sat before the fire, nothing audible but their sobs. When the mother finally found her voice she asked: "Did she leave any message?"

"Yes," he replied. "The last words I ever heard her utter were, 'Tell the homefolks that I said, "Remember darkened China."'"

When he said this, the younger girl raised her hand and said: "Daddy, that means me."

He said, "Amen! May God go with you."

This is consecration, full and complete; a state of soul where every cent of property, every loved one, every moment of time is completely committed to God for the salvation of lost souls.

Mr. J. B. Rhodes and family were saved in meetings that we held in Wise County, Texas; then they emigrated to the plains of western Texas, and established a farm home near Wellington. In arranging for us to hold a tent meeting at Wellington, he met us in a farm wagon at Quannah, Texas, thirty-five miles distant, the nearest railroad station. After loading the tent, and lumber to seat it with, he found a place for us to ride. We reached Wellington about the middle of the afternoon of the next day. This area was almost wholly devoted to raising wild cattle and the town was full of cowboys. They knew we were coming, and a number of them met us at the place selected for the tent. They all pitched in, and before the sun went down, had it up and seated.

They had never heard a holiness preacher and had never heard a woman preach. Nettie was young, beautiful, with a degree of culture and refinement, a trained teacher of public speaking, and we had crowds from the beginning, with plenty of excitement.

There was a cattleman by the name of Elmore Dodson, who had an extensive ranch in the country, but kept his wife and two daughters in a beautiful home in Wellington. He usually came in and spent the weekend with them. He was a reasonably clean, honest man but had encountered things that caused him to think all preachers were scoundrels; and he had nothing to do

with churches. His family, like others, were carried away with the meeting, and when he came home Saturday morning they began feeding it to him. By night he was so stirred up that he decided to go see for himself what it was all about. Nettie preached, and he was so impressed that at the close of the service he invited us to spend the night with them. We accepted the invitation since we were staying with a widow who lived in a shack with little furniture or food. At his lovely home he took us into a well-furnished bedroom and announced that this was their guest room and he wanted us to make it our home while we remained in Wellington.

He was so interested by Monday that he did not return to his cattle ranch. When a calf became a year old without a brand, it was a maverick and anyone could claim and put his brand on it. Elmore Dodson had done this. He undertook to get saved, but found that he had branded mavericks when he knew to whom they belonged. When he faced all this, his conviction was deep. He almost went crazy. He walked the streets all night. Finally he decided that he would pay for them as far as he could. He knew that he had branded some that belonged to Luther Clark, whose ranch was more than two hundred miles away. He sent him a check enclosing a note of explanation. Luther Clark too had branded mavericks and, without writing anything, he put the check in an envelope and sent it back. Mr. Dodson sent it again and told him that the money involved did not amount to much between them, but he was trying to prepare for the judgment and felt that he would be embarrassed at that time if these calves were hanging on to him.

Again Mr. Clark returned the check without writing a word. Then Mr. Dodson mounted his saddle horse, took a packhorse to carry bedding and food, and made the long ride to Luther Clark's ranch, forcing him to take the check.

With a heart changed by divine grace, all of his life was changed. He divided his bank account. When he sold a trainload of cattle or a carload of grain and the check was returned, one-tenth of it was placed to the account of "E. H. Dodson, Tithing," and nine-tenths to that of "E. H. Dodson." Checks were written and charged accordingly. He served on the District Advisory Board of the Church of the Nazarene for about thirty years and as delegate to the General Assembly. He often gave as much as \$500 and \$1,000 at one time to the work of the church.

4

Miraculous Healing

In January, 1899, we opened meetings in Franklin County, Arkansas, that proved to be extensive and fruitful. The first was in Watalula, where we suffered privations but saw hungry souls pray through to real victory. In another country church we fought a very stubborn spirit eight days before there was a move. A farmer living more than a mile away took us to his home at the close of the morning service. I could eat but little and repaired to the mountainside for meditation and prayer, which continued throughout the afternoon.

As the sun was sinking the Lord whispered, "I am with you." As we rode to the church in a farm wagon we sat in straight chairs behind the farmer and his wife, leaving a vacant space in the rear. A young man ran

down the hill and climbed into this space. He said: "For two nights I have dreamed that I died and went to hell." Pointing my finger at him I said, "The next time it will probably be a reality," and he fell prostrate. As we drove up to the church, singing and praying with the young man, the crowd which filled the church came out and surrounded the wagon. A deep snow had just melted leaving the ground wet and cold. Soon others began to fall, and for two hours we worked and prayed with them there. When all but three had found victory, we carried them into the house and continued. After this they began getting saved on the way to and from church, in their homes, and at work on the farms.

We did not make a slate in those days. With no thought of remuneration we entered opened doors and continued as long as the Lord led. A substantial farmer living near Marble Hill had secured the use of the community church and arranged to entertain us while we held a meeting there. Not knowing when we would be there to open the meeting, he responded to a call to attend court in another county. When we arrived in the early afternoon we learned that he lived two miles away, leaving us without transportation, and that his wife was afflicted with tuberculosis. We decided to remain at the church, hoping that someone would invite us to accept the hospitality of their home at the close of the service. When they did not do this, although we had eaten nothing, without bedding of any kind, we reclined on the platform and tried to sleep. The next morning we found a small store near, but they carried nothing that we could eat without cooking, except stale cheese and crackers. So we had cheese and crackers for breakfast, crackers and cheese for lunch, and we used the platform for a bed. We continued this program for three days. Saturday, I was in the woods praying when I discovered an abandoned farmhouse used for storing fodder. It had a fireplace in which we could prepare food, and a good

well of water in the yard. I got permission to use it, borrowed a few utensils, a sort of bed, and wooden boxes for dining table and chairs. And my wife, who had known luxuries in childhood and youth, rejoiced with me for the privilege of beginning housekeeping, even with such crude arrangements.

You ask, Did it pay? A thousandfold. We had a great revival with scores finding victory. Three preachers developed out of the meeting. One of them, John Edgin, later became superintendent of the Arkansas District of the Church of the Nazarene.

B. L. Jones, a well-to-do retired merchant, attended some of these meetings and received the blessing of holiness. He was a member of the Methodist church of Ozark, Arkansas, but had such standing that he got permission for us to hold a revival meeting in the Presbyterian church of Ozark. It was not as great a meeting as some we had held, but businessmen and others were saved who became the foundation of a local Church of the Nazarene.

Mr. Jones felt that we should crown the work that was being done with a great camp meeting. He secured the use of the grounds at White Oak, a central place, well watered and covered with spreading oaks, and erected a gospel tent. We secured Rev. J. N. Whitehead, of Mississippi, an able Bible teacher, to give Bible lessons daily, and Nettie and I served as evangelists. We opened at ten o'clock Wednesday morning. It was raining and fewer than fifty people were present. The rain continued without a break until early Sunday morning. The tent overflowed, camp tents leaked, and bedding became damp. It was difficult to prepare food. We had expected large crowds, and numerous services daily; instead we had two services a day with a mere handful of people.

In this discouraging situation there was one lady, a farmer's wife, who testified more than once, urging us to hold on, assuring us that God was going to help us.

She said that several times since the meeting had been announced she had become burdened for it, had taken her Bible and gone to the woods and prayed until she got the assurance that we would have victory.

About sunrise Sunday morning the clouds parted and rolled away like a scroll. Soon wagons, buggies, and carts began arriving. Many came horseback and some walked for miles. By ten o'clock there was a crowd of people present. At the close of a short, simple sermon, the altar filled quickly with earnest seekers and more than twenty-five prayed into victory. At three o'clock we had another fruitful altar service. At six o'clock we opened with two grove services, and such conviction came upon the people that some became prostrate in both services going at the same time. In one week we had more than four hundred professions, and there were more than one hundred cases of divine healing, some wonderful ones. God does answer prayer!

The work during the summer of 1899 was heavy. Crowds were unusually large and altar services extensive. In early October we closed a very large revival at Mulberry, Arkansas, located in the edge of the Arkansas River Valley. Anticipating larger crowds than our tent would accommodate, we had the people build a brush arbor and we lashed the tent to it. The altar we arranged was sixty feet long and it was usually filled, and sometimes the front seats also. The people came in farm wagons and vehicles drawn by horses and mules and the air would become filled with the river valley dust. When the meeting closed we were completely exhausted. Mr. B. L. Jones, of Ozark, Arkansas, urged us to repair to his palatial home for a week or two and rest. The second day I became ill. My temperature rose until they placed a bag of cracked ice under my head and one on my forehead. I was convinced that the Lord was through with me here and I was going to be allowed to enter heaven.

I was in a coma most of the time, but when I would regain consciousness I would ask if they had called a physician, and would advise, whatever happened, not to call a physician. I did not say why, but people that I had seen die under the care of physicians did so under the effect of narcotics and I determined that I would die without being drugged.

An able physician who owned a drugstore, whose wife had been blessed under our ministry, learned of my illness and came to see me. I was in a coma and he told Nettie that I would soon die if something was not done. He offered to treat me and furnish the medicine without charge, but she told him what I had ordered, and would not consent. The next day she knelt by my bed and prevailed with God for my healing. As she rejoiced over the assurance that all would be well, she shouted: "He will not die. The Lord will heal him." I tried to stop her. I wanted to go on.

She stepped into an adjoining room and I dropped into a doze or coma and fifty boys in their late teens came in and stood around my bed. When Nettie returned they were gone. I asked: "Where are those boys?"

She replied: "What boys?"

I said: "There were fifty boys here a few minutes ago."

She said: "I have been in this next room all the time and I know that no one had been here."

The impression was so vivid that I began to pray and asked the Lord to show me what it meant. He made it clear that the boys, all unsaved, were potential preachers; and if I would take up the burden and go on, He would give me every one. I saw that I had been wanting to escape the burden. With tears flooding my face, I said: "O Lord, let Thy will be done."

I was healed immediately, dressed at once, and in three days was in a revival meeting at Waldron, Arkan-

sas. The Lord has given us more than the fifty preachers. Some are in the pastorate; some are evangelizing; some, on the mission field; some, as superintendents; and a number have gone to their rewards.

A noble couple were saved in a meeting at Altus, Arkansas, on the river, who later moved twenty miles away into the mountains. They wanted us to hold a meeting near their new home, in the rich valley of Mulberry Creek. Expecting them to entertain us, we agreed to do it. We traveled the twenty miles in a farm wagon over unpaved, rocky roads. We sat in chairs holding our baby, Venus, in our arms. When we started down the mountain into the creek valley, the road was so steep and rough that the driver tied and locked both hind wheels. Nettie was afraid the wagon would turn over, so she walked, carrying the baby. I rode the wagon, holding the baggage. We learned that the couple who invited us lived a mile away, up the mountain, and had arranged for us to stay with the family that owned most of the valley farm. The widowed mother lived in the original family home, a well-finished, screened building. We were placed with the married daughter and husband and several children. Hogs ranged in the woods, invaded the yard, and created a very unsanitary condition near the kitchen and dining room door. We went without food until we were weak. I walked to a country store and spent all of the money we had for such things as we could eat without cooking. We thought the good folks were doing the best they knew and, to avoid embarrassing them, took the purchases to the woods for a picnic. We put what we could not eat into the bag and tied it up to a limb, intending to have another picnic later. When we returned, the hogs had, in some way, pulled it down and devoured it.

What were we to do? We were having one of our most fruitful revivals. Crowds were immense and the altar was crowded at every service. To close and leave

would rob many, probably, of the only chance they would ever have to find salvation. I said, "The Lord knows that we are here. He sent the ravens to feed Elijah. Let's fast and pray until He does something."

Our bed stood across a large window in the front of the house. Before we got out of the bed the next morning there was a tap on the window and the old mother invited us over for breakfast. She had puffy, hot biscuits, fresh homemade butter, sweet milk; and everything was sanitary. Then she said: "I want you to come here for your meals as long as you are here."

Two men, whom I will call Calvin and John, professed to get converted in a former meeting. They had had serious trouble. Calvin had showed John a brand-new ten-dollar bill. The country was excited over counterfeit money—"green goods," it was called. When John asked him where he got it, Calvin said, "I made it." John asked him what he would charge to show him how he made it. He was holding a mule, and Calvin said, "I will show you for that mule."

John's father was a wise, prosperous farmer. John told Calvin that he owed his dad \$10.00 and that he would take this bill and offer to pay him what he owed. If his dad accepted it, he would bring the mule down the next morning and trade. When he offered his dad the bill, he slipped it into his purse. The next morning when he took the mule down, Calvin had him sign a bill of sale and turn the mule into the barn lot. They went to court, and the court allowed Calvin to keep the mule.

We preached restitution: "If the wicked restore the pledge, give again that he had robbed, walk in the statutes of life, without committing iniquity . . . he shall not die" (Ezekiel 33:15). John thought Calvin should give the mule back. Calvin contended that, as the court had decided in his favor, the mule was his. Thus it stood for more than a year. During a camp meeting, convic-

tion seized Calvin; he borrowed \$100, rode hurriedly to John's home, and paid for the mule.

We have always believed that the normal state of a holiness church is one where the Holy Ghost operates to produce pungent conviction and to bring people to hearty repentance, restitution, and clear experiences of salvation in regular services, and where these things do not transpire there should be deep concern. The Holy Spirit will not work freely where there is covered sin and rejected light. In the absence of preaching on sin, eternal punishment, restitution, etc., these conditions develop and the church drifts into formality with little or no real salvation work.

We were called to hold a revival in a church in Kansas. It was a large congregation. They told us later there had not been a sweeping revival for several years. They would go through the motions with good music and oratory but little manifestation of the Spirit. The fourth day of our meeting the head usher went down to the Light and Power Company and called for the manager. He laid his checkbook in front of the manager with a signed check but no amount indicated. He said:

"My home is completely electrified; oven, heaters, fans, washing machine, etc. For some time I have jumped the current around my meter and just paid the minimum. I am trying to get right with the Lord. If you want to turn me over to the authorities, here I am. If you want to estimate the amount of current used, there is a check. Fill in the amount."

He came back and told me and struck fire.

There was a physician in the church whose wife had become jealous of him and one of his women patients. The women met, pulled hair, bit, and kicked each other. There they both sat singing, "I am bound for the promised land." Without knowing about this, we pictured it and said they should be singing, "I am bound for hell and damnation." They got together, embraced and

caressed each other. A railroad engineer and a furniture dealer who had developed coldness between them over positions in the church got close enough together to melt the hardness and we had a great, sweeping revival.

Three months later I received a letter from the pastor in which he said:

"You can't judge the worth of a revival while the evangelist is here. You must await results. We have not had a service, not even a prayer meeting, since you were here in which no one has been saved. Often on Sunday morning we have no opportunity for a sermon. The glory comes on us and it is turned into an altar service."

In midsummer of 1907 we stopped in the country, north of Bonham, Texas, for a few days' rest. Some local brethren were fond of fishing and hunting, and asked us to go fishing with them. They had a small canoe, plenty of tackle, and knew where fish could be found, so we accepted their invitation. We loaded two wagons with men and women and necessary equipment. We left home early in the morning and by two o'clock in the afternoon arrived at a point where a small creek emptied clear water into Red River. The weather was very warm and the fish were not active.

We learned that carp and buffalo fish, weighing from one to three pounds, were huddled under drifts where the water was some cooler, and that by being slow and careful we could get our hands on them. We stretched a seine around a drift and in an hour had caught a lot of fish. We set a trammel net in the edge of the river, took our catch, and went to camp. We dressed, fried and ate fish as long as they tasted good.

Early the next morning we went to our net expecting to secure all of the fish that we wanted, but were disappointed. The fish were too lazy to tangle in the net. We found a drift in the creek that reached from bank to bank. We stretched a trammel net on each side of the drift, from bank to bank, and began tearing out the

drift and piling it upon the bank. The water was four and five feet deep. The net near me began swaying violently. Thinking that we had a large fish, I started to it. One of the boys said:

"That is not a fish. It is a turtle."

Just then I felt it seize my left hand. I said: "Yes, it is a turtle and it has caught me."

I was horrified when I lifted my hand from the water to see the largest water moccasin that I had ever looked upon, fastened to my hand. I pulled eighteen inches of it out of the water before its fangs tore loose and it fell into the water. We had disturbed it, and in trying to escape, it had encountered the net and become entangled in it.

The boys pulled the net up on the bank and killed the snake. It was more than fifteen miles to a doctor or drugstore, and there were no telephones or cars available. As I looked at that terrible thing writing in death throes, and at the blood running from the lacerations made in my hand by its fangs, I said:

"There is just one thing to do; have a prayer meeting and believe the promises of God. The Bible says: 'These signs shall follow them that believe . . . They shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them.' I don't believe in tempting the Lord by handling poisonous reptiles to prove that we have the Holy Ghost, but the promise was made for emergencies like this."

We knelt near that venomous thing. Pain was running to my elbow and I was becoming nauseated. While we prayed, both symptoms ceased. I ate breakfast and rode a wagon home without discomfort. The only sign remaining of the snakebite was the scars in my hand left by the serpent's fangs, which were visible for several weeks.

5

Rescuing and Rescued

While engaged in these meetings we became interested in homeless children, many of whom were friendless and facing a sad future. We wrote some of our friends about our concern, asking them to pray and advise us. In reply, W. L. Rogers, of Pilot Point, Texas, wrote that he had just bought the Franklin County College property, containing a three-story, frame building. He bought it at an auction because it was a bargain, but had no use for it. If we wanted to use it for this work, we could move in without charge.

After we had been there awhile, we decided to hold a revival meeting. Opposition was stiff and persecution heavy. Opposers undertook to burn the tent, but a

downpour of rain defeated this. A mob came after me, but I felt inspired and drove them away. Then they conferred with the county officials, who, after some investigation, decided that we could be imprisoned for religious insanity. They found one woman who would testify that she had seen us pray six hours without getting off our knees; and another, that we believed the Lord could heal the body without the aid of remedies. Few people believed this at that time. They thought this would convince a jury that we were religiously insane.

When we were arrested, the news spread like wild-fire. A cattleman ran down and offered to make bond, stating that he could make \$100,000 bond in thirty minutes. The officer, who was a friend of ours, told him that it was not a bondable case; that if a person was insane, the law considered him dangerous to public safety, and if one was accused of being insane, the only legal course to pursue was to lock him up until the court could investigate and determine whether the charges were true or false.

The officer took us to Denton and to the best cafe and told us to order anything we desired. He bought new blankets for the cell and we were locked up, staying for three nights. When the case opened they had a special venire of 125 potential jurors, which they exhausted, securing only one juror. The question on which they turned them down was:

"If it develops that these people believe God can heal the body without use of remedies, will you take that as evidence that they are insane?" One hundred and twenty-four said, "Yes."

They went on the street and summoned additional jurors. By this time the day was almost gone. They put their star witness on the stand and before adjournment she had become confused and made a fool of herself. Our attorney asked her what she had seen in our actions that caused her to believe we were insane. She replied

that she had seen us manifest the carnal mind. He asked what she meant by the carnal mind.

"Got mad," she said.

Then the attorney asked, "How long have you known these people?"

"About three years. I have never seen Mr. Hudson manifest it, but have seen Mrs. Hudson manifest it once."

"You have known these people three years. In all of that time you have never seen Mr. Hudson get mad; you have seen Mrs. Hudson get mad once, and you take that as evidence they are insane?" The crowded courtroom roared with laughter.

As the court prepared to adjourn for the day, Mrs. Scripture, wife of a millionaire, approached the judge and asked if she might entertain us for the night. It was irregular, as the case was just starting, but she and her husband were among the most prominent citizens there, and he asked if she would be responsible for returning us by 10:00 a.m. the next day. She replied that she would, and we went from the county jail to the home of a millionaire. We had a bedroom, carpeted with an Oriental rug, and a private bath. We sat at a table covered with Irish linen and spread with Haviland china and sterling silver. And we have evidence that we were sane. It is a matter of court record in Denton, Texas.

The day before we were arrested I sought a conference with the county judge in an effort to quiet the confusion. When he discovered who I was, he ordered me out of his office. After the jury brought in their verdict and the case was closed, he asked for a conference in his office. When I went in he said: "Now let's let this matter drop."

I replied: "You must think I *am* crazy. Don't you suppose that I know where I stand? The best legal talent in this part of the state has offered to take a case against you and your bondsmen for one-half of what they will get out of it, and not require me to come near

the courtroom. But I have no desire to wreak vengeance on you; God will take care of you. However, you have caused me a lot of useless expense and published these scandalous reports in the daily papers. It is nothing but right that you pay this expense and support my family until I can put out an issue of my paper and let my friends know the truth of this affair."

He asked me how much money would be required. I mentioned a reasonable estimate and without a word he agreed to do it.

After we began operating an orphans' home, unfortunate girls who had been led astray began applying to us for help. We had the double standard in our society then. An unwed mother was such a disgrace and brought such reproach on the family, she was often forced to leave home and there was nothing open to her but prostitution. An unusually pitiful letter arrived and I called the workers together for prayer. After kneeling, I said: "Before we pray I want to read a letter." I spread it on the floor and read. When I finished all were weeping. I suggested that we remain on our knees until we had the answer that the Lord would give us a home for these girls. After a long season on our knees, we had the assurance that He had heard.

I walked out into the yard and there not far away stood a beautiful, two-story building in the center of a city block. I felt that this was the place. When I inquired of the owner, he told me it was for sale and the price was \$5,200. That was a fortune then, but I said, when I reported to the workers, "He will ask less before we are ready to buy."

Rev. J. P. Roberts was a farmer in the Indian Territory (now Oklahoma). He became deeply impressed that he should do more for lost humanity. With no communication between us, he sold his farm tools, stock, and feed, loaded his family into a farm wagon, and started to Pilot Point, Texas. He arrived in the early afternoon,

Wednesday. Soon others arrived and we decided to open a convention that evening. We telephoned a number of friends and a good crowd gathered. Every prayer was burdened for help for unfortunate girls. Every testimony and the evening message were on the same line. This continued through Sunday.

By this time Brother Roberts was greatly exercised. He retired but could not sleep because it seemed he stood at the top of the stairs and looked down at girls with uplifted hands begging for help. As he related this in the Monday morning service, everyone was moved. We went to prayer for means to pay for a home. I had given Nettie an Elgin watch for Christmas. As she was earnestly praying she was impressed to give this watch to start an offering. She took it off and with eyes brimming with tears said:

"Brother Roberts, this watch is all that I possess, but I give it to help pay for a building in which to operate a rescue home." Shouts of victory followed. I had again interviewed the owner of this beautiful home and he reduced the price to \$3,200. While no one asked for an offering, others began to give watches, furniture, houses, cash, and pledges, and kept it up until we had \$3,200. In a few hours we held the title to what is now Rest Cottage.

Many of these early meetings were held with improvised arrangements and sometimes it was difficult to maintain proper order. I was preaching one night under a brush arbor in the Indian Territory when some began leaving in haste. I could not imagine what was disturbing them until a man ran up behind me, jerked my coattail, and told me to run, that Westlake (a noted desperado) was in the brush near with his Winchester getting ready to shoot. I thought it useless to run. Westlake was a crack shot and, if he desired, could shoot us as we ran. Raising my voice loud enough so he could hear me, I cried:

"Let Westlake shoot. If he kills us we will be in heaven before his gun quits smoking."

Then I began calling seekers. Some responded. We began praying with them and heard no more of Westlake.

We renovated and seated a large livery barn in Bonham, Texas, and engaged Dr. H. C. Morrison of Wilmore, Kentucky, to hold a meeting. He was preaching one night when a teen-age boy in the congregation, who was sitting beside a young lady, began creating a disturbance. Dr. Morrison asked him to be quiet. In a few minutes he began again. Dr. Morrison again kindly asked him to be quiet. When he started to create a disturbance the third time, Dr. Morrison said:

"If you continue to disturb this service I will come back there, take you by the nape of the neck and the seat of your britches, and throw you through the window."

The young fellow took the girl by the arm and left. When the service was over and we were leaving, he was just outside the door with a long knife in his hand. As Dr. Morrison came out he said: "What was that you called me awhile ago?"

Dr. Morrison asked: "Are you the fellow who was disturbing the service?"

He said: "I was not disturbing the service."

"Then," said Dr. Morrison, "I did not say anything to you; but some fellow who looked just like you was disturbing the service. Twice I asked him kindly to be quiet, but he continued with his mischief. Then, I said, 'If you do not get quiet I will come back there, take you by the nape of the neck and the seat of your britches, and throw you through the window.'" Then, looking him straight in the eye, he added, "I am of the same notion right now." The fellow backed away and left.

We joined Uncle Bud Robinson in conducting a tent meeting in Waldron, Arkansas. We had closed a night service and almost everyone had left the tent except

Uncle Bud, Nettie, myself, and the lady who was entertaining us. A young man just outside the tent began swearing terribly. I called to him reminding him that my wife and another lady were standing there, and to stop swearing. He grabbed a knife from another boy, waved it threateningly, and muttered, "I'm a cowboy, I'm a cowboy," and came rushing across the tent. It looked dangerous, but I turned my back to him and committed myself to the Lord, determined to die at the point of that knife if the Lord willed it. He rushed up to me still muttering and waving the knife. I held my back to him until he became quiet. Then I turned around and asked him what it was he wanted. Meekly he asked what kind of books I was selling.

Uncle Bud was impressed. Years later we met him at the camp meeting at Lakeland, Florida. He was very glad to see us and I said:

"Uncle Bud, I was not sure that you would be able to recognize us away down here and in this big crowd."

He said: "Oscar, I know you and little Nettie so well that I would recognize your hide if I should see it hanging in a tanner's yard."

6

Changing Pastures

We were ordained in the Church of the Nazarene in Bowie, Texas, by General Superintendent P. F. Breesee, in October, 1913. In his address to the class, among other things he said:

"Beloved, on Monday you should know what you are going to preach on next Sunday morning; on Tuesday you should get your firstly and work it out good; on Wednesday get your secondly and work it out good; on Thursday get your thirdly and work it out good; on Friday, soak; Saturday, soak—soak until it is dripping from all of the pores of your skin. Go out Sunday morning and preach it in thirty minutes. If you don't talk more than thirty minutes, though you don't say much,

they will suppose that you know it but did not have time to tell it. If you talk an hour and don't say anything, they will decide that you don't know anything and will not come back."

In 1914, I accepted the office of business manager of Hamlin Nazarene College in Hamlin, Texas. The college was seriously handicapped with debt, but within two years we had succeeded in correcting this difficulty. I felt the burden of the ministry and resigned to accept a call to the pastorate of the Church of the Nazarene in Sherman, Texas. God's blessings were upon us there in a wonderful way; souls were saved almost every Sunday throughout the year. They were anxious for us to continue but Rev. J. B. Chapman, president of Peniel College in Peniel, Texas, and others urged us to undertake the pastorate of the Nazarene church in Peniel, one of the largest in the state. It proved to be a wise move and the work moved forward.

During the two years we served there we witnessed an unusually fruitful revival. We worshipped in the college auditorium, which seated about seven hundred. After the first service the auditorium was filled to capacity every night. There would be no invitation hymn. People would rise from all over the room and come to the altar crying and praying. At the close of the meeting I received eighty-seven into church membership in one class.

After serving two years as pastor in Peniel, we resigned and took up evangelistic work. The several Nazarene churches in the city of Chicago united in a great camp meeting in an effort to reach the entire city. They engaged General Superintendent R. T. Williams of Kansas City, Dr. C. H. Babcock of Los Angeles, and me as evangelists, and Miss Virginia Schaefer as soloist. They erected a giant tent-city with camp tents forming streets and numbered like dwellings. Crowds were immense and long altars were filled.

While I was serving as pastor of First Church, Racine, Wisconsin, Dr. E. O. Chalfant, district superintendent, began urging me to conduct a home mission meeting in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, twenty-five miles away, while Nettie took care of the work in Racine. We had no church in Milwaukee then and he would urge it every time he met me, and add, "I'll stand behind you." When he said that one day I replied, "Translate that into dollars and cents and let's see how it looks." When he asked me what I needed to undertake it, I said, "10,000 posters, 10,000 tracts *What Must I Do to Be Saved?* a tent 50 feet by 80 feet, and \$200." He had sponsored three meetings there with leading evangelists without securing a crowd, and thought I had my sights too high. He finally agreed to meet my terms.

I secured J. Warren Lowman and wife as song directors, selected a location, and opened at three o'clock on Sunday afternoon after putting those posters and tracts in ten thousand homes. A fair crowd gathered, and at the close of the service one man responded to the altar call and was converted. Most of the people had never seen a real revival meeting, and they thought it was a "great show" and we had large crowds.

Mr. Lowman stayed two weeks and left to keep another engagement. Quite a number had been converted or sanctified, among them the music director of the First Presbyterian Church. He took charge of the music and we succeeded in completing a nucleus out of which grew the First Nazarene Church.

When the Nazarene church was young, growth in all departments was hindered because of a lack of finances. General Superintendent R. T. Williams, who had keener perception than all the rest of us, decided that a well-financed home mission board would fill a definite need. He delivered a stirring message on the importance of home missions in the General Assembly in Kansas City, which led to the adoption of a resolution

to appropriate \$100,000 for home missions. This was a burden equal to a considerably larger amount today.

We did not have the cash and had to raise it. To do this we undertook to have the district assemblies underwrite it. When some of the assemblies refused to do this, the venture was in jeopardy. The district assembly at Warren, Pennsylvania, would determine whether we would go ahead or abandon it entirely. Dr. Williams was very much concerned. He called for most of the members of the newly created home mission board to be at this assembly to inspire the assembly to endorse the action.

Rev. L. Milton Williams, who was chairman of this board, had been pastor of the First Methodist Church in Warren when he sought and found the experience of entire sanctification. His vigorous preaching had awakened the church and others; some of the most prominent members professed to be sanctified. Opposition developed and the pastor was forced to resign. More than one hundred (one a millionaire) followed him and they had organized a Church of the Nazarene and erected a beautiful brick church. This was where the assembly was to meet. They thought L. Milton Williams was about the greatest preacher in the church. He was to preach on Wednesday night. His name was on the bulletin board at the front of the church and it had been announced from the platform. When the assembly committee on home missions brought in their report turning the proposition down, Rev. L. Milton Williams and Dr. R. T. Williams were near a collapse.

About six o'clock they called me and asked me to preach. I said: "L. Milton Williams was to preach."

They said, "He is in bed sick."

I said: "If L. Milton Williams is sick, there is just one man in this assembly they will listen to."

They asked: "Who is that?"

"Dr. R. T. Williams," I replied.

The speaker said: "Dr. Williams is sick also. He is suffering nausea right now."

"Surely," I replied, "this great state of Pennsylvania has a preacher who is well enough known to substitute for L. Milton Williams, who is so well known and loved."

He said: "Dr. Williams recommended you."

I stood between two alternatives. To refuse would be to desert my call to preach; to consent meant to face a human impossibility, for I was unknown. I had some egotism, but it dwindled and died. I grew cold, then hot. As the time for the sermon drew near, I was too small to be seen. No one knew that L. Milton Williams was sick and would not preach. The master of ceremonies announced it, and also that Dr. Williams was sick, but they had a Texas preacher who would substitute.

It is remarkable what the Lord can do when we become small enough to get out of His way. My first word struck fire. As I proceeded, it became a flame. I closed in a blaze of glory and a great altar service resulted.

7

Building Churches

The general superintendents were handling what little home mission funds we had at that time. We had no churches of note between Tennessee and Miami, Florida. They reasoned that, since Atlanta, Georgia, was a gate city, a strong church there would open the territory, and began urging us to undertake it. The church had but little home mission funds and, knowing the difficulties connected with such work, we hesitated. Persistent urging caused us to fear that we might err by further refusal, and we undertook it. After careful searching we selected a location on Moreland Avenue. Scarcity of funds forced us to build a cheaply constructed tabernacle for a beginning and to do most of the work myself, with other donated labor. While I was working

on the front of the building one day, a man came by in an expensive car and saw me there, wet with perspiration. He stopped, got out of his car, tossed me a silver dollar, and returned to his car. I called to him and asked what he meant. He said, "I don't know. I didn't know that a preacher would work, and it did me so much good that I wanted to do something."

Another time I was dirty and sweaty when the district sales manager of the Richmond Fireproof Door Company called. He asked if he might join this church. I told him he might if he had religion and could qualify, as we accepted as members only those who were saved and separated from worldly association. He met our requirements and became a useful member.

We were building in a splendid residential community of nice homes, some of brick construction. They resented the kind of structure that we were erecting, as well as our form of worship, and at two o'clock one morning it burned down before a fire company could reach it. The fire company pronounced it arson. I could not pay for the material I used until I got the building far enough along to secure a loan. The firm that furnished the material forced me to take out insurance before they put it on the ground. I had forgotten the insurance and was greatly troubled until the claim agent came out from the insurance company. He said, "There is nothing to do but pay this off. Have you paid the premium?" When I told him I had not, he suggested I go down and pay it before he turned in his report.

I collected the insurance, paid for the material, and had money left to start rebuilding. I enlarged the foundation and erected a brick-veneer sanctuary that would seat 600. Within two years we had 150 members and Sunday school attendance was over 300.

Rev. Bruce B. Hall, with his wife, began attending our services without identifying himself as a minister. They were quiet and reserved, but friendly and cooper-

ative. After they had attended regularly for several weeks I said: "You are attending these services regularly. If you are in harmony with us, why not put your church membership here?"

He replied, "We are thinking." Then he explained that he was an ordained minister in the Methodist church, a graduate of Asbury College in Wilmore, Kentucky, and had been on the faculty two years until he came to Atlanta to take a medical course in Emory University, preparing to go to Africa as a medical missionary. His father, who was a vegetable and fruit farmer in Florida, had been backing him. But the hurricane which caused so much destruction of life and property in Florida ruined him, and after two years in Emory University, Brother Hall had been forced to quit.

When he told me this, I was embarrassed and humiliated and apologized for approaching him as I did, but he said he was hunting a church that possessed some spirituality. They did unite with us. We were in the depression of 1929 and '30. There were few jobs and procuring bread was a problem. I was about ready to begin the construction of a two-story educational building and decided to have the excavation done with shovels to give people employment. I told Bruce that if he wanted the job I would give him 35c an hour. This college teacher, with two years of medical training, took hold of a shovel and used it until his hands blistered and his muscles were sore.

I had held a home mission meeting at Thomasville, Georgia, and organized a very good church. They had erected a church building. I placed Brother Hall there as pastor and he was one of the district's most dependable pastors.

Rev. Charley Dunaway had been a most useful evangelist in the Southern Methodist church for years. He had held meetings in most of the stronger Methodist churches of the state. He had held more than

twenty-five revivals in Atlanta. There were few, if any, towns in Georgia that did not have businessmen who had been converted in his meetings. He counseled with me about uniting with the Church of the Nazarene. I reminded him that most of his close friends were in the Methodist church and that he would be a stranger in the Church of the Nazarene. Also I told him that few Methodist preachers could catch the Nazarene swing and step; that we had a definite mission and our own, sometimes unusual, methods. After he pressed me for weeks, I told him I would do all I could for him. We arranged for him to hold a revival in the Nazarene church and for him to unite with us at the close of the meeting.

We had a great revival with crowds packing the auditorium and scores finding blessed victory. He, his wife, and two teen-age daughters united with us, together with a large class, many of whom were his best friends.

The North Side Nazarene Church of Miami, Florida, had a very good membership, including some excellent businessmen. They were worshiping in a cheaply constructed, tabernacle-type building. They decided to secure a more favorable location and erect an acceptable sanctuary. They learned that I was organizing churches in Georgia and securing money to erect buildings, and formed the opinion that I was a superior money raiser and decided to get me to help them start their project. They called me to hold a revival meeting, saying nothing about their plans for building. When I arrived they told me their plans and asked me to devote the first Sunday morning service to starting the offering.

I objected to this plan, contending that the revival should be the first consideration. I suggested that we wait until the last Sunday of the meeting and we would advertise an afternoon service, secure the cooperation of the other Nazarene churches of the city to furnish music, etc., and they consented.

In the meantime we were out in the pastor's car and came upon a large church with beautiful stained-glass windows, a two-story educational building in the rear, and a three-bedroom parsonage. I saw that it was vacant. I asked him what it was. He explained that six years before, during the "Florida boom," a Baptist congregation had built it at a cost of \$80,000. They raised \$30,000 and borrowed \$50,000. Then the boom ended and panic ensued. The church disbanded; then the loan company went broke, and the state was liquidating its assets.

I suggested that they buy this instead of building, but the pastor objected. He said it was too big, but I said it would be a challenge to fill it. Then he said it would cost too much, advising me that its original cost was \$80,000. I told him I could buy it for \$6,000 and dared him to let me try. It was more difficult to get the consent of the church board. They finally gave me permission and I succeeded in getting a contract for \$6,000. We advertised the service and secured a full house. I succeeded in getting one member who was in the printing business, who was also a preacher, to subscribe \$1,000. He had an appointment out of town but authorized me to put him down for that sum. I set up a blackboard and drew a vertical line through the center. I announced that names of all donors seated on one side of the building would be placed on one side of the board, and those on the other side on their half.

I placed the absent brother on one side with \$1,000. A prosperous widow seated on the other side of the room subscribed \$2,000. A merchant who, when I had asked him to give \$1,000, had refused, saying he was having trouble keeping his bank account level, got up and turned around twice and said: "I told Brother Hudson that I could give only \$200, but just remembered I have a lot next to the city hall that I can cash out anytime. Put me down for \$1,000." The audience soon over-

subscribed the \$6,000. I turned in and raised \$2,000 for repairs and for additional pews and partitions in the basement. The church grew rapidly and is now Central Church.

At Waycross, Georgia, in a home mission meeting I was having difficulty building a congregation and began going from house to house meeting the people and inviting them to the services. I approached an unimposing cottage and a friendly lady answered the doorbell. I entered in response to her kind invitation, and about the same time a boy in his early teens, came in. She said: "This is my son, Charles." When I finished a short prayer, both were weeping. I invited them to the meeting and withdrew. She said to Charles, "That man has religion and you should go hear him."

That night Charles was in the tent. He returned the second night, and the third night was beautifully saved. A few nights later he was sanctified wholly. He became a charter member of the church and we gave him a local preacher's license. He attended Trevecca Nazarene College in Nashville, Tennessee. His first pastorate was his home church. After serving a second pastorate, he was called to Atlanta First Church, the largest church in the district. We know him now as Dr. Charles H. Strickland, one of our outstanding preachers, who has built and superintended the fast-growing work among the English-speaking people of southeast Africa.

We held a very successful revival meeting in Winnsboro, South Carolina, in which a large number were converted or sanctified and came into the Church of the Nazarene. Among the number was a young man named Hugh L. Slater. He was called to the ministry and became a national evangelist and is still active after more than twenty-five years service.

Nettie is a successful Sunday school booster. In this meeting she doubled the Sunday school attendance, and it continued double its former attendance. This resulted

in rapid growth in church membership, and the people soon had a good church.

I accepted the office of district superintendent of the Arizona District during the depression of the early 1930's, when we were having difficulty financing many of our churches. Some could not afford the expenses connected with revival meetings. The church at Tucson was in dire difficulty. When they erected their buildings they borrowed \$7,000, which was a large sum in those days. Then trouble developed and they lost much of their membership and could not meet the payments on the loan, nor the interest. The debt had grown until it amounted to nearly \$12,000. General Superintendent J. W. Goodwin had looked over the situation and advised them to disband.

I believed we had a chance to save the situation and offered to give them a revival without charge. The church was discouraged and the attendance was small. In the middle of the week the pastor asked if we should try to have a service on Saturday night. I told him that I was called to preach and if he could get a hearing we would have service. He announced it and urged the people to attend. Nettie had the flu and was in bed with a temperature. I went out at the hour for the service and found one couple present beside the pastor and his wife.

I waited awhile for him to open the service and then whispered to him: "Is it not time to open the meeting?" He said he was afraid no one was coming. I said, "We have two." I asked him if they were members of his church, and he said they were not. I asked if they had been attending the meeting, and he replied that the man worked every night except Saturday and Sunday. I urged him to have service, and he said we might sing and have a prayer. But I told him they came to hear preaching and to proceed with the preliminaries if he was going to have any, because I was going to preach.

I preached forty minutes and called seekers; both the man and his wife came to the altar and were blessedly saved. Later they were sanctified wholly and made useful members of the church.

It was time to make pastoral arrangements for another year but the leading members said they could not pay a pastor and wanted to disband. I suggested that they have Nettie take it for a year. I told them that she had done a few things, and they could set the salary at whatever sum they desired. They mentioned \$10.00 a week and I agreed. Then they wanted to turn the property over to those who held the papers against it. There were some carpenters in the church who argued they could build with less money than they were paying for the present property. But I contended that was not the honorable way to do; that the church had signed those papers, agreeing to pay the amount. If there was any way to do so, they should proceed. The company who loaned them the money had gone bankrupt and the state was liquidating its assets. I was sure we could get some considerations. When I visited the state comptroller who was handling the business I found he was an old Texas friend of mine with whom I had done considerable business. Sure enough, he listened to my argument and made desirable concessions. In one year we reduced the debt from \$12,000 to \$3,500. This saved the church and it grew and became a strong congregation, contributing members for the founding of other churches in the city. Yuma, Chandler, and Prescott were relieved financially; the church membership, as well as Sunday school attendance of the district, was increased 33 percent.

While I was district superintendent in Arizona, I attended the convention of district and general superintendents in Kansas City, Missouri. It was during the depression and we were wondering how we were to finance the offices of the church. We were in a night session and Dr. R. T. Williams was in the chair when

someone announced that Uncle Bud Robinson was in the hall. Dr. Williams said, "Bring him in." When he entered Dr. Williams said, "Uncle Bud, we are discussing how to raise more money—you tell us."

Without hesitating he said:

"What is money? Money is something that will buy anything but happiness and take you anywhere but to heaven. Why do we call it dough? Because the woman kneads her dough and we *think* we need the money."

8

Still Shining

In the early 1900's the Methodist Episcopal church was pushing down into Oklahoma, Texas, Arkansas, and other southern states. Some of the citizens of this area felt that their territory was properly served by the Methodist Episcopal Church South, and were not very cordial to the newcomers. They referred to them as the *North* Methodist church with an air that created a feeling that made progress difficult and in some instances all but impossible. Absence of growth leads to stagnation and some of these churches were cold, formal, and lifeless. One such church in Muldrow, Oklahoma, called us to hold a revival meeting.

It was a difficult proposition. Attendance was small and services unsatisfactory. The singing was without inspiration; the preaching was with little or no unction; the altar, usually barren of seekers and without divine glory. We closed the meeting feeling that we were defeated, blaming ourselves for not being low enough before the Lord to pull sufficient fire from heaven to thaw the ice.

More than twenty-five years later we were called to hold a meeting at Fresno, California. A large congregation greeted us the first night and at the close of the service a distinguished-looking lady approached me and said: "Do you remember me?"

I replied: "No, I don't believe I do."

Then she asked: "Do you remember holding a meeting at Muldrow, Oklahoma, several years ago?"

I answered: "Yes, I have tried to forget it but it hangs about memory's door."

"Do you remember preaching one morning when there were only two in your audience?"

"No," I said, "I don't remember doing that."

"Well," she said, "only one including me came to the morning service besides you and Sister Nettie. You preached and called seekers. I knelt at the altar and was blessedly saved." Then her face lit up with divine glory and she said, "Thank the Lord, I still have the victory." She had emigrated to California, married a successful businessman, and they were among the leaders in founding and developing the fruitful Church of the Nazarene in Fresno.

"Who hath despised the day of small things?"
(Zech. 4:10)

In the heat of August, 1911, Nettie came home from a strenuous revival campaign, worn and tired. Nature demanded a complete rest in bed. But a large pile of soiled clothes must be laundered to clear the way for additional evangelistic labors, and she was helping the

girls with this duty. The devil attacks at our weakest point, and assailed her. Overwork, he argued, would cause an early death; that she was accomplishing but little or nothing anyway. Excusing herself from the girls, she sought a quiet place to pray.

In our preaching we had used the expression: "If you are really cleansed from inbred sin and filled with the Holy Ghost, you can put your head into an empty flour bin and sing the doxology." The Lord reminded her of this and she determined to resist the devil. Then a beautiful song was born in her heart. She reached for a pen and paper and in less than thirty minutes wrote the immortal words of "Are You Shining?"

She wrote it humming the air to the song "He's the One." In a few days we sang it to this tune in a camp meeting and it blessed the people. I was studying harmony at this time. I saw the song had merit and, to enable us to publish it, I wrote a melody and, with a little help, harmonized it. It had a wide sale in sheet music and is published by the Lillenas Publishing Company, Kansas City, Missouri, in *Treble Voices and Inspiring Gospel Solos and Duets No. 1*. These are the words:

*Are you shining for the Master?
Are you shining ev'ry day?
Are you walking in the straight and narrow way?
Are you shining midst the trials
That the Master sends your way?
Are you shining for the Master ev'ry day?*

*Are you shining for the Master?
Is His love-light in your eye?
Can the people see it as they pass you by?
When 'tis hard to bear the burden,
You'll not give up in despair;
If you really have the blessing, you will shine.*

*You may never pray like Peter,
You may never preach like Paul,
To a life of public service not be called;
But the Lord is searching daily
For devoted, humble souls.
He can polish with His power till they'll shine.*

*Are you ready for His coming?
If you are, you'll surely shine,
For it's only those who shine will enter in.
Is your heart made pure and holy?
Are you cleansed from inbred sin?
If you really have the blessing you will shine.*

CHORUS:

*You will shine, of course you'll shine;
If Jesus keeps you polished, you will shine.
'Mid the trying scenes of life,
Midst the turmoil and the strife,
If you really have the blessing, you will shine.*

I stood with my family on the rim of the Royal Gorge, in Colorado. As we looked down the steep granite wall to the bottom of the canyon, a half mile below, we saw a long passenger train winding its way through the canyon. It appeared to be so small that it could have been taken for a toy electric train. But while we were watching it, the giant locomotive began belching clouds of black smoke as it labored to pull the heavy train up the grade.

I said, "No, that is no toy. It is a full-size passenger train transporting men, women, and children across the country. But why does it appear to be so small? Oh, it is because we are so far above it."

It is just that way with the affairs of this life. When worldly pleasures, money, position, honor, trials, etc., loom large in our thinking, it is because we are down among them. Through grace divine we can soar into God's high country, where these things appear as toys.