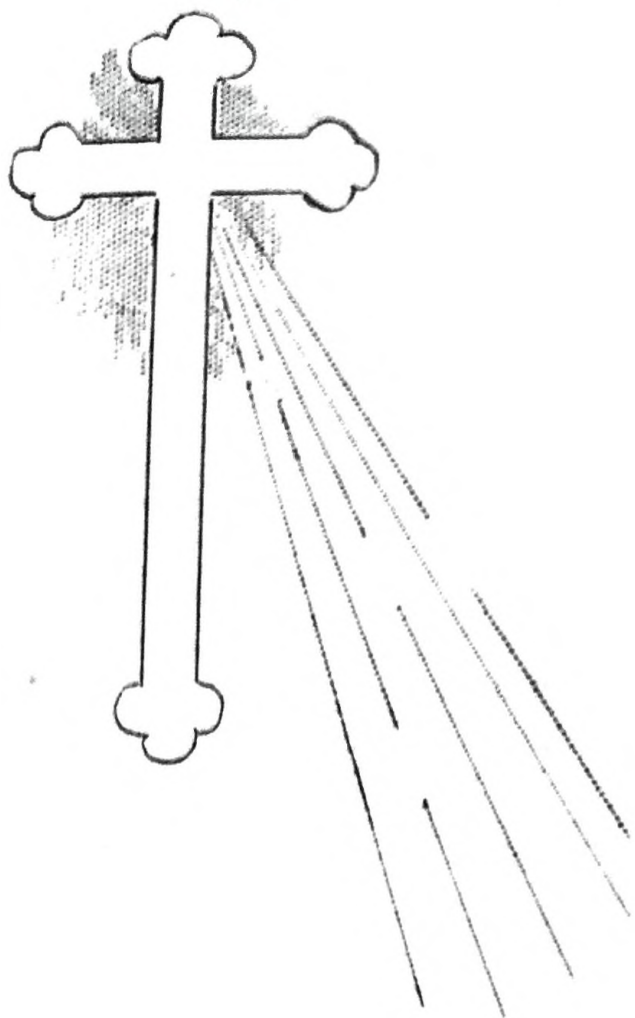


I EXCHANGED MY
FILTHY RAGS OF SINS.
FOR A ROBE OF RIGHTEOUSNESS

HONEY
in the
HOCK

Aunt Cora



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Aunt Gora

Berry Short Born Nov 26/1883

Cora Born March 10, 1885

Joney Short Jan 15, 1888

Children of Joney & Mandy Jone Short.

Joney Short Born, May 7, 1813

was killed Oct, 6, 1864

James Short Born 1864 Sept 19

Died April 1, 1899

HONEY IN THE ROCK

Aunt Cora

I was born in the year of 1885 on a homestead in Stone County, Missouri. Father died when I was only three, leaving mother with three children. Grandmother told me how the bushwackers shot grandfather down, picked up his watch and hat, and went on their way. Bushwhackers, they said, was a class of men who would not join the army, but rogue around and kill and steal. Daddy was only three days old when grandmother got the sad news, and grandfather was fifteen miles away. My aunt, who was staying with her, saddled up two horses: one for her, one for grandmother and the three-day-old baby. Well, on their way, grandmother took a chill. Her fever was so high and she was so thirsty that my aunt carried water in her shog from a nearby spring and gave her to drink. When they arrived all they could do was nail up a box and bury grandfather on the hillside.

My mother worked very hard to keep her flock from straying. By and by my brother and I started to school two-and-a-half miles out in the country. We were barefooted and our clothing was worn and faded, but clean. We carried a dinner pail, but not much food. Many a day we had a chunk of cornbread with butter and sorghum. When snowflakes began to fly mother went to town several miles away and bought us brass-toed shoes so stiff we could hardly walk. Oh, how well I remember our bruises and stumped toes. Sometimes we would get grass cuts under our toes and oh, how sore they would get. Our remedy was a white yarn thread, soaked in turpentine, tied around our toes. Laugh, if you may, but that was a sure cure. Sometimes someone would get snake bitten. Turpentine was the cure. But if we took very sick, we had to wear a bad of asafetida around our necks. The remedy was almost worse than the disease. But, you know, we were all plump and sassy. If we took the toothache we kept a pair of wire plyers up on the old fire board for the purpose, and any of the family could use them very handy like. It generally took about two to do the holding.

I remember one day my brother and I stopped at a neighbor's house on our way home from school. Oh, we were so hungry and thirsty we stopped and asked for a drink -- against mother's rules, for she never allowed us to pester anyone. We were to graze on our own pastures. This, however, was one time we broke the rules. We asked very timidly for a drink of water. They kept a colored slave. She brought us a drink and some bread and butter. I looked at the bread to see if the black had rubbed off. Oh, it was such a puzzle to me to think her hands so black and the bread so white. I still say that was the ~~Dink~~ best bread and butter I had ever eaten. You may say what you want to, but I believe that lady is in heaven.

Going to school was hard-sledding in those days. I wanted so bad to get educated, but just as soon as I learned how to read and write -- and to spell "Abraham Lincoln" I had to go to work. I got

the idea that if only I could earn enough money to buy a rubber-tired buggy and a prancing horse it would be all I ever would need. Well I was quite lucky, I though, hired out to one of my cousins with seven in the family. I carried water almost a quarter of a mile, washed on a scrub board and ironed with an iron you heated on fire. They were so crowded they had a trundle bed under a large bed -- and in the front room to boot. Think what large wages they paid, one dollar a week with Saturday and Sunday off. Well, they set a wonderful table, biscuits for breakfast; corn dodger, potatoes, beans and sorghum cake for dinner; bread and milk for supper.

How happy I was when Saturday came for mother needed me so badly. I would clean house for Sunday; take the chairs out to ash-hopper and scrub them white. We never knew there was such a thing as paint or varnish. Then I would get the old shuck mop, soft soap, and more ashes and scrub the oak floors, wash the white sheets we used on top of the beds and the bolsters and pillow shams. If the beds looked too flat we would put more straw in the ticks that held the straw and then sun the feather beds and pillows. Now we had every thing spic and span.

It almost broke my heart to see mother and the little children go so needy. I tried to help out all I could but a dollar per week didn't go very far even with Calico five cents per yard, muslin the same, hose ten cents, and shoes ~~five~~ cents. Well I managed to get me a few dresses, a pair of Sunday shoes, some hankies and a ribbon or two, as we braided our hair and bowed up our ribbon. Weel we never owned a closet; so I bought a trunk and it had a key. I sure wanted to take good care of my possessions. I had several soda cards, some candy hearts with pretty verses on them, and several love notes from neighbor boys, all of which I prized so very highly. About this time I went to live with grandmother. She was a sweet old lady; so kind and good to me and gave me such good advice. Said Cora, "life is principally what we make it. We can shun the wrong, do the right, and some day be a great blessing to the world."

When I was small I never heard the name God, except when taken in vain. One day a little girl payed me a visit. We were playing. I said something I guess was naughty. She said, "Pa says if we are good when we die we will go to heaven -- a beautiful place -- and just have everything and not get sick." I said, "oh, where did you say that beautiful place was? I sure want to go there." She answered: "If you are mean, tell lies, swear, and cheat your neighbor, you will go to hell and burn and burn." In a few days her pa and a man was talking on the Bible. The elderly man put his hand upon the Bible and said, "Pete Hodge, according to this old Bible, before the end of time people will be sailing through the skies, riding in horseless carriages and talking through the wall." I pondered over that for days. Wouldn't our old lumber wagon look fine coming down the road and no horses hitched to it; and if ever I get big enough to fly I will soar high and never flop a wing and talk to everyone I know. That day I begin to long for a home in the mountains above. Mother let the young folks come in and dance. I soon tried to mimic them, but seemed like my feet were too heavy. No one ever told me it was wrong, but I felt condemned. I vowed that if ever I had a home

there would be no frolics, but a home of prayer and thanksgiving. If I had given my heart to the Lord in my early days, yes, when I first heard the good news, I might, with the help of God have won millions to him. Parents, be sure to point your children to the lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world. Bend them in the way they should go. If you bend a twig in the direction you want it to grow, it obeys.

Grandmother had the most beautiful side-saddle you ever saw, covered with red plush and three horns. Almost every day I would pass by it, give it a pat, and wish I owned one just like it. Grandmother must have seen me or my hand prints one, for one day she seemed to be so kind. Said Cora, "You have worked very hard and obeyed. I am going to lend you my saddle." "Oh, grandmother how I love you," I said. She said, "Well, child, you must get material for a riding skirt. You musn't be caught on a horse without a riding skirt!". I said, "Oh, that will be fine. How much material will it take?" She said, "five yards of flak calico". "That will be twenty-five cents; maybe I can afford that by saving." Grandmother had the cash and she knew how to keep it. She earned what she, had and she wanted to teach me the lesson. Well, I was so afraid she would back out before the deal was closed, I almost cried, but she was true to her promise. I could hardly wait to go home as my stepfather owned a whitefaced bay mare that could pace a blue streak. Well, on Sunday my friend and I went three miles to church. After church was over we started home. I said, "you see those boys that are going our way? Let's manage to get ahead of them -- show them we, too, can travel". Well we succeeded and our horses were making the gravels fly. Old Pet, as we called her, fell and I went sky west and crooked, tangled up in that five yards of material, hurt my arm pretty bad, and tore my blouse, but I did not have anytime to loose, for I knew they would soon be coming. I was trying to hold up my riding skirt so I could step. Reins and switch were more than I could manage. My good friend acted like she was frozen to her saddle, and I had to paddle my own canoe. Well, I made two or three efforts leading Pet unto a rail fence so I could get back on. She would go walking away. She too seemed to be in a great hurry. Finally I made a safe landing and away we went. One of the boys I put a claim on, but we traveled so fast I don't remember seeing him again. That one secret I never mentioned to grandmother. If I had, I would of lost my saddle. Old Pet was a tricky old horse. She would rub off the bridle and go free if you did not have the throat latched tight. I well remember on one occasion we had gone to the hills and picked twelve or fifteen gallons of huckleberries. We had them in a road cart. Old Pet was pulling the load. We got home and went in to get ready to take them to town. We just threw the reins over the fence post. Her throat latch reins were not tight enough; so, while we were getting ready, a neighbor boy came running and said one of our neighbors had got shot. We got so excited we forgot Old Pet and sure enough she had rubbed the bridle and strowed all the berries up and down in the dusty road. Sorry to say, that hurt me worse than hearing about the man's death, as his troubles were over and mine were just now beginning. Well, I have forgiven Pet of all her short comings and realized now she was getting old and feeble and I had such poor judgment that I tried to make her prance like a two-year-old.

The neighbor who was shot was Pet Wilson

About this time I went to work at a good paying job, sum of two dollars per week with lighter work and better food. I got the idea I could dress up now. I bought me a plush cape. Oh, it was pretty and how expensive! I paid the sum of five dollars for it. Just then how I was spending money. The shoes I selected cost 70 cents or \$1.00. They were real stylish -- button high top. I carried my hook I fastened them on with run down through the eyelets at the top. Yes, we used a button hook. They had patent-leather tips. Bought a grey feather hat, crown as large as a tea cup. I pinned it on with a hat pin. The trimming consisted of a grey feather and pink silk puffed up a foot high. As I look back on life I think of how stylish I was in those days. I guess people in these modern days would say the collar was too high and sleeves too long, but you know in those days people wore clothes if only five cent calico, but they were made to cover our bodies.

About this time I begin to try out my love wings. Got the idea if I could only get married, my hard times would be over, but I had not traveled very far down the lane of life, when I woke up to the fact that they had just began. Married a boy who thought he was a farmer and built us a two-roomed house of oak lumber on his father's farm. We had small windows and hand made doors. We lined the rooms with cream-colored building paper. We gathered up gunny sacks, dyed them black and red, cut six-inch squares, took them to the machine and made them fit perfectly. We put down straw, and say was that carpet pretty! I got up an order for two iron beds, small dresser, square table with legs decorated very pretty, crow claws holding glass egg, and the kiddies a red wagon. We were very stylish as no one in the neighbor had iron beds. Neither my husband nor I knew ABC about farming; so he learned the trade of well drilling. Well, my sweet mother-in-law lived near. She was a righteousness woman and believed that if she held out faithful her household would be saved. We fought many battles together. When the battle was over she would sing, "We Will Wear A Crown". She had a large family and was faithful unto the end.

By this time we had five children, and sledding became very hard. We heard the gold pot was in Arkansas. So we loaded up all our belongings and started out in three covered wagons. It came a large snow the first night, but the men made a large log heap and kept the fire burning. Well we were off of one boulder and up on another. Mud in some places was almost ankle deep. We crossed White River. Two small children got bad sick on the way, but we just kept rolling along. As I look back now I can't tell how I managed to cook for twelve on a campfire. But as far as I know, no one was hungry. And how ever did I bed so many? Well, we finally got to journey's end. We ate our first meal with a neighbor near by who lived in Missouri. Well we all ate like a bunch of pigs. Everything was delicious, but we were worn to a frazzle. My mother came with for the trip. It rained. White River was from bank to bank. My brother-in-law drove a large old bay mare which he called "Old Han". When they got to the river going back home mother cried, and wanted to swim Hanna across. They finally calmed her down.

I realized I must have God on my side. I had been idle long enough and must go to work. I repented of my sins which were many. I said, "Oh good Lord, if you will forgive and write my name in the book of life, I will go where you want me to go and be what you want me to be". You see I was so timid and had no one to pray for me, and oh how the old devil had me bound. I feared the people. But listen if you listen to them they can laugh you into hell, but not out. Well, the praying went on quite awhile and I began to read God's word. Over in Matthew I read: "Blessed are those who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled". I felt the vacancy in my soul that had never been filled. I read on where he said, that without holiness no man can see the Lord. Well, I sure wanted to see the One who died for my sins. Another scripture said, "Ye shall have power after the holy ghost has come upon you". I realized I must have that power to live a Christian life and stand against the wilds of the devil, for he is so powerful. Glory hallelujah God is all power. He forgave my sins and filled my soul with his blessed Holy Ghost. Washed me in his Own blood. Made me whiter than snow. He said, "I will cast your sins in the depths of the sea and remember them against you no more forever". Hallelujah to his name. You remember I was talking to God, not man, when I said, "If you will go with me I will go anywhere". Well if he had revealed to me the things He wanted me to do I might of fainted by the way side, but it was precept up on precept, line upon line, here a little and there a little. A long life's pathway I began to stand upon his promises. He says he will not put more upon us than we are able to bear, but makes a way of escape and never fails. God moves in mysterious ways, his wonders to perform. When He said, "'Whosoever" that included me. X X X

Well, we lived at that time in the country, thickly settled. An old school house seemed to be so lonesome. As far as I could learn there had never been anyone to Sunday school. The Lord began to say "march forward". You no doubt have read the story of the Children of Israel, how when they got to the Red Sea on the way to Caanan Land, old Pharaoh's hosts closed in on their trails. The water never rolled back until they stepped forward, feet in the edge of the water, but at the next step the waters rolled back. I had learned to say "Yes, Lord". I visited a lady and began to talk Sunday School. The children needed to go to God's house instead of roving all over the country with bad company. Parents will have to give an account of how they have raised their children. Well she encouraged me very much and promised to help. So the news spread, "Be at the school house Sunday, we are going to organize Sunday school". We could hardly believe our eyes. People came in lumber wagons, with quilts spread down for the little ones to sit on. They came in surreys, on horse back, and on foot -- anyway, just so they could get there. Well we had a task of getting any one to teach or hold an office. They selected me for Superintendent. I felt my weakness to fill such an important place, but had gone too far to say no. I said with God's help will do my best. We finally got started. Our singing wasn't up to date, but I am sure God heard us. We organized a Baptist Church. I had never heard of the Nazarene Church. That Sunday School ran on for years and years. People got saved. It seemed like a different community. One Saturday night the preacher started to preach. In stepped a neighbor and said something. He dismissed the meeting. A lady said

to me, "Willard Jones is on his death bed, and out of the ark of safety. Will you go pray for him?" I replied, "Yes," but thought our preacher would do all the talking. To my great surprise he said, "Sister Cora, will you pray?" I felt my unworthiness and weakness for such calling. Seemed the Lord whispered, "What did you vow?" I said, "Yes Lord" and stepped forward to where the sick man lay. I said, "Willard, do you want us Christians to pray for you?" "Yes," was his reply. "Are you sorry for breaking God's law. Have you confessed your sins to God?" "Yes I have." "God says, 'he that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.' Now you have come to Him. You must believe that He is and that He is a rewarder to those who diligently seek Him. He has promised to cast your sins in the depths of the sea, remember them against you no more forever. Write your name in the lambs book of life". He was gloriously saved Sunday at seven. He went out to meet God. His sister told me I was the one he had confidence in. I cried, "Oh, Lord, what would become of my poor soul had I failed God?" You know it behoves us to travel the straight and narrow way each moment as we never know who is watching our footsteps. They don't read the dear old Bible much. The Word of God is quick and powerful, sharper than any two edged sword. Oh how it pay's to say "yes" to God. We used to sing a good song, "Give Something, If Only A Smile." I remember one Sunday I was so burdened and floundered and as I stepped in a dear old lady took my hand said, "God bless you sister Cora". Oh, that lifted me up; made me feel like traveling on. Oh, why are we so careless about cheering one another up. For the time is short here, compared to a long eternity. We may get in the valley at times, and the old devil will try to make us believe we don't have a friend, but cheer up, God is our friend, a present help in need. The title of this story is "Honey in the Rock. When you go out to the Cliffs to search for honey, the boulders and rocks must be removed. Likewise the heavenly honey -- the boulders of sin must be gotten out of the way, so that the honey of love and kindness can flow out to others.

Well, in a few years we moved to Springdale, Arkansas, I began to shop around for a church home, as I had got sanctified and filled with the blessed, sweet, Holy Ghost, and wanted to hear it preached. Bro. Henbest held a tent meeting. I attended. His preaching increased my faith so much. He said prayer wasn't just words, but believing in God, believing He will do what He says He will do. He said he was saved very young. His father was honest, but had gotten in debt and had no money to pay. So he said, "neighbors come and get you a cow." So this one came and that one came until every cow was taken. Said he thought he would starve to death -- no milk and butter. So took his Bible went to a grove, sat down on an old log, and began to read. He found where it said, "If ye abide in me and my word abides in you, you can ask what you will and it shall be done unto you." "Now Lord I am going to ask for a cow. I know you hear me and will do what you said you would do." He thought he had to stand on the Bible to be standing on God's promises. So he put the Bible on the ground got upon it, looked up in God's face and said, "give me a cow". He went back to the house for he had done what God said to do. And he believed. A big, nice cow was in the lot. They never knew where she had come from. Said they milked her for three years; best cow they had ever owned. Said, "do you know why? She was a New Jerusalem cow."

I was working with my boys in a furniture store. A friend came in said they were putting up a tent in the park. I said, "What is going on?" "Revival meeting, they say." "What denomination?" "Nazarene," was her answer. Well I never heard of a church by that name. On Sunday I thought I would go over. On the way I met a lady. I was talking to her and she gave me her name. She said, "I am from Rogers, and on my way to the tent meeting." I said, "That's where I had started." We walked along together. When we arrived a man was rolling up the sides of the tent. He introduced himself as Reverend Pearson. We went in and visited a while, but no one came. We got out the song books and sung a song, but no one came. We sung many more but no one came. We went to prayer, prayed the glory down, oh how blessed we did get. Brother Pearson took his Bible and I thought I never heard such a sermon in my life. He really had power from on high. Had you been on the outside you would have thought the tent was crowded. I said, "That is the kind of sermon I have been looking for." The good Lord has promised where two or three are gathered together He is in the midst of them. Well, the crowds began to come in. Such a glorious time as they were having! The old devil began to work also. He sent a carnival just across the street. The devil put up his tent. Well all they thought they could do was to close until they thought they could find another location. Brother and Sister Hardy was rooming with me and was going over to Hiwassa to church on Sunday. They invited me to go along. I accepted the invitation, and went along. While I was there the Lord began to talk to me about letting them put the tent at my place. There was plenty of room and an ideal location for a revival. On our way home I ask Brother Hardy if he thought that would be okay. I said the lot and light wouldn't cost a cent. He said he thought that would be fine; he would speak to the rest and see if that suited them. They all decided that would be all right. So the revival started -- ran ten days or two weeks. There were large crowds. People got saved, some were sanctified and there was good singing. I noticed one night that not very much money was being put into the plate. The Lord began to talk to me again. I had a little money but, oh I had planned so many things to buy. Times were hard, a dollar looked almost as large as a wagon wheel, so to speak. Well I sure wanted to know if it was the Lord speaking, so I did as Gideon of old. Put out the fleece. I said, "Lord you know the situation from start to finish and if that preacher needs this money worse than I do, have him to step in the first line;" as he was in the choir and in the back now. Just at that moment he stepped forward singing to the top of his voice and waving one hand. Was he a mind reader? No, in no wise. God was directing him. Another time I said, "Yes".

The Lord says He will supply our needs, not our wants. Lots of times we want things not best for us. I believe God was well pleased, because He knows I sacrificed to give. God loves a cheerful giver. He says give and it shall be given unto you, good measure pressed down, shaken together and running over, shall men give tithes unto your bosom. The meeting closed with a wonderful success. We sometimes almost forget the value of a soul. God says that one soul is worth more than all the world. I realized time was swiftly passing by -- a year passed by. A man came in and said how about another tent meeting? I said, "Fine." There are the lots. My light bills are all

paid. Just help yourself." He said, "Fine, but it will be Saturday before they can put up the tent." This was, Monday, I think. Well, the boys and I had worked awful hard that morning. I was so hungry and went home for lunch. I sat down. My daughter said, "Mother, there is a note under your plate." It was from Sister Carpenter. She was a saint of God. She and her daughter roomed in north rooms; her son and wife lived in south rooms. That was the side where the tent was to be put. She said, "Sister Cora, I want this revival to go on regardless of the devil. But do be careful. Cyrus and wife are down town now talking to a lawyer." Well I lost my appetite; seemed like a lump came up in my throat. I had a little talk with Jesus. He made it right, all right. I turned the note over and said, "Sister Carpenter, don't worry, but pray; God has promised to fight my battles. I went to the store praying. God revealed to me Cyrus would come in to pay his rent. I said, "Thank you, Lord, for telling me I can turn him down and not accept the money." We rented a small church. We all were so happy. One Sunday in stepped Brother and Sister Davis with their Sunday School class -- eleven children. Just think! Thirteen added to our little flock. We were so thankful that God had begun to answer our prayer. We knew without a doubt we were climbing Jacob's ladder, and that ever round took us higher and higher. Well, we thought we had given the old devil a good pounding, but soon learned he was still very much alive, and that we had him to contend with in every turn of life. He doesn't care how he gets God's children; just so he gets them. We reminded him he would have to flee from us, as we were going forward with God's help. We voted Brother Davis in as pastor. He began to talk church so we all stood by him. Seemed to us Brother Davis would climb even if others slid back. He bought the lots where the Nazarene Church now stands, wrecked the old building that was on it, and began in the name of his Master to build. The men donated their work. One of my brother-in-laws, who lives in Missouri, and a Methodist preacher helped. Seemed like no one was too good to work, and Sister Davis, (God bless her sweet soul), with all their children to cook for, cooked meal after meal for the working men. She hated to see them eat a cold lunch while they were working so hard. By and by they got the basement finished, and we planned to worship there until the good Lord said to come up higher. One Sunday the preacher was in weaving way preaching. An elderly man came in. He was very deaf. You know deaf people talk loud. The poor old brother missed a step or two and fell sprawling. He said very loud, "Well, if I can't walk in I can fall in." Preacher began to sing, "Have You Been to Jesus for the Cleansing Power, are you Washed in the Blood of the Lamb", and we all joined in. Oh, wouldn't it be grand in this modern time if people would fall in the church instead of falling out of it. Well, we were having a wonderful time with the Lord's people getting saved and sanctified. One day the Lord said we could come up higher. Oh, how happy we were!.

Well, just as soon as the church was nearly finished with just a few finishing touches here and there, such as the lights and so on, it fell my lot to move to Fayetteville. Oh! it almost broke my heart. I thought I had worked so hard and prayed so earnestly and I say it took more praying to get me softened up and mellowed down in the Holy Ghost to say, "Yes, Lord, if you need me there, there is where I will work." The children saw I was so grieved to leave the church and said, "Mother, cheer up, remember a bus runs every day." Well I tried

it awhile. I would miss the bus and had to stay all day and could not attend the night services. I got acquainted with a Nazarene sister who invited me to church. Well, I accepted the invitation. They did not have a church building; so held their services over my son's store. I had a lady staying with me. I lived at that time out in the country. We had come into town; heard they were holding a revival. I said, "Let's stay and take it in. We can eat out and sleep on studio couches" That's what we did. Well, the Lord began to speak to me to join and get to work and that is what I did. Well, I had learned the value of prayer. I knew if God was with us who could be against us. If ye abide in me and my word abideth in you, you can ask what ye will and it shall be given unto you. I thought I had exercised all my faith and was just waiting on the Lord. One Sunday, I was permitted to go over to the land of Goshen to church. After church I was talking to Sister Davis. I said, "Sister Davis, I am asking you and Brother Davis to help us pray for a church in Fayetteville. She said, "You know, I heard him say he wanted to live long enough to build one more church". I began to shout and praise God. I said, "That church will be in Fayetteville, Hallelujah! She said, "Don't tell him I told you". I said, "No, I won't tell him, but I will tell some one who will. That is too good to keep a secret."

Well, we all got busy and put Brother Davis in as our pastor. The good work soon started. As far as I know, the first lots he went to look about, suited everyone. He agreed to buy them if the town would let him build. Well, a Mrs. Budd lived across the street from where the lots were and they took her the papers to sign. She said, "No I will not sign; I don't care if there was a church building on every corner." One day she came. I said, "I have a very rich compliment to pass on to you." She said, "Now just what have I done?" I answered, "A plenty. You made me so happy not signing those papers." I said, "We have one lady in town who loves churches. I think you are wise. You know, could be possible a liquor joint would go up there, may God bless you real good." She said, "I will give you a check for that compliment," and wrote a fifty dollar check for the church. Well, glory! Why do we hesitate to compliment folks? One man gave a horse. The money began to roll in. Prayer changes things.

One of Brother and Sister Davis's boys went down in a ship. They gave so much, we named the church Morris Davis Memorial Church. The nice roomy church was built on South Locust Street, all paid for. Now we have a lot joining, and are trusting for a parsonage. I still remember partly when we were worshiping in the basement and it came an overflow that filled the basement. Our song books got wet; our piano wouldn't play a note. But if we trust and obey, God will make a way. Well I know I cannot preach like Paul and Silas, but if only I can brighten the corner where I am. You know, no one has the right to say the Lord hath no need of thee, for the harvest is great and the laborers are few.

The Lord has done so much for me, I cannot be content to just twiddle my thumbs while millions are dying in sin. A neighbor Sister and I have vowed that we would work in our old days, as long as we have strength. We visit the sick, among whom are several aged sisters close by who are not able to go to church. We have started cottage prayer meetings and oh, how the Lord does bless. God has promised where two are gathered in his name, He will be in the midst. You know

God teaches his children lessons sometimes, and some of them are dear. I remember back in my young days while the children were at home my husband got in the habit of moving. Moving seemed to be every change of the moon. I got so tired dragging around. This time we moved to a pretty place -- plenty of wood and water, and pretty flowers. I said, "This one time I aim to set my heels down firm. I don't intend to move. I am going to live and die right here." One day was big I and little you, instead of saying, "Lord, if it is your will but big I left God out. Well, sure enough, the moon hadn't changed many times until it was move again. Well, I was driving a team of mules hitched to a wagon of corn. My oldest boy was driving a team of horses. I had got so disheartened I began to murmur. You know murmuring is what kept the children of Israel out of Caanan Land. I said that I had just as soon be dead as to drag from pillar to post and that we would never accumulate anything. Well I didn't get too far until the mules got scared and ran away and turned the wagon over and there I was, covered up with corn. When they dug me out I came and saw I didn't have any broken bones. I had visited a lady drawn with rheumatism. Could not get out of bed. She came to my mind. Oh, how glad she would be if she had my health to move! I said to my children, "If I ever get discouraged again just name the run away." Thank God, they never had the chance to, and it has stayed with me through life. Yes I prayed and asked God to forgive me. We will not have everything in this sin cursed world we want, but if we are true to the trust He left us, He will supply our needs. God says "Raise a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it." Oh, I am so glad I planted His Word in each little heart and I know He will take care of the harvest.

My youngest son married and moved 3,000 miles away. I got so hungry to see them I decided to make the trip, but it was a long journey for me, for I had never traveled. I thought this must be a large world. I visited around two weeks. It rained, rained and rained. Towns flooded and people were taken out in boats, but we were on high ground. Gas, lights and water were cut off, but we were thankful that no one drowned. Well, did I get home sick? I found a path which led to old Arkansas and followed it home. "Ever so humble, there's no place like home." Well I never went back for 13 years. This time my boy and girl were married. They made up for the visit during the flood. They took me over 1,200 miles sight seeing. Camped two nights at God's ocean -- my first sight of the ocean. You know it has been a long long time ago since God made the ocean, but it still obeys, stays in its boundary line. We dug clams. Was that great fun? and oh, how delicious to eat. Washington has the most beautiful flowers and mountains. Well, it came time to say bye-bye, be good, meet me in the sweet here and by. I swallowed hard, tried to keep the tears back, and gave them a hypocrite grin. They did the same.

Well I hate sin but love the sinner. Ever since God picked me up from the muck and mire of sin I have tried to help and warn others. One day a very beautiful girl with sparkling eyes rapped on my door. She gave me her name and said she was from the country and had found employment if she could find a room. I said, "I have a room that is vacant and on these terms you can have it: No running at night and no rough carrying on." She said, "Fine, as I do not run around at night and I try to do right." She proved out to be a fine girl for around a year. I loved her dearly. She was kind and seemed to be fond of me.

She came in one day and said, "Aunt Cora, I hate to tell you. I and two girl friends have rented us a house. You know we can be our own boss. I think I will like it better." Well, it grieved me but there was nothing I could do. My hands were tied, so to speak. I thought I could read between the lines. It wasn't long till one of my roomers plucked me to one side and said, "Aunt Cora, I heard Wilma was in trouble and had taken poison. They've rushed her to the hospital and pumped it out of her stomach." "Is that so?" "Yes," was the reply. "Oh, my sweet Wilma. Can you direct me to where she lives? So and so and I must go to her rescue." When I rapped she opened the door. I could hardly believe my own eyes. The old devil had really done his dirty work. She did not have the sparkling eyes and sweet smile. I said, "Honey, I have come to help you in the right way. You know two wrongs never made a right. I love you, God loves you, your daddy and mother loves you. Come back to God and He will carry you through. Forgive and cast your sins in the depths of the sea and he will remember them against you no more." She promised. I said, "Send for the Mr. and see if he will marry you. If he will not, you come to my house this very night. The Nazarene Church has a girl's rescue home in Pilot Point, Texas. You can go there and work. Your mother won't learn the secret to grieve her. They always have Christian homes who are always ready to adopt children." They got married and lived out west of town in a nice home. They go to church and live like people should. Oh why not rescue the pershing and care for the dying. Jesus is merciful; Jesus will save.

This story is my own self. We lived out in the country. We carried wood and water, parched out coffee and ground it in a hand mill; made biscuits and flour gravy for the kiddies to sop. The boys were big enough to help quite a bit with the work. It came a blizzard one evening. They carried in plenty of wood but failed to get any kindling. Their father was away at work. I thought it was so cold I would build a fire and let them sleep. They had failed me sure this time. Well I was "Chewing the rag," as the old saying goes. I had a churn of cream on a box to sour behind the stove. I started to sit down, missed my chair, fell, kicked the churn over and broke it. That one morning we were minus of butter. I was thankful I did not break a leg. I learned that through patience we possess our souls. You know it is easy to say I am a Christian when we are sailing on flowery beds of ease and everything coming our way. But just wait till trouble, trial, and tribulation come our way. Then it will take the love of God shed abroad in our hearts to say, "I will bear the cross and endure the pain." Christ bore the cross that we might have life and have it more abundantly.

I never understood why so many people came my way in time of need. One Sunday morning before I got up a girl came running and said, "They are beating up on me help! help!" I jumped up, opened the door, and said, "Step in." The door locked behind her and I heard footsteps. She said, "Oh, please, do not let them in." He began to knock and I said, "You leave or I will call the police," and began to dial. He turned, and did he run to get away! She told me the story, said they were going up town to get married. Instead he had another woman in the car. Both were drinking trying to drag her down with them. She said, "No, I am not that class." I talked to her and asked her if she was a Christian. She said, "I was, but back slid, and am in sin." It took rough treatment to get her back with the Lord, but she was a

pretty, refined girl and seemed so nice. One of my neighbors said, "Weren't you afraid? He could of shot you through the door." I said, "God was taking care of me and has promised not to put more on me than I can bear and make a way of escape." You remember when we are in a hot battle it takes Captain Jesus to win the battle and he has never lost a battle, hallelujah.

I have lived a Christian life over 50 years and the half has never been told. The way grows sweeter, God feels nearer, and I feel like traveling on. My heavenly home is bright and fair, Yes, I feel like traveling on. Did you ever try putting coals of fire on anyone's head who has wronged you? If not, try it. Well, a man beat up his wife. I gave him a talking to and he got very mad. He said, "If ever you put your foot on my place again I will use the law on you to the fullest extent." I said, "Well, I have other places to go and you will have to give an account to God." I said, "Why do you treat her worse than you do your yellow dog?" He said, "I love her better than anyone I have ever seen." I said, "If you call that love, I do not want any of it." You know when anyone rides a high horse they get thrown off and there's not always a feather bed to land on. In just a few days he and his wife came down with the flu; had to send him to the hospital. When they brought him home no one could cook. Before I got up that morning I was praying. In what way could I help them out, seeing that I had my orders not to trespass? The answer came: "Cook them food and send it in." Well, I do not drive, but a bus run from this town to their town and I said, "Thank you, Lord." I cooked and fixed a peck basket full of different food. In the menu was a jar of kraut. When I got to their town it was still $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles to their house. I called a cab and directed them to where they lived and did not tell the driver who I was. He rapped upon the door. She opened it. He said here is a basket for you folks. She said, "No, it can't be for us. Who sent it driver?" He said, "I never ask her name." Well it was her birthday and I wrote her a note and put a bill in saying "Happy Birthday To You". She took the basket, set down, and told her husband it was from the one he had given orders never to trespass. He began to bawl like a calf saying, "We are whipped give me some kraut." Then he said, "Oh, we are whipped, give me some more kraut." He ate so much he almost foundered. I was talking to her over the phone. He said, "You tell her she is welcome to come any time she wants to". I said, "Thank you."

Must Jesus bear the cross alone and all the world go free? No there is a cross for everyone and there is a cross for you and me. Oh it is so easy to say I am a Christian when every thing is going our way. We're sailing along on flowery beds of ease. But just wait until you start to work in God's vineyard. See how many clubs the old devil uses on you. But God says, "My Grace is sufficient" glory hallelujah!

I heard a preacher testify to this incident. He lived out in the country on a farm and had stock. One Sunday morning he was hurrying to get started to his church and was already late. Started to get on his horse, and behold, if the sow and pigs wasn't in the corn. He undertook to drive them out and they went every direction. He ran and ran and was so tired before he succeeded in driving them out. He went on praying but could not get the hogs out of his mind -- when praying the hogs still came up before him. The old devil doesn't care

how he gets us just so he gets us, and if he can get us discouraged he has almost got us. But we must put on the whole armor of God and when the old tempter shoots his fiery darts they will fall to the ground. Come on my dear brother, help to subdue, for all must be conquered as well as me and you. Come on and subdue and redeem from the fall. Bless the name of Jesus, there is pardon for all.

Jesus came to this world, ~~He~~ suffered on the cross, He died for every one, but there is some that will be lost: they heed not his promise, but travel on in sin. But when he comes again they will want to enter in. Oh, it pays to obey God: to do what he says do.

You remember when Jesus was at the marriage supper and ran out of wine? They went to Jesus's mother with the trouble. She said, "Do what He saith to do." Jesus said unto them, "Fill the water pots with water" and they obeyed. And the water was made wine. A preacher said God told him to go down to a lumber camp and preach, so he obeyed. When he got down there they had moved. He said, "Lord I don't understand. I know you told me to come here and preach a sermon." He got his song book and Bible and preached as though he had a large crowd -- not a living soul as far as he knew, but he was doing what God had said to do. He obeyed. Some time passed and he moved away. One day he was premitted to go back to that town. A man came running slapped him on the shoulder and said, "You do not know me." He said, "Not that I remember of." The man said, "Back when you preached that sermon in the lumber camp." "Yes," was the reply. "Well, we had forgotten our log chain and I went back to get it and heard you preaching. I fell behind a stack of lumber and got saved. God called me to preach I have been preaching all these years." How glad he was that he had done what God said to do. If we sow righteous seed God will take care of the harvest. Man is inclined to want to see the outcome. It's only our duty to obey and leave it in the hands of a righteous God.

I was very lonely one Sunday and could not go to church. I turned the radio on, a preacher at John Brown's Church said, "I had a sermon I had studied to preach on, but after I got in the pulpit God wanted me to tell this story about my father and my mother, and I know the Lord too well not to obey. They had raised a large family and had wanted very much to spend the rest of their days on the farm. But the mortgage was just about to close them out. One night a blizzard was raging very cold. A man rapped on the door. Father opened the door and there was a strange man. He said, 'may I spend the night here I am cold and hungry?' Sure you may. They gave him his supper and knelt for prayer. Prayed for all the children and friends, then asked the Lord to bless the way-faring man and to save his soul. Then they said, 'Oh, merciful Father come to our rescue and provide the money to pay the mortgage off'. Next morning they asked the blessing and asked God to watch over the man that had spent the night with them. And good Lord we believe you have heard our prayers and have left it in your hands. Well the man went his way and a year rolled by. One night another rap came upon the door. Mr. Brown opened the door and the stranger said, 'I don't believe you know me Mr. Brown.' 'No, I sure do not'. This time instead of rags and old shoes he was well dressed. 'Well, do you remember a tramp who asked for a nights lodging?' 'Oh, yes, but you can't be that man.' 'Indeed', was the reply. They gave him his supper and had prayer as usual and prayed for the man who was in their home. Good Lord we are still believing that you will lift

the mortgage. When they arose from prayer the man said 'how much is the mortgage?' They told him and he counted out the amount and said pay it off. Also gave him money for a suit of clothes. Said he owned a piece of land and had struck oil and he was a rich man. God is a good God and answers our prayers but we must be sure and give Him all the praise."

I remember one of my experiences. I had prayed and fasted 3 weeks -- not every meal but oh so many. I wanted a situation to be my way. One day I started in my closet of prayer. Seems so real. The Lord whispered, "It isn't best your way." I took time out to give the Lord a good thanking. "Forgive me Lord, I did not realize I had old self in the way." God's way is the only way. And we must be submissive to Him.

The story goes that the old devil has a set of carpenter tools. He works on men's souls with the saw. He uses it to saw off all the good deeds men try to do. With the hammer he keeps them from church. With the square he squares him up and tells him he isn't true; then he nails him a sign with all the mistakes the Christian makes, and says they are sins. But his little golden wedge he values most of all, tries to slip the wedge of discouragement way down deep into our souls. If we listen to him, he has us, but just remember he is a liar and the father of lies. Mistakes are not sins, and God has promised not to put more upon us than we are able to bear, and His Grace is sufficient. In all thy ways acknowledge God and he will direct our ways. But we must say, "Lord, thy will be done. You know the past and the future also, our thoughts are far off." Words we cannot utter we cannot keep hidden sins from Him. You know sometimes we act like little children when we are talking to God.

I had a beautiful maple tree in my yard. The highway men were surveying a road close to the tree. I said, "Lord, don't let them take my beautiful tree." I did not say, "If it's your will," no, I wanted it my way. Well, they never took it, but they cut all the root from one side of it and it died. Cost me \$15.00 to have it removed. Oh, it behoves us to keep ourselves out of the way. Our lessons in life seems hard some times, but for our good you know we will be tried as by fire. The furnace only removes and refines the dross eye hath not seen. Ear hath not heard the things that God hath prepared for those that love Him.

I love to picture in my mind the beautiful mansions up there. A man dreamed he went to heaven. Apostle Paul piloted him through the way and showed him the beautiful buildings. They came to one so pretentious he asked whose it was. He said, "That is Brother Smith's." "Oh," said the man, "that is our shoe cobbler down on earth. He could have been rich, but just as soon as he would pound out a dollar someone would come along who he thought needed it worse than he did, and he'd just hand it over." "Well," said Paul, "that's the material he has been sending up all these years." They went on and came to a sod shanty. "Now whose can that one be?" "That is yours," was the reply. "Oh, I can never be happy in that shanty. See down on earth what a beautiful home I own?" "Yes, but Paul reminded him, that was the best he could do with the material he had been sending up. Let's ask ourselves what kind of material are we sending up.

You know, if we aren't prayerful and really letting God rule, we are apt to murmur. This preacher was late one Sunday getting started to church. It had rained and the roads were very slick. He kept praying, "Lord keep me out of the ditches," but into the ditch he went. His shoes muddy, clothing soiled, all he thought he could do was to go to the next house and get some one to pull his car out. He began to murmur and said, "Lord, I do not understand why I got in the ditch, when I was so earnest in prayer." Commit our ways unto the Lord and he will direct our paths. He rapped upon the door and a man came forward and opened the door. The preacher told him his trouble. He said, "Come in and wait until I finish dressing the children. My wife passed away a few days ago and I am left with the small children." "May I help?" the preacher asked and picked up a little girl and started to put on her shoes. She was crying, "Mama, oh, Mama." Well, he did the best he could trying to comfort the little one. He said, "Say Mister, are you a Christian?" He said, "No, my darling wife was, and always begged me to give my heart to God." The preacher said, "Now you will have to fill the place of father and mother, too, and you sure need God to help you along life's thorny pathway and raise these little children up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Don't you want to give up sin and the sin business?" He said, "Yes," got down on his knees, and gave God his heart. Then the preacher thought he knew why God let him get into the ditch. It's not our business to question God but trust and obey for there is only one way to be happy in Jesus, to trust and obey.

We should be very careful about turning anyone away from our door. Abraham entertained angels unaware. My son-in-law said when he was a small boy he was with his grandfather out in western Kansas. Came a blizzard, they got stuck in the mud, could not get their car out, and they were freezing. They went to the closest dwelling -- a two-story house. A lady came opened the door. His grandfather told her his story, said, "We are freezing, may we camp with you folks?" She hesitated a few moments, said, "I am here alone; my husband is away." "Well," he said, "we will sure freeze if you turn us away." She said, "No, I will not turn you away." She fixed them hot food and told them to sleep upstairs. If she had turned them away and they had frozen to death, who would have been to blame? When a neighbor boy or girl goes astray, do we ask ourselves, "now, just how much am I to blame, have I prayed and talked to them as I should have." We saw them day by day and knew they had gone astray, but never mentioned God to them." We can lend a helping hand.

One evening a lady came to my door and said, "I want to spend the night with you. I have had trouble with my husband and am afraid he is following me. I took her in and just as we sat down to eat our evening rapped. There stood another lady trembling with fright. She said, "My husband is chasing me and is very mad, may I spend the night with you?" I said, "sure, come on in we have just started to eat supper." I made the two ladies acquainted. Well it did seem strange that the two came to my house for protection. I always use the sharpest two-edged sword and they both knew it worked fine -- began to "God bless me". I said, "give God the glory, this is God's house, food, even the ground is His. He is just loaning it to me, and I want to use it for His glory." When I first started out to live a Christian life I thought you had to be in the pulpit to preach a sermon but our every day life and dealing is what speaks so loud.

My mother-in-law and I were picking blackeyed peas for a neighbor and was supposed to put his half in an old building, Well it was a real hot day, and I say hard work. When we got two gunney sacks picked we went to put his sack in the building. She stepped back and said, "I am afraid my sack is the fullest," and began to take from hers and put in his share. I said, "Yes, that is a Christians measure. When my children were growing up and it came time to measure to the other fellow I would remind them of their grandmother's measure. We forget something that there is an all-seeing eye watching us."

The first horse trade my oldest son ever made, we had a balky mule. He said, "Mother, a man who lives three miles away has a mule to match this one. I am going to see if he will trade his little bay mare for her." I said, "Son, don't you tell a lie to trade." Well, the man said, "Sonny, why do you want to trade your mule?" He said, "Mother told me when I left home not to lie. She takes stubborn spells and balks," "Ha! Ha! If I let a kid cheat me, you won't hear me squeal." Well, we never heard him squeal, but he didn't keep the mule very long. What you plant in a child's heart they seldom forget. Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he won't depart from it.

One time I lived alone and had a young man and his wife rooming with me. They came through my kitchen to get water. I could not lock my door so I began to miss my groceries. I began to talk to the Lord about the situation. I brought in a supply one day and the Lord revealed to me to give them the sharpest two-edged sword, I said, "Thank you, Lord!" and went and got a pencil and paper, and as the scripture came to mind I would put it down. "Thou shalt not steal" - put that on the coffee, "be sure your sins will find you out," "an all-seeing eye watching you," and "what will you say at the judgement day?" I sure never lost any more groceries. I have always believed they felt like two sheep-killing dogs.

I once loved a lady so dearly and thought she was a true friend, but found out she was giving me the Judas kiss. When her sins found her out, she fell to her knees and asked me to forgive her. Sure a Christian forgives. I feel like that was my stepping-stone in God's vineyard. The old devil throws stumbling stones all along in our pathway, but if we turn the situation over to God he turns the stumbling stones into stepping stones and we can go on down God's highway shouting his praises.

Well, several years passed by and one day three ladies came several miles to see me, and, to my amazement, she was with them. You know how thoughts will dart across your mind -- now just how come you to come? We were in the kitchen cooking dinner and in came some more folks. All the ladies rushed into the living room to greet them, left her and me alone. She said, "We have cooked many a good meal together haven't we?" I said, "sure enough." She began to cry, said "oh, if only I could remove the past." I said, "Cheer up, when God forgives you your sins that one went with the rest in the depths of the sea and God says I will remember them against you no more; they are gone forever. The very next time the old devil brings that up you shake your fist under his nose and tell him he is a liar and the father of it." Well that made her so happy, her face lit up. I thought then that I could understand why God permitted her to come. You know God's children miss many blessings, just because they fail to read the Bible, and learn what God has promised to His children.

You know our tongues cause so much trouble. A lady stepped up to Bud Robinson, a preacher, and said "Oh, what am I to do? My religion has leaked out." He said, "Sister just keep that hole in your noggin closed." One day I asked the blessing at the table and asked God to help us bridle our tongue, for we were going through trials and troubles; so when I said "Amen" my daughter said, "Mother it will take a large bridle these days." I said, "Child, God has a bridle that fits each one if we are not too stubborn to wear it." Like the old black horse my husband told about. He would take mean spells; would not take the bridle. He would get the old black snake-whip and give him a stripping. Said he would come up to him and hold out his head to be bridled. Does the devil get into horses? I am inclined to believe he does. You know, sometimes they get their tails over the lines, buck out of the harness and kill you if they can. You remember how the devils that were cast out of a man, entered into a herd of swine and ran into the sea and were drowned. Well, old people get forgetful when their days are almost ended, but a child remembers through life some things that are said to them. How parents should plant the word of God in their hearts while they are young! I remember telling my grandson when he was very small, how my oldest son would pray and ask God to give him his needs. Years after, my son was harnessing his team. Bobby was admiring his pretty horses and harness that were trimmed up so fine. He said, "I know why you own such fine horses and harness. You went up the valley one day praying." That story was planted too deep in his heart to forget. I had told him the story about the flood and the rainbow being a token that the world would not be destroyed by water. I had forgotten telling him, so one day it came a heavy rain. I was out looking about. He stepped up said, "Now, grandmother, don't you worry. Remember the rainbow." Oh! If only we could remember God is with us and never leaves us alone. He has been so good to us and so patient in our weaknesses. His word is a lamp unto our footsteps and a light unto our pathway. Some scholars say there are thirty-two thousand promises, all to God's children. The poor sinner has one promise -- eternal destruction. Oh, why should we fear to own His cause or blush to speak His name when He has done so much for us. He loved me ere I knew Him and all my love is due Him. He plunged me to victory beneath the cleansing flood. Well, not long ago, I felt lonely. One day it seemed like I had done such a little for my Lord. I had let so many golden opportunities pass by that I could have grasped for the glory of God and tell people they too had a precious soul to save or lose or help some one along Life's pathway. I stepped an elderly lady -- so sudden -- just like she had dropped from the blue sky. She said, "I want to stay with you. God sent me here. I am starving to death for spiritual food. My poor soul is so lean. I knew you had plenty stored up. Now please help me." She was very feeble. I began in my weak way praying and talking to her. She drank in every word and did seem to be so thirsty -- could not sit up but a few minutes at a time. Well, I kept talking and praying, she was so broken hearted, and cried so much. I said one day, "Sister, you must not cry so much. I don't believe it pleases God, it goes against your health and almost puts your eyes out. Hold up your head and thank God for His many blessings. You can be up part of the time. What if you were paralyzed like our little girl down the street? Can't move a limb, but she can talk out. Has a wonderful memory, and oh! the sweet smile she gives when anyone steps to her bedside." Well she wasn't here many days until she gave up her crying and changed tears to smiles. Christians, a good morning with a smile means so much, especially if we have no one to cheer us up.

Well, she kept saying "God bless you" over and over. I said, "Give God the glory. The only thing I can do is walk in the foot steps of my blessed Lord." It made me so happy to know God's honey overflows to others. You know I got so busy working in God's vineyard I forgot my old self. Let's keep this as our motto: Work till Jesus comes and we will be gathered home.

It may not be on the mountain's height or over the stormy sea, it may not be on the battle front, my Lord hath need of me. But godliness with contentment is great gain. Therefore let us be content with our lot in life. It doesn't please our Master for us to question Him, but follow where He leads. We will understand better by and by. Oh, how can God's children idle stand and teaming millions traveling down that leads to hell and destruction. None has a right to say the Lord has no need of me. The harvest is great and the laborers few. I know I cannot preach like Paul or Silas, but if only I can brighten the corner where I am.

One day a girl came to me and said, "I have found employment, but can't find a room in town." Poor child, she looked like a deserted Indian girl who was lost from her wigwam, but she was clean and real pretty. I said, "Do you run around at night? I try to help girls who try to help themselves, and try to do the right." Well, she had never been in public, or knew the ways of the world. She came, and oh! how odd she did look. I said, "Honey, I will teach you if you are willing to learn." She answered, "OK, I will do my best." Well, I tried to be kind and have patience with her. She was so cowed down she couldn't hold her head up. I said, "Honey, hold your head high, and meet people with a smile, you are a pretty girl, you have pretty teeth and dimples when you smile." She said, "You wouldn't hold your head very high if you had been beaten over the head as often as I have by a step-father." I said, "Listen, child, you have just as good a right in this world as any one. Hold up your head. Look people square in the eye." I began to tell her some battles I had fought, and by the help of God don't aim to let them get me down, but stay on top, Praising God. Well Wednesday rolled around. I stepped into her room to invite her to go to prayer meeting with me, and she was down on her knees talking to God. Well, she accepted the invitation. I took her right up in front, just like she had been the president's girl. Of all the goo-goo eyes from every nook and corner of the church. I said, "Lord, if I live and can get to the clothing store, she will look different Sunday when I bring her to Church." Well, the good Lord spared my life, and I kept my vow. I advised her how to dress her hair, and do you know, I was real proud of her. In a short time the minister's wife plucked me to one side and said, "I have a compliment to pass on to you." I said, "now just what have I done worthy of a compliment?" She said, "I never saw any one change so fast. You have really done a good work." I said, "Give God the glory, I have just done my duty." You can never tell what a girl or boy will make. Just lend a helping hand, pull them out of the muck and mire of sin, turn them into God's pasture of love and let them drink at the fountain that never runs dry. They will soon shed of the rags of sin and put on a new coat of righteousness and shine for the glory of God. Well she kept working, praying, traveling the narrow path, and saving her money. Today she could buy out several of her hooters.

It pays to grasp every golden opportunity that comes our way. Work while it is day for the night cometh when no man can work. I love

flowers and sometimes bite off more than I can chew. In came an aged lady riding in her horseless carriage and could not walk. One eye was gone, one hand was drawn with rheumatic pains, and she was very deaf. I said, "Lord this one traveler you will have to help me with." Well, she was so cheerful and kind, she helped me instead of me help her. She kept me laughing until my sides hurt. You know I had forgotten the flowers and of the work that can't be put off. She told me the story of her younger day's. She and her husband worked very hard and decided they would save up their money to buy a home. They were living in a tent cooking out on a fire. Well as time went by they had saved up quite a bit. Their bank was an old iron tea kettle. Every so often they would go to the old kettle and think yes, you are filling up pretty fast, won't be long until I, too, can rock in a rocking chair and live like white people. One day a vegetable peddler stopped. She went out and gathered up several bunches for dinner. She went to her bank to get some change but to her great surprise burglars had got there first. She took her vegetables back and said, "Sorry, but I don't have money to pay." She could hardly wait for hubby to return to tell him their bad luck. She pondered over the situation. She didn't see how anyone could have found the bank as she had it quite secure. As soon as her husband returned she ran crying and ringing her hands to tell him their great loss. Well hubby sank down in a chair; looked like a sheep killing dog, and I guess he felt that way. "Well, Wife, I hate to confess. I got the idea gambling was the quickest way to get a home and I lost everything in a poker game." Well, I thought no use trying any more for a home here. I struck out for a home in heaven. I have come down to my wheel chair but still on my way. Oh what is the use to grumble about the losses and heavy cross. I haven't any gold in my pockets, but if I pull the grade in my wheel chair, I will have gold up yonder to walk on. Praise God I am worthy to suffer for His sake, when He gave his life for me. Money could not buy that visit I had with her. It will go with me the rest of my life. It woke me up to the fact I had so much to be thankful for. I vowed I would strive hard to serve Him better and trust Him more. Man is unfortunate--born full of trouble and is as the grass of the field; his life like a vapor, and his spirit he soon will have to yield. Oh, come drink of the waters, they will heal you and save you while sweetly and freely they flow. You know it isn't the multitude of words that count, but the right kind in the right place.

My youngest son was loading logs and threw the cant hook up high to catch a log. It failed to catch and fell back and struck him in the mouth. He was standing there holding his mouth and swearing like a nigger at a election when a man passed by, slapped him on the shoulder and said, "Son, you are cussing the man I love." That was like a dagger plunged through his heart. He could not forget no matter how hard he tried. The Bible says words bittly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver. You know how people talk about our blessed Saviour while He walked the shores of Galilee. Yes, and God's children must bear persecution. I went to visit my mother years ago. She said "Cora you have another name now." I said, "Is that so," she said, "Yes they call you the thankful lady." I said, "Fine, just so they call me to the marriage supper of the lamb." One lady said she did not need my little prayers. "Well", I said, "Here I am. What are you going to do with me? If you cut me off you will suffer loss, because that would be against the laws of the body, so please take warning." One lady said, "My, that old critter is so stingy she would skin a gnat

for its hide and tallow." "Well," I said, it was my gnat, and not neighbors." Well glory! Gods grace is sufficient, but just remember God's children can't afford to argue with the old devil. Cast not your pearls before swine lest they trample them under feet and turn and rend you. Be as wise as serpents and as gentle as doves, for we are working for our Lord, our pay day will be in the sweet by and by.

I never remember my father but I remember one of his fox hounds. She was a large blue speckled dog and they called her old Mingo. They said she was a wonderful dog to chase foxes. Mother said the neighbors would come by after father and Mingo. Away they would go on horns dogs following, horns tooting. What great sport. But mother didn't like the idea of staying with us kiddies out in the country alone; she almost hated the fox hunters. After father died she traded Old Mingo to a man for a sow and seven pigs. We hated to see Mingo go, but we all liked pork so well, we could not say "no". She was a good watch dog. I remember one day we came in the back way loaded down with watermelons, Mingo had something bayed in the front yard. Mother got a club and started to rescue whatever it might be. To her surprise it was a crazy man. What a pounding Mingo got before she would let go. Well I had taken refuge behind the front door, peeping through a crack and wishing old Mingo good luck.

Well I have always thought I had the sweetest mother of anyone on top side of the earth. I would think sometimes she was a little bit too strict, but oh how I thank her now for her strictness. Don't ever remember talking sassy. What mother said was the word with the bark on it and if we had company and got naughty just one nod or a pointed finger and we knew to quiet down, or the hickory tea would come next. Oh how sweet it is to trust in Jesus and when people talk about you and mistreat you, you can slice them very thin with the sharpest two-edged sword that God gives to us for protection. His Holy Name is a great and strong tower and His children have the opportunity of fleeing to them for safety. Hallelujah!

God says be as wise as serpents. Old settlers say back in the mountains where rattlers den up you can see the old mother upon a cliff her little ones out for a sun bath, and if any noise alarms her she gives the signal, opens her mouth and in the little fellows dart, and back under the cliff she goes. Now isn't that clever? No wonder God says be as wise as serpents. You know Uncle Buddy, the great preacher for God, was in a certain town holding a revival. He was walking along the street one day talking to God. He was passing a house, and it seemed to him the Lord said stop at that house and have prayer. Well, he had learned long ago not to question God, so he went in asked the lady if she objected his praying for her and the little children. She was making a pedal machine almost fly. She said, "No, you cannot pray in this house." "Well, may I pray in the yard?" she said, "No. If you have to pray get out into the street." Out in the street he prayed. He says he doesn't think he heard the machine while he was praying. You see he would not take no for an answer, but if he didn't succeed he would try, try again. One night just as the services started, in stepped a man and his wife. She told her husband the story and said, "Oh, I feel so condemned and mean I cannot stand it any longer, but must go and ask him to forgive. When the altar call was made they both fell across the altar, confessed their sins and were gloriously saved. God never fails. Oh, if we had more Uncle Buddy's in this time to tell

the good news. One day he was talking to a man about his soul. The man flew into a rage and began to swear and say ugly things to Buddy, but he just kept on talking as though the man was saying hallelujah. He said, "You silly nut, you haven't got sense enough to get insulted." Buddy said, "Why, were you trying to insult me? I thought you were just cussing." No doubt but what the man thought he was giving him a good peppering, but it was like the widow who lived out in the country. Had an old horse she did her plowing with. Along up in the summer my mother-in-law visited her and was passing compliments on her good dinner. She said, "Yes, Jane I have a wonderful crop of canned vegetables but, for many meals I ate cornbread and had water to drink. But I know God sweetened it, it tasted so sweet and good." Oh! what great faith. You know it's easy to say, "I love the Lord" when everything is going our way and we are sailing on flowery beds of ease. Oh you see she had been washed in the blood of the Lamb and was happy to serve Him eating cornbread and drinking water.

Someone said, "I do not understand. If God is so loving and kind, why are His children poor?" There are lots of things I do not understand. One is, how can a black cow run in a wheat field, eat green wheat, give white milk, and yellow butter? But it's real. God's love is real, and our pay-day is coming.

You remember the story of Lazarus and the rich man. No doubt Lazarus had worked for the Lord all his life and as far as we know never collected a penny, but when his working days were over God paid him in rest in Abraham's bosom. Who wants to be like the rich man? He must have been the stingiest man upon the top side of earth. No doubt he could have fed Lazarus, bathed him, put him to bed, and doctor-ed his sores, but the only doctor poor Lazarus had was the dogs, and we do not know whether he got the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table or not. The rich man died, and in hell he lifted up his eyes to see Lazarus in Abraham's bosom. He cried, "Father Abraham, send Lazarus that he may dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue." I had rather spend one day in the courts of my Lord, feel the presence of His sweet Holy Ghost than to live one hundred years in sin. Oh the half has never been told of Jesus and His love.

Once there was a time on earth when in the book of Heaven an old account was standing with sin yet unforgiven. My name was at the top and many things below for I was always sinning and never tried to pay, but one day I went to the keeper and settled long ago down on my knees long ago, Hallelujah! the old account is settled. Oh, sinners come seek the Lord and repent of all your sins for thus he has commanded if you should enter in. I don't think there was ever a Christian who regretted that they had repented and given up sin and sin business, for sin will plunge you into the depths of hell. Oh it's so dangerous to throw stumbling blocks in a Christian's way.

I know of a woman who had three children. Her husband got saved and felt his call to preach. He preached awhile. Seemed like the Lord was really with him. Oh, how she loved the things of the sin-cursed world. She told her husband he could not make a living and preach. Well, he got discouraged gave up the idea, and went to drinking. She got down in a wheel chair, but that made no difference with him. He took another woman and left. Well, she is still in her wheel chair no doubt, but what she could have been by his side in the pulpit singing God's praises if she had been borned again and obeyed.

Experience is a dear teacher. A little lady in the Nazarene told her experience. Said her husband was a railroad man and was gone most of the time. A little church was near by, and she got to attending church. She got interested and told her husband. He said, "You stay away from that little bunch, I will not allow you to disgrace me in no such a way." And he, at that very time, was breaking God's law every day. Well he left for work and she was under conviction and could not stay away. The preacher preached on hell, fire and brimstone. She could not stay away any longer. She went to the altar, confessed her sins, and was saved. Well, she did some earnest praying before she returned home, because she did not know just how he would take it. But God's grace is sufficient. When he returned she told him the good news. He flew into a hot rage, grabbed his gun, caught her, and walked her all over the floor saying, "If you don't tell that that's all a fogle, silly, idea I will blow you in two." She said, "No, John, please do not pull the trigger, as I can not deny the truth. God saved me and I am his child. And if you pull the trigger I will be in heaven before you throw your gun away, and what will become of your poor soul? I love you very much, but can't go back on my Lord for it's real." Oh, praise God, the doubts are settled, and I know it is real. Well, they went to bed he put the gun on the night stand, saying, "I will kill you." She was broken hearted, but didn't have any intentions of denying her Lord. He thought of something he wanted to get, snapped on the light, and she thought, "this is the time he is going to kill me" and fainted. Old John had to work pretty hard to bring her to. He said, "Wife, jump out of bed and pray for me or I will slip into Hell this very minute!" She obeyed. He got saved and was called to preach. And would tell his congregation how mean he had been. Most folks is always harping on other folks faults, but fail to tell on self.

Yes I believe in restitution. If I had one of my neighbors hogs I had stolen, in a pen and began to ask God to forgive me, I don't think God would answer my prayers for that hog stealing. But go to that neighbor, confess, and ask him to forgive you, then God would hear and forgive. Just before Christmas a few years ago, I wanted to see my youngest son and family so bad, but they lived so far away I didn't think I should make the trip. I was praying one morning and saying, "Lord, just what can I send them for Christmas? Something that will glorify your sweet name." Seemed like he whispered, "make them some records." Well, I didn't know anything about trying to make records, but the good Lord began to point the way. A lady across town I heard about could do the work; so I got the blank record and went over, and I made one. It told about moving to Arkansas, and one told about the trip to Washington. Then I sang a song and prayed for all my children. When I said "amen" the lady was crying. I was afraid I had said something that had hurt her feelings, so I said, "Kind lady, you have been so kind to me; now, how much do I owe you?" She said, "Not one cent. If a mother has that much love and courage to pray such a heart rendering prayer for them far away kiddies, my service is free." But I slipped the bills under a plate and told her bye-bye. I have never seen her since, but wish I could meet her again. Well, the kiddies played the records till they would play no more. I had several made. One nephew, who is a Baptist preacher, asked for one. He plays the records while his congregation is gathering. Says they mean so much to him. He grew up with my boys -- attended the same school and oh! how they did like to rabbit hunt when they were out of school. One day they came in for dinner. I had cooked a pot of beans. They had

This record was
Rev. Lester Hilton

failed to leave me wood; so I put a rail in the old cook stove with one end in a chair. As it burnt I would push it in until my beans got tender. Well he never forgot the rail and pot of beans. He told me not long ago he had used that for an illustration. Mother's love for her children and the others have been sent far and near for the glory of God.

I am happy when I am helping someone along life's path way. The good Lord has been so good to me that I never tire thanking him for sparing my life when lost in sin. I guess I was around seven when the Lord whispered. He said, "Come unto me." I know I was very young. We neighbor children would have camp meetings in brush arbors. One of my little brothers was our preacher. He would get upon a box and preach and cry as if he had been whipped. I was in hopes he would make a preacher. Sometimes someone would get happy. Why don't children play meetings in this modern time? I am afraid to many people are living so close to an iceberg it doesn't have any bearing on their little minds. Children obey your parents that you may live long on the earth that the Lord your God giveth to you. A father is supposed to stand at the head of the home. Mother was put in the home to be loved and bring up the children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, but in our modern times she leaves her children with a baby sitter, wears the britches, carries the pocket book, steps up to the poles with a cigarette in her mouth, and votes. No wonder the children say "mom" and "the old man". Children need a kind father and loving mother to teach them obedience -- not a baby sitter. So many children now days, if the old man gets in their way or crosses their path, say they'll show him a trick or two, and jump in the old car and leave. Now, who is to blame? Well the old man has just got the door mat thread-bare. Honkytonks have wife and children, so he decides to retire, make his coffee, and turn over his flitters. But oh, Father, what will you and Mother say when you come to the judgment bar of God and hear your children say, "I never heard my parents pray." Oh, how will parents tremble then who have raised their children without prayer. I realize I am almost to the last mile of the way. I didn't have gold to lavish upon my children; no cars, land, or wealth to will them, but glory hallelujah!. I planted the Word of God in their hearts that will go with them through life and stand by them in death, and I expect to see each one in the sweet by-and-by. Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it.

One day a lady and daughter came to my house she said her husband had left her and she had no work and had no home. Could she stay with me a few days. I said, "yes," but the few days melted into weeks. I began to talk with my heavenly father about the situation. I, too, worked for a living and the grocery bill was piling up. I said, "Lord come to my rescue. She is a Christian and I don't want to mistreat her. I love her and believe she is your child." Well, He told me to rent her a room. In all thy ways acknowledge the Lord and He will direct thy steps. I went to see a lady who kept roomers just behind my boy's furniture store. We helped her move, but yet she could not help herself. I carried her wood and food until she could find work, and soon she was able to pay her bills. I felt obligated to help her until she was able to help herself.

Do you remember the story about the man who said all he was fit for was too help others? That happened to be my brother. He had the

23 The Father was
Doney Short

Clara is Clara Finken it to day.

name of taking in every man, woman, boy, girl or dog that came along. You may say we are alike, and if you do, I call that a rich compliment. One morning he begin to wonder about a neighbor who had been down sick so long and had little children. So after breakfast he said, "Wife, I am going to see if I can't make up a collection for ~~the~~ The Lord has been talking to me all morning." So he went up to a neighbor's house, told him the situation, and said, "Will you go along with me?" He said, "My truck is full of gas and oil and I am a good driver, if you will do the begging." He said, "that is a deal" and started out through the country and soon got gobbs of groceries. They drove out where the folks lived and said, "Oh, Clara, come out here." Well, she came. They said, "Look what we brought for you and family." She happened to be a shouting Methodist. She began praising God to the top of her voice, leaping and praising God. Said, "We ate our last bite this morning. I went into that log building, fell down upon my knees, and told God all about it." I said, "Now I have done every thing to do; so believe you will provide us food." Well it pays to believe His precious word. He had promised to supply our needs not our wants.

God says to be merciful to obtain mercy. One Sunday evening when we had company out in the yard, we saw a collie dog come hopping along. He had the misfortune of a broken leg. We began talking very kind and said, "Come here, Frank, has someone been unkind to you?" The dog seemed to understand and came forward, wagging his tail. They all begin: There he goes; never knew him to fail." Well he never paid them any mind but went and got him some food, doctored the dog, and in a few days he read in the paper that a party had lost their dog and gave the description. He answered and said, "I think I have your dog." In a day or so up drove a man and woman who stopped and got out. Frank was all over them like a child. My brother said, "Yes, that is your dog." They thanked him and started to leave. The lady said, "Pa we are not doing the good man right. He no doubt saved Frank's life. Let's give Frank to the good man; we have a young dog trained now. Pa let's do unto others as we would want them to do unto us." They were elderly folks. So Pa took the heed and left Frank. He lived to be real old and oh! what a fine stock dog he proved to be. When he died they put him away nice. If you can't treat your dog good give him away. Don't kick him every time you pass him. My oldest son owned a fine collie dog. It was a wonderful stock dog. But some way he got to talking ill to him. So old Frank just took out on him. When he would call him he would drop his head and leave, but his wife could send him over in the pasture to drive up the cows. Kindness pays off.

There is a right way to deal with neighbors and a wrong way. If you want to do the right, just have a little talk with Jesus, he will make it right all right. I kept roomers and rented some rooms to a barber. His wife was awful frail, and awful sweet, kind and good. He worked in a different town and came home weekends. Well he got behind with his rent and would not pay. I said, "Lady would you be willing to move if I rent you some rooms? You see, he doesn't intend to pay." She said, "I would be happy to and don't think hard of you. I know him to well." That is what I did and when he came home Saturday night he had no home and who could he be mad at? I know I make mistakes but I had rather try and fail than fail to try. I then must accept life without complaining. Two phrases I don't use "I won't" and "I can't". I'll never fail utterly. I won't sit and cry. I had rather try and

fail as to fail to try. Now you folks may call me stubborn, refusing to quit, but I could never be happy to idly sit, my past imperfections I view with a sigh, I had rather try and fail than fail to try.

When the children were on the farm we decided we would get rich, so we planted a large crop of cane and bought a mill to press the juice out of the stalks. Hubby built a long furnace to fit the long pan. We were all ready just as soon as the cane got ripe. It came time to go to work; so hitched up a team of mules to the apparatus and they went round and round as we would push the stalks into the rollers. We had to be very careful, or it would get our hands. When we had enough sweet juice to fill the large pan, we started the fire and when the juice began to boil we began to skim, boil and skim. Everything in the juice that wasn't sweet was skimmed off. By and by, after hours of boiling, we would draw the fire, let them cool some, put them in buckets, and get them ready for market. Well it was a wonderful time when we turned the pan over to the youngsters. Neighbor children could guess pretty close to the time when the pan was to come off. They would gather some cane strips and go to work. One little fellow thought sopping on the other side was best so he just stepped into the pan and went across. Well, you know grease is good with molasses, so it didn't make any difference to them, they just sopped away. The two oldest boys decided to take a load to town, peddle them out. They hooked the mules to the lumber wagon and drove 35 miles. They peddled and peddled and it seemed like everyone was sweet enough, but turned them down. They started back home, tired and blue and it began to rain. The old mules were homesick and were traveling too fast over the rocks, and over some of them went, one boy climbed over the spring seat to investigate. The lid had come off of one. He said to himself "right here, brother, is where I'm going to sweeten you up, you have been sour and cross all through this fracas". He just got a handful of molasses and put them on his hat, pants and shirt. His brother was driving and never noticed what he was doing. When they pulled in about dark I sure enough had one sweet boy in the bunch. You know, making molasses, reminds me so so much of self. When I came to Jesus to get saved, He began to skim off all that wasn't like him, skimmed off the lying, stealing, ugly temper, and when he went on with his skimming I began to cry "Lord, there won't be anything left if you keep up your skimming." Yes, but all that is left will be sweet and pure. It has all got to come off before you are fit for heaven. I said, "All right Lord, if that is what it takes to pass through the pearly gates, go ahead." Well, when he turned me loose, thanks be to His wonderful name I felt as light as a feather floating through the air. Well, glory, all of my bulky sins were gone. He dumped them into the depths of the sea. This is what makes me shout. He says He will remember them against me no more. He has forgot them. Well, glory! Don't you, too, want a skimming? It is free for all.

Well, I went to work in God's vineyard. I felt so free, and thought I could hold out as He had told me He wouldn't put more on me than I could bear. I said, "Lord, I can't preach in the pulpit; so let me deliver my sermons at home or abroad." He said, "All right, march forward." I was working for an elderly couple out in the country they were wealthy and I got to go home weekends. It had come a large snow and I was getting my coat to start. I said, "This snow makes it hard on poor people, especially a widow woman with children." I said, "Not too many blocks from where I live is one and I am afraid she will

be cold and go hungry. I saw two or three of her children at Sunday School and their clothing was faded and threadbare." Well, the rich lady had the money and I had the gab, and combined together they did the work, but wait a minute. Can't you also see the hand of God at work? When I started home she handed me an envelope and said, "Will you please give this to the lady?" I said, "Sure, if you will lend me your overshoes," for I was minus of overshoes. They didn't fit very snug, but I didn't mind -- I was working for my Master. She lived in a one-room box house cooking on a monkey heater. If you ever saw one you will realize what a poor makeshift it really was. I had never met her; so when I rapped a little thin palefaced woman opened the makeshift of a door and said, "Will you come in?" I said, "Please, I am cold and have important business." I gave her my name and told her I was working for some wealthy people out in the country. I said, "I was afraid you and the children were badly in need and here is a note she asked me to give you." When she opened the envelope out dropped \$15.00. She began to bless me, I said, "No, give God the praise. I am working for Him." I thought she would never come back to earth, she was so happy. I learned she had six children. All the groceries I could spy was a part of a loaf of bread. I said, "Honey, I would lay in some fuel and groceries, as we don't know how long this weather will be bad." She acted like I was an angel dropped down from heaven. Well, when she calmed down, I said, "I believe you could answer that note in appreciation for what she has done." She took my advice and, sure enough, another snow fell before that one melted off. In a few more days I was coming home. The rich lady said, "Will you please deliver another note?" I said, "Sure, if you will lend me your overshoes again." Well, this time she opened the envelope and out rolled the money. I believe she would of fainted if she hadn't been so hungry and excited. The lady said, "Tell the little woman we will see she gets on relief." At that time they gave flour and a few items to those who were starving. I never saw the little woman or children any more but she remembers the rich lady and her slave.

Oh, it's so wonderful to walk and talk to the one you love, the one who keeps you in the hollow of His hand and under the shadow of His wing. Oh it's so sweet to trust in Jesus just to take Him at His word. It never dawned on me when I said I will go where you want me to go dear Lord, or I will be what you want me to be, that He would keep me so busy. You know people retire when they get so old, but my rocking chair is in heaven, praise His name.

A lady invited me to go with her and her daughter to Little Rock to a revival. A minister was from elsewhere and having a glorious time with the Lord. Her son also lived in that town. I accepted the invitation, and sure enough they were having a revival: large crowds; good preaching; people got healed. Well, when the meeting closed a circus put up tents, the young folks invited me to go along. I said, "I have never seen many of God's animals." They told me that man had tamed them and taught them to obey. But man has failed to tame the tongue, which has caused havoc all down through the ages. God promised me He would fight my battles and vengeance is His. As I look back through life I can see He has kept that promise. Well the animals were educated and could perform fine. The elephant is a mystery to me -- so large and ugly and such large feet, but still they would step over ladies so careful. But watch a man; he will step on you. The vicious old lion has been taught to obey. Well, the children placed us upon what they

called the pidgeon pole. Some fine-dressed people were sitting just below us. It was awful hot and we got thirsty. A boy came by selling coke; so we got a cup. Well, two men up high were revolving over each other. We all were craining in their direction and about this time one hit the other with a club. Something exploded and made an awful noise. In my fright, I jumped so high that when I landed all the contents of my cup went over on the fine dressed people. Well I saw what I had done, and just slipped the paper cup under me and kept on looking innocent. The man walled his eyes up to us said, "Where did that red water come from?" My friend said, "From that apparatus that exploded, it's all over us." I was as mute as a mouse; never said one word, because it was done and you can't argue with the devil, and fighting is hard on old clothes so I let my friend hold the fort. When we got back to her son's home I said, "Did you know where that red water came from?" "Yes, from that thing that exploded." "You know God fights my battles; it came from that cup I held in my hand." "Well, where was the cup?" I said, "I was sitting on it." "Well, well," she said, "you sure done a good job looking innocent." I said, "and yes, you gave them an innocent story that no doubt saved my old hide."

I had the sweet pleasure of taking care of my aged mother the last three weeks of her life. I had all along been talking to her about her soul and if she was ready to meet God, She said, "Oh, yes, and the good Lord has permitted me to see part of heaven which was so wonderful". Well, I knew her time here was short and began to try to make her homesick for that beautiful place. I said, "Mother, won't it be wonderful when you come to the last mile of the way and when the pearly gates swing in upon the golden streets, you can march down and claim one of those mansions for your very own? You know Jesus left us long ago and told us He had gone to prepare a place for us and that where He was we could be also." She whispered, "I will soon be there." I said, "Glory to God in the highest! Look for me for I will be there, and just think, Mother, we will never sicken or die any more, and all will be joy and happiness."

We moved to Arkansas, February 6, 1916 and that fall we had to go back in the neighborhood of seventy miles. Well I took my second boy who was eleven and my three small children and started out on the long journey. We hitched our beautiful team of mules to a covered wagon. One mule was grey, minus of one eye; the other was mouse-colored and had a blemished front foot, but she was so polite every step she would bow her head just like a gentlemen when he tips his hat to a lady. Well we were so happy. No, we weren't embarrassed -- what difference did it make? Didn't suppose we or anyone else would remember about our looks a hundred years from now. Husband and I had been working for a neighbor who owned a general store, and who thought he could trust us with his sock of money when he would be away. He said, "I have a sister that lives about half way to where you are going. Be sure and camp with her." We promised, but going we had made good time seemed like One-Eye and Mousey knew where they were going. It began to look rainy -- no sun to tell the time of day -- and we sure wanted to get across the river that evening. We were afraid the river would rise if it rained. A man came meeting us who had a large watch and fob. I said, "Whoa, Mousey," and asked the man for the time of day. He answered, "I am very sorry. My watch is minus of hands." I said, "Thank you. Get up," and on we went. We got across all right and built a camp fire. Now, was that fun for the children? How delicious was our food cooked

on a camp fire. Well, we rolled in just before sundown one evening so tired and hungry. We visited a few days and struck out again on our journey home. My son felt very important driving the pretty team of mules to a covered wagon. He even used the brake down hill. Now, that was a man's job, and him so small. Well, we thought we were making fast time, but when we noticed Mousey she was getting very lame. We said, "whoa," pulled up on the lines, and got out to investigate the trouble. To our sorrow Mousey had lost a shoe -- the one on the blemished foot. I said, "Now just what are we to do?" It was miles and miles to a house and I had never shod any mules, neither had he. Well, as we had our tool box along -- rasp, hammer, hatchet, mule's shoes and plenty of nails, I began to boost him. I said, "You can shoe a mule just as good as your daddy can. You have done such a wonderful job so far, I thank God for lending me such a wonderful boy." He got his tools out and went to work. I said, "Son, be sure and not quick her foot or we will have to camp here no telling how long." I showed how I thought the nail should be slanted to miss the quick. Well, when he had driven on one he said, "Mother, I haven't a thing to clinch the nails." I handed him a smooth stone and said, "I know a boy like you can get the job done." I stood, almost holding my breath. The little fellow was straining every nerve in his body to get job done, and on we traveled. It began to rain and in the fall of the year it begins to turn cold. We were so happy because we had Mousey fixed up we didn't mind the rain. We traveled and traveled until it began to get late in the afternoon. We started to cross a branch and in making a sharp turn hubbed a sappling too large for the wagon to run over. We had no way of backing back it pouring down rain and us in the branch. I said, "Son, put on your thinking cap again this kind of luck goes all through life and you must not cry over spilt milk." Well, you know you can think pretty fast sometimes. I put on my cap also and said, "Get out the hatchet. I will bend it while you cut." We chewed around it with the old hatchet and when we succeeded it looked like the rabbits had done the job. Well, we were made happy once more and on our way. I said, "Well, it's getting late; we are cold and muddy. If we can make it to Mr. Lewis's sister's we will be all right." So we gave Mousey and One-Eye the reins. Seemed like they understood the conversation, and how they traveled! By and by we arrived where she lived and I went to the door. A lady came to the door all drawn with rheumatism. I told her who I was and that I lived close to her brother and we were the ones who worked for him. I said, "May I camp out in the grove? It is just me and my four children." I thought it would be safer to camp close to a house. She made an effort to straighten her twisted body and said, "No, you cannot camp out there." I said, "All right, Lady, we will be moving on." She said, "I aim for you to camp right in here with me." I said, "Now that is real sweet of you, for we are wet and muddy. Got stuck in the branch and had quite a time getting out. She said, "Now, that is all right." I said, "Thanks a million. I will get our supper over and come back." Well, her grand-son who was living with her came out and took possession of One-Eye and Mousey. He put them in the barn, and filled the manger with hay and corn. Now I call him a neighbor. Well before I could get my supper over she sent him back and told me to hurry. We went in and she began to talk. What a visit we had! She had a fire going in the fireplace, and made down a featherbed for the three boys. I and my little girl slept on another featherbed close to her. I was so tired and sleepy I could hardly say "yes" and "no". She gave me her life story. One girl would tell falsehoods and she couldn't

break her. Oh, that poor drawn lady looked like she had so much glory on her face you could wipe it off with a rag. She made me cook my breakfast on her stove and gave me a pound of golden butter and said, "I know those kiddies will enjoy butter for breakfast." Well it came time to travel on and as she told me good-by she said, "You tell that brother of mine you may camp with me any old time, but he shan't camp on my farm." She said she had raised "that scamp" and told how long she had been afflicted and that he had never been to see her. I told him what she said. Seemed like it touched pretty deep. He said, "I must go see her." In a few days he began to make preparations to go, but he had put it off too long. She passed away. Just like so many people neglect their soul and starve to death for spiritual food. You know I am going to make another trip when I move to the skies, and I want to travel by her house. I believe she will invite me in again and let me help her eat of the honey and drink of the wine. This time I won't be driving Mousey and One-Eye but believe I will be permitted to have a chariot of fire just like Old Elijah, hallelujah! That is enough glory to make me shout. You had better tell me "good-by" for I am not coming back anymore.

You know the good Book says give and it shall be given to you, but people so many times is like little Vergil -- will give what they don't want. Vergil and Tommie were great chums, but one day the old devil interfered and gave each one a pinch. They went at it making their little fists almost fly. In a few days Vergil went over to Tommie's and he was gone, but his father answered the doorbell. Vergil said I came over to see Tommie. "Well," said the man, "I thought you and Tommie were enemies." "Yes," said Vergil, "but I am going to visit all my enemies today." "Fine," said the man, "now that is the way to do." "Yes," said Vergil, "I have the measles and want to give them to all my enemies."

God gave his greatest gift to mankind when he gave his only Son to die for us and what do you say. People claim they are celebrating the Lord's birthday and give stuff that should be in the junk yard. Oh, yes, it's wrapped very clever with shinny tinsel. They run to and fro handing out their junk and never have Christ as their theme for giving. Shame on the human family. Do unto others as you would have them do unto you. Want to haul off junk? If you want a blessing give God the first.

Well, times have changed since I was a child. Never heard anything about airplanes, automobiles, refrigerators, deep freezers -- not even ice boxes. Well do I remember the first ice cream I ever heard of. They was making my great-grandfather a birthday dinner. My mother went. It was his hundred and fifth year of living. Well when she came home we were asking what all they had for dinner. She began to tell, and called over ice cream. "Oh, Mother, ice in the summer time? Where did they get the ice?" "Well, Children, I never ask questions. I wonder just how they made it. Anyway, ice and cream. I guess they beat up the ice and put it in the cream, but it was delicious." We grieved for several days because she never brought us a sample. My husband told me about the first telephone he ever saw. His friend in another city owned a store. He dropped in one day to pay him a visit. He kept hearing something ringing and said, "But, what is that ringing? A clock or what?" He answered "telephone", "Now, will you be kind enough to tell me what a telephone is, please?" "Well," said the merchant, "it's an apparatus

you talk over." "Well, I thought we could talk anywhere without talking over an apparatus." He said, "Son, when it rings again you step back there, take the receiver from the hook, put it to your ear and listen." So he did as he was directed. Some man was ordering a piece of machinery, talking from Springfield, Missouri, to Fort Scott, Kansas. He was so shocked he could hardly talk. "I do not understand. You can hear them talking just like you and I are talking. Now, I say that is something to talk about. Where do they get such power? Is that God talking to people?" No need Bud trying to explain, so he changed the subject. He could hardly wait to get home and tell Pa and Sally, his step-mother. He got home feeding all done, cows milked, went in, washed for supper. Well, when Pa got through saying the blessing he began, "Pa, you and Sally can't begin to guess what I saw today, and heard it talking." "Some child, I guess." "No, a telephone." "Now, just what is a telephone?" Well he began to try to tell them, but he failed to explain. "Well," said his pa, "how long did it take for the words to get back and forth?" He said, "Just like we are talking now." "Listen Son, that will do for you to tell Sally and me, but don't you tell anyone else for they will know you are lying. I have got sense enough to know it takes time for them words to travel so far." Pa couldn't understand why he would come home and tell such unbelievable tales. He didn't think he ever drank, could he be losing his mind? He'd never caught him in a lie. Well a few weeks passed by and he took Pa into Bud's store. He said, "Bud, do you care if I take Pa back there and let him listen over the telephone?" Bud said, "Sure not. Just help yourself." This time they were talking still farther away. Well, he listened and listened, and was so amazed that when they got home he said, "Sally, I owe Bob an apology." She said, "What for, Mose?" "Oh, about that thing they call telephone. You know I heard it with my own ears and yet I don't believe it. Just like you and I are talking this very minute."

One of my husband's uncles made this remark. Said when he was a boy if he had seen a man coming on a bicycle he would have thought it was Christ coming back to earth. I wonder what he would think nowadays if he could come back. People don't stop very often to take time to thank God for all their rich blessings, but go on high-headed and haughty. Look out! Your number is going to be called. You will have to give an account of all your sins. Will you hear him say, "Well done, my child, enter into my joys prepared for you from the foundation of the world," or hear him say "depart from me you workers of iniquity into everlasting punishment." Today is the day of salvation. If you hear His loving voice, harden not your heart, but come repent, accept Him as your personal Saviour. He will do as much for you as He has done for others. He is no respecter of persons.

When my two oldest boys got old enough to root hog or die, them and two neighbor boys struck out to Kansas for wheat harvest. Got a job. They decided if they would rent a cabin and batch it would be cheaper, as their cash was getting low. They didn't know anything about the river. The rent then was cheaper. They worked a few days and, to their sorrow, came in one evening and old river was on a rampage. Everything in sight were floating downstream: Their bedding, groceries and all their belongings. I believe all that saved them was that their mothers were at home asking God to take care of them. All they could do was roam around until they could get settled. By this time they had got down to a few nickels and pennies. Their little cabin stood the test

so they went in one evening (God bless the salvation army). They had beat them there and had new mattress and plenty of groceries. They were so happy they turned in and made a pot of coffee. Two of the boys got into a scuffle over who would get the last cup. The winner got the last cup and a large crawdad to boot. A man came along tattooing. One of the boys didn't have the money but he borrowed it. One boy, they said, was as tight as the bark on a tree. He said I want my tattoo in my stomach, might come another flood. Well the little harvest boys are all married now and how God has blessed them. Some have stores, some have large farms, cars, televisions, and everything rich folks have. I paid the neighbor boy's parents a visit yesterday. We laughed and told how our boys had prospered. I just think they started from the stump. Worked hard, managed in every way they could, and saved up their money. Afraid it might come another flood. They are still wearing their tattoos as a token of the flood. The Good Lord has blessed me with good health, good home, plenty of warm clothes, and all the dainty food you can mention. But I still crave a molasses cake baked in a dutch oven.

Bye, bye, Children, it's supper time, and I must be going. I think I can see the old ship of Zion "Hallelujah"! She has saved many thousands, and can save many more. Get on board, little children, get on board, little children, there is room for many more.

Written by Aunt Cora.

To Bess & Anna