

MIRACLES
IN
WHITE

REV. MRS. E. E. MARTIN



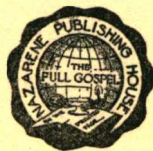
MRS. E. E. MARTIN

NORTHWEST NAZARENE COLLEGE

Miracles in White

By

Rev. Mrs. E. E. Martin



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FOREWORD

This little book is the first one ever produced by my pen. Although I am not an experienced writer, I have promised my children and my friends to compile a book some time from the accounts in my diary, which I have kept during the most of my life.

But the chief motive which prompted the undertaking was a desire to do something definite and constructive for Jesus. I trust and pray that in the days to come some heart will be encouraged to believe God and to carry on in the midst of tests. If Jesus can get glory from this little book, my heart will be happy and my purpose accomplished.

I wish to express my thanks to Rev. Mrs. R. T. Holmes for her work in taking dictation. My right arm was in such a condition that without her help, the book never could have been written. I want her to have due credit for her loving service. I should also acknowledge the work of my daughter, Rev. Mrs. R. S. Sharp, for correcting the manuscript. I also owe much to Mr. Martin for urging and encouraging me to write.

MRS. E. E. MARTIN.

INTRODUCTION

For more than twenty years now I have known Sister Martin as a woman of prayer and unquestioned devotion to God and to her family and to the church. She and my wife, who went to heaven just six months ago, were fast friends and joyful companions in the work of God. There is no one for whom it is easier to speak in commendation than for Sister Martin.

Sister Martin has written a book that is full of human interest and adapted to the spiritual requirements of all classes and ages. I commend the book, even as I do the author, and solicit for it a wide publication and prayerful reading. Being somewhat in the nature of an autobiography, it will be most highly and immediately prized by those who have known Sister Martin through the course of years. But those who have not known her thus will soon get acquainted with her through the pages of her book and will find food for faith and encouragement for faithfulness.

There are some things in the book that may cause the reader to marvel, but there is nothing that is of private application. The value of the message is in the firm conviction of the author that God is no respecter of persons, and that He will do for all what He has done for her, if only all will trust Him.

Material of biographical and autobiographical character is the scarcest and most valuable of all written messages. The former describes the temple of life from an outside point of approach. The latter describes the same temple from an inside view. Thus the latter is much more intimate, demands the fuller honesty of the writer, and

requires the more sympathetic consideration of the reader.

To the readers of religious books everywhere I commend both Sister Martin and her book. I pray that through the book the good influence of this woman of God may be greatly extended and made permanent.

In the Master's service,

JAMES B. CHAPMAN, *General Superintendent.*
Church of the Nazarene.

Vicksburg, Michigan
August 8, 1940

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CHAPTER ONE

CONVERSION

December 15, 1939, was my fifty-fourth birthday. Now, in August, 1940, I am afflicted with heart trouble and cancer of the lungs. Since I have been confined to my home I have conceived a desire to record in writing some of the Lord's dealings in my life.

Two years ago, while on a trip to Florida, I was privileged to see once more the little house in which I was born, near Riley, Indiana. Although it looks old and dilapidated now, and the surroundings are greatly changed, it is the same house which was my home during the first six years of my life.

I have always believed that I was a badly spoiled child. Of my mother's eleven children, only three survived their infancy, and they came to her with intervals of ten years between each child. I can imagine how my dear mother's heart ached over the loss of so many babies, and naturally that aching heart lavished its wealth of affection in unstinted measure upon the little ones who were spared to her. My mother was, from every viewpoint, a beautiful woman. She was admired because of her physical beauty, and she also possessed beauty of soul. She did not always enjoy a Christian experience, but during the last weeks of her life she blossomed out into a lovely, full-fledged Christian. She died when I

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was seventeen years of age, and I always think of her as my best companion and friend.

My father was not a Christian but he seemed to be converted on his deathbed. He lived with me in my home, and died when my youngest child was three years old. I accompanied his remains back to our old home and preached a short message at his funeral. He had lived an unsaved life among many of the men who were present, and some of them were impressed by the peaceful expression on his face. The blessing of the Lord rested upon me while I told the gospel story which had brought that peace to my father's heart.

A certain aunt filled a very important place in my young life, for she was like a second mother to me. Since my own mother had lost so many of her children in their infancy, when I was born this aunt was invited to live with us, so that she could nurse me at her breast with her own baby daughter. During my entire life I have clung to that aunt as to a mother, and a life-long friendship has existed between that little girl cousin who shared her first meals with me, and myself. We are like twin sister cousins.

My mother used to tell many funny stories about my early childhood. She declared that at first I had no hair on top of my head, and for a long time she feared that I would always be bald. But friends advised her to massage my head thoroughly. She did so until the much desired hair began to appear and, after a time, the once bare head was covered with tight, red curls. Although I was very fat, I always teased my mother to carry me. Since she was a little woman who weighed only about ninety-eight pounds, she often carried me in her arms

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when I was half her size. Oftentimes she should have punished me, but instead she carried me whenever I insisted.

When six years of age I suffered an attack of diphtheria which nearly proved fatal. Since there was no anti-toxin in those days, the doctors operated on the throat and inserted a silver tube. Years later, when I visited home with my own babies, the old family physician, Dr. Bunker, told me all about that operation. He said that the disease left me with a heart which would always cause me trouble. His prediction proved to be correct.

Before I reached my seventh birthday my father became a traveling agent for the Deering Harvester Company and we moved to Terre Haute, Indiana. There I received my grade school and high school education and ten weeks of business college.

I was converted when I was nine years old while attending a children's meeting during a revival campaign in the Mt. Rose Methodist church. Neither my father nor my mother was attending church at that time, but in the schoolyard I met a little girl who was inviting other little girls to attend the children's meetings. Everyone was saying "yes," so I said "yes" also.

I do not remember the minister's name, neither do I recall the sermon that he preached, but I do remember that my heart was broken because my sins were not forgiven and I had no Jesus. I went to the altar with many other children. I do not recollect the scene myself, but my Sunday school teacher told me about it afterward. She said that when the minister asked those of the seekers at the altar who knew they were saved to testify, I

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shouted and cried and testified, declaring how happy I was because of what Jesus had done for me.

I was afraid to go home because I did not know what my mama would say about the step I had taken in going to the altar. So one of the church members, who was our next-door neighbor, offered to take me home. When my mother saw me at the door, she took me in her arms, soothed me and made me lie down to rest. I did rest when I realized that my mama was really glad and happy because I had found Jesus. What a wonderful experience that was! Although only a little girl, I soon discovered that reading the Bible was the best of fun, and I dearly loved to study its pages. My mother could not understand, and she really believed that I was in danger of losing my mind.

Soon after my conversion (the following Sunday I think) my Sunday school teacher asked me to tell the class what Jesus had done for me. After my testimony we all knelt down and the teacher asked me to pray. I can remember well what a happy experience that was, because other girls in the class began to pray also, and we had a genuine little revival right there in our Sunday school class.

I greatly enjoyed the Junior League Band of the Mt. Rose Methodist church, and was frequently asked to lead in their meetings. Also, I remember a remarkable answer to prayer soon after my conversion. The older girls of our class owned a football, and one day they gave us younger girls permission to play with it. We lost the ball, and even after searching high and low, we could not find it. The situation seemed desperate, but I requested another little girl to meet me at the schoolhouse

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at eight o'clock the next morning. I had faith to believe that, with divine help, we would find that ball. After I went home I told my newly found Savior all about our dilemma. I felt sure that He would help us find the lost ball. My little friend met me at the appointed hour, and I need not tell you, dear Christian friend, that we soon located the football and returned it to the owners with thanks.

That was one of the notable days of my life, for it was the day when I first determined always to talk with Jesus in the future about even the common affairs of daily life, because I was convinced that He is interested in all that concerns His children, and that He is also able to help them in all their difficulties, no matter how trifling and insignificant they may seem to be.

CHAPTER TWO

SANCTIFICATION

The memories associated with the Mt. Rose Methodist church, in which I was converted, have always been an inspiration to my soul. But after a time we moved from its neighborhood to a congested part of the city, and it became necessary for me to find a new Sunday school and church to attend. Since my parents were not church-going people, the entire responsibility devolved upon me. At that time I encountered some temptations that were new to me. For instance, in my new Sunday school class I was often tempted to feel that I did not belong to the crowd and that I was not wanted. Such a subtle temptation only the devil can bring. But the Lord always helped me, when in desperation I carried my needs to Him, and I continued to be happy in my Christian experience while I found the greatest joy of my life in serving the Lord.

The friendship between my twin sister cousin and myself was very close and I spent almost the entire summer with her. Her mother was a Seventh Day Adventist. She was careful to pray and read with us every day and to instruct us in the principles of the Adventist faith. I was so deeply impressed and so thrilled that I promised to unite with the Adventist Church. However, my mother would not allow me to take the step at that time. She insisted that I was too young to know what I was doing, and that I must wait at least until after my sixteenth birthday. After that she promised that I should be free to unite with any church that I might choose.

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In the meantime my cousin and I enjoyed many happy days together. We both had boy friends, and we all enjoyed running about to the Adventist meetings of the day.

Nevertheless, during that period my spiritual condition was not always satisfactory. In fact it was a series of "ups and downs." It was often hard to say "No" when I should and frequently equally as hard to say "Yes" at the proper time. After each failure I would punish myself and pray earnestly to the Lord for forgiveness until I was clear again. I do not remember that I ever failed to testify when opportunity was offered, but I often suffered defeat along certain lines, and my soul longed for something more satisfying than I possessed.

Finally in my sixteenth year I met a beautiful young woman, a member of the Methodist Church, who had been a Salvation Army officer. Her testimony was always one of victory, in marked contrast to mine. I determined to seek an interview with that young lady, Miss Lily LaDrew. I went to her room with a list of about twenty questions concerning different phases of the Christian life, such as, "Is it right to keep company with an unsaved boy?" "Is it right to attend church suppers?" Some of the questions had reference to the doctrines of Seventh Day Adventism. Miss LaDrew was a few years my senior, and she had been engaged in active Christian service, so she was a wonderful blessing and help to me in my perplexity. Her advice to me on that first interview could be summed up in these few words—"Follow the Lord and He will lead you in the right way. Follow Him at any cost."

The first interview was followed by several other visits. On one occasion she told me about an experience

that Christians should have. She said that we may have the evil nature cleansed out of our hearts so that the Holy Spirit may come in to abide in sanctifying grace. She said, "This experience is called sanctification." My heart was very hungry. I felt that I needed that experience very much indeed. All the failures and stumblings of my Christian life looked so big to me that I felt I could not go on as I was.

Miss LaDrew invited me to come to her room at the noon hour so that we might pray together for my sanctification. I lived in anticipation until the next Tuesday. I was in the second year of high school, and I always carried my lunch to school. After eating my lunch I hastened over to Miss LaDrew's room. There beside her davenport, we kneeled together, telling the Lord of my great need. My friend told me that in order to become sanctified, I must consecrate all to God and die to the opinions of others. My heart was so hungry that I was willing to do all that I was told. I at once felt that the unsaved boy friend must be given up, also that I must be willing to live according to the convictions which God had placed in my heart.

That was a crucial moment in my life, and the thing that I was doing was very real to me. When I came to the end of myself, the Holy Spirit whispered in my heart, "I have accepted you." The joy of the Lord filled my soul. Every cloud and every burden was gone. The idea that I had entertained of keeping Saturday and of becoming an Adventist was all swept away. There seemed to be but one thing left in my thought, and that was "to love God with all my heart, and my neighbor as myself." I was ready to worship the Lord every day of the

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week, every moment of the day, or on any day that might be asked of me. "One man esteemeth one day above another; another esteemeth every day alike. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind" (Romans 14:5).

As I hurried back to school with the assurance bright in my soul, every step seemed to bring a greater joy. One of the high school girls called to me to wait for her. When she caught up with me and we started up the steps, I said, "Do you believe in sanctification?" She replied, "No, do you?" I answered, "Yes, for I have the experience." That was my first testimony to sanctification.

I knew that in the afternoon I must tell my mother about my new experience. Since she was not yet converted it was very difficult to talk with her about the things of the Spirit. When I arrived home from school Mother was waiting at the gate for me, because she wanted me to go with her on an errand. As we walked down the street together, I told her about the experience of sanctification which I had received that day at the noon hour in Miss LaDrew's room. She stopped on the sidewalk and looked at me as if she thought that I must in very truth be losing my mind. She seemed, however, to recognize the fact that it required some courage for me to tell her. So she did not say one word, and we walked on together and performed our errand. My mother lived only thirteen months after that incident. During those months she was beautifully converted, or rather reclaimed, in our own home while she and I prayed together, and during her last illness she was sanctified wholly. I believe that we will meet in the City of God.

After my sanctification God laid it upon my heart to say grace at the table and to have family worship on Sunday mornings. Those things seemed hard, almost impossible, for me to do, for I was only sixteen years of age. But God went on before me and made a way when there was no way. He never asked me to do one thing that He did not help me to do, and I had great joy in my heart because of the victories which my Lord gave me. I would like to relate those victories in detail, but they would make this narrative too long and tedious for the reader's patience. But I will say this much to the young Christian: The God who converts you and sanctifies you will walk beside you in all of the undertakings of your life, and if you do not fail Him, He will always give you the victory.

At that time we had my brother's four motherless children in our home. That was a heavy burden for Mother because she was not strong. I did so desire to see those children reared for the Lord. I talked with them all from time to time and prayed with them. I have never ceased to pray for them, although so far as I know, they have never become established Christians. My brother soon took them away, so we were allowed the privilege of influencing them for God for only a short period.

In my school life I soon learned that Jesus was ready and willing to guide and to lead and to help me to manifest His grace. I talked with most of my classmates, urging them to become Christians. Some of them were already Christians, and one high school girl followed my example by introducing family worship into her home.

The graduating class of which I was a member began

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to make great plans to purchase a gift for the high school. In order to secure the necessary funds we decided to conduct a three-day school fair at which we planned to construct booths and to sell art gifts, ice cream and confections. We met one evening to discuss our plans. Our class president was a boy from a higher class who had failed to graduate the preceding year because of illness. Since he had a wonderful personality we made him president of our class. He suggested that it would be a fine idea to have an orchestra and a dance in the gymnasium at the close of the fair. That was indeed a severe test for me, and I shall relate my experience under that test so that every young person who reads this story may know that Jesus has a good way for each of His children, and it does not need to be the way of the world.

I knew that if that dance should be staged I would be compelled by my conscience to withdraw from all of the class activities. I promptly reminded the young president of that fact, but his retort came like a flash of lightning, "Well, who said they wanted you?" I made no answer, for I did not think it was necessary. I just kept quiet the rest of the evening. I did not really feel hurt, for I felt that it was perhaps no more than I should expect. One of the girls went home with me that night. When we reached the house, she said, "Didn't you feel terrible over what the president said to you?" "Well," I replied, "I did not feel so bad as might be expected." I scarcely understood why I did not feel hurt except that I loved Jesus with all my heart, and I knew that I was doing what He would have me to do, and consequently I was perfectly satisfied.

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I asked my visitor if she was a Christian. She replied that she was not. Then I asked her if she would like to become one. "Oh, yes!" she exclaimed, "I would!" That night at my bedside she gave her heart to God. Oh! how happy we both were when we climbed into bed! The happenings of the earlier part of the evening were practically forgotten and we were as happy as we could be. But surprises were in store.

When we returned to school the next morning we were informed that a committee had been sent to the principal to inform him that the class did not wish to have the dance which was under consideration. It was a complete surprise to me, but soon I received a hasty note from the young class president in which he enclosed the principal's letter which informed him that the dance would not be permitted in the gymnasium. In his brief note the president said, "I guess you are to blame for this." At once I sent a note in reply, saying, "This is as much of a surprise to me as it is to you, but how glad I am about it!" But this is not the end of the story.

I set to work in earnest for the fair. I visited the business men and, as I remember, raised more money for our gift than any other member of our class. I also arranged a booth which I filled with Christian mottoes. They were something of a novelty at that time, and I was kept busy selling them, for everyone seemed to want them.

But the climax of the victory was reached when a committee from the class visited me to say that the class wished me to have a part in the commencement exercises, and to ask me what I would like best to do. That was an outstanding moment in my life, but God had al-

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ready prepared me for it. Once while on my knees I had already found the answer to that very question, "What would you most like to do for your high school class?" "Oh! to pray with them," I thought, "would be my supreme delight!"

So when the class committee visited me and asked me that question, I promptly replied, "I know just what I want to do."

I was living in Terre Haute, Indiana, a city of seventy-five thousand population. Our graduating exercises were always conducted in the Grand Theater, which was the largest in the city. A minister from one of the up-town churches was usually invited to offer the invocation. Nevertheless, when that committee asked me to state my preference, I said, "We have always asked one of the prominent ministers to offer the invocation. But could I be allowed to do that this time?" The committee replied, "We will see." They interviewed the principal, asking him if it would be permissible for a student to offer the invocation. He replied that he had never heard of such a thing, but promised to consult the superintendent of schools. In due time, through the mail I received a notice from the superintendent stating that the request of my class had been granted, and that I was elected to offer the invocation at the commencement exercises.

On that memorable night the principal asked the audience to stand. It seemed that every seat in the auditorium, balcony and boxes was filled with people as I looked out upon them. I was asked to step forward and offer prayer. God helped me that night when I lifted my voice in prayer for the school and the teachers and the students with whom I had been associated for four years.

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At the close of the exercises a messenger boy handed me a beautiful bouquet of flowers. I was the only one in the class who received flowers. I felt that God was honoring me because I took my stand for Him under a severe test. Christian friends, He is waiting to do the same for every one of you.

Later the president of the class called upon me and I knew that he wished to make everything right between us. He did not understand the art of apologizing, but I was sure that was what he wanted to do, and I held no grudge in my heart against him. So we enjoyed a very pleasant evening together. He asked me what I was planning to do, for he thought that I expected to become a missionary. My answer was, "I am not certain just what my work will be, but it will be something for the Lord."

After graduating from high school I attended DePauw University at Greencastle, Indiana, for three terms. I greatly desired to finish my college course, but my father could not see his way clear to finance it, and after I prayed very earnestly about the matter, it seemed that the Lord was leading me to other things. When I quit school I felt that I loved it and my books more than ever before. I could have borrowed money for school expenses and paid it back later when in a position to do so, but the Lord knows just how to deal with His children. I was learning more and more to allow the Lord to guide me in all things.

After my mother's death, my father and I went to live with my sister. I missed my mother and her counsel so much that I learned to wait upon God and to plead with Him for guidance in the most minute affairs of life. The

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Lord never seemed to grow weary of me, but He was patient and He helped me through those stormy days.

While speaking of my college days, I wish to relate how I met the dearest girl I ever knew. During my first term at DePauw I roomed with Dora Lucas. She was a beautiful, sanctified Christian girl, but she had been sanctified only a short time. Her mother was a Christian Scientist and, of course, of no spiritual help to her daughter. So when I returned home in the summer I felt that I was almost backslidden. Such a time as I did have praying, crying and begging the Lord to give me more grace and added strength to be true in every battle. I had convictions about a lot of things that other good Christians did not share, but when I was not true to those convictions I came under condemnation. When I was first sanctified I had three rings on my fingers and I felt that the Lord led definitely to give up those rings. Each ring had its own story, but when God said, "Give them up," I took them off, never to put them on again. I met other girls in my college days who seemed to be better Christians than I, yet they wore rings. But whenever I prayed the Lord held me to the light He had given me.

During that vacation the Lord sweetly assured my soul that He was with me and would continue to be with me and that I had nothing to fear. So I took courage and decided to ask the Lord to give me a definitely sanctified holiness girl to chum with at the college during the next term. I received the assurance that He would grant my petition.

During that next term my position in the dormitory, where I was boarding and rooming, was that of bell girl. I was asked to come early and help get the dormitory

ready for college students. I watched all the first week for my sanctified girl. I picked out one girl who was very plainly dressed, thinking that possibly she was the one. I made some friendly advances to her but received no response. I learned later that her oddities were merely eccentricities, that her father was an infidel and very eccentric, and that she took many of her traits from him. The outward appearance is often deceptive.

But late on Saturday night after the opening of school a very attractive girl arrived, and the preceptress requested me to meet her on Sunday. "She wishes to go to the mission," explained the good lady, "and I told her that she might go with you." I had been attending a Methodist mission in the poorer section of our college town. I replied, "Bring her up and we will have a little chat together, I am too tired to attend any service to-night."

I had made it one of the habits of my Christian life to tell my new acquaintances about my sanctified experience so if they did not wish to associate with holiness people, our friendship need not go farther. So I told that new student about how Jesus had sanctified me. She was leaning back in her chair near my study table.

"Do you believe that God sanctifies you?" she questioned eagerly. I replied, "I know He does." Down came her chair with a bang and she exclaimed, "Oh, glory!"

I looked up quickly and said in my heart, "Here is my sanctified chum!" And so she was.

She had been sanctified during the summer in a camp-meeting under the ministry of Thomas Hodgins who lived in Indianapolis. She wished to attend school in Indianapolis where she could meet the Hodgins family fre-

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quently. But her parents, who were opposed to holiness, would not allow their daughter to attend school in that city when they learned that Rev. Hodgins lived there. They wrote to several colleges for their catalogs, and DePauw was the first to answer. This is a story of answered prayer and of two lonely holiness girls who found deep and lasting friendship in a much needed hour. It was the sweetest girl friendship that I ever knew. My friend afterward married a holiness preacher in the South, but she died during the first year of their married life.

Evelyn came home with me for the Christmas holidays and we discovered the Church of the Nazarene which I afterward joined, and now I have been a member of that church for more than thirty years.

It pays you wonderful dividends, young people, to be sanctified early in life, for God brings so many rare blessings into your lives and you escape so many mistakes and regrets.

CHAPTER THREE

ROMANCES

After leaving DePauw University I lived with my sister for a time. While there I was kept busy with Christian work among the miners and in revival meetings. I was accepted as a deaconess in our local church on December 9, a few days before my twenty-first birthday on December 15.

Soon after that event my father asked me if I would be willing to keep house for him. He had been very lonely since my mother's death and felt the need of a home of his own. So he bought the little house in Riley, Indiana, where my grandfather once lived, and in it we set up housekeeping together. That arrangement continued for one and one-half years. During that period I took a Bible correspondence course and set myself to the task of reading the Bible through.

When I left school I was on the point of a nervous breakdown, and life in that country home did much to rest my nerves. Every week or two I visited in Terre Haute to attend the Church of the Nazarene and to do calling among the membership. Many of the residents of that little country town of Riley had never seen a deaconess bonnet before and they looked at it with much curiosity, but I was busy with my studies and was not greatly annoyed. But one day while I was in prayer, the Lord made me feel that I should call among those people. That was the hardest thing the Lord had ever required of me up to that time. I begged and begged to be

excused, but the Lord did not change His mind. Finally I realized that if I did not obey, I would surely backslide. So I took my Bible and a song book and called on the people in the village. The Lord greatly blessed that ministry. Two persons who died soon afterward and went to heaven were beautifully saved. Some years later a holiness Methodist minister in that town conducted a gracious revival, and many of the residents pointed back to the day when I visited them in their homes and talked with them about sanctification.

Strange to say, during that otherwise peaceful period occurred the most tragic and exciting day that I ever experienced. I had spent the night with my sister in the city. Her husband was a bank clerk and they lived in a nice duplex. In the morning when I stepped out on a summer porch to the ice box, I heard a shot. I ran out into the back yard and heard our neighbor screaming in the other part of the duplex. In a moment she came running out to the back yard crying, "I am shot! I am shot!" My sister and brother-in-law hurried to the scene and carried the injured woman back into the house. She had been shot in the hip. While they were carrying her in, I heard a second shot. I had seen the husband looking out from the bathroom window, but when I looked up again, he had vanished. My sister ran through their house calling his name, while we were calling to her. Since the man was holding a gun, I feared that he might shoot her. But sister was not to be stopped. Instead she hastened on until she found our neighbor dead in his bathroom. I shall never forget the look on that face. The expression of anger, jealousy and fear still lingered. I grieved much over the sight. I had such a sweet, satis-

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fying experience myself, and to look so suddenly upon a soul which had entered into darkness made me sick at heart.

People kept crowding into the house until my sister feared that something might be stolen. She asked me to sit there, waiting the coroner's arrival. We could not close the bathroom door. I sat beside the dead man until the coroner came. Then I cleaned the floor where the blood had gushed from the wound in the dead man's head. The excitement continued all through the day, so I determined to seek some rest and quietness in my own little country home nine miles distant. I caught the evening train and took my little nephew, David, with me. The train was crowded with passengers, for the county fair was in progress and many had been spending the day in the city. When the train stopped at our village it took a sidetrack because a freight train was on the main track. The passengers were instructed to remain in their seats until we should pull into the station. We were to remain on the sidetrack until after the freight had passed but, as in every crowd, some of the people insisted upon moving about. One old gentleman who was deaf, and doubtless did not hear the order to remain on the train, alighted and started toward the station, which meant crossing the main track. I sat by the window with my head pressed against it, weary and exhausted after the strain and excitement of the day, but anxiously watching that old gentleman's movements. I saw that he should be stopped, but of course he could not hear me. Others were shouting at him, but he was so deaf that he did not hear any of them. When at last he stepped onto the main track, he did look up and he saw the freight close upon him. I

can still see him as he turned his head and pathetically seemed to realize his situation—but too late, for at that moment the train caught him under its wheels and ground him to pieces. Several wheels ran over him before the freight could be stopped.

To me that seemed the last straw to break the camel's back. Catching up my little nephew, I exclaimed, "Oh, I wish I had not seen that, but I could not help it!" Then I ran for home as swiftly as possible. After supper I visited the old gentleman's family, including the dear old mother, now left a widow. I had prayer with them, then returned home to seek the quietness of my own home and bed. Just as I was about to fall into a deep sleep, a loud knock was heard on the door. My father dressed and opened the door to admit the coroner, Dr. Levitt. He said, "I would like to have Lettie (that was my nickname) tell me the stories of those two tragic deaths." He was the same coroner who had visited the suicide's home. I arose and dressed and related to the coroner the tragic scenes of the most exciting day that I have ever experienced. I do not know whether I slept at all that night, but at least I had the remainder of the night in which to *try* to sleep.

After keeping house for my father for one and one-half years, an opportunity was offered me to take up deaconess work in a mission on Staten Island across the bay from New York city. After consulting with my father, I decided to accept the invitation. Since his sister lived across the street, she offered to do many things to help care for Father.

While I was packing for that eastern trip, my sister, who was preparing my lunch, decided to have a little

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fun. I was taking my alarm clock because my watch was in need of repair. Sister set the alarm for the middle of the afternoon. After I was seated in the train, I set the clock on the pipes and began to chat with some of the passengers. While I was engaged in conversation with a lovely little woman, suddenly the alarm went off with a terrific din, startling everyone on the train. Instantly the passengers all turned and looked at me. I was as much startled as the others, but instantly suspected that it was one of my sister's mischievous pranks. When I confided my suspicion to the lady who sat beside me, we had a good laugh.

It was indeed a thrill to ride across New York Harbor, past the Statue of Liberty which I had seen pictured in so many of my school books. It was wonderful to see it with my own eyes.

My invitation to Staten Island came from a former acquaintance, Mr. Arthur Mosley, the Y.M.C.A. Secretary, who lived in officers' quarters in Fort Wordsworth on the island. He had once been a soldier boy, but a few years before I was called East, he accidentally missed his soldier train at Terre Haute, Indiana. My brother-in-law, who was a Christian, found him and took him home for dinner. He and his wife had prayer with the boy, and they corresponded with him for several months. As a result of their kindness, young Arthur Mosley was converted, and he took up his residence in Terre Haute. There he met and married my old friend, Lily LaDrew. Later he was appointed Y.M.C.A. Secretary and sent to Fort Wordsworth. After a gracious revival among the soldiers, Mr. Mosley became deeply concerned over the spiritual welfare of his soldiers, and he opened a mission

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for their benefit, inviting me to take charge of the deaconess work.

Since I was to live with the Mosleys, I naturally anticipated wonderful fellowship in their home. At the time of my high school commencement, when the class decided not to have the dance in the gymnasium, the committee asked me to suggest something else that might be appropriate for the closing feature. I proposed that they invite Mr. Mosley, in soldier uniform, to relate stories of the war. He had been in the Boer War as well as in the regular army. It was on that occasion that he met Miss LaDrew. I lived seven months in their home on Staten Island. During that period I took care of the deaconess work and helped my friends with their children and their housework. At that time also I met for the first time a certain young soldier—

But before going farther let me say that my busy life had been touched by romance more than once before *he* crossed my path. But I was convinced that I had never truly loved, and I never had the assurance of God's approval upon any plans that were formed. In my early youth, the young man whom I gave up on the day that I was sanctified had proposed to me. He was the first young gentleman who courted me and, although I knew that the Lord had said, "Give him up," I almost cried my eyes out in the process. But oh, how happy I am that I obeyed God!

Later I met a young Methodist minister, and we were serious in making our plans for life. In his first pastorate he conducted a glorious revival at which time one hundred members were received into the church. Soon afterward he broke physically and contracted tuberculosis.

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He went to Denver, Colorado, for his health and attended the university while there. We planned that he should first complete his college course and be ordained, and after that we expected to be married. But I had a very peculiar experience in connection with that young preacher which illustrates how beautifully the Lord will lead when we will follow. While visiting relatives in Missouri, I wrote to my suitor, telling him that I might come on to Denver soon. But later in the day, while in prayer in the orchard, the Spirit caused me to feel that I should never write to him again. I was so agitated that I rose from my knees and began to walk about. I was thinking, "What can I say to make it easy for him? His father had died when the son was a young lad, and his mother did not seem to understand him. Hence I felt that it was my responsibility to bring into his life the happiness that he needed. I puzzled much over the best way to approach the subject of breaking our engagement. Finally the thought occurred to me that possibly there might be a lead of some kind in the letter that I would be receiving from him. Also I remembered that if God was really asking me to break our engagement, He would surely open the way. So with that thought in mind, I rested. Many times before I had questioned in my own mind as to the best course to pursue with reference to our friendship. But I never could muster enough courage to do anything. I did not wish to disappoint my lover, neither did I want to think of life without him. But now all of that uncertainty, together with the desire to continue our friendship, had left me. I did not long to see him, neither did I long to hear from him. All of that was taken care of and, strange to say, he never wrote to me again.

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Without that leading of the Spirit, no doubt I would have been deeply grieved, and would have written several times to learn the reason for his silence. I never did learn the reason, but eighteen months later the young man died of tuberculosis. I know that God will lead you, young people, in the very smallest details of your lives, if you will allow Him to do so. That experience was so wonderful to me. I was filled with praise to God because He so led and satisfied an unworthy child of His.

Because of all this, when I went to Staten Island, I was heart whole and fancy free, and my life was entirely devoted to God's service. But fair romance overtook me there in no uncertain fashion. I had been there but a few days when a tall, handsome young soldier named Edward Martin called at the house, asking for the Mosleys. I thought that he was the very finest looking young man that my eyes had ever looked upon. Our friendship developed very rapidly, for we loved to be together and to talk about ourselves. He told me all about his past and his family, and I told him about mine. He was a member of the theology class which I had started for the soldiers, and we were always finding something to talk about after the class was dismissed. After a time he asked for the privilege of taking me out. At first I was afraid to go out with a soldier boy lest my reputation might be injured. But other considerations were too strong to be resisted. The first time that we went out together we went to see the Statue of Liberty.

Our friendship soon became a serious matter, and the night before he was discharged, he proposed to me. The proposal did not come as a shock, or even as a surprise. I had prayed very earnestly that God might direct the

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course of our friendship. I was very much afraid that I loved Edward Martin very dearly, but I did not want to make a mistake. Yet, at the same time, I had a conviction down deep in my heart that the Lord's blessing and approval would be upon our union. I felt that it would have been an advantage if I had known him better for, I reasoned, one never knows what these soldier boys are. However, my suitor had been wonderfully saved, he was sanctified wholly, and he had been preaching for more than a year.

When I said "Yes" to Edward Martin, I supposed that we would not be married for a long time, two years at least. But that very night, after he left me in the army barracks, he decided that he would not go home at all but, if I would consent, we would be married and he would take up his life work at once. It was quite a shock to me when he came down the next morning and made known his decision. But my love was so strong that, having the sense of God's approval in my heart, I dared not say "No." Two weeks later we were married in the little mission. One side of the room was lined with soldiers in uniform, the other side with civilians. After the ceremony a young soldier boy was marvelously converted. How that encouraged our hearts! We felt that God was surely with us. We went to our own little furnished room that same night, and Mr. Martin soon took the pastorate of the mission.

I was twenty-three years old when Mr. Martin and I were married on April 20, 1909. My single life had been one of victory and happiness. I had thought many times that I might never marry, but always do service for God in some part of His vineyard. But each step was an ad-

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vanced step, and my marriage was not an exception. I consider it an advanced step in usefulness, in happiness and in breadth of opportunity. It was a great adventure, but I was deeply in love and had the approval of God on our union, so there was no fear, no trace of hesitancy. As I rode in the carriage to the place where the ceremony was performed, I was singing "Simply trusting every day." And so it has been all along the way.

CHAPTER FOUR

THIRTY-ONE YEARS OF MARRIED LIFE

The Churches We Have Served

At the time of our marriage Mr. Martin was the superintendent of the mission on Staten Island. He also served under the Board of the National Bible Institute in street work in New York city. During the five months of our residence there we painted and cleaned the rooms which we used as a parsonage. We devoted our time to visitation and night services. We did not see a great deal accomplished, but we had some remarkable answers to prayer along financial lines. Once we prayed very earnestly for the needs of the day, and when we rose from our knees, we found a dollar on the floor. Neither of us saw anyone place it there, and we never learned who the donor was.

After a time Mr. Martin was invited to preach at a Sunday service in Cliftondale, Mass. The church in that place was seeking a pastor, and they had my husband under consideration. I did not go with him, but I feared that they might not want him for a pastor if they knew how young he was and that he had a trace of Indian blood. Before leaving, Mr. Martin promised to tell the Cliftondale people everything. He did so, and they accepted him for their pastor. Those eastern people considered it a mark of distinction to have American Indian blood in one's veins, so we were given a warm reception. Two women in that church, Mrs. Mary Weber and Mrs. Cora Hudson, were mighty prevailers in prayer. Consequently we received some wonderful answers to prayer

while in Clifftondale. Our salary was raised and the tone of the church was encouraging and triumphant.

While there we lived part of the time in the same house with Will Parsons and his wife, Ann. I liked Mrs. Parsons very much. She was capable, and she had many friends outside the church, but she did not seem to be moved to pray, testify and push the battle as the Lord laid it on my heart to do. It seemed at times that she was not very friendly, and I longed for a friend. The whole trouble lay in the fact that Mrs. Parsons was not sanctified, but I could not seem to help her. Soon after we closed our ministry there, the church in Clifftondale enjoyed a revival under the Robertsons. Mrs. Parsons was brought under deep conviction. She had never fasted in her life before, but under conviction she fasted and prayed for three days. After she had done everything the Lord told her to do, she was wonderfully sanctified. She and her husband took a day off and came to Lowell, Mass., to visit us. How we did rejoice! I almost wished that I could go back to Clifftondale and live with Ann Parsons again, for I could visualize the great times of fellowship that we might enjoy.

After our pastorate at Clifftondale, Mr. Martin spent five months in evangelistic work. It was laid on his heart at that time to visit his parents who lived in Spokane, Washington. He had not seen them since he was a sixteen-year-old boy. While visiting, he conducted a revival campaign in Spokane, and many of his relatives attended the meetings. Mr. Martin's mother was a Catholic. His father was not a member of any church. But both were converted after their son's visit, and they left clear testimonies when they went to heaven. One of his sisters,

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who was converted during the Spokane revival, retained her experience until she passed from this life fourteen years later. That was a wonderful visit for Mr. Martin. His people had not seen him since he had been converted and become a minister. Consequently they looked upon him with some curiosity at first, but he made a deep impression upon them. The Holy Spirit used the Word to show them their need, and a number of them went to the altar, seeking the Lord.

Next we were assistant pastors at Lowell, Mass., under Rev. A. B. Riggs who had been pastor of that same church for more than twenty years. Since Mr. Martin was so young in the ministry, it was like an education to be in the church with Brother Riggs. Mr. Martin had no Protestant background, and he needed just that experience to help make of him the worker God wished him to be.

Brother Riggs was a pastor who did a great deal of calling. He was a man of faith and an exhorter of the old time. He always kept his finances up to date, and was methodical and businesslike in all that he did. He had a kind, friendly, loving disposition which won people to him and to God. He usually had a little candy in his pocket to give to the children. No one was too small or too insignificant for him to notice. He was loved by both young and old.

While in Lowell, Mr. Martin did most of the preaching at the evening services, and many, many souls came to the altar to seek salvation. Oh, such conviction as we had in those meetings! The Lowell church was a deeply spiritual organization and liberty and unction prevailed in its services.

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While in New England I was a member of the Deaconess Association in which I enjoyed sweet fellowship. If I remember correctly, we had four deaconesses in the Lowell church. At that time that church was the largest Church of the Nazarene in New England. While there I endeavored to make calls once a week on my regular calling day while Edward remained at home with the babies. I started early and returned home late. It was always a great day for me. Sometimes, if I wished to call upon certain individuals between my regular calling days, I took my children with me. Often the Lord has sweetly blessed when I prayed in some home with a baby in my arms and perhaps two other children kneeling by my side. There is nothing so glorious as working for the Lord.

In those days preachers were not so numerous in the Church of the Nazarene as now. Consequently we were continually receiving calls to different churches. We had pastored at Lowell two years when Mr. Martin's health broke. He was threatened with tuberculosis, and at times completely lost his voice. Once he lost it for an entire month. It sounds like a fairy tale now, but at that time he was very thin and broken. Because of his ill health, we accepted a call to the high, dry climate of Calgary, Alberta, Canada. That was a long trip across the entire breadth of the United States and up to Canada. We greatly enjoyed our ministry among the Canadians. The climate did the desired work for Mr. Martin physically, assisted by the medical skill of Dr. M. E. Church, an osteopath who was a member of the Church of the Nazarene. We spent three years in Calgary.

Mr. Martin conducted a number of revivals in all parts of Alberta and with different groups of holiness peo-

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ple. The work in Alberta was in its beginning and many things were working out for the glory of God. Three members of our church were prosperous financially, and their money was consecrated to the work of the Lord. They were Mr. Hoople, Nelson Hendricks and Dr. M. E. Church. For a time I was the only deaconess on the Alberta District, but soon the Lord began to lay a burden upon other women's hearts so that when we left the district after five years, we had fourteen deaconesses, and about half of them had taken the course of study. Last year, 1939, we visited in Calgary and Claresholm, the two churches we served in Alberta.

Claresholm, Alberta, was a new work, for there never had been a Church of the Nazarene or pastor there. We were there only one and one-half years, but we witnessed the greatest revival of our ministry among that new people. All over the community we started meetings in schoolhouses until we had a circuit of seven appointments. Whenever anyone in our midst felt a special call to Christian work or to the ministry, we sent him out to help us keep those places going. Some very wonderful people were brought to God in that little work at Claresholm—Rev. Arthur Grobe, who was one of our preachers, Miss Blanche Hynd, missionary to China, Miss Mary Jackson, superintendent of the Nampa Nazarene Sanitarium for many years, Rev. Will Griffith, preacher in the Far North, and others whom I do not recall just now. George Arneson, Agnes Foss Hill and Frank Powell and family went from Claresholm to our school at Nampa, and they are still members of the Church of the Nazarene. About forty young people were converted in that revival, and it continued for weeks.

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We often went into the mission on Sunday nights after the evangelist had left, and when we turned on the lights, we usually found the room full of people sitting so quietly and reverently that we did not know they were there until the lights were flashed on. Frequently, when every seat was taken, we went back upstairs to our rooms and carried down chairs for those who were standing. It was beyond anything that we have ever seen elsewhere.

While in Claresholm, a sum of money was given to us which enabled Mr. Martin to go to Northwest Nazarene College as a student. When we were married, he owned two books, his Bible and Binney's Theological Compend, and he had attended high school only a few months. With the awakening of his soul life was born a desire to acquire knowledge. He was continually working along that line. He attended night school and employed private tutors until he was enabled to finish the high school work. Then later, after receiving the bequest at Claresholm, he attended college for five years at the Northwestern Nazarene College in Nampa, Idaho. While he was in school there we pastored the churches in Mountain Home, Idaho, at Meridian, Idaho, and at Ontario, Oregon.

The work at Mountain Home was a small mission. We had five children, and we never could have made ends meet had it not been for the money that was given us. God gave us some souls in that little mission, but after eight months we went to Meridian, Idaho. Meridian was a small church, but it had a parsonage and paid us fifty dollars a month salary. It cost Mr. Martin seven dollars a month for transportation to and from Nampa, and he also had to work for his tuition while in school. We had

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a blessed ministry in Meridian. A Mrs. Asbury, who was a member of our church, had a vision similar to mine. We met together every week and prayed for a revival in the Meridian church. We moved from Meridian to Ontario, Oregon, but about three months later a gracious revival did come to the Meridian church. Mrs. Asbury and I both believed that it was in answer to our prayers, because while in our prayermeeting God had so graciously given both of us this scripture, "Dig this valley full of ditches," and as we prevailed in prayer that day, we told the Lord that we had done that very thing, and that we were waiting for Him to send the wind and the rain to fill them up. Glory to God! He did not fail us.

Our work in Ontario, Oregon, was one of our greatest ministries. We labored there three years, and during that time more than doubled the membership. At one time, during a month's special campaign, we received thirty members. We built a new church and entertained the District Assembly free of charge. There also we had many services in schoolhouses over the country.

I took the teacher's training course in a normal class, and did substitute teaching. I also had a class in my home for students who needed to make up school work. I had a Christian worker's class of thirty-seven and also took Bible, theology and church history. It was while taking that Bible course that the Lord showed me that He wanted me to take the preacher's course also.

I had been operated on for goitre. A nerve in my neck had been cut, and I could no longer wear my deaconess bonnet. Since that time I have never been able to endure anything which binds around my neck. Since I had always believed that a deaconess should wear the

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bonnet, I was face to face with something of a problem. Although I had supposed that I would always continue in the deaconess work and finally be laid away in my casket with a bonnet on my head, the Lord began to move upon my heart and to change my mind. I was convinced that He wished me to take the preacher's course and to become a "despised" woman preacher.

We pastored the church at Ontario for three years. Those were great people to bring provisions into the parsonage. In Ontario I actually had all the chicken I could eat. They brought everything that we needed, not only once, but continuously during the three years of our pastorate. While in Ontario we conducted a five-week union meeting with all of the churches in the town. It was a very profitable campaign, and it meant everything to us as a church. The pastors of the several churches took turns in preaching.

After three years of service in Ontario, my husband's college course being completed, we accepted a call to return to Lowell, Mass., not as assistants but as pastors of the church. We had received two calls from that church before, but had turned them down. The third call we felt that we must accept. They waited one year for us to come, and then sent seven hundred dollars for the expenses of the trip. We traded in our car and equipped ourselves to travel by train. We arrived in Lowell at one o'clock in the morning, and went directly to the nine-room parsonage which had been beautifully furnished for us. That church of two hundred members had been busy for two months furnishing that house. Each and every member had something in it. We could scarcely sleep, thinking about the beautiful things. There were

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bedding of every description, curtains, drapes, carpets, and all kinds of furniture, silverware, and a large set of dishes, shovels, rake, pails and implements. Everything was given to us personally. Had we always kept those things, we surely would have been well equipped.

What do you suppose we did with them? We took them with us to our next appointment, and then when we were leaving that church to take a long trip across the country, we prayed very earnestly about the disposition of our furniture and finally came to a decision. The church had called a pastor who had five children, as we had. They had been serving a home mission district, and had been struggling for the necessities of life. We decided to give them the furniture which had so graciously been given to us. I am happy and glad because we passed the blessing on.

After an absence of ten years, we found the church at Lowell with about the same personnel. Rev. A. B. Riggs, the man who had pastored the church so many years, had been made pastor emeritus. For years that church had been an outstanding spiritual and dynamic force for God in the New England District. We had a successful ministry of two and one-half years there. But deep in my heart I believe that our ministry might have been even more successful if we had not been continually comparing it in our minds with the work at Ontario, Oregon, which held such an exalted place in our thinking.

My friend, whoever you may be, take this advice from me. When you leave a pastorate, no matter how successful your ministry there has been, let it remain in the past. Turn to your new work with but one thought in mind—

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to fill and to meet the needs of the new place and to seize its opportunities. Of course we did not realize that our mental comparisons with reference to the Ontario work might hinder us from doing our very best at Lowell. As I look back I see that we really did have a wonderful ministry in Ontario and we were only making comparisons with what we wanted to do in Lowell.

I believe that one other thing helped to make a bad background for us in Lowell. Mr. Martin had not been enthusiastic about his wife being a woman preacher, but after we returned to Lowell, while he was praying in his study, the Lord showed him that He had called me to preach just as He had called him. At once my husband summoned me to the study and said, "God has shown me that you are as much called to preach as I am." When Mr. Martin has a conviction, it is always a very strong one. He immediately began to push me forward into the preaching ministry. I felt that I was not ready for the work. It could not have been God's plan for us to be copastors. Personally, I think that my place was rather that of a helper and assistant. Certainly I was not ready to be pushed forward as my husband insisted upon doing, and it almost took the preach out of me. During all of my life it has seemed necessary for me to feel my way very cautiously, being sure that God was leading me every step of the way. I never questioned my call to preach, but I did not seem to be prepared for the situation in which I found myself. But this is only my personal opinion, and the work may not have been influenced so much as I think. We did many things in Lowell and saw some good tides of salvation.

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Dr. H. V. Miller, now General Superintendent, was our District Superintendent. Mr. Martin told him one day that he would like to go into a new work somewhere and lay a foundation on which no man had built. Accordingly, Dr. Miller organized a new church in Worcester, Mass., at the close of a tent meeting, and we were asked to become their pastors. A group of five men visited my husband, and he gave them his word that he would accept the pastorate of the new church.

Our family had reached the "young people" stage. Our expenses were heavy, and just how we would be able to meet those expenses in a new church, with so much financial obligation remained to be seen. But the Lord was leading us, and the story of how He cared for us is a wonderful one. We served in Worcester two and one-half years. We received help from the Home Mission Board for a time, but later the church became self-supporting. Mr. Martin took care of the church, and every member of the family assisted in some capacity. On one occasion I needed five dollars to apply on the rent. I had lost my pocketbook, and even though there was not a cent of money in it, I was very anxious to find it because of the written material which I had placed in it. I prayed earnestly, and three or four days later the pocketbook was returned to me through the mail *with a five dollar bill in it!* Attached to it was a note which said that the money was a gift from the finder. I hastened with the five dollars to pay my rent, thinking how wonderful it was that instead of being compelled to pay for the return of my pocketbook, the finder paid me for finding it!

The church prospered both spiritually and financially while we pastored it, and the man who followed us was

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the one to whom we gave our furniture. The church in Worcester has gone forward from that day, and it is now one of the leading churches in New England.

While in Worcester, we received two calls from Nampa, Idaho. Something happened which prevented our accepting the first invitation, but when we received the second call, we left Worcester and moved back to Nampa. In order to do so it was necessary for us to borrow three hundred dollars—the first and only time that we ever borrowed while we were in the pastorate, but the Lord helped us to pay it all back within ten months. It is a terrible calamity when a preacher becomes involved in financial difficulties, especially when he has a family of five children. My husband and I always followed the plan of waiting upon the Lord until He supplied our needs. But the treasurer of the Worcester church was a good friend to our family, and it was through him that we secured the three hundred dollars. I am so glad that the Lord helped us to pay it back so promptly. I read a book once about a saint of God who borrowed money, and then borrowed again to pay it back until he framed quite a system of borrowing and lending money. That child of God was full of rejoicing because the Lord helped him to manage his finances, but it would take a lot of faith on my part to undertake such a system. I am absolutely fearful of preachers borrowing money. May God help us always to keep the secret of praying through for financial help, so that we may see the Lord supply all our needs.

In every pastorate that we have served, it has been the usual thing to see souls pray through at the altar. It was our regular diet to be bringing before the Lord a

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list of unsaved and unsanctified souls whom we wanted the Spirit to reach. We have seen many people pray through in our home, and we have also prayed through with many others in their own homes. I am adding a special chapter on our work in Nampa.

In my opinion, the pastorate is the most exalted ministry on earth for God's service. Superintendency, supervising and headquarters offices are all honorable, and the best of our men must be placed in those positions, but for *real ministry* I insist that the pastorate holds first place.

Throughout this story of the churches which my husband and I have served, I have included myself in the pronoun "we" when referring to our pastoral work. We were never known as copastors except at Lowell, Mass., but I have used the pronoun because there has always been in my soul a deep, abiding love and concern for God's work, and I always wished to help to the best of my ability. While I was a deaconess, before my marriage, I became so thrilled with my vision of church work that I could never have been different unless the Lord had taken the thrill out of my heart. But He always seemed to keep it there. Each time a new baby came to our home, I imagined that I would no longer be able to give myself to the work of the church as I had been doing. But there was a mysterious force inside of me, and that vision kept working and working under all circumstances. I was continually in prayer, believing and seeing God accomplish wonders in His vineyard. I was always as interested as I could be, and I could not help myself.

CHAPTER FIVE

MARRIED LIFE CONTINUED

Miracles Today

At Christmas time, not long ago, Rev. Mrs. S. N. Fitkin sent to each of the missionaries and District Presidents a copy of the book entitled "Miracles in Black." I never received so much help from a book before. It reminded me that our God is still performing miracles. Of course it is a miracle of grace whenever a soul is saved or sanctified, but I also believe that God often performs miracles in our daily lives. In fact, I am convinced that the Lord has called us as a people to do the impossible.

I am thinking of the night on the Sea of Galilee when Jesus walked to His disciples on top of the waters amidst the storm of tossing waves and contrary winds. When Peter saw and recognized Him, he wished to do the same thing that his Master was doing. Jesus did not discourage him. He did not say, "You cannot do things like these," or "Wait until you have attained immortality or reached some other stage of life than humanity." On the contrary the Lord bade Peter to come to Him on the water. Then when Peter looked at the raging waves and the storm-tossed night and began to sink, Jesus rebuked him with the words, "O thou of little faith, why didst thou doubt?" And Jesus immediately stretched forth His hand and caught Peter, and they walked side by side on the waves to the boat. I believe that Jesus intends for us to undertake the impossible under impossible circumstances, and I call it a miracle when He helps us to do so. Glory to God!

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I was so encouraged by the reading of that book that I determined to see more miracles in my own life, and to exalt the Christ of miracles before the people as never before.

In the cold winters of Canada, as the spring comes on, the frost goes down into the ground. If one has outside faucets and they have frozen during the winter, the condition will grow worse in the spring, and there will be little hope of thawing the pipes out before June or July. When we lived in Claresholm, Alberta, Canada, we had an outside faucet between our house and the next building. The sun never touched it and it had been frozen all winter. In April, when we moved into the house, we were told that we must buy water out of the barrel from the water carrier who supplied the community.

That arrangement did not appeal to Mr. Martin. He began to tinker with the faucet but, although he tried salt and other simple methods of which he had heard, his efforts were of no avail. Finally, during family worship, he prayed definitely, asking the Lord to give us water out of that faucet. When we rose from our knees, like Sarah of old, I said, "It sounded a bit foolish to hear you praying for that faucet when you know that we can't get water from it before summer. Now if you had an electric wire to run down the pipe, it would seem to me more reasonable to ask the Lord to use it."

That was not the right spiritual attitude for me to take, and if I had only taken time to think, I am sure that I never would have said what I did. But I spoke hastily because we had been told that it would be impossible to get water at that season of the year. Mr. Martin did not say one word in reply. We lived in an upstairs flat. He

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walked down the stairs, but he soon came hurrying up, two steps at a time. As soon as I heard his hurrying footsteps, my heart smote me. I knew that God had answered his prayer and sent the water. I exclaimed:

"You do not need to tell me what has happened! God has sent the water!"

"Yes," he replied, "I just went down the stairs, turned that faucet, and the water gushed out."

The news of that miracle spread all over that country village. We conducted our first meeting on the following Sunday. People came from every direction to see our "Hallelujah faucet." Since they had heard Nazarene people shout "Hallelujah," they associated the word with the Nazarenes, and they named our faucet the "Hallelujah faucet."

The church was crowded on that first Sunday. Interest was awakened at once. That manifestation of miracle working power had advertised the meeting sufficiently. You may believe it or not, but we give God all the glory.

There have often been uncertainties and trials in connection with moving to new places that we never confided to anyone except the Lord. Once when we had a new baby in the family, we moved to a new place in the winter time. After paying our carfare, we had only two dollars and fifty cents left in our purse. There was no parsonage, so we were compelled to find a house in which to live. Since we had some excess baggage, I sat nervously in the train, praying that no extra charge might be required for it. When Mr. Martin came in, he said, "They did not say a word about the baggage!" So we still had our two dollars and fifty cents from which to pay

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rent and purchase provisions., fuel and furniture. It would make a long story to recount all the details, but, within three days, we had the house, the groceries, one-half ton of coal, furniture, and more than two dollars and fifty cents in our purse, and we were under obligation to no one but the Lord.

As soon as our church members learned that we had arrived, God began to lay different things upon their hearts. It looked as if He had a list of all that we needed and appointed different individuals to supply those needs, for we did not tell anyone that we had only a few pennies left. What can be more enriching than to live wholly for the Lord and to allow Him to direct our path? Money has been given to us many times in answer to prayer, and that is the experience of all God's children who have faith.

The largest sum that we ever received at one time came at the end of a terrible conflict when God gave Mr. Martin the scripture, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." We were serving a small church in a prosperous community. Everyone around us seemed to have money. Mr. Martin became very much depressed. He said that he did not know what would happen to him, living as he was on the bare necessities of life, and he feared that he might finally land in the poorhouse. Many of us have talked the same way, yet few of us have actually gone to that place. It might not be such a bad place to go to after all, for poorhouses are now modern and well-equipped and surrounded by beautiful grounds. With a heart full of love and salvation I imagine that we might be very happy even there. Hallelujah! I encouraged my husband, saying, "When we need it, God will

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give us a little home of our own." But he insisted that if we ever should have a home, he would have to work for it. Oh, how the enemy was pressing and fighting! But my husband began to pray earnestly, and God gave him that scripture about seeking first the kingdom of God. We were both so encouraged and inspired that we used that scripture as a text for a sermon.

At the same time the Lord was talking to a fine Christian gentleman of another denomination, urging him to share with the Nazarene pastor his profits from a real estate deal that was pending at the time. His adopted daughter had been converted in our revival and she was very happy in her new-found experience. She was a beautiful girl. She never married and is now supporting her father and mother. The man realized four thousand dollars from the real estate deal. He gave Mr. Martin two thousand dollars, one thousand in cash and the rest in smaller payments. We were invited to their home for dinner. I could not go because I had company. Mr. Martin went alone, for he understood that it was important for him to accept that invitation.

After dinner, the host pressed some money into Mr. Martin's hand, saying, "Mr. Martin, you have been involved in a real estate deal, and here is your first payment." My husband counted the money three times but made a mistake each time, so his kind host told him the exact amount. When it was brought home to me, I was so frightened at the sight of so much money that I never even counted it. That first one thousand dollars was applied on obligations and the purchase of a home. When the church folks learned that we were buying a home, they offered to help. We paid a part of the price and the

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church paid a part. The owner of the property donated five hundred dollars when he was told that Mr. Martin was buying it. With all that help within a few months we had moved into our own little home and had given it a coat of paint! We felt that we were sitting on top of the world, with the Lord as our manager. Hallelujah!

Afterward we gave our home to the Church of the Nazarene in that town for a parsonage, but it was a great help to us when Mr. Martin was in school. In fact, he probably would not have been able to attend college without the donation of that money. Our faith was so greatly stimulated by the transaction that we were convinced that nothing is impossible with God.

I recall still another unusual experience which illustrates God's loving care over His people. We were called to a place which gave promise of developing into a circuit. We had no means of transportation, since we had never owned a car. While praying over the matter of moving to the new place, I asked the Lord to send us a horse and buggy, or a car, for use on the circuit. He gave me the assurance that the answer was coming, and it really seemed as if God was sending it on the very clouds of heaven. We moved to our new location and the business men of the town soon learned that we had no vehicle to carry us on our circuit. At once they decided to raise sufficient money to buy a new car for our use. Only outsiders helped on that project. When the car was purchased the business men suggested that Mr. Martin should learn to drive with an old car, and they set a date for his first experiment in driving. Before starting, my husband said to me:

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"If I can run the thing, I will drive out into the country, and you may go with me."

While dressing to go with him I kept looking out of the window to see how he was progressing. Suddenly, I saw him across the railroad track and head toward the country. I knew that he had gone and that I was left behind. He drove on and on thirty miles into the country until he reached the home of one of our members. He turned into the barn lot, and then around and around he went! He could not remember how to stop the machine. He worked everything in sight, and when the car finally came to a stop, his arm was cramped and his head was swimming. The young people considered the incident a good joke, and they were careful not to let their pastor soon forget his first experience in driving, when he speeded for thirty miles and then could not stop the car.

Nevertheless, our new car was delivered to us, and Mr. Martin learned to drive. We took our little family on our first trip of thirteen miles. The business men had cautioned us, saying, "The durability of your engine depends much upon how you care for it the first few hundred miles. When the engine gets hot, change the water in your radiator." We were determined to take very good care of that car. After driving two or three miles, Mr. Martin stopped the car, lifted the hood, and exclaimed, "I believe the engine is getting hot!" Then when we reached the next farmhouse, we drove in and changed the water. This performance was repeated three or four times during that ride of thirteen miles! We have laughed many times about our extreme caution on that first trip,

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but we were so very grateful for the new car which God had given us.

I could relate many other instances when the Lord performed wonders for us, for my mind is filled with them. I will at least tell how the Lord made His presence very real in our home by healing our boy, Paul. The incident occurred at the time of the first flu epidemic. None of us contracted the flu that year although churches were closed as well as other institutions. But our little boy was stricken with a disease which caused him to lose the use of his arms and his legs. He was running a temperature, and suffered much pain when we moved him. The doctor at first thought that he had inflammatory rheumatism, but after a few days he discovered that he was mistaken. From the first I suspected infantile paralysis, and so it proved to be. For two weeks we cared for him. I could visualize my child with a twisted body, in braces, and an invalid for life. But in the early hours of the morning, God whispered to my heart, "Nothing is impossible to me."

My husband had been considering a healing service, and I told him that I believed the Lord wanted us to have one. We could not call our church people together. So we grouped our little ones around us. They all seemed like mere babies. Taking the anointing oil in his hand, Mr. Martin anointed Paul, and we both prayed definitely for the child's healing. When we rose from our knees, I remarked to Mr. Martin, "I have a definite impression that I should massage him thoroughly." I could see a change in the boy immediately, and from that hour he began to mend. First he used his arm, then he learned to sit alone, then to creep, and finally to walk. Today one

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would not know from his appearance that the boy had ever been afflicted with infantile paralysis. The disease left him with a trembling which will perhaps follow him through life unless God sees fit to remove that also. The Lord has done great things for the lad already. Praise His name!

I had one other child who was at death's door with diphtheria in the form of membranous croup. The doctor said that she was the sickest patient he had ever had to recover. Our church people met together and prayed definitely. They received the assurance that the child would live. This scripture was given to me, "God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham."

It is needless to say that the little girl was spared to us, and she became a minister and a gospel singer.

CHAPTER SIX

MARRIED LIFE CONTINUED

My Home—My Family

Whether she ever obtains it or not, the rightful heritage of every woman is a home of her own. Personally, I believe that a woman's noblest sphere of service is her home. In it she can perform the greatest work that God has called her to do. Too much time, effort, conscientious prayer and labor can never be expended upon that field. Next to God's salvation, there is nothing so dear to my heart as my home, its blessings, its benefits, its treasures, for I cannot imagine how any woman could be more happily married than I am.

After I began to attend a holiness church, when I was a young woman, the old devil whispered to me, "You will marry a holiness preacher, he will have no education, and you will be ashamed of him." I had met a number of interesting young preachers while attending DePauw University. One of them might have become a suitor, but he was a Methodist while I was a Nazarene. Consequently I would not encourage him even enough to go out with him. When my husband marched out in his cap and gown on that memorable Commencement Day in Nampa, I was so happy that, before I realized how it would sound, I shouted aloud praises to God. I am sure that Dr. Wiley will never forget that service. Another one of the devil's lies had been blasted, for I was blessed with a college-bred husband!

As we often told, married life is a give and take proposition. But with love for one another in our hearts it is a



REV. AND MRS. E. E. MARTIN AND FAMILY

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pleasure to give and take. Oftentimes I have apologized to my husband and have asked him to forgive me. Once I blamed him for a severe test to which I was being subjected, but while on my knees, the Lord showed me that no one was to blame but myself. After thanking the Lord, I went to my husband and confessed that I had been blaming him, but that the Lord had convinced me that I alone was at fault. I love the motto which hangs on our wall, "Home Sweet Home, Where Each Lives for the Other and All for God."

Soon after our marriage Mr. Martin said, "If we are ever tempted to misunderstand, or if a misunderstanding ever arises, let us never fail to talk it over together." I thought it strange when he said that, because it seemed incredible that we could ever have a misunderstanding. Life did bring its misunderstandings but, with God's help, we have always kept close enough together to "talk it over" until all was straightened out.

We have been apart very seldom during all these years, and then for short periods only. We have always desired to keep together, to work together, to enjoy life together. I never really enjoy anything until I have shared it with my husband.

Our home has always been a parsonage except during the three months when we occupied our own little home in Canada and now, since Mr. Martin has become District Superintendent of the North Pacific District, we are buying a home at the present time (August, 1940). It is a house remodeled. I enjoyed the pleasure of planning much of the remodeling, and the little house just suits me. We owned no furniture since we gave that other preacher the furniture from the nine-room parsonage in Lowell.

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But now we have new furniture in our new home. Some of the pieces are inlaid, the work of a very dear friend. The personal thought and effort we have put into this, our last home, has made it a haven for both of us.

MY FAMILY

If you will bear with me, I will say a few words about my children. No home is a real home without love, and the making of a home requires children to share its joys and its sorrows. We are often told that, without money and other necessities of life, we have no right to bring children into the world. But I look at the matter from a different viewpoint. Let the children come, and then by prayer, faith, work, and whatever may be required make provision for those children. Not provision first and then children, but children first and then provision for them. If God provides for your personal needs when you trust Him, can you not trust Him for the children that He gives you? Surely you can, and what a labor of love it is! Each child who came to me, an expectant mother, made me a little better. I learned how to pray with faith, also how to make a better appearance. We impoverish ourselves when we take some narrow view about children crowding other interests out of our lives, or when we plead that we have not the wherewithal to provide for them or that we are not able to take the responsibility involved. Proverbs says, "There is that withholdeth that tends to poverty." I feel that applies to children. Evasion of the responsibility of parenthood brings poverty of soul, poverty of vision and poverty of character. The world seems far from learning that fact. I think that the great-

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est asset that I have in this world, aside from God's salvation, is the family of children that God gave me.

Since we did not live many years in any one place, my children were all born in different cities. Our first little one, Leora, came to us early in the second year of our married life. She was followed by three little boys and, last of all, by another little girl. We were as glad to see that last little girl as we had been to see the others, even though we were awakened at two o'clock in the morning to receive her. Leora Arletta was born in Cliftondale, Mass., Theodore Edward in Terre Haute, Indiana, Everett Riggs in Lowell, Mass., Paul LaRush in Calgary, Alberta, Canada, and Mary Evelyn in Claresholm, Alberta.

The boys, being three in number and close together in age, had the advantage over the girls so far as companionship was concerned. But it was always the endeavor of their parents to cultivate companionship in the home. When the children were little, we played with them, when they were older, we took them with us, when they were young men and women we advised them and challenged them as often as we could. Now, since they are all married and in their own homes, we visit them.

Theodore, whom we call Ted, while he was in the sixth grade declared that he was going to be a preacher. We did not take much note of it. Mr. Martin and I had talked together, and we were agreed in wanting to help our children find their places, but we did not wish to dictate to them. But after two years had passed, and his brother kept telling us how Ted preached at night after they went to bed, Mr. Martin said to him one day, "Son, I have no services on for Thursday evening, so we will

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have a service here in our home, and you will be the preacher."

The children arranged the dining room, provided a pulpit, and Theodore preached to us that evening from James 5:1, "Go to, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you."

He preached with such unction that I could not restrain the "Amen" as he developed his subject. After he finished his discourse, his father said, "I, like your mother, have felt like saying 'amen' tonight. You have done well, my boy." From that time we planned for him and thought of him as a minister of the gospel.

Our oldest daughter was a most willing soul. I knew that she would always be a helper, but I did not think of her in any other capacity. And what happened? God works in mysterious ways His wonders to perform. He called that girl to preach, opened a door of opportunity for her, and she became the pastor of the church at Forsythe, Montana, before her brother, who had made so many plans, began his ministry. I smile when I remember how we plan for our lives and then the Lord steps in and substitutes the plan that *He* has made for us. Leora married Randolph S. Sharp. She still preaches and sings when opportunity affords, and she is the Sunday school superintendent of their local church. Although she now has her little family to care for, and is not able to engage in active work as formerly, God continues to use her life in a wonderful way.

Theodore married Mary Alley who is a spiritual girl and an excellent minister's wife. I love to visit in their home whenever possible. Everett married Uletta Thompson. They are both members of the Church of the Naza-

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rene in Buhl, Idaho. They are both church workers and both hold offices. I hope the glory of the Lord will always abide in their home.

We have another preacher in our family—Paul. He became the pastor of the church at Mukilteo, Washington, when only nineteen years of age. Paul married Monica Chandler, daughter of Dr. Chandler of Mukilteo. They are now engaged in evangelistic work, and Monica makes a charming evangelist's wife. God has given them some good revivals, and I am praying that revivals will become such an intimate part of their lives that they will feel that they cannot live without them.

Mary married Dr. S. E. McKenna, physician and surgeon of Los Angeles, California. He is a Nazarene, and they are members of the Alhambra Church of the Nazarene located at Alhambra, Calif. I can foresee a career of great usefulness for them. Indeed, I wonder where it may end, if they are committed and surrendered to the Lord. There are so many places where the Lord may wish to use them.

CHAPTER SEVEN

NAMPA

Our six years' pastorate in Nampa was the climax of our pastoral work. Our opportunities there were almost limitless, for there was always more to be done than we could hope to accomplish.

In addition to his pastoral duties, Mr. Martin always taught at least one subject in the college, usually two, and he was always sponsor of some one of the classes. I attended college classes two years, taking some theology courses. One year I carried a twelve hour schedule.

The college afforded us a splendid opportunity for the education of our children. Every member of our family received his college education in the school at Nampa. Four graduated, while the other three have some work to make up. The Nampa school has meant about all that is worth while in the lives of the young people in our home. Each of the children found his or her life companion there, some of them in their own classes. The money involved in accomplishing all this prevented Mr. Martin and me from doing many things that other parents of our age often do, but we have always lived so exclusively in and for our children that we would not have chosen any other way.

When we became the pastors of the Nampa church, the membership was a little more than four hundred. As in other places, there is considerable fluctuation in the membership, but during our six years of service it reached the five hundred and fifty mark. At the close

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of the great Montgomery revival, we received seventy-eight into the church.

While laboring in Nampa the burden of our hearts was to preserve a spirit of unity. Mr. Martin used to preach on unity until I begged him to change his subject. He was like the preacher who continually preached on "Repentance," and when he was asked to change his theme, he retorted, "I will *when you all repent*." God graciously blessed and, although we had our struggles, we did keep united, and we had a blessed time serving together. We had the college and its faculty, also the hospital and its staff, and the church was expected to work with both of them. There were strong leaders in both the college and the hospital. One cannot be a capable leader and not want to lead. Consequently we *all* wanted to lead. Only the Lord can enable people to work together harmoniously under such conditions. The college has a church of its own now, and as I look back, I can see that more is being accomplished than would have been possible with only one church. The Lord was leading at all times. While in Nampa I was made to realize as never before the importance of a humble, Christlike spirit, and I learned that God will take care of our problems and our needs if only we will humble ourselves enough to trust Him and follow His leading.

Calling was a very important branch of our church work. At first we had a paid deaconess. In making their calls, she and Mr. Martin always planned carefully so that none was neglected and no partiality was shown. We both called incessantly. During the last two years I made over seven hundred calls each year. Mr. Martin figured on making three or four calls on each family dur-

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ing the year. We called at the hospital every two weeks, usually on Tuesdays. We were always ready to respond to special calls from the hospital at any time. I wish I knew how many people I have seen reclaimed, converted or sanctified at the hospital, but I do know that there is a great ministry of salvation among the patients.

At the same time we could not afford to neglect the school. At certain times we visited the students in the dormitory. Once, for a period of two weeks, we each had a room where at a given hour every day, we received inquiring students to help them with their problems. Only eternity will reveal the result of those efforts. To touch a young life is like throwing a pebble into a stream of water, for the circle continues to widen. I can never be thankful enough for the little part I was permitted to have in our ministry in Nampa, and for the opportunities I had for serving my Master while there. I preached occasionally in the Nampa church, conducted many prayermeetings and often supplied for pastors in and about Nampa.

The W.F.M.S. work there was very interesting. We raised eight hundred dollars during our first year. We usually met at 11 a. m. and fasted and prayed during the noon hour. We had our missionary letter read at 12:30 p. m., our business meeting at 2 p. m., and our study period at 2:30 p. m. Mrs. Mangum had the study for several years, and she was a splendid superintendent and teacher. We always received a great number of missionary letters, usually eleven or more. Twice a year, under Mrs. Emerson's supervision, we wrote newsy letters to our missionaries. We always sent a letter to every station. Our last W.F.M.S. meeting in Nampa met during the day

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as usual, and then had the Golden Hour at night. We had about one hundred in attendance on that occasion. It was a wonderful day, one that we like to remember. We always enjoyed such grand times at our noon seasons of prayer. Once we got under the burden for an unsaved man. Our burden was so heavy that we could not change the order of the meeting. All that we could do was to pray for that man, running over into the study hour. But it paid to pray, for we saw the man gloriously saved.

The revival campaigns must also be mentioned. We never had a year when God did not send us a gracious revival. Some of the finest praying people in the world live in Nampa, Idaho, and some of the most terrible devil battles that I ever knew also took place there. Friends have questioned me, "How do you account for Nampa being so spiritual while so much of the devil is here also?"

I figure that the devil has his eyes on the centralization of God's power and blessing, and he makes it the object of his special attention, concentrating his subtle efforts and tactics upon it. When you manifest an unusual interest in the deeper things of the Spirit, you will be sure to meet the enemy. In that way you will learn to fight. When you do encounter the enemy, if you will keep on praying, believing and holding steady, you will come out victorious. The Lord will help you to know what to do in the midst of the hard battles, and when you gain one victory, you will long to get into another battle.

Once while we were on a vacation, Brother Emerson started a 6:00 o'clock morning prayermeeting in the church. When we returned, he announced the meeting and invited all to attend. Beginning those meetings in

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August, we continued to hold them every morning, including Sundays, until February—seventeen weeks in all. Every need that arose was carried to those six o'clock meetings. Often twenty-five to thirty were present at a service. Some of the college students walked miles to be present. Finally the college opened its own six o'clock prayer service. Those efforts culminated in the glorious revival under Rev. J. W. Montgomery, Superintendent of the Indiana District.

Rev. Montgomery came to us for a Personal Evangelism Convention, and he remained with us for a week's revival. During the first week of the convention, everything seemed to be tied up, but suddenly, out of what appeared to be a clear sky, the glorious power of the Lord fell upon us. Many were saved, many were sanctified, many shouted who never shouted before. The entire school and church seemed all aglow with the love of God. I believe it came as an answer to prayer offered those many weeks in the early morning hours in the church. I cannot forget the personal blessing which I received in those meetings. I never missed one unless I was ill. I always rose early, dressed hastily, and after a great and glorious time in prayer in the church, I went home, prepared breakfast for my family and proceeded with the duties of the day, but I always felt so refreshed and so well prepared for the work I had to do after spending those early hours with the Lord.

Radio work was a new feature in religious services at that time. Our station in Nampa was a new one. I was greatly burdened for that line of work. I kept praying and talking about it until finally my husband said that if I would raise the money, or take the responsibility,

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we might have a radio service. I accepted the challenge, believing that the Lord would help me. Rev. Roy Smee, who had just come to us from Calgary, Alberta, to accept a position in the school, gave me the first offering of twenty dollars. How it encouraged my heart! And with the help of other donations, we were enabled to carry a radio service once a week for two and one-half years. Mr. Martin was not enthusiastic about speaking over the microphone, but I took great delight in it. I knew just what I wanted to say and, so far as I know, there was not an unkind word from my audience. Everyone was as happy as I was and enjoyed all that I said. I always wrote my radio talks and timed them, so there was never any strain and God gave me liberty. I believe that He made the radio service a blessing to hundreds. It was easy for us to obtain excellent talent for the radio services because we could draw from the college and from the nurses at the hospital, as well as from our own large church. We always presented the best of talent, because in those days everyone enjoyed having a part in the radio service which was so new and so thrilling.

It was not unusual to see outstanding healings in Nampa. Frequently we had a healing service at the hospital. Our doctors believe definitely in divine healing. I well remember the remarkable case of Mrs. J. Hilborn who went to the hospital for examination and was found to be afflicted with cancer which was too far advanced for an operation. After remaining a few days, she returned to her home. She looked so frail that I remarked to one of the nurses, "I don't believe she will live six months." Later I called on Mrs. Hilborn. She told me that she was planning to have a healing service and she

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invited me to be present. At first I was frightened at the suggestion. It seemed to me that the woman would surely die, and I did not see how I could unite in a healing service for her. But on the day appointed for the service, the Lord gave me the scripture about Hezekiah, and I began to feel that God was about to add some years to Mrs. Hilborn's life. During the service the story of Hezekiah was read and Mrs. Hilborn said, "God has given that scripture to me." Oh, how the Lord did bless our hearts! He was hearing prayer and He was doing the work! Eight years have passed and Mrs. Hilborn is still living.

The church property at Nampa was in Brother Eugene Emerson's name. He had built the church and it was in his name down through the years. At one time the church people had raised the money to buy it from him, but circumstances were such that the deal did not go through. At the very beginning of our ministry in Nampa, we felt that something must be done about the church building. It looked as if it had not been painted since the day it was built. We had no Sunday school rooms, only a big tabernacle. There was plenty of ground underneath for basement rooms, but the general feeling seemed to be, "We cannot do anything. The property does not belong to us anyway." Nevertheless, the Lord overruled and we made a full basement. One individual gave me fifty dollars. He offered it to me to apply on our back salary, but I suggested that he apply it on the basement instead, so that he would have something to think about.

One day while I was ironing, Brother Emerson called to see Mr. Martin about some business deal. I could not hear what they were saying, but a burden for the church property was laid on my heart. I disconnected the iron,

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dropped to my knees on my kitchen floor, and began to pray very earnestly. The Lord made me to feel that Brother Emerson should deed that property to the church. I remembered the time when the Lord required us to give a piece of property to the church. At the time I wondered if it was the right thing for my husband to do when he gave it up. But while praying over the Emerson case I was convinced that he had done exactly the right thing. There are times and situations when God definitely asks people to make such donations.

About one year later Brother Emerson was very frail in health and he was experiencing some serious financial difficulties. He asked Mr. Martin to call, and they discussed the question of the church property. We had decided, as a church, to offer Brother Emerson a price. At first the proposition was not satisfactory to him but, after prayer, and with the Lord's help, the good man agreed to take whatever the brethren wished to offer him for the church. He said, "I will trust my brethren."

But later he sent for my husband again. "Brother Martin," he said, "I do not feel satisfied about our arrangements for the church property." He owned a house next to the church and also his own residence directly across the street. They were both heavily burdened with back taxes. Finally Brother Emerson said, "I have always wanted to give the church property to the church, and now that is what I shall do."

After much talking and planning, Mr. Martin and Brother Emerson came to an agreement, and it was approved by the church. He deeded the church property, the house next door and his own residence. We paid the back taxes and furnished an apartment in his own resi-

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dence for Brother and Sister Emerson. We also gave them twenty-five dollars a month.

So that problem was solved. The church paid up all the taxes in less than a year, so that the property was entirely free from debt. The Nampa church was ready, with God's help, to go forward. All recognized the presence and help of the Holy Spirit. Friends, do you realize that there is nothing too hard for God, and that His ways are always good ways?

CHAPTER EIGHT

MISSIONARY ACTIVITY

When I was seeking the experience of sanctification, the question was suggested to my mind, "Would you be willing to go as a missionary to Africa?" I was willing to go, but when I prayed I never could feel the assurance of the Holy Spirit saying, "This is the way. Walk ye in it." When I told my friends, Rev. and Mrs. Mosley, about my problem, they pledged themselves to take care of my transportation and support. That was a big undertaking for only two people, but at least I could not remain at home because of no means of support. While I was engaged in deaconess work on Staten Island, Dr. H. F. Reynolds, who was a personal friend of the Mosleys, came to visit them. He was at that time Missionary Secretary of the Church of the Nazarene. We talked over the situation with him, and he promised to place my name on the roll for Africa, telling me to notify him if I should decide to accept an appointment. Those circumstances seemed to point toward a solution of my problem. Still I did not have the assurance from the Holy Spirit that I was to be a missionary. That settled the question. I had the promise of support; I was willing to go; I had also the approval of the General Secretary of Missions. Nevertheless, if the Lord was really leading me in that direction, He surely would speak to me definitely and quickly. The matter ceased to be a problem. I left it entirely in the hands of the Lord, knowing that I had done everything humanly possible, and since I did not have the di-

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vine leadership, the responsibility was no longer mine. However, I have never been the same since that time. That experience made me forever a missionary-minded servant of God. Every missionary service, every missionary, every item of missionary news is of compelling interest to me.

When the W. F. M. S. was organized in the Church of the Nazarene I became president of a local society and Vice-president of the Idaho-Oregon District, with Sister Edith Whitesides as President. We had a District Rally at Emmett, Idaho, in those early days, and many questions arose about the propriety of the women taking the lead in the missionary work of the church, and at that particular meeting, considerable opposition was manifested. Sister Whitesides whispered to me, "Meet me at the church early in the morning. We must pray this thing through." We met together and prevailed with the Lord for a missionary day at that District Convention. We prayed until the assurance came that God heard us and that He would be with us. Our friends called the W. F. M.S. the "sandwich," for they said that we could "fill in" between the meetings. The Lord undertook for us on that day until every heart that could be stirred at all was won for Him and for missions. People were saying, "We want more of the sandwich." Oh, how the Lord did bless! I love to think about the days when we pray through and the Lord comes in answer to prayer.

The W.F.M.S. has many departments, so that much reading and study are required to keep a person well informed about the different lines of work. Also the church is continually giving us some new work to add to that which we already have. I remember well when we took

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up the Prayer and Fasting League. It had previously been a league in the general church, but when interest slackened, the W.F.M.S. was asked to take it over. A secretary was at once appointed to look after the membership, and a treasurer to take care of the money. During the years God has blessed us in the Prayer and Fasting League work, and each year our membership and offerings have shown an increase over the year before. From time to time we have taken on new responsibilities, and God has helped us until those responsibilities have grown on our hands and brought grand results. I do not remember that the W.F.M.S. has ever undertaken a line of work to drop it again. Surely a wonderful record in the work of the Lord!

The Standard of Excellence which was introduced this last quadrennium has standardized all our departments and co-ordinated the entire work. This is just what we needed to strengthen our organization. We all consider the prayer obligation the greatest responsibility of the W.F.M.S. Information through our Study Course, together with the inspiration that God gives from above, is next in importance. Every department has fulfilled its mission over and over again and brought untold blessings.

Once in Ontario, Oregon, we met on December 8 for an all-day W.F.M.S. meeting. The morning was to be spent in prayer. Someone became greatly burdened for China, and soon every heart took up that burden. We really travailed in prayer. We had a hard time trying to change the order of the day. In fact we spent almost the entire day in prayer for China. About two weeks later a cablegram from China was published in the *Herald of*

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Holiness which announced that a great revival had broken out in our mission in that country. It came on the very day that our local W.F.M.S. had prayed so earnestly for the work there. We felt that we had a part in that revival just as truly as if we had been on the scene.

There are countless incidents of this kind in our W.F.M.S. work, answered prayer for missionaries and their fields. If a missionary has not been very well acquainted with the W.F.M.S. before he goes to the field, he comes back feeling that the organization is his best friend and that he knows it well. That is because of the blessings it brings to the field.

I have served as W.F.M.S. president of local societies for twelve years and as District President seven years—two years on the Idaho-Oregon District and four years on the North Pacific District. It has always thrilled me to assist in the equipment, transportation and support of outgoing missionaries, also in getting them acquainted with our people before they leave. Outstanding examples are Miss Evelyn Fox and Miss Evelyn Eddy. Miss Fox was Superintendent of Nurses in Nampa, Idaho. She was appointed by the Board to Africa, but later, because of financial difficulties, it was decided to postpone her sailing. Miss Fox, who had more than reached the age limit, felt that she had no time to spare and that if she was to go at all, she must go quickly. She had a few hundred dollars of insurance money and some personal effects that she was willing to sacrifice in order to go. When we were pastors at Nampa she sent me a note, asking me to come to the hospital to see her. When I left the house Mr. Martin cautioned me. "Don't forget, the Board has

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wired us that they can't send Miss Fox. So do not encourage the girl to attempt to go."

But when I found myself closeted with that beautiful young woman with the call of God on her soul, ready to make any sacrifice, and actually giving up the last thing she possessed, I was overwhelmed. I said to myself, "Yes, sir, this girl *must go*! God wants her, she is ready, and I just believe there is some way for her to go!" She showed me a long letter she had written to the Board, stating the conditions that she would meet, and she asked me what I thought of it. I said:

"Evelyn, let us add one more thing. Let us tell the Board that we will secure the money for your transportation."

She exclaimed, "Do you think that we can?" I replied, "Yes, I do." So we secretly made a covenant with the Lord, expecting Him to help us secure the money for Evelyn's transportation. I did not dare tell my husband, but how I did pray! And my faith kept mounting higher and higher while the money was coming in. Once Evelyn said to me, "Do you think that when I reach New York city I shall have enough money in my purse to purchase my ticket?"

"Oh, yes, of course you will," I replied. "And, Evelyn, promise me, will you write me how much money you have in your purse after you arrive in Africa and after your baggage and freight have all been placed in your room?" "Yes, I will," she promised.

And so she did. It would be a betrayal of confidence to tell how much money she had, but it was no small sum, and it was just like the Lord's doings.

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Then there was Evelyn Eddy, outgoing missionary to China, a member of our North Pacific District. Our women provided her equipment and planned to raise two hundred dollars on her transportation. But I had it on my heart to purchase her ticket to China. With that thought in mind we went into the missionary meeting during the campmeeting of 1937. Miss Eddy said to me, "I am going to fast." I replied, "I will fast with you, child." I believe that God gave us the greatest missionary meeting that day that I ever conducted. We raised between three and four hundred dollars within about seven minutes, with the blessing of the Lord falling upon us all around.

War between China and Japan was declared about two weeks later, and the date of Miss Eddy's sailing was postponed. Many said, "You will never collect all the offering that was pledged." But that prediction proved to be false. Miss Eddy sailed the next spring with the Osborns, and almost every cent of that offering had been sent to Headquarters. I can see Evelyn Eddy's face now as she stood up to speak that day. She is not a great speaker, but her face was radiant with the glory of Jesus, and the tears were flowing down her cheeks while she told of her call to China. Thank God! she is laboring there today.

It was also very interesting to tour with the furloughed missionaries. I do not know how many of them I toured with, but I do know that the spirit of our missionaries is as fine a spirit as is ever possessed by any of God's people. They are patient, they are kind, they are tolerant, they are pliable. They have faith and vision and perseverance, and I always found myself a little farther up the road spiritually when a tour was ended. They

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never worry over their offering. When we have a United States worker, we usually have to raise a stated amount. But our dear missionaries take what is given them and praise the Lord for it. And sometimes they fare better than the salaried worker. It also means much to our local churches to contact the missionary from the field, and the work is greatly built up and strengthened by that contact.

The last two years has brought to my heart a message of sweet inspiration for world evangelization from the Scripture. "And the priest shall take the basket out of his hand and set it down before the altar of the Lord thy God." In the first year of our ministry, Mr. Martin used the first few verses of the twenty-sixth chapter of Deuteronomy for a prayermeeting lesson. He never used it at any other time, but now, after these years, it comes to me as a fresh message.

The Children of Israel had entered into Canaan. They were commanded to take their first fruits to the priest and to say, "I profess this day unto the Lord thy God that I am come into the country which the Lord sware unto our fathers for to give us." It occurred to me that the Lord is asking me to take a basket that I might gather fruit (souls) and carry the basket to the heavenly Priest when I reach the better land, so that I may say, "Lord, I have been gathering souls for you."

I desire to have *color* in my basket. In other words, I wish to have fruit from every race of mankind, from the black, the brown, the yellow and the red peoples of the world. I would have preferred to have it all hand picked. In other words, I wish that I could have gone in person into every nation to gather souls for my Master.

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But since that was impossible, I can put in my order by way of the throne, and have it packed and sent by express for my basket in the heavenly land. So I have been asking the Lord, in prayer, for souls from every nationality. Oh, that I may be humble, tender and spiritual enough to get that prayer through! I believe with all my heart that I shall have some heathen souls for my basket. It is an inspiration to know that, no matter what your circumstances through affliction, trials or sorrows, you may carry a basket and gather souls for Him. I propose to carry mine on my lame arm as long as I have breath, no matter how much sickness and other disturbances come my way. I must still be gathering souls for Jesus. Hallelujah!

At our recent General Convention, 1940, I gave a morning devotional lesson and was led to tell the story of my basket. I did not have the opportunity to say all that was in my heart, but I could have said to my W.F.M.S. women something like this: "We have been called the 'dust-pan brigade' because we collected our funds in small amounts from here and there. I believe the Lord has helped us to do that, and we have learned many lessons about securing funds. Are we not due for a promotion to be gatherers of souls? Are you ready to become soul-gatherers for Jesus? I feel with all my heart that the Lord wants to make of every W.F.M.S. woman a soul winner. If I never make another exhortation to you, my dear sisters, remember to gather souls for Jesus. Come, get your basket and, no matter what your difficulty, become a gatherer of lost souls in the cause of world evangelism."

CHAPTER NINE

DREAMS COME TRUE

When we were closing our pastorate at Nampa, we planned to take the church at Jamestown, North Dakota, but when we were visiting the North Pacific District Assembly, Mr. Martin was elected District Superintendent of that district to follow Dr. J. E. Bates. Dr. J. B. Chapman, who was the presiding officer, urged us to take the district, and he promised to take care of the Jamestown church.

The work of Superintendency was new to Mr. Martin, and the way God fitted him for his new duties was little short of a miracle. His interest had always been centered in pastoral work, and he did not anticipate the labors of a District Superintendent with much relish. But while I sat in that assembly, the precious Holy Spirit whispered in my heart, "This is the work I want you and your husband to do." It certainly was of the Lord for He blessed and undertook for us in the new and difficult problems that faced us. When my husband took the Superintendency of the district, I was elected District President of the W.F.M.S. to follow Mrs. Bates.

About three years later, in the midst of my busy, happy life, I learned from a medical examination that I was afflicted with advanced cancer of the breast. I had been conscious of something abnormal, but it did not give me any particular distress. I experienced a little pain, but not enough to stir me to action. However, when certain symptoms developed which I did not understand, I

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decided, while on my way to the General Board meeting in Kansas City, to mention it to Mrs. Mangum, who was traveling in the same train with me. She at once pronounced my ailment a bad tumor of some kind. After leaving her, I went to my suite alone to think the matter over. I began to realize that I was facing a serious situation. This scripture came to me, "I am ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

Quickly I decided not to return directly to my home from Kansas City, but to go immediately to our Nazarene hospital to see if anything could be done for me. I was enjoying my work with the W.F.M.S. immensely, I had been attending the General Board meetings regularly, and was traveling almost continually with my husband. I had planned to be at home with Mother Martin, but the Lord gave me wonderful assistance in Miss Nora Welch, Mrs. Lane and Mrs. VanKirk. They made it possible for me to be away from home most of the time. But now I felt that I could lay down my work, for I had done all that I could do for my children and God had so wonderfully undertaken for my husband again and again. I knew that He would do it once more. Only one thing troubled me in planning to go to heaven. I still carried a heavy burden for lost souls, and I was not sure that the Lord would take me until that burden was lifted. But I left it all with Him.

I went into the hospital on January 10, 1938. I was there ten days before my operation which was performed on January 20, 1938. My family was with me on the last two evenings before the operation, and on both evenings

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we had an anointing and healing service. Mr. Martin and I both wanted to have such a service, and since most of our children were ministers, we decided to conduct it with our own family alone. They all stood around my bed, Edward holding one of my hands and Ted the other, thus forming a circle. I remember the prayers they offered that last night before the operation. One of the girls had experienced a real struggle over letting me go, but the Lord had given her the victory. She recounted it all in her prayer and told the Lord that they were asking Him to spare their mother only for something He might want her to do. The other girl had the assurance that I would be raised up, and she could not be moved from her conviction. The boys prayed very touchingly that, as they had prayed for others and had seen the Lord undertake, so now they pleaded to have prayer answered for their mother. The nurse intended to give me a sleeping tablet, but I went to sleep before she brought it to me. The Lord gave me sleep.

The operation was a very difficult one, but everyone was praying that day. Every church on the North Pacific District was in prayer, some of them in their churches. The doctors and nurses said that there seemed to be a double portion of God's Spirit in the surgery. Everything progressed like clock work. I told them it was because the North Pacific District was united in prayer.

My recovery was good and, for a time, we hoped that I could be out of bed in about three weeks. But just at that time a blood clot was discovered in my right limb, and when I rose from my bed, I fell to the floor. The doctor's diagnosis revealed the fact that the blood clot had reached the bloodstream. For two weeks I hovered

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between life and death. I was unconscious much of the time and delirious. The doctors at times were uncertain as to whether my mind would ever clear. Finally, after eight and one-half weeks, I was taken from the hospital in an ambulance, to the home of a nurse who lived in the country. Two days later I had a bad heart attack, so that the nurse would not allow me to leave my bed that day. In the afternoon, while she rested, I began to pray. Oh, how the Lord did help me! I told Him of the bondage that I was in; that I could see no hope of getting out of bed; that I should be helping that unsaved family by praying for them, but I was not able to do so because I could not even think coherently. I continued to pray and to tell Jesus about all that troubled me until faith began to spring up in my heart. I was assured that He was still able to meet my great need and that He still heard and answered prayer. I believed Him. From that hour I date my deliverance from the delirium I had been suffering so long, and from the inertia I had concerning faith for my restoration.

I improved as rapidly as anyone could. In two weeks' time I was on my way home. I spent a few days in Nampa, where Mr. Martin met me. He took me from there to the home of our son Ted in Kelso, Washington. Those convalescent days were filled with inspiration and visions of the things that God was about to do for me, and of what He was leading me to do for Him. The doctors advised me to take one year of complete rest, but I heard the Spirit of the Lord saying, "Arise and shine, for the light has come."

I left the hospital about the middle of March, and attended our District Assembly the middle of May, at

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which time I superintended the W.F.M.S. Convention. When the assembly closed, I was feeling better than when it opened. I had the definite assurance that I was about to do some work for the Lord, and that I would be kept busy fulfilling the errands He would have me to perform.

I had four returns of the cancer on exterior areas, but each time X-ray or radium treatments took care of it. I spent about eighty days in X-ray treatments and ten in radium, but during those treatments I was praying and planning to carry on meetings and to preach at night. So not one minute of my life was dull or depressed. God gave me wonderful victory over my cancerous condition. I felt that I need not pay any attention to it, but that I should keep right on doing the things God wanted me to do until my work should be finished, and I was assured that He would take care of me.

Once I went to Nampa for a checkover because I had found a growth in the middle of the chest which seemed to be advancing rapidly. Dr. Mangum and Dr. McKenna were greatly distressed over my condition. With tears in his eyes, Dr. Mangum said, "Sister Martin, this is just about as bad as it can be!"

They had already given me as much X-ray treatment as an ordinary individual should have, hence they did not know what to do about the new development. However, after a night's rest, they decided to take a venture and to give me the X-ray treatments once more.

Naturally the concern of my physicians had its effect upon me. I dropped to my knees beside the bed and, looking up to heaven, laid the matter before the Lord. Soon the answer seemed to come floating down into my soul. "You are not getting ready for the bed, as it seems,

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but for another revival meeting." That broke me all up. I called upon God to get me ready at once for that next revival campaign.

At another time my right arm, which is greatly afflicted, began to give me so much pain that I preached with the arm in a sling. I said to the Lord, "Perhaps I should go home, with this arm troubling me so?" But again the message came floating from the skies, "No, not to your home, but to another revival campaign."

One day, while in prayer, I felt the Holy Spirit urging me to go to Florida to visit my only sister. I was thrilled, for I had longed to go there so many times, but it seemed to be only a dream that could never be realized. But when the Lord prompted me, I knew that I would go. I prayed through so definitely that I arose from my knees and began at once to make preparations for the trip. I went with Mr. Martin to the General Board meeting in January, 1939, and from there I went on alone to Florida. A dream was actually coming true!

Another dream that I had long cherished was to place markers at my parents' graves. They were buried in the cemetery near Terre Haute, Indiana. I had only one sister and one brother. Often before I had asked them to co-operate with me, but my plan never materialized.

After I left Mr. Martin in Kansas City, while riding in the train, the Spirit of the Lord suggested to me that I might buy those markers at that time. I determined to save every cent possible, and to stop at Terre Haute on my return trip to see what arrangements could be made for securing suitable stones. I was so glad because I had remembered my desire to purchase the markers.

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That visit with my sister will never be forgotten. She had never been established in her Christian experience, but I found her praying and loving the Lord. We read and prayed together every day. God blessed us both. I told her that she would not be able to attend my funeral if I should die within a year or two, but instead the Lord had permitted me to visit her so that we might enjoy a happy time together. She lived with her daughter, Beulah, who was very kind to me. She allowed us to use her car whenever we wished to do so. We frequently took the Ford and drove to the Church of the Nazarene. What happy times God's people do have when they are in the center of His will!

On my return home I stopped at Terre Haute as I had planned, and went out to the cemetery. There I found the caretaker at work. He took me to the graves of my father and mother. A long time had elapsed since I had visited in Terre Haute, and I could not have found the graves without his assistance. I had saved ten dollars which I thought would be sufficient for a down payment, and I had faith to believe that, since the Lord had put it in my heart to buy the stones, He would help me to pay the balance in monthly instalments. The caretaker showed me the markers that he was working on. They were of sandstone, but neat and pretty, and just what I wanted. I said:

"I will engage you to prepare my markers. What is your price for making them?"

Imagine my surprise when he replied, "Ten dollars." I took that money out of my purse so quickly that the man gazed at me in surprise, remarking, "I never receive

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my pay until after the markers are completed, and often I do not get my pay at all."

On the following Memorial Day a friend who lived in that neighborhood wrote me a letter in which she said that my markers were very pretty. I knew that they were completed and placed in position. A second dream had come true!

My trip home by way of Chicago was very interesting. The Lord talked to my heart all the way, telling me that the next form of service that He would require of me would be to conduct revival campaigns for Him. I realized that I must be willing to undertake the work alone, since my husband could not leave his district work to go with me, but the Lord seemed to insist that I must do it. When my husband met me at Portland, Oregon, he exclaimed, "Arletta, I have had a strange experience about you. I have felt that the Lord wants me to be willing to consent to anything He leads you to do."

Now my husband had never hindered me in the work of the Lord, but that experience of his strengthened me in my conviction that I must undertake the revival campaigns. I told Mr. Martin all that was in my heart, and he helped me to get started in the first revival in Albany, Oregon. I had never before conducted a revival alone, so that was a new experience for me.

But I did not have to work alone after all. I had a very dear, life-long friend who had been an evangelistic singer for years. She was on our district at the time. I wrote to her about my new undertaking and invited her to work with me. I received an immediate reply. The Lord was leading her also. He had so laid the burden on her heart that she declared, "I will go with you as long as you

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hold revival meetings. I will do all of the singing, you will do the preaching, and God will give the victory." She is a mighty woman in prayer. She did exactly what she promised to do, and we worked together as long as I was able to conduct revival campaigns. I now believe that the burden I carried on my heart before my operation was for the souls that I was to gather in during my revival efforts, some two hundred and fifty in all.

I continued in revival work for about one year. During most of the time I suffered with some bodily affliction, but I was helped to pay no attention to it while continuing my work and trusting God to take care of everything. When I was not able to stand, I preached sitting in a chair. During the last three campaigns I did most of my preaching in that manner. Those were about the best meetings that we had. Even now I feel the blessing of the Holy Ghost coming down in the meeting with tremendous convicting power, people rising from their seats and rushing to the altar. I can still feel the glory of pleading for souls to find victory. Another dream had come true! And I can say from personal experience that revival power and results can be realized even in this day in which we live.

I always had a great desire to attend the General Assembly as a delegate. I had never been a member of the General Assembly. Once I was elected as a lay delegate, but it was not convenient for me to go at that time, and after I became an elder in the church I felt that there was no chance for me since we had so many preachers to send.

We were planning to attend the General Assembly in June, 1940. Although I was not feeling well, I greatly

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desired to attend. Then at last I was elected as a ministerial delegate. More than that, Mrs. Paul Bresee asked me to take the devotional service one morning at the Missionary Convention. I seemed to be in the will of God, although laboring under a serious handicap physically. I was reminded of an incident in the life of Henry Martyn, missionary to the Arabians, who had finished a translation of the Bible into the Arabian language. He was very frail in body, and every night when he lay under the stars with his horse by his side, he wondered if he would live long enough to finish his trip and to have his translation accepted. He did die on that trip, but not before his translation was accepted. I often thought of Henry Martyn, believing that if he could die while on a mission for the Lord, I might be called in the same way.

However, I did not die on the trip. I enjoyed the assembly and reached my home in Portland, Oregon, safely once more. To me that assembly seemed the best that I have ever attended, for the Lord so richly blessed my soul. Another dream had come true.

On my way to the General Assembly I visited my daughter and son-in-law in Los Angeles. While there my son-in-law, who is a physician and surgeon, had some clinical work done for me, and he discovered that I had cancer of the lungs. I was fully prepared for the discovery. The burden for my meetings had been lifted, also the burden of doing and going had been taken away, and only one goal remained ahead of me, and that was heaven. I have a beautiful little home here in Portland. It just suits me. I am so glad that I have it in which to spend my last days. Once I almost wished that I might take it to heaven with me. But now I know that up there

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amid the grandeur and beauties of the better land, I would be ashamed of it. Nevertheless, I am grateful for such a beautiful place from which to go to heaven.

I have long cherished in my heart a desire to leave a written account of some of the things the dear Lord has done for me. I did not suppose that I would ever find the time to accomplish that task, but now as I bring this little book to a close, I realize that *still another dream* has come true! If I could do all that I would like to do, I would have everybody in the world believe my Jesus and go to heaven.

THE CITY OF GOD

There is a wondrous city, beautiful, bright and fair;
The throne of God is in it and the glory of God is there.
And oh, the joy of knowing, as the Lord's redeemed can
know,

While through the tribulations of this earthly life they go,
There shall be no more toiling; there shall be no more
care;

There shall be no more burdens, grievous and hard to
bear;

There shall be no more crying, hunger, or thirst, or fears;
There shall be no more heartaches throughout the eternal
years!

And in that wondrous city there shall be no more night;
Forever and forever the Lamb shall be its light;
And oh, the joy of knowing, as the Lord's redeemed can
know,

While through the dark and dangers of this earthly life
they go,

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There shall be no more trouble; there shall be no more wrong;

There shall be no more sighing, stilling the glory-song;
There shall be no more sorrow, for God shall dry all tears;

There shall be no more sinning, through the eternal years!

Blessed are they who love Him and they who know His word;

They shall enter into the city and dwell in the house of the Lord;

And oh, the joy of knowing, as the Lord's redeemed can know,

While often sad and lonely, through this earthly life they go,

There shall be no more sickness; there shall be no more pain;

There shall be no more parting, loved from the loved again;

There shall be no more weeping, kneeling beside earth's biers;

There shall be no more dying, through the eternal years!

CHAPTER TEN

MRS. MARTIN'S HOME GOING

By Rev. E. E. Martin

Now that Mrs. Martin's autobiography has just been completed, and while the manuscript is still in the hands of Mrs. Holmes, I think it well to add a brief, final chapter. Her home going came suddenly, August 21, 1940.

In reality the only portion of her life not recorded in her autobiography is her last day on earth, August 20. As we recall the events of that day, we are impressed with the same remarkable divine orderliness which characterized her life and gave birth to the name of her book, "Miracles in White."

At 8:00 a.m. on August 20, she asked me to call her typist, Mrs. Holmes to come to her home at once for her last dictation. She definitely felt, as she said, that it was to be her last dictation. First she dictated a letter to Mrs. Paul Knapp, W.F.M.S. treasurer, arranging for the payment of a pledge of \$5 she had made for the Samaritan Hospital at Nampa, Idaho. She also dictated a letter to her son-in-law, Dr. S. E. McKenna of Los Angeles. Next she dictated her district letter to her society presidents. While doing so she remarked to Mrs. Holmes, "No doubt this is my last letter." Then she gave her triumphant testimony. I quote it here just as she dictated it:

"I have been greatly blessed over a new interpretation I had last week of the Twenty-third Psalm. Someone mentioned to me that it was the Sunday school lesson for last Sunday, and so I have been thinking along that line.

● MIRACLES IN WHITE ●

After the psalmist has taken us into the valley of the shadow of death, he says, a table will be spread before our enemies. The Bible tells us that the last great enemies to be conquered are death and the grave. I take it that this feast, this table spread before you is in the presence of death and the open grave. They may be making faces at you and pointing their deadly weapons at you, going through all kinds of maneuvers, but you are quietly feasting at the Lord's table and do not pay any attention to them. In fact, you are enjoying the meal so much that your cup runs over and you stand in the very presence of heaven ready to be anointed for this new field of activity. He anoints your head with oil as you stand before the gates of heaven, as a preparation for this tremendous promotion that is coming your way. Then, in the face of it all you must give a word of testimony. Looking back over your life you can see the mercy and goodness that have been everywhere, and now you go into the house of the Lord forever."

During the noon hour she directed me in choosing the pictures she wished to send with the manuscript of her book. Those we prepared and mailed. In the afternoon she had Leora, her oldest daughter, arrange all the clothes for her funeral.

At six in the evening Miss Williams, a graduate nurse, superintendent of the Albertina Kerr Home, came to see her. Miss Williams bathed her, manicured her finger nails, gave her an alcohol hair shampoo and dressed her daintily in a beautiful new bed jacket. How sweet and lovely she looked seated on her bedside! She was quite cheerful and ate unusually well.

● MIRACLES IN WHITE ●

But the night brought no rest. By midnight she was in much distress. At 2:25 she passed away quietly during a heart attack.

Thus passed one of the truest and noblest Christians I have ever known. She was sweet and beautiful in her youth and she was more lovely and wonderful in her later years. To me she was the truest, finest and grandest lover a man was ever blessed with. In my life and ministry she was more to me than anyone can ever know. She knew everything of any significance that ever came into my life. I told her all. She carried the secrets of my deepest heart with her when she went. My loss is unspeakable. I trust I shall in my remaining years be as loyal and true as she.

Her children loved their mother deeply, as one might well expect. All of them were present at her funeral. In the formation of their Christian characters they pay the highest tribute to their wonderful mother. Today they are the joy and strength of my life.

Dr. H. V. Miller, General Superintendent, and Rev. Fletcher Galloway conducted her funeral. The King's Men College Quartet of Northwest Nazarene College of Nampa, Idaho, sang, also Miss Lulu Barnard, her song evangelist. Brother Galloway, in a word, gave a true tribute when he said "She lived a planned life."

Messages came from all parts of the country which indicated the place she held in the life and love of the church. She was profoundly convinced that God called and raised up the Church of the Nazarene. This conviction he kept unwaveringly. Her prayers, her interest and her hopes have made a large contribution that only

● MIRACLES IN WHITE ●

eternity will reveal in the progress and growth of the church.

In a vault in the Mausoleum of the Lincoln Memorial Park, Portland, Oregon, you will find this simple inscription, with the last words of the Psalm she loved so much:

Arletta Maud Martin

1885-1940

Mother

"And I shall stand in the house of the Lord forever."

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