

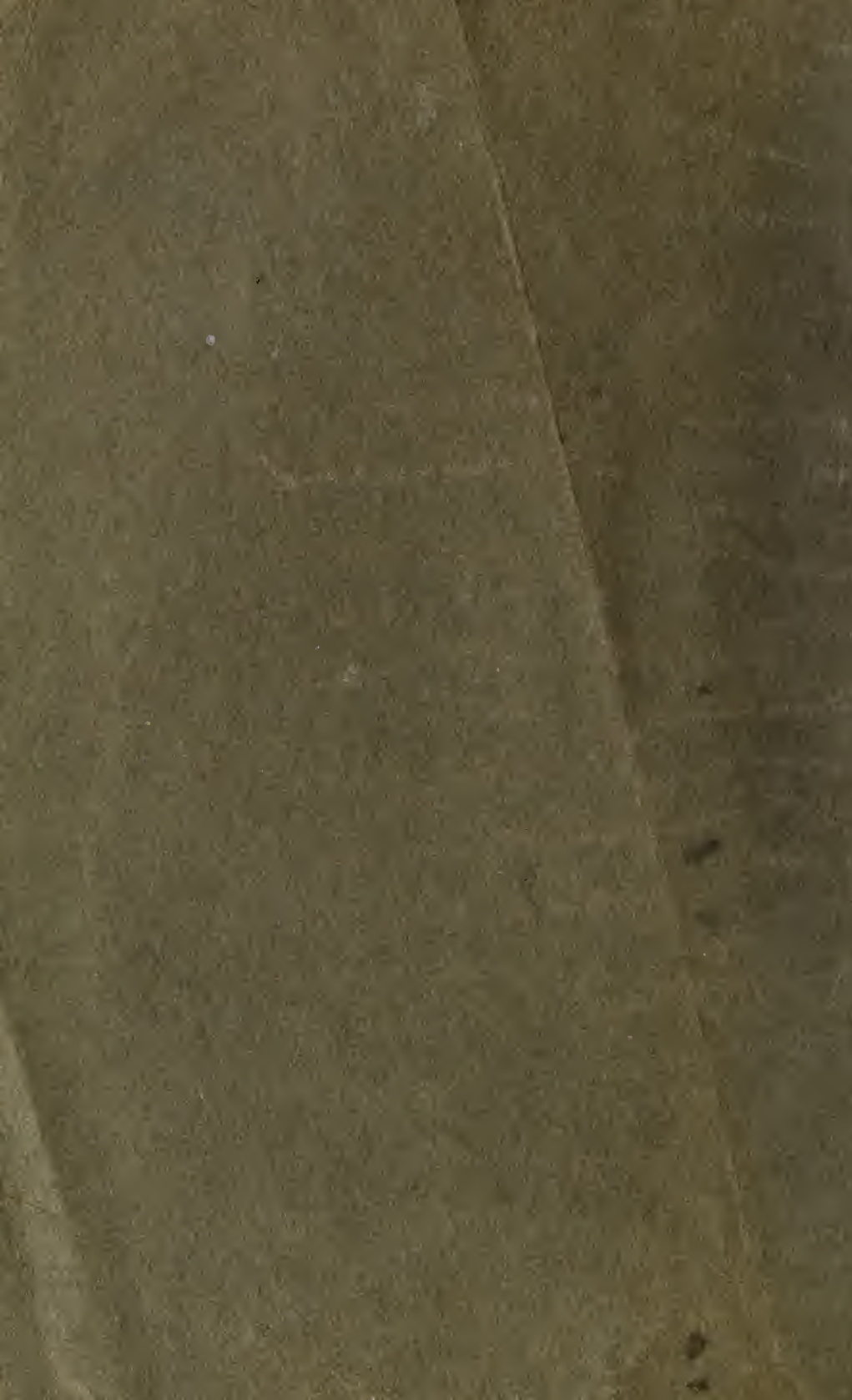
# Tests and Triumphs

BY

FLORENCE GOFF



1924

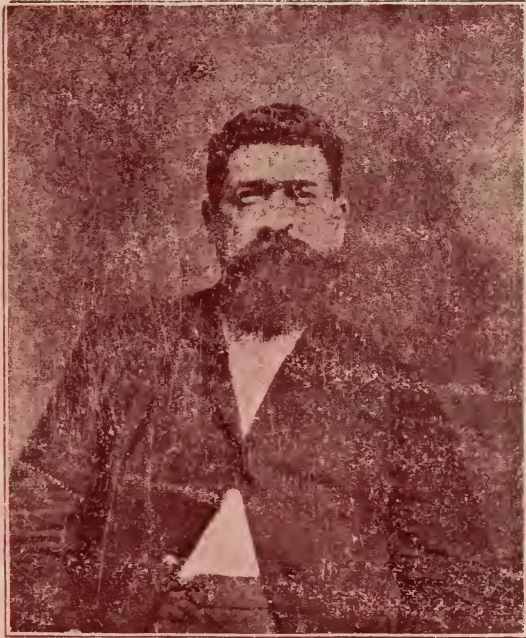




H. H. GOFF AND FAMILY, 1920



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REV. J. A. HODGES

*"He died as he lived, trusting in God."*



# TESTS AND TRIUMPHS

BEING A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF REV.  
J. A. HODGES, COUPLED WITH SOME OF  
THE LORD'S DEALINGS WITH H. H. GOFF  
AND WIFE, EVANGELISTS OF THE CAPE  
FEAR CONFERENCE OF THE FREE-WILL  
BAPTIST CHURCH

*By FLORENCE GOFF*

Home Address:  
FALCON, NORTH CAROLINA





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E Pam  
#3043

### PREFACE.

This sketch has been written, after much prayer, for the glory of God, hoping it will help those who read it and encourage them in their pilgrimage from earth to heaven.

May the blessings of God be upon this little booklet, and may its readers meet the author in the glory world, where congregations never break up and Sabbaths have no end; where sickness and sorrow, pain and death, will be felt and feared no more.

FLORENCE GOFF.



# LIFE OF REV. J. A. HODGES

## HIS EARLY LIFE.

The subject of this sketch was born in North Carolina, Johnston county, on the first day of October, 1845. He was born of pious parents, of Scotch descent. This being their tenth baby, they gave him the name of his father, John Andrew, the last part being to distinguish the two names. He was a thrifty baby, was a pet for the family, and as his mother died when he was only four years old, his sisters took the place of mother for the now motherless baby boy. He seemed to be a favorite for the neighbors, and was petted until he was nearly grown. Andrew, as he was called, had to have the best at the table, and was especially favored on all occasions by the other nine brothers and sisters. His sisters wove his clothes on an oldtime loom, and his occupation until quite a boy was to play around the kitchen, wheel and loom, and another favorite place was in the orchard playing with his younger sister, or bringing choice fruit to his father in summer or autumn, as he loved his father more than had his mother lived.

I cannot say how long the baby wore dresses, but from the best I can learn he was about six years old before he had his first pants. He was carried around the large farm and across the big swamp to the other plantations in the arms of his elder brothers and sisters. I have heard him say that his sisters picked the bones out of his fish until he was large enough to do good farm work. I do not know his age at this period, but at eighteen he weighed two hundred pounds. His father was wealthy, and the children did not know what it was to want for food. Of course in those days they but little advantages to what children have now. The schoolhouse he attended was in a very remote corner of the woods, built of rough logs. His first school book wasn't a nice primer or pretty A B C book with nice pictures and striking illustrations, but simply an old blue-back speller, as it was called. This hard old speller lasted quite a while; few were able to master it in those days. However, this big fat boy

learned to spell fairly well; he then took up some other studies, in which he made fair progress; could read, write and keep his accounts, although boys in those days had hard times acquiring knowledge.

They had few games, and knew but little of the vice and crime boys of today are exposed to. Brandy was made by the farmers and drunk at their will, but John Hodges, my grandfather, was a model of morality, and did not touch it, hence his moral influence taught my father, Andrew, against strong drink, therefore he was never under its influence in his life; and I have never heard of his cursing. Strange to say, his father was not a Christian, but would force his children to read the Bible. His strict rule, with the other fully as binding, was to ask a blessing at the table, which did not at all times set well with this pet boy; but when his father commanded, he knew nothing but to obey. Sometimes he would play sick, or put up some pitiful excuse to shun his turn to give thanks when company was present. The boys had to say grace, as they called it, by turns, one at breakfast, one at dinner, and so on until the four boys had learned it perfectly, and their home Bible reading came a verse around until each had read.

Once at a conference, or association, one of grandfather's old friends came and brought his boy, a few years my father's senior. The two boys were out playing or chatting, when the visiting boy inquired of his new friend where his mother was. This unexpected question put a very grave look on the motherless lad, and he sadly replied, "She's dead." He then asked, "Was your mother a member of the church?" "No, sir," was the reply. "Well, don't the Bible say you can't go to heaven without belonging to the church?" This question impressed him very much. He answered, "I don't know so much about that." The boys separated, but this impression never left my father.

There was only one church for miles. My grandfather gave the land for this to the Primitive Baptists; the deed gave other denominations liberty to preach in the house. The Primitives do not believe in revivals, have no Sunday schools, and think that shouting is caused by weak minds, and things of that kind. They preach that if God predestines you to go to heaven, you will

go; if to hell, you will go; pray and cry to God ever so much, you will miss heaven if you are not one of the elect. "What is to be, will be," is their great theory. They are strict, good people, though, as a sect. This kind of preaching once in a while was all my father heard until he was about nine years old, when Revs. James Turnage and Wm. Harris began to preach at this same Primitive Baptist church, Bethsaida by name. These preachers were old-fashioned revivalists. They preached with power, and had not preached long here before there began a revival in which scores of souls were converted and organized into a church. They called themselves the Free-Will Baptists. They believed in free salvation, baptism by immersion, free communion, and washing of the saints' feet in connection with the Lord's Supper. (St. John, 13th chapter.)

In a few years Revs. Turnage and Harris had organized several small churches. They decided to organize these churches into a conference, and to do this they had to go to South Carolina for the proper credentials and instructions. By this time several more preachers had joined their number, and Turnage and one of the others went on horseback to South Carolina. The trip was long and wearisome, but they went and returned and organized the Cape Fear Conference. It was then a very small affair of only a few small churches. It has stood nearly fifty years now, and has fifty-one churches and nearly three thousand communicants. This, with its thirty-four ordained ministers, tells that God was with those faithful men in their little organization fifty years ago. Rev. Turnage labored on faithfully at Bethsaida until it was a church of quite a number of members. My father's elder brothers and some of his sisters joined the church.

This kind of thing this youngest boy did not like. As he grew older, in spite of his moral training, his heart grew hard, and he said he fairly hated his sisters for a long time after one joined the church; said had he only had the power he would have stamped religion out of existence. He had an idea his father was going to join the church too. His plan to prevent this horrible act, in his opinion, was to sit close to his father with his arm locked in his. He said if his father had attempted to join the

church, he would have had a time with him, as he was about twelve years old and very strong. He kept all this hatred of God and the church wrapped up in his head, and went on in this way, feeling at times sad about death and the judgment, and the dark, cold grave was a horrid thing for him to think about. Grandfather was a regular attendant at church, and seemed to enjoy the meetings, but was still unsaved. About this time Rev. Turnage married my father's sister, Sarah. She had been converted in some of the above named meetings, and now became the wife of the preacher. For several years Rev. Turnage taught school at Bethsaida, and my father was one of the adult students. Turnage was a faithful teacher as well as preacher. He would teach, farm and preach, and has walked twenty miles to his appointment in summer. His faithfulness to his calling at length brought this stubborn young man under the deepest kind of conviction, and his sisters discovered he had been very sad during this meeting Rev. Turnage was holding at Bethsaida. His conviction grew deeper and deeper, his heart melted now in spite of his hatred to God and the church, for this was his besetting sin. He cried to God for pardon.

### HIS CONVERSION.

The Lord so convicted him that he did not get to the altar, but just cried aloud to God away back in the crowd, wept and confessed his sins, gave up his whole life of sin and his stubborn will. Jesus rolled the burden away and gave him a new heart, washed his sins away, and he came up the aisle praising God in the old time way, clapping his hands and shouting at the top of his voice. His eyes fell on his father, now seventy years old, still very moral, but without salvation. The silver locks on the old man's head told this young convert that his father must soon go before God, and he felt he needed what God had so graciously given him. He fell at his feet and poured his heart out to God for his father. The old man was deeply touched by the first prayer of his baby boy, now a young man of twenty-eight years. They all went home from church, but how different they felt! The old man had a heavy heart, touched by the scene at the church; the young man so happy at being saved, and feeling

sure his father soon would be. The young convert felt that his sisters had been praying for him all these years since their conversion. He felt that he must tell those at home the good news of his salvation as soon as he reached home, but alas! when he got there he found his old chum, Dr. Rowland, there. The doctor at this time was a firm believer in predestination. At the sight of this well-read, intelligent doctor, the devil made him postpone telling of his conversion. I have often heard him say that he regretted missing this great opportunity of obeying God. He said had he only done the Spirit's bidding that day, his own soul would have been so blessed and the doctor might have been converted then. The revival went on. Souls were saved from day to day, until at the close there were quite a number to be baptized and received into the church.

#### HIS CONVERTED LIFE.

After my father's conversion he lived a very consistent, strict, devoted life, prayed much, and the Bible was his favorite book. He spent much of his time alone with God. His closet in summer was under an old peach tree, where he resorted to prayer in the late evenings while picking up fruit for the barnyard of hogs that were waiting for their supper. They often grew quite impatient, as they must wait till this good young man had his evening prayer. He often talked to God so long and got so happy he would forget everything but God. For a long, long time, nothing upset or interfered with this Spirit-filled Christian, but at length his trials came. However, during these years his longings for his father's conversion increased. He would often get so happy during a sermon or altar service that he could hold his seat no longer. He was up the aisle shouting and exhorting the people to come to Jesus and be saved. His voice was loud and clear, and he could sing up to a nightingale. He was tall, and robust in appearance. His voice, with the power of heaven in it, seemed to strike sinners like electricity from the sky. His prayers, tears and exhortations have brought many sinners to the altar, confessing their sins and being saved. He often found himself at his father's feet pleading with God to save him.

The prayers of the old man's children at last were answered, and he was happily converted, joined the church and was baptized. The morning he was baptized, they sang that inspiring old hymn: "Will the waters be chilly when I am called to die?" After he was baptized, he said he could go on his way rejoicing, went home and set up a family altar. The children were so happy now, the last one of their family were Christians. The girls by this time were all married except one. Two of the children, both grown, had been laid to rest beside their mother. One was a young man in the bloom of life, who died suddenly, almost without warning. He went to mill one morning, ate a hearty dinner, and died that night about 9 o'clock. He left a young wife. The other was a girl, taken away in the bloom of life. These two deaths were great shocks to the family and neighbors, as both were well respected and highly esteemed by their many friends and relatives.

Seven years after my father's conversion, he was married to Miss Laura Dixon, a beautiful young woman of twenty-five years of age, an earnest Christian, a great lover of music, and a good worker in the church and Sunday school work. My father, being the youngest child, inherited the homestead, and was to care for his father and sister, who was a devoted Christian and great lover of the Bible. She was afflicted bodily with cancer for years. All was done that doctors could do to cure her, but with little avail. Grandfather was old, grew weaker and feebler, disease set in on his bowels that took him away in about two years after my father's marriage, and five days after his death, Aunt Harriet passed away; both died in November, 1881. They were both conscious of their death, and were ready to go. My mother was so attentive to them during their long and painful illness, she gained the love and respect of the family and neighbors that has never been forgotten. A year previous to this, Mr. and Mrs. Hodges had a little girl born to them, on December 29, 1880, one snowy Tuesday night. To her they gave the name of Florence. This baby has no recollection of her grandpa or aunt just referred to, for she could not walk when they died. The home was now left with only three inmates. Grandfather gave



father more than any of the other children. He was left with plenty of this world's goods.

In a year or two after grandfather died, Rev. James Turnage passed away and went to his reward. Before his death he told my father and his brothers to bury him in about two hundred yards of Bethsaida, the church he had organized, but the house was held and preached in by the Primitive Baptists. He said to put him in the rough woods in a place he recollected, and build them a church close by his grave. They carried out their beloved leader and brother-in-law's request. They at once set to work about their church. George Hodges, pa's brother, gave the land; his other brother, B. H. Hodges, and he gave a hundred dollars each, and others what they would. They soon had a large house; and the Cape Fear Conference soon erected a monument at Rev. Turnage's head that cost about a hundred dollars.

The church now was given the name of Hodges Chapel, and my father elected as one of the deacons of the church. He exhorted, prayed in public and did a great deal of real gospel preaching, many times being called on to assist his pastor in communion services, and offered splendid explanations on the Lord's Supper. His shouting and exhorting caused people to become serious about their salvation; some came to the altar and confessed their sins, while others became much frightened and took to the woods or for home. Some went over benches and out at windows. His shouting impressed the children that heard it so they never forgot it. He weighed two hundred and eighty pounds, was six feet and two inches high, and could be heard praying a mile, and there was magnetic, heavenly sweetness in his voice that could get more real melody out of old hymns than any other I ever heard. It would make sinners tremble to hear him sing. He used to point hard-hearted boys in the face after long pleading with them to kneel for prayer, and sing a little song — the words were as follows: "Oh, poor sinner, you can't stand the fire at the great day," and "poor scoffer," and some boys have told me they could hardly bear it. They said the cold shivers would run over them, and they felt so strange while he sang over them. That song was his last warning; when he had prayed, cried and pleaded with them to come to the altar and

they seemed stubborn, he would then sing his little song, and it was very few but felt strange if they did not so express themselves.

My mother was a Methodist when she was married. Her church was some miles away. She at length decided and remarked to father as they rode home from her church, in the language of Ruth and Naomi:

“Whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.”

She got a letter from her church and joined the Free-Will Baptists at Hodges Chapel with her husband. They lived very happily together all their life; she stood by him, sharing his sorrows, as well as his joys. They were both very sincere Christians all of their justified life.

Once I remember, in August 26, 1886, there came an awful earthquake that shook this country. Houses rocked, dishes rattled, and bricks fell off the chimneys. There was a dreadful roaring that came before the shaking that frightened the people almost out of their wits. Proud, hard-hearted, highminded people that ignored God and religion, at this fearful shock fell on their faces and screamed and cried to God for mercy. They thought that judgment was upon them, and that they in a short time would be before the bar of justice. My father and mother being praying people, the neighbors fled to them for prayers. The room was soon full of half-dressed women, men and children and young people, begging Mr. Hodges and wife to pray for them. Two of the most wicked men in the neighborhood woke me up praying. They were kneeling at the head of my bed praying to God to save them. I was a tot of only six summers, but I knew that something strange had taken place. Father and mother were both walking the floor praying and clapping their hands, then kneeling first by one and then by another, imploring God's mercies on each. Some of the crowd expected the earth to open and swallow the whole thing in. Everyone was terror-

stricken, as they didn't know what another hour would bring forth.

The night was spent in an awful dread that something worse was coming. Next morning my father sent messengers for miles to proclaim a fast and prayer day, and to meet him at the church, that he wanted to warn the people once more. They were only too glad to obey, and next morning the people poured in from all around. They needed no teasing to come to the altar, and needed no seat. It was, "Give way, let the folks come." They fell on their faces, and such confessing, such screaming and crying. Oh, how willing they were for a Christian to pray for them. The revival continued for several days. Father sent for the pastor of the church, and scores of souls were saved, and I think there were at least fifty additions to the church from that earthquake revival. Family altars were established, and some of them have never gone down. A general spirit of religion seemed to pervade the whole country around.

Years went by, and other children were born into my father's home. He was fond of his children, and they fully as fond of him. I remember well how my brother and I used to sit on father's lap and he would teach us verses of Scripture and quote hymns until we learned them; taught us our letters, and our first songs were sung along with him and my mother. I learned to spell before I started to school. My first day at school was December 30, 1886. My father took me in his arms, carried me over the branch to a neighbor's house to go to school with his children. Before we got there I asked father to let me walk, as I was ashamed for the children to see him carrying me in his arms, large as I was. He carried me up to the teacher and gave him some special charges about his little girl, and left me. I was very timid, and felt so sad as I saw father walk away and leave me among so many strangers, but they were all very kind to me, and I soon learned to love my teacher and loved to go to school. Young as I was, my father's and mother's prayers and hymns, their shouts and religious teachings, had a fast hold on me. Their prayers affected me more than anyone's. My heart would ache, and the tears would flow unbidden down my little face as father would pray at night at home and ask God to bless his children

for His glory. I would retire and often weep for a long time after I lay down. I regarded religion as being the most sacred thing in all this world. My mother and father used to sing some of the sweetest old hymns in the world. They would melt my heart, and I would hide my face and cry, often pretending that I had got hurt in some way — convicted then, although when between four and five years old I felt that I ought to be a Christian. All these years my father was going through an awful struggle. The Lord wanted him to preach, and he wanted to excuse himself by being a Sunday school superintendent, conducting prayer meeting, and such work as that. The Bible was his companion, which he read for mother and the children until we got sleepy, then read for hours to himself. In summer he did most of his reading at noon, for he worked so hard and was so tired he could not read much at night. He had lots of hired men, and those that lived on his land, and among them all I am sure none would say any other than that Mr. Hodges was a good man. He was good to the poor, and the weary traveler and homesick tramp never failed to get food and lodging at this godly man's home. Preachers of all denominations were welcome alike. Peddlers and tired agents were all fed and treated kindly; inquiry was made as to their salvation, and father would always implore God's blessings on those present, and many hearts were made glad around our family altar. When I was about eight years old, a young lady was taken with consumption not far from home, and sent for father to go to talk and pray with her about her soul. I think she testified to being saved before she died; anyhow her people sent for father to preach her funeral. He had never tried such a thing, was not ordained, nor even licensed, but he preached her funeral to a grief-stricken crowd with the power of God on him.

During these years my father was often a juror in the Superior Court, and sometimes in the Federal Court. Once I remember he was juror in a criminal case. The client, who was an intelligent man about my father's age, was indicted for burning a house. It was an awful affair. They were trying the poor fellow for his life. He had heard the evidence, and the jury was tied. Six said he was guilty, and six declared he was not. My father was one of the latter. They stayed up all night.

Father called them to their knees to ask God if the man was guilty. God told him he was not. Then he said, "Gentlemen, I am here to release that man." But some of the others were profane men, and one remarked he was willing to do the fellow either way, he wanted to go home. Father said, "I will never agree that he is guilty." The man was a stranger to my father, but he had asked the Lord about it, and he was sure he was innocent. They let him go, and he was overjoyed at the verdict. About twelve years after this, he appeared in one of our meetings, took me by the hand and began to cry, and with trembling lips began to tell his story. He said, "Yonder stands the man that saved my life," pointing to my father. "Had it not been for him, that gang of rich men that hated me would have had me hung. For this I love your father better than any man on earth. I would crawl to his home to do him a favor."

While father was superintendent of our Sunday school, there appeared in the school a lad of perhaps fourteen summers. He was enrolled, and was the brightest boy in school. He recited better lessons than any other. Even the grown people did not know their lessons nearly so well as did this boy. Father took special care to instruct him, and told his father that his son was sure to make his mark in the world. He was a poor boy, and had but few advantages, but it was not long before he had a good place as public school teacher, and was soon reading law, and became one of the prominent lawyers of our State. He told me on the train some years ago that to my father was due the praise for his being what he was, as he started him in a Sunday school.

At the age of eleven, the Lord forgave my sins. The day I was converted, the Lord was also dealing with my father. There was a revival going on at our church. I had been going to school. That morning my mother told me I must stop school and attend the meeting. I insisted on her letting me go to school, but she would not. Then I begged to stay at home and cut fruit. This she positively refused me, saying plainly, "You must go to that meeting." She said that a girl friend of mine was a seeker the day before, and that it was time for me to be a Christian. I longed for religion, but dreaded that bitter cup of repentance;

felt like I could not bear to see church — convicted before going. That morning father was in the woods praying. He had been appointed the day before to conduct the prayer meeting that morning. He told the Lord while praying that if He would convert some one that morning under his talk, he would excuse himself no longer, but would go before the council and be ordained and take up the full work of the ministry.

He read about the prodigal boy, and preached about an hour. At the conclusion of his exhortation he called for penitents, and I think at least fifteen went to the altar. All through the sermon I was so convicted I could hardly hold my head up. The tears flowed freely, and my heart felt like it was breaking. I was a prodigal myself, away from God and in sin. I prayed and wept sorely. Had an intermission, returned to the house, and the pastor preached. He saw the congregation was melted, and he seemed anxious to see the people get to God; he preached maybe ten or fifteen minutes, then came down from the pulpit and called for penitents. About forty came, and the scene that followed is indescribable. The seekers screamed, prayed, wrung their hands, and cried to God as loud as they could. I wept until tears could have been wrung from my handkerchief.

Father and mother were both praying aloud for me, and five grown people were so overpowered with God's Spirit that their hands were drawn so close together that strong men could not open them. Some were walking the floor praising God as loud as they could. Some were lying down, prostrated by the mighty power of God. Father never again doubted his call to the ministry, as I know I was converted under his morning talk. The revival went on, but that day was the most wonderful time I ever witnessed until holiness was preached five years later. My conversion was very clear. I know the very place, and how I felt seems so fresh and sweet. The trees and flowers seemed to smile on me, and I loved everybody in the world. I thought my mother's face outshone anyone's I had ever seen. Oh, my heart was so happy, so light, so free!

This was in July, 1892. Father was ordained the winter following. The summer before his ordination he was called on to baptize a candidate. He was only a deacon, but our church

discipline allows our deacons to baptize in case of necessity, feeling sure that Philip was not ordained when he baptized the eunuch. (Acts 8:27.) But in the winter of 1893, he with another young preacher went before the council. They did not ask father a single question; said he had already given them perfect satisfaction. They asked the other preacher, Rev. R. C. Jackson, how he would prove to an infidel there was a God. He answered that, then they knelt, and the council laid hands on them and prayed, gave them their credentials, and they were given churches. They set to work in the pastoral care of churches, and in summer did revival work together. They had some real revivals together, in which scores of souls were converted. Nothing afforded me more pleasure than to go with my father to his appointments, and to every conference and convention. He warned his members against lukewarmness. He always preached a high standard of religion; believed people ought to live where they could testify, or "tell their experience" is what he called it then. He thought converted folks should pray in public, talk for Jesus, and be near enough to God to praise Him. He was a teetotaler, straight; and preached against dram-drinking, pride of all kinds, and would surely turn a member out for cursing or dancing. I believe he was as free from pride as anyone; always dressed very plain; never wore a tie since his wedding day.

He believed in the Bible standard of dress, for comfort and not for show. He would exhort his members to higher living, family altars, and would try so hard to get men and women to talk for Jesus in meetings, but never did he get them at it much until he was sanctified.

The subject of Christian perfection was talked among our preachers some, but only one ever preached it along then; that was Rev. Wm. Byrd. He stood to it we could be made perfect in love in this life. Father with all the other preachers thought we must sin a little, but that we had an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ. In the winter of 1894, Dr. Rowland, the same doctor referred to in the beginning of this sketch, who had been living in Bladen county, practising, had moved back to Benson and began his practice among his old friends. He and his wife

came to spend the night at our house. The doctor seemed so different, changed, his conversation was so different now. He said he had met a sanctified preacher in Bladen county and that he shouted, cried, laughed, jumped, and said, "Hallelujah to God, praise the Lord, glory to Jesus," all the time and that he was the happiest man he ever saw; said Crumpler, "the sanctified preacher," had knocked every bit of the predestination out of him. He had been to the altar in Crumpler's meeting seeking salvation. He said that this fellow preached that the blood cleanseth from all sin and it was our privilege to live so close to the Lord we would not have time nor want to sin — couldn't sin for praising God. The doctor told us to be sure and go hear Crumpler if he ever came near us. We did not have the faintest idea of ever hearing him, but the doctor's talk of the sanctified folks and the preacher, the great meeting he had attended, and the marked change in the doctor himself, put us to thinking on the subject of heart purity.

The summer following, Rev. R. C. Jackson and my father held two meetings together. Father preached at Lee's school house, and Brother Jackson at Pleasant Grove, only about three miles apart. They arranged to preach at Pleasant Grove in the morning and at father's appointment in the evening; they had good meetings at both places; they closed and baptized in the same pond together. Father would immerse one candidate and Jackson one until all was done, then they went back to the school house and organized a church with about twenty members. The next summer, 1895, they had a meeting at this same Lee's school house, which resulted in the conversion of four people over sixty years old. It was striking to see these old, gray-headed people baptized that cold September morning! I never will forget the scene; the water was cold. It was a river in a shady place and one of the coldest September mornings I ever remember. The candidates were chilly, and one man was so chilled or excited that he ran down the river and dipped himself several times, like I have seen geese do. A girl tied her handkerchief across her mouth and tied it to the back of her head in a tight knot to prevent strangling, and when she arose from the water with the headgear about to smother her, it was ex-



citing to see her frantic efforts to release herself. I can almost see the crowd now, the candidates and father in the river. One of the old men that was baptized that day died suddenly in three weeks. Father received him into the church, baptized him, administered the sacrament to him, washed his feet and preached his funeral all in three weeks.

This was in the summer and fall of 1895. In May, 1896, that sanctified man, A. B. Crumpler, came to Dunn, N. C., in seven miles of our home, and pitched a tent and began a meeting. News went out all over the country that there was a sanctified meeting and band of workers at Dunn. Some said the preacher had powder and scattered on the folks and that they fell like dead men and lay for hours. They fell, it was true, but it was by the mighty power of God. Oh! that Dunn meeting; never will be forgotten. Never was one like it before, nor hasn't been since in this country. Brother Crumpler brought several workers with him, men and women filled with the Holy Ghost. They could sing, shout, preach, or pray — the whole band, girls and boys, men and women. They soon had the town and surrounding country in a stir. Brother Crumpler could be heard preaching on a still night fully two miles, and the Lord was on him so the people could not stand it. They screamed and prayed all over town, all up and down the road and all around the whole country. I think there were said to be at least three hundred professions, twelve of which made preachers. I will never praise God enough for Brother Crumpler. Oh! thank the dear Lord for ever sending him to Dunn to bring the glad news that we can be free from inbred sin, and filled with the Holy Ghost. Glory to God!

The influence of that meeting will never die. My father went one time. We had heard so much scandal about the meeting till father thought he would prove it, so he went under the tent, stopped away back, but said he felt the power of God under that old canvas, said had he gone close up he would have been the man to have hollered. The preacher's subject was shouting. He went from one side of the Bible to the other proving it was a duty, privilege and even a real command to clap your hands and praise God. Father came home and said:

“There’s something in that meeting.” Nearly all the preachers in our conference got into the experience of full salvation that year, in that meeting or through its influence. Oh, how the doctrine spread! Two of our preachers fought the doctrine and refused to seek the blessing, and said hard things about some of the holiness people. They were turned out of the conference, and one of them since this has been reclaimed and is in sympathy with the doctrine and helps support it and loves the cause; but the other — sad to say — is in sin today, or was the last I heard from him. It is awful to fight against God.

### HIS SANCTIFICATION.

My father came home from the Dunn meeting and was taken with the most malignant case of inflammatory rheumatism I ever saw. He lay for nine weeks, and suffered the most excruciating pain. He could not sleep more than two hours in twenty-four. He thought he was going to die, and examined his past life as none other but a dying man can. He was willing to meet God on the doctrine he had preached, the example he had set before the people, and all that; but said he was not fully resigned to God’s will. He had prayed, “Thy will be done,” hundreds of times, but said from the heart he was not willing to see his wife or children die, had God seen proper to take them, and say, “Thy will, O God, and not mine.”

But while here in this torture of pain, his hands so drawn with the disease that he couldn’t feed himself, his feet so stiff and swollen he was almost helpless for weeks, he consecrated his whole life, wife, children, houses, land, and everything he had, all he was or ever expected to be or have, to God, and gave up. The blessing came. It was on Sunday evening, and he wept so and did so strangely to us we thought he was going to die; and he did die to the world and its applause, to public sentiment and men’s opinions. He lay there, sang and praised God, and was so happy. While he was still ill, some of his friends that had been sanctified in the Dunn meeting in May came to see him. They talked of their spiritual uplift, and told of many others that had been pardoned or cleansed during the meeting.

He seemed so strengthened by Christians' prayers and songs, and would get so happy, and still be suffering so much. During his sickness the two eldest boys disobeyed him and ran away to a pond bathing. They were too small to go by themselves or to be trying to swim without an older person to look after them. Father was far too sick to whip them, so he called them to the bed and gave them a very serious talk, had them kneel close to him by the bed, and I never heard such a prayer as he prayed for those disobedient boys. They were heartbroken over their disobedience, and did not require punishment any more soon. They wept much worse than had he whipped them.

About this time it was announced that the sanctified folks were coming to our house on July 8, 1896, Wednesday night, to have a prayer meeting. It was pretty well known, and that night the people poured in from every direction until the place was full of people. The meeting was conducted by a young man that had been sanctified only a few weeks. Several other sanctified people came. They had a testimony meeting. Father lay and witnessed for Jesus, and they called on me to speak, but I had never been in one of these meetings, and a timid girl of only fifteen. I had been converted. This I simply acknowledged and kept my seat, waiting to see the result of a sanctified meeting. Only a few spoke beside the sanctified ones. The young man in charge of the meeting preached in might and power. The people wept, an altar call was made, and almost all those present were penitents. I felt I needed something in my life and heart I did not have. My heart ached, and the long-pent-up tears now flowed freely. I longed to be happy like those sanctified ones. Most of the penitents were praying aloud for God to bless them, and soon I went to praying aloud for a clean heart. I did not get the blessing that night, and don't think anyone else did, but all seemed convicted and longing for God to forgive or sanctify them. The next day I prayed all day. That night the same crowd with a number of others, were to hold prayer meeting at a neighbor's house about three miles from home. My brother and I went, and it was a sight to see the people. By dark they began coming for miles around, and I believe there were a hundred or over at a cottage prayer meeting on Thursday night. It

was work time, and farmers were very busy trying to get through crops, but everybody seemed to be anxious to get to these meetings.

This one was conducted as I have never seen one before nor since. They had a testimony meeting, and when all got through, one brother preached about an hour at the fireplace. He stopped, and another put in at the hall door, facing the first speaker and a room full in front of him. People in the porch and hall — the place filled up. My, my, they were there! The last preacher having ended his sermon, an altar service began that lasted for four hours. I don't remember who else went to the altar, got blessed, who prayed, nor much else but the struggle of my own poor heart. As soon as the call for seekers was made I rushed to the altar and covered my face, wept and prayed awhile. My heart got heavier and heavier, and I felt like I would almost die. I began to pray as loud as I could. Several others were confessing out as well as myself, and some of the sanctified ones were praying for us and telling us how to get the blessing. I consecrated my all, gave up my pride, myself, my worldly associates and all to Jesus; told Him to use me from that moment for Himself. I have never been more hungry for food nor more thirsty for water than I was for full salvation that night. Jesus said if we hunger and thirst after righteousness we shall be filled, and He did so sweetly fill my soul that night. The blessing came. Oh, it came over my soul like a wave, and changed all my darkness to light, and I was so happy I could not keep still. I cannot tell what I did, and have never heard anyone say, and I surely don't know. I lost myself and found Jesus. I praised the Lord awhile, then I found one of my friends down sobbing. She seemed to be in great agony of soul as I knelt beside her and offered my first audible prayer for another.

The next morning when I got home, my mother asked me if I got sanctified at the prayer meeting that night. I very solemnly replied that I received something I had never had before. Mother was not sanctified, and did not know just what to think of the holiness people, but never said a word against it. She thought she had it, but was shown differently later on. On entering my father's room that morning he asked me the same question my

mother had. I answered him in the same manner. He further inquired if I shouted. I told him I did not know what I did.

Father remarked to mother that he would try me, and if I was sanctified I would pray at family services at home. She told him she was confident that I would. So he asked me if I would pray every third night. I told him I would do the best I could. The children soon found out that I was sanctified, and concluded they would try me. I was sitting at the table, head bowed forward, leaning on the table praying, but not audibly, when my little brother about nine years old pelted me in the back, and he struck me pretty hard. I had usually been flogging them for similar offences, but now I felt no anger at all in my heart, and did not say a word to him. A minute passed and the astonished boy felt quite disappointed at not getting a beating. He walked off and said, "She's sure got it, or I would have got a whipping."

Things that worried me and got me all wrong after my conversion, now did not trouble me at all. I read my Bible every day and prayed much; as father used to say, my breath was seasoned with prayer. I was so happy all the time. I would look towards heaven many times a day and say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."

I received a letter from a lady friend of mine a few days before I was sanctified, inviting father and me to their meeting, father to aid in the revival and I to have a good time visiting around and going to church. But before the meeting came I got the blessing of heart purity. Father was still on the bed, unable to walk, so he could not go. One of my cousins was pastor of this church. It was about twelve miles from home, and I went with him, not to have a good time visiting friends, but to win souls for Jesus—a mission I had never dreamed of before. The morning came for me to start, and I had a large valise, packed it up and took it in hand, bade the family goodby, and was soon out of sight up the road. I was met by the preacher at the village, one mile away, ready to take me to the meeting. My mother said she felt very strange as she saw her fifteen-year old daughter walk in that morning to "try and get folks saved." The meeting was not a great success—only one conversion that I remember, but my prayers and testimonies stirred the people

up and put them to reading their Bibles. I found no little opposition at the start. The preacher himself did not believe in the doctrine, but said I was called to preach, and would ask me to talk and pray and help in the meeting. The more persecution I got, the happier I felt; nothing hindered me, for I held fast to God. My opposers would tell that I had lost my mind, and reported once that I was in the asylum; but none of these things moved me.

I stayed at this meeting a few days and came back home, and I had not been home long before mother had something to tell me. She said one night that week, after family prayer, she sat down to rub father's hands, for they were still drawn and stiff. She said God began to reveal her heart to her. She began to cry and throw up her hands, and commenced praying in a very agonizing tone, and she quoted James 1:27, "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." She had been a praying, shouting Christian for years. No one doubted her piety that knew her, but she said there was one spot on her garment. A year or two previous to this a neighbor of ours had a gang of little pigs that rooted up around the kitchen door, and were quite a nuisance. She ran them out time and again until at last she picked up a piece of an old yard broom and brushed at one and broke him down. He went off dragging by his fore feet. Mother was very sorry for it, and said she was willing to pay for the pig, but was perfectly ashamed for anyone to know she did such a thing. The pig was not worth fifty cents. It went on, and the pig had not troubled her until that night, and she said it rose like a black mountain before her. It was the spot in her garment. "A crippled pig" — and she said she would die before day if she could not see the owner and confess it. Father was sick, brother and I were gone, and there was no one to send but my little sister and her schoolmate, who was spending the night there. The children were safe in bed, and the night was dark and rainy. It was nearly half a mile up the road to the man's house, and one had to go by the graveyard. But these scared children must go, for it would never do to let mother die for lack of seeing that

man. So they went, and the man came, much puzzled to know the trouble. He came in, and she poured the whole story out to him and begged his forgiveness, which he was only too glad to grant. He said he cared nothing at all about the pig. The confession and consecration was complete, and the blessing came and mother was happy. Father said he never heard such a vivid description of heaven in his life, for she rejoiced all night.

Father was taken worse before day, and came near dying, but nothing molested this newly sanctified soul. Father soon began to recover from this attack, and was soon so he could walk around a little. How good it did seem to see him out again. He was taken in May, and now it was the last of July. Our meeting at Hodges Chapel began the fourth Sunday night in July. Father was full of the Holy Ghost and faith, and had given up his tobacco, after being an habitual slave to its use for thirty years. We all three had been sanctified, and were so glad our meeting was coming on.

We were expecting great things from God, and were not disappointed, though our preacher at this time fought the doctrine with all his power. He came to the meeting, and preached in a very sour, fighting, bitter way. Nobody seemed built up; no one saved; and we sanctified folks poured it on him and prayed for his sanctification, but he abused us. He said I made him feel like he was not fit to preach. The sanctified folks soon made it too hot for him, and he got mad and left the meeting, saying that we had taken it away from him; but God was there.

Father could only stand on his feet to preach a very short time, from ten to twenty minutes; but the power of God was on him. The time was spent in warning sinners of their danger and telling believers of their great privilege in Jesus; that the Lord could sanctify us wholly and preserve us blameless until His coming. Glory to God. (1 Thes. 5:23.) It took only a few words to melt the crowd; for his pitiful looks and Holy Ghost pleadings burned in people's hearts. They came to the altar by scores, until it was full, then knelt or fell in the aisle, screaming and pleading with God for their salvation. Some would fall and lie prostrate for hours. I have seen a dozen fall in one service; some would be cold and look like dead men; strong men

and boys, as well as women and girls. Some would see visions, while others were prostrate and under conviction, and still others would fall, some in the yard, some on benches and a large number on the floor. All the way you could discover life at all in some way by their pulse and heart. It was a sight to behold, and folks came for miles just to see what was going on. Such reports as the enemy of souls did circulate! I have seen them cry and pray until victory came, and then laugh for an hour without stopping. This holy laugh was what our pastor despised so bad, and now he confessed that he wanted it. A large number joined the church, and there were about seventy professions in this meeting.

This unsanctified pastor came again at his next appointment and gave the whole thing a black eye. Oh, he belabored us; but we sang, shouted, and prayed for him to get the blessing. Thank God, our prayers were at last answered in a meeting father and I were holding some time after this. The preacher came to the altar after the blessing he had abused so much, and the Lord did pour His power upon him, and made him laugh himself nearly down. He laughed until he was so weak father told him to stop. He knew he could not; but he laughed right on, and seemingly it pleased the Lord to give it to him this way because he hated it so bad. We were so glad, for he had a good influence, and did lots of good, leading many people into the experience after this. The first year of our sanctified life was one of great victory.

Father was pastor of a church in Cumberland county, over Cape Fear River. In September, 1896, we began a meeting at this place. Father was still very feeble, and went on crutches, and could not stand but a short time to preach. There were a few holiness people there that had been sanctified in May at Dunn. We began to preach, testify, sing and shout, pray in every home we entered, talk salvation to everybody we met, and in a day or two the whole neighborhood was aroused. They came from all directions. The church was very large, but there were so many people we had to preach out doors part of the time. Reverends Byrd and R. C. Jackson came before the meeting closed, and rendered valuable service. Some became so convicted they prayed all night long. They lay in trances, some on the floor until nearly daybreak, their whole bodies perfectly rigid.



I have seen from five to fifteen prostrate at one time in this meeting. Some had visions of heaven and saw their loved ones there. And it was all classes — well-bred, high to.ed college boys and hard-working people all got blessed alike. The meeting lasted sixteen days, and before its close one of the deacons got convicted, spent a sleepless night, arose before day, went where father was stopping, and confessed that he had lived in the church forty years without religion. He said he never had been converted, and had stilled liquor, and he a deacon of the church! He was in awful agony. He prayed, and father prayed for him till the victory came. It was about sunrise when the burden was rolled away. He came to the church that day, and he was so happy. He confessed his life, and preached a real sermon, telling how he had suffered under conviction, and how wonderfully the Lord had blessed him. He had a good influence, and lived a saintly life for six years, and died telling those around him he was going to be with Jesus. This meeting closed with seventy-five professions, some of whom are still on the way to glory.

In October following, father and I began a meeting in Harnett county at a schoolhouse. There were not any holiness people at all around there, and few Christians at all; most of the people were backslidden that ever had been converted; not one would pray in public or testify. Only a few invited us home with them at first; some were afraid of us, some were afraid to take our hands or come near us; afraid we had powders to put on them and put them in trances. Oh, how the devil will delude people! But they would come in throngs to the meeting. Father preached and we sang, testified and exhorted, from Sunday night until Tuesday night, with no visible results. Tuesday night at the close of the sermon, there came a man to the altar. He looked to be about fifty years old, an honest, plain old farmer. This seemed to affect the people, for the man was so broken up and wept so pitifully they all knew he was deeply convicted. Then a warm revival tide began to rise that night. It rose higher and higher until Friday night. I never saw such a time in my life. A school teacher arose at the close of the sermon that night and asked permission to speak, which was readily granted. He began to cry, his whole frame trembling with emotion. He said,

"All I have ever taught here, I am now ready to pray for; come, let me pray for all of you." He had been teaching there for years, and some of his old scholars were men and women with families. They began to scream and cry as if something awful had happened; they ran over each other getting to the altar, and for fully two hours people wrung their hands and confessed to God. I cannot give any idea how many received pardon or cleansing that memorable Friday night. In one family well remembered, there were three brothers, all grown young men, and the oldest married. This eldest boy was among the number at the altar on Friday night. He was deeply touched, went home and slept but little. Next morning about day he gave up his struggles and trusted Jesus. The Holy Ghost came upon him, and he wept, laughed, and did many things strange to his family. His wife did not understand him. He had been a devoted church member for years, and was a college-bred, high-toned young man. His brother thought he was ruined, and told his mother that his brother had surely gone crazy; that he had acted foolishly and strangely since Friday night, and as for him, he was done with that mess at the schoolhouse, and was not going there any more. He was also a church member, and was very intelligent, had a good position as a school teacher, and was somewhat diseased with egotism. But he concluded he wanted to be sure about this doctrine. He found his Bible after a long search, took an ax, and went off as if to cut wood. He took the Bible in his hand, and thus began to pray: "Lord, if there is such an experience as sanctification, let my Bible open to a chapter that will make it plain to me." The Bible opened at Hebrews, 10th chapter, which is full of sanctification. He shut the Bible after reading that chapter, and said, "Lord, I believe it, and right now I want it." He wrestled alone with God until the blessing came, and then went shouting, jumping and clapping his hands to the house. His mother said, "What's the matter? Have you cut your foot?" He shouted almost all day. I never saw a happier young man in my life. He went back to the "mess" at the schoolhouse, as he called it, with a message for church members and holiness fighters. His youngest brother started to a corn shucking, and got so convicted he fell in a fence jamb and lay

there until he made the surrender. Jesus did the cleansing. He got up and went on praising God.

One wicked fellow got converted in the field pulling corn, came to the meeting that night, began to tell how God had saved him. He said, "Everybody that I have led in the ballroom or called figures for you to dance, come here and let me pray for you." The scene that followed is indescribable; old and young came weeping for him to pray for them. Another young fellow was converted while on the way to meeting, and was heard shouting half a mile while the people were gathering there. They lay in trances at this place, some nearly all day, and others almost all night. Their shouts and testimonies were heartrending. One wicked drunkard, an awful man, was happily saved, and is still on the heavenly road. He shouted all over the crowd with hands uplifted, saying, "Glory! Glory! Jesus has saved a poor drunkard like me." This meeting closed after fifteen days of wonderful victory.

During this meeting father laid aside his crutches, but was still very feeble, for the disease had left his limbs very stiff and swollen, and his left hand was perfectly rigid. Father organized a church at this place with twenty-four members. They soon built a nice church. Some have backslidden, some have died, but there are still some of God's true ones around this place.

The next summer, 1897, an evangelist came to our little town and pitched a tent and began to preach full salvation. My mother at this time was at the point of death. The doctor asked this preacher to go with him and see my mother, saying, "She's going to die, and you may be of some comfort to her." The preacher came with the doctor, and they talked of God's power to heal, and prayed with her, and she began to recover. My father's hand was still rigid. Dr. Rowland and the preacher together got father and mother fully persuaded to be anointed according to James 5:14. Mother got able to ride slowly over to the tent, where she was given a comfortable chair, as she was very feeble. Father had bought the olive oil, and told the druggist when it struck his head in obedience to God's Word his hand would be healed and his legs and other limbs restored to

their normal condition. The druggist laughed, as if he doubted this would be the case.

That night the meeting opened up and the people shouted so the preacher did not try to preach. He asked all that wanted to be anointed for healing to come forward. Father and mother both went and knelt, with eleven others. By the time the oil was applied father's hand went together. Closed it, yes, closed it — for the first time in thirteen months! His limbs were made flexible, and he began to jump. He found the druggist in the crowd, and showed him his hand. He was an astonished man, as he had examined it only a short time before. It had been swollen and stiff since that dreadful attack of rheumatism over a year previous. Three doctors said had it been forced together it would have broken the bone in pieces. Mother was also wonderfully healed. She leaped and praised God; found the doctor and told him that he did all he could for her, but failed to cure her, but Jesus had done it. Glory! Glory! It was a real miracle; I saw it and know it is true. They went home and rejoiced all night.

From that night, July 24, 1897, they never took another drop of medicine. Father had scarcely been able to do any manual labor since his illness above named, and never fully recovered until that night. He walked on crutches for three months, and after he laid them aside he was so easy to stumble, a small stick or cornstalk would nearly throw him down. After he was healed, he would plow all day, and said he felt as good as he did at eighteen years of age. Mother went on with her housework, even washed, and she had not been able to draw water for some time. She seemed like a new woman. Father used to send for the doctor if one of us was a little sick; so excited over the least sickness in his family. But after this wonderful healing, he looked to Jesus only for his body. After this he was sent for to pray with and anoint the sick for miles, and witnessed many real cases of healing.

On July 4, 1899, I was married to a young evangelist, H. H. Goff. We traveled and held meetings about a year, then came home and built on land my father gave us. My husband and

father held meetings and anointed the sick together. Many people were saved and sanctified wholly during these meetings.

In November, 1899, father was taken with a dreadful case of typhoid fever, but held on to God. We obeyed James 5th, but he seemed to get no better. If typhoid fever was to be healed at once, people would say it was not typhoid, or they would not have gotten well so quick. But after a long and wearisome spell of several weeks of hot fever, which was pronounced to be typhoid by a good physician, then the people began to say, "Well, there must be something to it, or he would die; does not take a thing, but prays, shouts, preaches, and is the happiest sick man I ever saw." It was a benediction to enter his room; the power of God was there. He fully recovered after much prayer and simple faith in Jesus. In June, 1900, my husband and I went to New Bern and held a glorious meeting, and on to Wilmington, and held one that lasted about three weeks. It was a great victory. Then we came to Duplin county, and preached out there in the country ten days with good results. At this place I was taken with the fever, and came home and took my bed July 26th, and lay unconscious for three weeks. I, my husband and father fasted three days for my healing, and I was anointed, but got no better, and had nine awful hemorrhages. Mother sat by me until her strength failed her. They all prayed; I prayed, preached, talked, shouted, and sang of heaven, gave directions for my funeral—told who should preach it, and all about it. Lots of hardhearted ones that came to see me were touched. I recovered, to the astonishment of my friends, and in about two years after this my mother had the same fever. She trusted Jesus and got well. Mother and brother were both down at a time in the same room. Brother took seventeen different kinds of medicine. Mother took none. Both got up about the same time. Three of us had typhoid fever and recovered without drugs of any kind.

Father still pastored churches all these years, and held revivals in the summer and fall season, and had some grand old-fashioned meetings. He was a special lover of music, and bought different instruments for us children, and we all played together. He so much enjoyed singing with the rest of the family, and to

have the children play the organ, violin and guitar. He had some favorite hymns, and he had them played, while he would sing and clap his hands. Oh, how we miss that voice that used to add so much to our church and home music! But he sings no more sweet anthems of praise here, but is singing now in that blissful home in heaven.

### HIS DEATH.

In the fall of 1903 father began to have the most peculiar chills I ever saw. When one would come on him, he was taken with death-like pains all over his body. He could be heard praying for a hundred yards, and we could not warm him until the fever came. We would go to God for him, and he would be up in a little while, then in a few days another chill would come on him, and he looked like he would die. He sent for the elders of the church, and they came and anointed him, the chills stopped, and we thought he was doing well, but he soon began to turn yellow all over, and got so sick he could not keep anything on his stomach. He kept getting sicker and weaker, but kept up. He walked over the farm to our house on Thursday, to his brother's on Friday, and died Monday. Saturday morning he was so sick. Had not eaten anything scarcely for two months. He had fallen off until he did not look like himself, and was in so much pain he told mother to send for his pastor, a Holy Ghost man, Brother H. W. Jernigan, who came with several others of his Christian friends, among whom was a woman he had anointed and seen miraculously healed so many times. When she entered the room and took father's hand, he began to cry, and told her he was so happy. He said, "There has been a wave of salvation over me all day, and I have seen Jesus on the cross." The preacher came in, and he burst into a new flood of tears. We all prayed for his healing. He prayed, and we arose from prayer. Then he said, "I am better, and in no pain at all. Now let's thank God for easing me. Florence, you lead the prayer." We all knelt, and I prayed, and father sat on the floor and sang two songs: "I'm Kneeling at the Mercy Seat, Where Jesus Heals Me Now," and "I Will Trust in the Lord Until I

Die." No one else could sing in the room but he; all were flooded with tears. I thought his voice was sweeter and had more heaven in it than I ever heard in it before. We had no thought the end was so near. He looked so pitiful; the disease had done its deadly work. God saw His trusting child had suffered enough pain and persecution, hard toil, preaching, praying and warning sinners, and had fasted enough long hot days for his children; had spent enough nights of prayer; and Jesus was coming after him, to give him rest, peace and joy forever. Saturday night was spent in agony, so much pain, for the trouble was gallstones. Physicians say they cause the most excruciating pain man ever suffered.

Sunday the church was called to fast and pray for him. He was so patient; not a murmur, not a complaint against God. He said, "If I have done all I can for lost souls, the Lord wants me and I am ready to go." He did not pray to be restored to health, for himself or his family, but only for God's glory; he wanted God's will to be done in him. He said, "I will trust Him though He slay me."

There were four of his children nearly grown, out of Christ, three of them having once professed to love the Lord, and wandered off away from Jesus. This gave my father so much trouble to see them so careless about their souls, and he would pray and cry, fast and try to get them saved. They would go to the altar and weep a little, and go away not saved. They had done this for several years. The Lord had warned them in many ways, and at last laid their sainted father across their path.

On Sunday evening I had been fasting and praying for the Lord to heal father, and took the Bible and began to search for God's promises to heal, when something as plain as an audible voice said, "If those children will give up their sins I will heal him; if not, I am going to take him." Sunday night he was taken worse, and looked like he would go into convulsions. He prayed the Lord to ease him or take his breath. We all prayed, and I told him what had been revealed to me, and mother said she had felt the same impression. Father said, "Call the children in and preach it to them, Florence." I called them, and they came and knelt around his bed and sobbed for

some time. Dr. Rowland was there, and he read and exhorted the children, and prayed for them and father, but they would not confess their sins. Father's breath was so short he could not speak but a few words at a time. He said, "Oh, how I wish I could talk to my children!" Everyone present seemed to be burdened with grief, and all the Christians prayed. It was the saddest night I ever spent. I sat by him all night. He was thirsty; the cold sweat gathered on his forehead. He seemed a little easier Monday morning, but never slept more than a little doze of maybe ten minutes, then awoke with another dreadful pain. We all watched the hours as they passed away. Each told us that the time was almost out. Monday evening, about 2 o'clock, Nov. 23, 1903, he calmly passed away. I thought sure he had got easy and was going to sleep, and could not tell when his last breath was gone. Death was a sweet relief. Truly he fell asleep in the arms of Jesus. He left a heartbroken wife, who had done all loving hands could do for twenty-four years for his pleasure and comfort, and never was a cross word spoken between them.

Telegrams were sent to relatives and distant friends, and preparations were made to lay the temple of the Holy Ghost, his body, to rest. The funeral was preached by Rev. H. W. Jernigan, using as a text Rev. 14:13, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." The funeral was preached to the largest crowd I ever saw at a burying; women and children stood in the aisle, and lots out of doors, all through the sermon. An altar call was made, and quite a number bowed for prayer, among whom were four of his unsaved children. Kind friends laid the body to rest in the church yard, to await the coming of Jesus.

My mother then settled the estate, and the same Sunday school boy referred to previously, who at that time had become one of the best lawyers in the State, was her attorney. He was fixing up some letters for her one day, and she offered him the postage. Tears rose in his eyes; he looked straight into mother's and said, "No. I would be the last one to charge you a cent. People that have done as much for me as you and your husband." All that good friends could do in sympathy and prayer was done for our



comfort. The union meeting of which father was moderator rendered sympathy through a committee, in *The Holiness Advocate*, all of which we appreciate.

“A precious one from us is gone  
 A voice we loved is stilled;  
 A place is vacant in our home,  
 That never can be filled.  
 God in His wisdom has recalled  
 The boon His love had given;  
 And though the body moulders here,  
 The soul is safe in heaven.  
 “Father’s gone, but not forgotten,  
 Never shall his memory fade;  
 Sweetest thoughts shall ever linger  
 ’Round the grave where he is laid.  
 It was hard to part with father;  
 Oh, so hard to see him die!  
 But then we will try to meet him  
 In that heavenly home by and by.”

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NOTE.

After the life of my father was published, the same lawyer referred to as being in father’s Sunday school class read the book. He at that time was a famous statesman, but never forgot his favorite old friend, my father. Here is a letter he sent me after reading the book. This noble-hearted young statesman met his death suddenly by a freight car passing over his body, February 20, 1909.

MR. STEWART’S LETTER.

September 2, 1905.

Mrs. Florence Goff,  
 Benson, N. C.

Dear Florence: I have with a great deal of interest just completed the reading of the book which you have written about your father’s work. In all of my readings and researches I have

found nothing which I have read more eagerly and with more profound interest, especially so, on account of the sincere love and admiration which I had for the man, and again for the reason that it was written by you. Many times I found use for my handkerchief. I could again see his consecrated expression and hear him in his zeal as he pleaded for the young men, and the family and neighbors he loved so well. I have thought for several months, that at some time I would suggest to you the very thing which you have done. I know of no man within my knowledge, whose life and whose teaching have had a more salutary effect on the youth.

So long as I live I shall always gratefully remember the kindness and interest which he exhibited for me in my young manhood, and solicitude for me in my maturer years, although I am just thirty years old now. In 1900, when the people of this county wanted me to go to the Legislature, before I would agree to make the fight for nomination, I went to his house to see him and obtain counsel from him. I found him north of the home, I think, plowing. I went to the place, and while we were there, the eclipse of the sun came with its luster and georgeousness on that bright May morning, and the conversation then between us has still remained fragrant in my mind. We stood and watched the eclipse coming on, and as I recollect now, he started to his home; but then the conversation drifted to the discussion of the powers of God and the infinitesimal insignificance of us beings. We there, near the fence, had a prayer, the last, I think, I ever heard him make. He went away, after advising me to accept this nomination, and after a little discussion between us to break up the liquor holes then in our community. Of course you know the result, and how when the Legislature met I made the effort; and how the crowd tried to overawe me, and how they undertook to browbeat me; and during this time, I received a letter from him, in which he said he had been praying for me, and that God had assured him that I would do the best for the people in our community, and especially for the young men, his sons and my brothers and neighbors. I passed the bill, and after my return from Raleigh, the first time I met him, he made me feel better than I had felt in the whole two months while

there, by taking my hand and telling me that all the Christian people and right-thinking men were with me, and success would crown the efforts of one who tried to do the right. Thank God, we have about gotten the evil where the good people can control it, and we will continue to go further until the thing is completely stamped out. I should never have gone to the Legislature if he had advised me against it, for I had made up my mind to take his advice about the matter before I went to see him. I would to God that my own children had the tutelage of such a man. You are eminently correct when you say that the temptation is much stronger and the chances for wrecking the lives of the young men and women are greater than ever before. This is a commercial and dollar-chasing age, and I fear that even the parents are too neglectful of their children, not in pride and dressing, but in heart-training.

We in our home have two little children, both of whom have sprung up like two little flowers, and it is needless for me to say that my life so far as the business affairs go is based on these children. I know that I cannot with my limited opportunities and advantages accomplish much in this life; but I hope to bless others through them; but alas! how soon they may be overtaken. Therefore, I say, that we are going too far away from the old landmarks in these cities and towns. But I am going too far from what I intended to say. He stood by me as a father, and more like a guardian angel during my young boyhood, and shaped my life, gave encouragement, emulation and enthusiasm which enabled me to undergo the hardships and privations of poverty and adversity without a murmur, and to strive to accomplish something for myself and my people. I shall always treasure his memory until that hour when I myself shall go down into the tongueless silence of a dreamless death. One thing which I desire that you, your mother and the brothers and sisters always feel, and that is, you have a friend in me. I have written these few lines hurriedly, and late at night. It now lacks only two minutes of twelve, and I am tired and must stop.

My kindest regards to you, Brother Goff and the family.

Yours sincerely,

W. A. STEWART.



# SOME OF THE LORDS DEALINGS WITH US.

Since I wrote the first part of this booklet, God has blessed us in a wonderful way. Father died November 23, 1903. The 17th of January, 1904, our first boy was born. This was the fourth child in five years' time. We had been in debt ever since we built near my father's. That summer my husband heard Dr. Watson preach at the Falcon Camp Meeting, on paying God His tenth. In the face of about eight hundred dollars debt, God laid it on my husband to begin an account with God and pay God what he owed Him, and trust God to help us pay our debts to man. My husband cleared land, preached most of the time, except when he would close a meeting and come home for a rest, but, my friends, his rest was clearing land. We burned logs until eleven o'clock at night. I stayed home most of the time, worked hard, lived cheap, kept begging God to help us out of debt. It became such a burden until I decided we could eat our biscuits very well without any lard in them, and that would save a little. We had borrowed a little cow. She gave us plenty of milk, and about two ounces of butter per day. This butter and our biscuit was our breakfast. A big pot of cabbage and Irish potatoes cooked with an inch of bacon, corn bread and buttermilk, was our dinner and supper. We were healthy, hearty, and happy as larks. I felt like I had the biggest office in the world, to be the wife of a preacher that was living a clean life, preaching a full gospel, and winning men to God by dozens. Oh, glory, I think so yet! How happy I would be to get a letter from my husband that read like this:

“Oh, glory! The fire is falling over here in the meeting. Twenty-five at the altar last night. One poor drunkard saved, his home made happy that was once miserable. Old quarrels have been settled; men that have not spoken for years embrace each other, begging pardon, and weep like children. I cannot tell when the meeting will close. Pray that God will use me much,

that He will have His way. God bless you and the children. A kiss for each of you.

“Your

HENRY.”

Oh, I say to myself, I am staying by the stuff, praying for him; how happy I feel!

I was so glad to do hard work, relieve him of every burden I could; wear old clothes, old hats, and thought they were good enough; was happy as a sunbeam. I felt in some way God would get us out of debt. We owed Bro. Daly, of Kinston, about forty dollars. My husband and Brother Crumpler were down there holding a meeting in a church near Brother Daly's old home. One morning husband started to write to me. Brother Daly handed him his note and said, “Send that to your wife; tell her to make that payable to Rowland Daly Goff.” So that paid a debt and named the first boy. We thanked God and took courage. We scattered the children among our relatives in the summer and held some wonderful meetings. Hundreds were saved; some backslid, it is true, but thank God, some stand true yet, and several have been welcomed into glory, left bright testimonies that they were going there.

We owe much gratitude to both our mothers, several of our neighbors, especially Sister Martha Stewart, and my aunt, Ell Wheeler, for keeping our children and teaching them as if they had been their own. When the crowning day comes, these precious women will surely be rewarded for helping us win souls. It took a good bit of thinking to pack Irene and Rowland for one place, Myrtle and Bliss to separate places, and then arrange our grips with baby's things, books, tracts and so on, but God helped me. The greater the task to get off was, it seemed the bigger the victory ahead.

During those years, I think it was in the early spring of 1904, my husband was preaching near Wilson Mills, Johnston county. He was called upon to pray for old Uncle Telfer Jones, a colored man that had not walked a step in several years. God healed him. He arose, walked the house that day, and to Smithfield, four miles, the next day. I think it was three or more years he

had been bound by Satan, as Jesus said; and he too was loosed on the Sabbath day. Many other cases of healing we witnessed before Pentecost. I remember another case in Cartaret county. An old woman had been shut in two years, I think it was. Husband prayed for her, she arose and walked to her neighbor's house in a short time.

During the month of July, 1905, we were invited by Brother Blaylock, the pastor of New Hope church, Johnston county, to assist him in a meeting. We went. In our congregation were two men we owed fifty dollars each; had owed it two years or more, I think. We just could not pay it. How bad we felt to try to hold a meeting in the face of this, but we knew we had worked hard and economized, and felt before God we had tried and could not. Husband went and told the men (they were twin brothers, Cousins Ben and Rance Allen) that he was sorry he could not pay the debt when due. They bore with him until he could pay the debt. They were Christians, and bore with him long. The Lord worked in a wonderful way. All of both their children that were old enough, that were at that time unsaved, were converted and joined the church; some of them were sanctified. At the close of the meeting Bro. Rance gave us twenty-five dollars of the debt, and Cousin Ben twenty. We spent Christmas with them. Cousin Rance gave us the other twenty-five, interest and all, with a fine fat pig. Cousin Ben gave us a sack of meat, I have forgotten how much — a lot in my eyes then, I can tell you — and waited about two or three more years for the balance of the money, and never did charge any interest. We surely did thank God, and named a second son for them, Benjamin Ransom.

That Christmas I shall never forget. We helped eat five Christmas turkeys at different homes; had some good services at the Sanders' schoolhouse. My husband preached in tents, brush arbors, schoolhouses, on street corners, in churches; anywhere God led and the place was open. He stood for the truth of Bible holiness in hard places. Among a furious mob once, I remember. A boy came to the shelter we were preaching under in Moore county and informed us that a mob of sawmill darkeys were soon to be on us to run us from the meeting. They came

near enough so we understood them as they raved out, "Shoot him again," and fired eleven times, but never came any nearer. My husband preached the boldest I almost ever heard him. He assured the people that God was there, and that He was the God that dried up the hand of the wicked king that rose up against God's prophet. I think the mob thought it had a bad crowd to scare, and they hushed up. We went on unmolested. God gave us a good service that night.

Once in Johnston county, Pleasant Grove township, a mob came in the church to club him. Ordered the lamps put out. God stood by, and no one was hurt. I saw a wicked man collar him with an open knife in his hand, and threaten his life. To be a true preacher of the truth means to get ready to die by it.

My husband always insisted on me leading all the services I felt led to during a meeting. One meeting our Rowland was about eight months old, sick all the time, cried day and night. When husband preached, I walked the church yard with the baby. When I had the service he had to walk with the baby, but the Lord blessed us, and we had a blessed time. Oh, how God has provided for us! Clothes, shoes, quilts, groceries and everything, we have just trusted God and it has come.

Once when Ransom was six weeks old, I was at home with the five acres of farm and the children. One day I was washing, and received my mail. The letter was from my husband, telling me to send the children this way and that way, bring the baby with me and be there in about forty-eight hours, a distance of about a hundred miles. But with the aid of mother, brothers and sisters, I made the trip, and arrived at the appointed time. But alas! when I offered my check for my baggage, it was not there. Oh, my, what shall I do? Left among the baggage at Benson, and I at Ivanhoe; a baby and myself to dress. I was met at the station by Sister Mamie Henry (now in glory), and she said, "Sister Goff, I am so glad your baggage was left." I was astonished at her. She said, "Well, God wants you to have some more clothes, and you will get them; but if you had your baggage you would not get them." It proved to be true. The baby's need was amply supplied, and mine also. We kept the baby out in June under a large oak shelter, built of bushes in



front of it. He fattened on his first evangelistic tour, and seems to like it yet.

The meeting at Kelly's will never be forgotten by those who attended it. Many were saved and sanctified and several healed. One thing I saw there I have never seen just like that anywhere. On Sabbath morning, at the close of the meeting, as service began, a cloud came up, and a heavy rain seemed to be over us. My husband called for prayer. He asked God to drive the cloud away, so the people would not get wet. He got up and preached, the cloud split over us, and in a little way from us it rained so some of the people had to stop, and missed the morning service. God did it; that's all.

A few years before this meeting, Bros. Page and Avant held the first holiness meeting down there. Mamie and Ed Henry and their old colored woman were all saved and sanctified. Bro. Ed soon accepted a position with a firm down in Georgia. They moved down there. While they were down there, Aunt Mary Jane Hayes, the old colored woman mentioned above, was still on their farm in Bladen county, took consumption, was very low, and without food. One night as Brother and Sister Henry knelt to pray in their Georgia home, Sister Mamie began to shout, "Yes, Lord, Mary Jane Hayes shall have bread!" Ed said, "What, wife, are you losing your mind?" She said, "No; I saw Mary Jane on her knees begging God for bread." They wrote John Kelly to take her some bread. He went over and found her lying there on an old straw bed, and bed sores on her where the slats in the bed were. He said, "How are you, Aunt Mary?" "I am almost dead, but I am happy." He said, "Have you any bread?" She replied, "None except what you see cooking, but God will send me some." He read the letter to her. She shouted so he could scarcely read it. What I see in this is if Jesus is in our hearts we can be happy on a poor bed and with little food; and another thing I see, we have to pray so long sometimes for money or clothes, when maybe God tells five or ten, maybe more, people to supply our needs before any obey. No doubt many of God's people around the old darkey had been gently reminded by God of her need, but no one near would listen, so God listened to her cry for bread until He said, "She

shall have it, if I have to alarm My child five hundred miles away to send her bread." She got the bread. After that, she soon died a triumphant death and soared away to glory.

We held meetings all that summer; helped pastors in churches most all the time. God never failed to give a revival. The year of 1906, my husband began to talk about moving to Falcon, where we could send the children to a holiness school. In March we were going to take a three months' tour for Jesus. Our little ones were scattered, Irene with Aunt Ell; Rowland with his Grandmother Goff, sixty miles from home; Myrtle, Bliss and baby were to go with us. Our first meeting was to be at Bethel Holiness School. Brother G. F. Taylor at that time was principal of the school. The Spirit worked; so did the devil. It looked like Sister Taylor and her Baby, Havens, would die. We prayed some nights a good part of the night. Victory came at last. They were healed. The meeting was real good. I never have enjoyed a trip better. The meeting and commencement were all held together. The commencement helped the meeting. It was on Bible lines. Had a good sermon that day by Brother A. B. Crumpler. Hymns were sung, pieces on the second coming of Jesus, tribulation, and so on, were recited by the students. It was all over and we went to Magnolia. Sister Alice Cook came and carried Myrtle home with her and kept her until we held meeting at Magnolia and Beulahville. When they were over, Bliss went to Brother Cook's and we took Myrtle with us. The meeting at Magnolia was real good; many were blessed. Sister Murphy, of Bethel, was a good woman. She was burdened for her people at Beulahville, and she got us and Brother G. F. Taylor off down there. Sent her daughter Lessie to play and Maggie Bryan to help sing. We drove fifteen miles down there; found a good large crowd gathered in an old dilapidated Presbyterian church. Holiness in its fulness had only once been preached there. The people were Presbyterians and no-hellites. We were more readily received than we expected to be. A well-to-do farmer, the man that owned the church house, gave us a welcome in his home, treated us very nice. Stopped his hired men and let them go to church at eleven o'clock; carried his organ into the church.\* Conviction got on the people. God began

to work. Several were saved; some reclaimed; but at the end of a week the clever man that had treated us so nice took a notion that the meeting must close; forbade his wife or children going any more. We were still in his home. We took meals off in the daytime, but he told us to come back every night until that Monday night. Brother Taylor and husband stayed in the woods most all the evening praying. They did not come back for supper. They got the news that he wanted the meeting stopped. My husband said he would carry it on if he slept in the church and boarded at the store. He said God said go on, and he would. We left the house that night. None of the family said to come back; none went with us. Service over, everybody left, and no one said, "Go with me," so we just stayed in the church, prayed, shouted and sang all night. It was one of those cold nights in April when feather beds and warm blankets are just comfortable. Bliss and my baby Rance were asleep on a bench, covered with their father's overcoat. He carried the heater in the house, picked up pine knots and made a fire. There were about twelve or fifteen lights out of the windows. I pinned my baby's garments over the cold, broken windows, and we stayed all night. The people were disturbed, they said, by dogs barking, all night. The folks somehow found it out. The man's wife we had been stopping with came after us about sunrise. She said if she had known it, she would not have slept a bit all night. We had plenty of invitations after that. We closed out there with good victory in our souls, feeling at least we had given them the truth.

Brother Murphy sent after us. We came to his home, and spent Monday there. I ate some strawberries, and was taken with appendicitis. We prayed and I claimed the victory. We left for Wilmington next day. That day I suffered all day. Husband went to his appointment. I stayed at Uncle D. M. Beardley's. At about eleven o'clock I was taken with death-like pangs. Oh, what I endured from then until four o'clock in the morning will never be known! The pain was greater than my faith. I gave way after so much pain until it had taken my strength so it took two to raise me up. I longed to die. I would far rather have died than been carried to the hospital. But I could not die or get better, it seemed; just suffering death. I consented for

a doctor. He came and pronounced it acute appendicitis. Said to telegraph my people that something must be done or I would be dead in twelve hours. I was carried away so near dead that I did not kiss my little girl or baby goodby. I gave my husband orders as to my funeral, on the ambulance going to the hospital. He was crying. I had no tears — I was past crying. I feared no evil. I did not care if I did die, I was in such agony. I was operated on with no fear. I told the doctor I did not fear the operation or death. He said, "That's good." I stayed there thirty-one days. My baby was just a year old, and spent his first birthday in James Walker Hospital, Wilmington, N. C. He too was very sick. The doctors gave him over to us; said to take the child to the country for fresh air and country milk. This was the first medicine we had ever given any of our children. This was the fifth child. I had not tasted drugs for seven years. Oh, what a blow to our faith! But God was so good to us. When I could not have faith for my healing, God paid my hospital bill, every cent. I bought a good sewing machine — not a costly one. We paid eighteen dollars for it; paid a girl to keep house for me until I could have faith for healing. I have often wondered why the doctor did not request a note or recommendation. He did not ask if we were good or bad, rich or poor; just carried me over. We received one hundred and forty-eight dollars while I was there. It came in through the mail from friends of God and holiness at different places where we had been. When enough had come, the money stopped coming. That year Brother C. L. Cook gave us sixty dollars. We were soon out of debt, and for about three years trusted God; lived on what He gave us; did not go in debt for a spool of thread. Oh, what freedom! I felt like flying, almost. That old dead, heavy weight was gone. Debt — how it hurts a preacher to carry a burden for souls and a load of debt. We were out of debt until we built at Falcon. We needed a good-sized house for our family, and we remembered camp meeting came once a year. We have hundreds of friends. How I do love to have them come and share with us what God gives us.

The first year that we were here, a preacher that does not live near here said, "Brother Goff, how are you going to do at camp

meeting?" He answered, "Take all that come to my house; eat what God gives us, and let God pay the bills." The preacher said, "They will break you up." Husband said, "Well, that won't take much. I trust God. I am not afraid."

That year our neighbors in front of us and some others fell in debt, charging sixty cents per day for board. We came out a little over, enough to buy groceries for several days after camp meeting was over. We gave away over four hundred meals, blessed several poor ones, and made many glad. We rejoiced, God fed us, and we had a good time. One year we had sixty-two in our house. God fed us all, and we had some left. Now, sister, you wonder how so many sleep in a six-room house. Well, just let me tell you. We have camp meeting beds; that means a pile of wheat straw, all over half a room sometimes, and fill it full of women and children. Another room the same way, full of men and boys. Some lose their clothes, it is true, but they are holiness folks you know, and they never quarrel about it. Sometimes it is very difficult to get a cook. One year I prayed for a cook, I mean a colored woman, so I could go to camp meeting. I did not tell the Lord a black woman, I just said, "A cook, Lord, I must have." He sent me about forty nice Holy Ghost cooks. Everyone almost wanted to help. How the Lord does bless.

I remember once I got to shouting and spilled the peas I was preparing for dinner; and again six women were dancing and talking in tongues in the cookroom, and we burned a piece or two of fish a little. Again it was hard to get the crowd to supper while fourteen were leaping, dancing and talking in tongues on the back porch and in the hall. Some were so happy they could not eat. Bro. N. J. Page came in. He had just received the Holy Ghost, and was jumping up about two feet high, shouting at the top of his voice, "Bloodwashed!" Who could eat supper? Again, several were healed, and one night two little girls received the Holy Ghost here in the hall, while grown folks were having a big time at the tabernacle. You say, "Well, I do wonder how God feeds all those people." Well, I will tell you just how.

One summer the Lord told some good folks we would need some chickens for the camp meeting, and they just shipped us thirty-five nice broilers. The Lord told others to give, some:

money, some vegetables, and so on, until everything came in that we needed. Praise God. Well, I must tell you something of the years we were out of debt.

I think during the first of 1906 we paid, or God helped us, out of debt. I was operated on May 2, 1906. Came home June 7th. I was a bedridden invalid until the Falcon Camp Meeting. This was the last of August. I came to camp meeting, the trip of fifteen miles, by rail. A buggy ride to and from the stations almost seemed like it would kill me. Next morning was Sunday. Oh, what pain I was in! Every nerve seemed unstrung, every limb ached. I was in a torture with pain. I tried three times to dress myself. I lay down twice while trying to dress; the second time gave way to sobbing. My grief was too much. How well and strong I was until this awful affliction came! Now a poor invalid. Doctors had failed to cure me. The doctor told me to be careful how I used a knife and fork, and not to lift a plate of bread. The thought of being an invalid broke my heart. So many times that summer I saw my baby fall from the bed or out of doors; had to look at him lie and cry until some one could come and pick him up. As soon as we got him out of the hospital we carried him to Uncle D. M. Beardsley's in Wilmington. Bro. G. F. Taylor and wife were visiting in the city at that time. We got him to come over and anoint the baby and pray for him. He got well pretty soon. I guess the doctors thought fresh air and country milk cured him, but we say the Lord did it.

I started to tell you about dressing to go to the Sunday morning service, where God touched my body in a wonderful way. I dressed, the third effort, dragged along in pain from head to foot every step of the way from camp No. 17 to the tabernacle, where the meeting was held. I arose, told my story, sobbing, and asked for prayer; told them I would be obliged to go home without relief, and to go home might kill me, as coming had made me so much worse. I will never forget the volume of prayer that arose from that vast throng that Sabbath morning. The prayer was answered. I felt in my body that I was healed. Glory! I could walk as fast as anybody I walked with after that. I went upstairs when I pleased the next day. The day I was healed I could scarcely drag in at the camp door. I went home, took all my

work, let my housekeeper go free, did my washing, scrubbing, and everything; made up my first bed September 6th, after coming home from camp meeting. God help me to give Thee the praise! God had done in one day what the doctors had tried to do for months and failed. We then began our evangelistic work together. My husband had been compelled to nurse me a great deal of the summer. He preached almost every night while I was in the hospital; would fast and pray, walk three and four miles through the city to see me every day, and take the round to his appointment at night. He helped do the preaching at the camp meeting that year, and held a meeting at Leland. I think it was all he got to attend until September. My health was good all the fall. We had some good meetings. While we were at Brother Cook's, in November, I discovered that there was something wrong with my side that had been operated on. It pained me, and I found a large knot or hernia had formed. Then I began to go down. I became a physical wreck again, seeing death, as I thought, slowly approaching. I did not fear death, but to see so much need; so many calls for mamma from my five little ones, and I was not able to come up the steps with a quart of water in a bucket. The doctor was called. He examined me December 27th and told me my doom. He looked very grave as he said, "Madam, you have something that will trouble you all your life, unless you go back to the hospital and have another operation performed." I decided I had had enough of doctors' knives; I would take Jesus or die.

In a few days Brother Cashwell began the first Pentecostal meeting in this part of the country. He had been to Los Angeles, California, and received the Holy Ghost. Came back, requested every holiness preacher in the convention and every child of God interested to attend this meeting. I thought I had received the Holy Ghost when I was sanctified, as my husband, my father and all others preached that I heard. I thought we were getting on fine; had been having good meetings; everywhere almost God blessed us. We had taken offerings and supported a missionary in China that year. We paid the tenth; had got out of debt. All was all right except my body at this time, I thought. I would get so burdened over sinners at times it seemed like I would die.

I have had such a burden I could not walk, and when I gained my strength so I could walk, the tears ran in my eyes so I could not see my way. I had been prostrate under the power of God for hours; had seen visions; been in trances; had my hands so drawn by the power of God until a strong man could not open them. I had borne some awful persecutions and could rejoice in them. My husband had been saved in a wonderful way. At the age of twenty-two God showed him his condition by the death of his fourteen-year-old sister. His conversion was wonderful. His zeal for God's cause caused him to work hard all day and walk several miles to prayer meeting at night. Thirty days after his conversion he was wonderfully sanctified and soon went to preaching. His burden for souls was so great at times, he would meet old friends on the road and cry over them; pray in the road for their salvation; soon his worldly sisters, mother and poor wicked father were saved. The home of a drinking, cursing man changed into a home of shouting and praying. Oh, what God can do! He borrowed a Bible or money to buy one, and soon was having great revivals; sometimes numbers would be prostrate on the floor in a service. He was very ignorant at that time; had only been to school ten months, but God blessed him; he stuck to his Bible till he wore two good ones out; they are marked all over and literally worn out. They are kept now as sacred souvenirs, to remind us of bygone days and the blessings of the Lord on us.

We both thought we had all the Pentecost Brother Cashwell had after going to Los Angeles; but one trip to the meeting changed his mind. He said, "Something has surely struck Bro. Cashwell; he spoke a few words in tongues." He wanted to go back, but was on a land trade at Falcon and came off down here to buy a lot or to see about building, and was going back by Dunn to the meeting.

At Christmas Brother Blaylock was at our home. We were talking about the meeting that was to be held at Dunn. I said I had all the tongues I needed. Brother Blaylock looked at me and said, "Mind what you say." I would have given a great deal if I had not said it. I said, "Well, I want all the Holy Ghost I can get, and if I was to hear you speaking in tongues it would



make me feel strange." While husband was gone to Falcon I received a card from Brother Blaylock stating that Brothers Sellers, Willie Strickland, R. B. Jackson and Brother Blaylock had all received their Pentecost and spoke in tongues and said: "Come, Brother Goff, at once, bring Sister Goff and get the Holy Ghost." About the same day I received a letter from my husband saying: "No time to buy land, but this is the time for us to get the Holy Ghost." I went to the house crying, so I could not see to sew. I longed to go. How could I? Husband was down there every day. I hoped he would get his baptism and come home, so I could go too. My mother said if I could go to that meeting I would be healed. I looked for my husband until Saturday morning. He had driven over with Brother Blaylock's horse and buggy after me. We all ran out to meet him. The children began in a chorus: "Papa, papa, have you got the tongues?" "No," was his sad reply, "but I want it worse than anything in all the world." He put his arms around me, began to cry, and said, "Honey, I see the holiness people as I never saw them before. They are the foolish virgins without the oil." I cried, too. He said, "I have brought the buggy to take you too. Get ready; your mother said she would keep all the children." On the way, He looked up and sighed, "Oh, I hope Jesus will not come until I get the Holy Ghost." I said: "Why, my dear, I never heard you say before you did not want to see Jesus to come any time." He said, "I almost get the Holy Ghost every time I seek, and the time I almost receive it someone goes to speaking in tongues, and it attracts my attention and I miss the blessing." I had never heard any one speak in tongues, but I made up my mind that I would be healed and get the Holy Ghost that day, let them do as they may. When we reached the place I heard Sister McLaughlin (now in heaven) praying, "O God, do give Bro. Goff the Holy Ghost." As I went down the aisle they arose from prayer. She threw her arms around me and cried, "Sister Goff, the blessed Holy Ghost has come. He's come! Sit down!" Then she began to sing a heavenly song in other tongues, a new sound to me. About that time Bro. McIntosh arose and began talking in tongues. O! how I cried! I felt like God was speaking. I was as one standing before God, it seemed to me. I fell

on my face at the altar by my husband and began to beg God to heal and baptize me with the Spirit. What could be the matter? I only had to go to the altar once to be converted; once to be sanctified. What was wrong? My heart was clean. I was under the blood. My consecration was complete, I was sure. "Why, Lord, how is it?" I was trying to have my way. I was praying, "Lord, let me arise and interpret what the others said." I did not care to speak myself. I thought any of the nine gifts would do as well as to speak in tongues, but I arose disappointed. The meeting was opened for testimony. I was the first, I think, to make my request. I told of how my faith had failed me the year before. How after much suffering God healed me, and that the old troubles had come back, and I was there to be healed and get the Holy Ghost. Brother Cashwell said, "Come to the altar." I went. Four or five saints came, laid hands on me, the Holy Ghost struck me; my hands began to draw; my jaws became stiff; the power went all over me. The saliva flew four feet from me; my tongue became first stiff; they said, "Praise God." I tried to; my tongue just flew. I arose knowing I was healed and baptized with the Holy Ghost. I had not been a day for a time without a body supporter, and had not slept on my left side in months without terrible pain. That evening we went to Brother Cashwell's to a prayer meeting. Sister Cashwell received her Pentecost that evening. The power of the Holy Ghost came on me and I sang in tongues. Oh, the glory! My husband thought he received his Pentecost about two minutes before I did. He was blessed and shook under the power, but did not get satisfied. He claimed he had the Comforter when he arose shouting so, but afterwards said he did not get Him and went down again. His trouble was all those sermons he had preached, saying we were baptized with the Holy Ghost when we were sanctified, and Dr. Watson and A. B. Crumpler were his big trouble. He loved them; had thought them his spiritual instructors; had preached with them, but said he knew they would not accept this doctrine, and they stood on each side of him for days. "No camp-meeting with these men if I get this." He was tempted to denounce the whole thing as of the devil and go on with Crumpler as he had been at. "But there's my wife, she is

healed; laid off her supporter, a well woman; here I am, I have tried to get it and cannot. I will quit," but he could not. God had hold of him; he kept seeking; others going through every day — preacher after preacher, until thirty preachers, I think, had received. He gave up his old sermons, big preachers, camp-meetings, and got willing to stay at home and let me go, if God said so.

On January 17th he really received the Holy Ghost. The power was so great that he shook the whole house; a large three-story prize house or tobacco storage house; his lips flew; made a noise like a shivering owl; this was so humiliating, for he desired to speak nice like Brother McIntosh, but the Lord killed him out to that, and now he speaks, sings almost any time at services or at home here and often as he walks along the Spirit speaks as He will. One thing I want to warn you of, dear reader, don't doubt God. Take the manifestation the Lord gives you. Praise Him every moment for it. He will bless you more. Husband was really baptized and then doubted; it made him bed sick, and he took a fever, and says he would have died or gone crazy had he not accepted what God gave him. I saw something was wrong; he came home from Dunn gloomy looking, complained with a heavy aching in his chest; went to bed. Would not tell me a thing of his trouble about doubting his experience, but I felt it was the devil after him. I got him up and insisted on his going back to Dunn. Brother Cashwell told him to walk the floor and praise God in the presence of that great multitude; he did. The same power struck him with the same manifestation. He was glad to take it that time. I never cared about a pretty language. I wanted the inward satisfaction I knew the Spirit brought. I got both. Glory! I just kept at my job to pray and praise God. Only a few days ago a poor sufferer, now happy, healed, baptized with the Spirit. I felt so satisfied. We at once started a meeting at home, Hodges' Chapel, that ran four weeks; it snowed a big snow, sleeted, hailed, rained, but the meeting ran, the people came, many were blessed; it began to spread. Brother Cook came to Dunn as soon as he could after getting my husband's card to come. Received his Pentecost, went home, and in a few weeks thirty down there had received.

Our meeting closed at Hodges Chapel. Husband went to Plain View Free Will Baptist church to begin a meeting and the church was closed against him. He could have demanded the key, as he was an ordained preacher of that church, but Brother John Weeks had a large house close by. He said, "Brother Goff, you can preach here." So he did. The Lord soon opened the church, and such a revival as followed! The meetings closed; he was engaged in a wonderful revival at Northeast Free Will Baptist church, where only a few weeks before the Holy Ghost fell on a young man at prayer meeting that had never heard Pentecost preached at all. He began to speak in tongues, and it resulted in over thirty receiving the Holy Ghost before a preacher had been down there to preach it at all. The power was falling when my husband received a telegram to come home at once, I was about to die. He came home, buried a little boy who only lived a few hours. We had named him for Brother Cook. Little Causus was a fine little fellow, but only lived a few hours. I was taken with the kidney colic and had five attacks, one after another, from March until September. The prayer of faith was prayed; while in a meeting at New Hope a stone passed; a sharp, three-cornered one as large as a bean, but very rugged and sharp. I never would have known it but for the noise when it fell, no pain accompanied it; just like the Lord. My health then was right good. I did my work. We sold out and moved to Falcon, January 10, 1908. On February 5<sup>th</sup>, twins were born. The boy we named John Hodges; the girl for our dear friend, Sister Cook, that had gone to heaven a few months before, little Alice. She was the sweetest baby it seemed to me I ever saw, because she was little and weak, I reckon. The babies were doing well, but I thought they were too small for their age. I went to feeding them; they both took sick and June 13<sup>th</sup>, little Alice died. I built many air castles, how pretty my babies would be by camp meeting; how they crumbled. One was in heaven; the other a little skeleton almost. During baby's sickness there were four men working on this house; their dinner to get by twelve; two sick babies and a hundred other things to do; but every day about ten o'clock the power would fall on me and I would shout, talk in tongues and have a glory all day.

We prayed and seemed to get victory several times; she would get better; then worse. Brother Luther Davis was painting our house. He was such a comfort, by his presence, prayers and words of encouragement; he would nurse sick babies, pray and paint. It was on Saturday morning we told God to heal her or take her; before we had begged Him to spare her; twice when I believed she was dying and we prayed she got better at once, but Brother Luther told us how sick his brother was when a baby and they prayed God to spare him anyhow. He is grown now and has told them many times he was sorry they prayed for him, for if he had died then, he would have gone to heaven, but now he would be lost. We said, "Yes, Lord, your way, not ours." She was living when we arose from prayer. Having to care for the babies and also having indigestion brought me from two hundred and twenty-four pounds to one hundred and thirty-five in six months. I got so I could not eat bread of any kind; milk, water or anything would put me in awful pain. If I fasted I suffered. If I ate it was worse. I went off to help in a meeting near Kinston, was anointed, God healed me; I have never had it up to this writing. Glory. That was in 1908.

At the camp meeting the Falcon work needed several hundred dollars for indebtedness. I cried. I longed to pay it off and set it free. I was poor. What could I do? I arose and told the people to pray God to give me strength. I would wash out fifteen dollars per year. I began. I could hardly pump a bucket of water. I would wash and pray and shout. I had to sit down to wash for two washings. In a few weeks I was well — got well washing for God. Glory!

Our meetings were good that year. Many were blessed. I remember one case of healing. Among many I saw that year I want to mention one case. We were near Princeton, Johnston county, holding a meeting. Sister Mitchell sent for several of the band to accompany us over to pray for her. We went and found she had been quite sick with fever. A doctor was attending her for a week; she had high fever then. We prayed, and she arose, shouting, dancing and talking in tongues. Her daughter-in-law got sanctified and began to shout, and in ten minutes had the Holy Ghost. While the shouting was still going on, the

doctor walked in. I took the Bible and sat down — got ready for anything — but the doctor was a firm believer in prayer, and rejoiced with us. He did not come to his patient any more. She made soap, and washed, and rode six miles to meeting the next week. She never lay in bed another moment from that sickness.

I saw Fanny Hough healed of consumption a while before this. Her voice was gone; she talked in a whisper, coughed dreadfully, appetite failed; was very weak. The saints gathered around her and began to pray. She whispered to me and said, "Pray on. I will be healed." She came off the bed, danced over the floor. Some tried to catch her, she was so weak, but she did not fall. She called for food and ate before we left. We went off in a meeting. When we got home she was picking two hundred pounds of cotton a day, and at this writing is still living. She had been expecting to die any time.

In April, 1909, I was well as usual, started to hit with the ax to kill a chicken for dinner, when a severe pain struck me at my right kidney. It soon made me sick and gave me a fever. I felt like my breath would be taken. I called in the saints; they held on to God for an hour before I was relieved. At last I saw I must believe or die. I arose, put my foot on the floor in Jesus' name; it felt as if I would die, but I walked and pleaded the bloody stripes of Jesus. The pain left, so I finished dinner, praised God all the evening, and was all right until I lay down that night. It struck me again. I could not turn any way, nor get up, and was just in a torture. I sent for the saints again. They prayed and I was relieved, so I got up, but the pain was too much to sleep. I decided I would read and pray all night. I took my Bible. It fell open in my hand to Psalm 127:2: "It is vain for you to rise up early, to sit up late, to eat the bread of sorrows, for so He giveth sleep to His beloved." I said, "This is for me. In the name of Jesus I will go to sleep," and I did. The devil left. Try that on him if you cannot sleep.

My husband was healed of bronchitis and catarrh, after losing twenty-two pounds in two weeks; had to almost sit up at night; coughed so he could not rest.

Our children have been healed of fits, diphtheria, croup, pneumonia, fevers, thrash and whooping cough, instantly. One had appendicitis; and in April, 1909, my baby was asleep, and one of the little girls put a little ring on his finger, as she thought. It was the top of a very sharp glass bottle neck. The finger was purple and badly swollen in a few moments. His screams soon sent me to take him up, and oh, that little hand! What should I do? No chance to slip it off; it would cut the finger to the bone. In fact it could not be done, it was so sharp. I sent for Bro. M. H. Alexander. He said, "The child is suffering; we must break it off." We did the best we could. It cut the finger dreadfully, and the little fellow almost bled to death. We prayed; he got weaker; I used a remedy that was said to stop blood, but it did no good at all. I sent in haste for Brothers J. H. King and G. F. Taylor. They were eating dinner, and finished the meal before they came, not knowing how dangerous it was to wait. This sorely tried me. They came and prayed; the blood stopped at once. I set the baby down, and went out to my washing — not praising God for healing — no, but pondering in my heart whether the preachers cared if my baby died; thinking of the times, day or midnight, all over the place I had gone at a moment's call to pray for the sick. As these thoughts were in my mind, Myrtle called me, "Come, mamma! the baby's bleeding to death." My bad thoughts turned to trouble; then I saw my mistake; sent for the same men in great haste. The baby had almost fainted; was wet in blood by that time. As soon as they got in, I confessed my thoughts; they prayed, the blood stopped instantly; baby was pale for several days, but soon was all right. Mind what you think, dear reader. That time I spent the evening in praising God for saving my baby's life.

One time Bliss woke up gasping for breath, with croup. Her father arose, got the oil and anointed her. She got so she could speak, and said, "Papa, I was almost gone, wasn't I?" Hundreds of times God has delivered us. My children expect God to heal them; they ask for prayer and beg to send for the saints as soon as they get sick. I have known them to be healed praying for one another.

I have witnessed some wonderful cases of deliverance here. Once one of our band fell crazy; in an instant the saints began to fast and pray, and deliverance came in forty-eight hours.

A baby had fever, meningitis and pneumonia; was given up on Friday to die. The doctor left; told Mrs. Randall no more could be done; the child would die, he thought, that night. The saints were called; prayed all night and a good part of the day Saturday, and much of Sunday. The child was soon well, and could walk and talk as well as ever. Some said his brain would be affected, some that he would never walk; but God did a complete work, and he was made well.

Brother George Wiggins, a schoolboy here, was reported in a dying condition one Sunday evening. Brother Culbreth left Sunday school with several others and went to his room. He was unconscious. His eyes seemed to be set in death. Disease and the work of the devil was rebuked in Jesus' name. The boy regained consciousness in about half an hour. They prayed on until he arose, dressed, and came down stairs. One boy said, "Well, he has been raised from the dead — that's all."

The same Brother Wiggins was taken later with appendicitis. The doctor told him he must have an operation, but he went to Jesus. He was so sick his people came to take him to the hospital. When they got there the Lord had healed him. He did not go.

One Saturday evening in October, I think it was 1909, Bro. Talton came in haste and said, "Sister Goff, my little girl has drunk box lye, and is suffering awful; come at once." I closed the doors: as I shut the hall door the Lord seemed to say, "If they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them." When I went in, the child was vomiting; her lips were swollen almost if not quite an inch thick. Brother Talton was crying, and said, among the groans of the saints and cries of the family, "O Lord! you know how her little stomach is being eaten by this poison." God made me say, "No, she's being healed by God's mighty power." Some said, "She will never swallow and digest her food again if she lives." I never could pray for her with victory again. Every time I would start, God would say, "Praise Me for healing; it's done." In a few days I saw the child, and she was eat-



ing, and was as fine a child as you ever saw. Just a miracle, that's all.

Again, a boy ran here at dark and said, "Sister Culbreth is dying." I ran as fast as I could, praying all the way, "O God rebuke death! Spare that mother of the Falcon camp meeting and holiness school!" As many read this know, Brother Culbreth and wife have prayed out a camp meeting, orphanage, holiness school, and have prayed many families here to help run this work of God. When I reached the room she looked almost like a dead woman; the room was full of saints crying to God. Her children were weeping with breaking hearts. I got the witness in five minutes with many others that in heaven the work was done and began in the Spirit to sing it. She opened her eyes, began to praise God. The power struck her and she began to speak as the Spirit gave utterance. When Brother Culbreth got home she was healed, and went to Sunday school next day.

Many things we have seen here. Children healed instantly of fever. Two of Brother Lee's boys were taken. Fred had been sick three days. They called the saints; the fever left as it did Peter's mother-in-law. He was well. For the first three years we lived here, a band of over a hundred; only two deaths occurred among us. They were babies. Contagious diseases have been driven from us. We have been blessed, O! so wonderfully! God be glorified! O! Praise Him!

In fifteen or twenty minutes you can call for prayer for a sick one and have a number of Holy Ghost people who believe God is alive, and that His ear is open to our cry. Thank God for Falcon. Lord, keep us clean and humble. We will outshine the sun by and by.

Since I asked the readers of my father's life to join me in prayer for the salvation of my brothers, I can tell you I was made glad indeed in the month of January, 1909, to see them all wonderfully saved and all sanctified except one. The Lord gave us a most blessed revival at Hodges' Chapel. That winter there I saw demons cast out as in Jesus' time, and those who were possessed with them fell on the floor and wallowed and foamed at the mouth just as the Bible gives cases when the devil

was rebuked by the Holy Ghost. One boy arose and jumped to be sure three feet, and tried to climb a post in the church. His brother fell on the floor, and said screaming that he was devil possessed. They were cast out and he was delivered. Confessions were made of many things. One boy threw six dollars at different ones in the church and was set free. How he shouted! It was heaven to me.

My youngest sister said she was converted at the head of father's coffin. He said they would come in if it was at his funeral or when the grass grew on his grave. His prayers are living and being answered in my life today. I have often thought one reason why people have carried me and my children, and given to us so, was because father used to run a free wagon from year to year to church and Sunday school; fed the poor from his barn and smokehouse; never was one turned away. He believed and lived the old Book. The Bible says the iniquities of the fathers will be visited upon the children, and I know it also says, "I have never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread," and I believed that. Glory!

Once when the twins were a week old, and I in bed, Rowland's last pair of everyday pants gave out. I saw the colored woman trying to mend them. I said, "Lord, send these children some readymade clothes." The prayer was not answered as soon as I thought it would be; but I waited patiently on the Lord, and He brought it to pass. Glory! A neighbor came over with five pairs of pants and two knickerbocker suits. I thought that was good, but in a few days I received a card from Brother Daly, of Kinston, saying, "Call at the express office for a box of clothes Eliza felt God wanted her to make for the children." They were there, prepaid, sixty-two pieces, just to fit, for the twins, girls, boys, papa and me. Glory! I cried, laughed, shouted, and just called in my neighbors to help me rejoice. Once before she had sent me twenty-two readymade pieces. Those people too will share the glory at the crowning day, with hundreds of others that have helped us to spread holiness over the Carolinas.

I used to want my husband to be a far-reaching, from Canada to Cuba, from Maine to California, preacher, but God showed

me that would not do, years before Pentecost. I got willing for him to live and die in these four counties if God said so. Our work up till 1910 or 1911 was wholly in North and South Carolina, except one trip when God led husband to a few places in Georgia.

The Lord sent Sister Julia Hough one May to keep house for us. She was a fine missionary, and we had fine meetings in South Carolina. God gave revivals at every place. The meeting at Lake City was not so good, but several were blessed. One wonderful case of salvation. Out in the country, two miles from Lake City, God gave wonderful victory; about sixty, I think, were saved, reclaimed, or baptized with the Spirit. We tried to close the meeting, but forty were at the altar screaming, "Lord, save me!" One would get through, and for about a minute from twelve to fifteen would shout, then go down and pray another one through, then shout. For four hours that altar service ran. No preacher could have preached there that night without resisting God's Spirit, and I doubt if that had stopped it. We carried the meeting on another week, and left twenty-five or more seeking God. The farmers had gone to meeting then, some of them, five weeks in May and June, and it rainy too; it meant a victory, though. We left the church one night, and I started to retire; we heard somebody west of the house about a half a mile, praying at the top of their voice; went in the room, and east of the house about a quarter of a mile I heard another praying, "O God, do give him the Holy Ghost!" I felt good, went to sleep, and let God work. I had done all I felt like the Lord wanted me to do, that night.

God gave us a good meeting at Clinton, S. C., and at Long Branch too. At Clinton the Methodist and Baptist preachers helped in the meetings. The Baptist preacher let us in the large, fashionable church to baptize some candidates, and was very kind to us. They were a clever people anyway.

Sister Hough stayed with us until October. I went for God all summer. How He did bless! Never failed to give us souls any place. When she was called home, I had to take mamma's place again. I love home as well as you do, mothers, but I told God to sanctify me and I would follow Him. God did, and I

have done the best I knew since I was fifteen years old. I went with father until I married, and then father, Henry and I went together a good deal. I would rather win souls than dig for gold, or be queen, or any such thing. But when the way is closed to go, I am just as happy at home, washing for school-boys, scrubbing, hoeing cotton, pulling corn, or anything, Lord. I am having a good time.

The convention that was to consolidate the two churches, held in January, 1911, was preceded by a revival held in the tabernacle by Brother A. G. Canada. I was delighted at the thought of a meeting. I planned to go, but the day it was to begin the next, I arose early, going to work hard and get ready for the meeting. In a few moments I was taken with a trouble that often kills mothers. For months my health had ben perfect, rarely an ache or pain: was on top; had the victory over disease, and sin, and was happy. My condition became alarming, and the devil said, "You will be dead in a few minutes." I said, "Thank God, I am ready, but I will trust God and not be afraid." My husband and another preacher soon came in the house. I told them to pray, and in ten minutes relief came, without enough pain to mention. The neighbors said, "Lie still; don't stir." God said, "I have healed you; arise in My strength," and I did. It frightened some. I went to meeting, went to cooking. God gave me my strength at the church. While I was dancing some of the women trembled for me. It was God. He can do anything. I was told not to stir for a week; to lie still. I did not do so for a day; went to work second day; to church, where God's honor dwelleth, the fourth day. There He gave me my strength. I cooked for from twelve to sixteen during convention, and was as well as I ever was. The second week I washed 178 pieces, fixed three meals, went to prayer meeting that night feeling good. Glory! All the doctors in the world could not have given me my health. God did. Oh, glory! I will love Him, I will praise Him till life is over. Then I hope to meet you, dear reader, in glory.

In the spring of 1911 we had a meeting near the home of Bro. Merritt Whittenton, about three miles from Dunn, N. C. A few days before this meeting began, one of our boys was taken with

pneumonia. For four nights we were compelled to sit up with him, as he was seriously ill. On the night before we were to leave to begin the meeting, we, with several friends, prayed if it was God's will for us to begin it, to heal the boy, and we would go.

The next morning he arose, feeling well. He dressed and walked around as usual, except that he was pale and weak. My husband prepared to go, but I decided that I had better stay at home until he was stronger. About 10 o'clock Myrtle ran home from school and said, "Mamma, why don't you get ready and go? You told God you would go if He would heal Rance. If you don't get ready and go, he will be sick again." I hurried off in about thirty minutes. We put up the tent and began. One poor drunkard was saved, gave a bright testimony, and within three weeks was dead. He was baptized by my husband, took communion, washed feet, and in two weeks was taken sick and died, leaving good hopes. The last night of the meeting he took me by the hand and said, "It was your prayers that reached my heart." These words have been a tonic to my faith. Many times when I have been discouraged, I think of Rob Ryals being in heaven, and he said it was my prayers brought him to Jesus.

In this same meeting Albert Butler was saved, and John Rich Jernigan was called to preach. They have been preaching a full gospel ever since.

Before this meeting closed, Myrtle took typhoid fever and had two hemorrhages. Sister Annie Register and my sister Dora were with her. They had nursed Myrtle with the best of care. The saints had prayed, but she had not eaten anything for seven days except one spoonful of chicken broth, and some orange juice. Ice was all she wanted. Two persons were required to keep her on the bed, she was in such a restless condition. We came home and prayed for her. Husband went back to the meeting, but I stayed, as I thought she was too sick for me to leave. On Tuesday afternoon, about four o'clock, she arose and said, "I am healed." She had had the hemorrhages that morning, so I said to her, "You must eat something." She ate a bowlful of chicken soup with bread, like someone famished. She then wanted to go to Sister Taylor's for some strawberries, which Sister Taylor had promised to give her when she got well. Myrtle said she was

well, but Sister Dora siad, "Don't you dare let her go. She will die on the way." I said, "I will not pray for healing and then get scared when it comes." She went, and got a quart of strawberries and ate them. That night she went with me to the prayer meeting, and the next day she and I left for the tent meeting. She was well from that day and hour. When we got to Godwin, where we boarded the train for Dunn, Mr. Dean, a merchant, asked me if that was the child they had got so much ice for from him. I said it was. He said, "I declare, that is a miracle." He seemed pleased very much over her healing, even though he was a Primitive Baptist.

In the spring of this same year, the smallpox broke out in Falcon. Lattie Culbreth took this disease, and was carried to the home of Mr. Jesse Starling, about one mile from here, where there were four cases. Brother J. A. Culbreth went every day to look after them until they were well. It had been a great while since the others had been well, and we thought that Brother Culbreth would not have the smallpox, but he was taken sick, and had a very high fever. We went to pray for him, and nearly a hundred people went to see him before he was broken out. The saints met every morning and prayed for God to rebuke the disease, and He did. Only five had the smallpox in the village.

We were holding a meeting in Lake City, S. C., in the spring or in June of 1911. It was so dry that the cotton would not come up. We called a fast day to pray for rain. My husband testified that it would rain before night, but the wind was high and there was no sign of rain. He fell on his knees at four o'clock and told God he wanted rain. It thundered before he got up from prayer, and before he could pull a carriage under the shelter, he was wet. We went to church that night through mud and water, instead of the cloud of dust that had been for weeks.

We went from Matthews' Tabernacle, near Lake City, S. C., to Vox., S. C., and had a good meeting at this place.

In the winter of 1913, my husband spent two months away from home. He preached in Georgia, Tennessee, Alabama and Missouri. While he was away from home, a lady from Scotland Co., N. C., came for me to go down there to pray for a sick woman, and also to have some services. I got Sister Annie Reg-

ister to keep house while I was away. I took Sister Georgiana Stewart and went. We had meeting in a private home at first, but it was unable to accommodate the people. I went to Wright's Chapel Free-Will Baptist church for services, where several were saved. I had a very good meeting at this place.

The Methodists invited me to their church, which at that time was without a permanent pastor. Here I saw the power of God manifested in an extraordinary way. Strong men lay on the floor and screamed and cried until late hours in the night. The whole community was affected, and many were saved, sanctified and baptized with the Holy Ghost. One farmer walked twelve miles to attend this meeting, and of course he was blessed. As soon as my husband arrived at home, he went down to this place by urgent request of the people, and many turned unto the Lord.

In a few months we returned to this place and found that the conference had sent a pastor to this people, and the following notice was tacked on the door of the church:

“No Admittance to Pentecostal People.”

We had service in the Free-Will Baptist Church, and since then we have held a tent meeting down there, but have never been allowed in the Methodist church since.

Our second girl, Bliss, learned to play an instrument at ten years of age, did her papa's laundry and mending, and was his organist during vacation. Sometimes I could go with him, but most of the time home duties kept me.

On December 24, 1913, my father-in-law fell dead in the woods. He had his gun and dogs with him. His bird dog stayed by him for twenty-two hours, till a searching party of over a hundred men found his body. The men had searched all night, and found him about two o'clock on Christmas Day. It was a sad Christmas for us. He was saved under my husband's ministry after he began to preach in 1896. He had been a slave to tobacco and a bad drunkard, but never touched whiskey, tobacco or coffee after he was saved. He hated whiskey as bad as did Sam Jones; he told people of the sums of money he had spent, of the narrow escapes he had from death, and of the suffering

he had caused his family. A house was blown down on him by a storm about a year before he died. This came very near killing him. The doctor offered whiskey to him, as he was so near dead when they cleared the wreckage of the house from his body. He refused to take the whiskey and told the doctor that he would die sober, and he did. He was a successful farmer, and if he had been saved twenty years before there is no doubt but what he would have become a rich man, but while in sin he wasted his earnings in fights and law-suits. He always pitied the poor and homeless. He took four old folks to his home and kept them. He was as kind to them as he was to his own family. He was very fond of his grandchildren, and to go to grandpa's was their delight. He lost thousands of dollars by signing notes with people and then having them to pay. He took ten bales of cotton from his family to pay one note for a man that never tried to pay him back. He helped the same man time and time again till the man died. After he died the farm was sold for division, and his widow and youngest son came to live with us.

In 1914 the Mexican uprising set in. My brother-in-law, Billie, enlisted in the army and went to the border as a guard. He took cold, which developed into pneumonia. They brought him to Goldsboro, N. C., to the Spicer Sanatorium. He lingered on for six weeks, and the disease went into tuberculosis. He had smoked cigarettes until his lungs were too weak to withstand this attack. His mother watched him night and day. He prayed and begged God to save him. He told my husband that there was nothing between him and God. He warned the soldiers that visited him to stop smoking. He was singing, "O Lord, Send the Power Just Now." The singing stopped; the singer was gone. A young man, just at the age of twenty-one and in the bloom of life, had departed from this life. He told his mother to tell the boys not to smoke; the smoking of cigarettes had killed him. On June 11, 1917, he died. He was buried with high military honors in the old family graveyard, with his father.

My husband and Bliss were in a meeting at Robersonville, N. C. At this place the pastor of the "Campbellite" or Disciple Church went for him through the pulpit and the press, and kept every one away that he could. My husband replied to the article



of this preacher in the paper, and then the preacher "shut up." As a rule the girls of a town treat our girls very nice, but in this town Bliss did not meet a girl except in the home of a Mr. Moore, where they were entertained.

In June, 1925, my husband went to Winston-Salem, N. C., to hold a tent meeting; one in West Winston and one in East or South Winston. He had a wonderful meeting. At the last named place a very strange thing happened. One night while my husband was preaching a sermon on "The Judgment," a well dressed, pretty girl threw up her hands and began to scream. She ran over seats, over folks and fell prostrate at the altar. She began crying just as if she saw hell. She prayed for quite a while and seemed to be saved. She and her husband were separated; her parents had her children in the country, and her husband was in Cincinnati, Ohio. She began to pray for God to bring him to that meeting. On Sunday night, as the meeting was closing, I saw her go to a well dressed young man who was standing at the back of the tent. He came to the altar and prayed and cried for some time. Soon they left the tent together, but there was some trouble that was never settled. In a few days after we got home a friend from Winston-Salem sent me a clipping from a paper which gave an account of the suicide committed by this young woman. This young woman reached her death by throwing herself in front of a street car as it was going down grade.

In the fall of 1915 my husband held meetings in Florida, at Bristol and Tallahassee. He had a public debate with a preacher that belonged to the M. E. Church. They debated in the court house on the subject of "Pentecost." My husband had a terrible case of sore eyes, and debated blind-folded, but he won in the debate, although suffering in agony with his eyes. He had a new experience at Bristol. Judge Owens, a Pentecostal man, was trying the case of a boy, eighteen years old, who had stolen a watch and was carrying a pistol. He had no lawyers to plead his case, was motherless, a long way from home, and he looked so young and pitiful. This sight touched my husband's heart. He arose and asked permission to speak, and soon he had the court room in tears. He called them all to prayer, and the boy

got off for almost nothing. His father couldn't thank husband enough, and the boy was glad, too.

In the fall of 1916 husband was engaged in meetings in Florida. On this trip he held the Camp Meeting at Wetumpka. While he was away our four-year-old son, Henry Hood, took pneumonia and spinal meningitis. He had twenty fits in fifteen hours. The saints were called; they prayed all night and until two o'clock the next day. Brother Culbreth asked God to give power to some one in the room to rebuke this awful disease that we all seemed powerless over. In a minute the power struck Sister Mattie E. Virden; she ran to the boy, began to rub him under the power of God; and he was having a fit at this time. He opened his eyes, smiled, and called for water. Sister Virden said, "He will never have another fit." He has never had a fit since. He was helpless and had a fever for sixty days; pus gathered in his side; he was crooked and deformed, and he looked like a corpse walking around. He was unable to turn over in bed. One morning at our breakfast table husband was praying for him, husband said, "I'll never look at him crooked any more. He is straight in the name of Jesus." He was soon well. He is now ten years old, and we have to buy fourteen-year-old size of clothes for him. Two doctors in Dunn told me that he was one out of a thousand that ever got well; most all of these were deformed in some way, and even their mind was affected.

Brother A. E. Robinson's child was healed after having nineteen fits, and is now a bright, healthy boy.

In the early spring of 1915, I think, a Sister Woolard, of South Creek, N. C., wrote my husband to go down there and hold a meeting in a Free-Will Baptist Church. The membership of this church had gone down and they had no pastor. The community was thickly settled, almost a village. Husband went; walked down the road and made his own appointment. Several came for the first service, and in a few days they began to seek the Lord and many found Jesus. Since then two churches have been organized as a result of that meeting, and Brothers Canada, Mayo and J. D. Messick, Jr., have been called to preach. Young Brother Messick has been in school since his conversion. Six years ago he came to Falcon and entered school here in the eighth

grade. He finished High School, taught one term of school here, went to Elon College and graduated this year (1922). Young Messick is a fine musician, has a well trained voice, is a good preacher and school teacher.

One thing of interest that occurred at Organ, or South Creek, is given below. A well-to-do man let husband preach in a hall over his store, and in a few months he gave husband about a hundred dollars. One day Mr. Martin said to husband; "Mr. Goff, it pays me to let you preach here. Folks that have been saved in your meeting have brought back so much stuff that they stole from me. A logging outfit that cost me one hundred and fifty dollars has been returned, besides lots of other things."

On January 8, 1916, while husband was holding meetings in Florida, our old fatherly friend, Doctor Rowland, died. He had nursed me at the birth of my children, put nine stitches in my arm where a dog bit me, nursed me after I came from the hospital, and brought husband home from the depot every time he found him with no way to get home, for eight years. He had us at his home for weeks at a time when we held meetings in Benson, N. C. He gave us money, and never charged us a cent for the many things he did for us. His health failed several years before he died, and for much of his time he was unable to practise at all. He went from one hospital to another until everything was gone. He lost his home where he sheltered so many of God's people, peddlers, tramps and the poor of all kinds; he treated all of these people kindly. He was the finest Hebrew and Greek scholar I ever saw; had the greatest pity for the poor and ignorant. He much preferred hearing a preacher, who probably could not read his text correctly and had the power of God with him, than to hear a D. D. who had the letter and no power.

Dr. Rowland was the first man I ever saw with a copy of a holiness paper. He was the first man I ever heard talk about holiness and divine healing. He said he wished everybody would trust the Lord for the healing of their bodies, even if he had to grub for a living. Very often he prayed for his patients, carried my husband and other holiness preachers to pray for many of his patients. Once after we moved to Falcon, he phoned to me to come to Benson and pray for one of his patients that

was given up to die with pellagra. I went and prayed for the man. Doctor told the man how sick he had seen me and how God raised me up in answer to prayer. The sick man recovered, and was working for his living the last I heard of him. That has been thirteen years ago. When I received the message that doctor was dead I had just enough cash for my carfare to Benson, and back. I made ready and started to go and met Myrtle coming with the mail. In the mail was a letter, with five dollars enclosed, from Dr. Tuton, of Bristol, Florida. The money was a New Year's gift to me. At once I resolved to place it on Dr. Rowland's funeral expenses. After Brother Charlie Johnson was through preaching the funeral sermon, I asked for a few words. I told the people how hard it would be for this widow and two small children to pay these expenses. I laid my \$5.00 on the casket and called for a song. While they sang, enough cash was put on that casket to pay for the lot, to pay the gravedigger, to pay for the casket and get a headstone to mark his resting place. I spent the night after the funeral with Brother Oscar Johnson. He arose early on Monday morning and went down town. When he came back he said, "The men down town have sent \$6.00 they want you to have." It has been over six years since Dr. Rowland died, but I miss him yet at the Camp Meeting. He was always here as long as he was able to attend. The last time he came it looked as if he would die. I miss him as I get on and off the train at Benson. He helped me on and off that train for years, and was never too busy to help people. He did not regard his time, money or life if any one was suffering. Day and night he sat over suffering people till his strength failed. He died just as he said "Amen" to Sister Wilson's prayer.

For three or four years in succession, in the month of October, husband held meetings in Little Rock, S. C., at the invitation of our dear friend, Bro. W. T. Huggins. He was a leader in the Baptist church there, but he loved holiness, and sought it. He sent his daughter here to school. When she was leaving he told her goodbye and said, "I hope you will get the experience of holiness." She did in a revival held here during the term of school she was here. One day she was summoned home to the bedside of her father. In a few days he went to his reward. He

died on October 15, 1918. He fed the poor and was kind to all. About twenty years ago he was married and took his wife to a rented home on a borrowed buggy. When he died he left his widow one hundred thousand dollars, which he made by hard labor and good management. He would entertain all the workers we carried as long as we would stay. Although he had over four hundred acres of cotton to look after, he had time to take us on his car anywhere we wanted to go, and bring us home, most a hundred miles. He gave us anywhere from ten to fifty dollars each meeting. His influence was great. We closed one meeting in the Baptist church with fifty at the altar. My husband paid a man fifteen dollars to take him and Myrtle to the funeral of Brother Huggins.

The fall of 1918 will be long remembered as the time of the great epidemic of influenza, which swept away more than the war had killed. We had a hundred cases here in Falcon during October, and forty more cases in December. The people prayed, and only two called for a doctor. We only had two deaths: Brother Griffin and Mr. Bud Johnson's child died. Five of our children had it. Eunice had three fits with it, but we had prayer for her and the next day she was up begging for butter and biscuit. There were so many sick ones and so many calls for prayer that I would go to one place and husband would go to another. Professor A. C. Holland and John Messick came very near dying. I went to the dormitory one day to see the sick folks, and I heard someone crying and groaning in a very distressing way. I asked who it was, and was told that it was Pierce Brooks, a boy that had lived with us for almost five years. I went up at once and found him crazy with pain. I saw that if he didn't get relief he would go into fits, so I sent for my husband and his mother. Before his mother came, the Lord had touched him. He got up and went downstairs to cut some wood. Brother Bob Lee's wife was healed instantly, also. Many were afraid to go and pray for the sick in different places, but we had only a few faint-hearted ones here. I didn't ask myself if I would have it or not; I thought if I died, I would die at my post of duty. I would not allow my neighbors to suffer when I could help them. In one family of ten near Dunn all died but three. In another family

there were six that died. What an awful distressing time! Doctors were sick, and some died; nurses could not be had half enough, and people died in many places from neglect.

After many struggles to keep our children in school, our three oldest children finished high school here in 1918. That same summer Myrtle went to Greenville, N. C., to the Teachers Training School. On one Saturday night, in a parlor full of teachers, someone asked her to explain her religious belief. She entertained them for about an hour, giving them Scripture and logic for her belief in Pentecost. That winter Myrtle taught near Wallace, N. C., and Bliss taught near Wade. Irene and Rowland went to Elon College, N. C. Pierce Brooks went to Asbury College at Wilmore, Kentucky. On his way home he stopped at Elon to see them. When he came home he told us how Rowland was holding up to the college boys the things he believed. Though he was backslidden, the Lord kept him from having pneumonia, when they wanted to force him to have a doctor. Irene debated so with one of the professors on the Sunday school class till he decided that the days of miracles were not past. He decided she would do to debate with the Junior Class the next year in the Junior-Senior Debate. In the debate she helped to win over the Seniors.

Myrtle took typhoid fever in August, 1919. She trusted God, but came near dying. She had five awful hemorrhages of the bowels, with from one pint to half-gallon of clear blood in each. One day Brother Lewis Jernigan and Wilbur Godwin came in and prayed for her. They commanded her to get out of bed in Jesus' name. She arose, began to shout and speak in tongues. She went to the post office, and in a few days was able to go to Dillon, S. C., to sing in her papa's meeting. She was healed instantly after being in bed for thirty days. Brother Lewis Jernigan's daughter was also healed of typhoid fever that same summer.

Husband held three tent meetings in Nash County, N. C. In October, during our first meeting there, we came home from service with Brother Joe Dickens one night. We were stopping with him. About two o'clock that night Brother Joe knocked at our door and said: "Brother Goff, get up! I never saw the

clouds look so queer. It looks like the whole element is on fire." My husband went out and came back in the room. He said, "A terrible storm is coming up. I'm going to the tent." It was two miles to the tent, and much of it through the woods. I begged him not to go, but Brother Joe took the lantern and away they went. The storm began to rage; the rain fell hard, and a strong wind was blowing. They walked, as it was very dangerous to have a team out. Bro. Joe came home the next day about ten o'clock. The storm was then taking up big trees by the roots. It was so bad that neither Sister Dickens nor I dared to try to get to the kitchen; no one was hungry. The house trembled and shook. It raised up off blocks all day like it was going. Brother Joe came by one of his neighbors', and they had all left their house and had taken refuge in the barn, so he and his family decided to do the same thing. I refused to leave the house, for I felt that God could take care of me as good in the house as in the barn. I prayed through and committed tent, husband, children, own life and all to God. I sang that sweet old hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." Yet it looked as if the house was going, over and over again, but I felt a secure feeling all by myself. I lay down and went to sleep, and about four o'clock that afternoon the storm ceased. Brother Joe and family came out of the barn, and husband came, but he had been drenched in the rain. The road was full of big pine trees, but the tent was safe and not a tree fell near it.

Husband held three meetings near Four Oaks, N. C., and three or four about twelve miles from here on the highway to Fayetteville, N. C., at a place called Mary's Garden. In one of these meetings two men made friends that hadn't spoken to each other in twenty years. Husband's tent was up at this place when the influenza struck this part of the country. The health officers closed all public gatherings, and in three weeks seventeen had been buried in a country graveyard near there.

A preacher will have no trouble in getting folks to preach to on the streets, on Saturday afternoon especially, in Four Oaks, Benson, Dunn, and Fayetteville, N. C., and Dillon, S. C.; but just try Lumberton, N. C., and Lake City, S. C. The saints and lots of colored folks and farmers will listen, but the city folks and

ladies at Lumberton and Lake City seem to think it a disgrace to listen to the gospel on the streets. It is so different in the North. We spent the winter of 1921-1922 in the North. The people will stand on ice and listen attentively as long as a preacher can stand. They did when it was below zero; even ladies and their children would be among the crowd.

In 1918 and 1919 my husband pastored Collier's Chapel Free-Will Baptist Church. One Brother Hare took sick and was sent to the sanatorium for consumptives. He came home to die. The saints prayed for him and he was saved. He wanted to be immersed; my husband and another man took him into the water, and lots of people expected him to die in the water; to the surprise of many he began to mend. I saw him a year after that when he came in the church. I didn't know him, he had gained so much in flesh; he had gained about twenty pounds in weight. In the same year Brother Jesse James had a child that had whooping cough and pneumonia, and on top of that took the flu. The child came very near dying, but was healed in answer to prayer. Sister R. H. Allen was healed of gallstones. She had one that passed in answer to prayer; it is as large as three quarter dollars placed on top of each other.

Since our marriage husband has preached some very sad funerals. In the month of August, 1899, Jim Tiner shot his mother and sister. We were in Johnston County, N. C., near the Tiner home, having services in the Johnson Union church. This boy was showing another boy some part of the gun that needed to be fixed, when it discharged in his hand. The main load took effect in his mother's bowels, and ten shot went into his sister's thigh and hand. His mother lived seven days; the boy fasted till she died. We visited her, and she left good hope of heaven. Husband preached her funeral.

On July 25, 1903, the six-year-old child of our neighbor, Ab Strickland, was killed instantly by a pile of twelve-inch planks falling on her. The planks were piled on top of each other four feet high. Husband preached her funeral.

On July 27, 1904, Sue Hodges was burned to death in trying to make the fire in a stove burn. Sue took a can of oil, poured over the fire, which bursted the can in her hand. She died that



night. It was a sad sight to look upon. She was fifteen years old. Husband preached her funeral. She left home well on the Sunday before, and was going to spend a few days helping her sister can fruit. She was brought back home in a beautiful white casket. About twenty young people sat around her cold and lifeless form that night. About four days before that, she was in that same room entertaining them. How soon we can die!

On February 12, 1909, Jasper Young's father left home to go to mill. He was thrown from the cart and was instantly killed. Husband preached his funeral. This awful tragedy might have helped in bringing Jasper to Jesus. He is now a holiness preacher.

In March, 1907, husband was holding a meeting at Plain View church, in Sampson county, N. C. The power fell on Brother Macon Cavanaugh. He prophesied that some one in the church would be dead before the meeting closed. A young man by the name of Hare turned to Miss Bessie Keen and said, "Do you reckon that's me?" He went home and took his bed with a cold. No one thought him seriously ill. On the closing Sunday morning he called his mother and said his feet were cold. Before something could be warmed to be placed at his feet he was dead. This was a great shock to the community. His mother received the Holy Ghost on Monday night after. Husband preached his funeral.

I think it was in 1912 that Joel Rhodes, now a missionary in Africa, went to Vox, S. C., with my husband. He helped in a meeting, and husband went back with "Jody" at Christmas and married him to Miss Venia Baxley, a sweet, Holy-Ghost-filled girl. Sister Annie Register was married at our home to Rev. A. B. Kanipe in May, 1913. Their marriage was almost like that of Isaac and Rebecca. They were introduced to each other by a preacher, corresponded about a year, and married in four days after they met. Their labor in the vineyard of the Lord has been greatly blessed. If folks would only let God select their lifetime companions, much heartache, much sorrow and all the divorces would be avoided. So many young Christians go down in the matrimonial tide. If you make a mistake in mating for life, you'd better be dead. Many kill themselves or their com-

panions. Oh, if people would only seek God first, and then get His will, and do it! It's forbidden in God's Word for a Christian and an unbeliever to be yoked up. Oh, the girl says, "John, or Will, is a nice boy. He likes to see me shout, believes in holiness." Yes, I even knew one to take up the collection for a holiness preacher to win his sister that sang for him. After their marriage he went to selling whiskey, and never goes to a holiness church, and hasn't been for years. What became of this happy, shouting, singing evangelist? She got worldly, moved into a city, goes to a formal church once in a while, when she feels good. Her husband stays on the streets or at home. I saw another sinner man take his wife out of meeting one night, and he quarrelled with her all night. He said that she loved the holiness preachers better than she did him. He kept her in terror of her life for fifteen years. At last he doctored a sick horse that went mad in a few days and scared him. He sent for the holiness folks, and was saved. For years she was not allowed to invite a holiness person to her home. He objected to her getting a letter from her father. He said it made her more crazy over holiness. This was in Moore County, N. C.

In Johnston County, N. C., a woman got sanctified, and her husband told her if she went to the tent again he would leave her. She quit attending, and after that he beat her most to death. She has never been to a holiness meeting since as I have ever heard of, and she never won this fellow to Jesus.

In Duplin County, N. C., I saw a brute of a man drag his wife from the altar as if he were dragging a hog. When he got her out of church he laid her on the ground. She got saved on the yard where he laid her. If he had been saved he would have been glad, but the devil was in him and he was mad.

I heard a boy, that once had good religion and married a sinner, say, "I have plenty of this world's goods, but I am unhappy. My wife does not care for the church or Sunday school." How can two walk together except they be agreed? You might as well hitch up a goat and a sheep together. The poor sheep would fare badly, and quite likely lose its life. Human infatuation is not true love. A well-dressed young man meets a pretty little "butterfly" girl and loves her at sight, marries in three or

four weeks, and they part in a year. Hell will be filled with such cases. I'm so glad I gave my heart to Jesus when I was eleven years old. I was sanctified at fifteen, prayed more over a lifetime companion than anything to that time. God made me a worker for Jesus and gave me a preacher. My father was a preacher. I've decided they are the best folks in the world, if the world does hate them. The Bible says, "How beautiful are the feet of them who carry the gospel of peace." Our children may forget God for a while, but one thing they can't forget is the Bible reading and the family altar. The Bible we have taught them, the godly examples we have set before them, will follow them all their lives wherever they go. I never tell my children ghost tales and stories of hobgoblins. It makes children afraid at night. If I call one of mine at dead of night and say, "I am sick and want you to go and get some one to pray for me," they go. I've taught them that God will take care of them in the night as well as in the day.

In June of 1916 we went to Reelsboro, N. C., to hold a meeting in a little Holiness church, with a few of as good people as I ever saw, and I will say they had as much opposition as I ever saw. The young people were very hard-hearted and wicked. Oh, how they do mock, and make fun as you preach to them. My husband told them of their sin and what was their doom. Twelve young men had waylaid and beaten a boy, and as a result, he was in bed for some time. A few weeks before we were there, part of the same clan made a plot to kill my husband, or to beat him. There was a man that seemed to be our friend who heard the plot, and one evening came in haste to notify us not to go to church. He said Mr. Goff would be shot out of the pulpit that night. The man was much alarmed, and said they were desperate fellows. He nor his folks would not go, and he said we had better not go. Husband refused to take any supper, but went to the woods to pray. When he came to the house he said he was going if they did kill him. We got the service going, when about six or eight men in dirty overalls came in and took their seats. Pretty soon one got mad, shook his head and said out loud, "God Almighty." He left the church, his gang following, all in a great rage. They beat around the church, talking out loud, and after

meeting, as we were going out, one yelled out, "There's your man!" No one laid hold, and four or five clever young fellows from Missouri, who loved holiness, went with us about half a mile. I expected to be fired on every step for a mile, but no one fired. We walked to our stopping place. We had very good order after that.

When we came home, Sister Julia Salmon told me she verily believed it was the same night that when she went to pray, something said, "Brother Goff. Pray for him. He is in danger." She felt this for several minutes. She could do nothing but beg God to take care of him, and He did. That was one night I decided to die a martyr's death. These boys evidently planned and came for mischief. The man that brought us the word advised us to get the sheriff, but we trusted in God, and He delivered us from harm. Husband's life was threatened at Lake City, S. C., in Johnston county, N. C., and in several other places, but so far, harm has been kept away from him. I've taken his arm twice, expecting him to be shot very step. I meant to die by him or with him if any attack was made. It means something to die in the battlefield, and we may have to yet. People don't want to be told of their sins.

In the summer of 1919, my mother's health failed and she took heart dropsy. She had shingles, which went inside of her, then she took blood poison. She suffered great pain for months. She had trusted God since 1896 for her body. Many miracles of healing she had experienced, and in her death sickness she was relieved numbers of times in answer to prayer. In fact, she called her sleep "prayer naps." Instead of morphine she called for prayer, and would get relief and sleep. The blood poisoning set in on Sunday evening and by Monday the small spot, about the size of a dime, on her leg had gone to her hip. Brothers J. A. and J. Elwin Wright, from Rumney, New Hampshire, were in Falcon holding a meeting. They went with me to pray for her. The nurse met me at the door and told me she was almost gone. I said, "We must pray." We went in and prayed; in two days the blood poison had almost entirely disappeared, and she could sleep soundly.

Sister Dora wrote me and told me to bring the same men to pray again, for she believed mother would get well. We went, she praised God and waved her hand till she was so weak that she just moved her fingers. She gave every one around her a charge to live right and to meet her in heaven. She said to all from the beginning of her sickness that it was her homegoing time. She would tell us to pray for her to rest, but she had to go. She told the deacon of the church to take care of the church, when she thought she was dying, several days before she died. She laughed and praised God like she was in a revival. There were nine Pentecostal preachers at her funeral. We gave each one an opportunity to speak. About fifteen spoke of their love for her. One woman said she had known ma all her life; that she sang in the church choir and taught a Sunday school class since she was fourteen years old. One preacher said she taught him, then his children, and now he had some grandchildren. She had taught at Hodges Chapel for forty years. One preacher said he had been her pastor for eleven years, and she was never absent, even when she was in her death sickness. Another pastor said that when he served the church for six years, she was never absent. He said when his sermon failed to move sinners, ma's exhortations and prayers never failed to move them. I never knew her late at church in my life. When we were small, we lived a mile from the church. Ma arose at 3:00 A. M. on Sunday and cooked enough to feed us all, and anywhere from one to twenty others. We always had company on Sunday. She dressed us all and was at Sunday school by nine o'clock every Sunday. The last summer before her death she was so weak she would start an hour or two before time and get there in time to sweep the church and lie down and rest till meeting began. Many testified to her help in sickness and trouble. Her words seemed a tonic to a broken heart. She seemed to know just what to say to comfort everyone. Blessed old soul! How she is missed! On Sunday morning, November 30, 1919, she calmly fell asleep to wake no more. During her sickness hundreds visited her. When so many fresh flowers and nice things to eat were sent by friends for miles around she said, "Well, I didn't know people loved me so." There were people from seven towns at her funeral. One poor

drunkard came weeping, and said she was the best woman he ever saw. Her holy life had its effect on hundreds of people. She loved music, was a good singer and sang in the choir as long as she could get there.

In 1920 husband and the girls were in several meetings. The influenza spread so in the fall and winter of 1918 and 1919 that their revival work was much hindered. He held a meeting in Rocky Mount, and one at Snow Hill, N. C., that bade fair to be a real revival. The altar was full of seekers, and people came for miles through the rain on dark, cold nights. The courthouse would hardly hold the people towards the last of the meeting. The "flu" broke out again, and the health officers had churches and schools closed. We came out to Fort Run Free-Will Baptist church and held a meeting among our old neighbors and relatives. On the last night of this meeting husband was much burdened. He told the people that someone there in that church never would hear him preach again. Among the seekers was his oldest brother, who used to be saved and was an active member at Fort Run, but Satan led him off. He got to drinking, and was shot on April 10, 1920. He was taken to Spicer's Sanatorium at Goldsboro, N. C. We received this sad news on April 12. My husband had driven from Dillon, S. C., on a Ford, and was tired down. On the morning of April 13 he left for Goldsboro. He found his brother very sick. He prayed for him day and night, and on April 15 he told my husband that the Lord had saved him. He lay and praised God and he prayed till he died, on the 16th. This was a great blow to the family and many friends of this man.

This world is so full of trouble! Five of my relatives have met untimely deaths in one year; five of my cousins, all strong young men. In January, 1919, two Smith boys were shot to death and both buried in the same grave. In four weeks from then Willis Pleasant's throat was cut while he was in the Navy. April 4, 1920, Wilbur Lucas was playing with a pistol and shot himself. A year later a brother of the Smith boys was shot for deserting the Army. He, too, lies by his brothers, all sons of one poor broken-hearted mother.

In the winter of 1917, I fell on the ice and dislocated my left kidney. I suffered all that winter with spells like kidney colic. The saints would come and pray and I'd get relief, only to have another spell in a few days. I kept having these spells until a terrible abscess formed back of my kidney. I took my bed in September, 1920, the first day I had lain in bed in twelve years. I kept getting worse, and sent for the saints. They would pray and I would get victory in my soul and praise God. I would be so happy, and feel better while they prayed and sang, but before they were out of the house my sufferings were so intense I wished I could die. For fifteen days and nights I lay there, till I was so sick I did not know when people came. My husband was in Lake View, S. C., in a meeting. Myrtle came, got a doctor, and he said the hospital was the only relief. My side was full of pus and it must come out. I was carried to the Cumberland General Hospital, at Fayetteville, N. C. They operated on me October 5, 1920, and cut a place six inches long, just below my ribs, nearly to my spine. They said they had never had such a case before. I lay there, drenched in bad smelling pus for 53 days. They did all they could for me. I lay awake for five weeks, only while under the influence of medicine to make me sleep; suffered agony no tongue can tell. My husband and Brother Percy Maxwell came for me on November 21, with a mattress in the bottom of a seven-passenger car, with a feather bed on top. Four men put me in the car. I came home to live or die. The nurses said I was coming home to die.

The annual convention of the North Carolina Conference of the Pentecostal Holiness Church began in a few days. Some gathered in my room and prayed till I was greatly helped. I could raise my head up by myself at the close of the Convention. My friends were so nice to me when I was in the hospital, and also after I came home. My table was kept full of flowers and fruit. I lay there and wrote over a hundred letters and cards, read the New Testament through in two weeks in the hospital, besides lots of other things. Sister Hood, of Dunn, N. C., sent me lots of good reading matter. My friends brought me lots of good things to eat, and gave me stationery, stamps and money. Well, lots of the gifts brought tears to my eyes. One little girl had

nothing else to send, so she picked an envelope full of hickory nuts and sent to me. It made me feel she loved me, and I knew it was her very best gift. Another little girl made up money among the other little girls and brought me a nice pair of **hose** for Christmas. Another one brought me her first narcissus bloom. It told its love story from the vase that held it in front of my bed till at last it faded and died, but it had filled its mission.

Christmas Day, 1920, found me in bed suffering intensely. I read fourteen chapters in Job that day. Then I decided I'd had no losses, no trouble and but little affliction, compared with Job. The many gifts from my friends, and the nice trays of food that came to me during the holidays helped me lots. I'd read so much of the suffering in Armenia, caused by the war, I wanted to help and couldn't, but Brother Culbreth sent them enough to feed one child a year in my name and sent me a card with these words on it, which gave me comfort:

CHRISTMAS 1920.

Dear Sister Goff,

A gift for you, which you cannot see,  
 Because it's gone so far away.  
 It's value now to another will be  
 But greater reward to you some day.  
 In His Name,

J. A. CULBRETH.

When you are bedridden so long as to have such suffering as I had, you will learn that a friend that shares my sorrow makes it a "moiety," but they swell our joy and make it double.

"No friend like an old friend,  
 Who shares our mourning days;  
 No greeting like their welcome—  
 No homage like their praise."

My friends came from my old home, Clayton, Durham, and Kinston, N. C. Well, from all around they came. They prayed, sang and preached for me.



In January, while I still lay flat of my back, Brother Jesse James began a revival here that ran without a break for nine weeks. One hundred and four received the Holy Ghost. I could hear the shouts of the new redeemed ones and cries of the seekers. The children were the first to get blessed. Four little girls got saved while at prayer in a camp one afternoon. From that their afternoon prayer meeting grew till the whole school was in it; the girls at the small tabernacle and the boys in the school-house. For days many tarried before God, without their supper, till the town and whole community felt it. People from other towns who read of the revival began to come. One lady from Savannah, Georgia, came and stayed five days. She heard only two sermons. No one could preach when the power fell in such outbursts. You could not hear the singing of the choir. It was a hum-drum sound.

On March 6th four men carried me on a cot to the auditorium. I thought I could surely count those that shouted, but I failed. I could count blackbirds as well. Men of 75 down to children of five leaping and praising God. We had two very triumphant deaths while this meeting was in progress. On January 14th, the wife of Pierce Brooks died; on February 17th Sister Ed Jolley died. While Sister Jolley was dying, Mary Butler, a fourteen-year-old girl, was praying in the young people's prayer meeting. She was lying on the floor in a trance and began to say, "I see Sister Jolley. She's in heaven, skipping on the Golden Streets with Pierce's wife." In ten minutes the news came that Sister Jolley was dead. At this time I was worse than I had been since I came home. The doctor told my husband I might possibly live till April. He also told me that a thousand doctors could not cure me. My sufferings were so intense, so that I despaired of life, but when I woke up on February 18th, the abscess had run something awful; I was easy, and on February 20th I received a letter from Brother A. G. Doner, of Peterboro, Ontario, Canada, that read as follows:

Peterboro, Ont., Feb. 17, 1921.

Dear Sister-Elect in Christ Jesus:

Last night at 2:30 I was sweetly awakened by the Heavenly Watcher for my hour of intercession, and you were the first one

to rise before me. I was so glad to share this midnight hour agonizing for you, and others, as the dear Holy Spirit made known the need. Today, I have been led to write a few lines to you. I will be glad to hear if you needed help at the exact time indicated. We have sympathized with you in your prolonged season of testing, but oh! the gold the Master sees in you to subject you to the fiery crucible so long! (See Job 23:10 and Phil. 1:29.) We are told what it costs us to pass the toll gates this way. "When He hath tried us, we shall come forth as gold." He knows how hot the furnace is, and just when to remove His gold.

There are cooling fountains up there for the thirsty,  
 There's a cordial up there for the faint;  
 There are crowns filled with stars,  
 Prepared for each conquering saint.

Now be of good cheer and extend our warmest greetings to all your family and saints at Falcon. May your loved ones all listen to God and run into the fold before the awful storm breaks.

Cordially yours till He comes,

A. G. DONER.

I was better before I received this letter, and began to take new hold on life. On the 8th of March, after I had gone to church on the cot, I took worse again. I was suffering such intense pain I felt I could not endure it. My husband saw I was suffering, and he fell on his knees and began to pray. While he was praying two little girls came in. They saw I was worse, and they went to the tabernacle, where the prayer meeting was going on. They told the others, and just as quickly as they could come, seventeen girls were around my bed, crying to God in such an earnest, beseeching way till God heard and answered. I was easy in less time than it has taken to tell this. I slept till ten o'clock that night. The next day I got a letter from Sister F. L. Bramblett, of McCormick, S. C. It read as follows:

Dear Sister Goff:

You have been very forcibly laid upon our hearts for the past few days, and I feel so impressed this morning to write you a few lines of encouragement. God stands ready to bring you relief. I feel God wants to bring you up off that bed of affliction. Let's get hold of God with renewed efforts and trust Him for your healing. He is abundantly able, and is a God that changeth not. Reach up! Grasp! Hold on with a faith that takes no denial, and you will come forth as gold! He can heal you. Glory! Leave the symptoms with Him and expect deliverance. We shall hold on to God for your healing. Never be discouraged! In Him all things are possible. Catch the thought, believe God! May God bless and heal you.

Yours in Christian love,

(Mrs.) F. L. BRAMBLETT.

This was the last bad spell I had. The 6th of March a company of my relatives and old friends came to see me. Among the crowd was Cousin John Strickland. He said a preacher told him a few days before if he expected to see me alive he had better come. He said he got on his knees and asked God about it. He said, "God said, 'She will live.'" They had prayer meeting and my soul was blessed in a wonderful way. In a day or two I went to church in a wheel chair. In a week I was on crutches.

As every Southern reader knows, the crash in prices came in the fall of 1920. Cotton that cost us 20 to 30 cents per pound to produce sold for 9 to 10 cents a pound. Many farmers lost their homes. We lost heavily and it looked like everything was going. My husband was shut in home for six months, expecting me to die, and expenses were heavy. Irene and Rowland were at Elon College. We could not meet the bill. Rowland came home, but Irene prayed and begged God till the way was open for her to finish her sophomore year. Before Christmas she wrote to her papa for a Sunday dress. She said she was the only sophomore honored to sing in the college choir, and the only one that had to wear a middy suit everyday and on Sunday too. He wrote her that he could not get the black satin she

wanted, so she prayed for a dress. In October, while I was so sick, Pauline Blaylock died. She was a senior at the State Normal at Greensboro, N. C. Her mother came to see me and asked me if Irene could wear Pauline's clothes. I told her I thought so, and the next day she came with a large suit case packed with nice clothes. With tears in her eyes, she said, "If my child could not live to finish, I want to help the child of someone else." The first piece I saw was a real nice black satin dress. It was just what Irene had prayed for. This was her junior year, and in some way or other the way opened up for her to go back and her needs were supplied for almost another year.

In April, instead of going to the graveyard, I got on a car and went to Brother Blaylock's, and spent a week while my husband preached in his home. They were so nice to me, and took me to my sister's home in Dunn. I heard Dr. G. D. Watson a week, then went to South Creek on a hundred-mile trip. Had to change three times. My husband stayed three weeks. The revival was at such white heat I stayed another week, sitting in a rocking chair on an air cushion and pillows. On the day my husband left, two men were sanctified, a woman saved, and a girl got the Holy Ghost. He had to come home to attend to some business, but he came back on Staurday, and closed the meeting on Sunday night with great victory.

We stopped at Chocowinity and had three services. We saw some of our old friends.

We went to Faro and had a meeting in the new church. The ride of seventy miles there on a Ford made me sick. I was in bed at Brother Joe West's for three days, but I was cared for as tenderly as if I had been in my own home.

We went from Faro to Greenville, N. C., for a meeting. Brother A. H. Butler and son, James, and Bliss helped us there. The saints in Greenville are a good, big-hearted set of people. They were very nice to us. I ate more barbecue there than at any place I have ever been. We spent our wedding anniversary there. Bro. Heber Baker gave us a splendid wedding supper. We had been married 22 years on July 4, 1921; have had 14 children born in our home, and have been in evangelistic meetings some every year. God has fed and clothed us; we have come

through deep waters; through heated furnaces and then out into green pastures. Glory!

When I was taken sick my baby was seven weeks old. Myrtle had married, Irene was at Elon College, and this left Bliss with the care of the baby, the family and the house. The baby was cross, sick, cried, gave Bliss lots of trouble, but she stood the storm like a brave soldier, and nursed me and kept things going till the neighbors wondered how a girl could do so much.

We went to Stantonsburg, N. C., and held a meeting in July, 1921, and then went to Aulander Camp Meeting. We got home just before our Camp Meeting, and found a 48-room Camping House, which had been built in just a few days. This was full of campers the first year. The Camp Meeting was a great help to me. The people fasted the first day for my deliverance, as I was still on crutches. I laid them aside in Jesus' name and have been going in His name ever since.

We had a meeting at Plain View Free-Will Baptist church, in Sampson County, N. C. We had a good meeting. John Messick helped us the first week. He was praying for funds to go back to Elon College and finish, as it was his last year. The Lord opened the way for him. He, too, has prayed his way through. He has stood the tests of college life without playing ball.

We held a second meeting in Stantonsburg at the urgent request of the people. From Stantonsburg went to Kinston, N. C., where we had preached twenty years before. We had a good meeting; spent some pleasant days with our friends that had stood by us twenty years ago.

In November we went to Columbia, S. C. Here we had a most glorious revival. The church wouldn't hold the people. We stayed there three weeks. Our next meeting was at Owen's Grove Free-Will Baptist church, in Sampson County. We stayed there a week and had a good meeting started, when we had to close as Christmas was so near. We were getting ready for a tour in the North.

We started for Conneaut, Ohio, on December 29, 1921, and arrived there December 31. The first service was grand and the altar full of seekers. Among the number was the pastor's son,

that had been quite a prodigal. Much prayer had gone to God for him. He was saved and gave up his cigarettes that night. He kept on seeking and received the Holy Ghost in the third service, and such an untiring worker he was! He prayed over seekers all night, or until two or three o'clock in the morning. God gave us a great time. Our home was in the Franklin Faith Home. Several years ago, Sister Franklin said God kept saying to her, "A Home for the Homeless." They have a nice thirteen-room house; she opened by faith in God, her doors to the homeless, and she has cared for many needy ones since. When I was there, there was one blind, one most helpless with cancer, and several others that could not wait on themselves. I shall remember a long time how Sister Franklin would go from one to another, stroke their forehead, kiss them and pray God to bless and help them. Old Sister Norton would go to praising God and talking in tongues, and forget how tired of the bed she was. The dear old soul went to heaven in a few days after we left Conneaut. She was sleeping when she passed out. Sister Franklin is a woman of rare zeal and faith. Brother Franklin and their daughter, Ruth, are true co-workers. They pray an hour every morning. Here, God gave me an extra touch. My side drained less there than at any time since my operation. I do not know where you would go for help if you couldn't get help in that atmosphere of prayer and praise. From Conneaut we went to Cleveland, Ohio, to visit my aunt, the only one I have living. I had not seen her in twenty-five years. She has been a shut-in for six years. It was a treat to see her on this side of heaven, a thing I had never dreamed of when she moved out there.

We went to Greenville, Pa., and held meeting for Sister Plummer. She has a good band of saints there. Her husband got sanctified and several received the Holy Ghost.

We went from Greenville to Buffalo, N. Y., to have meetings in Brother R. E. Erdman's Mission. Brother Erdman is the man who invited us and planned all this tour for us. He has a strong band and a well fixed mission. He has bought a four-story brick building, that cost fifty thousand dollars to build, for fifteen thousand dollars. They and two other families live in the mission and have a large assembly room, well fixed. The

people believe in the whole Bible. Brother Erdman has had a nice mission in Buffalo over twenty years. Ten received the Holy Ghost while we were there. The people were very kind to us in every way. We were invited to many homes to meals that would have done honor to a king. Brother Erdman and his noble wife were like a real father and mother to us. He took us to Niagara Falls and over into Canada.

We came to Pittsburg, Pa., from Buffalo to have meetings for Brother Frank and Will Casley. These brothers had charge of thirteen missions in and around Pittsburg. Our first stop was in Brother Frank Casley's home. There were four returned missionaries and quite a number of preachers and Christian workers who came in from other towns around. The Casley Brothers have been running these missions twenty years. They have sent over two hundred missionaries, including the native workers they have supported, to the foreign field. They have sent over ten thousand dollars a year to missions. Brother Frank has been to the South Sea Islands, India and China. His wife and Brother Will's wife play, sing, preach and are real helpmeets in the Lord's work. Their homes are free boarding places for God's people from all over the world. God richly supplies their needs. They believe in the Holy Ghost having right of way, even if it tears up the biggest man-planned sermon ever preached. They have a revival spirit going all the time. They are mighty men of faith and prevailing prayer. One night when we were having service in Turtle Creek, near Brother Frank and Will's home, they called two trained singers to the platform for a special song. The man threw up his hand and began to speak in tongues. He sat, or fell flat on the floor. The organist began to shout. The lady singer caught the flame and it caught over the mission till everyone seemed to be feeling the power. I guess they shouted twenty minutes before they got still enough to sing the special song. There were three Catholics saved; two received the Holy Ghost at Buffalo. One spoke in the Norwegian language, as two brothers from Norway were there and gave out what they said. One Catholic was saved at Turtle Creek.

I came home from Turtle Creek. Husband stayed and held meetings at Vandergrift and McKeesport, then went to Toronto,

Canada. He had good meetings at all these places. One thing of peculiar interest, we didn't have to rebuke a person for bad behavior. They go to meeting in snow or sleet, in rain or storm; they are there, and they will stay up and pray for seekers all night if they see any hopes of their going through.

I came home and stayed a week, then I received a letter from Sister Lucy Bundy to go and have some prayer meetings with her, as she had been shut in all winter. She lives in Bennettsville, S. C. I went, and she seemed greatly blessed. I had meetings in her home from Thursday till Saturday night. Brother Cannon invited me over to the mission where he was pastor. I went, had a house full, and found so many hungry hearts that I wanted to stay, but got a message that my married daughter, Myrtle, had pneumonia. Bliss had gone to nurse her, and I came home on Monday, but promised to go back as soon as Myrtle got able for Bliss to leave her. In about ten days I went back, and in the first service in the mission twenty-three came to the altar. Fifteen arose from there praising God, and testified to being saved. I stayed there ten days. The mission was so crowded that people had to press their way to the altar, but many came up shouting. I went out to Bolton's Chapel and had one service. I spent the night with my dear old friends, the Bolton family. It had been ten years since I was there. A nice church had been built, and there was a nice band of saints. Since then our old friend, Brother Bolton, is gone to his reward. His wife is very feeble, her sight almost gone. She can't see to read her Bible, and her hearing is bad, but her heart is awake. She loves God's people and holiness as good as ever.

I spent one night in McColl, S. C., where I had a good service. I saw many we learned to love years ago.

Husband came home from Toronto on April 19, 1922. Had been gone since December 29th. He then waited a short time for his new tent, and went to a meeting in Clayton, N. C., on May 1st.

Thus I have told you a few of our tests and triumphs during eleven years. I have looked death in the face; my husband has been almost killed, once by a mule, and again by an overturned car. He was pinned under the steering wheel of the car, and



crushed almost to death while I lay at death's door in the hospital. We have had shadows and sunshine; suffering and losses too numerous to mention. Yet, the cloud has never hung too low nor looked so black but that it had a silver lining. "Weeping may endureth for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

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## REPENTANCE.

SERMON BY H. H. GOFF.

Text: "And the times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent." Acts 17 : 30.

### SOME INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

The Apostle Paul is the hero of the whole narrative. He was on his second missionary journey, and was waiting for some of his colleagues in the city of Athens, the capital of Attica, and the chief seat of Grecian learning and civilization during the golden period of the history of Greece.

Athens is said to have derived its name from the prominence given to the worship of the goddess of Athena, Minerva, by its king, Erechtheus, and the apostle tells us in verse 16 of the same chapter that our text is in, that his spirit was stirred in him when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry (or, to the devil), and this started him to preaching against their sins, and of course they would not stand for that, therefore he was taken and brought

before the highest judge and court of Athens, the Bible says, because he preached unto them Jesus and the resurrection.

Paul told them that they ought not to think that the Godhead was gold, silver, or like it, but cries out in the language of the text and says, "The times of this ignorance God winked at (or, looked over), but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent."

Tradition says that Athens had so many idols until they themselves were so dissatisfied that they decided in a council meeting to take a lamb in the midst of their idols and stab a knife in its heart, and turn it loose to die, and whichever idol it fell at, would have the supremacy over all the rest; but the lamb died out in the open, hence the idol with the inscription, "To the Unknown God." The above is what the apostle calls ignorance, and says God winked at, or excused it, but now He commandeth repentance.

We draw the following conclusions from this text:

1. Repentance is a command; so that no one can treat the subject lightly without breaking one of God's commandments, hence its importance.

2. All people are included, so no one has an excuse. The doctrine that some men can repent and others cannot, is false so far as God's provision goes. It is true that people can reject God's Word and message till I believe they cross the dead line, but it is not God's fault. Oh, I am so glad that God made it possible that all men everywhere can obey this text and find salvation.

Now the question naturally arises: What is repentance? In order to answer it correctly, let us consider what it is not.

First, it is not reformation, although one cannot repent without reforming his life.

Second, it is not church joining, though I believe that when people are saved they should join the church.

Third, it is not water baptism, and yet, according to the Bible, water baptism is all right.

Fourth, it is not taking the Lord's Supper, nor communion, nor foot-washing, and yet all of these have their place in the church and for believers.

Fifth, it is not paying your money to the ministry nor for missions, nor for the support of the church in general, and yet I cannot see how one can be a Bible Christian without doing this.

Now let us consider what repentance is.

First, it is conviction for sin. In Acts 2:37 we read, "Now when they heard this (what was it they heard? Peter preaching about the crucified Christ, in verse 36), they were pricked in their heart." The word "pricked" signifies stung, or having severe pain, and that is what the Holy Ghost causes in convicting sinners. It is no pleasant thing. King David's experience in Psalm 116:3 describes the condition of a sinner under conviction: "The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow." Hence Paul's words in 2 Cor. 7:10, "For godly sorrow worketh repentance." There is surely sorrow and weeping when real Holy Ghost conviction comes on a person.

Second, it is a confession of sin. 1 John 1:9 reads: "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins." It is very essential indeed that folks confess their sins, if repentance is effective in the lives of those who profess to have repented. It is impossible for anyone to repent according to the Bible standard and not confess his sins. Hence we read in Prov. 28:13: "He that covereth his sins (or refuses to confess them) shall not prosper (be forgiven), but whoso confesseth and forsaketh shall have mercy (or be forgiven)."

I was conducting a meeting several years ago near Wilmington, N. C., and a young man began to go to the altar and seek God, but couldn't get through. I gave a message on confessing out, and this man soon found his trouble, and went and confessed to an old colored man that he had defrauded him out of a dollar in a settlement of some business between them. It is needless to say that he found salvation, for I tell you God came upon him in a wonderful way. I saw him last summer (1923), and he was still on the way. Glory to God forever!

Third, it is a forsaking of sin. We read in Isaiah 55:7: "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon." Hallelujah to the Lamb forever and ever!

Fourth, it is, or includes, restitution; for we read in Luke, 19th chapter, of Zaccheus (which means pure), a tax collector near Jericho, who, being short of stature, climbed up into a sycamore tree in order to obtain a glimpse of Jesus as He passed by that place. He was a Jew, as may be inferred from his name, and from the fact that the Savior speaks of him expressly as a son of Abraham. The term which designates his office—the chief among the publicans—is unusual, but describes him, no doubt, as the superintendent of customs or tribute in the district of Jericho, where he lived. The office must have been a lucrative one in such a region, and it is not strange that Zaccheus is mentioned by the evangelist as a rich man. But nevertheless, he wanted to see Jesus, and when anyone has such a desire, they will see Him, even if they have to climb a tree to do so; and furthermore, they will do what this man did in order to get salvation.

First, he was willing to help feed the poor; second, he was willing to restore anything he had taken wrongfully. We read in Luke 19:8: "And Zaccheus stood and said unto the Lord, Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him four-fold."

The same man mentioned in this message as going to an old colored man and confessing to cheating or defrauding him out of a dollar, went a step farther and restored the old negro his dollar, and salvation came to this man and his house as it did to Zaccheus and his house.

I shall never forget how this young man came back to service after he had made this restitution, with such a shout, and a shine on his face, and how it brought conviction on the people, and an old-fashioned revival followed as the result of such repentance, viz., conviction for sin and confession of sin or sins, forsaking of sins, and restitution of everything that God requires of a person.

## A TESTIMONY.

I praise God that I did repent just as I have tried to explain above. Oh, how my poor heart did ache under Holy Ghost conviction, and then such a struggle as the Spirit bade me confess out. When willing to do this, then the task seemed harder when I was bid to forsake and turn away from my sins; but a climax was reached when God said, "You must restore some things."

I will here relate two or three incidents in this connection, one under the head of confession. A man and I had had some trouble which resulted in a fight, in which the man took advantage of me, being in his brother-in-law's house, and I pledged myself to get even with him if it cost my life, but oh, when this load of conviction got hold of me sure enough, I said, "Yes, Lord, I will go to this man and confess to him all," and I did, glory to God, and the results were so fruitful till after that I sat in his barber chair and let the man shave me; so you see, reader, the enmity was gone from us both, hallelujah!

Also I confessed to my father and mother. Oh, how sweet it is when you really obey the Spirit. And last, but not least, I had to make some restitutions. I used to drink strong drink, and about seven months before I was converted I bought half a gallon of whiskey and got on a terrible drunk, and it came so near killing me I decided I wouldn't pay the saloon-keeper for it, for I had purchased it on a credit. But God showed me that I must not only confess this wrong, but must pay the man for it, which was seventy-five cents. I tell you, it took all the strength morally I had, but I met it like a man. This man lived in our county seat. I had no idea then that I would ever be a preacher, but five years after my conversion I was led by the Spirit to go to my old home town to conduct a meeting, and one of the first men I met after I got in town was this saloon-keeper, but thank God, I could look him in the face and remember that I had put in practice first what I was to preach in his town, and God gave me a wonderful revival there.

Glory, glory, glory for oldtime repentance!

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## CONCLUSION.

In June, 1922, our daughter Bliss was married to Allie Cooper, and they received presents from seven States and Canada.

On April 8th I received a telegram that our Myrtle was ill. Husband was in Bennettsville, S. C., in a meeting. I went to her alone. She was unconscious, and never spoke to me; had sixteen convulsions in twelve hours, and passed away, leaving a boy 21 months old and a day-old baby. Bro. A. E. Robinson conducted her funeral in the M. E. church at Eureka, and she was laid to rest in the cemetery there. This was the third time Irene had to come home to a funeral in the four years she spent in college — my mother, her Uncle Joe Goff, and now her sister.

While in Buffalo, N. Y., we met a nurse named Eleanor Barnhart. Bro. Erdman told me she gave much to God's cause, and I found this to be true. On leaving there, she gave us \$300. We had been praying for money to buy a tent. She kept sending me money till July, 1922, when our baby was born, and we named it for her. She afterward sent baby and me almost a hundred dollars, clothes for the baby, and other things.

In September, when Irene started back to Elon to finish her course, she didn't have a cent. She borrowed \$100 from Sister Barnhart. At Christmas she wrote to ask me what kind of clothes Irene needed. I wrote her she was willing to wear old clothes; if she could help her, to lend her some more money, for she would have to stop unless she could borrow more. Miss Barnhart sent her the note Irene had given her, for Christmas, mailed \$200 more and later \$300 more, so she was able to receive her diploma in May, 1923. All this was in answer to prayer.

Jan. 6, 1924, our dear old friend, R. H. Allen, died. Husband was with him when he died, and preached his funeral.

I have been tested about money to get out this book, but God used Bros. W. S. Foxworth, H. W. Jernigan and S. D. Page to help us get it out, by lending us money, for which we thank God.

Well, Camp Meeting begins today, August 7, 1924. God has called several of our number home since last Camp. Let's be ready when our call comes. I want to meet you in the Golden City

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The Standard Printer  
Dunsmuir, N. C.