

PREFACE

I hesitated to put the message of this booklet before the public until one evening when the truth of Exodus 18:8-11 flashed upon my mind with great force.

Moses told his father-in-law all that the Lord had done unto the Egyptians, and all the travail that had come upon them by the way and how the Lord had delivered them. It was this testimony of Moses that made the heart of Jethro throb with joy as he cried, "Blessed be the Lord, who hath delivered you. . . Now I know that the Lord is greater than all gods."

I have often received a blessing from the testimony of God's dealings in the lives of His people, and it is with such a desire that I wing these pages to the heart of the reader with an earnest prayer for blessing, inspiration, and a closer walk with the Lord Jesus Christ.

The Author

From Plowing Corn to Preaching Christ

I opened my lungs, drew in a big draught of fresh Illinois air, uttered a loud cry, and took my place as a citizen of the United States of America. The expenses of that ordeal were charged up to a little engine that wheezed and puffed and sputtered as it labored to drive the damp clay through the forms at my father's tile mill.

The fact that I was born in the Sucker State did not in any way hinder our moving, a few months later, to the Hoosier realm where I spent most of the days of my younger life on a farm three miles east of Flora, Indiana.

I can never remember the time when it was not the order of the day to go to church on Sunday. No one ever asked me if I wanted to go. That old horse simply did not trot down that long Indiana pike until I was safely tucked beneath the big robe in the family carriage.

I have often wondered what those old ministers preached about. Whatever it was, I never understood the idea of salvation by the grace of God. After sifting it all down to something I could grasp, I had little left but baptism. Thus, I decided to be baptized as soon as I was old

enough.

Once I had decided that, a new difficulty presented itself to my boyish mind—suppose I were to sin after I was baptized and thus be lost again. I finally decided to be baptized and then commit suicide before I had opportunity to sin again.

At the age of twelve, I went forward in a revival meeting. Although I had given up the idea of suicide, I still supposed there was merit in my own good works. Thus, when the Baptist church loaned its baptistry and most of the others were baptized in warmed water, I held steadfastly to the fact that since Christ was baptized in the river, I would also brave the icy waters of January.

I cannot remember the time when I did not want to serve the Lord and please Him. As a little lad I read my New Testament through and through with some extra readings of Revelation and I believed it absolutely.

Once my mother was reading to me about the trial and crucifixion of our Lord and on the sealing of the tomb. When she read the words, “Come see the place where the Lord lay” tears of joy gushed into my childish eyes.

I seemed to have a special interest in Revelation. I remember a time I was lying behind the stove in our home. My mother was sitting on the north side and my father in front reading the twelfth chapter of Revelation. I was disgusted, for I wanted my mother to read Swiss Family Robinson, so I thumped about impatiently on the floor.

“The serpent cast out of his mouth water as BLOOD after the woman,” read my father. I let him read on a few lines when I uttered just one word, which I hurled up from behind the stove with disgust—“FLOOD.” Never will I forget the surprise of my father as he looked back over his reading and realized that the little lad who was thumping about on the floor, and who he thought heard not a word, really knew more about that mysterious book than he did with his eyes on the page.

I had read how the unprofitable servant hid his talent in the earth, and how he was cast out *“into outer darkness”* because he did not do what he ought to do (Matt. 25:30). Then one day I was reading how our Lord denounced the Pharisees, *“Ye pay tithe. . .these ought ye to have done”* (Matt. 23:23). There was that same word “ought,” and it struck me with great force. I

ought to tithe, and if I did not do what I ought to do, I would be cast into outer darkness.

That was too much for me. I had collected some dimes by carrying water all day when the neighbors were trashing. Most certainly I could not afford to give one-tenth of my income—so I skipped over that verse.

But I made a mistake, for I did not mark the place and later ran into the verses again. A few such experiences and the conviction grew upon my mind that I should tithe, and I finally gave in to the prodding of conscience and began to tithe my income.

How I hated to get up and read a clipping or say anything in public. Yet, I was part of the Christian Endeavor and took up with the “Quiet Hour” and the “Tenth Legion” which meant that I would read at least fifteen minutes a day in the Bible and give a tenth of my income to the Lord's work. And what great blessings these two things have been in my life.

Let those who would prescribe certain forms take heed, for God knows the heart. From outward appearance I was stubborn and not interested, but beneath the surface and out of sight to man, there ran a current of consecration that few others had. Though others may have

shown off publicly in the meetings, most of them had no depth of purpose, as later years revealed.

I kept a diary from my early youth. As my wife was looking over the history of my early deeds, her hopes ran high and her anticipation was strong as she neared the record of the eventful day of our marriage. Surely it would consume a page, or even more. She turned the page and sat dumbfounded. There was the record of the day, just two words—July 6, 1915, “Got married.”

But those two words recorded the beginning of a long and eventful journey together. That first night we knelt together at our bedside and turned our new adventure over into the hands of the Lord. Never have we regretted the fact that Christ is the head of our home. As the Lord placed seven little bundles of responsibility into our hands, it was always as a trust from Him and as a gift given back to Him before they were born.

Still the cry of my heart was unanswered, and the close of my every prayer was, “at last save us.”

One evening we attended a revival meeting at a little country church. It was a wet, snowy

night and almost no one appeared. Often, I have wondered who that minister was. He must have been a true servant of the Lord, for a less staunch soul might have scolded because of the small crowd and sent us home without a message.

This man gathered his small audience around the stove on the west side of the room and led us in memorizing Ephesians 2:8,9, *“For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourself: it is the gift of God. Not of works, lest any man should boast.”*

I memorized the words and knew them well, but, somehow, they meant nothing to me and were soon covered with the rubbish of daily life and lay far back in the dark avenues of my mind, awaiting the time when the Holy Spirit would bring them forth to my remembrance and flash them before my heart with everlasting joy (John 14:26).

My mother once ventured to suggest that I should be a preacher, but I threw the thought violently from my mind. How I hated the idea. I was not lazy. I wanted the active free life of the farm, but as I grew older, the determination never left me to order my life so as to meet the King of Terrors without regret.

With this in mind, I often lay on my bed and

tried to imagine myself on my death bed with my mind going back over my former life. With these solemn thoughts in mind, I could better order my present life into channels that would please the Lord and bring me no regret when that time would come.

I have heard of the young man who thought he saw the two letters *P* and *C* in the sky and was puzzled, not knowing if it was for him to plow corn or preach Christ. So it was with me. I wanted to plow corn and give money for someone else to go, for I was well satisfied with farm life.

There did, however, begin to be a faint tug at my heart to preach Christ and feed human souls, rather than to plow corn and feed hogs. But as time passed, I continued to stay on the farm and plow corn.

Although I hated to leave the farm, I was willing to give if I was sure that it was the will of the Lord. My wife was willing to go “if I would stick to it.” But how could we be sure it was the call of the Lord? Most certainly a preacher could bring us into the light.

With this in mind, we invited the preacher and his family to our home for Sunday dinner. To

get him alone, I suggested a long walk to the woods on the back of the farm. But alas, he had nothing for us and again we were adrift upon the sea of life with no place to cast our anchor.

The tug at my heart remained and I must know. I became aware of a conference at Winona Lake, and thought perhaps we could get help there.

The college was played high. A young man from the college was presented to the audience as head of the "Life work of Recruits" and anyone interested in a life of service was to see him.

I was very timid, but I determined to talk with him even if I broke a hame strap to do so. He was a mighty man of wisdom; he moved among the ministers with ease; he wore no hat, and I supposed that added to his dignity. If such a person would stoop to talk with me, the storm in my heart would become a great calm and I would soon be anchored in the harbor of peace and assurance.

With great effort, I followed him in the dark one night after the services and managed to get his attention under the big willows in front of the inn. But alas, he was a miserable comforter (Job 16:2) and a cistern without water (Jer. 2:13); a man who, it seemed, knew not the Lord. I left his

presence with a heavy heart indeed.

I was at a dead end and did not know what to do. I did not want to leave the farm, but I did want to know what the will of the Lord might be for my life.

Probably the Lord has seldom chosen a more unlikely servant. I had no natural qualities; no strong personality; could think of nothing to say in public; and was no leader among men.

The pastor who baptized and others have told me that I was the last to enter their mind as a minister. But I did have one quality that is in the sight of the Lord of great price. I was deeply in earnest to do His will, and although I did not know it then, it is God's delight to take the "foolish things of the world to confound the wise" (I Cor. 1:27).

Time passed. The year of the flu drew on, and friends were dying all about. Schools and churches were closed. A mission in the southern Kentucky mountains could not operate without additional help, but no one responded. Time after time they met in prayer and sent out their plea through the church paper.

One month, my hired hand went home for the weekend, and on Sunday came back and

said, "Let's send someone to Kentucky." As I left the telephone, I told my wife what he had suggested, and her response was, "I wish we could go."

I had no more idea of going to Kentucky at that time than I have of going to Africa now, but within two weeks we were there, little realizing that just behind the scene and out of sight a guiding hand was leading me on to the place where the cry of my heart would be answered.

"If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine" (John 7:17).

Most certainly the words of that verse were true in my life, for I did want to do His will and be led into the assurance of salvation and into knowing His will in my life.

One evening, a worker's meeting was called in the superintendent's study. A young woman had come from the Moody Bible Institute to act as nurse. She was sitting with my wife and was voicing disapproval at the closing words of my prayer, "At last save us."

I spoke up, and she quoted those familiar but, to me, meaningless words of Ephesians 2:9. Immediately the Holy Spirit opened the eyes of my understanding and brought those words home to my heart with great assurance and joy.

There was no workers' meeting that night, for in my new found joy I fired the questions thick and fast. It was the sweetest message I had ever heard.

Next morning, I watched for the superintendent to cross the lot to his little barn. I stood just outside and he sat inside, milking his cow. Finally, I mustered courage to ask the all-important question, "Is it possible to know you are saved?" The hush of eternal issues awaited the reply. It came slowly and with finality, "Yes, I think it is."

Then followed days of profit and joy as the nurse from Moody Institute led me into the knowledge of the things of the Lord. And as the knowledge of the Word took lodging in my mind, everything else took second place. I knew the preachers were not teaching the Bible and the people were not getting it. I must go and proclaim the message.

But where would I prepare? The nurse pressed the claims of the Moody Bible Institute. The superintendent also recommended Moody, despite the fact that he would be persecuted by the denominational leaders for not sending me to the college.

How I thank God for that man! And how my heart burns with indignation and disgust at those week-kneed individuals who stand in the pulpit and “*having men's persons in admiration because of advantage*” (Jude 16) will use the influence of their position for their own personal advantage, even at the expense of eternal souls.

It caused quite a stir when the college learned of our intentions to go to Moody. It meant letters from the president and the dean; it meant an all-night visit from the president of home missions. It was a crisis in our life. What will we do? One day, two letters came in the mail. We read one and decided to go to the college; then we read the other and decided in favor of Moody. Little did we realize the ponderous issues at stake; little did we then know that sometime we would look back and thank God for the decision that took us to Moody and steered us clear of the pitfalls that lurked about the college. I would not take a million dollars now to alter that course if it were possible to do so.

With great joy, I studied the Bible during those two years. Many were the hours I spent in memorizing Scripture. I used the card method,

placing the verse on one side and the location on the other. But how I dreaded my practical work assignments, for they brought me into public view.

After graduation at Moody, I became a pastor. I worked and preached faithfully and things went forward with a bound—until that day I came across the literature used in the primary department.

Little did I know what I tackled when I exposed that slimy coil; little did I know how the serpent would lift his head and strike and strike and strike again, until I would lay puzzled, perplexed, and almost in despair. It was woman in one church and a man in another that he used as his tool to oppose me and spread rumors that I was not loyal to the denominational system.

Often it seemed that I was at the breaking point, but always the Lord brought me through and never did I compromise. Three years passed, and I suddenly dropped the pastorate and moved to the college, supposing that we would have peace if only we could get into the swim with the other ministers.

But alas, fears began to grip my heart as the hounds of unbelief attacked my faith and the

storms of doubt and fear swept across my sensitive soul.

“Jesus quoted from the Septuagint. There are over two thousand differences between the Septuagint and the Hebrew text in the book of Jeremiah alone.” With such words the professor turned from the blackboard and, with a nod of finality, added, “That argues against verbal inspiration.”

To the majority of the class, it was just a passing event, but not so with me. I had just graduated from the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago, and the professors there had not seemed to know that the Bible contained error. But in college, as time had passed and weeks had given place to months, the “evidence” had accumulated and my heart was crying for assurance.

My mind readily followed the logic of the situation. The Scriptures set forth the Person and Work of my Lord; they had directed me to Him as my Savior; they had assured me of my salvation; countless times they had spoken peace to my troubled soul. If they were not reliable in some points I had no infallible guide, and horror of horrors, I was adrift on the sea of life without a

chart or compass.

At first, I had wondered; then I had grieved. But as the fierce hounds of unbelief continued the assail my soul, and my feet continued to drag in the miry bogs of doubt, my heart began to tremble and the stormy waves of despair almost overwhelmed my faith.

For six weeks I scarce had a full night's rest as I tossed and worried, reasoned and prayed. If God would only send an angel or in some way let me know beyond a shadow of a doubt which was right—Moody or the professor. I would be glad to follow that which was right!

About three o'clock one afternoon I went upstairs to a corner room and closed the door. For a brief moment my tired body gave way to sleep. Then, in an instant, I was awake! I sat up. No one was about. Not a single person knew the fearful agony of my soul, but a clear ringing voice had spoken.

Like the child Samuel, I knew not the voice of God. It seemed too much for the Holy Spirit to pick on so small a person as myself and take definite notice of me. But as time passed, and Dr. Rugh of the Pennsylvania Bible Institute assured me that it was not beyond the limits of the Holy

Spirit to do so; and after my experience had appeared in the Moody Monthly, I began more and more to realize the greatness of our God and to praise Him for His interest in my individual perplexities.

It is the office of the Holy Spirit to bring to our remembrance the words of our Lord (John 14:26). The cry of my heart was, "Is Moody or the college right?"

The answer rang clear.

Immediately the Holy Spirit flashed across the screen of my memory the large list of some twelve hundred students of Moody Institute who had gone to foreign mission fields. Back to college He led me, pointing to the blighted lives of fine young men and women. What more proof did I need? Truly it is by their fruit we are to know them.

After graduation from college, we moved to a church in Michigan. Things, as usual, started with a bound as I faithfully taught the word and sought to lead my people into a closer walk with their Lord.

The foreign mission offering had never reached two hundred dollars, but in our first year it went beyond; the third year it leaped to seven hundred and then over nine hundred, in spite of

the hard times.

All went well for a few years—then I became aware that all was not well. But I did not know that a former pastor had met some of my members at conference and had put a “bug in their ear”; a bug that buzzed and flew about to other ears and warned that I was dangerous because I would not support the college and literature.

It was during these years that I had taken another step of faith. The nurse in Kentucky who had been used to help me see the truth had used a large chart, and it had been a great help in my understanding of the Scriptures. With this thought in mind, I made several charts of my own. I felt that they would be a blessing to others if I could get meetings in other churches, but my every effort to obtain meetings ended in failure.

There are certain laws in nature that bring absolute, unalterable results. If a man walks up to a big fire, he has no choice—he will be warmed as long as he remains there. If a man jumps into a lake, he will get wet.

It is thus in the spiritual realm. There are certain statements in the Bible that are absolute. If a person places himself in the realm of the

promise, he has no choice; the results are certain. Although Malachi wrote to the Jews, the principle of tithing is not alone Jewish. I have proven to my own satisfaction that the God of Malachi still lives.

True tithing is not so much a matter of money as of heart consecration. The Pharisees gave the tithe but lacked the consecration, and Christ greatly blamed them, even calling them hypocrites (Matt. 23:23).

In my younger years I became convinced that I should give one tenth of my income to the Lord. Such a move seemed unreasonable and almost impossible, for I was a farmer and in debt. But God had spoken and I decided to put God to the test, and if I got along financially, I would give tithe. He was faithful to His promise, and I prospered even to the point of making more money than anyone else in the community, as my banker told me.

Several years ago, my wife and I felt that since God had blessed us in giving one-tenth, it might be His will for us to give two-tenths. We wanted to go the full way with the Lord, so like Gideon of old, we put out our fleece. Beginning July first we would give two-tenths for six months, and if our finances were in good shape at that time, we would conclude that it was His

will for us to give two-tenths.

The promise of Malachi is not necessarily financial. He has promised to “pour out blessing” in response to proving Him with the tithes (Malachi 3:10), and I have found there to be even greater blessings than money.

The Lord definitely responded to our fleece and immediately began to work in our lives. Up to that time I had never been able to hold a meeting outside the church of which I was a pastor. I had tried in many ways, even in exchanging pulpits with another pastor. This scheme proved a disappointment. I did not get to hold my meeting, although my church entertained his.

At the time we decided to give two-tenths, I had forgotten about holding outside meetings, but a few days later, a call came. Other calls followed, and along with my pastoral duties, I was kept very busy. The surprising thing about my meetings was that, as far as I now remember, I did not have to ask for a single meeting that I held. This is striking when I remember that calls often came from places that were unknown to me. Most of these meetings were in churches, but some were calls to be Bible teacher in camp meetings and Bible conferences.

Again, we wanted to go the full way with the Lord. He had blessed us financially when we gave the tithe. In response to our giving two tithes, He had given us a greater peace and made us a blessing to many. Might He wish us to give three tenths? I was receiving a very small salary, and with a large family it seemed impossible. Yet, if God would take care of us in a financial way, we would be willing to do so.

March first we wrote out our “fleece” and sealed it until September first. I firmly believe that the Lord turned us over to Satan as he did Job, for almost immediately things began to happen that had never happened before. Our daughter got a dangerous sore throat. I broke my nose. My wife had a serious operation. Our house caught fire. Long before the summer was over our bank account had disappeared and a debt had taken its place.

Our only source of encouragement was in the fact that we felt sure the Lord would answer our faith and relieve us fully by September first. With this confidence we went to the national of our church at Winona Lake Indiana.

But did September first bring relief? No! Far from it! Soon after our arrival our little daughter

became ill and remained so all week. I was almost to the breaking point with God, and was walking the grounds praying that He would remember I Corinthians 10:13, and not allow me to be tempted above what I was able to bear.

The clouds grew darker as the little one was taken to Warsaw for an operation for appendicitis.

When we were in the midst of such darkness, my wife and I went to the auditorium. A person in charge of the devotions said, before they began to read, "I usually read a passage that deals with women's work, but somehow I feel that I should read another this time."

After this sentence was repeated John 15 was read. *"Every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit."*

Immediately the Holy Spirit bore witness to both of us that our answer was in that verse.

After we had signed that covenant for three tithes it seemed the Lord had permitted Satan to harass us from every angle. Not only had our house been on fire; our older daughter sick; my nose broken; my wife had a serious operation; our bank account far in the red; our younger daughter had a serious operation; but a serious thing indeed as the bread-winner himself

became afflicted.

I had resigned as pastor and went in a series of meetings to the west coast. After several weeks in Washington, I went to Long Beach. But alas, I spoke three times and went home so miserable I did not know what to do. And then followed ten years of misery as I gasped for breath and often felt I would almost die in the pulpit.

“Every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.” Jamessays to count it all joy when we fall into testings, but we usually rejoice when we fall out.

Almost a score of years have passed since those words winged their way into our hearts, and as I now stand and look back, and ponder those words “purgeth” and “more fruit,” I am led to thank God, even for those ten most miserable years, for they drove me out from the noise of the world where I, like Elijah at Mt. Horeb, could hear the “still small voice” of the Lord.

I responded to a call to a pastorate in Pennsylvania. Since my condition was such that hard physical labor would bring relief, I went out into the woods in the mountains of Pennsylvania, and cut wood.

I had filled my mind with Scripture and had memorized whole chapters. As my body cut wood, my mind was in tune with the Lord and His Word. It was then that many of my books and booklets, which now total over two dozen, began to unravel themselves in my mind.

Once I started to feel better and bought some books by well-known writers and looked forward to a time of great joy as I would go through the book of Ephesians in a series of messages at my church. But alas, those books were never read, for my health would not permit me to read them.

I then turned to my old method of memorizing Scripture and memorized the whole book of Ephesians. Then came times of real joy as the Lord opened up great truths that were fresh and real and not a mere rehash of what others had written.

Once when I felt I was almost dying, I was in the pulpit and had called to the congregation to kneel in prayer. As my eyes passed the large Bible that lay open on the pulpit a verse flashed before my eyes, "I had fainted unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living" (Ps. 27:13). Did that mean that

I would regain my strength and get out again?

It seems the way of the Lord was to perfect His strength in the weakness of His instrument (II Cor. 12). My body was extremely weak, yet for thirteen years I was pastor of a church, during ten of which I taught in the Altoona Bible Institute. During that time, I also wrote for magazines, and brought forth most of my booklets.

In addition to these things, the Lord laid another burden upon my heart. Several times I had sent out envelopes full of tracts to every address of the local post office. Thus, everyone in the community knew my stand. Finally, I became president of a committee for a monthly Bible conference in a local church. I also started a School of the Bible, of my own, in the local school building.

What a time of rich blessings followed, as noted Bible teachers appeared on our conference platform. Although we paid rent on the building and gave the church a great boost, it became evident that trouble was ahead, as they raised the rent and began to dabble in our work.

My work was hindered and I went about with an earnest cry, “Lord, give me a tabernacle! Give me a tabernacle.”

One day a man gave me a promise of three hundred dollars for my tabernacle. I went to others and soon had enough to begin my building. No one would help me shoulder the responsibility, so I went after it alone.

Then followed a most wonderful time of the Lord leading and answering prayers as I worked and pulled and prayed. Some helped and some hindered. There was one man who promised to bring his team and dig the basement—he scratched the top layer off and no more. Not to be discouraged, I brought a wheel barrow, tied a rope to it, and with the help of my son, got to work digging that basement.

Countless difficulties melted away as the Lord led step by step, and in record time a new tabernacle stood on a fine location, complete in every way with every dollar paid or subscribed.

What a time of blessing as students from eleven denominations enrolled in my School of the Bible and noted Bible teachers passed through in monthly Bible conferences! Although I was miserable in body, I was rejoicing in the work and looking forward to greater blessings as the years would come.

The work was all in my name, which in case of my death would cause complications. I considered willing the work to Moody Bible Institute, but instead I gathered about me a dozen men as a committee who I planned to leave the work to in case of my death. They gave me such good promises that I turned the property over to them then with never a thought of foul play.

A year or so later when I took a speaking trip into Virginia and Tennessee, I came home to find that “Judas” had again appeared and a familiar friend had “*lifted up his heel against me*” (Ps. 41:9). I was sitting on a davenport when I learned of the news, and I had to sit on the edge and physically catch my breath.

There followed two years of great sorrow, as I grieved day and night over my work and as my tabernacle sat almost deserted. There were times when I did not know if I could survive the shock. Two or three times I have been in contact with men who later died from the shock of foul play in a work that they had their whole heart set upon. It often seems that I have had more disappointments in life than most people.

Although I knew full well that Satan opposes

work like I had; yet I knew that he cannot go on beyond the will of the Lord. Why did the Lord permit him to wreck a work that was proving such a blessing to the community?

I do not know, but sometimes I wonder if it might be that I, like Israel of old, went down into Egypt for help. God had promised blessings for Israel if they would only trust Him, but alas, they turned, to their own sorrow, to Egypt for help.

I have a daily prayer list of hundreds of ministers, missionaries, and fundamental works of every sort for which I pray. It came to mind to add my tabernacle work to this list. But alas, it also came to my mind not to do so, for did not I have a dozen men of sterling character on my board? Thus, I was caught unawares by the snare of the devil.

I well remember my surprise when I proudly presented my list of names to the man who supplied most of my material. I did not realize at the time that the merchants of the town had everyone in the community rated as to their honesty and honor. As he ran down my list and checked off names, I felt sure he did not know my men. I had selected them on their own testimony of themselves and not on what they

really were. Some, of course were good men, but some were far from it, and Satan won the advantage over me to my great sorrow.

During those thirteen years, it seemed the Lord was with us in a special way, and like Israel, whose clothes never wore out, money seemed to go further with us.

Once our church was behind with our salary—they just “could not” pay it. My salary was tremendously small, but to keep my credit good I borrowed money at the bank and paid interest on it.

One day my wife “blew up.” We had taken about fifty of our people to a town some twenty-five miles distant for an open-air meeting. After the meeting was over, we loaded our children in our car to go home. Then my wife looked back, and there they were—our people who “could not” pay our salary—lining the streets with their children eating candy, popcorn, ice cream cones, and our children went home with nothing at all.

At three different times I “smiled and took it” when I was beaten out of some of my salary or money. But the Lord was with us and later sent a most wonderful man who filled both positions of moderator and treasurer in a wonderful way. He

never once failed us, even in the most trying times, and I often think of him as a miracle sent from God to help us when my strength was such that I could not help myself.

My books were coming along, but because of the high printing costs I began to pray for a printing press. One night before Christmas, a man called me out of bed and gave me \$25 to “buy a press.” Through the leading of the Lord, I found a press and eventually paid for it in full. My nerves were such that it was impossible for me to work it, but my son took it up in a wonderful way and worked his way through college.

The beginning of my books dates back to a direct leading of the Lord in Michigan. One Sunday afternoon I was reading of the blighting effects of modernism in the lives of young people in colleges, and with a heavy heart, I took a walk. I could go within a yard of where I was when I was suddenly struck with the idea to write a book warning young people of the dangers that lurk in the halls of learning.

I had never written a book. I knew not how to begin or how to end, so I went on with the earnest cry, “Lord, give me a book! Give me what

you wish!" It might well take a year to write a book of two hundred pages, but within two weeks I had my story written.

But here was my story and out there were all the people. Anyone can write, but not everyone will read. That fall I went to a Bible conference where Dr. Howard Banks, editor of *Christ Life Magazine*, was speaker. One afternoon after he had spoken, we came together and an hour or two later I mentioned my manuscript. Immediately thrusting out his hand, he said, "Give me that story. I want to run it in *Christ Life Magazine*."

For some two years my story ran as a serial in *Christ Life Magazine*, and as it made its monthly visits into thousands of homes all over the world, it soon won a host of readers. They eagerly watched the young man as he went off to a "Christian" college, became ensnared in the coils of unbelief, and go down in the swirl of college activities. They saw the girl go off to Bible Institute; they saw her rise to heights of joy in the service of the Lord. The young man groped blindly in the bogs of despair, until the day the young lady wrote, "The Card with a Red Border."

The mail began to come from far and near.

From Wheaton College came a letter saying, "I've enjoyed your story to the utmost and always awaited with pleasure and interest for each succeeding installment. 'Tis a rare story."

From California someone wrote, "I found the tears trickling down my face as I read the close."

From West Virginia I heard, "I think it is one of the best of its kind that I have read."

Many of my writings came in direct answer to prayer. A magazine might ask for an article. At first, I would have no idea what to say, but I would ask the Lord what He wished and begin to cast about in my mind what to write. Usually within a few days I had my article.

I always carried a little pencil and tablet in my pocket, and at night kept writing materials under my bed, as my wife said, "To catch the thoughts that might fall out of my head at any time during the night.

About thirteen years passed and I began to feel stronger physically. I again signed a statement with the Lord if He might wish me to go out again with my Bible Chart Lectures.

All went along as usual until the very last day of the year when the property where we lived was sold. One more day and we would have

remained in much the same manner of life as before, but now everything was changed.

Nothing was available so we moved to Altoona, Pennsylvania, and started a book store. I placed my printing machine in a back part of the room and went to work. I have never seen a more beautiful little bookstore anywhere.

We had been there but a short time when I went to a convention in Detroit, Michigan. I laid out my books on a table and waited for a customer. One minister asked who printed my books, and when I told him that I did, he asked me to come with him and we would put them out together.

I was not interested at the time, but later conversation and a trip to Akron, Ohio, convinced me that I would be in a much better position to put out my works and to go out in meetings. Soon there came the difficult task of selling the book store and our home in Altoona and of buying one in Akron.

The new venture, however, proved a disappointment to all concerned, and in less than a year I was looking to the Lord for a new location where I could work with no hindrance.

Because of the great difficulty in moving my printing machinery, it was necessary that we find

a permanent place. Thus, it seemed the will of the Lord for us to move to Flora, Indiana and work from there.

As usual, I tried to find the why of things and of the three moves in one year. As I now look back, I feel that it was my old fault of getting a man between me and the Lord and of depending too much upon him.

We are now free from all entanglements and are happy as we rely fully upon the Lord who *“is able to make all grace abound”* that we *“always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work.”* (II Cor. 9:8) And how precious has this verse become as we find our needs supplied and both hands free to abound in meetings and in putting out the printed page.

The Lord may lead someone else to launch out into His promise in another way, but I have written the above for the glory of the Lord Jesus Christ, Who sees no greater treasure on earth than that of a truly consecrated heart. I pray that this testimony may encourage someone else to step out in faith upon the promises of God, realizing that the trial of your faith is much more precious than pure gold in the sight of God.