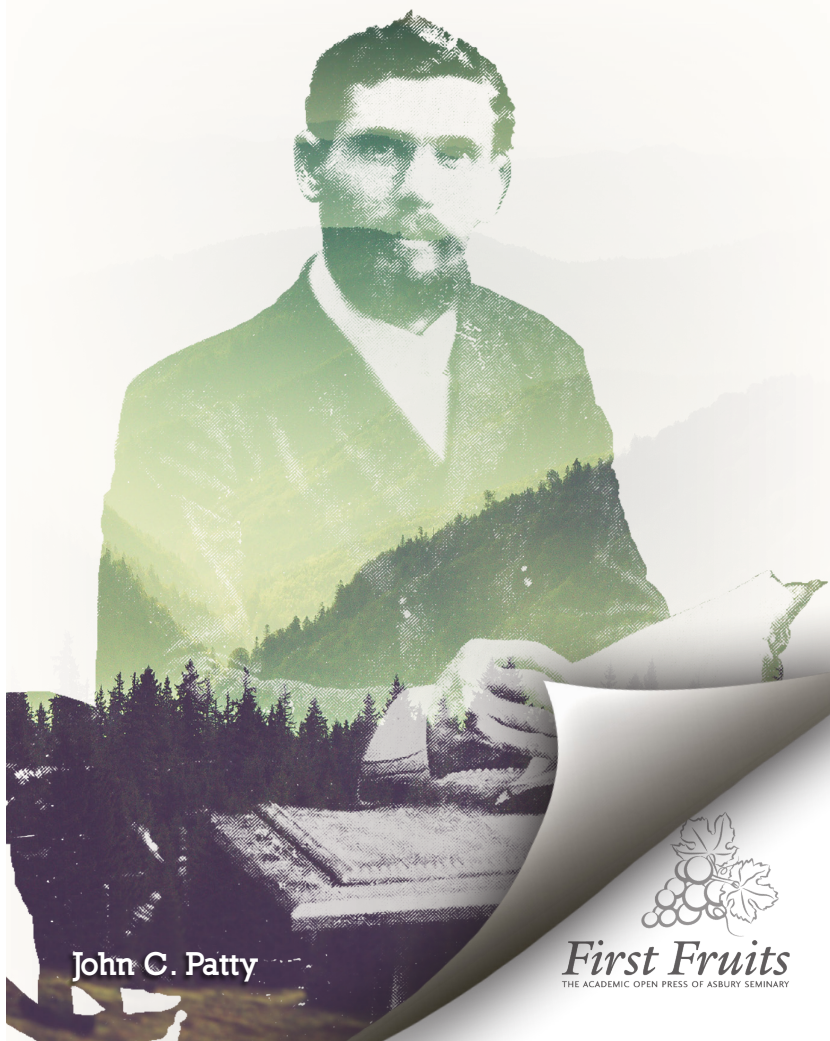


# Life of Lucius Compton

The Mountaineer Evangelist



John C. Patty



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# LIFE OF LUCIUS COMPTON

The Mountaineer Evangelist

By  
John C. Patty

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LUCIUS BUNYAN COMPTON.

LIFE OF  
LUCIUS BUNYAN COMPTON

*The Mountaineer Evangelist*

BY  
REV. JOHN C. PATTY

¶ Minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Member of the Holston Conference. Author of "Twenty-five Years on the Firing Line, Life of John T. Hatfield, the Hoosier Evangelist.



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Asheville, North Carolina.**

TO HOMELESS CHILDREN AND UNFORTUNATE  
GIRLS, IS THIS BOOK RESPECTFULLY  
DEDICATED





## INTRODUCTION

I have been asked to write an introductory note to the "Life of Lucius B. Compton." It is a pleasure to do it.

Brother Compton ever reminded me of the simple, unconventional call of Amos to the prophet's office: "*I was no prophet, neither was I a prophet's son: but I was an herdman, and a gatherer of sycamore fruit.*" (Amos 7: 14.)

It is good to know Brother Compton in his work in the mountains, in his conduct in and around camp-meetings, in various places in his own country and under conditions in other countries. In private and in public, he has always been the simple, unaffected "God's man," and, what is more satisfying, he still keeps his life fresh by facing himself with God day by day. God bless the new book! It will be a stimulus to many an unobtrusive worker for God and a good

chastening for any who are inclined to think themselves something. God bless Brother Compton and this book!

The words of Dr. Frederick Myers always seem to me to peculiarly apply to Brother Compton's earnest view of his work and himself:

“Oh, could I tell, ye surely would believe it!  
Oh, could I only say what I have seen!  
How should I tell or how can ye receive it,  
How, till He bringeth you where I have been?”

“Therefore, O Lord, I will not fail nor falter,  
Nay, but I ask it, nay, but I desire,  
Lay on my lips Thine embers of the altar,  
Seal with the sting and furnish with the fire;

“Give me a voice, a cry and a complaining,  
Oh, let my sound be stormy in their ears!  
Throat that would shout, but cannot stay for  
    straining,  
Eyes that would weep, but cannot weep for tears.

“Quick in a moment, infinite for ever,  
Send an arousal better than I pray,  
Give me a grace upon the faint endeavor,  
Souls for my hire and Pentecost to-day!”

OSWALD CHAMBERS, Principal.  
Bible Training College,  
London, England.  
May 30, 1914.

## FOREWORD

This book comes to you unpretentiously. It seeks your indulgence upon the humblest grounds. It was written chiefly for the eyes and hearts of devout Christians—not critics. It does not seek to magnify Lucius B. Compton, but Jesus Christ, but for whom Compton would probably to-day be equally as useless as he is useful. It is the author's expectation that this book will be read almost exclusively by Mr. Compton's personal friends, and what a host of them he has! for to know him is to love him. It is by these that the book will be most appreciated.

Advance demands indicate that the book will reach a tremendous sale. Its predecessor the "Life of Lucius B. Compton," a book of far less interest and merit, has gone by the thousands almost everywhere in America, and has been much appreciated on other continents.

It has been the author's constant prayer, as he has been writing this book during the busy days of an exacting pastorate, that much of that indefinable magnetism and spiritual power that accompany Mr. Compton's private life and public ministry shall permeate every paragraph, bringing salvation, sanctification, edification and healing to hungry and devout lives everywhere. What excuse can any book have for its emergence among its million-volumed contemporaries if it does not, in some measure, accomplish this?

The writer receives no financial remuneration for his labor—his is a service of love. The subject of this book is to receive no financial reward from its sale. He has arranged that all profits that may accrue shall be given to Faith Cottage and Eliada Orphanage. That makes this book, God's book, to that extent. May it be His to every extent!

The writer is responsible for every expression found in these pages commendatory of Mr. Compton. Characteristically, being one of the most unassuming, unpretentious, and humble men of great worth one ever meets, he asked me to write of his faults freely and frankly. I have been his friend and co-laborer for many years and I think I know him well. He has but one

fault worth mentioning, i. e., he is killing himself with overwork. I have admonished and entreated him to desist, but he will not. As well attempt to plug up an active volcano! Mr. Compton is thirty-eight years old. I fear he will spend his forty-fifth birthday in Heaven. Well, perhaps there will be fewer folks in Heaven as a result of working themselves to death for Jesus Christ than from any other single malady, and it may be, therefore, a most distinguished honor to be one among them.

JOHN C. PATTY,

Pastor Centenary M. E. Church,  
Morristown, Tennessee.

May 1, 1914.



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## CHAPTER I.

### BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD

The libraries of the world abound with biographies and autobiographies of men who, under God, "subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight and turned to flight the armies of the aliens." Among these heroes of faith and prayer, Lucius Bunyan Compton is deserving of an honored place.

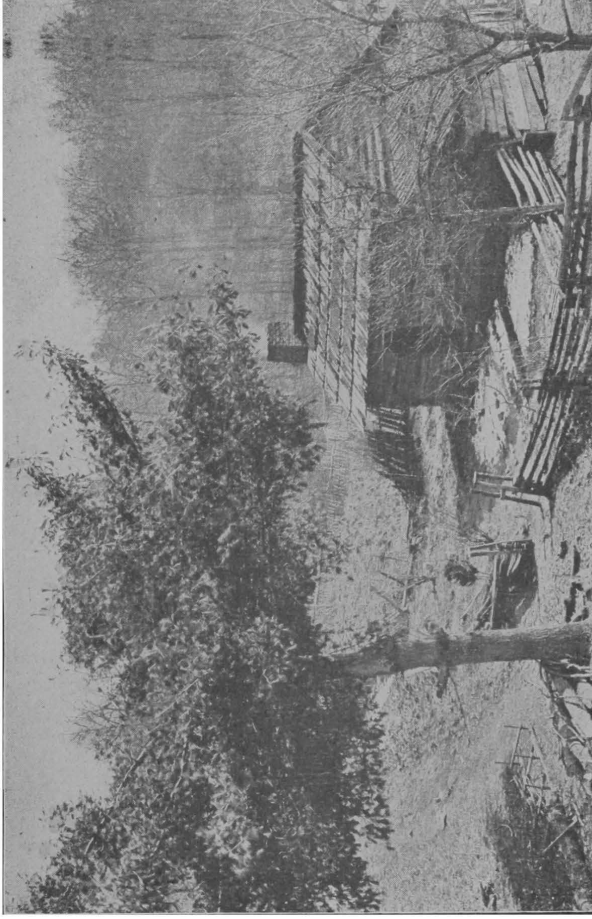
Philosophers have affirmed that it is impossible to produce something from nothing. When Almighty God laid His hand upon this crippled boy, far back among the mountains of western North Carolina—tongue-tied, ignorant and poor—and, by the mighty processes of His Spirit, laid the foundations in his life upon which He

was ultimately to build an eloquent preacher, a winner of souls, and a founder and maintainer of humanitarian institutions, He triumphantly contravened the maxims of the philosophers.

By a long established precedent in biographical procedure, somewhere near the beginning of the subject's life, the writer is expected to tell where and when the hero was born. Like the interest and mystery that surround the source of a mighty river which, in its ever broadening expanse, empties itself into the depths of the mysterious sea, is the interest and mystery that environ the beginning of a fragile and helpless life, deepening and broadening until, reaching manhood's full flood, it passes into the greater and grander mystery, the boundless ocean of God's eternal love,

Lucius Bunyan Compton was born on the twenty-first day of April, in the year eighteen hundred and seventy-five, in Haywood County, North Carolina, among the gorgeously verdure-clad Blue Ridge mountains. His birthplace was so remote from city and railroad, and so out of reach of all the wonders of modern life, that his youth was passed among the most primitive conditions.

The Comptons were the poorest of the poor



MR. COMPTON'S CHILDHOOD HOME.



among the mountain people, for, in addition to the common circumstances that made their neighbors poor, the father—Miles Calvin Compton—was a mountaineer preacher of the Missionary Baptist Church, and received for his Gospel services, only a pittance. Indeed, it was a rare occurrence for him to receive any remuneration for his labor. Upon an income of thirty-five cents a day depended the support of a wife and several children. Ofttimes, after a hard week's toil, this sturdy man, upon reaching his cabin home late on Saturday, would spend most of the night preparing a sermon and, starting early on Sunday morning, would walk fifteen or twenty miles across the mountains to reach his preaching appointment.

The family fared chiefly on hoe-cake. Hoe-cake for breakfast; hoe-cake for dinner; hoe-cake for supper! Now and then the father managed to provide wheat biscuits for a Sunday meal. The knowledge of this delectable prospect would fill the Compton children with happier anticipations than an extensive Christmas celebration does many children reared amidst conditions of affluence. When Lucius was a lad, he used to regard, as the apex of his life's ambition, the privilege of living in a painted

house and eating wheat biscuits three times a day. Corn pone, onions and salt constituted the usual meal at the Compton cabin. One of the older boys was hired out for a quart of sorghum molasses per day. The boy brought the molasses home at night, the contents would be eaten in time for him to take the empty can back with him the next day.

Another contributor to the up-keep of the family was Morg, a faithful old dog. Many times the industry of this dog provided them with substantial table luxuries. If Morg caught a rabbit, he would bring it home voluntarily, and far in the night, he would sometimes tree an opossum and refuse to leave the tree until some member of the family would get the animal safely bagged. Rabbit stews and baked opossum were excellent food with which to break the dietary monotony of hoe-cake, onions and salt!

Until Lucius was a well-grown youth, the rich hearts and knots of pine logs supplied their one-room log cabin with its only illumination. One day his father bought a tin lamp that was fitted with a round wick. The children regarded this simple device with as great interest as we of later years manifest in a flying-machine. The children would contend with each other for the





MILES CALVIN AND ELIZBETH COMPTON



privilege of lighting the wonderful lamp each night.

Another addition to the household conveniences, that was an unfailing source of interest, was a simple little coffee-grinder. Up to the acquisition of this device, the coffee had been cracked upon the stone hearth with an iron wedge. Their interest in the machine caused the children to beg for the privilege of grinding the coffee for the daily meals.

But of all the conveniences that found their way into that mountainous community, there was not one that stirred the Comptons to such a pitch of enthusiasm as when the first clock they had ever seen was placed upon the shelf above the fireplace. With glowing eyes and open mouths, the children gazed upon that clock, and, by and by when they heard it strike the hour for the first time, had the United States Marine Band suddenly appeared playing "The Coronation March," the children would scarcely have been more enraptured. For days no one needed to watch that clock to note the near arrival of the even hour, for every child would rush, instinctively, to the cabin door just in time to hear the wonderful time-piece strike. It seemed to them that its tones were almost sublime!

The Compton family had been often exhorted to prepare themselves for the great Judgment Day, when "Gabriel should place one foot on the land and the other on the sea, and declare that time should be no more." In that day there was to be an earthquake, the sun would turn black, the moon become as blood, the stars fall to the earth, the heavens depart and every mountain be removed from its place. This great day was to end the world and bring guilty sinners to the bar of Eternal Justice. Doubtless this scriptural preaching had a most salutary effect upon the minds of the community; it had a very humorous effect upon them also, as the following incident will show.

One night, in the month of September, at about ten o'clock, Lucius had been in bed with his father just a short time; one of the family was assisting at a sick neighbor's, another was helping a neighbor with his tobacco curing, while the mother and the sister were preparing apples for drying in the lean-to at the rear, when, suddenly, the cabin began to shake. Thinking that young Lucius had given the wall a kick, his father said, "Luch, stop kicking that wall." Presently the cabin trembled again and Mr. Compton said, "Luch, if you don't stop kicking

the wall, I'll punish you." While Lucius was assuring his father that he was innocent of his accusation, his mother and sister rushed into the room screaming, "The earth is moving! the earth is moving!" Lucius immediately concluded the awful day of God's wrath had arrived and he began to tremble with fear. The entire family rushed out of the house, and upon reaching the yard, they heard a neighbor screaming for mercy. then a woman whose husband was over the hill at his tobacco barn, began to blow a horn, which was a signal understood by them that he was wanted at the house. As she blew a shrill blast the sound almost paralyzed Lucius, for there was no doubt in his mind that Gabriel had blown his trumpet and Judgment was at hand. The brother who was assisting at the neighbor's rushed into the yard crying for mercy so loudly that he might have been heard a mile away. The entire neighborhood began to pray aloud, the prayers of Christians mingled with praise, while the sinners "cried to the rocks and mountains to fall on them and hide them from the face of him that sitteth upon the throne and the wrath of the Lamb."

It was afterward learned that the disturbance was what is called the Charlestown earthquake,

which so badly wrecked that splendid South Carolina city. As a result of that dreadful night's experience, a revival of religion swept through that country. The mountaineer preachers took advantage of the auspicious season and conducted special services in which hundreds were converted. While some Christians would look askance upon a revival born of fear, yet the fruits of this remarkable revival were abundant and permanent, for to this day, thirty years later, there are those who date their conversion back to the Charlestown earthquake.

## CHAPTER II.

### CAN A CHRISTIAN BACKSLIDE?

When Lucius was about five years of age, a malady which threatened to develop into an incurable disease appeared in his left knee. The affliction was then known as the "white swelling," it is now known as tuberculosis of the bone. This affliction caused the boy many years of great suffering and the necessity of walking with the aid of crutches. The physicians agreed that, in all probability, he would be a lifelong cripple. This misfortune was a pathetic handicap in the lad's childhood. Out of sympathy for the boy's condition, the family petted and indulged him in most of his whims and thereby, unwittingly, increased his handicap in life by encouraging him in wilfulness and disobedience. And then, as though some evil genius was concentrated upon the complete wrecking of his

prospects in life, he was so tongue-tied that it sometimes required as valiant an effort for him to speak his own name as for an army to take a fortified city.

When a little boy, Lucius gave evidence of the possession of those qualities which, under God, were to develop him into the tender-hearted, sympathetic, brotherly man which have given him ready access to the hearts of thousands of people on both hemispheres. He was passionately fond of all of God's creatures—the friend and protector of all the birds, dogs, cats, calves, and pigs of the neighborhood. In the springtime he frequently worked all day providing, as he said, for his "orphants." These were little birds which had not left their nests and, as is their nature to do, when he would make his presence known, they would open wide their mouths and set up such a chatter that the boy would conclude that they were nearly starved. He would then search about under logs and leaves and gather worms and bugs and cram them into their cavernous throats. At times, he would provide food for eight or ten bird families, for days. So sincere was his love of the birds that, when there would be a hard downpour of rain or a storm in the night, fearing that they had been blown out of

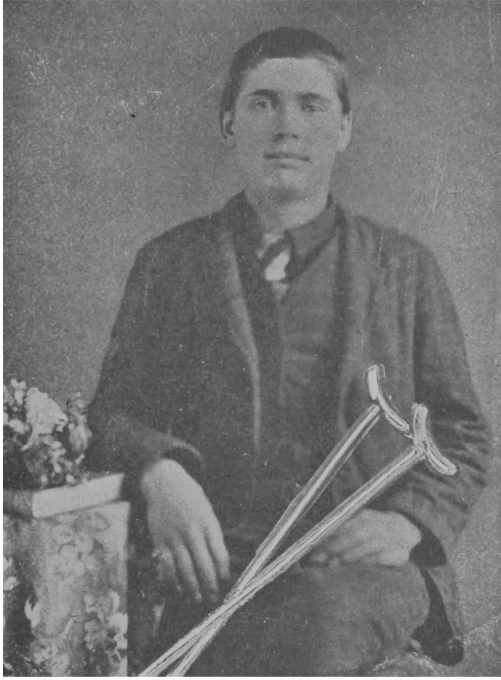


their nests, he would cry very piteously until, sometimes before he could be quieted, an older brother was compelled to light a torch and march out with him into the darkness to the location of the nests and satisfy him that all was well with his little "orphants." Those youthful tendencies were an augury of the years to come when the tender-hearted lad should be the founder and supporter of institutions that would provide loving care for little children out in the night and storm, with no place to go, and no one but God to care.

An example of the lad's natural confidence in God, before the years of accountability arrived and sin had so seriously warped his young life, is seen in the following incident. His father was a victim of attacks with cramp-colic. During one of these attacks the physician gave him up to die, telling the family that all earthly help would not avail and, unless God intervened, there was no hope. Lucius and his little brother were sitting upon a comfort spread out before the fireplace when the doctor made this announcement and, instinctively, they turned upon their knees and began to pray that God would spare their father. Oblivious of all about them, the children continued to supplicate the Throne of Grace. Presently

the father cried, "Keep on praying, boys, the Lord is answering; I am better now!" Soon the children's tears were turned to laughter for their father was out of pain and on the road to complete recovery. Lucius has never doubted that his father's life was spared that night as a result of the prayers of his brother and himself.

When Lucius was twelve years old, he attended a series of revival services in one of the churches of Clyde, North Carolina. During these services a great desire came to him for a personal experience of heart-felt religion (the only kind the people of that country and of those times considered worth possessing). In those times there was much preaching on the subject of death, Hell and judgment. The modern unbelief of the inspiration and authority of the Scriptures had not cursed the hearts of those humble folks. Lucius became very miserable under the pressure of conviction for sin. The text used one night was from the first chapter of Proverbs: "Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; But ye have set at nought all my counsel, and would none of my reproof; I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh." Like unerring arrows from



COMPTON WHEN A CRIPPLED BOY.



the bow of a true marksman, that message found the young man's heart. Out in the woods in the underbrush, he wrestled with his sins and then, one morning, when all had left the church except his mother and a few friends, the light of forgiveness appeared to him and a great peace came into his heart.

Lucius became, at once, a very enthusiastic Christian. He eagerly witnessed to Christ's saving grace upon every occasion, and, with about twenty-five other young converts, he was baptised and united with the Missionary Baptist Church.

It is with regret that it becomes the duty of the writer to record here the story of Lucius' departure from the path upon which Christ had placed his feet. But, in the interests of truth, the story of this period of his life must be told. If truth had always been sacrificed to beauty and æsthetical taste, and God had wished only that men know the golden side of life, we would not know that Abraham, David and Peter were men with "passions like unto our own," and our conception of them would be idealistic and superficial. In the warp and woof of every life there are threads, or spans, or even larger areas, which disclose the weaknesses and the foibles of the

saintliest men; which reminds us that, during our probationary allotment of years, we must not trust our own hands, but God's, to drive the loom and weave the fabric of our lives.

Some months after the conversion of Lucius, his father asked him to perform some task which he failed to do. When his father reprimanded him for his disobedience, a resentful spirit sprang up within him, and so deeply did the discovery of such a temper grieve him that he hastened to a place of privacy and sought help from God. When he asked his father to forgive him, his sense of religious security was restored. This was the first personal evidence Lucius had of the presence of the carnal nature in the Christian's life. Unhappily, there was no one to tell him that there was power in the blood of Jesus Christ to cleanse him from all sin and to fill his life with the Holy Spirit.

Before a year had passed, the entire community seemed to have lost interest in spiritual matters. The prayer-meetings had dwindled down to a fragment of what they had been. The young people who had been ready in prayer and testimony were now spending the evenings in a worldly manner, using tobacco, dancing and grieving the Holy Spirit in many other ways.

Lucius would often go to the church upon prayer-meeting nights when not another person would come, then he would return home, in great discouragement. Satan would take advantage of these times of depression and suggest everything, from ridicule to despair, to defeat him. He would wander through the forests and, as he watched the stars creeping along the mountain ridges, he found companionship in them, for they seemed as sad and lonely as his own troubled heart.

The by-paths diverging from the strait and narrow way are rugged and rough at the beginning, and the unhappy traveler finds he advances with misgivings and trepidation of heart, but by-and-by the road becomes smoother, the decline steeper and the traveler's conscience easier, and then, ere he is aware, he finds himself in the broad way with the godless throngs. Lucius struggled against the downward tendencies for a time, but at last he reached the broad road and took his place in the ranks of those who prefer to march under the black flag of sin, rather than under the blood-stained banner of the cross of Jesus Christ.

## CHAPTER III.

### SINNING AGAINST THE LIGHT.

By the time Lucius had reached the age of fifteen years, he had developed a powerful physique and was the physical equal of any young man of his years among those sturdy mountaineer people. The afflicted knee that had been pronounced incurable had become strong and the crutches were thrown away. The advancement of the young man in wickedness exceeded the celerity with which he developed physically. To all outward appearances, all the moral and spiritual restraints of his life had become shattered, and with dare-devil abandonment, he was making toward the goal of moral corruption. He became so unruly that his parents lost their control of him, and the community came to regard him as one of the roughest young men in the country. He was the pivotal point on which



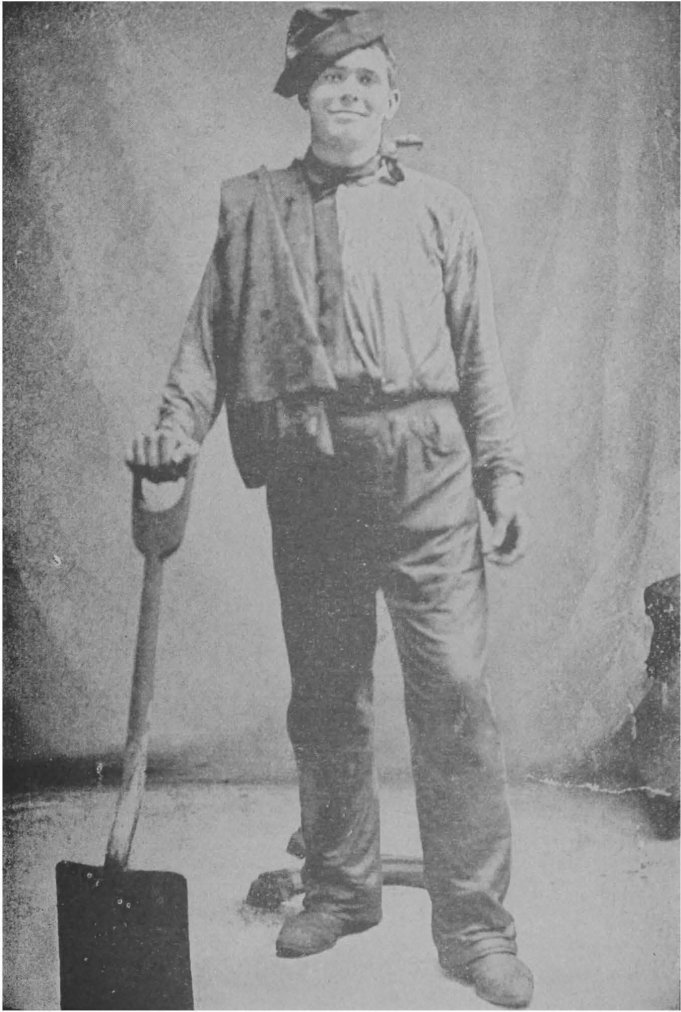
trouble balanced and a fist fight with kindred spirits was the seasoning in his daily routine that provided the spice and flavor of his life. He was an arresting illustration of these words of Christ: "The unclean spirit, when he is gone out of a man, passes through waterless places, seeking rest. Then goeth he and taketh seven other tions, and the young man listened to those siren in and dwell there: and the last state of that man becometh worse than the first."

Far-away fields now called loudly for exploration, and the young man listened to those siren voices. On a day he summarily left home for any place that might please his fancy. At this time Vanderbilt was modeling his splendid estate known as Biltmore and was employing hundreds of workmen. Lucius secured a position on this estate which, in all probability, was the program of the devil, for many of his fellow-workmen were as utterly abandoned to vice as the devil ever led men to become. Lucius was an apt pupil in this school of infamy, and it was not long ere he was competent to lead those who had been his instructors.

It will serve no good purpose to itemize the various gradations of wickedness into which he plunged. Religion came to be regarded by him

as a joke, and to be pointed out as an infidel he considered to be an honor. Every dollar of his wages he squandered in riotous living. By the time he was seventeen years of age, his parents were in constant despair because of the seemingly hopeless state of their boy. There would have been a measure of relief to his kinsfolk in learning of his death, for they were always expecting to receive a message that he had either been accidentally killed or brutally murdered.

One Christmas day he went back home to have a spree with his old crowd. While he was passing down one of the home streets, he met his father. The old man's face was deeply lined with care; his eyes quickly filled with tears, and his emotions were so powerful that he could not speak a word. Lucius read the story of his own guilt between the rugged lines of that pure old face, and, as it had not done before in years, his conscience upbraided him. He went down to the old log cabin to see his mother and, as long as he remained, his parents could not repress the evidences of their deep sadness whenever they spoke his name. When the time came for him to leave, he planned to slip away without saying a parting word, for he dreaded a farewell scene, but, as he started toward the door, his father,



COMPTON WHEN A YOUNG LABORER.



alert for such a move, intercepted him and placing his hand upon his shoulder, said, "Son, you may never get back to see your old parents again, so I want you to wait until we have prayer with you. You have broken our hearts by your wayward life, but we will follow you with our prayers until you come back to God or die in your sinful condition." The fragrance of those prayers followed him through the years, and ultimately served, along with other instrumentalities of God, to bring the prodigal back home.

He now left Biltmore for parts, to him, unknown. He wandered from place to place. He tried railroad work and was thrown among immoral and godless men once again. He became so immune to all of the tenderer and nobler qualities of mind that he felt no serious concern either for life or death.

This state of mind continued until the spring of 1893, when, one evening, he had an arresting experience. An overpowering load of contrition suddenly came upon him and, in spite of vigorous efforts to shake off the load, it held him in an unyielding grip. The fear of dying and plunging into Hell tormented his mind and impelled him to earnest efforts to pray. All the night long he tossed about upon his bed unable to find relief in

sleep. During the day he wandered through the fields and woods in an endeavor to divert his mind from its unhappy reflections. Upon falling asleep one night, he dreamed that he was borne to the bar of God. Among the vast throng assembled there, he saw his father, mother, sister and brothers—all safe at God's right hand. His name was called to appear in judgment, and he heard his mother cry, "O God! have mercy on my wayward boy." The Judge answered, "I have exhausted all of the resources of my infinite power to save his soul; he has refused to answer my calls, and disregarded my outstretched hands; therefore, with the cursed, he must depart into everlasting punishment."

In the dream Lucius seemed to be swiftly borne Hellward and then he suddenly awakened and pled with God to have mercy upon his soul. He promised God if He would keep him out of Hell long enough for him to be saved, he would become a Christian. He was accustomed to giving expression to words of profanity; from this habit he asked God to deliver him at once, and never after did an oath pass his lips. His fellow-workmen noticed a change in him, and, particularly, that he no longer used profane

language, and Lucius frankly told them of his purpose to live a different life.

Every day the desire to become a true Christian increased. He decided to go back to North Carolina, where he had Christian friends who could help him to find peace in trusting God. He returned to his home and visited his parents for awhile and then married Miss Etta Butler, of Asheville, North Carolina, a devout Christian young woman, whose influence over him had been most salutary. From the first, she insisted that their married life should be conducted on Christian principles, and thereby she strengthened him in his purpose to lead a Christian life.

For the reader to appreciate the balance of this chapter, it must be borne in mind that Lucius was at this time an illiterate, uncouth backwoodsman. Uncle Josh Simpkins, from Pumpkin Center, Arkansas, would fit as well into a World's Exposition as Lucius Compton, at this period of his life, would fit into the clash and clangor of a great cosmopolitan city. But having heard much of the superior opportunities of the city, Lucius decided to go to Cincinnati, Ohio, and there seek that illusive mirage—his fortune. We may anticipate the story far enough to say that he found a fortune there—not in dollars,

as he had hoped, but in the riches of God's abounding grace.

Lucius arrived at the Union Station in Cincinnati at about nine o'clock in the morning. The sonorous calling out of the trains; the merciless banging of baggage; the clanging of the breakfast gong; the jostling crowds everywhere; numerous gates, doors and stairways all contributed to the young man's bewilderment. There he stood with his mouth (naturally of generous proportions) stretched to the fulfillment of the proverbial exaggeration—from "ear to ear." His eyes just succeeded in avoiding a leap into space; his baggy-kneed trousers were a full foot above the pavement, while scarcely that distance below his knees; a handkerchief around his neck; a little cap set on the edge of his bushy head and his little valise held tenaciously in his big fist, for, having heard something of the perils of the city, he was prepared to resist any city pickpocket who might dare to attempt to grab his possessions and make away with them.

Two of those ubiquitous city newsboys rushed up to him as soon as he reached the street, one of them shouting,

"Hey, there! did yer come through high water?" And the other chimed in,



“Say, wanter job as runner?”

A crowd began to gather and presently it dawned upon Lucius that these boys were having fun at his expense, and just as he concluded to plunge in and whip the whole crowd, a man with whiskers and a numbered cap, driving “a funny wagon” (as Lucius termed it), made his way through the crowd and enquired, very courteously,

“Boy, where do you want to go?”

Lucius answered, “I want ter git a job.”

The obliging man smilingly said,

“Just get into my cab and I’ll take you where you want to go.”

This reminded Lucius of the hospitality of the people back among the mountains. A “homey” feeling crept over him as he clambered into the cab and was being hurried away from his tormentors.

In about five minutes the vehicle was brought to a stop and the obliging driver hurried down to open the door and let his passenger out. As Lucius stepped out, not to be outdone in the use of courteous epithets, grinning good-naturedly, he said,

“Thank yer, sir,” and started away.

He had taken but a few steps when the cabman laid his hands upon him, saying,

“One dollar, please; one dollar.”

“One dollar!” exclaimed Lucius, “what yer want a dollar fer?”

“One dollar for the services of this cab, sir,” insisted the man.

“Why, yer didn’t hawl me a half mile; I never got a dollar for a whole day’s work in my life; yer caint rob me like that,” said Lucius.

Lucius had a pair of old brass cuff buttons in his pocket and taking them out he offered them to the cabman. A crowd, which was greatly interested in the dialogue, had gathered by this time. At this juncture a policeman pushed through the crowd and demanded an explanation of the trouble.

“Well,” said Lucius, “I just got into this here town and two mean kids tried ter raise a fuss with me; then this here fellow axed me ter ride in his wagon, and when we got ter this place he wanted a dollar fer the ride. I offered ter swap these here cuff buttons fer the ride, but the man won’t swap. I think the buttons are a good swap fer the wagon driver.”

While the crowd was almost convulsed with laughter, the officer took the cuff buttons and,

handing them to the discomfited extortioner, ordered him to drive on, and left Lucius to pursue the uneven tenor of his way.

Lucius wandered about with his valise for a long time and, straining his neck and his eyes in frantic endeavor to see everything at once, he at last discovered that he had a ravenous appetite. He stepped into a fine cafe and was given a seat at one of the snowy white tables. A young woman presented him with an elaborate menu and stood by, like a statue, awaiting his order. Now Lucius couldn't have read his own name had it appeared upon the card, much less the intricate French, German and Latin food designations. After a long, painful silence, Lucius said,

“Lookie here, leddie, I cum here fer me dinner. Please fetch me a good un.”

There was no mistake about the excellent quality of the dinner and when Lucius received the change from the dollar he handed the cashier, he thought that another cabman deal was being worked on him. As he left the cafe, he tried to figure out the number of meals he could procure in the city at the rate of the one just consumed, and he came to the conclusion that he had better

get back to the mountains, for a few more would leave him penniless.

After another long sight-seeing expedition, he decided to find a place where he could leave his valise and secure a room for the night. He finally found the Germania Hotel, where he left his load and started forth again to view the city. After tramping about for a couple of hours, he decided to return to the hotel and go to bed. But alas! he had forgotten both the name of the hotel and the street upon which it was located. After desperate efforts to recollect the name, at last, there flashed into his mind a slang expression, with which he had been long familiar. It was, "By Jimminy!" Jimminy Hotel! He was sure he had the name and he began to enquire for "Hotel Jimminy," but nobody seemed to know where that hotel was located. In fact, he was unable to find anybody that had ever heard of its existence. It had gotten late and the crowds were thinning out upon the streets and still no one had given him the slightest clue to the location of his hotel. Finally Lucius accosted a straggling negro and asked him if he could please tell him where he could find Hotel Jimminy. The negro assured him that he was well acquainted with all of the city hotels, but that

he had never heard of that one. The negro started on, but stopping in a moment, he said "There is a hotel here called the Germania." Lucius knew at once that that was the correct name and he was soon there and securely locked in his room.

Before he got to sleep, Lucius decided that the city was not the place for him, for he had been in trouble from the moment he had gotten off of the train, and had been traveling around the city for hours inquiring for a hotel that never existed!

## CHAPTER IV.

### WALKING IN THE LIGHT.

Mr. Compton, notwithstanding the experiences recorded, decided to remain in Cincinnati, so he procured a room on the fifth floor of a tenement building. He purchased, for two dollars, a folding couch to serve for a bed; and for one dollar and a half he procured a small stove. He used a box for a table, another box for a cupboard and a tomato can for a coffee-pot. A skillet, a chair, a few dishes and some bed-clothes completed the furnishings of his room. The dishes and bedding were sent to him from North Carolina by his wife. The following is an account of his religious experiences while he lived in this room, as often related by himself.

“I now set out in earnest to seek and find God. I prayed as best I could, but it seemed that I could never find peace, for the dark six years of my

wasted life strongly condemned me. I wandered over the city some days like a man in despair and at night I would go up to my little room and weep and pray. I heard the ding-dong of the city clocks as they pealed out the lonely hours of twelve, one, two and three—every hour seemed as long as a day. Sometimes a footstep on the street below added to the loneliness and distress of my mind. Having heard of a mission on Plum Street, I decided to go down there to a service. In that place I saw men and women who told how God had saved them when drunkards, harlots, gamblers, and wife-and-family deserters. While their faces were oftentimes physically marred by lives of profligacy, many of them seemed to shine like the glory of Heaven. Oh! how I wanted such a salvation. I told them I, too, was a mother's poor boy, far from home and far from God, and I wanted to be saved. When I sat down one of the leaders sang:

“At home or abroad, in the alley or street,  
Wherever I chance in this wide world to meet  
A girl who is thoughtless, a boy that is wild.  
My heart echoes softly, “It is some mother's child.”

“And when I see those o'er whom long years have  
rolled,  
Whose hearts have been hardened, whose spirits are  
cold,

Be it a woman all fallen, or man all defiled,  
A voice whispers sadly, "It is some mother's child."

"No matter how deep he is sunken in sin;  
No matter how much he is shunned by his kin;  
No matter how foul is his fountain of joy;  
Tho' guilty and loathsome, he is some mother's boy.

"That head hath been pillowed on tenderest breast;  
That form hath been wept o'er, those lips have been  
pressed;  
That soul hath been prayed for in tones sweet and  
mild,  
For her sake deal gently with some mother's child.'

"So deeply was I affected by this service, and the other agencies of the Holy Spirit bearing upon my heart, that I settled it forever that night, that I would belong to Jesus Christ. While walking down one of the principal streets the following afternoon, I received the witness of the Holy Spirit of my acceptance with God. With my heart overflowing with joy, I hastened to have the good news sent to my wife and parents. I returned to the mission and, although the devil reminded me that I was tongue-tied and ignorant, I arose and, stammeringly and tremblingly, endeavored to tell what God had done for me. The public confession of Christ brought me great comfort and strength and I looked forward eagerly every day for the arrival of the hour for



the mission service, where I should have opportunity to speak and work and pray for Jesus."

Mr. Compton soon had his wife come to him and they spent the winter of 1895 in the humble little room in the great tenement building. This was a severe winter with heavy snows and bitter cold prevailing. Only God knows the suffering of Cincinnati's poor that winter. The Comptons felt keenly its merciless sting. Many days they were compelled to subsist upon ten or fifteen cents' worth of food. Many of the families living around them were sustained at the city's expense. But the Comptons determined to trust in God and do all they could to maintain themselves. In the most trying exigencies, God never failed them and He opened up doors of opportunity to earn something when there seemed to be none anywhere.

The passion with which God had filled Mr. Compton's heart demanded expression in Christian service. There were about fifty families living in the building with them, and most of them afforded good material for religious effort. They visited these families and endeavored, by singing, prayer and conversation, to bring them to Christ. Many of those humble folks never entered a church and their hearts, unhardened to

religious appeals, were comparatively easily lead to Christ. Mr. Compton's lack of educational advantages was a great handicap in this work, for he had to depend upon others to read the Bible; whenever he did undertake to read, the little children would laugh at him, for most of them could read more accurately than he.

As a general thing, when the devil sees that a Christian worker is likely to greatly damage his interests, he sets out to ruin his influence by inspiring somebody with evil suspicions which are soon formulated into lies. Mr. Compton has, like many another upright man, suffered very keenly from such misrepresentations. His first introduction to this type of demoniacal procedure came during his most effective work among the tenement families. A rumor was circulated through the building that the woman Mr. Compton was living with was not his wife. After this report had been disproved, an effort was made to have them ejected from the building on the grounds that so much singing and praying disturbed the people's rest. At last it became necessary to confine the services to their own room, but even when thus circumscribed, they accomplished great good.

It was while living in this tenement room

that little Marietta, Mr. and Mrs. Compton's only child, was born. She lived until she was five years old. The necessity of Mr. Compton remaining at home had reduced them to the last cent, and had he been able to get away, he knew of no place to procure work. Down beside the couch on which the wife and baby lay, he prayed the Heavenly Father to remember them in this their hour of need. In addition to being without food, the rental for the room was due the next morning. Mrs. Compton's condition made it imperative that he remain with her the following morning. They had recourse only to prayer, and they assured God of their unfaltering trust in Him. Answering a rap at the door, the postman handed in a letter which contained a five-dollar bill. A brief note explained that the donor felt divinely impressed that they were in need. A miniature camp-meeting broke out in that humble room in which there were prayers and praises mingled with shouts and tears. This incident is particularly interesting for it proved to be the beginning of a life of faith and prayer that has resulted in thousands of dollars being placed in Mr. Compton's hands for the maintenance of his extensive Christian enterprises.

About this time a Christian man from New-

port, Kentucky, called upon the Comptons and, observing that there was no bed in the room, he offered them one if Mr. Compton would have it brought over. Mr. Compton made two trips across the Ohio river to Newport, a distance of a mile and a half, and carried the bed to their room. Several weeks passed before they were able to procure a set of springs, but without the springs the bed was a considerable improvement over the old couch.

Mr. Compton made the acquaintance of a man whom God had saved from the depths of sin. He had served in the city workhouse and in the State prison for law-breaking. When the Lord saved him, he returned to his wife, whom he had deserted eleven years before. God had enabled him, although without any educational advantages, to read the Bible; and he had become an effective street preacher. He invited Mr. Compton to attend a street service he was to hold on Sunday afternoon under the Court Street market-house. When Mr. Compton arrived, a large crowd had gathered. After several songs and a prayer, the leader announced that there was a young man from the mountains of North Carolina who would address them. Tremblingly and with great embarrassment, Mr. Compton began

to relate his Christian experience. God blessed his testimony and many hearts were touched. A number professed conversion in the service. It was upon this occasion that one of Mr. Compton's most remarkable experiences came to him. He had been tongue-tied and a stammerer from childhood. He told the leader of the meeting that he could not make a public talk. The man encouragingly replied, "Stutter for Jesus, my brother." During the half hour of that first public address, Mr. Compton did not stutter and never has done so to this day. He received the type of gift of tongues that has been of inestimable value to him throughout his life, as well as an untold blessing to multitudes who have heard him declare, so powerfully, the unsearchable riches of Divine Truth. This experience encouraged him to continue this type of Christian work, which he did in a highly successful manner.

He had an appointment to speak at the Market one Sunday afternoon. The day before he had burst one of his shoes across the toe so that the side of his foot was exposed. He had been telling the people how wonderfully God was supplying all of his needs. The devil told him if he went out and preached in that shoe the people would say, "Oh, yes, look at his foot; that's the

way the Lord takes care of him!" He vainly searched for some excuse to stay at home. He daubed blacking over the shoe and exposed sock, thinking that this would cover his poverty. Just before he reached the place where he was to speak, he looked down at his shoe, and found that the sock had slipped from its former position and part of the white showed and also a part that was daubed with blacking. He turned to go back home, but upon second thought decided that would not do. He slipped into a building and, after a period of reflection, decided to proceed to the service and tell the story of salvation, if he had to go barefoot. Never before had he preached with more liberty and power than that day. Several sinners knelt upon the street and prayed through to victory. God permitted him to pass through the shoe test on Sunday and rewarded him with a new pair upon the following day.

The weather turned extremely cold and there was a heavy downfall of snow. Hundreds of the city's poor were suffering. There seemed to be five men clamoring for every job. Mr. Compton searched near and far for work, without success. One morning came when his wife and baby ate the last bite. This was the time of

last things—the last cent was gone, the last piece of bread was gone, and the last lump of coal was upon the grate. They had started to live a life of faith, and they expected God to come to their help. Mr. Compton started up town. He heard a call from someone, but, having so few acquaintances in the city, he did not suspect that he was meant. Presently the call was repeated, and, turning around, he saw a stranger motioning for him to stop. The stranger said, "I have heard you preach upon the street and I want to help you a little;" with that he handed Mr. Compton some money and left him. He hurried back home and, upon his arrival, he found a load of coal had been placed under his steps. Mrs. Compton told him that she did not know the name of the donor, but word accompanied the coal that it was a gift to them. How their hearts were filled with thankfulness! An hour before, they had no money, no bread, no fuel, and now they had plenty of each for present necessities.

While standing in the doorway watching the passers-by, Mr. Compton heard some children laughing at a woman who was staggering along the street. He saw that she was about to fall to the ground, so he called his wife, and going out they found her prostrate at their corner. They

carried her in and placed her upon their bed. She did not have the appearance of one that had spent her life in vice and there was no odor of liquor upon her, so they concluded that she must be the victim of some conspiracy. She lay in a state of unconsciousness for ten hours; coming to herself then, she told her story. It was the same old story of a human devil pretending love and then drugging her in order to take sinful advantage of her. She, happily, suspected his intention and was making her escape when they picked her up from the street. She was soon safely returned to her own people.

There was particular significance in this bit of rescue work, as it proved the firstfruits of an organized rescue system which the Comptons were, after a few years, to conduct in an extensive and permanent way.



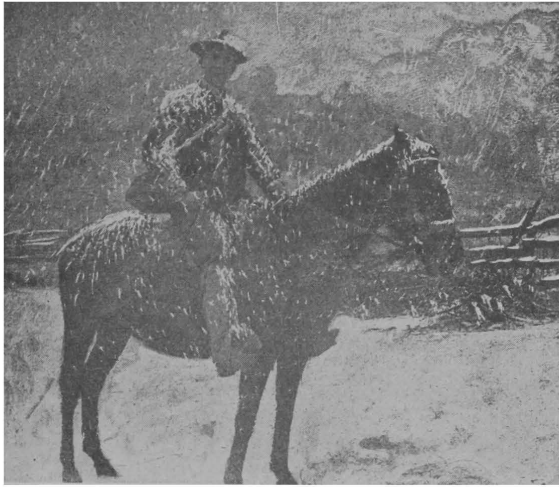
## CHAPTER V.

### ENTERING THE MINISTRY.

There is probably not an ecclesiastical body in America that would have accepted Lucius B. Compton into its ministerial ranks when God first gave him a clear call to preach the Gospel. Not one of these bodies could have been justly censured for turning the young aspirant down. God scarcely discerns the shapeless clay; He sees afar where the finished product is admired and appreciated. When He said to those swarthy-skinned fishermen by Galilee, "Leave your nets and follow me," He saw the irresistible preacher of Pentecost, the saintly seer of Patmos, and the martyr at the hands of Herod Agrippa. When He called Lucius B. Compton, He saw all that men did, and more—very, very much more. God discovered in the uncouth mountaineer one who, under Divine tutelage, would swing across a

continent like a flame of fire, winning to Christianity thousands and thousands. God saw in that dauntless young spirit incipient potencies that could be trained to stand unflinchingly in the hottest fires, until splendid institutions should be born and fostered to sturdy growth and substantial competence; and, who can tell that which God saw besides? He liked better than either, a humble spirit that success and honor could not puff up, but would actually enrich in all the qualities of Christian grace.

Basing their judgment upon the apparent and the plausible, is it to be wondered at that men should have endeavored (as they honestly thought), to disillusion him of the preposterous notion of becoming a preacher? Discouragement tests the material of which our faith is made. These things, which appear to be insuperable barriers in prospect, are seen to be ministering angels in retrospect. In order to do the work to which God had called him, Compton plowed through soil that, like the rugged mountain-sides of his native land, was mostly rock and root; but, having put his hand to the plow, he has never turned back. That element of his character—beating steadily Godward—is the quality which, under God, has made him what he is.



COMPTON RIDING IN A SNOWSTORM TO A WEST-  
ERN NORTH CAROLINA APPOINTMENT.



A gentleman who had been a teacher in a Biblical Institute, who lived seven miles out in a suburb of Cincinnati, offered to give Mr. Compton some private help one night each week in his home. Although he was compelled to walk the distance sometimes, he gladly availed himself of this opportunity to be taught the Scriptures. One evening the gentleman said, "Brother Compton, why are you so eager to understand the Bible? Have you the idea of becoming a preacher? I feel that I ought to say that, if you have such an idea, you should give it up, for these are days when churches demand educated ministers."

It was plain enough that the man had no faith in Compton's capacity to absorb enough knowledge to fill the bill of requirements for a modern minister. Lucius started his long walk homeward that night absorbed in unhappy reflections. Here was a man who had trained many young people for Christian work, who had frankly told him he did not regard him as competent to equip himself for the work he so fully intended to undertake. As long as Compton looked within himself, he came more and more to the same opinion and dark discouragement came upon him; but after awhile he lifted his eyes to Heaven's starry spaces, and said, "O my Father, art Thou,

too, discouraged with me?" His answer was a great peace, and a gentle urging forward.

Mr. Compton's pastor questioned him closely. "What is to become of your wife and child while you are away from them?" said he. Mr. Compton replied that he was sure God would take care of them. The good man then quoted St. James, "He who provideth not for his own family is worse than an infidel." He then asked, "Where do you intend to begin your Christian work?" Mr. Compton replied, "I expect to take the steamboat to-night to A—— and begin at once to ask men to prepare to meet God." The perplexed preacher, concluding that his young parishioner had become seriously unbalanced upon the subject of religion, left him, feeling genuinely sorry for him.

A minister from a rural section of Kentucky happened to be in Cincinnati in search of a man who could assist him in a grove meeting he was to conduct in his parish. He was introduced to Mr. Compton and (with some misgivings) engaged him. After a long journey, twelve miles of which was by carriage, they reached their destination. The pastor's wife, thinking doubtlessly that Mr. Compton was a stranger whom her husband had invited to ride with him, said, "Couldn't you find

a helper?" The pastor replied, "This is Mr. Compton, who is to help us." The woman's countenance fell and all hope of a meeting left her face, and, doubtless, also her heart. So great was her mortification over the type of helper her husband had procured, she could scarcely treat the stranger courteously. After supper the pastor and Compton went to the grove, where arrangements had been made for the meeting, and immediately the preacher was questioned concerning his helper. Mr. Compton learned that the only consolation the man could give them was, "This is the best I could do." Mr. Compton, at this time, made no attempts to preach textual or homiletic sermons, but in his inexperienced and humble way he endeavored to tell what Jesus Christ had done for him. There was no doubt of the effectiveness of his methods, for the hearts of his hearers were often deeply moved and tears were frequently seen to flow in his services. Mr. Compton grew in the estimation of the people from day to day. They gave him money to return to Cincinnati and get his wife and baby. The attendance became very great and many folks professed conversion.

An invitation to assist in a meeting in an adjoining county was accepted. The community

sustained the reputation of being hardened and obdurate. Just awhile before Compton's arrival there had been a difficulty between the members of the church, in which the pastor had been struck in the face. Compton was not long in discovering that one of the ring-leaders in wickedness was a woman who made herself prominent in the meetings. She invited Mr. Compton to be her guest at dinner one day, and, so generous was she, that she not only gave him a good dinner, but also the pedigree of nearly everybody in the church. It is superfluous to say that up in every family tree she described a buzzard. Mr. Compton, not having had the advantage of a Seminary training in suavity and prudence (?), said, "My sister, from what I have been able to discover, I don't believe there is anybody in this community worse than yourself. You need to confess your own sins and get right with God."

The morning of the second Sunday of the meeting, up to which time there had been but meager results, Compton spent hours in importunate prayer. He asked God to break up that meeting in power, and also to give him, for the morning hour, a sermon that would make the hearers feel that God Himself was dealing with their souls. The church was packed that day.



and God seemed to possess the preacher in an extraordinary manner. During the blistering denunciation of the sins which Compton declared were damning the people wholesale, the husband of the woman he had reproved a few days before, arose and cried, "We are all condemned, there is no time to spare, let all of us cry to God for mercy!" The space about the chancel was quickly crowded with penitents and the revival spread for miles around.

Mr. Compton started a revival in a small Methodist church in a Kentucky hamlet about eight miles distant from a railroad. A few rods from the church lived a man of wealth and position, in a house befitting his means. The man was the leading physician in that country. He opposed religious meetings and was much provoked that this one should be held so close to his residence. The doctor sent word asking Compton to please close the meeting, and, by all means, to "quit ringing that screeching bell." Mr. Compton replied that the meeting seemed to be greatly needed in the community and therefore would continue two weeks. The doctor then wanted to know how much money he expected to receive for "the racket he was making there," and promised that he would give him more to stop the meetings

than the community would to continue them. He said he would give him enough corn to keep his "poor old horse" for months. Compton assured him that he was seeking neither corn nor money, but precious souls.

Now the doctor, evidently intent on stopping the meeting, had a platform erected on his lawn and procured several musicians to play each night. He provided beer in generous quantities and invited all the people to partake. The devil seemed to have a more successful revival in the doctor's yard than the pastor and evangelist in the little church, for the meeting closed without having aroused any considerable interest.

On Tuesday after the meeting closed, the doctor remarked to his wife that he was feeling badly; Wednesday he was an awfully sick man, and Thursday two specialists were called to attend him from the city. The physicians found him in a very critical condition and frankly told the family that, if he had not done so, he had better adjust his affairs, as the end might come very soon. When the wife broke this news to him, the doctor said that the most important thing for him was to see Preacher Compton. "You know," said he, "how I opposed Compton and the meeting and how I tried to buy him off.

His words, as they came through the open windows of the church, fell on my conscience like coals of fire. I ridiculed the meeting, and hired musicians to come here and drown the preacher's voice. You know how I have argued the non-existence of Hell and against consciousness after death; now I want to retract every word. I have lived wickedly; I have talked wickedly; I am dying, and am lost forever. Believe and obey the Bible." His last words were, "I am going to Hell. Have Compton preach my funeral sermon."

Mr. Compton reached the home in time to accede to the man's request. The broken-hearted son embraced the preacher and the widow related the facts to him as recorded above. A great crowd of the dead man's neighbors, relatives and influential friends, from near and far, came to pay their last respects. Mr. Compton spoke with great power. The text was, "The rich man died and was buried and in Hell he lift up his eyes, being in torment." The preacher, the message and the occasion so affected the people that rough old sinners begged Compton to remain in the community and open the revival meeting again. So general was this desire that Mr. Compton consented to do so. A tremendous revival resulted, in which the hardest characters around

were soundly converted. The community received such a moral and spiritual uplift that its reputation was reversed; previously it was known as one of the toughest communities in that section of the country, now it became known as one of religion and sobriety.

When Mr. Compton was invited to conduct a revival in a certain backwoods district, a minister, upon hearing of it, advised him not to go. The minister told him any stranger went into that community at the risk of his life. He, himself, had attempted to conduct a revival there. The ruffians brought their guns to the services and smoked their pipes and talked aloud until the preacher, driven to distraction, and then to indiscretion, threatened them with the strong arm of the law. The night he did that, came near to being the last that preacher spent this side of Heaven. As he left the meeting-house, they fired revolvers about his head and feet. He started to run for his life. One of the ruffians caught hold of him and said, "Parson, I'll protect you," but, upon reaching a secluded place, he pulled out his gun and told the preacher his hour had come. Others drew near, firing their guns around him. At last they turned him loose and he made his way to safety. The preacher never returned. He said they could

go to Hell before he would ever place his life in jeopardy among them again.

No picture of danger ever deterred Compton from doing what he felt God wanted him to do. He began the meeting there just before Christmas—of all seasons the most dangerous. He learned that large quantities of illicit whiskey had been laid aside for Christmas consumption. Judging by the odor of the room at the opening service, a generous portion had been freshly consumed. Mr. Compton showed the roughs a friendly spirit, shaking hands with them and asking them to join in the singing. At the close of the service one of the roughest men among them invited the preacher to spend the night in his home. The invitation was accepted and they walked to the man's home, which was about three miles from the church, and all the while the crowd were drinking whiskey and firing off their pistols. Compton apparently paid no attention to their conduct, but talked about the beautiful night, the lovely country and the good meeting he expected God to give them.

Upon reaching his home, the wife was thrown into a high state of nervousness and embarrassment over having a preacher in the house for the first time. She insisted upon cooking a mid-

night meal, but, under Compton's protest, desisted and laid before them a cold lunch and a pot of hot coffee. The man talked in dare-devil vein of the "good old corn whiskey" made in that country, and how revenue men did not dare to interfere in those regions. The next morning Compton took particular pains to win the good-will of the children, and found occasion to give his views upon the proper way to raise children, and then, just before leaving for the next service, he had them kneel while he led in prayer. Now it developed that this man was very influential among the baser element. Evidently Compton had won his support for the misbehavior in and after the services soon stopped. The power of God came upon the people and many were saved. Some of those whom law-abiding citizens dreaded most, were transformed into men of splendid Christian character. Kindness, tactfulness and patience will generally find a way to the hidden elements of good in the roughest lives, and then the grace of God finds access and changes the outlaw to a Christian citizen.

Mrs. Conaway of T——, Kentucky, had been an invalid for twelve years, and for six years she had been confined to her bed, and, in spite of

doctors and drugs, she grew worse and worse. If a wagon passing the house made a sudden and unusual noise, she would be thrown into convulsions that would so affect her that she had to be held in her bed. An organ in the house had stood mute for years, for a single tone from it would throw Mrs. Conaway into a dreadful nervous state. A sheet was stretched above her bed to hide the figures of the wall paper, the sight of which was unendurable to the invalid.

One time, in the early days of Mr. Compton's religious work, he pitched his Gospel tent in the town of T—— and called from house to house, talking to the people about the Lord and engaging in prayer with them. In this sort of work he one day entered the home of the Conaways and, upon inquiry, he learned that Mrs. Conaway had been a Christian, but was then in a very unhappy religious state. Mr. Compton talked with her and prayed for her until she declared that the light of God's love was once more visible to her soul.

That night Mrs. Conaway told her husband that she wanted to attend Mr. Compton's meeting the next morning. Mr. Conaway thought such an idea preposterous. "Why," said he, "Compton cuts up like a thunder storm and you

could never endure such excitement." Mrs. Conaway was insistent, and at last her husband interviewed Mr. Compton and got his promise to speak as quietly as he could if she attended the next morning, and not to use the organ.

The invalid was carried to the tent upon a cot and placed near the large center pole. After Mr. Compton had made his talk several went forward to kneel in prayer. At this time Mrs. Conaway beckoned to Mr. Compton to come to her and, as he reached the cot, she whispered (she had not been able to talk above a whisper for a long time), "I want you to offer prayer especially for my healing." Mr. Compton asked a few Christians to gather about the cot while he offered a simple, earnest prayer to God for the healing of this afflicted wife and mother. While Mr. Compton was praying, Mrs. Conaway leaped from the cot and exclaimed in a loud, clear voice, "I am healed! I am healed!" A healthy girl of sixteen years could not have gotten about that tent more actively than did she.

Mr. Conaway carried the cot home on his back while Mrs. Conaway walked home receiving the congratulations of her neighbors and friends along the way. She attended all of the services after this, as well as superintending the care of



the home and the children. The writer of this book conducted evangelistic services in T—— five years consecutively, save one. He has been a guest in the Conaway home many times; has known all the family and the circumstances incident to Mrs. Conaway's healing, well. Twelve years have passed, and although Mrs. Conaway has not been a robust woman of great strength and endurance, she has enjoyed a splendid degree of health and has always been one of the most indefatigable workers in all of the revival campaigns. She is one of the best Christian women I have ever known.

It was about this period of Mr. Compton's life that he suffered a recurrence of the malady that had kept him a cripple throughout his boyhood, but from which he had no trouble for many years. He was engaged in a revival meeting in his Gospel tent when he was suddenly attacked by a fearful pain in this knee that, as he thought for years, had been permanently healed. The affliction was attended with very great agony, which drove him to his bed. A helper took charge of the services in the tent. Now, Mr. Compton had had too much personal experience of the power and willingness of God to heal the afflicted to fail to make his own affliction the

object of earnest prayer. He arranged to have a few of his friends unite with him for his healing and one day, as they prayed, the sharp, cutting pains stopped at once. Mr. Compton arranged to be taken to the tent in a conveyance and he took charge of the service himself. He began to preach sitting in a chair with his afflicted limb resting across another chair. He had not preached long until he leaped to his feet and completed the sermon moving about as actively as ever. This incident occurred fully twelve years ago and there has been no recurrence of the difficulty to this day.

## CHAPTER VI.

### TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS OF A PREACHER.

A gentleman, who appeared to be reliable, urged Mr. Compton to go to a Gospel-neglected Kentucky community to conduct a revival campaign. He assured Mr. Compton of a cordial welcome by the people, and also, that the prospects for a revival were auspicious. After a journey of forty miles, he reached the community and found that they had no available place in which to hold a meeting, and, furthermore, he met no one who seemed to be interested in one. There was a family that consented to open their home for a service that night. A small company gathered and after the service left for their homes without inviting the preacher to spend the night or to continue the meeting. Therefore, at ten o'clock at night, Mr. Compton found himself out under the stars with no place to lay his head and

forty miles from home! He had no money with which to pay transportation, so decided to start home afoot. After walking several miles, he came to a covered bridge that spanned a stream. Being very tired, he decided to spend the night in the bridge; resting (?) his head against a sill, he tried to fall asleep. The chirping insects, the hooting owls, the rippling water, the barking of neighborhood dogs, the scampering wood rats, the flying squirrels and fluttering bats—all entered into a successful conspiracy to keep him awake. Here the matter of his call to the ministry was reviewed. Was his call real or imaginary? Despite the darkness, the dreariness, the weariness, he told God he would be true. Far in the night a traveler passed through the bridge. Was this another lonely preacher with no place to lay his head?

After a night that seemed to be interminable, the eastern day-beams crept softly into the old bridge, yet with sufficient forcefulness to start the weary traveler once more upon his homeward journey.

Along in the day he met a man who proved to be an earnest Christian, who told him of a place in his community where he would like to have a meeting, and, if Mr. Compton would go

home with him, he would guarantee a place of entertainment, a good house in which to preach, and a good hearing. Compton gladly entered this open door. The meeting was conducted in a schoolhouse and within a week the building would not accommodate the crowds. A great revival of religion swept the country. As the meeting continued for weeks scores were converted. A godless community was literally reformed. Homes that had been strangers to Christ became homes of prayer. A Sunday-school was organized, with men for teachers who had been regarded as the roughest characters in that country. Thus entire families became Christian, and a work of grace was started in that country that doubtless will bear rich fruitage in eternity.

This experience of Mr. Compton's is strikingly corroborative of William Cowper's great hymn:

“God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

“Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up His bright designs,  
And works His sovereign will.

“Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;  
 The clouds ye so much dread  
 Are big with mercy, and shall break  
 In blessings on your head.

“Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
 But trust Him for His grace;  
 Behind a frowning providence  
 He hides a smiling face.

“His purposes will ripen fast,  
 Unfolding every hour:  
 The bud may have a bitter taste,  
 But sweet will be the flower.

“Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
 And scan His work in vain:  
 God is His own interpreter,  
 And He will make it plain.”

Mr. Compton walked eighteen miles to reach a village in which he was to preach for a few days. He reached the town just in time for the night service. Dusty, tired and hungry though he was, he delivered a Gospel message to which the congregation gave close attention. After announcing services for the next day, and cordially inviting the people to attend them, he dismissed the congregation. They hurried out of the church without paying the preacher the courtesy of a handshake, much less the offer of a bite to eat and a bed. As the janitor passed out, he left

Mr. Compton alone upon the steps of the church. There he stood in the darkness in a strange place, hungry and tired, with no chance to obtain either food or bed. Fortunately the janitor had not locked the door, so he re-entered the church where he spent the night in prayer and attempts to sleep. He got along with a measure of comfort until towards early morning, when the temperature fell many degrees; his clothes were wet with perspiration and he became thoroughly chilled. At last day dawned, and going out in the village he found a store in which he bought some crackers and a small can of kidney beans. These he carried back to the steps of the church where, his pocket-knife serving as a spoon, he was eating his breakfast when one of the neighborhood men who had attended the service the night before passed by. He said, "Good-morning, you are here early." Mr. Compton replied, "Yes, sir. Won't you have breakfast with me?" The man, with a bewildered expression, asked, "Where did you spend the night?" "Right here in this church, sir," replied Mr. Compton. The man looked like he had become suddenly ill. Finally expressing his regrets that the people had treated him so inhospitably, he hurried away. In a few minutes two ladies approached and, with profuse apologies

for their neglect of him, invited him to their home, where he found a warm welcome, a warm meal, and later, a warm bed.

Before the next service, it seemed that all the surrounding country had learned that the preacher had spent the night in the church; and this news so stirred up the element of curiosity in the people that at once the services became largely attended. Mr. Compton refrained from any allusion to his unhappy experience, but pled so earnestly for the salvation of lost souls that a far-reaching revival resulted. It became necessary for the congregation to purchase a more commodious building for the accommodation of the newly converted worshipers. It was a long time ere Mr. Compton recovered fully from the severe cold contracted in the church that first memorable night, but the good work which he started that night still goes forward. Some of those converts are in active Christian service, others have passed to the other side, where they dwell with Jesus.

En route to fill an engagement for evangelistic service in a town in a Southern state, Mr. Compton spent a night in a low-priced hotel. Upon reaching his destination, he started a meeting that gave splendid promise. When he reached



the point where, under all ordinary conditions, the revival should have been urged on to a great victory, Mr. Compton found that he had fallen victim to a pernicious type of vermin. So fearfully and mercilessly did the pest assail him that he was thrown into extreme distress. He saw but one thing to do in the exigency and that was to close the meeting and hasten home. Naturally the people protested vigorously against that and urged him to give them satisfactory reasons for the unexpected decision. This he did not do, (except to a few leaders); and then he hastened home. He spent several days in what at last proved a successful effort to rid himself of his tormentors. This incident will give the reader an idea of how the evangelist, who goes everywhere among all classes of people, and is compelled, through poor support, to live and travel as cheaply as possible, is heir to all sorts of discomfort, danger and disease. Mr. Compton has written the following concerning this particular experience:

“I think I have about run the gamut of conditions a minister is likely to face. I have preached in some of America’s leading churches, in country churches, in schoolhouses, in private houses, in storerooms, in halls, in saloons, in

brush arbors, in tents, in fence corners, in beer-gardens, upon street corners, in courthouses, at camp-meetings, at conventions, in city missions, in brothels, and on both sides of the world. I have encountered opposition that placed my life in jeopardy, but this is the only time I was ever driven out of any place by the devil or his emissaries. Why, those little crawlers made me even forget how to pray! A man could hardly be held accountable for committing suicide with them covering his body. Since this experience, I have not been able to understand why Pharaoh refused to let the children of Israel go, after this particular pest arrived in Egypt. I feel certain, had I been he, I should have gladly turned all Egypt loose and then have fled for my own life."

Mr. Compton and his father went thirty miles back into the mountains to conduct a revival. Upon examining the church building, Lucius declined to begin a service until the place was thoroughly cleaned. When the tobacco cuds had been removed from the walls and floor, there were enough of them to fill a peck measure. One day an influential deacon of the church invited the Comptons to take dinner at his home. Just as they began the meal, Lucius, looking straight into the eyes of the deacon, asked, "Brother,

where is your moonshine distillery?" Had a cannon exploded beneath the table, it would scarcely have caused greater consternation. The deacon turned white as death. The children sat in speechless amazement. It was clear to Lucius that he had gotten "close to something real." After a minute of awful silence, Lucius' father relieved the tension with a few tactful words. About two weeks after the meeting closed, revenue officers discovered an illicit distillery back of the deacon's spring and the law-breaker was put in stripes. The deacon doubtless has no idea but that the Comptons exposed his lawless enterprise to the officers, and were thus the cause of his imprisonment, and yet, no one could have been more innocent of the presence of a distillery on the deacon's property than they.

One of Compton's random shots brought about another very grave and unpleasant experience. This occurred in an Eastern state. Mr. Compton was the guest in the cultured home of an influential churchman. One day, as he was about to enter his room after having been down in the city a few hours, he met his host and said good-naturedly, as he placed his hand upon the man's shoulder, "Well, my brother, are you in a good humor yet?" The man's face turned livid

with anger. Compton went on into his room. Presently the man entered and said, "Did my wife meet you downstairs and tell you about my condition?" Mr. Compton answered, "No, my brother, I have had no conversation with your wife to-day." "Well," said he, "who told you that I had been in an ugly humor?" "Nobody," said Mr. Compton, "I had no idea that you ever got into such moods. I simply asked you that question in pure facetiousness." The gentleman had now carried the matter so far that an explanation became the only means of relieving the embarrassing situation, and he made a full confession to the preacher. That morning, in Mr. Compton's absence, he had lost control of his temper and had abused his wife with hateful words and had barely restrained himself from striking her. The man was deeply mortified and exceedingly penitent. He sought his wife's forgiveness as well as God's, and thus the intensely unpleasant disclosure Mr. Compton brought about unwittingly, resulted very happily.

While preaching one day in a backwoods locality, Mr. Compton said, "In order to be a good Christian, a person must give up whiskey, tobacco and snuff, for godliness includes cleanliness." One old lady went away from the ser-

vice saying, "I'll miss Heaven 'fore I'll quit chawing." She brought her scattered, brown, snagged teeth together pressing the juice out of a generous "chaw," and continued, "Here I be, poor an ain't got nothin' an yit, dat-ere preacher is tryin' ter take me unly 'joyment away." This old lady gave her heart to God one day and gave up her snuff and tobacco and lived a clean and respectable Christian life. She rarely failed to tell, when giving her public testimony, of this portion of her experience.

## CHAPTER VII.

### SANCTIFICATION.

A pathetic condition of twentieth century Christianity is the widespread indifference of the people to high attainment in Christian grace. With what amazing complacency do the majority of them recognize their imperfection! And this in the light of the words of Jesus in the Sermon on the Mount, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect." We are face to face with the extraordinary situation of Christians refusing to accept that for which they pray, and that which every one should eagerly desire. Men say, "You can have a perfect machine," and are dissatisfied with anything less. They demand perfect chickens, horses and hogs, but, talk of perfect Christian manhood, and they say, "It is impossible." Conceding that man can do that which they deny to Almighty God!

When and where has it been demonstrated that God cannot make perfect character? Have you given Him a full and fair opportunity with your own heart? Dr. Willits says, "With God perfection is not a question of can or cannot; of will or will not. He puts it squarely before men in the form of life—in deeds, not words; in character, not profession: and when these things are met He says, 'Ye shall be perfect.'" Mr. Compton was of the elect number "who hunger and thirst after righteousness," and have been rewarded according to the promise, "they shall be filled." The following account of his experience as a richly rewarded seeker of the baptism of the Holy Ghost, is the substance of the story, as often told by himself. It is but fair to say that the language is that of the writer.

"From the day that Christ reclaimed me from a wild and reckless life, I had endeavored to walk in the light as the Lord had sent it into my pathway. While I did not doubt that I was a child of God, because God's Spirit constantly bore me witness of this, still I found I was in possession of tempers and tendencies that sometimes caused me to do what I could not approve, and to leave undone some things that I felt a devout Christian ought to do. In one of my revivals, in which God

manifested His power, I preached my own conscience under conviction. I found within me tendencies toward impatience, fretting, and pride. Then, too, although God was blessing my efforts and giving me souls, I felt a great lack of the spiritual power like that which the disciples received upon the day of Pentecost, and which Peter declared was for us all. I had held the view that one's soul was made pure in regeneration, and that sin still dwelt in the flesh; but I concluded, after diligent investigation, that God's Word taught differently. I knew that the members of one's body had no power to do good or evil without the consent of the will; and, I reasoned, if one no longer willed to commit sin, then his body, in all of its conduct, would be righteous and holy. Saint Paul prayed that our 'whole body, soul and spirit, be preserved blameless,' and he commanded us to 'present our bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable;' and he declared that, 'our bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost, which should not be defiled, but must be holy.' Christ Himself said: 'From within, out of the heart of man, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornication, murders, thefts, covetousness, wickedness, deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride, foolishness; all these evil



things come from *within* and defile the man.' I had been taught that the highest possible attainment of the Christian's life was a seventh-of-Romans experience, where the 'body of sin' dwelt in and generally directed a man's conduct, but what I read in the eighth chapter of Romans, that, 'the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus had made him free from the law of sin and death,' made me suspicious of my previous instruction.

"I became convinced, both by reason and revelation, that there was a 'balm in Gilead' for all of my spiritual difficulties. God's Word declared that Christ's mission to earth was to destroy the works of the devil. Since sin is solely the devil's work, until one is freed from its presence and power, Christ's uttermost salvation has not been realized in his life. To have my head full of logical and scriptural theories did not satisfy me, but rather gave me a keen desire to possess the experience of full deliverance through the blood of Jesus Christ. Indeed, I became as deeply convicted of my need of a pure heart as, previously, I had been for the pardon of my sins.

"In the summer of 1899 I was in Cincinnati, Ohio, on the opening day of Salvation Park Camp-meeting, which was held at the Carthage campgrounds. I had but a few cents in my pos-

session, therefore I did not hope to be able to remain beyond the first few services. I went about the grounds with a tender heart and tearful eyes, for the presence and power of God were graciously overshadowing the whole scene. I would have counted it a high honor to have polished the preachers' shoes for the privilege of sitting under the magnetic influence of their conscience-stirring, soul-uplifting messages. It was here I first heard Seth C. Rees, that irresistible pentecostal evangelist to whom, under God, I am indebted far beyond my power to repay, for innumerable blessings and boundless inspiration.

"Early in the meeting I was compelled to leave, and, reluctantly, I started homeward. All the way I earnestly prayed God to permit me to return with my wife, that we might reap the spiritual benefit of the latter half of the camp. When I reached home I found that my prayer had been answered, for Mrs. Compton had received sufficient money to enable us, by practising severe economy, to spend a week at Carthage. There my hunger for sanctification reached such proportions that I knew that there was no alternative for me—I must possess this grace. Having provided a means of conveyance for Mrs. Compton's return home, I started out

to walk the eighteen miles. While I was compelled to walk for lack of funds to pay my way, I was glad to do so, for I was determined to obtain the experience somewhere between Carthage and home. I think Saul, en route to Damascus, had no more memorable experience than did I en route to my home; for about midway of that journey, the fire from Heaven fell upon me and I was filled with the Holy Ghost.

“In a secluded place, where none but God and the songbirds and I were present, I looked Heavenward through the branches of the forest trees, and asked the Father to reveal to me the entire cost in personal crucifixion and consecration, of this life for which he had given me such an insistent hunger. I told Him I would count the most difficult service and the most painful suffering all joy for His sake. I would gladly do the hard and distasteful things as I went forth without the gate bearing His reproach. If there were to be persecution, destitution, distress and grief, for His sake, I coveted them to the limit of human endurance. In short, I desired, more than all else, to carry out His program of life for me. My innermost soul acquiesced in whatever His will might be. With the completion of this eternal consecration came the realization that,

like Saint John, 'I was cleansed from all unrighteousness through the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ,' and, like Micah the prophet, I was 'filled with power by the Spirit of the Lord.' "

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,  
 All to leave and follow Thee;  
 Destitute, despised, forsaken,  
 Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:  
 Perish every fond ambition,  
 All I've sought, and hoped, and known;  
 Yet how rich is my condition,  
 God and Heaven are still my own!

"Let the world despise and leave me,  
 They have left my Savior too:  
 Human hearts and looks deceive me;  
 Thou art not, like man, untrue;  
 And while Thou shalt smile upon me,  
 God of wisdom, love, and might,  
 Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;  
 Show Thy face, and all is bright.

"Man may trouble and distress me,  
 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;  
 Life with trials hard may press me,  
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.  
 Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
 While Thy love is left to me;  
 Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
 Were that joy unmixed with Thee."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### FAITH COTTAGE.

From the beginning of Mr. Compton's ministry, he was deeply interested in the spiritual welfare of Asheville, North Carolina—the city he had chosen for his lifelong residence. There is no section of this city where his voice has not been heard calling the people to consecration to the Lord Jesus Christ; no portion of it which his feet have not trodden by day and by night on missions of mercy. He has gone out from this city to communities lying in every direction; to church, or tent, or schoolhouse, or hall, or home, or grove—to declare that the blood of Jesus Christ can cleanse from all sin. There are communities within the radius of fifty miles of Asheville that have been transformed through the power of his messages, and where devout Christians continually thank God that He sent this faithful preacher among them.

Mr. Compton's introduction to Asheville as a preacher was characteristically unique. While passing one day along Patton Avenue, the city's chief thoroughfare, he observed that men were electioneering on all sides for certain candidates for office. Accosting a policeman, he asked, "Does anybody ever electioneer for Jesus Christ upon these streets?" "No one," replied the officer, "except old B—, and nobody pays any attention to him." Compton walked on to the public square and, taking a position in front of the old Buncomb County courthouse, he began to sing a hymn. Two or three hundred men were soon gathered around him. This is the introduction to the message that he delivered: "I am here this afternoon to represent One who is sure to be elected whether you vote for Him or not. Over eighteen hundred years ago there was an election held in an Eastern city; the candidates were Jesus Christ and Barabbas. The majority voted for Barabbas, and, while Christ appeared to be defeated, it was only apparently so, for in the final count it was discovered that He had won the election and was given a seat at the right hand of Almighty God. He is still a candidate for the favor of men, and to every man who will accept Him now He offers the privilege of reign-

ing with Him in His everlasting kingdom." At the close of the service, upon the earnest solicitation of influential men, Compton consented to conduct a series of meetings in the courthouse at night and upon the square in the afternoons. Much was accomplished in those meetings that continues to bear fruit after the passing of nearly fifteen years.

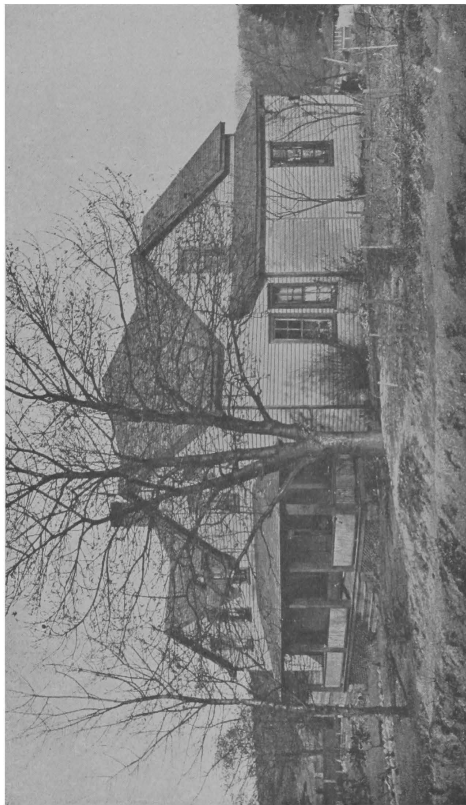
Mr. Compton gave particular attention to the needs of Asheville's poor—living, preaching and serving among them. In this class of Christian work he excelled, and to it he gave his heart's full devotion; and, as we shall see, out of it grew the institutions, Faith Cottage and Eliada Orphanage, which were to become monuments of faith and prayer.

During one of the many evangelistic campaigns which Mr. Compton has conducted in Asheville, one night a girl responded to the invitation to bow at the altar to seek the pardon of her sins. The girl confided to Mr. and Mrs. Compton that she had been living an immoral life and that she was an inmate of a house of prostitution. She could not endure the thought of returning to her old haunts, and yet she had nowhere else to go. Mr. Compton explained the case to several of his friends, asking them if

they would be willing to provide temporary shelter for the girl. Every one refused to open their doors to her. Mr. and Mrs. Compton lived in one room with a private family, making it impossible for them to receive the girl, and they seemed compelled to let her return to her environment of vice.

This experience, in conjunction with numerous others of a similar nature, brought great sadness to Mr. Compton's heart. The need for a haven where the fallen and outcast girls might find love and sympathy, Christ and a chance, became more and more evident to him, until, at last, it assumed the proportions of a clear call from God. Mr. Compton endeavored to interest his Asheville friends in such an institution, but they gave him small encouragement. He next laid the need before a man who had organized and maintained several rescue homes in various parts of the country, but the gentleman was not in a position to open one in Asheville, however much he would like to do so. It became clear to Mr. Compton at last that, if the institution was launched, he would have to cease to depend upon men directly, but look to God and trust Him to move His stewards to open up their hearts and purses to meet the demands of such a work.





FAITH COTTAGE.



The first step of faith must now be taken, and right here is where the foundations God had long been laying in Compton's life were to be thoroughly tested. After careful consideration and prayer, he went in search of a building in which to begin the work. Finding an empty house near the Mission Church on Buxton Street, he interviewed its owner and told him what he proposed to do, and then asked for the terms upon which he could procure the residence. The owner asked, "Who is back of this undertaking?" Compton replied, "Only God." "Well then," said he, "to whom shall I look for my rent?" "You shall look to me for that," was the reply. "Well," said the man, "what is back of you?" "A life of prayer and faith," said Compton. The owner dismissed him with the statement that he was uncertain whether he would consent to rent his property for such an enterprise, but would give a final reply on the morrow.

While the landlord was considering, the Comptons were praying, and the next day the house was offered to Mr. Compton for fifteen dollars a month, the rent to be paid in advance. Mr. Compton did not have a dollar, nor did he have a friend to whom he would go to borrow one. He went to prayer and told God the whole situa-

tion as it appeared to him, and then he left the matter in Divine hands. The next morning he received a letter from New Hampshire containing a check for fifteen dollars. He paid the first month's rent and then, with Mrs. Compton and another woman assisting, he began to prepare the house for occupancy. A friend, learning of what had been done, handed Mr. Compton a dollar; with this he hired a dray wagon to transfer the few things they possessed to the new home. Their household goods were not sufficient to properly furnish one room. A lady, hearing of their step of faith, provided them with four small cots, mattresses and comforts, besides shades for all of the windows. It has always been characteristic of Mr. Compton to praise God as ardently as he prayed to Him, therefore each evidence of the Father's care became the occasion of thanksgiving, and at this delightful occupation he has been kept busy to this day. As soon as the house was ready, an unfortunate girl with a baby asked to be taken in. They received her gladly and shared with her such as they had, in the name of the Lord. Many girls sought admission and the home, which had been named Faith Cottage, was soon filled.

While the Faith Cottage sky was often as

clear as the healthful ozone of its natural environment, high up in the Appalachian sky-land, there were often times when the densest clouds hung ominously over the youthful institution, presaging direst disaster. The first opposition came from the immediate neighborhood. There was an effort made to have the court declare the place a public nuisance and thus abolish it. Unknown friends arose to the defence of the work, and this attempt failed. The owner of the property was urged to refuse to rent the house to Mr. Compton longer, but he stated that Mr. Compton kept his rent paid in advance and was a satisfactory tenant, and he would not eject him. After that the opposing forces consoled themselves with the assurance that the plant was of the mushroom variety and would soon die of its own inertia. But all of the opposition from without was not comparable with that which came from a traitoress from within.

In the early days of the institution there came to Asheville, from nobody knew exactly where, an elderly woman of attractive and winsome personality. This woman claimed to be a devout Christian with wide experience in rescue work. She sought out Mr. Compton and impressed him so favorably that he accepted her offer of her

services to the Home. She labored in the interests of the Home and among the people of Asheville and surrounding country for awhile with much acceptability, and won the unlimited confidence of many of Mr. Compton's closest friends. There came a day, however, when Mr. Compton was compelled to admit to his own reluctant heart that the woman was guilty of some grave irregularities. Her conversation was not always wholesome and it was discovered that she was violating an unalterable rule of the Home by slipping snuff and tobacco to the girls who were addicted to this filthy and unchristian habit. One day this woman notified Mr. Compton of the receipt of twenty-five dollars given her by a certain woman, as she said, for the furnishing of a room for her personal use. Mr. Compton was greatly pleased with this until he discovered later that the money had been sent to himself for the general needs of the institution. About this time a devout young woman had been procured from a Northern city to assume the responsibility of matron of the home. She shared the old lady's room for awhile. To the utter bewilderment of Mr. Compton, the young woman went about weeping and sighing almost from her arrival. After a few days Mr. Compton demanded an explanation of

her Jeremiacal affliction. The young woman asked a question, "Mr. Compton, what did you do with the money that Mr. R— sent you for the furnishing of this Home?" Mr. Compton assured her that Mr. R— had not sent any money for that purpose. "But," said he, "the gentleman did at one time give me a few dollars which I paid in upon the purchase of the cook stove." When pressed to disclose the source of her information, the young woman named the old lady with whom she roomed. Immediately Mr. Compton wrote Mr. R—, requesting him to send a statement of the total amount of money he had ever invested in the institution. An early reply stated that he had sent just eleven dollars. Of course this evidence convinced the new matron that her roommate had been *endeavoring*, through malicious misrepresentation, to injure Mr. Compton's good name. Mr. Compton notified the old lady that "he was now convinced that the Lord did not want her in the Home any longer."

Unhappy results came of the ejection of the old woman. So fully had she ingratiated herself into the esteem of the people, that she was in a position to shake the confidence of Mr. Compton's closest friends in his integrity. She did

not hesitate, while visiting around among the people, to make the vilest insinuations and the most preposterous accusations. Of course there are always those who are eager for such disclosures, with whom it is a slight consideration whether the accusations are true or false.

From the beginning of his ministry, Mr. Compton adopted the policy of non-defense in every case of persecution and misrepresentation that should arise. To the unthinking, this attitude would appear to be preposterous, if not, indeed, cowardly. A little reflection will disclose quite the contrary. It takes a greater man to maintain an admirable equipoise and dignified silence under persecution than one who flutters and sputters about in a paroxysm of defense and retaliation. Mr. Compton has always relied upon the Scriptures for solace and strength; he has been so much unlike the most of us as to be always resigned to the working out of the Scripture which says, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." During the testing months when he could not be unaware that he was under a cloud of suspicion, and that even with some of his dearest friends, he leaned hard upon these words of God: "He shall be blessed upon the earth, and thou shalt not deliver him to the will



of his enemies." "Christ suffered, leaving us an example that we should follow in his steps, who when he was reviled, reviled not again: when he suffered, he threatened not, but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously."

Let the reader bear in mind that through all the months he was being crushed by this load of slander he had maintained an attitude of dignified silence and non-defense. Now, after such an attitude, who should Mr. Compton encounter one day but the sheriff, who notified him that he was cited to appear in court upon a certain day and face the charge of maliciously slandering this old woman!

It was learned that the woman had engaged an able lawyer and had prepaid him for his contemplated services. The ignominy of it all was intensified when the city newspapers, in bold headlines, announced the sensational features of the case. After two sleepless nights spent in meditation and prayer, Mr. Compton determined not to retain a lawyer or in any other way to fight the case. He had immeasurably greater confidence in the ability of his Heavenly Father to vindicate him than he had in the combined wisdom of lawyers, loyal friends and himself. He declared his willingness to go on the Buncomb

County chain-gang if God did not see fit to fully exonerate him. He found much justification of his proposed course in the Sermon on the Mount: "If they sue thee at the law and take away thy coat, let them have thy cloak also." "When men revile you and persecute you, rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in Heaven."

The day of the trial was approaching. Many friends, new and old, urged Mr. Compton to reconsider his decision and prepare to fight the case. To all these he gave the same reply, "My decision, founded upon an unalterable trust in God, is final." The climax soon came. Mr. and Mrs. Compton were summoned to the bedside of the old woman, who had become very ill. Upon reaching her, the woman said she had called Mr. Compton to confess to him the wrongs she had sought to do him and the malice she had treasured within her heart toward him. She declared that all she had said against his character was utterly false and that she had notified her lawyer to drop the case immediately.

Mr. Compton took the hand that had been so long against him in his own, and, looking into the old woman's face, told her that out of the depths of his heart he forgave her. Then he fell

upon his knees and, with all the fervor of his long-suffering, but now jubilant, soul, he thanked God, and interceded for the highest and best blessings of Heaven upon the woman lying there. Here you have a revelation of the innermost heart of Lucius B. Compton, the purity and transparency of his soul. Could angels have held back hard-pressing tears as they beheld this act of Christian magnanimity?

It was not long ere the story of his vindication became generally known. From year to year he steadily grew in the confidence and esteem of the people of his native city, and now, in the year 1914, Asheville looks upon this unostentatious man as one of the city's assets.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE AUDACITY OF FAITH.

Out upon one of Asheville's many hilltops, in the southwestern section of the city, there was a plat of two acres of land with an old weather-worn house upon the topmost summit of the area. Mr. Compton coveted that property for the Lord Jesus Christ. It seemed to him to be admirably situated for the purposes of Faith Cottage.

The work at the original Home had battled through the trials and shouted through the triumphs of two eventful years. There had been sunshine and rain—mostly rain—but back of all the rain-full clouds, God had been, unflinching.

Keen, like Arctic blasts, was the storm that threatened the future existence of Faith Cottage as she was emerging from the travail of her second year. So much seemed to depend upon Mr. Compton's ability to keep constantly in the

evangelistic field where he could keep the needs of the institution before the people; but a physical breakdown had kept him from traveling as had been his wont. While money evaded him, his hands were not empty, for expenses, on fleet wing, came to fill them. One source of revenue upon which he had leaned hard for many months, failed utterly. Sympathetic and honored friends said, "It is useless to proceed; abandon the enterprise." Enemies advised likewise, but, with sinister intent. Elephaz the Temanite, Bildad the Shuhite, and Zophar the Naamathite, all paid their respects; and incidentally, contributed their meed of wisdomic discouragement. But Compton in the darkest hour saw a vision of the hilltop with its two acres and weather-beaten house and God said, "My son, buy it for me." Compton replied, "Father, I will."

This happened in a Maryland camp-meeting, where he was kept in bed under the care of a trained nurse all day, except when he arose and went to the tabernacle to fill his place, as he alternated with the other preachers. He returned to Asheville from this camp, and with a friend he visited the hilltop he was to take for Jesus Christ. "Where two are agreed as touching anything, it shall be done." The two held a resultful

prayer-meeting on the property. Mr. Compton found the owner anxious to sell. His terms were \$550.00 down, and the balance in annual payments, with interest. Compton had no money, no promise of money, nor prospect of receiving money. A friend sent him fifty dollars for the rescue work. He carried the money to the agent, who laughed at the absurdity of accepting fifty dollars down upon such valuable property. Compton said, "Will you take these fifty dollars and give me twenty days to appear with five hundred others; with the agreement that I am to forfeit the payment if I fail to raise the balance?" The agent agreed, reluctantly.

"Our doubts are traitors,  
And make us lose the good we oft might win,  
By fearing to attempt."

There was just one number on the Faith Cottage program for many days and nights—prayer, prayer, prayer. Compton went to Hebron, Massachusetts, to fill a camp-meeting engagement. One day during this camp a minister said a few kind words publicly about the mission of Faith Cottage and the competent leadership of Mr. Compton. Upon the closing day of the camp, a man handed Mr. Compton a sealed en-

velope, another a check, another a bill and others various sums of money. He slipped the gifts into his pocket uncounted. When he went to his room that night, he counted the money; it is a wonder he lived to complete the joyous task, for he found himself in possession of over five hundred dollars! Hours of that night he spent upon his knees in unspeakable gratitude to his Heavenly Father.

Upon reaching Asheville, Mr. Compton found that much personal mail had accumulated in his absence from home. One of the first letters he opened read as follows:

“My Dear Brother:—

“Father tells me to send you this check. He knows why. God bless you all.

“J— B—.”

The check was drawn for one hundred dollars. When Mr. Compton had gotten through all the mail, he had, including the Massachusetts money, a total of \$733.00.

Within a week's time the property was legally made over to the Faith Cottage interests. Several men were set to work at once remodeling the old house and preparing it for occupancy. The simple statement is powerless to convey any adequate conception of the trials and discouragement.

ments encountered and overcome ere the task was completed. However, in the month of November, 1895, the matron, missionaries and rescued girls moved into their new and permanent home.

A visit to Faith Cottage impresses one at once that the place is a home. It has neither the air nor the appearance of an institution. Entering from the front veranda you are admitted to a hall from which a stairway leads to the upper floor. You are admitted through a door, to your right, to the office, where much of the extensive mail pertaining to all the work under Mr. Compton's management is attended to. Here also is where the *New Testament Christian* is edited and mailed to its hundreds of subscribers all over the United States and beyond. Back of the office is the matron's room and a large living-room where the mothers may gather with their little babes and read, visit or rest. Going back to the entry hall, a door to your left admits you to the reception parlor, a room tastefully and comfortably furnished. To this room are all of Faith Cottage's visitors first taken—benefactors from far and near; heavy-hearted mothers with wayward daughters; girls of tender years disgraced in a moment of insistent temptation; women,



ravaged and wrecked with years of prostitution and profligacy; ministers, evangelists, personal friends, here they sit down from the North, the South, the East and the West, and sitting there, some are made to feel that they are already in the kingdom of God.

There are two doors leading from this room, one, to the left, to a small guest-room; the other, to the dining-room, where every morsel placed upon the tables is furnished by saints of God the land over upon whose hearts the Father has laid the burden of this institution's maintenance. The kitchen, to the left of the dining-room, completes the arrangement of the first floor. There are seventeen rooms in the house with two bath-rooms, two toilet rooms and a basement. The gift of one thousand dollars from a friend in Philadelphia made it possible to equip the home with a modern steam-heating plant. This is a very important feature in any home, but particularly so in Faith Cottage where there are generally several little babes whose comfort demands an even temperature. The Home is situated high above the tumultuous French Broad River, about one-eighth of a mile away, and commands a sweeping view of Asheville and the distant

verdure-clad Great Smokies, rising tier upon tier, like stair-steps to Glory.

The Home is conducted on the wisest disciplinary plan. Each inmate is required to do her share of the household work. Every one is required to keep her bedroom in good order, and, if she be a mother, is responsible for the care of her baby. Certain girls have charge of the household washing, others the ironing, others the cooking, and others the sweeping and dusting. Each day is started with family prayer, in which all are brought together and the Scriptures read, then all who will are urged to offer prayer. A few moments are always spent, after all are seated at the table and before the meal is begun, in quoting passages of Scripture from memory, each girl being expected to be ready with a portion. Every Sabbath morning one of the missionaries teaches the Sunday-school lesson to the girls who gather in the reception parlor for that purpose. Often, under the guidance of the workers, such girls as can get away are taken to religious services in various parts of the city. Faith Cottage has but little confidence in the permanency of the reformation of its girls unless they are transformed by the renewing of their minds and the

purifying of their hearts through the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Faith Cottage runs the gamut of all of the human emotions, from the humorous to the sublime. Most of the girls who become members of the household are as tractable as children, but occasionally they have to deal with lazy, firey-tempered, dishonest and ungrateful ones. One Sabbath the matron, with a few girls, had gone to a service in a near-by church. In the midst of the service a messenger informed her that two girls were running away with everything they could get their hands upon. The matron and the girls accompanying her immediately left the church and hastened home, reaching the house just in time to see the two girls in the distance, fleeing with their arms filled with wearing apparel and other valuables, which belonged to the household.

One of the unalterable rules of the Home is that tobacco and snuff shall not be used upon the premises. Many of the women and girls who come there are slaves to these filthy habits. Occasionally a girl would become so hungry for a mouthful of snuff that she would run away from the Home to indulge herself. When the workers would learn of her disappearance, they would set

out in pursuit, hurrying here and there—among the hills, in the alleys, in dilapidated buildings, and, sometimes, upon the roofs of flat-topped buildings, they would find them. This happened under an early policy of the Home; now it is the policy of Faith Cottage to let any one go who is so far unwilling to stay that she will run away. There are so many who have a sincere desire to reform that it has not seemed to be the wisest plan to crowd these out with such as seem to be incorrigible.

As has been previously indicated, Faith Cottage depends for sustenance upon the where-withal to provide it as it is sent in by interested friends. Sometimes the bottom of the flour barrel is closely scraped and meat becomes quite a stranger to the house. One time when there had been no meat for a good while, and all had acquired an eager appetite for some, they unitedly laid the matter before God in prayer. They were aroused by a vigorous knock at the door and, upon answering it, there stood an expressman with the hind quarter of a beef upon his back. When the meat was deposited within the house, and the clear evidence of the Father's faithfulness was realized by them, the whole family burst out with tears of gratitude. For

several months the donor's name was not known, then, one day they learned that a man living forty miles back in the mountains felt divinely impressed to kill a beef and to send a hind quarter to Faith Cottage.

In the early spring of 1909, Mr. Compton found himself once more seriously hindered in his work by indebtedness. He decided to call his workers together and enlist them in importunate supplication that God remove the indebtedness from the institution. During this season of prayer and faith, there came to Faith Cottage from a donor in Pennsylvania a check for \$775.00—the exact amount required to life the mortgage from the property. And now, six years from the time Mr. and Mrs. Compton began the work in the rented residence near the old Buxton Street church, Faith Cottage stands free of debt, a monument to the power of prayer and faith, having received to her outstretched arms scores of unfortunate souls and sent them away to live lives of Christian usefulness. A few (as the next chapter will disclose) found Faith Cottage the vestibule of Heaven from whence they swept through the gates into the city whose Builder and Maker is God.

Faith Cottage has over-stepped her specific

mission occasionally when it was possible to enlarge the field of her usefulness. At one time the attempt was made, with much success, to educate poor little street gamins. Mr. Compton decided to excavate a suitable room under the Buxton Street Mission church. He employed a helper and together they completed the arduous task. He secured two hundred dollars with which he fitted up the room and then brought a young lady from Michigan to teach the tow-selled tots. No ordinary methods would induce the parents to send the children to school, so it was necessary to try some extraordinary ones. Mr. Compton gave every child that attended a day's session a ticket, and when a child received a certain number of tickets he or she would be given a pair of shoes, a hat or some other useful article. Thus the parents found it advantageous to keep their children regularly in the school. This work was continued for a long time; it not only gave the children the rudiments of an education, but kept them off the streets and out of the hands of the devil, at least while within the school, and many of the children came to definitely know their Savior.

Another most commendable enterprise was maintained for several years. This was to pro-

vide a generous meal for Asheville's poor every Thanksgiving or Christmas day. The missionaries would visit the districts where poverty dwelt unmolested and give out tickets to such as seemed to be worthy, which entitled them to a part in the feast. All of the dirty, unkempt, ill-clad children were first of all thoroughly washed and then provided with clothing, as their needs required. There were a few instances where, when the children had been put through this cleansing and renewing process, and the parents were allowed to look in upon them thus transformed, they had the greatest difficulty in recognizing their own offspring. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

## CHAPTER X.

### ARE THE DAYS OF MIRACLES PAST?

“Have you looked for the sheep in the desert,  
For those who have lost their way?  
Have you been in the wild waste places,  
Where the lost and the wandering stray?  
Have you trodden the lonely highway,  
The foul and darksome street?  
For there ye might find in the gloaming,  
The prints of the Master’s feet.

“Have ye folded and pressed to your bosom,  
The trembling, neglected lamb?  
Have you taught to the little lost ones  
The sound of the Shepherd’s name?  
Have ye searched for the poor and needy,  
With no clothing, no home, no bread?  
The Son of man was among them  
With no place to lay His head.

“Have ye carried the living water,  
To the parched and thirsty soul?  
Have ye said to the sick and wounded,  
‘Christ Jesus can make you whole’?  
Have you told to the fainting children  
The strength of the Father’s hand?  
Have ye guided the tottering footsteps  
Safe to the heavenly land?



"Have ye stood by the sad and weary  
 To soften the pillow of death,  
 To comfort the sorrow-stricken,  
 And to strengthen the feeble faith?  
 Have ye felt when the heavenly glory  
 Had streamed through the open door,  
 And brightened the darkened hearth-stone  
 That Christ had been there before?"

It is not the writer's purpose to delineate the salacious life history of all the immoral women and delinquent girls who have found shelter, sympathy and salvation in Faith Cottage. Such stories are best left buried in the "Fountain filled with blood," and forgotten like God forgets our sins when buried there. However, it seems proper to devote a chapter to these sordid pictures of profligacy, in order that the reader may gain a distinct impression of the unselfish service and unspeakable sacrifice those devoted souls are making, who, with as great refinement, with as great love for the æsthetical, as other respectable folks, are giving their lives to this work.

Upon a day in the month of July, a little five-year-old girl was seen begging from door to door in the vicinity of Faith Cottage. Mr. Compton found the girl a filthy specimen of neglected childhood. The pitiful little creature, after some tactful persuasion, disclosed the location of her mother and baby brother. Mr. Compton was directed

to one of the most lamentable scenes he had ever beheld. Out in the woods under some bushes he found the mother and her nursing babe. The trio were three exclamation points of misery, squalor and degradation. He learned from the woman that they were living in the bushes in clear weather and in abandoned shacks at other times, and at this time they were depending upon the child's begging for their food. The woman had met with an accident a few days before in which she sprained one of her limbs so that she had been unable to walk or even to stand upon her feet. The children had been born out of wedlock and the mother was begging and stealing their inadequate sustenance. The woman, in addition to all of her other miseries, was suffering intensely with her wounded limb. Summoning helpers who assisted the mother to Faith Cottage, Mr. Compton carried the babe in his arms. He did not mind the filth greatly, for he knew that underneath the heavy outward coating of neglect, there was as much innocence, purity and promise, as would be found in a babe born in the palace of a king. Indeed, when the family had been scrubbed, scoured and soaked for a few days; when clean clothing had been procured for them; when they had been nourished with substantial food;

when the poor, devil-driven woman had been brought into personal relationship with the Lord Jesus Christ, then the transformation was incredible. The children were placed in an institution where they received loving care. The mother left Faith Cottage and, as far as is known, has lived a respectable life ever since.

One of the first women received in Faith Cottage was known as Roxie. For twelve years she had been widely known among the police and the habitués of dens of infamy as one of the most incorrigible prostitutes in the city. In addition to her other vices, she was a drunkard and a user of morphine. Roxie was sentenced to jail for stabbing a man. Faith Cottage petitioned the judge to let them have this poor creature, that they might endeavor to reclaim her, for they believed that,

“Down in this human heart, crushed by the tempter,  
 Feelings were buried that grace could restore,  
 If touched by a loving heart, wakened by kindness,  
 Those chords that were broken would vibrate once  
 more.”

Roxie was sent to the Home and in a short time she became a transformed woman. God wrought a work of grace in her that subdued her insane temper, and made her conduct such as

became a Christian lady. One day Mrs. Compton took Roxie down to the city to do some shopping. An officer could scarcely believe his eyes when he saw the two together. The following day he took occasion to warn Mr. Compton against permitting his wife being alone with such a vicious character. He said Roxie was liable to be thrown into a fit of madness under the slightest provocation and then she would not hesitate to take one's life. He also said that no officer without assistance would attempt to arrest Roxie when she was angry. Mr. Compton told the officer that God had transformed the woman and that now she was as tractable as a child.

Roxie maintained a most commendable Christian life until, by an unwise arrangement, she left the Home too soon, to make her home with a sister. It was not long before the old inhuman vultures were once more after their prey, and they at last succeeded in seducing her away from God. When this information reached Faith Cottage, it caused much sorrow. So much was Roxie upon their minds that one cold night when the storm awakened them, Mrs. Compton said to her husband, "I wonder where poor Roxie is tonight?" They decided to search for her in the morning. So out in the snow they started, and

after a long search through old dilapidated shacks, they came to the most wretched one of all, and pushed open the door, which was but half closed because of the snow banked up against it. In a dark corner was an old wreck of a cot, some old straw and some rags. Beside the cot was a smoking lantern, upon it lay the poor object of their search. In the midst of that squalor Roxie lay, desperately ill, half starved and nearly frozen. They told her how the Heavenly Father had laid her upon their hearts at midnight and that they had sought diligently to find her, and they wanted to take her back home with them. She was glad to go; so they placed her in a carriage and returned with her to Faith Cottage. Roxie never recovered from the disease that brought her to her bed. So great was her longing to return to the arms of Jesus that she sought Him very earnestly for forgiveness and reclamation, and died with the testimony that she was prepared to go, through the merits of Jesus' blood.

“Oh, there is One who is purer than snow,  
 Standing all day by the lost and the low,  
 He knows the anguish, the heart's deepest cry,  
 He follows their footsteps, He hears every sigh.  
 Come, there is mercy and forgiveness for thee;  
 Come, there is healing; salvation is free;  
 Come to the Savior, His graciousness know,  
 His blood will redeem and wash whiter than snow.”

Minnie Nichols was born and reared in western North Carolina. Her parents died when she was three years old. She was early cast adrift upon life's turbulent sea. In the inevitable storms, she battled against the raging elements for a time, then she succumbed to their merciless fury. Then for years she was a wandering derelict upon Unchastity's sunless sea. In her career she became the plaything of base Africans. Oh, merciful God! she fell so low as to be despised, even by these! At the age of thirty years, when husband, motherhood, and home should have made her an uncrowned queen, in the shambles of lust she was as worthless as a dead fly in a cobweb. Yet, in the market-place, where God barter, her soul was of world worth. The missionaries of Faith Cottage were always in quest of the eternal values. It mattered but slightly to them how sin had worn the covering that enclosed that priceless jewel, they eagerly drew that form to their arms, their hearts, and then to their God.

They found Minnie where she was no stranger—in the city prison. The judge, unhesitatingly gave her to Faith Cottage; he thought if she did not find secure anchorage there, she was hopeless. As she enters Faith Cottage, think of the most

benighted female character you ever saw; now multiply the result again and again—there, you have her picture! Look in upon her in one week; if casually, you see about the same creature; if carefully, you discern a hundred Christian qualities, budding like trees in early spring. She has found Jesus Christ. All of her sins have been washed away. She has received the Holy Spirit. Her heart is cleansed. She is no longer “old drunk Minnie,” but, “our sister in Christ.” Very earnestly she endeavored to prove her appreciation of her new life. In many interesting ways she showed the thoroughness of her regeneration. But her soul expanded too rapidly to maintain safe anchorage in a body so fragile and sin-broken. She was to drift no longer. She saw the dim outlines of the distant shore. Calling for Mr. Compton, she said, “I am going away to-night. I wanted so much to live to prove my gratitude for all Faith Cottage has done for me; but, I’ll tell Jesus over there. When I am gone I want you to sing,

“ ‘Amazing grace how sweet the sound,  
That saves a wretch like me.’ ”

“I thank you all for your kindness. Good-bye.” One of the missionaries stayed close be-

side the bed, watching; and, in the silent night, she saw the passing of Minnie's soul.

The following sketches concerning Amla and Hertes were written by Hattie M. Byers, business manager of *The New Testament Christian*, and are inserted here practically unchanged. She says:

One afternoon I was sitting in the office of the Flower Mission and Associated Charities, engaged in conversation with the secretary on a matter of business. The adjoining room was filled with men and women awaiting their turn to present their needs and tell their sorrows to the secretary. Suddenly we were interrupted by the door being pushed rudely open and a rough voice asking, "Is this Miz Wild?" The secretary turned to the owner of the voice and requested her to wait a few minutes. As the door closed, we looked at each other questioningly and the secretary exclaimed, "Oh, what a face!" It was a face the like of which I never remember having seen before. This incident had almost passed from my mind, when a few hours later the same individual presented herself at Faith Cottage with a note from the secretary requesting us to help her if we were in a position to take her.

It is not in my power to describe realistically



the poor soul as she came into the parlor at our invitation. She was a large, angular person, clothed in about equal proportions of apparel belonging to men and women. Her clothes, from hat to shoes, were soiled and dusty: her face and hands matched her clothes; her hair was disheveled and her uncouthness of manner and downcast countenance completed a picture that was pitiable in the extreme.

We endeavored to find out where she came from and other facts relating to her family history. When we asked her age she was puzzled and said she did not know how old she was. We judged her, however, to be about twenty-five years old. Little by little we got the story of a life that had never known joy or sunshine. She had come a distance of about forty miles from back in the mountains, from whose seclusion she had never ventured before. Her life had been utterly void of every refining influence. Of a woman's work, she knew nothing. She had plowed and hoed in the fields and cut timber and rolled logs in the woods all her life. In that cheerless environment she was lured to her ruin, and in the day of her trouble she came to Asheville, where she hoped to find friends and shelter.

She sold her gun, and with the proceeds paid her carfare to the city!

Her whole life had been one of hardship and deprivation. Many times the meals, which were too meager to satisfy her hunger, were finished on tobacco or little red berries dug from under the leaves in the woods. The night of her arrival in Faith Cottage she was treated to the first bath she had ever received, to her knowledge. She seemed so foreign to all of her surroundings here and so unfitted for any position of which we could think, that it is little wonder we questioned the propriety of keeping her in the Home.

For days she went about in a state of bewilderment, yet, endeavoring to become accustomed to her new surroundings. Even the food placed before her was oftentimes so different from what she had known that she scarcely knew how to proceed to eat it. For a long time we could not discern that any impressions of a spiritual nature were being made upon her heart. To all outward appearances, she seemed to be unmoved. But there came a certain Saturday night when we saw how little we had reckoned on the quiet, invisible workings of the Holy Spirit. Some of us were busy in the kitchen finishing the preparations for the Sabbath, when word came that we

were wanted in Amla's room. When we reached the room, we found that nearly all of the Faith Cottage family had preceded us. There was Amla, her face radiant and happy, praising the Lord and announcing to all how gloriously the Lord had saved her as she lay there on her bed. You would not have seen a clearer conversion in a camp-meeting than Amla had there all alone in her room, without any instruction or help from anybody but God. The entire household was stirred. While some who were saved sang and rejoiced, others were deeply convicted of their own need of Christ. For days Amla's face was a picture of heavenly peace, and so completely was she changed in her appearance that it seemed incredible that she was the same girl that had been admitted to Faith Cottage so soon before. But disease, that unfailing subsequent of illicit living, had fastened itself upon her body. She became a great sufferer. The doctors were not sure whether her trouble was tubercular or cancerous. She had great faith in prayer, and there are few whom I would rather hear engaged in prevailing prayer for herself or the interests of our work than Amla. As time passed she became convinced of her need of a clean heart and sought it earnestly. One night in a little parlor

meeting God answered her prayer and we believe gave her her heart's desire. While Amla was growing in grace, her body was becoming weaker and her times of suffering more frequent, and the physicians thought she could scarcely live six months.

A famous Baltimore physician, who has made some remarkable discoveries of the power of radium over disease, came to Asheville and lectured. The doctor, who was especially interested in Amla's case, presented her condition to the specialist, who became interested and offered to treat her free of charge if she came to Baltimore. Transportation was procured and money to meet other expenses was contributed by people of the city, and she was sent to Baltimore. After two months she writes that she feels like a new person through the effectiveness of the treatment she is receiving. She gives her Heavenly Father all praise and glory for every blessing He bestows upon her. Her desire is to become a missionary, that she may tell others what One can do for them who has done such marvelous things for her.

Hertes' father and mother parted when she was a young girl and her home life was so unhappy that one day she ran away with a man who made her alluring promises. The man brought her to

Asheville, where first he took her to a hotel, but not long afterwards he ordered a carriage and sent her to Mountain Street, the red-light district of Asheville. Then he disappeared after, no doubt, receiving remuneration for his crooked work. Here the poor girl was kept until her heart was wrought upon by the Holy Spirit so powerfully that she could not endure the life longer, and she made up her mind she would either find shelter in Faith Cottage or end her own life.

One night, about ten o'clock, a telephone message came asking if we would receive a girl from the red-light district at that late hour. We replied, "Certainly we will. Any girl that desires to get back to the path of virtue is welcome here at any hour." About an hour later a carriage stopped at the Home and we admitted to the sitting-room one of the most pitiable objects our eyes had ever beheld—a girl whose face was marred by the ravages of sin, her hair matted and full of vermin, and her clothing unfit for appearance in respectable society. She had evidently drunk the dregs of Sin's bitter cup and was reaping in her own body the harvest of that which she had sown. We have dealt with some of the hardest cases, but it seemed to us we had not seen a more

hopeless case. Apparently all traces of womanhood had gone, leaving scarcely a vestige of character upon which to build again. I went back to the office sick at heart, knowing that only God could meet the exigencies of a case like that. But oh, the loving kindness of our Lord! He knew that down underneath all the sin-made scars there beat a heart sincere in its longing for a better life. The workers took charge of the poor girl and cared for her as tenderly as if she were their own sister, combing out her tangled hair, clothing the poor wasted body, and trying in every possible way to bring sunshine and hope to the despairing life.

Hertes had not been with us long until she sought and found Jesus, who mercifully wrought a great transformation in her life. Under the training she received at Faith Cottage, she became one of the best cooks we ever had in the Home and became a competent general house-keeper. At this writing she is in a Christian home where she was placed from Faith Cottage, and the lady of the home says she has become a very beautiful young woman, and, as far as is known by us, is living a clean and happy Christian life.

## CHAPTER XI.

### ELIADA ORPHANAGE.

It would not demand the most astute prognosticator to foretell the inevitableness of an institution for the care and training of little children in connection with a work like that of Faith Cottage. Indeed, long before such an institution became the splendid achievement that is now so widely known as "Eliada Orphanage," Mr. Compton and his corps of consecrated assistants had visions of the impending demand and its realization. Their faith was true to Saint Paul's definition: "The promise of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Many babies as innocent, as worthy, as full of promise, as yours and mine are projected upon the world from Faith Cottage; dear little innocents handicapped and leaden-weighted in life's long race by conditions imposed upon them by Society's chief crime.

Let the full weight of the load of shame fall upon the head, the heart, the name, of him who, by wilful sinning, outrages decency and justice, but a thousand anathemas upon such as would harm, by commission or omission, one hair of the heads of these little ones. These are as worthy of love and tender care, and culture, and place in Society's arms, as those children whom the law acknowledges as legitimate. Before God, illegitimately conceived babies become legitimate when He breathes into them the breath of life; and before Him the child of the harlot, or of betrayed innocence, stands upon an equal plane with the child of chastity—else He cannot be the God of the Bible. The stigma that all too often follows the life of the illegitimately conceived should, by every argument of justice and mercy, rest rather upon those in whose unchristian hearts the reproach is harbored.

Out of three things came the founding of Eliada Orphanage: first, the unmistakable leadership of Almighty God; second, the insistent demand for such an institution, growing out of the work of Faith Cottage; third, Lucius B. Compton's love and sympathy for little children, and particularly the unfortunate ones. The certainty of the first reason will impress the reader



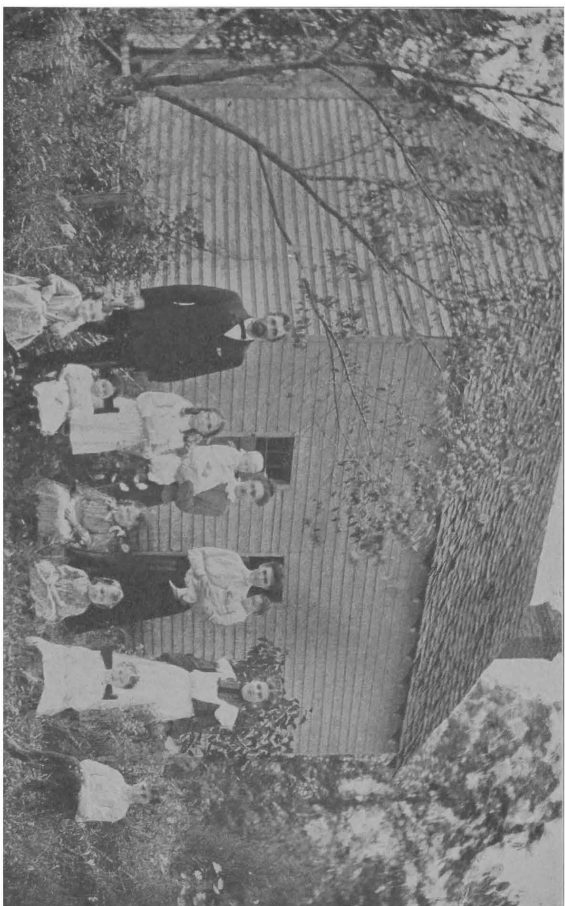
more and more as this narrative proceeds; the second is, doubtless, apparent to all; I will here insert a brief account of an event in Mr. and Mrs. Compton's life that may bear heavily upon the fact of the third.

Little Marietta, the only child with which Heaven blessed Mr. and Mrs. Compton's home, was, for a few brief years, the sunshine and joy of their lives. So dearly did Marietta love her papa that, upon his return from frequent absences from home, she would leap into his arms and cry for sheer delight.

Mr. Compton was engaged in a revival meeting several miles out from Asheville several years ago, when a messenger brought him word that Marietta was desperately ill and he should return to his home immediately. As quickly as the horse he rode could carry him, he made for home and reaching there at midnight, found his little daughter gasping for breath in her mother's arms. With heart wrung with anguish, Mr. Compton sought his soul's lifelong refuge—God—in prayer. When he entreated the Father to spare his darling child, His answer was, "Can you say, 'Thy will be done?'" "O God, it cannot be Thy will to take my child!" How often has that questioning, pleading, incredulous cry gone

Godward from heartstrings strained to the breaking! Again God's voice, "Can you say, 'Thy will be done'?" Pregnant memories, on fleet but gentle wing, flit across his turbulent mind. He was once more back in Cincinnati, in that poorly furnished room on the fifth floor of the old tenement house. Once again he knelt in silent wonder and adoration before the world-old mystery—the emergence of a soul upon Eternity's pathless sea. He looked again into the glad eyes of virgin motherhood, proud as though, in the world's long history, none other had performed that miracle but she. The words of solemn consecration of that fragile form to God for all Time and all Eternity were recalled, and with the recurrence of that scene came peace and resignation. Arising from his knees, he said, "Yes, Lord, Thy will be done." He had found the balm for all of life's losses and crosses—the power to sincerely say, "Thy will be done."

Marietta talked much to her father and mother until the day dawned. She was so glad that papa had come home, and desired to be so held that she could keep her arms about his neck. The dawn of the day was a contradiction to those anxious parents, for it brought with it the darkest shadows they had ever known, for Ma-



CABIN WHERE ORPHANAGE WORK STARTED.



rietta left them just when the sun was climbing hardest towards the meridian of its splendor, but, ere it reached its goal, Marietta had reached hers—in the bosom of God.

Someone has said of Mr. Compton: "Here is a man without a home of his own, that provides a home for the homeless; a man without a child, who is a father to the fatherless." And I think, often as he holds the dear little orphan children close to his heart, as they clamber about him at Eliada, that the memory of those other little arms that death so ruthlessly untwined from about his neck, is the gentle incentive that impels him to continue to sacrifice his own life in order that these little ones may not lose theirs.

It was the original intention to utilize a portion of the tract of land on which Faith Cottage stands, for the Orphanage. This purpose was adhered to so firmly that workmen were employed to begin to place the materials upon the premises for the erection of a building in which to begin the work. Just at this juncture a conference of the rescue and orphanage workers was called in which every known detail of the undertaking was gone over, and the conclusion was reached that the Orphanage should not be erected in such close proximity to the Rescue Home. While the

children were small, there could not be so great objection to their living so near Faith Cottage, but as they advanced to years of understanding it was decided that they should not be kept in such close relation with a work of that character.

This decision wrought great havoc with all of Mr. Compton's plans made up to that date, and now the problem was rendered more difficult through the necessity of finding a suitable location and, what might be still more difficult, procuring the money with which to purchase new property. As in the case of procuring Faith Cottage, so in procuring Orphanage property, Mr. Compton and his helpers kept the matter before God in prayer.

Mr. Compton was personally acquainted with a family that owned five acres of land a few miles west of Asheville, and he learned that the owners were anxious to sell. An old weather-beaten cabin and a small log barn were the only improvements upon the property. But the location was superb, for it commanded one of the most charming views in all of that scenic country. The price for which the property could be purchased was five hundred dollars. Mr. Compton paid seventy-five dollars down and made satisfactory arrangements for future payments.

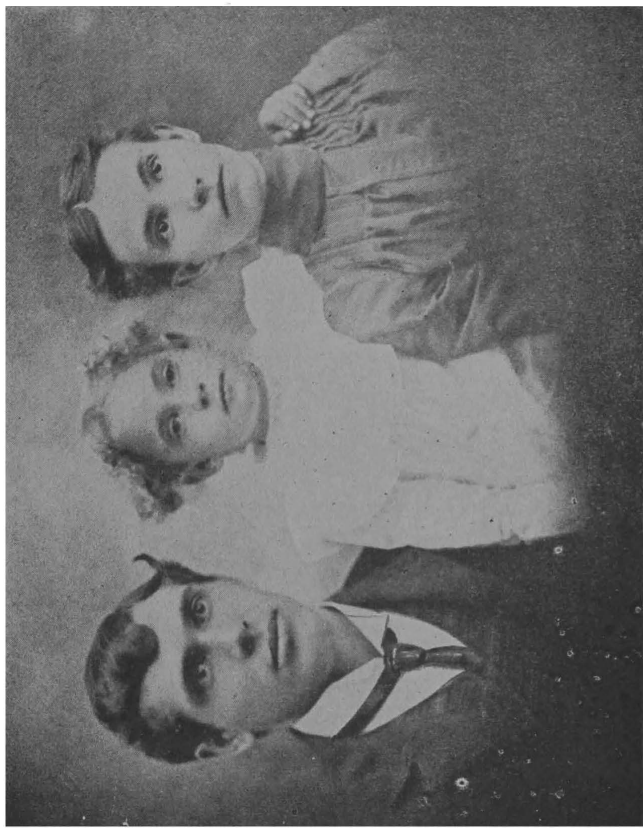
In the month of June, 1906, two weeks after the purchase of this property, Miss Edith Van Dusen, with seven of her little charges, moved into the rickety cabin. I have purposely refrained thus far from including the names of any of Mr. Compton's matrons, missionary workers, or other valuable assistants in the story of his institutions; it being my purpose to devote a short chapter to words of appreciation for that elect company, without whose loyalty, sacrifice, counsel and devotion this work, under Mr. Compton's leadership, could never have been maintained. I am compelled, however, to deviate from this plan in the case of Miss Van Dusen, for, in the eight years of Eliada's history, she has played as prominent a part in the work of the Orphanage in mothering the children as Mr. Compton has in fathering them.

One of the gravest problems that confronted Mr. Compton in his early plans for the Orphanage was the finding of a woman possessing high ideals, practical efficiency and unswerving devotion to the arduous task of mothering large numbers of other people's babies. God had, as events have proven, in Miss Van Dusen one who met the exacting requirements most admirably. Not only has Miss Van Dusen taken the heavy

responsibilities of actual work and management of the Orphanage, but her quiet, practical and wise counsels have often helped to clear the clouded sky in exigencies and emergencies that were fraught with far-reaching consequences.

It may be possible, but it is highly improbable, that an Orphanage was ever started under more humble conditions. It would have been quite impossible for the children to have occupied such a dilapidated structure as the old cabin in the winter season, but during the months from June to November they managed to do so. All of the children and the two workers slept in the loft on clear nights, but rainy ones were spent dodging around trying to evade the water that dripped through the roof, first here and then there. By November an inexpensive building was erected to serve temporarily. This building contained one room twenty-four feet square by twelve feet high. The workers, much amused over this interesting structure, and sincerely grateful for any improvement over the old cabin, gave the new abode the name of "Glory Inn." Miss Hattie M. Byers, of Pennsylvania, had now come to Miss Van Dusen's assistance as the children's teacher, sharing with her all of the many burdens incident to this young institution.







Mr. Compton, without a dollar in hand, was pushing his plans for the erection of a seven-thousand-dollar building; and, passing through all sorts of financial tests, the day came round when the foundation of the contemplated building was completed and paid for. Never did Satan test these people more severely than at this time. Winter weather was very severe; most of the children were sick; the workers were also ill; "Glory Inn" shivered amid the chilling blasts; the foundation of the home that was to be was standing idly and accusingly by, sustaining only the doubts and fears of friends and foes. Means to begin the superstructure were not forthcoming and the faith of Compton and his helpers was sorely tried. Mr. Compton was adversely criticised for permitting the ladies and children to remain in the inadequate structure in which they were housed. He deeply deplored the fact of their being there, but they were there by their own choice and were happy in bearing with any conditions for Jesus' sake.

During these dark days Mr. Compton went East, where he was called for evangelistic service, and during these meetings he gave two days over to fasting and prayer, for God to come to his help and provide the new building for Eliada.

One whole night he agonized before God and gained a satisfying assurance that God would soon answer his cry. A passage of Scripture deeply impressed and comforted him, which, at the same hour, also came with great forcefulness to one of the workers at home—a thousand miles away. Mr. Compton was to preach the afternoon after the night spent in prayer. He went to a restaurant to procure his dinner and, after he seated himself, a lady who knew him said, "Brother Compton, last night God told me to give you a thousand dollars for your work." Hungry and weak though he was, Mr. Compton left the room and hurried to his own, that he might pour out his heart in grateful acknowledgment to God. He sent a special message bearing the good news to the anxious ones at home, and this started up a similar scene among the workers and children there.

Carpenters were employed to begin the erection of the new building in January, 1907, and, although the building cost over \$7,000 and was begun with only \$1,000 in sight, the carpenters were never laid off a single day on account of lack of funds to proceed. It must not be presumed, however, that money came easily and abundantly, for every dollar's worth of material

that went into that structure cost Mr. Compton and his helpers tears, and groans, and heaviness of heart, beyond all ordinary comprehension. The following incident is representative of the manner in which God provided for Eliada's erection.

One Friday Mr. Compton's secretary asked him if he had told the carpenters that there was no money with which to settle with them the next afternoon. The carpenters always came in to Faith Cottage on Saturdays to receive their week's wages. Mr. Compton told his secretary that the men did not know but that he had an abundance of money. By Saturday noon no money had been received and the men had gathered upon the front veranda of Faith Cottage waiting to receive their checks. Mr. Compton sat on the rear veranda engaged in prayer for God to see him through this dilemma. Just then there was a telephone call for Mr. Compton. Placing the receiver to his ear, a woman's voice said, "Mr. Compton, I am going East this afternoon, and I would like you to meet me at the bank. I wish to give you three hundred dollars towards the erection of the Orphanage building." Mr. Compton will be excused for forgetting to hang up the receiver. He rushed out of the house and

told the men he was very sorry to have kept them waiting, but it was quite unavoidable; that he was now rushing to the bank to make a deposit and secure them their checks.

With a payroll running from twenty-five to eighty-five dollars per week, in ways similar to the above, God supplied the money from week to week, until the first large building connected with Eliada Orphanage was completed.

## CHAPTER XII.

ELIADA IS "BEAUTIFUL FOR SITUATION."

One day during the erection of the first large Orphanage building, Mr. Compton, apparently by chance, but doubtless by God's design, met a gentleman from Indiana who was about to leave Asheville and desired to see Mr. Compton before his departure. Had Mr. Compton failed to pass a certain merchantile establishment, at just the right moment, the gentleman would have left the city without the interview, which was to prove of great worth to the Orphanage interests. Mr. Compton was to leave the city also the same day to meet an evangelistic appointment, but the two men mutually agreed to defer their departure until the next day, in order that the gentleman might have an opportunity to visit the Orphanage property. Procuring a conveyance, they drove out to Eliada. The Indiana gentleman dis-

played a marked interest in the humble temporary accommodations for the work and also in the large building which was then in the early stages of erection. After asking numerous questions and engaging in prayer with the workers, the gentleman bade all farewell, and upon making a few purchases of furniture for "Glory Inn," he left the city.

A few months after this incident, Mr. Compton passed through one of the hardest tests, physically and financially, he had ever known. Physically, he was bordering on nervous prostration; financially, he was already there. Not only were the means for continuing the building operations exhausted, but the needs of the general maintenance budget were running behind. In the midst of this general stringency, Mr. Compton called upon all of his assistants to set aside an entire week for specific prayer for these needs. That was a memorable week to all, for God met with them very graciously. One morning a passage of Scripture from the Book of Samuel was given to the company with all the forcefulness and applicability of a special revelation: "Thus shall ye say unto the men of Jabesh-gilead; to-morrow by that time the sun be hot, *ye shall have help.*" The whole company received this promise with



great gladness and changed the tenor of their prayers from importunity to praise. The next day Mr. Compton received a letter from the Indiana gentleman containing a check for three hundred dollars. In the letter he said that he had a distinct conviction that *at this time* he should send some assistance.

During this period Mr. Compton was called to a certain city to conduct a meeting in a mission. He was entertained in a large hotel where many wealthy and fashionable guests were stopping. Mr. Compton left some printed matter relating to his North Carolina institutions lying about where the literature got into the hands of these wealthy people and succeeded, as he had hoped, in creating an interest in his work.

One afternoon one of the influential women approached Mr. Compton with great animation, saying, "I am glad to tell you, Mr. Compton, that on Friday night there is to be a reception here. We are to have some euchre (a certain society card game) and all of the proceeds of the party are to be given you for your Orphanage." Mr. Compton, dazed with the audacity of the proposition, succeeded in preserving enough breath to say, "My dear lady, it would be impossible for me to accept the proceeds of a gambling party

for God's work." After informing Mr. Compton that the party was very select, and intimating that the quality of the company would successfully sanctify any immoral or doubtful acts which might be indulged in, she said nothing farther to him that day.

The next afternoon the same woman approached Mr. Compton again and made a proposition which appeared to her to be a satisfactory solution of the matter. She said that it had been agreed upon that a certain gentleman of considerable distinction should make a brief speech during the evening party and call for contributions from the guests. Again Mr. Compton very courteously, but firmly, told the woman that he could not accept money contributed on an occasion of that kind. He told her briefly the story of his life of prayer and faith and that he depended upon God to supply every dollar of his needs, and he felt he would be unworthy of his Heavenly Father's confidence if he consented to receive money from such a project as she was representing. This closed the matter, as far as the card party was concerned, but Mr. Compton's adherence to his convictions won him the respect of many who were acquainted with the incident, and some of them



MANAGE SEW BU



made direct contributions to the work. The wife of the proprietor of the hotel arranged for his free entertainment throughout, not only that particular stay in the city, but any subsequent visits he might pay them. Mr. Compton believes that he received more money as a result of standing firmly for his convictions than he would have done by compromising with those people; and then he retained that which he prizes more highly than anything else, the consciousness of God's loving favor.

In October, 1908, the Orphanage building was completed at a cost of \$7,027.00, exclusive of painting and furnishing. The building possesses the incomparable charm of homeiness, while the architectural features suggest a spacious summer hotel. Three sides of the great square building are completely surrounded, from foundation to cornice, with double-tiered verandas—spacious, high and airy—inviting the cool breezes fresh blown from forest-covered mountains and verdant valleys, far and near.

The building contains twenty-two rooms. Entering from the front, one stands within a spacious hall that bisects the entire first floor, and from which a stairway leads to the second floor. The inviting room at your right, contain-

ing a piano and Victrola and modest furnishings, all of which are the gifts of loyal friends, is the parlor. Large doors opening from the rear of this room lead into a large, finely proportioned chapel, ample as a gathering place for the numerous family and also to serve upon occasions for neighbors, who sometimes attend select meetings conducted by visitors who pass through. The room at your left as you re-enter the central hall is utilized as the private quarters of the matron, or on occasions as a guest-room. Back of this is the dining-room, where as many as thirty boys and girls gather three times each day and quietly, homeily, good-manneredly, partake of Eliada's wholesome fare. Some of the larger girls, who have grown from little tots under the care of Eliada, and are admirably trained in the art of good housekeeping, attend the tables. Here the visitor beholds a healthy, hearty group of normal American boys and girls, so contented and happy that they seem never to wonder what all this means and where is father and where is mother? Miss Van Dusen is "Mamma Edith" to every one and Mr. Compton is the only father they have ever known.

Looking through some literature pertaining to Eliada, I find the following expression of the

Home's lofty policy: "From the founding of Eliada Orphanage, we have sought to eliminate the marks of institutional life, such as uniformity of garb, cutting the girls' hair, cropping closely the boys' heads, or providing more abundant and a higher quality of food for workers than the children regularly receive. The ideal we had in mind for these children was true home life, and shall continue to be so, even though this plan is more expensive than the strictly institutional. We believe that our God, who is the Founder of the Home, will enable us to perpetuate this institution on this standard. We are constantly seeking to discover means for making Eliada more homelike."

Back of the dining-room is a well-equipped kitchen and back of that are the rear porches. The second and third floors are given over to sleeping apartments—the second floor to the girls and the third floor to the boys. This arrangement, however, is not permanent, for with the erection of the splendid twelve-thousand-dollar brick building which is to be pushed to completion as fast as the necessary funds are in hand, the girls will move over to the new quarters.

One of the most interesting features of the building, as well as an exceedingly unique one, is

the little room that crowns the building at the highest point of the roof. Every nail and brick and board in Eliada came through prayer, and Mr. Compton included in the plan for the building this isolated room on the roof where workers could retire at any time and rest, meditate and pray. I wonder if the world contains a single place that lends itself more happily to these essentials of a busy Christian life?

Entering through a trapdoor opening from the attic, one stands in a room about seven feet wide by ten feet long. As he observes the furnishings, he thinks of the chamber in the home of the woman of Shunem, with its stool, its candle and its cot, where Elisha the prophet was given welcome and shelter whenever he cared to avail himself of it. The walls of this room are composed mostly of glass, for there are six large windows, one at each end and two on each side. The room is ceiled and a small rug relieves the bareness of the floor. It requires no talent to describe the interior of this room, but who is competent to convey to others the embarrassment of grandeur that greets one's eyes as he looks forth from those windows and beholds a thousand exclamation points of wonder? When God made that country, like Archimedes who ran half naked





GROUP OF ORPHANAGE CHILDREN.



into the street, He forgot Himself in the intensity of his application to the creative task, and made a second Paradise.

He who visits western North Carolina, and, standing upon some lofty promontory, sweeps his eyes across her broad expanses—composite of all the variations and variegations from peaceful valley to hazardous mountain peak—will seek the whole world in vain for superior scenic grandeur, though he run the gamut of earth's depressions and elevations from the deep and dismal Dead Sea of Palestine to Mount Everest's snow-bound summit, spotless crown of the Himalayas. The finger-prints of God are there, and God Himself is there, and calloused and cold is the heart of the man who, standing amidst such prodigality of grandeur, does not feel profoundly the Almighty's presence.

We will begin our study of Eliada's environment from the window opening towards the west. Those mountains that greedily devour each dying day, and seem never surfeited with the regularity of their oft-repeated feast are the Balsams and Smokies—twenty-eight miles away—separating the "Land of the Sky" from the plains of Tennessee. Do you wonder at the beauty of mountains that feast daily on sunbeams of

purple and azure and gold, and whose wine is the rain and the dew, and whose host is the infinite God? Those mountains a little to the southward, keeping your eyes upon about the same elevation, are the Great Balsams. Twenty miles southwest of us stands Pisgah, and the lesser one, hugging up so snugly to her, is the Rat. Both of these mountains, and many miles of their environs, belonged to the great Vanderbilt estate until recently when the area was taken over by the Government as a part of the great Appalachian Forest Preserve. Sixty miles off yonder, amid those dim and distant outlines, lies South Carolina. Now rest your eyes a moment on a nearer view; that structure almost at our feet is the Vanderbilt mansion—seven miles away—the three-million-dollar palace, man's poor attempt to compete with the mansions in Glory. Directly east of us, nestled so securely there within her mighty mountain ramparts, lies Asheville, the rendezvous of the rich, the sanitarium of the tubercular, and the paradise of the lovers of Nature in her most gorgeous robes. Ten miles straight eastward are the Blue Ridge mountains and about twelve miles to the northeast you behold the summit of the Craggies. The peak so plainly discernible thirty miles northeast of us is Mount Mitchel, the

highest elevation in America east of the Rockies.

The altitude of Eliada is about twenty-five hundred feet above the level of the sea. The farm, with its acres of wheat and corn, its large vegetable gardens, its berry patches, its grazing grounds, its orchards and its wood of pine and oak trees, its myrtle and rhododendron, the gushing freestone springs, its school, its chapel, its keeper's home and the great Orphanage buildings—all constitute a beautiful pearl set in a royal diadem. Could it be possible that such an environment as this would fail to tend to modify the most evil predispositions inherent in any child reared at Eliada?

## CHAPTER XIII.

### FAITH AND FRUITS.

The formal dedication of Eliada Orphanage occurred in October, 1908. This day fell on the closing Sabbath of the annual camp-meeting which is held on the Orphanage property. A great company were present to witness the dedication, among them donors from far and near who had made real sacrifices to assure the erection of the building. Rev. John S. Kimber, of Rhode Island, one of the members of the Board of Incorporators, delivered the dedicatory address. As the speaker told the story of the prayers and tears and sacrifices and discouragements and triumphs of faith through which Mr. Compton and his noble band of consecrated helpers had passed to make Eliada possible, so profoundly were the people moved that strong men broke out in tears. In the twentieth century a miracle had

been wrought as amazing as when Christ healed the sick and gave sight to the blind. Many of those who had contributed the larger sums towards the building were present, and with tear-filled eyes they endeavored to express the gladness of their hearts that they had obeyed God when He laid the needs of this institution upon them.

There was one need of the new building that seemed to be imperative—that was, a first-class heating system. For this the workers prayed until they felt that security of faith which follows prevailing prayer. The story of this experience reveals one of the clearest instances of how one disobedient to the heavenly vision can thwart the plans of God. Now it was expected that the heating plant should cost about one thousand dollars. A part of the necessary money arrived, but months passed by and brought no more for this purpose. Winter, with unusual severity, came on and the Home was extremely uncomfortable in spite of all the expediciencies resorted to to keep it warm, and the workers wondered how this could be after they had such clear assurance that God had answered their prayers for this particular need. The winter passed, and the following summer, and still the heating sys-

tem was as remote a possibility as ever. In the early fall Mr. Compton received the following letter from a man in the North:

“Rev. L. B. Compton,  
Asheville, N. C.

“My Dear Brother:—

“I have a very painful confession to make to you. Last October I received a sum of money from my father’s estate. One day God told me to send you seven hundred dollars for the Orphanage. I promised I would do so, but kept deferring the matter until at last I invested the money in other ways. I have lost all through these investments, and shall probably lose my home. God has forgiven me for my disobedience and I ask you also to forgive me.

“Your brother, etc.”

This letter accounts for Eliada being without a heating system one cold winter and doubtless accounts for the misfortunes which followed the man who disobeyed God. There was another who heard God’s voice and obeyed His will, and before the next winter came round Eliada was equipped with a splendid heating system that has been a source of great joy to every inmate of the Home.



While Mr. Compton was stopping for a few days in Philadelphia with a friend, he told him of the need of a water system for the Orphanage, a system that would carry the water from a deep well to the third story of the building. It so happened that this man had a good practical knowledge of that sort of work and offered to plan it, install it, and pay for it, himself. And thus another very essential need of Eliada was supplied.

One evening at the supper table one of the little boys passed his cup for a second helping of milk. He was told that the milk was all gone and that Eliada needed another cow, and that they might ask God to send them another. That night several of the children did not fail to pray for a cow. In about ten days a gentleman in Indianapolis, Indiana, sent Mr. Compton forty-five dollars with which to purchase a cow for Eliada Orphanage.

About this time the whooping-cough broke out among the children and a number of the cases were exceedingly grave, requiring attention day and night. The workers were so badly worn that they could not keep up under the strain much longer. A call to prayer for this specific difficulty was made, and from the hour that those

prayers were offered the whooping-cough was greatly modified and the children slept throughout the nights. Several of the children that had been exposed, and were expected to take the cough, remained perfectly well. Of course skeptics and strangers to the reality of anything from God, are ready with their puerile assertion that "it just happened so," but those folks at Eliada, who day by day ask and receive from God, know differently.

Little John Furman was a very delicate little fellow when he was admitted as a member of Eliada's cosmopolitan family. After a little while the doctors said he could not live, for the lining of his stomach was gone, and he could never retain sufficient food to maintain life. The little fellow cried continually with hunger and pain. One day Miss Van Dusen brought the poor suffering form to Mr. Compton just before he was to leave for a long absence, and said, "Brother Compton, I regret your leaving home with this child in this condition." At once Mr. Compton called for special prayer, in which they asked God either to heal the little sufferer or to take him to Heaven. If the child could be raised to God's glory, they prayed that he might be healed. After that season of prayer little John



CHAPEL AND SCHOOL-BUILDING.



fell asleep and awakened at feeding time and retained his food perfectly, and within a week was so fat and hearty, as compared with his previous condition, that the doctor who had given him up to die could scarcely believe him to be the same child. The healing was instantaneous and today John Furman is one of the sturdiest boys in the family.

The student of the history of the institutions founded and fathered by Mr. Compton is made to realize one element in the whole enterprise that acts like yeast in the dough; that is, the element of expansion. Had Isaiah referred specifically to this work when he wrote the following, it could not apply more accurately: "Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtain of thine habitation: spare not, lengthen thy cords and strengthen thy stakes, for thou shalt break forth on thy right hand and on the left."

Up to the spring of 1910, Eliada had but nine acres of land, and this area was completely surrounded by other people's property, making it necessary to drive through a private roadway to reach the public thoroughfare. There were twenty-five acres of land adjoining Eliada for which Mr. Compton had long prayed. The Orph-

anage needed the tract very greatly for gardening, farming purposes and pasturage for the stock. Like Eliada's nine acres, these twenty-five acres were exceedingly desirable, as they commanded a most picturesque view and were very fertile. Twice the rumor was current that the property was sold, but so confident was Mr. Compton that the property would come to Eliada that he kept right on expecting God to provide the money for its purchase. The lowest cash price that would be accepted for the property was \$1,850.00. Mr. Compton was advised to borrow the money and buy the land, but he refused to take such a step. He felt that if it was God's will for Eliada to own it, He would provide the money for its purchase. Mr. Compton was engaged in a meeting at Dublin, Indiana, and at its close he accepted an invitation to spend a couple of days with a gentleman living in a near-by city. This man, who had previously done much for Eliada, manifested a keen interest in everything pertaining to the present status of the work. He asked Mr. Compton if he had procured the much-desired tract of twenty-five acres. Mr. Compton informed him that he had not been able as yet to procure the property, but was sincerely trusting God to make its acquisition possi-

ble. The subject was dropped and not referred to again until just before Mr. Compton was about to leave, when the gentleman said, "Brother Compton, I believe the Lord wants me to buy that tract of land for the Orphanage." Mr. Compton has been on such intimate terms with the improbable for so many years that it is practically impossible to astonish him any more, but he has never reached the place where he can sleep well the night after God sends some splendid gift to his work in answer to his earnest prayer. His chief occupation that night was an endeavor to express to God his appreciation of His never-failing goodness. As soon as he reached Asheville, he purchased the property. The owner, when he learned how the money was received in answer to prayer, was so affected that he made a generous deduction from the original price.

In August, 1910, Mr. Compton began the erection of a school building. After proceeding to a certain point, which nearly covered his original plans, he was advised to enlarge the building by adding a large chapel for the accommodation of public meetings. Mr. Compton has invariably erred when he has gone farther than the Lord had clearly led him, and in this instance he soon found that he was behind about a thousand dol-

lars. One of the abhorrences of Mr. Compton's life is debt, and when he saw that the chapel extension was plunging him into debt, he ordered the work to stop until he could free himself from this load. Under such conditions, it does not seem possible that he would have been daring enough to venture to make a seventy-six acre addition to the farm; and yet this is exactly what he did do. One day he learned that a large tract of land adjoining Eliada's thirty-four acres was offered for sale at a very great sacrifice. The land was offered for three thousand dollars cash. The tract included a mountain peak which was widely known for its own beauty as well as the magnificent view afforded from its summit. A driveway had been built up this mountain that had cost more than was being asked for the whole farm. As Mr. Compton looked into the future and considered the growing needs of his institutions, and knowing that the land would afford the best of pasturage, would respond generously to cultivation, would hardly be surpassed for fruit growing, he felt deeply impressed that he could not afford to let this exceptional opportunity slip into other hands. One day God told him it was to be Eliada's. Now a certain man was attempting to procure the land, but he could not



produce the cash price and the owner positively would not consider any other proposition. One day the man seemed to be about to raise the money and the owner was ready to make over the deed to him if he appeared. That day Mr. Compton received a check from a man in Ohio, whom he scarcely knew, but who had overheard him say how much he felt Eliada needed that property. The check was drawn for three thousand dollars! Mr. Compton hastened to the owner; learned that the other aspirant for the property had failed to get the money; paid down the cash and secured the deed to the tract for the trustees of Eliada Orphanage for all time.

And now Eliada Orphanage, which began in an old cabin in the woods with four acres of land, owns a splendid tract of land containing over 110 acres, including a mountain, several springs, and a stream of splendid spring water which is of great value to the stock, a building worth ten thousand dollars, a building worth three thousand dollars, a care-taker's cottage worth five hundred dollars, four mules, one horse, four cows, an auto truck, and has a good sum in hands for the erection of a great brick building for its girls, to cost twelve thousand dollars.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE HEROINES OF FAITH COTTAGE AND ELIADA ORPHANAGE.

In a decisive battle where far-reaching issues are impending, after a great army has vanquished the enemy, and gained a splendid victory, the name of one man is heralded the world around as the nation's hero and savior. Perchance there may have been a few men who led a charge, or secured a strategic point and thus won public and historic recognition, but what of those unnoticed and unnamed ones of lesser rank, without whose valor, fidelity and skill the army would have suffered certain defeat? Fame, that master of elusiveness and injustice, often passes all these heroes by and puts all his laurels upon a single head.

Mr. Compton placed but two limitations upon the writer of this book: the first was, "Brother

Patty, tell my faults as well as my virtues—if I have any virtues.” The second was, “Give my workers full credit for their part in the success of these institutions, for they deserve as much honor for their part as I do for mine.”

Those of us who have been acquainted with the progress of Faith Cottage and Eliada Orphanage from the beginning know that, next to his indebtedness to Almighty God, Mr. Compton owes most to the one dozen women who, without a penny of financial remuneration, without even the promise of necessary clothing, have volunteered to identify themselves with these institutions and have given the best of their intellects, physical strength, and hearts to the work. I wish I had all of the facts, and the time, and the space, so I could disclose to the readers of this book the heroic part these have played when no one but they and God knew. It is quite impossible to procure these facts, for so humble and reticent are these women, that they will not talk of those things that directly or indirectly reflect their own praise. I had not the easiest task procuring from them a little information that I wished to use in preparing this chapter. Some requested me not to mention them in any way, as they preferred to labor on unostentatiously and unherald-

ed before the world. I may say that in these requests I have not seen fit to fully acquiesce.

The first matron of the Rescue Home was Miss Ella Fout, of Jackson, Ohio. She came to the work soon after it was started and remained through the first two years. Those were times of desperate trial, when the youthful institution often tottered on the brink of disaster. Miss Fout stood like a rock throughout those times, and by her ability to make a dollar go a little farther than most folks can do, and her power in prayer, and her devout life, she built her influence securely into the foundations of the institutions.

Miss Caroline Olson, of Chicago, Illinois, came to the rescue work during Miss Fout's matronship, as a missionary and rescue worker. She had had much previous experience in the slums of Chicago and Cincinnati. Here in Asheville she spent much of her time, by night and by day, in the red-light area, persuading fallen girls to return to the paths of virtue. At this work she was highly successful. She was also a gifted preacher and gave invaluable service in conducting street meetings and along other evangelistic lines. When Miss Fout resigned the matronship, Miss Olson was elected to the position. It was with much trepidation that Miss Olson assumed

the heavy responsibilities of the matronship, for she was remarkably young for that position; but her fears proved foundationless, for the Home never prospered more than when under her management. The fallen girls respected her and seemed to take delight in making her duties as light as possible. Miss Olson was a splendid manager, a good disciplinarian, a strong spiritual force, and a universally beloved worker during all of her association with the work. Upon leaving Asheville, she entered the evangelistic work and for several years traveled extensively, conducting revival meetings and winning hundreds to the Master. She was united in marriage to Rev. Harry C. Smith, a young minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, and continues in the Gospel work by her husband's side.

Mrs. Anna Witworth, of Chicago, Illinois, was now procured as matron. This was a most happy achievement on the part of Mr. Compton, for Mrs. Witworth had had extensive experience in this work, in some of the largest cities of the country. Peculiarly difficult problems arose during this period. Sometimes even the outlook for sufficient food was exceedingly dark. Nothing short of the fullest consecration to God could have enabled any one to bear the privations and to

wrestle with the problems of those days. Mrs. Witworth, under God, was equal to every exigency, and like a true heroine of the Cross, she marched through the most impregnable battle lines to victory.

Miss Rose Fairlee came to the work in the early days, from Providence, Rhode Island. She was a preacher, a missionary worker of exceptional worth, and a Bible student who knew the Word from Genesis to Revelation. The debt of gratitude that Faith Cottage and Asheville owe to Miss Fairlee is very great. She served the cause in so many useful ways that, to call attention to all of them, would be to designate every phase of the work. In addition to indefatigable missionary work, she served as Mr. Compton's secretary for a long time. Her educational advantages gave her special efficiency in this position, which was constantly becoming more and more exacting. I think if Mr. Compton were asked to state the service of Miss Fairlee that he appreciated most of all, he would designate it as the purely spiritual influence—her devout life, her power in prayer, her faith, her inspiration. Miss Fairlee was intimately associated with Faith Cottage for several years.

Miss Margaret Weaver, of Burnside, Pennsylv-

vania, came to the work in January of 1908, and is still a loyal and royal worker. She served for a period as matron, but has concentrated most of her time upon the missionary activities. For five years she has radiated sunshine all around Asheville, from the lowest dens of infamy to the higher circles of society. She has proven herself one of those rare "treasures in earthen vessels" without whose riches of grace and service of love, this old world would be poorer and meaner by far than it is. Whatever proportions Faith Cottage may acquire in the coming years, it will never outgrow the salutary influence of this consecrated life.

Miss Janet MacGregor, of Prince Edward Island, Canada, succeeded Miss Weaver as matron, and has now served as such for five years. Probably no woman ever served in this capacity who in every way was more splendidly fitted for the position. Not only must a matron in charge of profligate girls possess the indwelling presence of the Holy Spirit in an exceptional degree, but she must have beside gifts of management, of discipline, and of winsome personality. These gifts Miss MacGregor brought to Faith Cottage in an outstanding degree. Her heart is bound up in this work like the hills of her native land in

winter are bound in ice and snow. She keeps Faith Cottage homelike, and at the same time is firm in her insistence that every one know her place and discharge faithfully her duty. So essential has she become to the progress of Faith Cottage and so strongly has she woven her life into all of its interests, that Mr. Compton looks upon her as quite indispensable to the work, and he expresses the hope that God will keep her at the head of the Home as long as she lives.

Miss Hattie Byers, of Mahaffey, Pennsylvania, began her work in connection with these institutions as teacher of the children at Eliada Orphanage. For this work she was eminently qualified through practical experience as a teacher in the public schools of her native state. Miss Byers is the only worker Mr. Compton has had whose range of sympathy and service is as general as his own. The other workers have all specialized either upon the Rescue work or the Orphanage work, while Miss Byers has given her intellect, her heart and her strength, to both institutions; and, in addition to this, has carried the responsibilities of secretary and treasurer of the incorporated institutions and is the business manager of *The New Testament Christian*. Her value to the work and to Mr. Compton personally



is incalculable. Although Mr. Compton is a highly self-educated man and highly endowed by Heaven, he lacks the training in grammatical and rhetorical usages that would enable him to write to his own satisfaction for publication. Now Miss Byers so fully complements him with her advantages that he leaves all of the finish and form of his literary and business affairs to her judgment. Miss Byers has been with the work for several years and is one of the board of trustees of the institutions. She has not only borne a large share of the physical and intellectual end of the load, but has fought through many a dark and dismal hour in prevailing prayer with her co-workers.

Miss Edith Van Dusen, "Mamma Edith" of Eliada, has received mention in the story of the Orphanage which, doubtless, is much more than will meet with her approval, therefore, I will spare her any further notice here, although her splendid worth makes her worthy of a generous chapter.

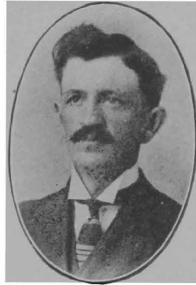
There are four Pennsylvanians who have builded their lives and characters into Eliada as assistants to Edith Van Dusen and must be given place beside the other heroines of the work. Miss Isaletta Winder, of Pittsburg; Miss Jessie Van

Dusen, of Knoxville, Pa. (not related to Miss Edith); Miss Mary Schlessing, Mrs. Hattie Clunn, both of Philadelphia, and Miss Stella Wood, of New York. Mr. Compton desires that these receive special mention in this story, since they have helped to carry so many heavy responsibilities and so faithfully. There are a few others who have given their best to the work for brief periods, whose names are written in Heaven and whom God will not fail to reward.

These institutions are incorporated under the laws of the state of North Carolina and are controlled by a board of trustees. Mr. Compton puts every dollar that is received by him for his personal use into these institutions above the humblest and most economical living expenses of himself and wife. The property is so deeded that neither he through life, nor his heirs at his death, can receive one penny of the funds or one foot of the property for themselves. The property is deeded to homeless children and unfortunate women perpetually, to be held and managed by a board which is self-perpetuating. This bit of information will give the reader a clear idea of the utter unselfishness of the purpose and design of Mr. Compton, who, if he were looking to the interests of his own pocket, could, by every stan-



Charles B. Donle



Rev. S. M. Stikeleather



Rev. Joho S. Kimber



Rev. L. B. Compton



Edith Van Dusco



Mrs. L. B. Compton



Hattie M. Byers

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HOAIm Of IASAGERS OF THE ELL-D-A ORPHANACE  
AD FAITH COTTAGE RESCUE WORK,



dard of right, at least lay by his personal money, which would amount to no inconsiderable sum in the course of the years. As in everything else, so in this, Mr. Compton adheres as closely as he can to the scriptural admonition, and therefore he lays not up for himself "treasures on earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal;" but lays up for himself "treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."

## CHAPTER XV.

### MR. COMPTON HIMSELF.

The preceding chapters, as the reader is aware, are devoted almost exclusively to the work that God has accomplished through Mr. Compton. This chapter is an attempt at a pen picture of Mr. Compton himself. The writer finds no phase of literature quite so interesting as that which discloses the peculiarities, idiosyncrasies, personalities, ambitions, disappointments, habits, tastes, home life, etc., of worth-while men and women. Certainly this may not be any one's business, but, alas! that may be the reason why we like it! Were this interest not so generally shared, one would hardly be so frank as to acknowledge his pleasure in it.

I shall tell you what Mr. Compton would prefer for his own happiness, if he, instead of God, were making the program of his life. He would

choose a few acres of land—just three or four—situated on one of western North Carolina's healthful hilltops; an unpretentious cottage, a grassy lawn, a few big trees, a garden, a cow, a horse, chickens, and flowers growing most everywhere. On the inside of the cottage he would have tasteful but inexpensive furnishings, a good piano, and a Victrola (for he is very fond of music), and, above all, his beloved wife, and many children of his own—the more children the better suited he would be. He would prefer steady employment that would take him away in the morning and permit his return in the evening. Down the road he would be met by the children, all clamoring for special attention and clinging to his coat-tail, the two smaller ones in his arms, and at the gate his wife to welcome him with the baby in her arms—twins would suit best! Then much romping with the youngsters, a simple, wholesome meal, music a-plenty, prayers and an honest night's repose. Now something akin to that would suit Mr. Compton's natural tastes and inclinations. The evangelistic pulpit, through its incessant demands upon his time, has robbed him of all prospect of home life, and some unfathomed Providence has kept the longed for little ones out of his arms—except one that God

took and such as have fallen first into other arms and have then been cast adrift upon the world.

Could Mr. Compton have a delightful home? Yes, by following his own inclinations, like most folks do, and obeying man rather than God. A gentleman in the East, who is very wealthy and who greatly admires Mr. Compton, told him one day if he would settle down and stop running all over the continent in the interests of Rescue Homes and Orphanages, he would make him a deed to a home he owned that was worth many thousands of dollars. Mr. Compton said to his friend, "There is just one condition upon which I will accept the property; that is, that you permit me to sell it at once and build another orphanage with the proceeds!" Mr. Compton did not get the property, for he does not want anything that cannot be converted into Rescue and Orphanage material.

Mr. Compton's devotion to the little woman who has been his companion for nearly nineteen years is very nearly ideal. Her dislike of travel and her natural domestic tastes give her a strong preference for quiet home life, therefore she rarely travels with her husband. Mr. Compton is never happier than on those rare days when he can "squeeze" in even a brief visit at home and

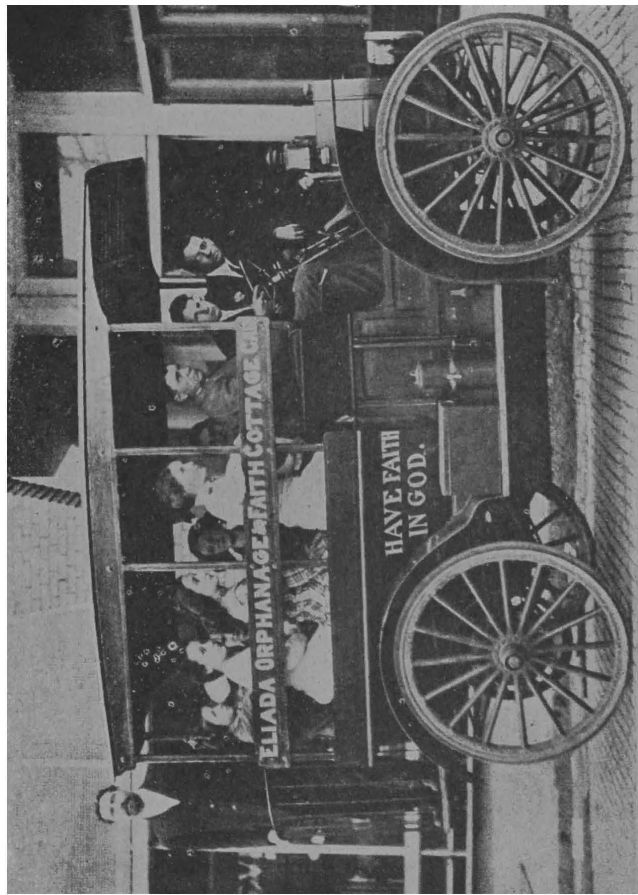


thus enjoy a few hours in her presence. Mrs. Compton has never weighed over eighty-five pounds, while Mr. Compton is a powerfully built man, weighing nearly 180 pounds when at his best. When in their earlier ministry among the western North Carolina mountains, where they were often compelled to walk many miles through the woods and fields, Mr. Compton would take his wife up as though she were a little child, and carry her across "branches," over fences and through wet and muddy places, in his arms.

Mr. Compton is a very affectionate man. He passionately loves his friends—enemies he does not have, except, perchance, such as are jealous of all men who accomplish that which they themselves are incapable of doing. I have been an interested observer on occasions when Mr. Compton has met an old friend—perhaps he was an evangelist with whom Mr. Compton had fought many a battle for the Kingdom—to see him as he would throw his arms about him and give him a generous hug; then push him away, still holding him by the arms, and looking his delight out of his sparkling eyes, he would say, "God bless you, my dear brother, I'm mighty glad to see you again!"

One of the characteristics of Mr. Compton

that has weighed heavily in the scales of his success is the readiness with which he recognizes his own limitations. Many a man has beaten his head against a jagged wall because he thought of himself more highly than the facts justified. That is a serious disease that spoils many other wise most excellent people. When Mr. Compton finds himself in deep water where he cannot swim, he cries for help. He frankly admits that he is not a business man, and that he is impatient of details. He would rather see an orphanage building grow up in the night like Jack's beanstalk, or Jonah's gourd, than to go through the tedious processes of raising the building stone by stone. Being a prophet rather than a captain of industry, he sees splendid visions, but needs help to convert them into actualities. Therefore he has surrounded himself with workers and friends and boards having great diversity of gifts—preachers, lawyers, doctors, men of broad experience and on intimate terms with big responsibilities—and before this Cabinet he lays his plans, and adds, subtracts and divides them, according as they throw on the light. For example: Mr. Compton is a poor writer, and he has the good sense to know it. He writes out what he thinks and passes it on to competent hands for revision





and correction, and if the reviser tears off all of the tattered garments that humiliated the idea, and then clothes it so respectfully that he has to look twice to recognize it as his own offspring, so the idea emerges, Mr. Compton is pleased. There are lots of folk too big in their own esteem to permit the "likes o' that."

Mr. Compton's place of supreme power is in the pulpit. Here, however, as elsewhere, God is to him indispensable. Some preachers get on without God. Compton cannot do it—he never learned that ministerial trick. Folk who have heard him highly praised as a "wonderful preacher" have traveled far to hear him. They went prepared to hear a Gabriel blow a golden trumpet, while they should be held spellbound in heavenly rhapsodies! Well, it may have happened that Compton was a stranger in those parts; or that he happened to wander in the preacher's proverbial "brush" that day; or maybe God wasn't helping him to any considerable extent—anyway, that particular day Mr. Compton's ideas were vague; he used too many words for the dimensions of the idea he was seeking to convey, the idea wasn't worth the words it took to precipitate it, or his subject was too far removed from its predicate and folks forgot what he started with

that would give coherency to what he finally reached—subjects dangling in the air with predicates off the track and the coupling pin lost! or he would jumble together his singulars and plurals and adverbs and adjectives until he would create, right before the eyes of the congregation, a grammatical monstrosity that would frighten a college professor into nervous prostration. And the folk would say, “Can this be the man about whom we have heard such great things?”

Now, in a case like this, where Compton is the preacher, there is just one thing to do—suspend judgment for a day or two. Give him time to get acquainted. Let him pray awhile. Wait until God has a real big message for the people and has chosen Compton to deliver it. Then your highest expectations will be exceeded. The preacher will stand before you a transformed man. A coal of fire will touch his lips and you will imagine you saw the glowing ember make its descent. His ideas will be as clear as the sunlight. His sentences will be as incisive as jagged lightning. He will scarcely make a grammatical error, anyway you won't be thinking of such inconsequentials as that, the college professor will begin to sit up, you will be on wings—wings of logic, wings of revelation, wings of elo-

quence, wings of power, wings of faith, soaring sky-high and beyond, and if you don't watch out, you'll find yourself walking the golden streets clapping your hands and shouting the praises of God!

One day Mr. Compton was present at a great religious convention in a great Northern city. One of the ablest preachers that ever stood on a platform in his day was the preacher of the hour. A thousand expectant faces were turned towards the preacher as he arose and read his text. The preacher began. He tried desperately to arise to the occasion. For some reason, nobody knew just why, that able man utterly failed, and admitting it to his audience, took his seat. The leader of the meeting, quick as a flash, said, "Compton, you're the man, preach!" Compton leaped to his feet, took his place on the platform, repeated the text on which the great preacher of the hour had failed and preached a sermon that will be remembered by hundreds, the fame of which will be passed down from generation to generation. The altars were packed with penitents and Almighty God defeated the devil and gloriously exalted Jesus Christ that day.

One day while Mr. Compton was preaching, a little girl who had been watching him intently,

and had not missed a word that fell from his lips, looked up into her mother's face and said so that she was heard all over the room, "Mamma, is that Jesus? Mamma, is that Jesus?"

Last August I was Mr. Compton's co-worker in a great camp-meeting in northern Ohio. We occupied the same cottage, he on one side of a frail board partition, I on the other. Every word spoken on either side could be heard on the other. It was Mr. Compton's fourth consecutive year at this camp. He was therefore well known by everybody. I found it very interesting, as well as a source of spiritual blessing, to hear the conversations on the other side. Some days, between the preaching hours, one person after another would enter Mr. Compton's room and tell him the story of their trials and triumphs since the preceding camp, and, in nearly every instance, the visit would result in a gift of from one to one hundred dollars for Faith Cottage or Eliada Orphanage. I thought, as I listened, "Is it any wonder that the people love so well to give this man money for his work, and that they seek to tell him their heart's innermost experiences?" Had they all been Mr. Compton's own little children, he could not have entered into their sorrows and joys more sincerely, and for every offering to

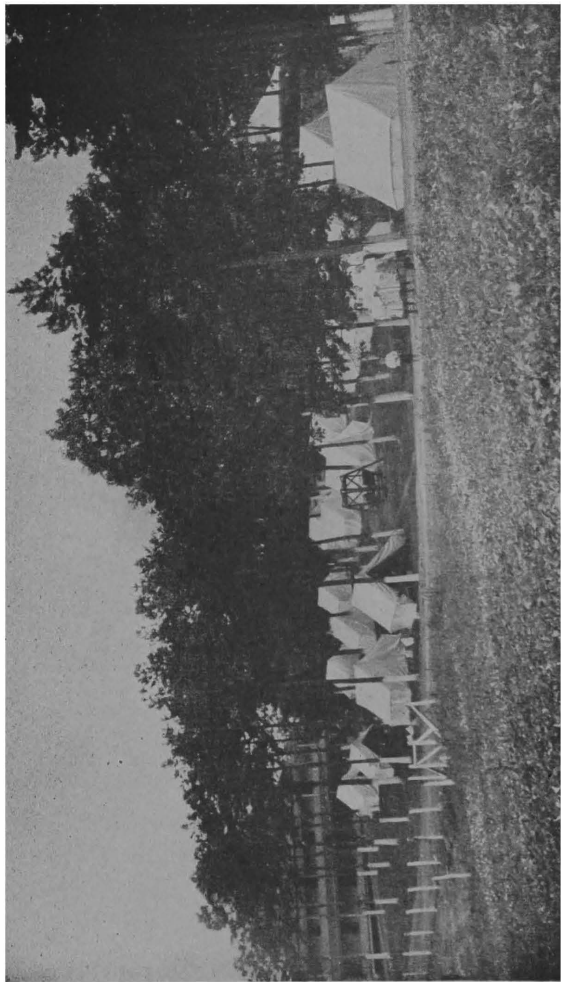


his work he would so heartily express his joy and so loyally praise God, and so earnestly ask for Heaven's choicest blessings upon the donors, that these dear folk would doubtless be glad to sacrifice many things all through the coming year that they might have the privilege and blessing of making a similar contribution at the next camp.

I think that, after all is said, one must conclude that Mr. Compton's chief asset as a Christian man, that which wins him the affection of so many people, that which causes the people to deny themselves that they may give towards the maintenance of his work, that which gives him such a grip upon the confidence and esteem of the people everywhere he is known, is the purity, honesty, sincerity and utter unselfishness of his heart and life, which are so evident in all of the words and actions of his life—all of which he owes to the grace of God.

In the opinion of this writer, Mr. Compton is making a very grave mistake in letting his zeal for God get ahead of his discretion. So much depends upon his good health and strength that he should conserve these with very great care. It may be that he thinks he does so, but this is the way he does it. As the man over in Kentucky told his wife, "He preaches like a thunder storm."

He preaches with every bone, ligament, and muscle from the top of his head to the soles of his feet. He has been known to stamp his foot with such force while trying to drive home a point that he would smash a hole in the platform. His arms assume every conceivable and inconceivable position as he dashes from end to end of a thirty-foot platform. He shakes his head so vigorously at times that, if God had not given him a neck like an ox, he would thereby endanger his life. After a sermon an hour or more in length, he will plead another half hour for sinners to seek God at the altar. Then he will lead the prayer, when many others are there willing and competent to do so. He then instructs the seekers, sings a solo, joins with the crowd in the general singing, exhorts, prays again, sings some more, instructs some more, and finally pronounces a benediction long enough for a Sunday morning prayer. He reaches his room soaked through and through with perspiration and sometimes with his throat so hoarse that he can scarcely speak above a whisper. But next day he is ready for the same round and he makes it, too, and the camp-meeting committees like this and encourage it. It is all too human to work a willing horse to death, but when I see him working like



ELIADA ORPHANAGE CAMP-VIETJING GROUNDS.



this I wonder what will become of those orphans at Eliada after he is gone? And I wonder if God could not save just about as many sinners without so much desperately hard physical effort on the part of the zealous evangelist? I wish that the camp-meeting committees and the church boards wherever he goes would enter into a holy conspiracy to make his work just as light as possible, and to give him every advantage and comfort while he is their guest that will tend to lengthen out his years.

I have sometimes wondered what the result would have been had Mr. Compton had the advantage of a thorough collegiate education, plus his natural genius and the miraculous work of God in his life. Of course one can only conjecture. But conjecturing is always interesting and rarely harmful, and, conjecturing upon the above hypothesis, it seems likely that he would have made an impress upon the world equal to that of men of international renown in the work of the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ. But given the education, minus the miraculous work of God, and he would probably have been lost in the numerous company of that class who are filling only the common places

of life, and who are doing that, all too often, inadequately.

Mr. Compton frequently chooses obscure and difficult passages of Scripture upon which to preach. He says that it tends to dissipate his own interest in the sermon when he is conscious that his congregation knows practically all that has ever been said upon his theme, and could readily produce an outline of what he would probably say. Sometimes he will read a text that will set one to wondering how he will produce an affecting evangelistic message from it, but one who has heard him frequently, will cease to entertain any fears as to that, for he will not fail to produce connections, arguments, applications, with fervency, unction and power, that always inspire his hearers with desires towards God. He likes to preach doctrinal sermons and usually when he does so, he leaves his hearers with the conviction that his views are in perfect accord with the teaching of the Bible.

While Mr. Compton is the son of a Missionary Baptist minister and, in respect to water baptism, is an immersionist, on the doctrine of holiness he is distinctly Wesleyan or Methodistic. The Wesleyan view briefly stated is this: In regeneration the sinner is pardoned of all his transgressions

and becomes a child of God. But there still remains in his heart the "old man of sin," producing tempers and tendencies subversive of the spiritual interests of the soul. From this destructive power the "blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, will cleanse" resulting in that state of which Christ spoke when He said, "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." This cleansing, or holiness, or sanctification, or baptism with the Holy Ghost, is never simultaneous with the birth of the Spirit, or pardon, or conversion, or regeneration, but is always a subsequent experience and comes to those only who meet the definite and specific conditions of full consecration and faith in the blood of Jesus Christ. Mr. Compton has no endorsement for any of the extravagant and fanatical positions taken by some who emphasize this doctrine. His position is sane and sound, commending itself to all earnest Christians who "hunger and thirst after righteousness" and who desire to "walk in the light as he is in the light." The following quotations from the works of Wesley are adduced to show that the great founder of Methodism is correctly represented:

"In 1729 my brother Charles and I, reading the Bible, saw we could not be saved without hol-

iness, followed after it and incited others so to do. In 1737 we saw that this holiness comes by faith. In 1738 we saw likewise that men are justified before they are sanctified.”

“You have over and over denied instantaneous sanctification, but I have known and taught it above these twenty years. I have continually testified for these five and twenty years, in private and in public, that we are sanctified as well as justified, by faith.”

“Within five weeks five within our band received the ‘second blessing’.”

“Many years since, I saw without holiness no man shall see the Lord. I began by following after it and inciting all with whom I had any intercourse to do the same. Ten years after, God gave me a clearer view than I had before how to attain it—namely, by faith in the Son of God. And immediately I declared to all, We are saved from sin, we are made holy, by faith. This I testified in private, in public, in print, and God confirmed it by a thousand witnesses.”

The following passages of Scripture are a few of the many that form the foundation of this faith:

“Be ye holy.” 1 Peter 1: 15.



“Sanctify them through thy truth, thy word is truth.” John 17: 17.

“The very God of peace sanctify you wholly.”  
1 Thessalonians 5: 23.

“Wherefore Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate.” Hebrews 13: 12.

“He hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love.” Ephesians 1: 4.

“By one offering he hath perfected forever them that are sanctified, whereof the Holy Ghost also is a witness to us.” Hebrews 10: 14, 15.

“The oath which he sware to our father Abraham, that he would grant unto us, that we being delivered out of the hand of our enemies might serve him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before him, all the days of our life.” Luke 1: 73-75.

“And put no difference between us and them, purifying their hearts by faith.” Acts 15: 9.

“Both he that sanctifieth and they who are sanctified are all of one, for which cause he is not ashamed to call them brethren.” Hebrews 2: 11.

“This is the will of God, even your sanctification.” 1 Thessalonians 4: 3.

“God hath not called us unto uncleanness, but unto holiness.” I Thessalonians 4: 7.

“Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it.” I Thessalonians 5: 24.

“Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.” Hebrews 12: 14.

Mr. Compton is an ardent exponent of the doctrine of the “Second Coming of Christ.” He holds to what is known as the pre-millennial view, which maintains that the world is not to be brought to Christ through the instrumentality of the Church. The Church is the salt that saves the world from utter destruction. The great mass and power of wickedness is never to be destroyed by the Church, but “the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming.” The last days shall be as the “days of Noah” and “perilous times shall come, when men shall be lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God; having the form of godliness, but denying the power thereof.” Suddenly, some day, nobody knows just when, “the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are

alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord." 1 Thessalonians 4: 16, 17.

Mr. Compton believes that it is one of the blessed privileges of the Christian, when sick, to offer the prayer of faith and be healed in body by the same God and the same Power that saved the soul; or, in the words of Saint James, he believes that "the prayer of faith shall save the sick." He believes that those who have not faith for healing should procure medical attention and earnestly pray God to provide and bless the means essential to recovery. He has no fellowship with or endorsement of any healing cult anywhere that goes farther than the simple scriptural privilege as outlined above.

Mr. Compton insists upon a thorough work of grace for the sinner. He is highly suspicious of the card-signing method of professing conversion. He likes to see the guilty sinner showing genuine evidences of conviction and sorrow for sin, and bringing forth "fruits meet for repentance," resulting in a transforming conversion that takes the love of the world out of the man and fills the vacuum with the fruits of the Holy Spirit.

EXPLANATORY STATEMENT INTRODUCTORY  
TO THE STORY OF MR. COMPTON'S  
JOURNEY TO PALESTINE.

Somewhere in a preceding chapter I said that Mr. Compton was on such intimate terms with the improbable that it was impossible to astonish him. When a poor, crippled, tongue-tied boy, living in a mountain cabin and eating corn-pone three times daily, the ambition of his heart was to live to the time when he would be rich (?) enough to occupy a painted house and eat wheat bread every day. Before he was thirty-eight years of age God had healed his crippled limb, cured him of his annoying defect in speech—instantaneously, sent him all over America to preach side by side with the ablest preachers, given him over forty thousand dollars for the erection and maintenance of a Rescue Home and Orphanage, and one of the finest Palestinian and European trips any man could reasonably desire.

Mr. Compton is a great lover of the Bible. It has been his custom for years to spend hours in its study. Such study has given him intimate familiarity with all the biblical events and places. For years he had treasured in his heart a longing to see these Bible lands, yet he had not permitted himself to indulge the hope of ever having such a privilege. One day, while in conversation with his friend Mr. J. H. Hoffman, of Philadelphia, some casual remarks were passed between them regarding the desirability of a Palestinian journey. Not long after this conversation, while Mr. Compton was engaged in an evangelistic meeting at Huntington, West Virginia, he received a telegram from Mr. Hoffman stating that if he could take the trip to Palestine, to join Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman on a certain day and accompany them at their expense. After making reasonably sure that the work at Asheville could spare him for three or four months, he joined the party and they started upon that memorable journey.

During his travels Mr. Compton made copious notes and wrote many letters, some of which were published in his paper *The New Testament Christian*. At first I thought I would write the story of his trip in my own words and form, making use of the notes and letters with which I am

provided, but upon further reflection I have concluded not to pursue that plan, which would necessarily destroy Mr. Compton's personality in the narrative, which to me, and I doubt not also to all of his friends, gives the story one of its chief elements of interest. Therefore I have simply taken the liberty of editing Mr. Compton's own presentation, allowing only such omissions and corrections as a fair degree of grammatical accuracy required.

## CHAPTER XVI.

JOURNEY TO PALESTINE. LEAVING NEW YORK.  
THE STEAMSHIP "LACONIA." STORM AT SEA.  
LANDING AT MADEIRA. THE  
MEDITERRANEAN SEA.

Our party reached New York City from Philadelphia at 9:30 A. M., February 3, 1912, where we boarded the steamship *Laconia*, of the Cunard line. After placing our baggage in our state-rooms, we started out to view this mammoth vessel, which we found to be furnished in the most elegant style, with every comfort and luxury any man could desire. Soon the order came for everybody except passengers to "get ashore" and our hearts were deeply touched as loved ones clasped each other to their breasts for the last time. Shouts were heard from every side—some in mirthful spirit and others heavy with tears.

We began at once to busy ourselves with writ-

ing cards and letters to the folks at home, to be taken off an hour later as we steamed out of New York harbor. I felt perfectly contented aboard the vessel, for I knew that God had made the trip possible, and I was entering upon the realization of one of my life's greatest desires.

When we went into the dining-room for lunch, we were greeted with the fragrance of unnumbered flowers, scattered all over the room and everything else that would attract a mountain boy who had never dreamed that God had made such elaborate provision for the satisfaction of his love of the beautiful. After lunch I opened a large envelope containing letters prepared for me by the children and workers at Eliada Orphanage. I had received instructions not to open these letters more frequently than one a day, but the temptation was too strong, I yielded and read all of them at once. I had not realized as I did while reading those letters how much I loved the children and appreciated my workers at Eliada. I enjoyed a very good night's rest in my palatial room Saturday night and awakened to find the Sabbath morning calm and beautiful. At ten o'clock many of the passengers gathered in the parlor of the ship for worship. The captain, assisted by the ship's physician, conducted the ser-



vice. While the service was very formal, still it was very blessed and I felt the presence of the Lord was with us. I have been much in prayer for the home folks to-day.

About noon the ocean began to get very rough. When the bugle call for supper was made and I entered the dining-room the flowers had disappeared as well as a large number of the diners. While at the table the storm became fierce; the ship dashed to one side and dishes and food came tumbling into my lap. I quickly relieved myself of this unwelcome load and hurried out on deck to find the sky full of fierce clouds, the wind in a fury and the *Laconia* being tossed about like a chip on a pond. The great vessel seemed no more of a burden to the ocean than though she had been a feather.

I left the deck at about ten o'clock, for I felt a little inward disturbance and feared I was to become seasick. It had been so long since my mother rocked me to sleep in the old wooden cradle back on the mountain-side in North Carolina that I had forgotten how to sleep under the motion, and so my first Sunday night at sea was a sleepless one. The storm reached its climax at about two o'clock A. M. and I could hear calls on all sides for help. I had no personal fear, but

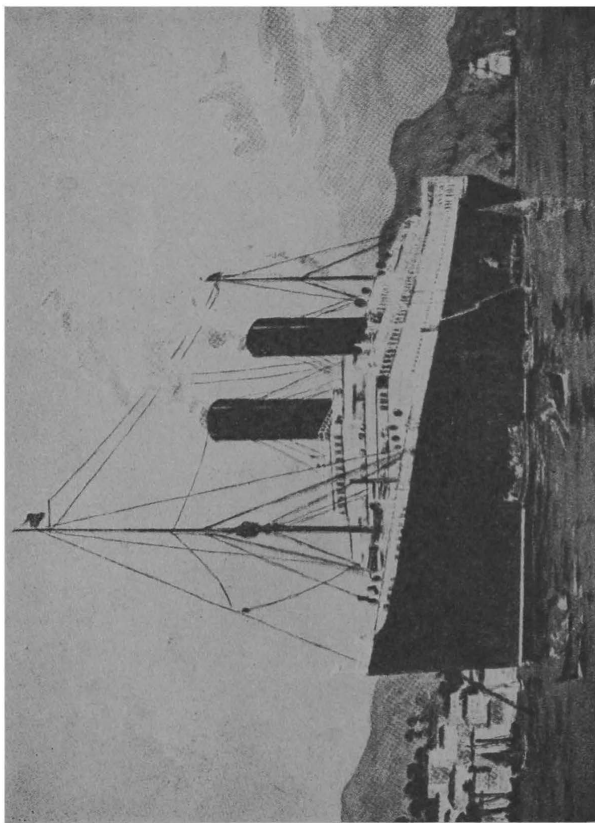
was lead to pray for the passengers and crew and especially for the steerage passengers shut up like rats away down in the ship's hold. My heart went out for those upon that fearful sea in less mighty and comfortable ships than ours. A poem one of the workers at Eliada gave me before starting voiced the prayer of my heart:

“Eternal Father, strong to save,  
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,  
Who bid'st the mighty ocean deep  
Its own appointed limits keep;  
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea.

“O Christ, whose voice the waters heard  
And hushed their raging at Thy word,  
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,  
And calm amid the storm didst sleep;  
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea.

“Most Holy Spirit, who didst brood  
Upon the chaos dark and rude,  
And bid its angry tumult cease,  
And give, for wild confusion, peace;  
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea.

“O Trinity of love and power,  
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;  
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,  
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;  
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee  
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.”



STEAMSHIP "LACONIA."



I propped myself as well as I could with my pillows and tried to fall asleep, but the dashing ship and whistling winds refused to let me. At last morning came with the storm unabated. Only a few appeared for breakfast; my own appetite was not good. Now and then a heavy wave would strike the ship and away the dishes would plunge to the floor, many of them smashed to bits. I began to wonder if this kept up what we would have left to eat from. Again I went on deck and such a sight my eyes had never beheld. I had seen the mad rapids of Niagara, but they were as children playing with flutter-mills in a creek compared with the immensity of this wild ocean. Just as far as one could see were mountains of angry billows and yet our grand old ship was plowing through them ahead of schedule time. I could imagine myself at home among the Blue Ridge mountains with all of them moving at storm speed; one moment I was in a valley looking up at their lofty peaks and the next on their summit gazing down into the valley. One time I rushed out on deck to get a picture of these mountains of water. The gale was so fierce just then that I was almost overthrown, but I got the snapshot, by paying a good price for it, for

the wind blew my nose glasses into the deep blue sea.

One of the things of great interest to me was the appearance of newspapers on deck this morning containing all of the latest news of the world. What a wonder is wireless telegraphy! This has been the greatest day in all my life's history. I have eaten three meals without any symptoms of seasickness—now there are not many left in my class. I am enjoying everything, even the storm. God is keeping me well and I am happy.

*Tuesday morning.* The storm continues. The night was rough, but nevertheless I slept well and awakened greatly refreshed. Lots of folks sick. I am enjoying everything without a trace of seasickness as yet. The captain and crew are preparing for an awful night, a regular "norwester."

*Wednesday.* The ship was driven about last night the worst of any time yet. This has been the worst day of all except Monday. I am reminded of Saint Paul's experience in the storm, but he was in it fourteen days, we but four. How they ever made it in those frail ships is a mystery to me. This ship is a sea monster and yet the billows play with it. Praise God for a knowl-

edge of Him who holds the winds in His fists!

*Thursday.* Still rough. High winds and rains. Some sunshine, not much. Not cold. I failed to sleep much last night. Mother Sea rocked me too hard and I fail to get used to it.

*Friday.* Still rough. Considerable sickness among the passengers. I am keeping well. I am eating too much, not being used to such high living. Afternoon, the sun comes forth and the storm subsides. We passed two ships, one of these was badly storm beaten. Most of the passengers are out on deck taking a sun bath. To-night there is to be a concert and swell dance. Night has come and the dance is on. Such a sight my eyes are unaccustomed to. Women half nude at supper tables. I thought I had seen some disgraceful dressing in the States as I traveled about, but all I ever saw is Modesty herself compared with this disgraceful set of degenerates. Modesty is a stranger here. They danced until midnight then they went to the smoker and to my astonishment, I saw several young ladies smoking cigarettes—I will take that back, not ladies, but degenerated females; many were quite boozy when they went to their rooms. Now I saw all this with my own eyes. I was glad I had been born poor and had to work for my liv-

ing. Had I been born in this million-dollar sphere, in which I am taking this trip across the Atlantic, I fear the devil would have gotten me forever.

This is Saturday and we are in sight of Madeira. The storm drove us here two days ahead of schedule time. What a beautiful harbor! Madeira is a small island out in mid-ocean, governed by Portugal. My! it feels good to get my feet on land again.

Before the *Laconia* had cast anchor here, we observed several small boats coming from shore making towards us. When they got closer, we saw that each boat contained a professional diver. Passengers would cast pieces of money into the sea and those boys and men would dive after them and without fail would bring the coin up between their toes. The water was two hundred feet deep where these human fish were diving. One of them climbed up on the deck of the ship and dived off into the sea nearly one hundred feet below after a silver dollar. This fellow had but one arm, but he got the money. These fellows are as much at home in the sea as I am on land. It is a wonder, the things of interest one sees on a trip like this. My vocabulary keeps failing me as I try to write down my impressions.



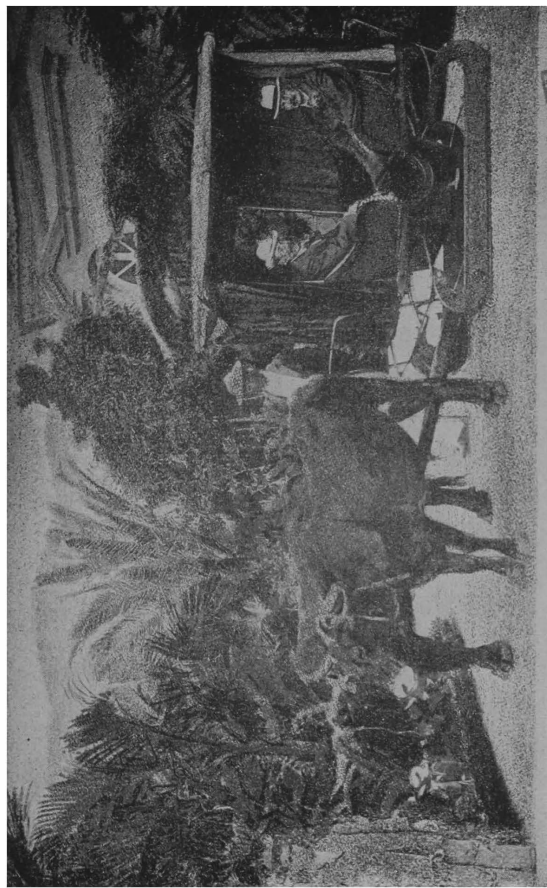
I have bought several post-cards of Madeira, but am tempted to cast them overboard, for they are nothing more than a burlesque on that indescribable garden of beauty.

The first view of Madeira which we got at a great distance gave the impression that it was a barren, mountainous place, with few inhabitants. As we drew nearer we could see, with the aid of glasses, little huts dotted all over the mountain-sides. Then we came in sight of villages thickly populated, and as we came nearer we saw that what had appeared to be a barren and desolate waste was a most attractive, thickly inhabited country. As our vessel drew nearer and nearer, we were more and more enraptured with the island's picturesque scenes and charming beauty. The fleecy white clouds hung caressingly around the towering mountain peaks and from those heights water ran in swift rivulets—silver threads in a carpet of green.

We reached the city of Funchal, where our ship cast anchor. This was at 4:15 P. M. Many passengers went ashore at once, but our party remained aboard ship for the night. We were repaid for remaining on the ship by seeing Funchal from a distance of two miles out in the sea while she was glittering with artificial light.

The next morning we were taken ashore in small boats. Upon landing, it was evident to us at once that we were among a foreign race. I had an idea that the people of this nation were a dirty, lazy, worthless class, but I was to see differently. I found them as a whole neat and cleanly. Even the children of the streets were, as a rule, neat and attractive—certainly far above the average of American children who live in the streets. But all are professional beggars—men, women and children. And such persistency I never saw; they don't understand the word "No;" that word must not be in their dictionary. They followed us everywhere we went with their hands extended, urging us to give them money.

We went to the Methodist Mission Church, where we met Pastor Smart and his wife. They have labored here for thirty years. Brother Smart preached partly in Portuguese and partly in English. Religiously the island is almost entirely in the hands of Rome. Protestantism has but little opportunity here. Here are one hundred and fifty thousand people with but three Protestant churches and all the rest Roman Catholic. We visited the Catholic Cathedral, which was founded in 1632. Here the people were adoring the images and confessing to



C. - Almo-Juul:VG IN :LAD(IRA.



priests. This old building is admired for its excellent carvings and its antiquity.

We procured a *carro*, which is a sled drawn by oxen. These oxen beat the American breed for speed, for they step along in a lively manner. We rode about the city in one of these *carros* for an hour. A small boy runs ahead of the oxen and guides them with strings attached to the tips of their horns, while a man follows in the rear with a long cane with which he keeps the animals prodded up. When the *carro* encounters a rough place in the street, they place a greased rag under the runners, which causes them to slip over the spot readily. All of the streets here are splendidly paved with small stones and the work is the most attractive I ever saw. The streets are very narrow and most of the folks walk in them, for sidewalks are few. Another feature that impressed me was the care with which every property owner keeps his house brightly painted; not only the sides but the roofs as well. Another interesting observation here was the way they utilize every foot of ground, either in making lovely flower gardens or in raising fruits and vegetables. They get big returns from spots that Americans would consider useless. We crossed a bridge in the city which was over 150

feet high, the walls of which were perpendicular, and yet, from top to bottom those walls were covered with flowers, banana trees and grape vines. To gather the fruit it would be necessary to swing from the top of the bridge by ropes. So interesting did we find Madeira that we felt we could abide here for weeks and not grow weary of its beauty.

The staple crops are sugar-cane and grapes. We enjoyed eating some bananas grown on the island; they were small, but of delicious flavor. A woman scarcely ever appears upon the streets unless she is traveling, but their modesty does not prevent them from keeping their heads out of the windows and doors to see, if not to be seen. Most of the Madeira women are real pretty. They have fine hair and mild, kindly eyes and are very neat and careful about their apparel. Madeira was the early home of Christopher Columbus. Here he was educated. I doubt if in all the world one can find a finer place to live or die than on this beautiful island three hundred miles west of the coast of Africa.

Our ocean journey was uneventful the first day out of Madeira, but the next day, which was Tuesday, we came in sight of land lying to the southward. We were informed that this was

the coast of Africa. I kept my eyes fixed upon that dim shore line until we drew near enough so that, with the aid of glasses, we could plainly see the mountains along the coast and dwelling-houses dotted along the slopes. I could imagine myself again in western North Carolina looking upon the homes of neighbors and friends along the mountain-sides.

I could not look upon the shores of Africa without being deeply moved and lifting my heart to God in prayer for the many dear friends I have on the continent who are spending their lives endeavoring to Christianize that nation. As my thoughts lingered upon the stirring religious history of this land, I could not refrain from weeping, and I felt a great desire to visit the missionaries whom I know personally and bid them God-speed. But the desire and a prayer must answer for this time.

As the *Laconia* pushed onward, we came in sight of land on the north which was the shore of Spain. Just before noon we came in sight of a small mountain rising up out of the sea, which, we were informed, was the famous Gibraltar—England's key to the Mediterranean. England has held this fortress since 1704 and has expended more than fifty million dollars upon its defenses.

We went ashore in mid-afternoon to find ourselves among the peoples of many nations. This mountain of solid rock is a tongue of land running directly south from the Spanish mainland, and within twenty miles of the African shore. The British flag is seen everywhere and British soldiers constantly parade the narrow streets. The whole rock is a fort and six thousand soldiers are kept here to defend it. There is no water here, all that is used is carried from a distance back in the mountains and sold. I think a good portion of the residents do not use water and would not if it were plentiful. They like something stronger. The natives here are professional beggars. Practically all of the food stuff is shipped in, for there is no soil upon which to grow anything. Gibraltar is great as a fortress and certainly no Western power can get into or no Eastern power out of the Mediterranean without Great Britain's consent. Immorality is rampant here and virtue is a rare jewel. If the British soldiers were as strong in Christ as the fortress they defend, what a power they would be for the Kingdom! But alas!

On Tuesday morning we witnessed a burial at sea. The service was very early in the morning and most of the passengers had not yet arisen.



The ship stopped still in mid-ocean and a little baby was lowered to a grave in the deep. It was the child of a steerage passenger—some poor mother's little one. Thank God, some glad day even the sea will give up its dead!

From Gibraltar we had a delightful journey to Algiers, Africa. The Mediterranean was as blue as the sky and as smooth as a mill pond. Most of the seasick passengers are now recovered and are enjoying their journey. All the way to Algiers we sailed in sight of the Spanish mountains and, while the air was so warm that we were comfortable without overcoats, still we could see snow-clad mountain peaks all of the journey.

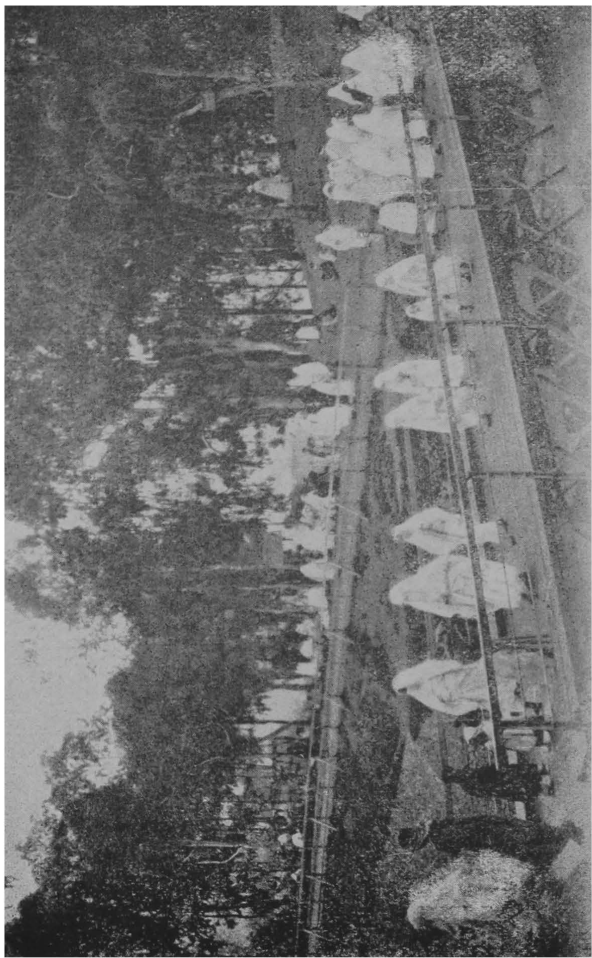
One of the loveliest sights I ever saw was the sun setting in the Mediterranean. Its rays were reflected on the snow-capped mountains while the white clouds overhanging them were tinted with colors of azure and gold. Anyone who loves God and appreciates His wonderful creation could scarcely escape a blessing under such sublime conditions. "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork." I walked about on deck long after night perfectly enraptured with the glory of the scenes and with gratefulness to God.

The next morning we reached Algiers. Here

we were greeted with one of our greatest surprises. We found Algiers a magnificent modern city, with beautiful buildings, street-cars, automobiles, fine carriages, and as fine horses as we ever saw, concrete buildings from three to ten stories high, and clocks striking the hours in beautiful chimes. This seemed more like New York City than a city of the Dark Continent.

Thousands and thousands of Arabs and Turks dwell here. Mohammedanism is the prevailing religion. The streets abound with veiled-faced women. I saw folks here such as I had never imagined were even created. The streets are narrow in some sections and most burdens are carried upon the heads of the people—except those of the heart, which I judge must be very many and heavy. We visited an old museum and saw many interesting things, among them a petrified man, a Christian who was buried alive by the Turks September 18, 1569, eleven miles out from this city. He petrified and here they have the poor fellow on exhibition.

France controls this city and it is keeping close to Paris in style and vice. I have seen things to-day that would make any well-bred dog in America blush. Modesty and decency are almost total strangers to the Arabs. While the



MOHAMMEDAN WOMEN GOING TO WORSHIP, ALGIERS, AFRICA.



natives are degraded, the French themselves are morally low, living in the sins Paul enumerated in the first chapter of Romans.

The Mohammedans are very religious. They wash their feet before entering their mosques, which are their places of prayer. No Christian is permitted to defile a mosque with his presence! There are some good schools here and some English missionaries are devoting their lives to the Christianization of these people. We are 130 miles from the Sahara desert and on the very edge of pure heathenism. We returned to the *Laconia* at sunset Friday and were glad to get back to our floating temporary home, for all day long I had been tramping the streets of a strange nation and had met no one whom I could understand. Once I saw a building over which floated the star-spangled banner and the sight of the dear old flag sent a thrill of delight through me. God bless the old flag where'er it floats, and may it carry not only the light of liberty but the light of salvation to every land!

After an uneventful night's sail from Algiers, we reached Monaco, France. Here we landed and went over to Monte Carlo which joins Monaco. Monte Carlo lies on the slope of a towering mountain along the shore of the Mediterranean

Sea. The city has between twenty and thirty thousand inhabitants. It is the resort of the rich gamblers of the world. There are no taxes paid here. The town is maintained by the proceeds of gambling. In all of my travels I have never before seen such a magnificent place. Almost every building is a palace and the streets are as clean as household floors. One notices the contrast between this place and every other one in this country in that here one sees no beggars, no poorly clad persons, or rundown horses. Every building looked like it had been scrubbed from top to bottom with soap and water. Here is a city of the devil; inspired, built and maintained by him, for his business, and yet it is so beautiful as to look like an earthly paradise. Lovely flower gardens and beautiful parks abound on every side. There are no open saloons and no one can enter the great gambling-house without paying an admission fee and undergoing close scrutiny—they do not seem to want any dishonest folks to get in there (?). Every bit of the devilishness here is completely hidden. Never did I imagine that the devil had adorned himself so pleasingly. This city is “a wolf in sheep’s clothing.”

One of the features here is a magnificent road-

way along the mountain-side, built by Napoleon when traveling through France to Italy. This road is fifteen feet wide. If it were not there to prove its own existence, one could hardly believe such a highway could be made. We saw an old ruin on the mountain back of the city, which dates back to the days of Julius Cæsar. I went to the Catholic church. Evidently their seats are rented. I could not understand anything, as French was not included in the curriculum of the schools back in Haywood County, North Carolina, when I was a boy. An old woman entered the church and seated herself just in front of me. An usher tried to get her to change her seat, but she positively refused to move. The usher went for a priest who next endeavored to move the woman, but she refused to yield. Then the priest got an officer, who came with a sword and bayonet and he took hold of her, but she drew away and would not move out. I thought I had seen almost everything that had happened or would be likely to happen in a religious service, but I had never before seen anything equal to this. I got a little nervous and decided to give up my seat before somebody should demand it.

While aboard the *Laconia* one day, a rich woman of the Monte Carlo type, asked me if I could

supply her with a match. Now I carried a box of safety matches for precautionary purposes, and I handed her this box. Immediately she lighted her cigarette and handed back the box. Among these high-flyers of wealth there are large numbers of girls who smoke cigarettes habitually. Many of them seem to be a pampered set of moral degenerates, polluting society with their wealth and lust. I have seen them in the dining-room when half of the body above the waist was nude. Fashionable society cannot but be a menace to moral and scriptural virtue. I saw these folks dancing aboard ship half nude to their waists and with their skirts drawn up to their knees. How demoralizing such conduct must of necessity be to the class that lives amidst it constantly.

Monte Carlo is said to be the European headquarters for suicides. Here they frequently lose all of their money at the gambling tables and then go out and blow out what is called their brains.

We left this dark place at night and sailed on to the beautiful Bay of Naples. Here, from the deck, we got our first view of Italy. As we glided into this, the world's most beautiful bay, we saw that monstrous mountain, Vesuvius,

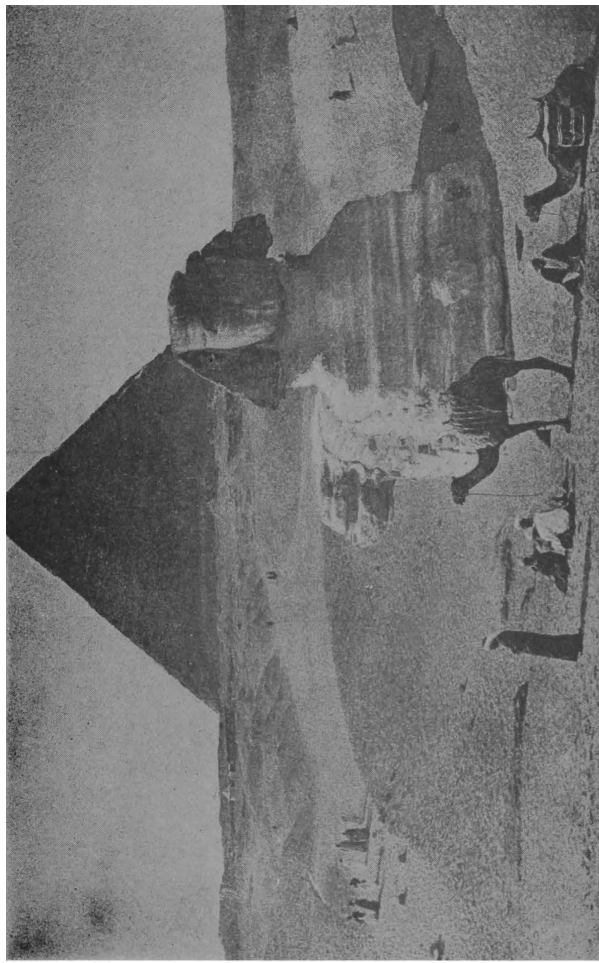


belching forth ashes and smoke. We did not leave the ship here, as we expect to stop to explore this place upon our return. We sailed out of the Bay of Naples close beside the Isle of Capri, and soon we reached the Straits separating Italy from Sicily. It seemed that one could almost cast a stone across to either shore. Messina was pointed out to us where a hundred thousand souls perished during a recent earthquake. Then we came in sight of Mount Etna. It was dark and clouds hung over this famous peak and wrapped it in slumber.

From Italy we sailed on to Alexandria, Egypt, where we left the *Laconia*, after a voyage of 5,658 miles of sea voyage which was, for the most part, wild and stormy. Our journey from Alexandria to Cairo, a distance of 150 miles, was made by rail. The huts composing the Egyptian villages along the way were made of clay and straw and were covered with cornstalks. The natives were invariably semi-nude. It appeared that the camel, donkey, women and children, were alike, the beasts of burden. In Cairo we found the women tattooed in an amazing manner, while their faces were partly concealed with veils. They covered their heads with many ugly adornments. The Egyptian farmer raises more grain and hay

to the square yard than I ever saw elsewhere. The soil here is black and rich like the best of Illinois and the West. The farmers use about the same methods they did a thousand years ago.

We spent three interesting days in Egypt, visiting the places of outstanding interest lying in the hard-beaten path of generations of tourists, such as the pyramids, etc. Then, from Port Said, we embarked on a small Mediterranean steamer for Joppa, the gateway to lower Palestine. We spent the night en route in a fearful storm, and upon reaching the dangerous harbor of Joppa we found the danger signal out warning against attempting a landing. But we wanted to land despite the danger, and so we were taken from the ship by great companies of boatmen, and at last we planted our feet on the sacred shores of Palestine.



'THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT.



## CHAPTER XVII.

JOPPA. JERUSALEM. GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.  
CALVARY. BETHLEHEM. JERICHO.  
JORDAN. DEAD SEA.

Here I am in Joppa! Can it be possible? I find myself saying over and over, "This is Joppa! This is Joppa, and I am really here!" Well, the dear Lord is good to make this possible for me. After landing, out of what appeared to be the jaws of death, for the sea was fearfully wild, we walked several minutes through mud and slush and reached a point where we procured a carriage and were taken to a hotel, where we collected ourselves together somewhat and then started out for the one place that has contributed most to the fame of this town—the house of Simon the Tanner. On the way we passed through quaint and interesting streets, and while I was studying everything closely as we proceeded, I was at the same time trying to convince myself that Luch

Compton was actually in the town. I had heard of, read of, and longed to see this place for many years, and the reality of actually being here seemed like a dream. Our coachman drove through the narrow streets at about the pace our American fire horses dash to a fire. Had there been a "speed limit" in Joppa, he would have broken it. We were all up on our nerves fearing we would run over a pedestrian but, happily, we had no such misfortune. After taking us through some dirty, dingy streets down near the sea, we halted at a place which we were told was the house of Simon the Tanner. This is the place where Peter was receiving the vision when men came to him from Cornelius the centurion to take him to Cæsarea to visit their master. There is a lighthouse on the adjoining building to light the treacherous harbor of Joppa. On the first floor of the house of Simon the Mohammedans have a mosque.

From this famous spot we went to visit the tomb of Tabitha, which we found in a garden where the Russians have erected a church to her memory. It was here that Peter raised Tabitha from the dead. From this garden we got a fine view of Joppa and found that the place abounded with orange groves and gardens. While I en-

joyed the modern Joppa, it was the memory of the part the ancient town had played in biblical history that thrilled my heart with appreciation at being there. Thousands of years ago this was the principal seaport of Palestine, as it is to-day. It was here that the cedar and pine were landed from Mt. Lebanon by Hiram, king of Tyre, for the building of Solomon's temple. Here Jonah took ship to flee to Tarshish when God told him to go to Nineveh. We returned to our hotel for lunch and then boarded a train for Jerusalem.

Our train, as it passed out of Joppa, ran through beautiful gardens and orange groves which were enclosed in cactus fences. In Palestine the cactus grows to the height of seventeen to twenty feet and is much used for enclosing property. Very soon we reached the plain of Sharon. We rode for two hours through this historic plain, and, as far as we could see, were fields of wheat and barley, olive-trees and flowers. Then we reached Lydda, which is one of the stations en route to Jerusalem, and then we came to the site of Ekron, which was one of the principal cities of the Philistines, and was the last place to which the ark was carried before it was returned to Israel.

We reach the valley of Sorek, famous for the

events connected with the lives of Samson and Delilah. Now we pass ancient Beth-shemesh, and over there is Zorah, the birthplace of Samson. All of this country is rich with sacred history. As our train ran into the Judæan hills, what is known as Samson's cave, was pointed out to us. This is identified as the ancient Rock Etam, from which place Samson went forth and slew a thousand Philistines with the jawbone of an ass. We observed that the asses are still there in abundance—but where are the Philistines?

The journey through these Judæan hills is very interesting. On the hillsides can be seen droves of sheep and goats, with the shepherds close by. Peasant huts are numerous throughout these hills. We reached the spring of Hanieh. According to tradition, this is the place where Philip baptized the eunuch. These hills and valleys do not compare with those of our Southland in natural beauty, but as one passes through them who is familiar with the scriptural connections and loves his Bible and his God, he sees incomparable beauty amid the natural barrenness and desolation. Wild animals abound among these hills and, were it not for the watchful care of the shepherds, the sheep would soon perish. Our



guide told us that sheep which go astray are invariably devoured by wild beasts.

As the train sped along through these Judæan hills, I kept my head out of the car window and my eyes as wide open as Brother Patty describes me when, as a green mountain lad, I first entered Cincinnati. Well, I didn't go to Palestine to miss anything!

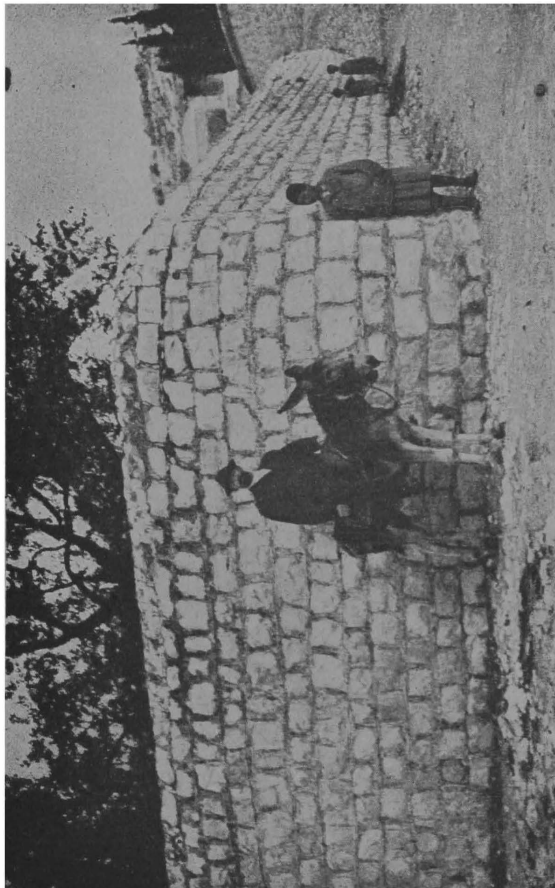
Presently we came in sight of a beautiful city with many towers and steeples, and our guide said, "This is Jerusalem, and the portion you see from here is Mt. Zion." I cannot describe the emotions that swept over me upon hearing this announcement. From a distance, Jerusalem is a beautiful city, but alas! the proverb, "Distance lends enchantment," is all too applicable. We reached the station and as we stepped off the train, such a bedlam I never heard before; it was as though we had been suddenly set down in the center of a riot. At last our guide got us into a carriage and drove like a fireman, and I thought surely this man must be a direct descendant of Jehu, for "he drove furiously." We were landed safely at the Grand New Hotel, however, in spite of all our fears to the contrary. Here we found everything that a traveler could desire for his rest and comfort. In a little while I wan-

dered out and soon discovered that the beauty of Jerusalem consists in seeing her at a distance. I found the city all right for situation, but a failure for sanitation.

The city that Christ and the apostles knew is buried under the rubbish of the present one. Jerusalem has been destroyed and rebuilt several times and yet no Christian man with eyes in his soul can pass through these streets without seeing beyond the present filth and squalor the glory of the past, and he is sure to be overwhelmed by emotions such as could scarcely be called to life elsewhere in the world. Some of my richest hours in Palestine were spent on the Mount of Olives under an ancient olive-tree, with my open Bible, reading the scriptural account of the events that transpired within the radius of my vision.

One day, all alone, I went along the Via Dolorosa, lost in deep meditation of the day two thousand years ago when Christ, my Savior, bore the cross along this route to Calvary. What a tumult of sacred and sublime emotions swept over my soul as I wandered along this most sacred roadway of the world!

I was not helpfully impressed with my visit to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It is claimed that this is the site of the tomb of Joseph of



MR. COMPTON RIDING AROUND THE CITY OF JERUSALEM.



Arimathæa—the grave of Jesus Christ. Whatever righteous claim this place ever had to this honor, it is evident that the devil is in sole possession now. The Latin, the Greek, the Armenian, the Coptic, the Assyrian and the Abyssinian churches have each marked off for themselves a certain portion of this spot, and to keep them from tearing each other to pieces, the Turkish Government keeps armed soldiers there. Think of Turks maintaining amicable relations between professed Christians! And that at the tomb of Christ!

The day before Easter one of the world's most reprehensible frauds is perpetrated on thousands of simple hearts in this church. There are two holes, one in the north and one in the south side of the holy sepulchre. It is claimed that holy fire lit by God comes forth through these holes and pilgrims almost tear each other in pieces in their frantic struggle to reach this fire and light their candles. They are taught to believe that, if they procure this light, they will obtain great favor with God. The bishops, who are well paid for these privileges, are getting richer and richer through the practice of this deception, while the poor pilgrims are being taught to believe in a lie and, building their hopes upon a fraud, will,

doubtless, be damned. Numbers have been murdered here in fanatical quarrels. These fakers will show a tourist anything in this church from Adam's skull to the Judgment Day!

One spot within the walls of Jerusalem became particularly interesting to me, this was the site of the tower of Hananeel. The Grand New Hotel, where our party was entertained, is built on the old foundations of this ancient tower. In Jeremiah 3: 38-40 we read, "Behold the day cometh, saith the Lord, that the city shall be built to the Lord from the tower of Hananeel unto the gate of the corner." This prophecy is now fulfilled to the letter, for from this point north, "even to the hill Gareb," are the finest buildings to be found in the city.

The temple area also interested me particularly. The enclosure is said to cover thirty-five acres. Here we stood on Mt. Moriah. Here is where Oman had his threshing-floor. Here is where Abraham offered up Isaac. Here is where David interceded for the plague-stricken people. Here stood the temple of Israel's pride and glory. The building over this rock is called "The Mosque of Omar," which is one of the most elegant Mohammedan buildings in the world. From this place there shone forth the light of the Shekinah

and here God revealed Himself to His people, until unbelief and wilful disobedience brought defeat and disaster and alien powers utterly destroyed this holy place. While standing here, I thought of the devout Jews all over the earth, burdened and sorely oppressed, who are continually turning their eyes towards this sacred spot.

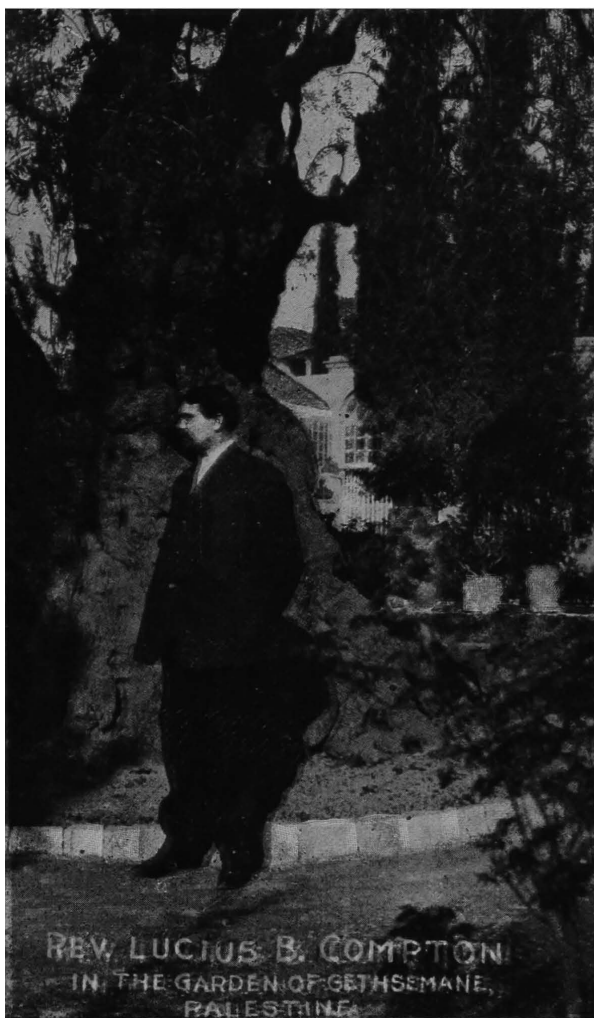
From Mt. Moriah we went through what is claimed to be Solomon's stables, and from this place we climbed to a high wall where we gained a splendid view of the valley of Jehoshaphat. This is the place where all devout Jews desire to be buried. The dead of all generations are buried there and so the valley looks more like a vast cemetery than anything else. From here we got a good view of the brook Kedron, Absalom's pillar, the tombs of St. James and Zechariah, the Mount of Olives and the Garden of Gethsemane. All the while we were here we were watched very closely by a Mohammedan soldier. For our protection we were accompanied by an official from the American consulate. The Mohammedans have intense hatred for all Christians.

We visited the Convent of Little Sisters of Mt. Zion which, it is claimed, contains a portion of the judgment hall of Pilate. Then we went to the Pool of Bethesda. This is the place to

which the sick came in order to be healed when the angel troubled the waters. This pool is fifty feet below the level of the Jerusalem of to-day. This fact gives one an idea of the depth of the ruins of ancient Jerusalem, which was doubtless on a level with the Bethesda pool. A visit to the corn market on David Street provided us with an illustration of what Christ meant when he spoke of "shaking the measure, pressing it down, and causing it to run over." This is still the custom among the traders in Jerusalem.

We spent an interesting morning on Mt. Zion. The Armenian Church of St. James is a marvelous structure. Among its many departments there is one large monastery for the accommodation of the Armenian Christians who come to Jerusalem by the thousands to worship God. We were shown the traditional palace of Caiaphas the high priest. We were also shown the spot where it is claimed Peter stood when he denied Christ, and the location of the famous rooster when he crowed in fulfillment of prophecy. I began to expect that they would next show us the rooster himself, or at least a few of his feathers! Not far from here is a Mohammedan mosque which is claimed to be the tomb of David. There are good grounds for this claim and doubtless







this is where that famous king was laid to rest. Adjoining this tomb is the chamber of the Last Supper. It is a humble room divided into two parts by columns running through the center. The dimensions are thirty by fifty feet. One part of the room is used as a place of prayer by Christians and the other is used by the Moham-medans. The Mohammedans come here to beg the prayers of David for their souls. If this is actually the place where our Lord and His disciples gathered for the Last Supper, it is worthy of great veneration. This is also claimed to be the Upper Chamber where the Holy Ghost descended upon the disciples on the day of Pentecost. I was deeply moved as I stood in this place and thought of the stupendous biblical events that transpired here, if the place is authentic. Here on Mondays and Tuesdays the Franciscans wash the feet of the pilgrims who gather, in memory of the days when Christ washed the feet of His disciples. I lingered there as long as possible, with a meditative and worshipful heart, for a very sacred influence was upon me while I tarried there.

The Bible declares that David and Solomon were buried in the city of David and also that David's tomb was near a pool. Very near this

place is the pool of Siloam. On the day of Pentecost Peter said that "David's burial-place is with us to this day." Josephus also testifies to the same fact. To me there is no place in the Holy Land more impressive and sacred than the area known as Mt. Zion.

From Jerusalem we went one day to Bethlehem. We started very early in the morning descending from the southwest gate into the valley of Gihon. This is where Samuel anointed Saul king of Israel, after he had found his father's asses. There seems to be plenty of descendants of those asses, for they are much in evidence everywhere. We reached a point en route to Bethlehem where, looking back, we got a magnificent view of Jerusalem from the southwest. We passed Rachel's tomb, which stands by the roadside. In Bethlehem we visited the Church of the Nativity, erected over the spot where our Christ was born. There is little reason to doubt the authenticity of this place. We were deeply saddened here, as elsewhere, to find armed soldiers present to prevent so-called Christians from fighting over the possession of the church. We had difficulty getting through the crowd of Russian pilgrims who were kneeling about the floors and kissing the stones all around the church. I never

saw such evidences of passionate devotion as I witnessed among those pilgrims.

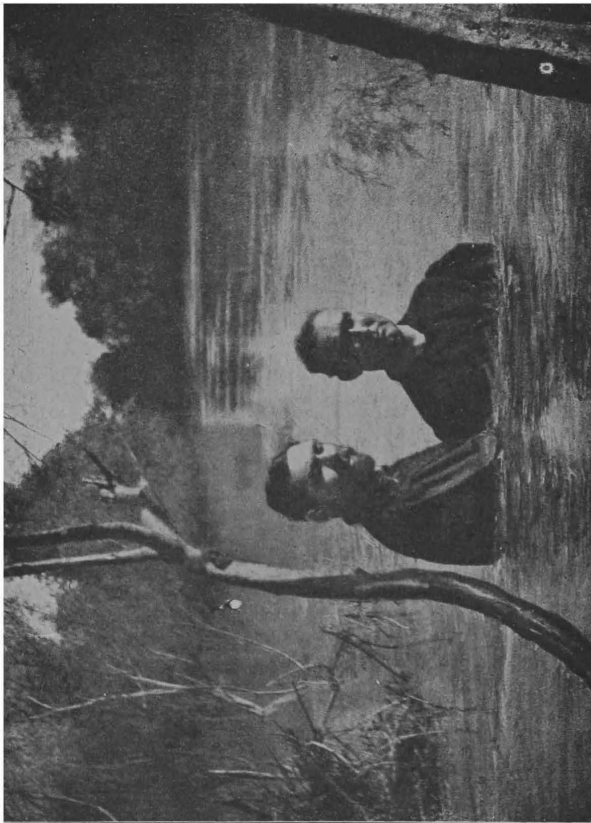
We went from the Church of the Nativity to the outer part of the town, where we gazed out over the plains of Bethlehem. In the distance we could see the mountains where David hid himself from Saul. These were the hills upon which David watched his father's sheep. As I looked upon these beautiful fields, I did not wonder that David wrote poems about them, and upon them—I felt like trying to do so myself. Here were the fields of Boaz, where Ruth, the grandmother of David, gleaned. The land is fertile and productive and as we looked upon it the fields were green with growing grain.

One day we made a journey from Jerusalem to Jericho, the Jordan and the Dead Sea. Traveling these sixteen miles, we passed through the Wilderness of Judæa. We tarried awhile at the Inn of the Good Samaritan. All around this place one can see shepherds watching their flocks, as they did thousands of years ago. As we passed along we came to the great gorge of the brook Cherith, and, ascending a hill, we looked down upon a Greek monastery, which is claimed to be on the spot where the ravens fed the prophet Elijah. Long before reaching Jericho, we had

a splendid view of the Jordan, the Dead Sea and the mountains of Moab just across the Jordan.

Just at the wall of old Jericho is Elisha's fountain. I drank freely of this water and am a witness to its sweetness still, even as the Bible declares. Here we saw the Mount of Temptation, where Christ spent the forty days when tempted of the devil. We spent one night at Jericho. The location of my window was such that I could look out upon this mountain, and, the night having a good moon, I was able to see the mountain clearly. I could hear the jackals barking in the distance which reminded me of the Scripture which says, "He was with the wild beasts."

We enjoyed a boat ride on the Jordan, also a baptismal service. While down at the Dead Sea we had a swim. This should be the best place on earth for one to learn this art, for it is impossible for a person to sink in this bouyant, saline water. This sea is 1,292 feet below the level of the Mediterranean and 4,012 feet below the summit of the Mount of Olives.







## CHAPTER XVIII.

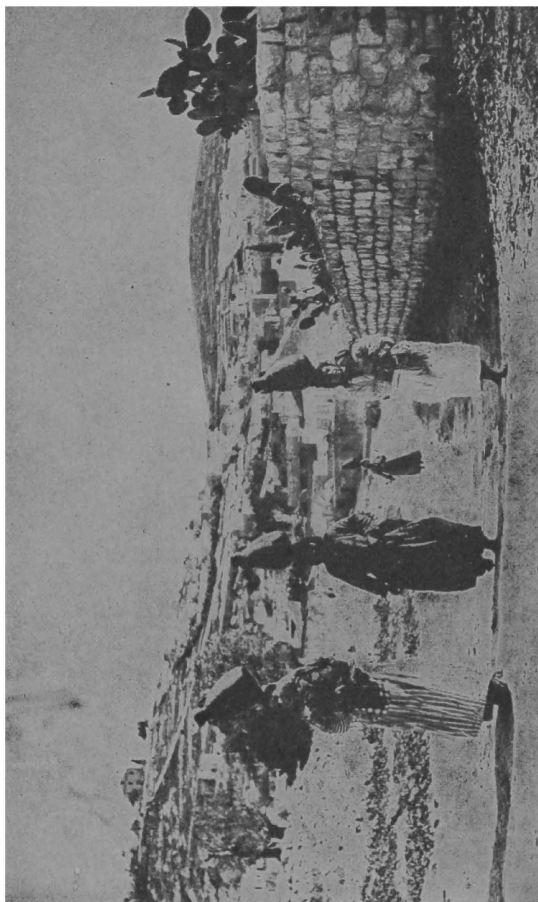
MOUNT CARMEL. PLAIN OF ESDRAELON.  
NAZARETH. SEA OF GALILEE.

On Monday, March eleventh, we embarked at Joppa for Haifa. The waters of the Mediterranean were still exceedingly rough, but we greatly enjoyed our voyage of six hours along the even shore line of Judæa, Samaria and Phœnicia and around Mt. Carmel's mighty projection, which shelters and enfolds the Bay of Acre and Haifa, the gateway of upper Palestine.

As we passed the little town of Cæsarea, I thought of Cornelius the centurion, his wonderful vision, his sending for Peter, and the far-reaching significance of the Apostle's visit. I also remembered that it was to this place that Saint Paul was sent from Jerusalem where "above forty men had bound themselves with an oath to kill him." Here Paul made his defense

before Felix and Festus and from Cæsarea he appealed to Rome. I shall never forget our entry into the Bay of Acre and the harbor of Haifa, for we reached the harbor just as the sun was setting in the sea at the base of Mt. Carmel. The sun never made its exit more gloriously, nor in more generous mood, for it completely deluged the sea and the sky with its rarest rays, and its beams played hide-and-seek with the shadows around Mt. Carmel. We spent the night in the hotel just at the foot of the mountain, and as we fell asleep with the lingering memory of the sunset still with us, we felt that God had done His best to soothe us into sweetest slumber.

The next morning we started in carriages for a five-hours drive to Nazareth. We drove straight through Haifa, the roadway skirting the northern slope of Carmel, then through the plain of Acre, and then across the river Kishon. Here the two greatest battles of Israel's history were fought and won. We tarried awhile beside the river Kishon, meditating upon the thrilling deeds of old which were enacted in sight of its silver stream, then, after a short ride, we came to a splendid oak grove upon a hilltop, where we spread our lunch upon the grass. I never expect to dine among sublimer scenes until I sit down at



CARRYING WATER FROM I'IB VIRGIN'S FOUNTAIN, NAZARETH.



the Marriage Supper of the Lamb. We could see clearly the mountain peak where the priests of Baal tortured themselves all day in frantic efforts to get a response from their gods, and where, when Elijah the prophet simply and believably prayed to Jehovah, the fire from Heaven fell and consumed the sacrifice. There was the river Kishon still in view and the superbly beautiful plain of Esdrælon, the arena upon which was enacted more of Israel's history than elsewhere in Palestine.

As we proceeded upon our journey, we were not long in reaching the hills of Galilee, and there, from the top of one of them, we had a fine view of Mt. Carmel on our right and the mountains of Samaria to the south. I thought of the utterance of the woman at the well, "Our fathers worshipped in these mountains." To the east of us were the mountains of Gilead. We beheld the village of Shunem, where lived the woman who said to her husband concerning Elisha the prophet, "Behold now I perceive that this is an holy man of God which passeth by us continually. Let us make a little chamber and it shall be when he cometh to us he shall turn in thither." We looked upon Nain and thought of our Lord's miracle in raising to life the son of the weeping

widow. We saw Endor, situated southeast of us on the hillside. To this place came King Saul to interview the witch. Here he got the revelation that increased his miseries. Endor has a hard name to this day. I did not enter the village; it held no fascination for me. The mountains, Tabor and Gilboa, are in plain view and, rising from this beautiful and historic plain of Jezreel, greatly enhanced both its interest and beauty. Tradition claims that the transfiguration of Christ occurred on Mt. Tabor.

It was not long until we ascended a hill and, as we looked down the other side, we beheld one of Palestine's most interesting and sacred places—there before us was Nazareth, where Jesus Christ the Savior of the world spent most of His earthly life! In all of my travels no place has appealed to me as has this. We spent a day and a half here viewing the town from every angle and reverently visiting every place of biblical interest. The most fascinating place to me was the well of the Virgin Mary. This, it seems to be absolutely certain, was the identical well at which the family of Joseph and Mary obtained all of their drinking water nearly two thousand years ago. I lingered long beside this fountain, lost in profound meditation, thinking of those

days of long ago when Jesus Christ, His brothers and sisters, and Mary His mother, all came hither to fill their pitchers and engage in conversation and interchanges of courtesies with neighbors and friends. I was impressed with the kindness of one to the other here. They would take pains to place the vessel of water upon each other's heads and in other ways show a friendly and helpful spirit. Here I saw many little barefoot children in rags, with beautiful eyes, and such kindly countenances that I fell in love with them, and wished I could have them join our family at Eliada.

The customs of the people of Nazareth are probably about the same as in Christ's time. Of course we visited the Church of the Annunciation. It is a chapel built over a cave in a rock which is claimed to have been the home of Mary. Mary was poor and to this day the poor still dwell in caves under the mountain cliffs. Thousands of homes in Palestine are not as clean or comfortable as most of the barns in America that shelter our horses and cattle. We were shown what is claimed to be the site of the home of Joseph, where Jesus was reared and "increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man." We also visited the Greek church which

is on the site of the ancient Jewish synagogue where Jesus worshipped while in Nazareth. We climbed to the top of a high hill where, doubtless, Jesus often came, and from here we could not only see all of Nazareth, but nearly all of Palestine, for this is one of the three most famous viewpoints in Palestine. We could see the Bay of Acre, and Mt. Carmel protruding into the sea to the west; to the south, the mountains of Samaria; to the east, Mt. Gilead; to the north, Mt. Hermon. Then, before us, spread out like a great green carpet, was the plain of Esdrælon, through which, like a silver thread ran the river Kishon. It is evident that from childhood Jesus must have possessed great familiarity with the geography of His native land, for from a hilltop back of His home He could behold most of it with His natural eyes.

Reluctantly we left this town, so full of scenes and memories that open all the floodgates of a Christian man's emotions, and continued our journey to the Sea of Galilee. We passed through Cana of Galilee, where our Lord performed His first miracle. The Greek Church claims to have here one of the water jars used by Christ when he turned the water into wine. We also had pointed out to us the well from which



the water was drawn to fill the jars. As we drove on eastward, we came to a curiously shaped hill having on its summit two peaks. This is the Mount of Beatitudes, where Jesus preached the world's most famous sermon. How I wanted to tarry here, but time forbade, and on we went until presently we came upon a scene that drove away all thoughts of everything else. Over a thousand feet below us we beheld the Sea of Galilee, the most sacred body of water on earth. We saw Safed, the "city set upon a hill that cannot be hid." This city is in full view of the spot where Jesus spoke these words.

Tiberias is a city of about ten thousand inhabitants, mostly Jews. This is the only city or town mentioned in the Bible which is still standing by these sacred waters. From our hotel veranda we gazed from one end of this sea to the other, and straight across, four miles, is the country of the Gadarenes.

We spent two days here trying to take in the spirit of this place, remembering that around this lake, which is twelve miles long and four miles wide, the most of Christ's miracles were performed.

Even apart from its sacred associations, this is a place where one could spend enjoyable time.

The air is warm and pleasant and one can sit on the hotel porch and eat the sweet oranges which grow here, and at the same time, looking north, see Mount Hermon covered with snow, while near at hand are the trees green with foliage and fragrant with flowers, and on all sides the shepherds with their large flocks grazing on the mountain slopes. To me, all this was secondary, for my heart and mind were running throughout this whole country tracing the footsteps of Him who made it the most famous spot in the world. This is the cradle of His teachings, the country of His disciples—the human material He used in establishing the Gospel of the kingdom. Here was His chosen retreat when he desired to get away from His foes. We could look across to Bethsaida where, after He had fed the multitude in the desert, He preached the sermon on redemption through His blood. Somewhere within the range of vision, He preached His first sermon, and chose Simon and Andrew, James and John, to be His disciples.

My Bible seems like utterances of fire as I read of the miracles performed here—the sick that were healed, the demons cast out, the hearts brightened by His presence, the hours spent alone in prayer somewhere on these mountains, and His

mighty ministry along these shores. Surely this place was thoroughly evangelized by our Lord. Little wonder the disciples awoke Jesus from sleep when out on the lake in a storm. No lake on earth rages more fiercely during an east wind. We saw it when it was raging and we saw it when calm.

One morning we visited Capernaum. What a lonely, desolate place! This was one time the home of Heaven's King. After living two years and a half there and preaching in their synagogues, offering mercy to all, not only Jews but all in that region hearing the truth, now one can see the judgments of God on the place. Truly it has been cast down to Hell. A Catholic monk stays there to guard the ruins of the place which is being excavated.

The only way in which the place can be identified is by the ruins of the magnificent temple, which perhaps was built by the centurion who sent for Jesus to heal his servant. Standing on the pillars of this temple, which has been excavated, no other sign of a city can be seen. All is buried several feet under the earth.

Capernaum, Chorazin, Bethsaida are all gone—a testimony of God's judgments on rejection of light. I did not care to linger here.

Magdala alone remains. This was the home of Mary Magdalene out of whom Jesus cast seven devils and no doubt this quiet little village stands in memory of her.

Aside from the sadness of the thought of God's judgments here, there is something very pleasant about this lake. We were impressed by the quietness of the evenings. We enjoyed going on the roof of the hotel and watching the last rays of sunset. Then the herdsmen would drive in their flocks and the Mohammedan would call out the time of prayer from the minaret. "Come to prayer, there is but one God, the only true God, and Mahomet is His prophet." He cries this for several minutes at sunset and at different times during the day. This is done in every country where Mohammedans have control.

We gathered in the dining-room the last night; and we all sang,

"O Galilee, sweet Galilee,  
Where Jesus loved so much to be;  
O Galilee, sweet Galilee,  
Come sing thy song again to me."

The next day we returned to Haifa and spent the night at Carmel Hotel. In the morning we drove to the monastery on Mt. Carmel from

which we got a wonderful view of the sea and valleys below. This monastery is said to be over the cave where Elijah sought refuge from Ahab, which cave we also entered.

After viewing the scenery from the mountain, we knelt in prayer, to the God of Elijah who still lives and answers by fire. We realized His presence and came down refreshed in soul and body.

There were many other places of interest we should have enjoyed visiting, but the country is disturbed by war and some thought it unsafe to venture to these places.

As we left the Holy Land, we felt that we could never praise the Lord sufficiently for this privilege of following in His footsteps in His own country.

We will never cease to pray for the inhabitants of Jerusalem and all Palestine. May the Lord soon come and reveal His glory to all nations!

En route home our party visited Naples, Mt. Vesuvius, Rome, Switzerland, Paris and London. While in England, I tarried a month responding to many requests to preach in London and Manchester. Had I not been urged to tarry in England a few days longer, I should, in all probability, have taken passage on the *Titanic* and suffered the fearful exposure of the rescued, or,

what is more likely, have perished in the depths of the ocean. During this trip, of which so many thousands of miles were traversed by sea and during which we were in the midst of terrific storms, I was never sick and enjoyed every minute of all of the experiences. I reached home safely with my heart full of praise to the Heavenly Father for all of the instruction, inspiration and happiness the journey had brought to me, and with a great desire that He would thereby so enrich my life that I would be able to pass the benefit along to all among whom I should minister in the homeland.

# APPENDIX





A SERMON ON THE STATE OF SOULS  
AFTER DEATH.

By Mr. Compton.

*“Man dieth and is laid low; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?”* (Job 14: 10.)

There are few religious subjects upon which the world holds so great a variety of views as that of the state of the soul after death. Many of these views are unsound. I may say some things in this discussion which will be contrary to your views, but I shall endeavor to adhere strictly to the Word of God. Personally, I am as interested in the country where I am going to spend eternity as I am in the country in which I now live, and I want to gain all of the knowledge of that other land I can before I reach there.

The text asks, “Man dieth and is laid low; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?”

With the help of God, let us seek a scriptural answer to this question. When we die where is the heart, the soul, the real man?

Philippians 2: 10 clearly reveals to us that there are three worlds where beings are in conscious existence: "Every knee shall bow, of things in heaven"—note that is one place; "and things in earth"—that is another place; "and things under the earth"—that is the third place.

In the American Revised Version of the Bible, which I have used for many years, I found the word *Sheol* frequently used, and upon consulting a Bible dictionary I found that this Hebrew word *Sheol* has the same meaning as the Greek word *Hades*, or hell. Scholars tell us that the word *Sheol* in the Old Testament is the same as *Hades* in the New Testament, and they never refer to the grave. Here are a few reasons why *Sheol* and *Hades* cannot mean the grave.

1. You never find the word *Sheol* in the plural.
2. You never read of the human body going to *Sheol*.
3. *Sheol* is never located on earth.
4. Man was never known to dig or make a *Sheol*.

Now all of these points are found in connec-

tion with the word grave or sepulchre. *Sheol* means the abode of departed spirits, and not the grave. No doubt the reason why the King James' translators translated the word *Sheol*, grave, is that they did not understand that *Sheol* was a place of two compartments before the crucifixion of Christ. This will become clear as we proceed. Psalm 16: 10: "Thou wilt not leave my soul to *Sheol*, neither wilt thou suffer thy holy one to see corruption." This is a prophecy concerning Christ. While his body lay in Joseph's tomb, His soul was in *Sheol*, or *Hades*. Another evidence that the soul goes to *Sheol* at death is the following quotation from the thirty-third Psalm: "O Jehovah, thou hast brought up my soul from *Sheol*: thou hast kept me alive that I should not go down to the pit." We read in Psalm 49: 15: "But God will redeem my soul from the power of *Sheol*." And Proverbs 23: 14: "Thou shalt beat him with the rod, and shall deliver his soul from *Sheol*." Luke 16: 23: "And in *Hades*, or *Sheol*, he lifted up his eyes, being in torments."

These scriptures make it clear that *Sheol*, or *Hades* is a place for the soul and not a place for the body. I believe the soul-sleeping heresy has largely come from the way the King James' Ver-

sion of the Bible has rendered the word *Sheol*, grave.

In three different passages in God's Word we read of conversations in *Sheol*.

First, Isaiah 14: 10. Here we have a remarkable conversation. "All they shall answer and say unto thee, Art thou also become weak as we? Art thou become like unto us? Thy pomp is brought down to *Sheol*, and the noise of viols; the worm is spread under thee, and worms cover them." "How art thou fallen from heaven, O day star, son of the morning! How art thou cut down to the ground, that didst lay low the nations, and thou saidst in thine heart, I will ascend into the heavens: I will exalt my throne above the stars of God." And in the fifteenth verse: "Yet thou shalt be brought down to *Sheol*, to the uttermost parts of the pit. They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee, saying, Is this the man that made the earth to tremble; that did shake kingdoms; that made the world as a wilderness, and overthrew the cities thereof?"

Here is a conversation where they are talking in *Sheol* about their leader becoming as weak as they, and their leader is the devil, who is going to lose his hold on this world, and will soon

be cast down and shut in the bottomless pit, just as weak and powerless as any creature there.

Beloved, lift up your hearts to Jesus, and let your faith be set on Him as a conqueror of every foe. Bless His name forever! He has prevailed to open the seals and has put to naught the devil. But, precious unsaved souls, think of your doom shut up in the lowest *Sheol* in conscious torment and misery, because you neglected the great salvation, which was purchased for you through Jesus! God help you to see it before mercy's door is forever closed!

We find, in Ezekiel 32: 21, another remarkable conversation in *Sheol*: "The strong among the mighty shall speak to him out of the midst of *Sheol* with them that help him: they are gone down, they lie still, even the uncircumcised, slain by the sword." Here again we read language that was uttered in *Sheol*. None of you believe that this was uttered in the grave. I have never found any one yet who believes it; but it was spoken by those who were in *Sheol*, the place of departed spirits.

The next passage I want to call your attention to is in the Gospel according to St. Luke, chapter 16, commencing with the nineteenth verse and continuing to the end of the chapter. I do

not see who can read this and not see that *Sheol* or *Hades* is the place of departed spirits, and that before Christ it was a place of two compartments. I know many call this a parable, but Jesus never said it was, and there is no proof in the Word that will support the idea that it is a parable. It is a matter of fact related by Jesus Himself, and the Word will stand forever whether we accept it or not.

Now we will turn to the sixteenth chapter of Luke and begin to read at the nineteenth verse: "There was a certain rich man which was clothed in purple and fine linen and fared sumptuously every day: and there was a certain beggar named Lazarus which was laid at his gate full of sores \* \* \* and it came to pass that the beggar died *and was carried up to heaven?*" No, the Bible does not say that. It says that he was "carried by the angels into *Abraham's bosom.*" Some will ask, "When I get to Heaven can I look down and see my friends in Hell?" By no means. You will never be able to see Hell if you get to Heaven. "And the rich man died also and was buried, and in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment and seeth Abraham with Lazarus in his bosom, and he cried, Father Abraham, send Lazarus that he may dip his finger in water and cool my

tongue; for I am tormented in this flame." There was a request made in Hell! There is consciousness in Hell! There is memory in Hell! All the faculties you possess on earth, when you die, will be the keener, and all that you now possess will be possessed in a disembodied state whether in Heaven or in Hell.

Abraham said to him, "Son, remember." Many of you are going through this life and you do not take time to remember or to think of your soul's eternal existence. You do not take time to consider that those in Hell would be glad to be favored with one Gospel sermon; but God will point His finger at you in eternity and say, "Remember." Abraham said to Dives, "Remember that in thy lifetime (that means in his probationary period of life), thou receivedst good things and Lazarus evil things; now he is comforted and thou art tormented, and besides all this, between us and thee there is a great gulf fixed, so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot."

"Father Abraham, I pray thee, send him to my father's house. I have five brothers, and I do not want them to come to this place of torment." He did not want his kinfolks to come there. I have heard people say, "If I go to Hell,

I will have plenty of company," but every companion who goes there will add to the torture of the soul.

"They have Moses and the prophets, if they will not hear them, they will not be persuaded though one rose from the dead." The man who rejects divine revelation would not hear an angel; would not obey though the dead rose and proclaimed the truth.

I want to ask you a question: How long was it after the death of Abraham that the law and prophets were given?

People say, "Will I have the same memory after I go into a disembodied state that I have now?" Here were folks who had it. Abraham's body had been laid in the cave of Machpelah, and his spirit had been in *Sheol*, 1921 years. The rich man had lived in the age of divine revelation, and yet in Hell, in a disembodied state, he knew Abraham whom he had never seen. A man who has had his hand cut off will tell you that he can still feel the fingers as before. The sense of touch is there. A man may be disembodied, but the spirit will have all the sensibilities of touch, taste, sight and hearing—all that the physical being now possesses will



be possessed by the spirit after he is gone from here.

All through the Old Testament we read of the saints going down to *Sheol*, and, as I have before stated, I believe that is the reason why the word *Sheol* in the Authorized Version is rendered grave so many times. It has given encouragement for the doctrine of soul-sleeping; but, thank God! by a careful study of the truth, we can see something better than a hole in the ground!

It is positively proven in the Word of God that both saint and sinner went down to *Sheol* before Christ, and no doubt the old translators could not understand how the saints went to *Sheol*, so they rendered it grave, and it has been misleading to many; but the plain truth of God reveals that the spirits of all who die go to *Sheol*, or *Hades*. The sinner goes down to the *lowest Sheol*, as is revealed in Deuteronomy 32: 22: "For a fire is kindled in mine anger, and burneth into the *lowest Sheol*." We find it mentions the *lowest Sheol* in Psalm 86: 13: "For great is thy lovingkindness toward me; and thou hast delivered my soul from the *lowest Sheol*." You see, the sinner goes down to the *lowest Sheol*, and is tormented in the flames of fire, as it is clearly revealed in Luke 16: 23, but the saints in their

compartment are in happiness and perfect rest.

I will give you some more Bible proof of the wicked going down to *Sheol*. We find in Job 24: 19: "Drought and heat consume the snow-waters: so doth *Sheol* those who have sinned;" and in Psalm 17: 9: "The wicked shall be turned backward into *Sheol*, even all the nations that forget God;" and we find in Psalm 55: 15: "Let death come suddenly upon them; let them go down alive into *Sheol*, for wickedness is in their dwelling in the midst of them."

Now you see that all of these passages are *Sheol*, and the wicked who die go there in conscious torment. There is no possibility for soul-sleeping here.

I want to show you now, to prove the assertion that I have made, that the righteous saints, who died in the Old Testament days, went down to *Sheol*, not in torment, but in a department of conscious happiness and bliss. I will first read Genesis 37: 34, 35, where Jacob's sons sold Joseph into Egypt and in order to deceive their old father, took his coat of many colors and dipped it in goat's blood and brought it to Jacob, and Jacob said, "An evil beast has devoured him; he is without doubt rent in pieces," and Jacob wept, and his sons and daughters rose up to comfort him,

but he refused to be comforted and said, "I shall go down into *Sheol* to my son, mourning." The Revised Version says *Sheol* and the Authorized Version, *grave*.

But if a beast had eaten the boy, how could Jacob believe that he was in the grave? Jacob could not go down to the grave to his son; but he said, "I will go down to *Sheol* to my son;" and Jacob knew if the beast had the body, that *Sheol* had the soul, or spirit.

Another proof that the saints go down to *Sheol* is found in Job 14:13: "O that thou wouldest hide me in *Sheol*. That thou wouldest keep me secret, until thy wrath be past!" Job did not want to go in the grave and there be hid until the wrath be passed, but he said, "Hide me in *Sheol*." The grave is not a desirable place to be hid, nor is the thought of dying and then, in an unconscious state, lying in the grave until the trumpet blows, comforting.

Bless God! I see something better than all of that. While death may take the body to the grave, yet the spirit will fly away to sweet rest, and conscious happiness.

Another clear statement on this subject is found in Isaiah 38:10. Here we read of Hezekiah, the man who called God's attention to

how he had lived and walked before Him with a perfect heart. And God heard his prayer, and saved him from death, and added to his days fifteen years. Hear what this man said when he thought he was going to die. He said, "I said, in the noontide of my days I shall go into the gates of *Sheol*."

Another passage, stating that both saved and unsaved go down to *Sheol*, is found in the twenty-eighth chapter of First Samuel. If you will read that chapter you will find where King Saul backslid and got where he could not hear from God and so he disguised himself and went to the witch of Endor to get her to help him. Before this, he had been making havoc with the witches, but when a man gets where he cannot hear from God, he is ready to take up with most anything. So, while this witch was going through her manœuvres, God, who sits in Heaven, controlling all the powers, permitted Samuel to come up. Samuel, that holy prophet of God who had answered when God called him as a child, who had lived for God, died and was laid to sleep with his fathers. The Bible does not say that Samuel *came down*, but "he *came up*." It was not his body, but Samuel himself who came up.

When the witch saw Samuel, she cried out

and said, "I see *a god coming up out of the earth.*" Samuel said, "Why hast thou disquieted me to *bring me up?* God has departed from thee. \* \* \* Jehovah will also deliver Israel with thee into the hand of the Philistines; and to-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me; Jehovah also shall deliver the host of Israel into the hand of the Philistines." (1 Sam. 28:15, 19.) This was fulfilled the next day when Saul fell on his sword.

But I want to ask you a question: On that next day, was Saul's body put in the ground? It was not. We find that on the morrow when the Philistines came to strip the slain they cut off Saul's head and fastened his body to the wall of Beth-shan. And when the inhabitants of Jabesh-gilead heard of it, their valiant men went all night and took the bodies of Saul and his sons from the wall of Beth-shan and came to Jabesh and burnt them there and buried their bones under a tree. So it was three days before Saul was buried.

Samuel was God's holy prophet; Saul was a backslidden king of whom God had become the enemy. Yet Samuel says, "*To-morrow* thou shalt be *with me.*" Samuel did not mean their bodies would be in the grave with his, but he meant that to-morrow their souls or spirits would be with his in *Sheol*. And, no doubt, while Sam-

uel was in perfect happiness in *Sheol*, Saul the king was in conscious torments, for he was a sinner. While both went to the same place, yet they were in separate compartments, with "a great gulf fixed" between them. I am trying to show you that the doctrine of soul-sleeping is not scriptural. I was bothered with this heresy for many months by a book that was put in my hands when I was a young spiritual sheep, just beginning to pick the grass of the truth; then very often I would get a poison weed in my mouth and chew it up, thinking it was good food, and afterwards find I was poisoned; and this is one of the poisoned weeds the devil tried to get into me. But, thank God! I have gotten rid of it.

Now, I want to show you that our blessed Lord, when He gave up His body in death, went down to *Sheol*, or *Hades*.

When Jesus Christ was hanging on the cross, one thief said, "Remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." Jesus said to him, "*To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.*" (Luke 23:42, 43.) So we notice that Jesus did not go up, but He went into paradise. When the Jews were seeking a sign, they said, "Master, what sign shall be given us?" Jesus said, "There shall no sign be given you but the sign of the prophet

Jonah; for as Jonah was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, so shall the Son of man be three days and three nights in *the heart of the earth.*" (Matt. 12:40.) Psalm 16:10, speaking of Christ, declares, "Thou wilt not leave my soul to *Sheol*; neither wilt thou suffer thy Holy One to see corruption." His soul was *not* left in Hell, neither did His body see corruption, as Peter declared on the day of Pentecost. (Acts 2:24, 27.) As He hung on the cross in agony, He cried, "It is finished," and gave up the ghost. You and I cling to every bit of life as long as we can, but Jesus *gave* His life and tasted death for every man. Where did He go? Did He go up to Heaven? Was He lying in Joseph's tomb? You cannot make Scripture harmonize that He was either in the tomb or in Heaven. As His body lay in Joseph's tomb, Jesus Christ descended to *Hades* and proclaimed to the spirits in prison that He, through long suffering, had purchased their freedom, and there He met with the dying thief, according to promise, and there they had a wonderful shout of victory, and every little demon in the pit had to bow and confess with his mouth that Christ was the conqueror of Heaven, earth, and Hell. Oh, hallelujah!

When Jesus proclaimed the completeness of

the atonement to the spirits in prison, then Isaiah's prophecy was fulfilled, "Sing, O ye heavens; for Jehovah hath done it; shout, ye *lower parts of the earth*; break forth into singing, ye mountains, O forest and every tree therein; for Jehovah hath redeemed Jacob and glorified himself in Israel." (Isa. 44: 23.) On the cross is where He did it, and, since He ascended, we look down for our departed loved ones no longer, but we look up.

Turn with me to Zechariah, ninth chapter, commencing with the eleventh verse: "As for thee also, *because of the blood of thy covenant I have sent forth thy prisoners out of the pit wherein is no water*. Turn you to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope: even to-day do I declare that I will render double unto thee."

"I have sent forth *Thy* prisoners." Not the devil's. Isaiah 14: 17 says the devil has no power to loose *his* prisoners. They are shut up forever, but because of the blood of Jesus Christ shed on Calvary, Jesus delivered *His* prisoners. Where were they? From the day of righteous Abel until the day of the Son of God, the prisoners of hope who had died in the faith were taken by the angels to Abraham's bosom, and Jesus



went down there and proclaimed a complete redemption.

Can you not imagine there was a wonderful shout among the prisoners of hope when Christ spilt the last drop of blood and then descended to lead captivity captive? No wonder the prophet said, "Shout, ye lower parts of the earth!" It makes me shout just to read it and know it is true, and to know that Jesus has never made a promise that He has not or will not fulfill.

When Stephen, the first member of the kingdom to suffer martyrdom, saw Heaven opened, he saw Jesus get up from His seat, and Stephen said, "Receive my spirit," and went up. (Acts 7: 55-60.)

Now, in conclusion, I want to call your attention to another scripture in John 20: 11-18. When Jesus arose from the dead, Mary, who had come to weep at the tomb, saw Him, but supposing Him to be the gardener, she said, "If you have stolen away my Lord, tell me where you have laid him, and I will take him away. Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself and saith unto him, Rabboni; which is to say, Master. Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended unto the Father; but go unto my brethren, and say to them, I ascend unto my

Father, and your Father; and my God, and your God." What an honor for that precious woman to carry the news of her risen Lord! And no doubt while she was gone to bear the message, the Lord ascended to the Father and made His report. And, as Paul taught in Ephesians 4:8: "When he (Christ) ascended up on high, he led captivity captive," or, as the margin says, "a multitude of captives." So you see by this, that when the Lord ascended He led the Old Testament saints from *Sheol* to the third heaven, where Paul was caught up when he was stoned, as related in Acts 14:19, 20. Paul's body was under the shower of stones while his spirit was caught up to the third heaven, and heard words not lawful to utter; but whether in or out of the body, he could not tell. This is certainly a denial of soul-sleeping.

Another passage that proves the spirit that departs from the body is present with the Lord, is found in Second Corinthians 5:6-8. Another that proves that, when we die, we are with the Lord, is Philipians 1:23: "But I am in a strait betwixt the two, having the desire to depart and be *with Christ*; for it is very far better."

Paul did not believe in soul-sleeping, but he knew that when his spirit left the body it would

be with the Lord; and, we never read of any saint going down to *Sheol*, or *Hades*, now; for when Christ rose He was the firstfruits of them that slept; and when He ascended He took all the saints with Him; and when He comes He will bring the saints with Him, and they will at that time receive their glorified bodies, and shall "be kings and priests unto God." Oh, glory to God, I am looking for my King! I am looking for something much brighter than the grave, although if death should get my body, I would fly away to be with Christ. Glory to God forever!

I must confess, the old graveyard looks white to me since I have seen this glorious truth in God's divine Revelation. It blesses me to talk about it. I see that Jesus Christ sits at the Father's right hand, and His followers that depart go where He is. Paul, in 1 Thessalonians 4: 13, 14, says: "I would not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, as others who have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even them also which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him." God brings the spirit and the body. Some say, "If there is going to be a judgment, and you go to Heaven or Hell, what is the use to bring us down from Heaven or up from Hell to

judge us?" *That* judgment is already past. He that believeth on the Son of God hath no need of the judgment, but is passed from judgment unto life. He that believeth not on the Son of God is judged already, but there is a judgment of rewards that is coming. This blessed old Book settles all questions for the heart led by the Holy Ghost.

To the man who is in Christ Jesus there is therefore now no condemnation, but the one who is out of Christ is condemned already; but there will be a judgment pertaining to the rewards for our labors and the torment of the wicked will be according to their works. There will be degrees for both the saved and unsaved.

When that time comes, He will say, "I want to try your works, whether they were selfish or whether I was chief in every act of your life," and He will begin to unfold them, and every act will be tried. The secret thoughts when the lights were out; the secret desires that nobody knew but yourself; everything that was spoken in the heart, will be opened to the universe. "*I will try every man's work.*" I tell you we ought to be very careful how we walk. God help us to so walk before Him that in that day we can rejoice!

Let me ask you, What is your condition to-night? Are you saved or are you lost? If you have one desire to be a Christian, cherish that desire. It will pay you, for "every knee shall bow" and even demons and devils will have to get on their knees and recognize Jesus' name. The Bible says we are not to be ashamed of Jesus and yet people are ashamed of His name. Why? Because the spirit of this world is not in harmony with Him. I like to bow now. I like to tell folks I am a Jesus-worshiper. We ought to honor Him, by telling what He has been and is to us. God grant that we may begin at once!

THE END.



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