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MEMORIAL STONES

SPIRITUAL EPOCHS

IN THE LIVES

OF

GEORGE AND ANNIE MATHEWS

* * *

ANNIE MAC DONELL MATHEWS

Memorial Stones

**SPIRITUAL EPOCHS
IN THE LIVES OF
GEORGE AND ANNIE MATHEWS**

BY

ANNIE MacDONNELL MATHEWS

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*This volume is dedicated
to the Luce family
and their relatives,
whose lives have carried the burden
for the message of heart purity
and who maintain the vision
that all should have the opportunity to hear the truth
—that you can be so in love with Jesus
that you can live
without willful transgression of His Will.*

*The Francis Asbury Society,
in gratitude and appreciation
for their steadfastness to the cause of holiness
rejoices to reprint this volume
in honor of the past, present and future witnesses
that a heart can be totally at Jesus' disposal.*

*“To him who is able
to keep you from falling
and to present you
before his glorious presence
without fault and with great joy...”*

Jude 24

DEDICATION

TO

My CHILDREN and GRANDCHILDREN

Isaiah 59:21

“This is my covenant with them saith the Lord: My spirit that is upon thee, and my words which I have put in thy mouth, shall not depart out of thy mouth, nor out of the mouth of thy seed, nor out of the mouth of thy seed’s seed saith the Lord, from henceforth and forever.”

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CHAPTER I

THE PURPOSE OF THESE MEMORIAL STONES

In olden times there was a custom of commemorating events and epochs in the history of the children of Israel by the setting up stones as memorials.

The pillar at Bethel was set up by Jacob in recognition of God's presence in that place, and God's right to one-tenth of his earthly possessions.

When Joshua led the children of Israel into Canaan a man from each tribe was instructed to carry a stone from the Jordan as a memorial of their miraculous crossing.

These did Joshua pitch in Gilgal. "He spake unto the children of Israel, saying, When your children shall ask their fathers in the time to come, saying, What mean these stones? Then ye shall let your children know, saying, Israel came over this Jordan on dry land. For the Lord your God dried up the waters of Jordan before you, until ye were passed over, as the Lord your God did to the Red Sea, which he dried up from before us, until we were gone over. That all the people of the earth might know the hand of the Lord, that it is mighty: that ye might fear the Lord forever." Joshua 4:21-24.

I have felt the value of these memorials set up in Bible times, and so in this little book, I have endeavored to describe the spiritual epochs in the lives of my husband and myself, and by so doing to set up, as it were, for these events an appropriate "memorial stone."

CHAPTER II

A YOUNG GIRL IS BORN AGAIN A STONE OF REMEMBRANCE FOR MY CONVERSION

As I am approaching my eighty-third milestone and look at my life in retrospect, I recall vividly the turning points in my Christian experience, and the first of these, of course, is my conversion.

There is a saying these days that one does not need a climactic experience in conversion.

If a child is born in a Christian family, reared by godly parents, brought up in the Sunday school and is trained in church service, that is said to be enough. The child will just naturally become a Christian.

This reasoning did not prove true in my case. With a godly ancestry reaching back several generations, I was born in a Methodist parsonage. With the family altar both morning and evening, I was taught by precept and by the example of godly parents who exercised firm yet gentle discipline in the home. The Sabbath day was especially honored in our home. I was literally brought up in Sabbath school and church, so if this had been enough, there was every reason that I should have been a Christian.

Nevertheless, at the age of fourteen, I had a distinct realization that I was a sinner, away from God and without hope of heaven.

An ungovernable temper had many times wrought havoc in my life.

A tangible proof of this can still be seen in a house in Savannah, Georgia, occupied by our family when my father was pastor of Wesley (now Monumental) Church.

There is a crack in the door of an upstairs room, which sixty years of painting and varnishing have not been able to obliterate.

At the age of nine, I had made this crack by striking the door with my fist.

My brother, Robert, (later a missionary to Mexico) was inside the hall bedroom, studying his Sunday School lesson. When he refused to open the door, I flew into such a rage that I struck the door with a force that split one of the upper panels from top to bottom.

I was frightened.

But my mother did not punish me. She took me aside and told me of the awful sin of anger and what might result from it. She said that if I had struck my brother in the temple with that much force, I might have killed him.

I have never forgotten that warning.

One day, sixty years later, while visiting relatives in Savannah, I made a pilgrimage to that house *to see that door!*

A lady answered the bell. I explained that when I was a child, my father while pastor of Wesley Church, had lived there, and I would appreciate it if she would let me go once more into my mother's room. Gaining permission from another lady who occupied the upstairs apartment, they both followed me into the room.

You would think that precious memories would

have swept over me in my mother's room. There was only one thought in mind, and *that was the door!*

Crossing the floor, I opened the door to the hall bedroom. On both sides of the door, in spite of paint and varnish, there was the unmistakable crack. I looked at it and felt it.

The two wondering women looked on.

I explained to them what had happened in my childhood.

Then, overwhelmed with gratitude, I knelt down and poured out my heart to God in thanksgiving, that while the evidence of my anger was still here on earth, the record in heaven had been blotted out, and was remembered no more against me.

But to go back to the period when I was fourteen and was conscious that I was a sinner.

At that time a revival was being held by my father at Mulberry Street Church, Macon, Georgia, of which he was pastor.

My conviction was deep. I felt that if there were only some way to show how much in earnest I was, I would walk for miles or would perform any task that was assigned to me. But God seemed far off.

This misery continued for several days, until the night of September 11th, 1877, when, after we had returned home from church, my father gently showed me the way.

He said that it was not *my* love for Christ that would save me, but *His* love for me. And when my father began to sing, "O, how I love Je-

sus, *Because-He-first-loved-me,*" the light of heaven broke in upon my soul, and the joy of sins forgiven became mine.

I found this promise true,

"Herein is love, not that we love God, but that he loved us and sent his Son to be a propitiation for our sins." 1 John 4:10.

I shall never forget the new world that opened to me the next day. The skies were so blue, the leaves so green, and everything was beautiful and bright. My heart was overflowing with love to God and to everyobdy.

A few years ago there came into my hands an old letter written by Mrs. Louise Wise Kennedy to Reverend George G. Smith. In this letter, Mrs. Kennedy described that very meeting. Here is an extract from the letter.

Macon, Georgia,
September 13th, 1877.

"We are having extra meetings in our church now, although I cannot say that the interest in religious matters seems to warrant them.

"We need reviving, and poor Mr. MacDonell seems burdened with the fact. The only conversion so far is happily his little girl, Annie, and they are all much rejoiced. It was a bright conversion too, as the child expressed it, 'like coming out of

darkness into the light.'"

* * * * *

"*Only one!*" Not much of a report of that meeting for the preacher to make at Conference that year! But to that "*one*" it truly meant a new heart, a new life, new peace and joy and a real touch with God. It was a *glorious experience!*

The years passed. In 1880, I was graduated from Wesleyan College. I can never forget the baccalaureate address of our beloved president, Dr. W. C. Bass. It was a call to high and holy living.

His closing words were, "Young ladies, you owe everything of good that you anticipate in time and eternity to Jesus Christ. Is it strange that I should appeal to you to honor, love and trust Him?"

"I commission you today to the High and Holy Service of Christian Womanhood."

With standards like this in school and home, it was not strange that in later years my life became united with that of an earnest young minister.

CHAPTER III

MY PREACHER HUSBAND MOVES FORWARD

A Stone for His Experience of a Clean Heart.

The year 1883 marked the union of Annie MacDonell and George W. Mathews, thus perpetuating the environment of a happy parsonage life.

George Mathews also had been reared in a godly home, where the family altar was a safeguard over his life.

At the age of thirteen he was converted, and united with the Methodist Church in Fort Valley, Georgia.

Later he lost the joy of his conversion, but at the age of eighteen, this was restored while he was a student at Emory College, Oxford, Georgia. After his graduation, he taught at Crawfish Spring (now Chicamauga), and while there was called to preach.

It was there that he came in touch with young Hector Park (later Dr. W. H.: Park, of China), who had dedicated his life to the mission field. George Mathews saw the opportunity and prepared this young man for college. There was a great bond between teacher and pupil which ripened into a rich fellowship that lasted through the years.

Long afterwards when Dr. Park was apprised of the death of his former teacher and friend, he wrote from China, "How much I owe to Brother Mathews only our heavenly Father knows. With-

out him, I do not see how I ever could have come to China."

* * * * *

While pastor of New Houston Street Church (now Grace Church) Savannah, Georgia, in 1884, there was a spiritual epoch in the life of George Mathews.

In a meeting conducted by Reverend John B. Culpepper, he felt the need of a deeper experience, and on March 13, 1884, kneeling at his own altar, he trusted God for the experience of a clean heart. Up to this time, he had felt that it would be presumptuous to say that he had a clean heart. But as the Holy Spirit searched him that day, he was conscious of an utter yieldedness to the will of God, and by faith he claimed the promise, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." 1 John 1:7.

Immediately the most ineffable peace filled his soul.

For three years he called this experience, "*an enlargement of my spiritual vision.*"

Later, while he was pastor at Cuthbert a Holiness Convention was held in his church under the leadership of Reverend W. A. Dodge, a preacher of the North Georgia Conference.

As George Mathews listened to the messages of men in this meeting, for the first time he realized that the *experience of a clean heart* was none other than that witnessed to by these brethren under the name, *sanctification*. From that time he allied himself with the preachers propagating this doctrine.

CHAPTER IV

THE HOLINESS MOVEMENT IN GEORGIA FOUNDATION STONES

"And the King commanded, and they brought great stones, costly stones, and hewed stones, to lay the foundation of the house." 1 Kings 5:17.

As in the time of Luther, there was a revival of the doctrine of Justification by Faith; and in the time of Wesley, a revival through preaching on the Witness of the Spirit, so there came to Georgia an awakening on the subject of Scriptural Holiness.

A group of preachers in the North Georgia Conference banded themselves together to promote this doctrine.

One of the leading spirits of this group was Reverend W. A. Dodge, a pastor, who was much used in the organization of the Georgia Holiness Association. For this leadership Brother Dodge was singularly prepared. A record was found after his death in an old trunk in which he had kept valuable papers, and on the envelope enclosing it he had written the following directions: "This is to stay sealed during my natural life, being the instrument of my 'consecration' to God. (Signed) W. A. Dodge." The paper read as follows:

"Atlanta, Ga., April 15, 1876.

"I this day make a full consecration of all I have to God. Now, henceforth, forever. Myself, my body, eyes, tongue,

hands, feet, mind and heart.

"My wife, Mary Dodge; my boy, Wesley Atticus Dodge, and my little daughter, Mae Belle Dodge, my books, clothes, money, all I now have, and all I ever expect to have. Yes, all my means are, and shall be, Thine. My time, and if there is anything else that appertains to me, that I have not mentioned, I lay it on the altar to stay there forever.

"I do this from a conviction of duty—that all I have belongs by right to Him. Not as a compromise, but from a sense of duty, simply asking that I may be aided by Him to keep it there.

"Signed, sealed and delivered in the study of St. Paul's Church, Atlanta, Ga., April 15, 1876, in the presence of Him who sees all things, with the Spirit to witness. (Signed) W. A. Dodge."

The Georgia Holiness Association was simply a company of people in the experience of perfect love, or seeking the same, all of them believing the Wesleyan doctrine of entire sanctification. Their main object was to hold meetings for the promotion of this experience.

What this movement stood for has been well stated by an old-time writer, who gave the following striking definition of holiness:

"We believe that the religion of the Bible in its very essence is holiness. Everything connected with it ministers to this

supreme end. Its Divine Executive is the 'Spirit of Holiness.' Its country is the 'Holy Land.' Its devotees are a 'Holy People.' Its communion is a 'Holy Brotherhood!' Its government is by 'Holy Law.' Its sanctuary is the 'Holy Temple.' Its ministry is a 'Holy Priesthood.' Its utensils are 'Holy Vessels.' Its worship is in 'the Beauty of Holiness.' Its day is the 'Holy Sabbath.' Its shrine is a 'Holy Altar.' Its sacrifice is 'an Holy Offering.' Its call is 'Unto Holiness.' Its assurance is the 'Holy Promise.' Its anointing is with 'The Holy Ointment.' Its robes are 'Holy Garments.' Its proposal is that we should be 'Holy and Without blame.' Its course is 'The Way of Holiness.' Its final presentation is 'Holy and unblameable before God.' Its eternal capital is the 'Holy City.'"

Brother Dodge was impressed with the importance of propagating this truth by way of a great central camp meeting. And so the Indian Springs Holiness Camp Meeting, located near Flovilla, Georgia, came into being.

From a record left by Rev. George W. Mathews we quote an account of the origin of the Camp Meeting:

SITE CHOSEN

"The site had been chosen during the Christmas week of 1889. Brother Dodge,

accompanied by H. A. Hodges, J. H. Curry and George W. Mathews, walked that memorable day over much of the ground from Flovilla to Indian Springs.

"When we walked over the ground near the Spring, seeking a location for the establishing of this sacred place, Brother Dodge proposed that we kneel in the depth of the woods and seek Divine guidance. More than once during the day the quartette kneeled and sought direction as to the best place.

"When it was thought that the proper site had been found, we prayed again that God would overrule and change the choice if He saw best. This He did, in a way to show that He had heard prayer, and the present location proved manifestly better in every way, and was finally chosen."

A large tree near the Tabernacle of the Camp Ground marks the spot where these four men finally knelt for guidance, and received the assurance that their quest had been rewarded.

And now every year, beginning on Thursday before the second Sunday in August a great Holiness Camp Meeting is held on this site. Some say that it is the greatest Holiness Camp Meeting in the United States. Even during the war, thousands have attended from far and near, and hundreds have knelt at the altar amid the shavings, and received the blessing of sanctification, which

those far-seeing pioneers felt impelled to propagate.

Truly, "they brought great stones, costly stones and hewed stones to lay the foundation of the house." 1 Kings 5:17.

CHAPTER V

THE REVIVAL THAT WAS NOT WANTED

A Stone of Remembrance for a Young Preacher
Who Was Steadfast

Twelve years had gone by quietly since my marriage to George Mathews. In that time he had entered into the experience of a "clean heart," which he later learned to call "sanctification." But I had not gone forward with him. When he had chosen to come out openly as one of the leaders of the Holiness Movement in Georgia, I had let him walk alone. I could not think of such a thing as going to that Indian Springs Holiness Camp Meeting.

Nevertheless, I took great pride in sending my husband to the meeting with a well-equipped outfit. The work was in its initial stage, and there was not the well prepared entertainment then for the preachers which the Camp Ground now offers.

So I fitted out a trunk with a generous supply of things to be used in the house set apart for the preachers. As it was being packed, there was a feeling in my heart, not expressed, but felt, that if my husband would go off with that fanatical group, I would show his friends by the perfect way in which his things were packed, that my husband had a wife who could stay at home and "adorn the doctrine he professed."

Now a crisis was approaching.

In 1895, George Matthews, while pastor of St. Luke Church, Columbus, Georgia, had invited Dr. Beverly Carradine, one of the leading holiness evangelists, to hold a meeting in his church.

Great opposition from the stewards was manifested as soon as the plan was announced. At the request of the official board, the Presiding Elder endeavored to have the meeting called off. My husband quietly, yet firmly declined to change his plans. So conscious was he of the leading of the Holy Spirit that he knew that he must have the meeting, even if he had to stand entirely alone.

The young pastor was then informed that if he persisted in carrying out plans against the wishes of the stewards and the remonstrances of the Presiding Elder there was a clause in the Discipline which would allow the elder to transfer him to another charge *before conference*.

My husband replied, "I know that that clause has been so interpreted, but so conscious am I that the Lord is leading, that before I would leave Columbus, I would get a tent and have this meeting."

Following this, one of the stewards sent out a circular letter to the members, warning them against attending the meeting.

Not only was there opposition in the church, there was a lack of co-operation in the home. My parents were living with us, and as my father had been pastor of St. Luke Church and was now Presiding Elder, his influence in the church was

great. It was he who united with the stewards in trying to break up my husband's plans. Moreover, my mother, an able and beloved Bible teacher in the church, had taken sides with my father in opposing the meeting. In addition to this, the outspoken opposition of his own wife made the situation peculiarly difficult for the young pastor.

Panic-stricken one day, I said to my husband, "I don't see what you expect from this meeting. There are only two people co-operating with you." One of these was a steward, and another layman.

Seated on a sofa in the parlor where he frequently resorted for prayer and communion, my husband quietly looked up and said, "Why, Annie, you may get the blessing of sanctification."

Vehemently, I replied, "Well, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth before I call it 'sanctification!'"

A feeling of awe came over me as my husband drew from his pocket a note-book and inscribed a date, saying, "This is three weeks before the meeting."

This conversation led me to review my Christian experience.

My conversion had been vivid and distinct.

Yet, although striving earnestly to lead a Christian life, many a revival found me a good subject for the altar, and I had had to make a fresh start, laying again the foundation of faith toward God.

All this time there had been an earnest desire to serve God, and one type of service after an-

other had been taken up. Leading meetings, testifying and praying in public were duties I dared not refuse, and many a blessing had come in the exercise of them. Moreover, I knew that I had grown in grace, and that victory had often been realized.

Was I a Christian? Not for a moment did I doubt that. I tried to comfort myself with the thought that my heart was yielded to God, but really, I knew that there were certain things in my life that almost invariably brought defeat.

Usually there was no outward manifestation of these failures, nevertheless, there was inward conflict.

In spite of all this, the thought of a *distinct work of grace, subsequent to conversion* seemed like a *reflection on my earlier experience*.

"If conversion were real," I argued, "then all that was necessary was to retain the witness of the Spirit, and one would just naturally grow in grace." In this state of unrest did I wait for the *unwanted revival*.

CHAPTER VI

THE MEETING BEGINS

I AM UNABLE TO ERECT A STONE

The meeting began on Sunday, October 20th, 1895, and in spite of the opposition, the people came out in large numbers.

Dr. Carradine, the evangelist, preached that morning on "The Two Rests," from Matthew 11:28, 29.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall *find rest* unto your souls."

A distinction was made in these two rests. The first rest is *given*. It is what is experienced by the repenting and believing soul in its first contact and communion with Christ. The second rest is *found*. It is promised to Christians, and is mentioned in the third and fourth chapters of Hebrews. This is not the rest of Heaven, but the rest of the soul, obtained by Christians through consecration and faith.

The preacher dwelt on the spiritual calm and the heart rest that come from complete surrender to the will of God. He quoted the doctrines of the Methodist Church, raised up "to spread scriptural holiness through the land." He told of notable leaders who had witnessed to this soul rest. He quoted many Scriptures teaching it.

Then he said, "It is found also in the hymnolo-

gy of our church. Your choir this morning has chosen two hymns that beautifully teach this truth." From "Rock of Ages," he quote,

"Be of sin the *double cure*,
Save from wrath, and make me pure."

From "Love Divine, all Loves Excelling," he repeated,

"Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit,
Enter every troubled breast,
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that *second rest*."

As he spoke of the hymns, you can imagine my chagrin, for it was I, who, at the request of the pastor, had selected those two familiar hymns for the congregation to sing that morning. Thus I had unwittingly contributed to the doctrine which I did not endorse!

I had always taken part by trying to help seekers at the altar, but somehow, I could not do so at this meeting. I tried to help a woman who knelt at her seat. I knew that I could talk to a sinner, or could help a backslider to reclamation. But this friend had already been converted and she had the witness of the Spirit. She was now hungry for something else. I found that I could not help her, so I returned to my seat.

In this revival, I could not sing, I could not testify and I could not talk to seekers.

My rash words to my husband seemed to have been visited upon my own head, for truly, my tongue did "*cleave to the roof of my mouth!*"

CHAPTER VII

VICTORY

A Stone of Remembrance for
My Experience of Sanctification

On Thursday, October 24th, Dr. Carradine used as a text,

Hebrew 13:12, 13. "Wherefore Jesus that he might sanctify the people with his own blood suffered without the gate. Let us go forth, therefore, unto him without the camp, bearing his reproach."

He showed that in Luther's time, this reproach fell on those who preached "Justification by Faith," while in Wesley's time, it was against those who believed in the "Witness of the Spirit." "Now, in these times," said the preacher, "the reproach is centered around the doctrine of holiness, the second work of grace, the experience of sanctification, the gift of the Holy Spirit, which is a post-conversion experience."

The text that day was the dart that pierced my soul.

I saw exactly where I stood.

It was "the reproach" of Christ I was not willing to bear. Over and over those words, "go forth," "without the camp," "bearing his reproach" came to me.

That afternoon I withdrew to my parlor and knelt at that very sofa where three weeks before I had uttered those reckless words.

Never before had I sought light from God on

the subject of holiness. I had just accepted the rumors and misconceptions of other people.

Now, as I prayed, the Lord dealt with my *inner life*—not with "doing," but "being." Hours were spent in prayer and heart searching. The Holy Spirit revealed to me the fear of man, the spirit of criticism and the pride of works.

Above all, I was distinctly conscious of shunning "the reproach" of Christ. It seemed to me that the Lord was calling me to a separation from all that I held dear—from father and mother and loved ones. I saw that there must be a severing of every tie, at the same time that there must be a crucifixion of the self life.

Particularly, do I recall that the Woman's Missionary Society of the South Georgia Conference was involved in my struggle. I was Vice President of this organization.

If I took this step and sought holiness, it would mean that never again would the women of the Conference Society want me in their midst. But this also had to be surrendered. Deeper and deeper in the yielding of self did I go, until there in my parlor, beside the old sofa, my heart said, "Yes" to God—"Yes, at any cost."

And then I knew that I had entered into a covenant relation with God for time and for eternity.

Paul's consecration exactly expressed the attitude of my soul:

"For I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities,

nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Rom. 8:38, 39.

There came into my heart the assurance that as far as I knew, I had assented to God's will for my life.

When my husband returned that evening, he was greeted with the words, "I have had to give up." You may imagine his joy!

"I have given up," I repeated, "Now what else must I do?" "The giving up is your part—your consecration," he replied. "Now you must *believe* that *God does his part, which is the sanctification.*"

Turning to Matthew 23:19, he read, "Whether is greater, the gift, or the altar that sanctifieth the gift?" I saw what he meant, and since I had yielded everything to God, without reservation, it was not hard to believe that these words were for me.

An unutterable peace came into my heart which has abided through the years.

At the evening service, before Dr. Carradine commenced to preach, I testified out of a full heart to God's sanctifying grace.

* * * * *

And what about those awesome words, "go forth," "outside the camp," "bearing his reproach?" To my amazement, right there between those clauses, "go forth," and "outside the camp," I found these words, "UNTO HIM!" I could go

anywhere if it were "Unto Him," for that meant that He would always be near to help, to direct and to undertake for me! Such a sense of His presence became mine that all fear and dread were taken away, and boundless joy and perfect rest filled my soul.

CHAPTER VIII

MY MOTHER GETS THE BLESSING

A Stone for My Father and Mother

You are perhaps wondering about the other members of our family. How did they react toward the meeting? On the Saturday following my surrender, my mother said to Mr. Walter Lott, a consecrated layman from Waycross who was a guest in our home, "I cannot believe what is being preached here unless I can see it in the Word of God."

The two were seated at the dinner table as she spoke, and both of them remained there from three to five o'clock, with Bibles before them. Brother Lott brought to my mother's attention many passages bearing on the truth of sanctification.

Light began to break in her heart, and she discovered prejudice there. Although she had been honest in her zeal for God's work as she had opposed the leaders of the Holiness Movement, she now saw that her *motives* were not those of "*brotherly love*," and when she saw this, she came under conviction.

Soon she sought my husband, the one she had opposed the most, and asked his forgiveness. With prejudice removed, she felt lightened of her load and was happy.

On Monday, however, she heard some disparaging and untrue rumors that were being circulated about the meeting, and she became alarmed.

Thinking that she could serve God better, and at the same time would avoid giving offense to others, she decided that she would not go any farther in this experience, but would be satisfied with her present attainment in the Christian life.

On Monday evening, she so expressed herself in the home, but Mr. Walter Lott said, "Sister MacDonell, you dare not go back or stand still at this juncture. You *will never* be the *same Christian you were before*. God has given you *light*, and you must *walk in it*."

My mother replied, "I guess not. I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." With these words, she parted from us and went up to her room.

Tuesday morning she came down to family prayer with her face aglow and with praise on her lips. She told us that early that morning at four o'clock she awoke suddenly and called upon God to search her heart. This He did, and so faithfully He revealed her need that she was melted with grief at the knowledge of herself. About six o'clock, wave after wave of joy filled her heart, and her mouth was filled with praises. Suddenly, the room was filled with a *light so brilliant* she had to cover her eyes.

That very morning she gave her testimony at the church, closing with these words:

"Who may abide the day of his coming?
And who shall stand when he appeareth?
For he is like a *refiner's fire*, and like ful-

ler's soap: And he shall sit as a *refiner* and *purifier* of silver: and he shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness." Malachi 3:2, 3.

My mother was naturally very reserved, so we were amazed when, after the meeting had closed, she told us that she felt led to send her testimony to the Wesleyan Christian Advocate. It was printed November 20, 1895. Extracts from this testimony are quoted here to describe more fully her experience that memorable Monday night and Tuesday morning.

EXTRACTS FROM MY MOTHER'S EXPERIENCE

"I loved the Word of God above all other books. I believed its record of God's love to the world, and the gift of His Son for its redemption.

"I knew that I was His dear child, and yet there was a lack of power and sometimes of inclination to do His will, as lovingly and cheerfully and obediently 'as it is done in heaven.'

"I deplored and opposed the Holiness Movement, because I feared schism in the ranks of the church. I verily thought that I was doing God's service in all this. I began to look closely into my heart, and found that some of the enemies against which the Christian soldier must wrestle

had gotten in my heart—'Wicked spirits in heavenly places.'

"I had knelt as usual for my evening prayer, and for the first time in my life, I could not pray. A horror of darkness lasted for some while; but standing up, I said in full confidence of faith, 'I know God is my Father; I know that I am his child; I know that He will not leave me in this darkness.' I said this over and over, slowly and confidently, and then fell asleep.

* * * * *

"About four o'clock in the morning, I awoke suddenly and called reverently upon God to search me and show me all that was in my heart. He turned on the light of the Spirit through the Word, and so tenderly and lovingly showed me things that were true, that my soul assenting to it all, was melted down with grief and sorrow at the knowledge of myself.

"About six o'clock, wave after wave of joy began filling my soul and my mouth was filled with laughter and my tongue with praises. Since then, I have had such abiding peace, and at times, such sweet communion that I have been filled with wonder.

'Such an emptying of self, and a quickening of my spiritual nature, and a filling with His Holy Spirit, I never expected to

realize in this life.

"This certainly has been a *distinct work of grace done in me*. And it is just what Paul had in mind for all believers in his prayer for the Ephesian Church. Eph. 3:14-21.

"I write these things, hoping that my experience will benefit others, and that 'unto God be glory in the Church, throughout all ages world without end.'

MRS. GEO. G. N. MACDONELL."

A copy of the Wesleyan, containing my mother's testimony fell into the hands of a lonely missionary of the Indian Territory, Rev. J. J. Methvin. He wrote my mother that her testimony had so stirred his soul that he had made a like covenant with God.

And what was the attitude of my father at the close of the meeting of which he had so disapproved? Dr. Carradine and his singer dined with us the day that they left Columbus. My father, on bidding Dr. Carradine goodbye, put a twenty dollar gold piece in his hand, and said, "Dr. Carradine, I will always bless God that you came to Columbus."

CHAPTER IX

THE REBUILDING OF ONE CHARGE

"Ye also as lively stones are built up a spiritual house." I Peter 2:5.

In erecting these memorial stones, one charge deserves special attention. This was First Street Church, Macon, Georgia, to which we were sent from St. Luke Church, Columbus.

When first built, the proximity of this church to one of the large Bibb Mills afforded an opportunity to the operatives to find in it a church home. In the course of time, the church lost its sense of privilege in ministering to these people; and now it was in a run down condition, spiritually and materially. In the Conference Minutes the year before our appointment there, the record was:

"Home Missions, \$25.00."

"Foreign Missions, \$35.00."

In the basement of the church were large pillars festooned with faded garlands, where *festivals* and *church suppers* had often been held to meet the deficit in the expenses of the church. Notwithstanding these efforts, we found the church in debt, and the heating plant was out of order. To make things worse, immediately after our arrival a number of members presented requests for their church letters, saying that they wished to unite with some other church in the city.

In the eyes of his brethren George Mathews had been *demoted* by being sent to this unpromising appointment. The reason? Because of his connection with the Holiness Movement.

Was there dismay or disappointment in the heart of this preacher? No! He welcomed it as a challenge—a great opportunity to show God's power in a situation like this.

And as a guide for the new work, he appropriated the commission given by the Lord to Jeremiah:

"I have this day set thee to root out, and to pull down, and to destroy, and to throw down and to build and to plant."

Jer. 1:10.

Four directions—to *tear down* and *make ready*,
two—to *build* and to *plant*!

The preacher's first step was to provide heat for the church, thus, leaving no excuse for anyone to remain away on account of discomfort. The next was to pay the outstanding debts. Then a goal was held before the congregation that every assessment of the church must be met. The honor of the church must be beyond reproach. A further step was the holding of revival meetings in the spring and the fall, led by holiness evangelists, and a number received the Word. Each meeting left "lively stones for the building up of the house."

Our pastorate at this church was for four years.

Tithing was kept faithfully before the congregation, and a number responded. A notable case was that of the treasurer of the church, Brother William A. Snelling. This man had a wife and six children and was on a salary of seventy-five

dollars a month. How could he tithe? He knew where every dollar of that money must be placed. But when he saw that God made no exception in giving this command, this brother took a step of faith and pledged his tenth.

A few weeks later at the close of a Sunday morning service, he asked the privilege of making a statement to the church.

He told how hard it had been for him to believe that with his family obligations, he should take seven dollars and a half from his salary for religious purposes. But he had seen that as truly as God meant that the seventh day is holy, so he meant that the *tithe* should be *holy* unto the *Lord*, and so he began to tithe. It had been a distinct act of faith.

In less than a month his employer who was a member of another denomination, and who knew nothing of this transaction, had told him that his monthly salary would be increased by *twelve dollars and a half*!

Brother Snelling's faith was strengthened and he was ever afterward a conscientious and enthusiastic tither.

At the end of the first year every assessment had been met, and there were *twenty-six* cents in the treasury!

* * * * *

A new call came to the church. It was this:

"Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thine

habitations: spare not, lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes." Isaiah 54.2.

A trained city missionary, Miss Louise Whitman, was employed by the church. And so effective were her special ministries among the near-by mill workers that an increasing number began to attend the Sunday School and other services at the Church, and they soon came to feel that a real welcome awaited them there.

The basement was reconditioned. Two rooms were set apart for a night school for the operatives of the mill.

A man who attended this school afterward became a superintendent in a factory, and now holds a place as teacher of Ceramics in a College in an adjoining state.

At the stirring appeal of Miss Emma Tucker, a great soul winner, a Door of Hope—a refuge for fallen girls, was opened in Macon. A house free of rent was provided by Mr. W. G. Solomon, a well known Christian layman of Macon. This was supported by the missionary societies of five Methodist churches.

An earnest Christian matron, Miss Anna Philipbar, of Philadelphia, an experienced worker in rescue work, was secured. Visiting was done in the segregated districts, and many a young girl was rescued from a life of sin.

First Street Church became the church home of the matron and girls of this institution. They came to Sunday school and Church, and often remained to dinner at the parsonage that they might

attend afternoon services.

There were notable results in conversions and changed lives through this ministry.

On Wednesday night once a month a missionary prayer meeting was held. Talks were made by various members, and a map was used to show the places of labor in the different fields.

Sometimes a week was given to missions with services twice a day. Often a missionary conducted these services.

The attendance was not very large, but there were always some who caught the vision.

The missionary spirit grew.

One day when George Mathews asked a young druggist for \$15.00 on the missionary assessment, he said, "Brother Mathews, I would sooner give \$50.00 if our church had *its own missionary*."

Needless to say that the pastor's heart was thrilled. After prayerful commitment of this proposition, a request was made to the Board of Missions for a missionary to be supported by First Street Church. Dr. John B. Fearn, of China was assigned to us, and his salary was met by monthly subscriptions.

It was said that this was the first church in Georgia Methodism to assume the support of a missionary. In a short time, one of our stewards asked for the privilege of supporting Rev. Harry Bardwell in Cuba.

And best of all, one of First Street's own daughters, Mary Knowles, just out of College, was won-

derfully filled with the Spirit, and offered herself as a missionary.

After two years of training, she was sent to Korea, supported by the Woman's Missionary Society of this Church. Three missionaries! and this from a church which one year paid \$35.00 for foreign missions!

"Holiness of Heart and Life" and "The Evangelization of the World" were the burning themes of the ministry of George Mathews. He believed in the use of evangelists, and at least twice a year during his pastorate of four years, Spirit-filled evangelists led meetings in this church.

The necessity of a "clean heart;" the "Baptism of the Holy Spirit;" the command to "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature;" the command to "Tarry until endued with power from on high"—these were aims and privileges continuously kept before this people. It is not strange that there was a deepening sense of God's presence in the church.

Two memorable cases were those of Mr. R. F. Burden and Mr. Frank C. Benson, both Christian laymen, and well known business men of Macon, who came into the experience of sanctification during meetings held at First Street Church.

For years after they received the blessing, they were connected with the Indian Springs Holiness Camp Meeting, Brother Burden as President, and Brother Benson as Vice-President.

Was all this "rooting out" and "pulling down," this "building" and "planting" done without opposition? Oh, no! But God took care of His ser-

vant. One steward, who at the end of the second year, had headed a request for Mr. Matthews' removal, was so won over that he said to me at the end of the pastorate, "I believe that First Street Church would like to have Brother Mathews as pastor for ten years."

This verifies the promises that

"When a man's ways please the Lord, He maketh even His enemies to be at peace with Him," (Prov. 16:17) and, "Them that honor me, I will honor." 1 Sam. 2:20.

CHAPTEH X

HEIRS TOGETHER

"Heirs together of the grace of life, that your prayers be not hindered." 1 Pet. 3:7.

I wish that I could portray the months and years in our home that followed that unforgettable day in October, 1895, which was my Pentecost.

Looking back upon them, they seem to me "as the days of heaven on earth." My husband and I were now partners in God's service.

It was a privilege to be admitted into his prayer life. Undoubtedly the victory that so marked his life was attributable to his unceasing prayer.

The guest in the home might be awakened a great while before day by the subdued, but intense, intercession of this Priest of God.

Beginning with them alphabetically, he prayed for the Bishops by name. Then he would pray for a Presiding Elder and each man in his District.

This preacher carried his people upon his heart, and held them before God continually. He not only got under their spiritual burdens, but when business affairs of any member approached a crisis, he invoked help and blessing from above upon the material interests of that one.

Entering his study one morning, I found my husband upon his knees, holding the roll-book of his members in his hand. There came to mind these words in Exodus 28:29:

"And Aaron shall bear the names of the

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children of Israel in the breast plate of judgment upon his heart when he goeth in unto the holy place, for a memorial before the Lord continually."

An old prophet said,

"Can two walk together except they be agreed?" Amos 3:3.

We walked together, for now we were agreed!

One time my husband wrote me from the Annual Conference that he had been told that the official board of the church which we had served for one year had requested a change in our appointment, not for personal reasons, but on account of the holiness message.

That night my husband phoned that the Bishop had told him that if he desired to return to that charge he could do so, but added that there was another desirable field open where he knew that George Mathews would be gladly welcomed.

My husband told me that he had said to the Bishop, "We will go to that place."

Then he added this personal message, "You know that we are heralds, dear, and a herald does not tarry long, but goes on with the message!"

And so we went to the new place. Was there a sting or resentment? No, indeed!

Too well we knew the surety of the promise,

"The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in, this time forth and forevermore." Psa. 121:8.

On that never-to-be-forgotten day in Columbus, October 24, 1895, when the Lord was dealing with my relationship with loved ones and friends, there had come a test concerning the Woman's Missionary Conference, of which I was Vice President. It seemed to me that if I went farther in this quest for entire sanctification I would lose my welcome in this loved service.

This, to me, was a call to separation—a call to isolation, as complete as that of which Charles Wesley wrote, when he voiced the prayer for,

“A heart

Where only Christ is heard to speak
Where Jesus reigns alone.

“A heart

That neither death nor life can part
From him that dwells within.”

But it was the voice of God calling me. At last I had assented to the loss of all things—even my place of service in the Conference Missionary Society.

What then? The next year, being Vice President, in the absence of the President the responsibility was mine to conduct the conference. When the meeting was open for testimonies, I told my friends of the spiritual epoch in my experience since last we had met, and how I had been awakened by the Spirit to see the distinction between the Holy Spirit “*with you*” and the Holy Spirit “*in you*” John 14:7; and how after a period of heart-searching, I had realized that God was seeking possession of my inner life. Then I told them that there came “an end” of my consecration, and I

had trusted Him for His sanctifying grace.

At this meeting I was elected President, and for twenty-eight years the Lord let me plan every missionary program on the Spirit-filled life. Even the songs were selected to carry this message.

My husband became Secretary of Missions in his Conference, and it was a joy to confer with him about the programs for the women. So often did he attend our meetings that a friend wrote of his presence in these words:

“Brother Mathews might have been termed ‘the Counsellor’ during the years that his wife gave to South Georgia. Invaluable to the Conference were the prayers and wisdom of this sanctified minister of the gospel.”

CHAPTER XI

HIS LAST MINISTRY

The WHITE STONE For This Overcomer

"To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a WHITE STONE, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it." Rev. 2:17.

The last public service of George W. Mathews was given at a District Conference at Marshallville, May 5th, 1925, the day before his fatal accident.

At that meeting, he gave a message on "The Spiritual State of The Church," and closed it with this clarion call:

Give us a watchword for the hour;
A thrilling word—a word of power;
A battlecry, a flaming breath
That calls to conquest or to death.

A word to rouse the church from rest,
To heed her Master's high behest,
The call is given: "Ye hosts, arise,
Our watchword is EVANGELIZE!"

The glad evangel now proclaim,
Through all the earth, in Jesus' name.
This word is ringing through the skies,
"EVANGELIZE! EVANGELIZE!"

To dying men, a fallen race,
Make known the gift of gospel grace;
The world that now in darkness lies,
"EVANGELIZE! EVANGELIZE!"

Returning from the Conference to our home in Ashburn, there was an automobile accident. My husband was taken to a hospital in Macon. Whenever possible, I was with him, and morning and evening, we reinforced ourselves with promises from the Word.

I was with my friends, the Burdens. On June 2nd, I was called early to the hospital as there had been a serious change in my husband's condition. I found him very weak, but perfectly conscious.

When asked what was his promise for the day, he said, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world," and, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Later on I felt that he should be told that the end was approaching, so I said, "Darling, this is going to be a great day for you. You are going home." He thought that I meant going home to Ashburn. I said, "God is going to take you home today." And he understood. Was he disturbed? Not at all. There was no spiritual adjustment to be made, for he had lived for this day.

Turning to one of our sons who was present, he said, "I leave everything in your hands."

In the quietness of that sacred period, the Lord let me repeat to my precious husband promise after promise.

At the last, he raised his right arm, and waving his hand, he said in a clear voice,

**"FOR THE HONOR AND GLORY OF
THE KINGDOM."**

This precious standard by which he had lived,

he left for his wife and children and grandchildren.

The next day forty preachers, his brethren in the ministry, followed the casket into the church in Fort Valley.

Bishop W. N. Ainsworth, a dear friend, who had visited him often during the days at the hospital, gave a review of his life as a minister.

He related this experience:

"There was a spiritual epoch in the life of George Mathews. On March 13th, 1884, kneeling at his own altar at New Houston Street Church, Savannah, he trusted God for the experience of entire sanctification."

Turning to the preachers present, he said,

"This you know is one of the cardinal doctrines of the Methodist Church. Every preacher who stands at the bar of the Conference is asked these questions, 'Do you expect to be made perfect in love in this life?' and 'Are you groaning so to be!'"

In his published tribute in the Wesleyan Advocate, Bishop Ainsworth wrote:

"George Mathews believed in the Methodist doctrine of holiness, and exemplified in his own life all of its beauty and charm."

Of his record as a minister, he wrote:

"It is doubtful if any man in Georgia Methodism has contributed more to its missionary spirit in this day and genera-

tion. His messages as Missionary and Centenary Secretary stirred the South Georgia Conference as few have been able to do."

Less than five weeks before his translation George Mathews had said to a young friend who was visting in our home, "Robert, in the event of my death, I want you to be present and take part in the service;" and so, on that day Rev. Robert Stewart came from Wilmore, Ky., and told of Mr. Mathews' work as president of the Indian Springs Holiness Camp Meeting.

On the stone which marks his last resting place in the Fort Valley cemetery are these words:

George William Mathews

1857

1925

"THE BLOOD OF JESUS CHRIST HIS
SON CLEANSETH US FROM ALL
SIN." 1 John 1:7.

CHAPTER XII

TRIBUTES

These tributes portray the life of George W. Mathews as a minister in the South Georgia Conference, and as President of the Indian Springs Holiness Camp Meeting.

FROM BISHOP W. AINSWORTH

George Mathews believed in the Methodist doctrine of Holiness, and exemplified in his own life all of its beauty and charm. The descent of the heavenly Dove made his heart an altar, and ever after the love of God burned as a quenchless flame. The fruit of the Spirit was ripe upon every limb of his life. This made him a Christian gentleman of the finest texture, a model of neatness and propriety with a refined and winsome bearing that made him welcome everywhere.

George Mathews was a missionary. The adequacy of Christ in his heart left no doubt in his mind of Christ's adequacy for all human needs.

In consequence, the salvation of the lost world was the sustained and deepening passion of his life.

He studied missions, prayed missions and preached missions.

Along with his constant urgency of the missionary obligation of the church, he preached with great effect on the stewardship of property and life.

It is doubtful if any man in Georgia Methodism has contributed more to the creation of a missionary spirit in this day and generation.

MEMORIAL STONES

His messages as Missionary and Centenary Secretary stirred the South Georgia Conference as few have been able to do.

FROM REV. JOSEPH OWEN

George W. Mathews was so much beloved, and so remarkably useful that it is difficult to frame an estimate, or speak an appreciation of the man. He was armed with such strength and dignity and gentleness and love that his character made a manifold appeal.

His training made him at ease with the most cultured; his kindness made him approachable, and his likeness to Jesus assured everyone of his willingness to spend and be spent for the helping of others. It is no wonder that he was greatly beloved.

We have known no man more loved by his friends or more highly respected by people in general than was he.

Someone has said that the friends about dear old Indian Springs spoke the name, "Brother Mathews" as with a caress.

The loyalty of Brother Mathews to the gospel and experience of full salvation is known wherever he is known.

We link him always with the great holiness camp meeting at Indian Springs, Georgia.

For many years he has been President of that camp, which in many respects, is the greatest distinctively holiness camp meeting we know anything about.

Everyone knows that there was no element of compromise on vital principles in him.

He had the gift, beyond almost any man I have known, of giving to holiness its most beautiful human expression.

Uncompromising, though he was, he could yet win in his presentation of holiness where others would fail, by his gracious courtesy and fine balance.

We do not mean to say that he aroused no opposition and fought no battles. We do mean to say that the battles he fought were those which the advocacy of truth brought, and not such as were brought on by personal eccentricities.

Multitudes will agree with the estimate placed upon him by his old college mate, now Bishop Warren Candler, when he said that Brother Mathers was an "Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile."

FROM DR. H. C. MORRISON

Words cannot express the deep sorrow felt throughout the land over the news of the death of Rev. George W. Mathews, of the South Georgia Conference. George Mathews was one of the most beloved men in all the southland. He took an active and successful part in the great Centenary missionary movement, which brought him in close touch with thousands of people; he was not only successful in the work, but was a blessing to the people with whom he came in contact.

He was for years one of the most aggressive pastors in his conference. He had the confidence of the bishops, preachers and people. To know

him was to love him. He graduated from Emory College in the same class with Bishop Candler; they were devoted friends through life. In writing of him, Bishop Candler says, "He was an Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile."

For more than thirty years he led the hosts at the great Indian Springs Holiness Camp Meeting. His heart was so true, his spirit so pure, his convictions so deep, his experience so tender, that the people gathered about with a restful confidence, trusted him without question, and loved him with a devoted Christian heart.

As the leader of a great camp he has rarely been equalled, and never surpassed. The loss of his presence to the Indian Springs Camp Meeting will be great indeed. God will find us a leader, but we shall miss him; we shall sorrow greatly, and turn to our blessed Lord for comfort and assurance that we shall join him by and by.

Brother Mathews was a beloved member of the Board of Trustees of Asbury College, and was making his arrangements to be with us at the Commencement Exercises this year, but was suddenly cut off. We were sorely grieved because of his absence. He was true, strong, full of prayer, and a wise counsellor.

Brother Mathews was converted early in life; later on he sought and obtained the blessing of entire sanctification. In daily life he exemplified and adorned the doctrine of perfect love. He was one of the most patient, sweet-spirited, kind-hearted men we have ever known. He never hesitated to give his testimony, which was always in

the spirit of meekness and love.

George Mathews was an old-time southern gentleman of the very finest type. He was tall, broad-shouldered, erect, handsome, courteous, with a beautiful sincerity without the slightest affectation. He walked among the people as a great general, calmly and confidently leading the hosts of the Lord. He seemed entirely free of self-seeking. He was prominent because of his devotion, his intelligence, and his capacity for leadership. Any prominence he had was thrust upon him. No one could ever feel for a moment that he was seeking position or place for himself.

He had a large house on the Indian Springs Camp Ground and entertained many people. His courteous manner, his cheerful laughter, his beautiful Christian spirit and the hearty, cordial manner with which he received his visitors, and the throngs that crowded his table, were a benediction to all who came and went from his hospitable home. We have never known a more congenial and beautiful oneness than that existing between Brother Mathews and his wife. He leaves a number of children, sons and daughters, who are an honor to his memory.

CHAPTER XIII

SOME OF MY EBENEZERS

Ebenezer was the name given to a memorial stone erected by Samuel to commemorate the deliverance of the Israelites from the superior armies of the Philistines. We read in 1 Samuel 7:10-12 how "The Lord thundered a great thunder that day upon the Philistines and discomfited them, and they were smitten that day before Israel." Also how "Samuel took a stone and set it up between Mizpeh and Shen and called the name of it Ebenezer, saying, 'Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.'"

This stone was erected by a man out in the open to commemorate a victory on the battlefield. Few women ever take part in such an engagement, and most of us consider our affairs too small to call for the erection of memorial stones. But I have found that the best place for a busy wife and mother to erect an Ebenezer is beside her sewing basket in her living room, or near the cook stove in the kitchen.

"The trivial round, the common task
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God."

So outstanding have been some of the experiences that have come to me through the ordinary duties in the home, that I have kept a record of them and called them, "My Ebenezers." Here are a few of them:

A.—GEORGE'S PANTS

I had been away from home for a week, attending the meeting of the Woman's Board of Home Missions in Dallas, Texas. We were living in Macon, Georgia at First Street Church. My little daughter eight, and George, five, had been left in the home of an aunt, while my husband and older son had remained in the parsonage under the care of a faithful ante-bellum servant.

I reached home on Friday evening and the next day an evangelist and his wife arrived to begin a meeting on Sunday. There were to be two meetings a day, afternoon and evening.

This series of meetings had been planned with earnest prayer, and it was of supreme importance that everything should be counted secondary to this revival. Of course, I found many loose ends to gather up after my absence from home; at the same time a third responsibility was the writing that was necessary. The proceedings of the Home Mission Board at Dallas must be written and sent to the women of the church; the annual report of the Door of Hope, our rescue work, was needed for the Macon Telegraph; and my weekly column for the Christian Advocate must be prepared.

I began to feel that my duties were too heavy when coupled with attendance twice a day at that meeting at the church.

Added to this self-pity Satan came and struck at my vulnerable spot. Just as Achilles was vulnerable in his heel, so a woman is vulnerable in the things that concern her home and her chil-

dren.

The enemy began his attack this way: "Here you have been running around to meetings, and now you ought to stay at home and sew for your children." To listen to him one would have thought that my children were absolutely destitute of clothes. Not so! My feelings sprang from a mother's natural desire that her children's clothes be freshened up for the spring. Nevertheless the voice kept speaking, and I grew more burdened all the time.

Over and above all, and sandwiched with every every thought, I felt the need of an outfit of spring pants for my five year old boy, George.

Although the boy was really sufficiently supplied, his needs were suddenly magnified to huge proportions. I could think of nothing save George's pants, while the enemy goaded with the lash, "Neglected duty."

The picture that came before me was so vivid that if I closed my eyes I could see my cutting table with cloth and pattern laid upon it, just waiting for the scissors.

What was to be done? I knew that the meeting must have the first claim; the reports would be useless unless promptly written.

About four o'clock one morning I was awakened by the Holy Spirit, speaking these words:

"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you. . .

"Take no thought, saying what shall we eat or wherewithal shall we be clothed.

For your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of *all these things.*" Matt. 6:31, 32.

Never before had the promise concerning *material things* been so distinct.

I said to myself, "Why, the 'wherewithal ye shall be clothed' means George's pants."

Immediately, a sense of lifted responsibility came to me. I saw my duties and privileges in their proper relation; and realized that if I would "seek first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness," the Heavenly Father would attend to the temporal needs.

Minutely every problem was committed to Him—the meeting with its claim for faithful attendance; the pressing responsibility of getting the reports ready for press; the household affairs. I closed my prayer with these words, "Lord, I will trust you about George's pants."

After breakfast, I settled myself at my desk, feeling that the whole morning should be given to writing. But a request came from an invalid church member, asking me to bring the evangelist's wife to see her. She wanted to hear about the meeting, so, of course, I had to drop everything and go. This was a serious interruption, but oh, the rest that was mine! for I now had the assurance that the Lord would help me accomplish everything in its proper time!

When I returned, Miss Louise Whitman, our city missionary, who lived with us, met me with a package and a note. I opened the package and found—can you believe it?—*seven pairs of little*

boy's pants. The friend who sent them wrote that her boy had outgrown the garments, and so she sent them to me for George.

I could not restrain the tears of gratitude as I said, "O Miss Louise, this means far more than *pants* to me. It means that my Heavenly Father, from His throne, has looked down into my home, and He sent these pants for my little boy."

When I again sat down to write, the reports literally flew off my pen! Everyone was ready for the press in plenty of time. But that was not all. The next day another friend, who, like the first, knew nothing of the needs in my home, sent me a package with *four* pairs of pants for George! My heart overflowed with praise to God. My burden had been committed, and God's kingdom had been put *first*. The result? *Eleven* pairs of pants instead of *one* that Satan told me I ought to stay away from church and make! I thought of the hymn,

"You make his service your delight,
He'll make your wants his care."

So right there in my home, I raised a stone for "George's Pants" and called it "Ebenezer." I could say with Samuel, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

* * * * *

B.—THE TORN SLEEVE

In a heart to heart talk one morning with a young matron of our church, who had recently

been graciously blessed in a meeting, and who was really growing in grace, she frankly acknowledged that she was not having victory in her life.

The wife of a prosperous business man, she was boarding and was singularly free from domestic problems, but she was having trouble because of impatience with her little daughter. She said, "Mrs. Mathews, I have wondered if you have testings in your parsonage life."

"Oh, yes," I replied, "I think that sometimes Satan encamps on our premises. We have various testings. Sometimes at our house the bread does not always rise; sometimes the cake falls. The servant is not always willing, and the children sometimes give trouble. But it is blessed to remember that the Lord said, 'My grace is sufficient for thee' and 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee,' so there is always promised victory for us in our testings."

After some words of encouragement to her, and a prayer that she would find real help from God in her own life, the visit ended.

That very day there was occasion to put to test what had been said to my friend.

My little daughter, Helen, ten years old, and George, seven, had been freshened up for the afternoon, and were in the front yard.

In a little while there were discordant sounds, and the children came in. While watering the lawn, in turning the hose, Helen had accidentally wet her brother and he was drenched to the skin. In spite of her profuse apologies, he was very resentful. His clothes were changed and seeming

peace was restored.

As they started to go out, George suddenly flared up, and said, "I know you did mean to wet me. You did it on purpose!"

With that he pitched into his sister with both fists, trying to get even with her.

This was another situation, and it needed a different adjustment. So I got a switch and proceeded to punish the angry little boy.

Now, a boy does not like a switch and the most natural thing is to try to get out of its reach. My boy got as close to me as he could, and caught hold of my left sleeve. In so doing he tore that sleeve from its socket and it was split in several places.

This was a grievous situation! That was my very *best shirt waist*, and the Annual Missionary Conference was soon to be held!

I had learned from Dr. H. Clay Trumbull, editor of the Sunday School Times, who used to give wise and helpful instructions in child training, that a child *should not be punished for an accident*. The motive of an act must always be considered.

Punishment was right when there was disobedience or malicious intent. Now, I knew that my little boy did not mean to tear that sleeve. As trying as it was, the Lord kept me, and not a single stroke was given because of the sleeve. Peace was restored and the children returned to their play.

As I disrobed and held that wrecked shirtwaist in my hand, I said, "Well, it is worth losing a whole sleeve to know that the Lord can keep you

in *perfect peace* at such a time as this."

While not especially deft with my needle, material was secured, and a new sleeve replaced the torn one, and on Monday the shirtwaist was put in order for the meeting.

This to you may seem a very trivial thing, but the Lord's keeping power in that situation put a glow in my heart that made that experience memorable.

On my way to Savannah a few days later where the Missionary Conference was to be held, I spent several hours in Marshallville where Mr. Mathews was assisting in a meeting.

I was asked to give a message at the morning service. In telling how "the Lord of peace himself" could give "peace always by all means," I related the victory over the torn sleeve. The test had been very real to me, and the Lord's help had been truly sufficient.

Then something remarkable took place. A friend from another town who was present at the service, and who had known nothing of my torn sleeve, came to speak to me. Placing a package in my hands she said, "This is something for you." I opened it and there was a beautiful SHIRT-WAIST with embroidered front—just ready to wear! Was that a co-incidence? I think not.

Paul said, "Now unto him that is able to do *exceeding abundantly above* all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, *unto him be glory.*" Eph. 3:20, 21.

The first morning of the Missionary Conference in Savannah I wore the new shirtwaist and in the devotional I told how the Lord had helped, and that the torn sleeve had grown to be a whole shirtwaist!

A few months later at a district missionary meeting, the secretary who had invited me, said, as we were going to the service, "Mrs. Mathews, be sure to tell the women about your torn sleeve."

Jesus described our Father's watchful care over little things in these words:

"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing, and one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. "Fear ye not therefore, Ye are of more value than many sparrows." Matt. 10: 29-31.

You are not surprised that in the list of "My Ebenezers" next to "George's Pants" there is written, "My Torn Sleeve."

* * * * *

C.—NEW POSSESSIONS

In 1940, my seventy-seventh year, a distinct change had come in my physical condition. Gradually the activities of other years were slipping from me.

I found new comfort in the promises given for old age. I was glad that when Christ had said, "Herein is my Father glorified that ye bear much fruit," this was not confined to "going" and "do-

ing," but that it really meant the "Fruit of the Spirit," which, "is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." Gal. 5:22.

The Psalmist must have meant this when he said, "They shall still bring forth fruit in old age." Psa. 92:14.

At this time, I was living in great peace with my son-in-law and daughter, quite free from actual domestic responsibilities. There were three grandsons in the home, and I was well content to darn socks (I had always liked to darn), and to sew on buttons, and to do those little things that make a grandmother feel that she is not utterly useless.

I thought, "If I were a preacher, there would be opposite my name, 'Superannuated,' or if a missionary or deaconess, there would be the word, 'Retired.'"

But in my morning devotions one day, I read these words:

Joshua 13:1: "Now Joshua was old and stricken in years ('That just describes my case,' I said), and the Lord said unto him, Thou art old and stricken in years. (It seemed that the Lord was preparing Joshua for superannuation)."

But what could this mean?

"The Lord said unto him, Thou art old and stricken in years AND there *remaineth yet very much land to be possessed.*"

No superannuation there!

The first of the verse was so very personal, I wondered what possible analogy there was for me in the last statement.

Joshua's commission, of course, was about land.

Then there seemed spread out before me three kinds of spiritual territory.

"The Word of God,
The Realm of Faith,
The Scope of Prayer."

The Word of God opened to my vision as a vast mine which would produce rich treasures to all who would explore its depths.

Although many of the promises had been already appropriated, yet Paul had said:

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.

"But God hath revealed them unto us by the Spirit, for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God." 1 Cor. 2:9, 10.

Here was a challenge:

There were still new realms in the Word of God, waiting to be possessed through the help of the Spirit.

Then the Realm of Faith became an "ever widening vista," with its limitless promises which change the impossible into the possible. For

"With God all things are possible." Matt. 19:26.

"All things are possible to him that believeth." Matt. 19:28.

"Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Heb. 11:1.

"This is the victory that overcometh the world,

even our faith." 1 John 5:4.

What opportunity, and what responsibility within this Realm of Faith!

As I thought of the Scope of Prayer with its measureless privileges of fellowship and communion with God, there came to me these morning petitions from the Psalmist:

"Cause me to know the way wherein I should walk; for I lift up my soul unto thee.

"Teach me to do thy will, for thou art my God." Psa. 143:8, 10.

Then I realized that prayer not only deals with the "trivial sound, the common task," but it is the channel through which wisdom is given and problems are solved.

Our children and home could be covered with prayer. We could pray not only for our church and community and our nation and rulers, but our prayers could encompass the globe. We could bring to our Heavenly Father China, India, and Africa, and the islands of the sea until the uttermost parts of the earth were included in our petitions.

As I reviewed his *globe-wide scope of prayer*, the very walls of my room seemed to widen.

While outside activities were limited, there was a service in which age and infirmity need be no hindrance. For in the spirit of intercession there could be fellowship with Jesus, in His yearning for the salvation of souls.

As I repeated God's words to Joshua:

"Thou art old and stricken in years *and there remaineth yet very much land to be possessed,*"

there came to me that morning a *distinct quickening—physically, mentally and spiritually.*

So on April 1st, 1940, I raised another "Ebenezer," saying, "Hither by Thy help, I'm come."

CHAPTER XIV

A GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY

October 24, 1895—October 24, 1945

The 24th of October, 1945, marks the fiftieth year since the sanctifying grace of God came into my heart.

It has been my privilege to give a testimony each recurring year.

And now on this, the Golden Anniversary of that blessed event, my heart is filled with praise to my Heavenly Father.

It seemed that day, fifty years ago, that I was really losing everything that I held dear. To my surprise God gave me back those tender ties, purified and rendered more precious than ever before.

The Word became a new book. Through the years that have elapsed, I have been praising God for the sanctifying grace in my heart which prepared it for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit.

I could not say that in all these years I have not grieved the Holy Spirit. O no! There have been times when impulse rather than Divine guidance has been evident. Sometimes there were "review lessons."

There have been times when the checks of the Spirit have been unheeded. But, there has always been:

MEMORIAL STONES

"A principle within
Of jealous godly fear,
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near."

And ever my prayer has been:

"O, may the least omission pain
My well instructed soul,
And drive it to the blood again
Which makes the wounded whole."

And now, nearing my eighty-third birthday,
I am saying,

"I will go in the strength of the Lord
God. I will make mention of thy right-
eousness, even of thine only.

"O God thou hast taught me from my
youth: and hitherto have I declared thy
wondrous works.

"Now when I am old and greyheaded, O
God, forsake me not, until I have shewed
thy strength to this generation, and thy
power to everyone that is to come."
Psa. 71:17-19.