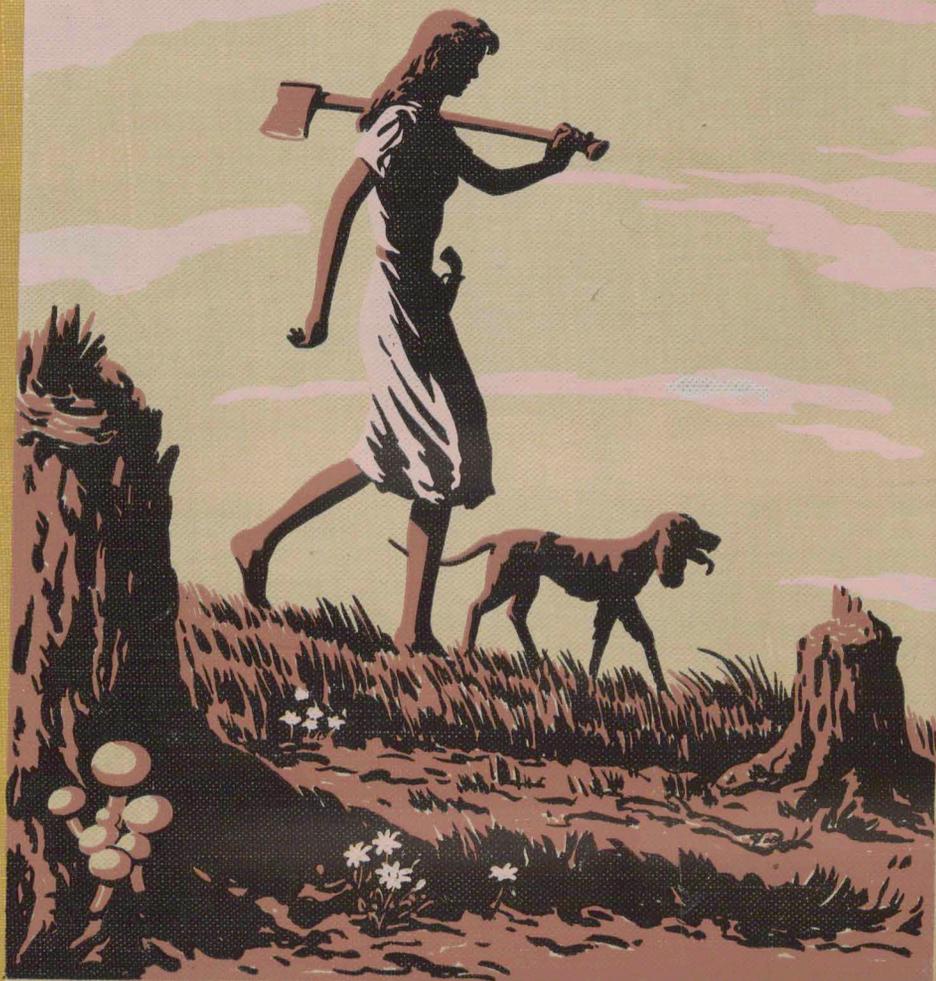


# Mississippi Girl

BY ANNA KNIGHT



MISSISSIPPI GIRL — ANNA KNIGHT





*Sincerely yours  
Anna Knight*

# Mississippi Girl

An Autobiography

By  
Anna Knight

Illustrations by  
Jay Jackson  
Cover by  
Clyde N. Provonsha

SOUTHERN PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION  
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Copyright, 1952, by  
Southern Publishing Association  
(Printed in U. S. A.)

CONTENTS

1. Early Childhood . . . . .	11
2. How I Became a Seventh-day Adventist . . . . .	20
3. A Cyclone, a Bale of Cotton, and My Baptism . . . . .	25
4. In Conflict With the Fourth and Fifth Com- mandments . . . . .	33
5. Seeking a Christian Education . . . . .	39
6. The First Camp Meeting in the Southern Mission Field . . . . .	48
7. The "Green" Girl Goes to Battle Creek College . . . . .	52
8. Accepted in the Nurses' Class . . . . .	63
9. In Training at Battle Creek . . . . .	71
10. A Graduate Nurse Returns to Mississippi . . . . .	75
11. From Mississippi to India . . . . .	88
12. An Experience I Shall Never Forget . . . . .	105
13. Prayer and Work . . . . .	110
14. In God's Care . . . . .	118
15. A Sunstroke . . . . .	132
16. Third Trip to Simla . . . . .	139
17. My Last Trip in India . . . . .	146
18. Prayer Changes Things . . . . .	150
19. Returning to America . . . . .	159
20. Back in America . . . . .	162

21. Beginning My New Work in Atlanta, Georgia . . . . .	171
22. Called to the Southeastern Union Confer- ence . . . . .	181
23. Itinerary in Southeastern Union . . . . .	187
24. Called to the Southern Union . . . . .	192
25. A Lesson Well Learned . . . . .	197
26. The Lord Cares for His Own . . . . .	204
27. Oakwood School . . . . .	210
28. Vacation in Nassau . . . . .	216
29. In Retrospect . . . . .	220

## PREFACE

Ever since the *Youth's Instructor* carried the story, "A Girl of the Black Belt," written by A. W. Spalding, many workers and friends have urged me to write a book and to give more details of my experience and work. They seem to feel it would be an inspiration and encouragement to our youth.

After much thought and continued persuasion, I have attempted to write a brief story touching upon a few high points in my experience as they appeal to me.

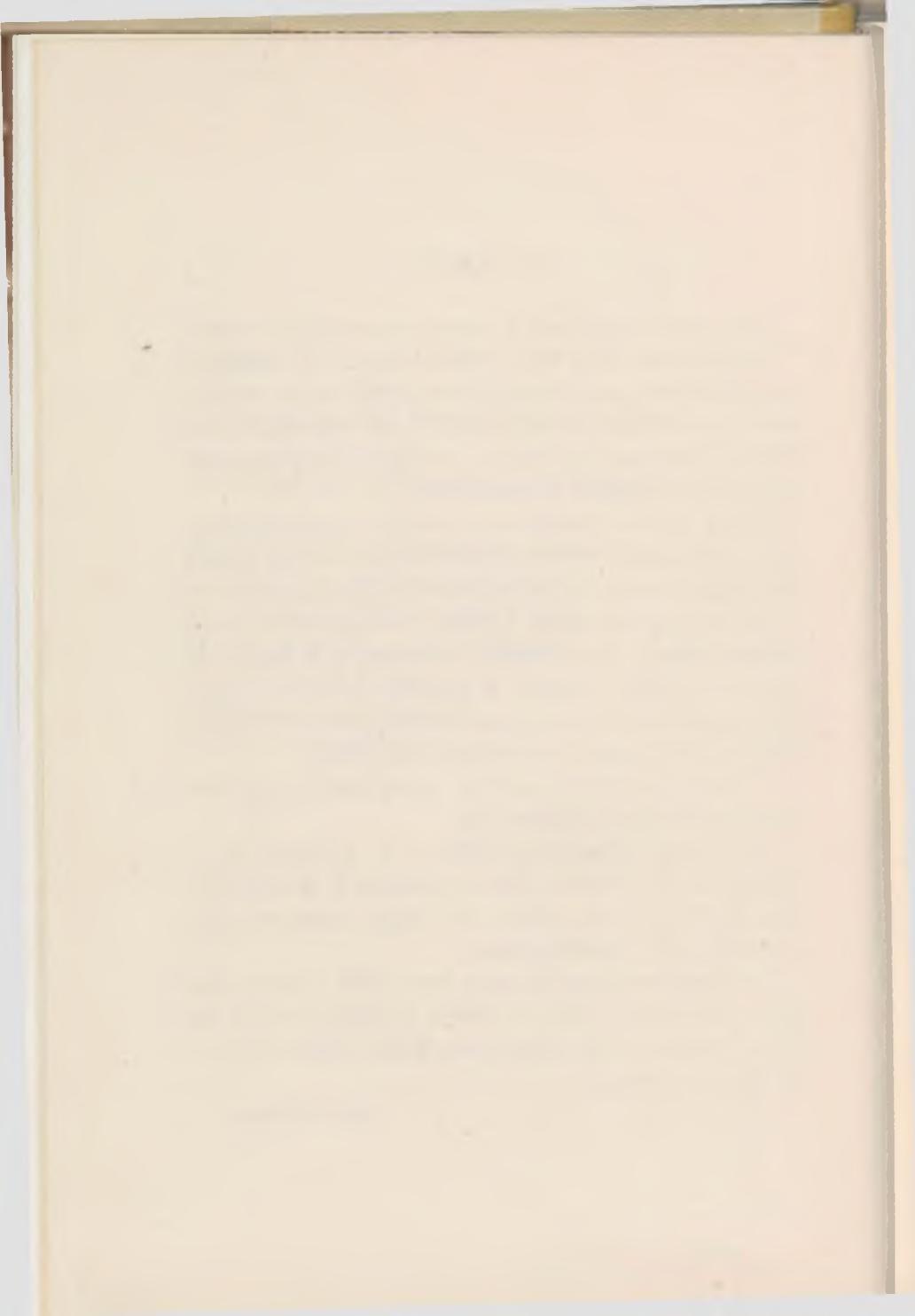
In writing this book I desire to dedicate it to my beloved sister, Grace Knight, who stayed at home and carried on there, making it possible for me to travel among our people from place to place, doing the work I have tried to describe in this little story.

I also dedicate it to *all our young people* who love Jesus and desire to follow Him.

I am deeply grateful to Elders F. L. Peterson, G. E. Peters, O. B. Edwards, Miss Natelkka E. Burrell, Dr. Eva B. Dykes, and others for their assistance, suggestions, and encouragement.

I am now sending this story forth with a prayer that those who read it may be drawn a little nearer to the Lord because of the experiences herein related by one of His little ones.

ANNA KNIGHT.



1 . . . .

## EARLY CHILDHOOD

**M**Y MOTHER was born a slave in Macon, Georgia. Her mother and children were sold at auction to a man by the name of Knight, who was going to Mississippi to find virgin territory where he and his family could colonize. They settled in Jones County, Mississippi.

After emancipation, my grandmother and her family moved from the old slave plantation in Jones County to Jasper County. They went with one of the younger Knights who did not believe in slavery. He had bought a large tract of government land at fifty cents an acre and needed help to clear it and to open up a farm. He persuaded my grandmother and her family to go along with him.

Although my parents were no longer slaves, they were poor and had little of this world's goods and were compelled, by circumstances, to work as sharecroppers on the white man's land until they were able to buy land for themselves.

When I was old enough to understand, I discovered

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

myself living in a large family; some of its members were grown men and women, two of whom were married. All lived in the same house, and all except one of the children were older than I. Life was a struggle and there was so much work—work all the time for children as well as for adults. Everyone had to do something. It seemed to me that I was always in the way, however, and was constantly shoved and pushed around.

Because of the poverty of our large family, I seldom had enough to eat at any meal to satisfy my hunger. Many times I would go out into the fields and pull up nut grass and eat the little nuts to supplement my meal. Wild berries, wild grapes, muscadines, persimmons, chinkapins, and hickory nuts became familiar items of my diet. I was truly a child of the forest during the summer season of the year.

Several years after we had moved to Jasper County, mother bought eighty acres of land at fifty cents an acre and built a one-room, hewn-log house with a porch on one side for a kitchen. Later she built a separate kitchen cabin; the porch was partitioned, and one half was used as a room for my brother; the other half was left to be used as a veranda.

Steadily the family worked and struggled at share-cropping until we had paid for the eighty acres of land

## EARLY CHILDHOOD

and were able to buy a horse, a cow, and a yoke of oxen. Then mother homesteaded another eighty acres as an adjoining farm. In due time she proved it up and then had her own farm of one hundred sixty acres. There was plenty of virgin timber on the tract and a little cleared land.

From childhood my lot was hard. My first outside work was carrying a little tin pail down to the spring to bring water to fill the big wooden buckets at the house for home use. I also had to go to the spring with a jug to get water to take to the folk who were working in the field.

As soon as I was large enough I took my place beside the older workers in the fields chopping weeds and hoeing with an old mattock. Very early in life I learned that my lot was work in any place where I was needed.

But we did have some pleasure once in a while. In the spring and summer we could go to the creek to swim, women and men on alternate days, never together. One day, while en route to the creek, we children ran on ahead of the adults. We had been told not to go too far out; there was quicksand in the wash hole, and there was also what was known as a suck-hole. We were earnestly cautioned to be careful. For some reason I ventured out farther than the others;

MISSISSIPPI GIRL

and when my feet touched the quicksand, down I went. I could not swim, and I was being carried by the current directly into the suckhole. All the others were safe on the bank of the creek and were frantically calling to my mother, "Run! Anna is drowning!" She ran and jumped into the creek below where I had gone down. The waves rolled me up in sight. She grabbed me with one hand, gave me a shove toward the shore, and swam to me and carried me out to land. After some time had been spent in resuscitating me, she gave me a good lecture on disobedience—how it had nearly cost me my life. At the same time she said that I was not to be scared or be a coward; I must go back into the water and learn to swim, and she would teach me. I learned to swim all right, but the greatest lesson learned was: "The way of the transgressor is hard." "To obey is better than sacrifice." From that time I tried to remember never to run any more such risks and to obey those older than I.

Field lore was not enough for me. I wanted some book knowledge also. When the neighbors went to school a little while in the summer and a little while in the winter, I wanted to go too; but I was not permitted to do so because I was colored.

I determined that I would learn all I could. On Sundays I would visit the neighbors to get the white

## EARLY CHILDHOOD

girls to let me see their books. I also tried to get them to teach me. For a time they did, but they would rather play than help me study their books. I had no books of my own, and when they did not want to be bothered with me, I would help them with their work on Sundays or rainy days if they would only let me look at their books afterward. They would often do this.

Finally, I secured one of Webster's old blueback spellers. That was the first book I ever had. How I treasured it! My first reader was *McGuffey's Reader, Book Four*. I treasured these books so much that I would take them with me when I would go to visit the neighbors on Sundays. We would get groups together, both children and adults, and have a spelling bee. Many hours were spent in this way. We would choose sides and spell down. The two persons who stood the longest were to be captains over the next match. This was done over and over again.

In following this sort of recreation, I soon became quite expert in reading, spelling, and writing—so much so that I really taught school to my younger relatives before I ever went to school.

I would take some boards and nail them together, paint them with wet soot, and would go to the reed brake and dig out natural white chalk from the mud

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

banks. The children sat on the floor or on blocks of wood. I gave them chips of wood which they called books. I would tell them to hold the chips in their hands and look at me. Then I would call letters to them from the blackboard or pronounce words to them from Webster's speller. They repeated the words after me and spelled them from memory. Believe it or not, they learned.

For writing, we used sand in the yard on which the children would try to reproduce what I had placed on the crude blackboard. This practice continued for quite a while.

I would then gather them into groups and pick up little stones and practice throwing. We would throw a stone at a stump or a tree and see how many times each one could hit the mark. The one who hit the mark the most times was the winner of the game.

One day I suggested that we all be Indians, make bows and arrows, and practice shooting them. (There were some Indians in the neighborhood, and I had seen them use their bows and arrows and had also seen how the weapons were made.) I went to the canebrake, cut some little straight reeds, drove a nail into one end of each reed, then beat the nailhead flat and filed it until it was smooth and sharp. With several arrows like this, I was well equipped for archery

## EARLY CHILDHOOD

practice. We all played together, both girls and boys. The stone or stick throwing, however, was more practical for us when it came to chasing cattle and hogs away from our fields. We all became quite expert.

My mother saw to it, however, that I did not have too much time for play. I could help her card wool and cotton into rolls to spin for knitting stockings and making "fillin" to weave our homespun cloth out of which we had to make our work clothes. Since I was a "big-little girl" by then, my play time was about over except on rainy days and on Sundays, and even on some rainy days there was plenty of housework to be done.

I had no dolls with which to play; therefore, my leisure was spent in learning to read, write, and spell the same things over and over again or to get out and throw stones or sticks and shoot with my bow and arrow.

Sunday was truly a holiday, especially in the afternoon. I made a practice of getting as many children together as possible at some central place and having games. We indulged in spelling matches, ball games, stone throwing, arrow shooting, and old-fashioned country sings out of a book called *The Sacred Harp*, with shaped notes. I think we enjoyed those days best of all.

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

Our farm was mostly woodland and had to be cleared; and, though I was only a girl, I had to take my place in the woods with an ax, or at one end of a crosscut saw, and help fell trees and saw logs. We carried logs by placing sticks under them and lifting the ends of the sticks, with the log across them. It would take six or more persons to carry some logs, depending on the size and length. I took my place at the end of the carrying sticks along with my brother or the other men. We made boards out of some of the logs and split rails of others; but many of them were piled and burned. I always took an active part in all the outdoor work. Plowing was my choice, and I enjoyed it. I liked fieldwork better than housework; but, of course, I did housework also, when there was no work in the field. There was no rest for women.

Whenever a neighbor had some extra rails to split or logs to roll, it was the custom for him to invite all his friends to come and give him a day's work. This they gladly and willingly did. Usually the women of the house would have a quilting on the same day as the logrolling. This would result in a big day of working and a big dinner of turkey or chicken and pies and cakes. It might be that a sheep or a hog would be killed. Sometimes a dance would be given on the following night.

## EARLY CHILDHOOD

Those were truly primitive times and pioneer days; however, the Lord helped us, and I saw our farm eventually produce all we needed to eat and some things to sell. Our food was very simple. We seldom had biscuits or bread made of flour, but always corn pone made with salt and water only, and cooked in a Dutch oven or skillet. My brother and I vowed that when we grew up we would never eat corn bread for breakfast and would have flour bread at least once a day. We developed the farm and lived on it until we saw the day we could carry out that childhood vow.

The nearest railway town was thirty-eight miles from our farm, and we had to make the trip by ox wagon. It usually took five days to make the round trip. Needless to say, we did not get to town often. Our post office was six miles away. We got mail once a week. It was carried on horseback in saddle-bags. There was a water-powered gristmill and a sawmill at the same place where the post office and the country store were. We took our corn in a sack on horseback to the mill to get our supply of corn meal for the week or month, according to the size of the family.

Many times I walked those six miles with my mother or grandmother and carried a dozen eggs or a few chickens in my hands when they wanted sugar or coffee to use, until someone could go with a wagon.

2 . . . .

## HOW I BECAME A SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTIST

ONE day an agent came to our house taking subscriptions for a periodical called *The Home and Fireside Magazine*. With it he gave several oil print pictures as a premium—two large ones of George and Martha Washington and several smaller ones—all for only one dollar.

I had never seen anything so beautiful in my life, and I really wanted the magazine. Mother had a dollar, but not for anything like that. I begged until she subscribed for it. After the agent left, she gave me to understand that never again was I to do such a thing.

In due time the pictures arrived, and the magazine began coming monthly. Although mother could not read, she enjoyed looking at the pictures and on Sundays and at night she liked hearing me read stories to her. Some would make us cry; others would make us angry; but still I read on, becoming more and more fascinated.

Once in a while there would be beautiful script

## HOW I BECAME A SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTIST

writing in the magazine, and I would take it outdoors and practice writing in the sand until I had mastered the copy. I was unable to get writing paper and ink with which to practice real writing.

One day I noticed an advertisement in the magazine stating that if one would send ten cents, his name would be published in an agent's dictionary and he would get free samples of books, papers, and catalogues. I managed to get ten cents and had a friend write the letter for me (I had never written a letter up to that time); and sure enough my name was printed in the book, and mail began to come to me.

One catalogue contained pictures of cards on which were beautifully printed names in script. I admired the writing, and I did much practicing in the sand on this additional copy.

Among the many sample papers sent me was one called *Comfort*, published in Augusta, Maine, at twenty-five cents a year. I picked cotton and earned the twenty-five cents and subscribed for that paper. This time I wrote my own letter. This paper featured a column called "The Cousins' Exchange" in which different people would make requests for things and get them, provided any of the other cousins had them.

I looked over this column carefully and found one request that suited me. It read: "Will some of the

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

cousins please send me some nice reading matter? I would like to correspond with those of my own age." I copied this request exactly as it read, using my own name and address instead of the other person's. I mailed that letter; and, O wonder of wonders! Our little post office was flooded with mail for one Anna Knight. No one in all the country got so much mail! All sorts of books and papers were sent, among them *Buffalo Bill*, *Wild Bill*, *Jesse James*, *Peck's Bad Boy*, and many others. A set of books, *The King's Daughters*, *The Ram's Horn*, and some religious papers were included.

Forty people answered my request for reading matter and correspondence. Among them were two Seventh-day Adventists, Miss Edith I. Embree of Oakland, California, and W. W. Eastman, a canvasser in Texas at that time. The latter sent me a large bundle of papers consisting of the *Review and Herald*, *Youth's Instructor*, *Sabbath School Worker*, and the *Medical Missionary*. Because Mr. Eastman was busy with his canvassing, he did not keep up his correspondence. Miss Embree was employed at the *Signs of the Times* office. They had a Young People's Literature and Correspondence band, and she took my name from that "comfort" paper and each week sent me a copy of the *Signs of the Times* and occasionally a letter.

## HOW I BECAME A SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTIST

At this time in my reading, cheap novels and story books came first; and three of them made a deep impression upon my young mind. From personal experience I have learned to urge all, young people especially, to let novel reading, cheap stories, and the like alone; for my feet had well-nigh slipped by such reading. It was hard to be able to discard the chaff and hold to the wheat.

When I had idle time on rainy days or Sundays, I would get my pony and revolver and ride up and down and over the hills playing as if I were chasing Indians. I would practice shooting at knots on trees and at other targets. I soon became a good markswoman. I could always hit the mark at fifty or a hundred yards away. I had my pony well trained to turn, stop, or run at the motion of my hand.

One by one the correspondents dropped off because postage was hard for me to get, and I had so much reading to do I could not find time to work and write too.

After a while I stopped reading those wild, exciting storybooks and papers and read only the *Signs of the Times*, tracts, and books which were sent by Miss Embree. When I think of those days, I can truly say, "I know the Lord has laid His hands on me." He, through good reading and missionary correspondence,

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

rescued me and brought me "out of the miry clay and set my feet on the rock." "God works in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

Every paper Miss Embree sent would have some leading article marked with a red or blue "X"; and, in the letters which followed, she told me to be sure to read those articles because they had been a help to her and she hoped that they would help me, too. She requested also that I write back to her and tell her what I thought about the subject under consideration. When I would ask questions or try to argue about some things, Miss Embree would write only a little about it and then say, "I am sending you a tract on that very subject which will tell you all about what you want to know. If you don't understand it, ask me again; and I will be glad to try to help you understand."

This made me do three things: I read the papers, I considered the matter, and then I wrote what I thought about it. All of this was good, and I really got a better understanding of the articles.

### 3 . . . .

## A CYCLONE, A BALE OF COTTON, AND MY BAPTISM

WHEN heavy rains and hard winds would come and blow down trees, many times I would be alone in the old log cabin and would close the door and take the piece of Bible we had and hold it in my hand. I didn't know how to pray, but held the Bible tightly in my hand feeling that in some mysterious way it would help me to stand the storm.

One day a cyclone passed about three miles from where I lived. Many people were injured and some were killed. Houses, trees, and fences in its path were swept away. I went to see the results of it and was deeply stirred.

I sought my aunt, who was only a little over a year older than I, but was a Christian. I asked her, "Had I been among those who were killed in that storm, would I have been lost?"

"No," she answered, "if some of your people would pray for you and be baptized for you, that would save you."

"Does the Bible say that?" I asked.

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

"Sure," she said, "I've heard the preachers preach that many times."

"Show it to me in the Bible," I demanded.

She got her mother's Bible, and for hours we sat in the pasture and hunted for the information.

Finally she found what she thought was the text—1 Peter 3: 18-20—but when I read the text, "No, no," I said. "This text does not mean that. It says that preaching was done by the Spirit in the days of Noah while he was preparing the ark. In Genesis 6: 3 the Lord said His Spirit should not always strive with man, but for 120 years it did. After that the Flood came, and all were lost except Noah and his family."

"No, the Bible does not say that there is hope after death. I know I would have been lost if I had been killed in that cyclone. I must get a Bible and study for myself."

A little later there was a "big working," and a dance the following night. The folk wanted me to go and be their leader as heretofore. My study of the good papers and tracts which I had been reading for some time had taken away my relish for such things. I had no pleasure in them, but my friends kept begging and pressing me to come until I finally said, "I'll go just this once, but you need never ask me again, because I don't think it is the thing to do."

## A CYCLONE AND MY BAPTISM

Soon after we got the party going it began to thunder, the wind blew, and soon a storm was raging. Needless to say, the dancing ceased.

I felt that it was a warning from God; and while we had to wait until the wind and rain stopped, I spent the time telling the people some of the things I had read which were bringing about the change in my life. I was not crazy as they thought, but had, of course, lost my old mind, and was trying to take in its stead the mind of Christ. Now and forever I was through with card parties and dancing. No need to try to persuade me any more; I was through once and for all. I told them that I must stop doing wrong and learn to do right.

From that time on I never took part in any more card parties or dances. Jesus saved me from all such things. I began trying to lead my friends in a different path, but they were not ready to follow, and I had to walk alone.

After about six months of this systematic correspondence with Miss Embree, who was sending me literature, I fully accepted the third angel's message. I did not know what I had accepted or what denomination published the papers and tracts which I had been reading. However, I knew it was all in the Bible and believed it.

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

The subjects which impressed me most and really led to my conversion were "The Sanctuary" and "The Investigative Judgment." I was a sinner and had never made any confession of Christ. I had gone to church quite often, but the preachers all seemed to try to scare people into the church by telling them how terrible hell was. They all seemed to have the same ideas of hell and made God appear to be hard and mean. The idea of punishing all people in exactly the same manner, no matter what they had done, and putting them into the same hell and burning them forever and ever and never letting them be consumed almost made me an infidel.

Miss Embree had sent me a whole series of Bible lessons of the question-and-answer type. The subject on the "Investigative Judgment" impressed me deeply. That all our words and deeds are written in books in heaven and will one day come before God in the day of judgment and that everyone will be rewarded according to his work (Daniel 7: 9, 10; Revelation 20: 11-15; 22: 11, 12)—these facts so impressed me that, from that day, I changed my manner of life and tried to follow Jesus.

This topic led me to believe that there were other solemn truths in the Bible, and I wanted a copy of it for myself. I made this known to my uncle, who had a

## A CYCLONE AND MY BAPTISM

Bible which he never used, whereupon he told me that if I picked two hundred pounds of cotton for him, I could have it. I picked the cotton and was delighted to have my own Bible.

After comparing the papers and tracts with the Bible, I learned that the preachers I had heard were all off on that hell question and on many other things also. In my distress I wrote to Miss Embree. She then sent me *Steps to Christ*, by Mrs. E. G. White.

I read it through in about three nights. I gathered fat pine knots and piled them in the chimney corner. After my day's work was done, I sat on the floor with my back against the wall by the open fireplace and burned those knots to make a light to read by. I was there for hours after the other family members had gone to sleep. Oh, how sweet the message in that little book was to my soul!

I did not know how to pray, but my spirit cried out to God, and He heard me and gave me peace. Then I wanted to be baptized and join the church which printed the uplifting papers and *Steps to Christ*. When I got to that place, I wrote and told Miss Embree. She then wrote to a Seventh-day Adventist, L. Dyo Chambers. He was the secretary-treasurer of the Southern Missionary Tract Society and Book Depository in Chattanooga. At that time the whole South-

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

land was a mission field. There were no conferences in the South and only a few organized churches and companies.

After some correspondence between us, Brother Chambers planned for me to come to Chattanooga. He arranged to meet me at the depot and take me to his home. He sent me a picture of himself so I would know him and told me to have the *Review and Herald* in my hand when I got off the train so he would know me. (I had no picture of myself to send him.) When I made my plans known to my people, they did all they could to discourage me from going. They said I did not know what I was doing and that I had lost my mind by too much reading. They also said those people would not be like what I read in the papers. Still, I wanted to go but promised to return and help them make a crop the next year if they would only let me go. (This was in December.)

My brother and I had a bale of cotton. I took my half and bought a ticket to Chattanooga, keeping the rest for my return trip home after baptism. I planned to stay in Tennessee and go to school until time to return home. This was the first time I had ever been on a train. I went from Ellisville, Mississippi, to Graysville, Tennessee, to be baptized, since that was the Seventh-day Adventist church nearest my home. The

## A CYCLONE AND MY BAPTISM

distance was 382 miles. I could not let anyone baptize me who did not keep all of God's commandments.

Brother Chambers met me in Chattanooga and accompanied me to Graysville. At the close of the Week of Prayer, which was held during Christmas week in those days, two other young people and I were baptized. I was very happy, for I felt then that if my name should come up in the judgment all would be well.

The next Monday morning I went to the Graysville Seventh-day Adventist academy and enrolled as a student. I attended classes that day, and in the afternoon a group of first-day citizens of the village came to the principal of the academy and told him they heard from their children who attended the school that a "nigger" had been admitted to the school. They would not stand for that in Graysville.

It so happened that I was the only new student in school that day, and the principal sent for me to come to his office. After a little visit, he asked me if I was a mulatto.

I said, "No, I don't know what that is—never heard of that before."

He looked surprised and told me that, since the people were so angry, I had better wait until he could find out who I was.

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

I heard no more about that, but I did not go back to school. However, I remained at Graysville, roomed with the matron of the school, helped her with her work, and she taught me privately until the time came for me to return home. I had learned so much in those ten weeks that no one at home dreamed that I had not been to school. I never told any of my people of my disappointment although it was deep and bitter. I knew it was not the fault of the management of the school or of any of the faculty. The members of the church were all very kind to me and made me welcome at the church on Sabbath. I learned many songs from *Hymns and Tunes* and returned home a dyed-in-the-wool Seventh-day Adventist, and nothing could ever change me.





"My good friends and benefactors, Elder and Mrs. L. Dyo Chambers."

4 . . . .

## IN CONFLICT WITH THE FOURTH AND FIFTH COMMANDMENTS

WHEN I returned home and the folk saw that I was stronger in my strange belief than before and that nothing they said or did seemed to change me, they began to quarrel with me and ridicule me and make it next to impossible for me to stay at home on the Sabbath day.

After much thought, I decided to spend the day out in the woods, since there was no home I could go to and keep the Sabbath. When I had prepared breakfast for the family, which was my daily task, and had done my housework, I took my Bible, *Sabbath School Worker*, *Quarterly, Review and Herald, Instructor*, and my revolver, and went to the woods where I spent the day.

During the day I memorized the Sabbath school lesson and read the papers from cover to cover. My faithful dog in the meanwhile watched near by, never allowing a hog or cow to come near me. He did not bark, but quietly got up and drove them away should any come near. If it rained, I would go out to the barn and spend the time in the hayloft.

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

Many hard things were said and even threats were made, but I let all know my mind was made up. When I went to the woods, I took my revolver; and I could shoot straight. The Lord did not permit any harm to befall me.

When cotton chopping time came and we had plenty of rain and the grass had almost taken the cotton, it was then that real trouble began. It was my assigned task to plow the cotton after it was chopped. On one occasion four acres were ready to be plowed; it was Sabbath morning and a very fine day. Mother said, "You go plow that cotton."

"No," I replied, "I've not been working on Saturday. You know this is the Sabbath; I can't work."

Brother chipped in with, "You will work or I won't. You sit and lie around every Saturday and let the work go. I'll not work unless you do."

Mother commanded: "You will plow cotton today!"

For a moment I hesitated between the fourth and fifth commandments. I had never talked back or deliberately disobeyed my mother. Having been brought up the hard way, I was afraid; but now this was too much. I lost my self-control, which I had been able to keep for many weeks. My fiery temper rose, and I told them plenty. I said, "I'll go and do the work, and if I don't get through this day, I'll finish it on Sunday or

## IN CONFLICT

die. You understand that if I can't keep the Sabbath, *I will not keep Sunday.*"

I went out feeling I was sinning against the Holy Ghost and was already lost; I was hurt and angry, too. The horse saw that I was angry and he got angry, and we raced over those four acres before the sun went down behind the treetops. I returned to the house and put up the horse, but refused to take a bath or put on clean clothes for Sunday. Sunday morning, dressed in my work clothes, I took my hoe and went out into my flower garden. The folk felt so scandalized at my working on Sunday that they left home and did not come back until night. That Sunday no one came.

Having done all the work I could find to do in the yard and not being in any mood to read, I wrote a long letter to Brother Chambers and told him what had happened, and that now I felt that I was lost and saw no use in trying any more. From the time of my baptism until then I had never quarreled with anyone or lost my temper. People around had marveled at the wonderful change in me since I had been to Tennessee and joined the Seventh-day Adventist Church. But I had failed. Was there any hope for me under such circumstances? The letter was sent on Monday by a friend going to the post office. I waited for a reply.

Those days of waiting were like midnight darkness

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

to my soul. I had no desire to study and felt that there was no need to pray. "I'm lost, lost," was the impression of my soul. I cared not for conversation or the company of anyone. Before the following Sabbath, a two-page, single-spaced, typewritten letter came from Brother Chambers. He told me the Lord would forgive me, that I was not responsible, in a way, since I was underage, and that in the future should I face another such ordeal it would be all right for me to refuse to obey if the command was contrary to the Lord's commandments. He told me to read Ephesians 6: 1: "Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right." Only if the parents are in the Lord and command us to do in harmony with His will should we feel obliged to obey. He also told me to read Acts 5: 29: "We ought to obey God rather than men."

From this letter I received great consolation and comfort. I went to God in deep contrition, confessed my sins and failures, asked for forgiveness and help to enable me to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Again peace came into my soul.

During the remainder of the year, I had many trials and crosses to bear; but I never worked on the Sabbath, and when I could not stay in the house because of confusion, I continued to seek solitary places in God's great out-of-doors. I always took with me my

## IN CONFLICT

faithful dog; he was the only one who understood.

One day I tried to reason with my mother as to why I could not work on the Sabbath. Not being able to read and being blessed with a strong will of her own, she flew into a rage and told me I could not teach her anything, that she was my mammy and I'd have to stop that Saturday-for-Sunday foolishness or leave her house. She was tired and had enough of it.

It was quite a while before I could put in a word. Then I said calmly, "All right, I can leave; but I can't give up the Sabbath and my hope of eternal life."

I did not leave until all the crop was harvested, which fulfilled the promise I had previously made to my mother, that if she would let me go to Tennessee to be baptized, I would return and help make and gather another crop.

A definite split with the family came because of my Sabbathkeeping, and I was told to leave unless I would give up the Sabbath and keep Sunday.

I said, "No, I'm going out to get an education and be a teacher. You may take my horse, my cow, my cotton. I want just enough for my railway fare to Chattanooga. You may have all the rest. My Bible and my few personal belongings, of course, you don't need."

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

What might have seemed a misfortune at this time was in reality the means of starting my life in a new direction. Those who obey the Lord often learn that what seem to be adversities are really blessings in disguise.

## SEEKING A CHRISTIAN EDUCATION

HAVING packed my few belongings in a box, I made ready for the trip to Ellisville, Mississippi, thence to Chattanooga, Tennessee. My brother took me to the railroad station. The train was to leave about midnight.

He boarded the train with me and kissed me good-bye, saying, "I know I'll never see you again."

I was surprised; but, while it made the parting harder, I did not cry and tried to be cheerful and told him, "Oh, you may see me again when I get my education." Without further words, he jumped off the train that was to speed me on to my new home and friends in Chattanooga.

I left home, not in anger, but with a serious feeling; for I had only a few scant country belongings packed in a homemade wooden box, my railway ticket to Chattanooga, and five cents in money, which I spent to buy a cocoanut to eat for my lunch on the way.

During the year, from time to time, I had written to Brother and Sister Chambers in Chattanooga telling

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

them some of my trials. He and his good wife deeply sympathized and made plans to take me to live with them until they could work out some way to send me to school.

The Lord had made a way for me to have a place to go; however, it was hard to leave home, but neither mother nor I would change. So we parted, but not in anger.

The following morning as I got off the train at the terminal station in Chattanooga, Brother Chambers was there waiting for me. His wife had made me a beautiful black broadcloth cape with a quilted satin lining. It covered my country dress and shut out the keen, cold wind. It was wonderful to have such a fine coat.

When we reached his home, his good wife met us at the door with open arms and gave me a big hug and kiss such as I had never known before. She said, "Come right in and make this your home. We have two other girls here, but there is always room for one more."

My eyes were red and swollen from loss of sleep and crying on the train the night before. After my brother had parted from me in such a tender way, and knowing that I was leaving the only home I had ever known and all my relatives behind and might not see them any

## SEEKING A CHRISTIAN EDUCATION

more, I confess I did give vent to my feelings. I quickly adjusted myself to the new surroundings and met my new friends as warmly and as cheerfully as possible.

One thing was certain: I had given up all and could not turn back. My heart was fixed. I was going to school this time to be a teacher—a missionary, indeed.

This was in December, one year after my first visit to Tennessee, at which time I was baptized and became a member of the Seventh-day Adventist Church. Elder G. A. Irwin was at that time superintendent of the Southern Mission Field. He lived at Mount Vernon, Ohio; but frequently he made trips to the South, visiting companies and churches in various cities. He always stopped with Brother and Sister Chambers, since they had once lived in Ohio and both men had been soldiers in the Union army during the Civil War.

The Chambers told him about me, how I came into the truth and happened to be in their home, that I wanted to go to school, and what had previously happened to me at Graysville. He told them I could go to Mount Vernon Academy, and no questions would be asked. From December to September Brother Chambers taught me at night and at odd times during the day trying to prepare me for high school work when I should go to Mount Vernon, Ohio.

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

Mrs. Chambers was a milliner and dressmaker and also a good baker. She had organized a group of women into a club called the "Women's Exchange." They had their wares in one of the leading grocery stores on Market Street. These ladies took turns and looked after their sales daily at this store. They cooked home-made whole-wheat bread, salt-rising bread, pies, cookies, and cakes, and also made needlework to sell.

Mrs. Chambers specialized in salt-rising bread, baking it about four days a week. She got up at four o'clock in the morning and stayed up until ten o'clock at night on bake days. Some days she would make sixty loaves, and her bakings were never less than thirty. I helped her all I could with her work. I carried the bread to the Exchange daily for her. I also learned how to make it, but she never would let me take the entire responsibility.

I learned that she was doing all this hard work to earn money to buy clothes for me to go to school. She did away with my old feathered hat and made me one suitable for a Seventh-day Adventist. She made me an outfit of clothing; and each time she would finish a garment, she would put it down carefully and say, "Anna, I hope this will last you until the Lord comes." I really tried to take good care of these clothes so that they would, but they did not last long. But the influ-

## SEEKING A CHRISTIAN EDUCATION

ence of her unselfish love and sacrifice is still living in my memory.

One day I was so overwhelmed by what she was doing for me, a poor colored girl and nothing at all to her except a member of her church, that I could not refrain from crying. I did not want her to see me, so I went up into the attic and had a big cry. She missed me. When she found me crying, she tenderly put her arms around me and asked, "Have you had bad news from home?"

"No."

"Are you homesick?"

"No."

"Have I hurt your feelings?"

"No."

"Then what is the matter?"

I told her I was thinking of all the nice things she had done and was doing for me, and that I was poor and had nothing and never would be able to pay her for all her goodness and kindness to me.

Then she hugged me close to her and, between laughing and crying, said, "You dear child, we don't expect any pay for what we are doing for you. We believe you will make a worker in God's cause some day; and if we should sleep before Christ comes, our work will go on through you. We have helped many

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

girls get started in the Lord's work, and we are glad to be able to help you."

By that time I had dried my tears. When she began to cry, I thought I had better stop. I did not want to make her feel sad; however, I have since learned that hers were tears of joy, hoping that her labors would not be in vain.

That was in 1894, and from that day to this I have never forgotten her faith in me. I have tried to keep their work going on, since both she and her husband are sleeping in Jesus. I have never forgotten them or their faith in me. It has always been an inspiration to me and an incentive to help others. I have tried to do loyal, faithful, untiring service in the cause of God; and should I do otherwise I would feel I was robbing the dead and betraying a sacred trust.

By September Mrs. Chambers had me all ready for school. These good people had saved and solicited funds enough for my schooling and all my clothing. They sent me to Mount Vernon Academy, Mount Vernon, Ohio, to attend the first real school in my life, except for the one day I spent at Graysville, Tennessee. Oh, how happy I was!

One day in the arithmetic class, during the early part of the school year, I had trouble with cancellation in fractions. I had never seen anything like it. I did

## SEEKING A CHRISTIAN EDUCATION

not know the multiplication tables and could not work the problems. For three days the class was held up on account of my being so slow. The pupils seemed ready to put me out, but we had a Christian teacher. One day he went to the board and slowly worked a problem for me, telling me what he did each step of the way. When he had finished the problem he asked me if I understood it; and I said, "Yes," with tears in my eyes and voice. He excused the class after telling us to bring all the examples worked out the next day. (There were about forty to be worked.)

The class went out quite excited and irritated with me. I remained behind to have my cry, because I saw that the whole class seemed to be disgusted with me and I feared the teacher was, too. He also remained behind and said kindly to me, "Don't feel bad; you will make it all right, and one of these days you will be a Moses and go back south to lead and teach your people. Don't be discouraged, keep on trying, and you will make it all right."

That night I asked the dean to let me stay up until I got my lessons. She granted my request; however, when she came around at midnight and saw my light on, she knocked and asked why. I told her she gave me permission to stay up until I got my lesson.

"But I didn't think it would be so long," she said.

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

By two o'clock in the morning I had finished and went to class happy the next day.

I was still "green" and slow; in fact, the girls referred to me as "that 'green' girl from the South." They would laugh and have a lot of fun among themselves repeating some of my country sayings. One day I came upon them in the midst of one of their high times. Just as they were saying, "That 'green' girl from the South," I said, "Never mind, green things grow." Passing on my way, I was a little hurt; but I bit my lip, held my chin up, clenched my fists and vowed I would overcome all those odd sayings and would show them some day that "green things grow."

One day some of the younger girls wanted to go to the woods for a walk and nutting, but they could not go alone. They were told that if they got me to accompany them, they might go, since I was from the country and older and would know how to take care of them in case they met any snakes.

They begged me to go. At first I did not want to do so because I wanted to study; yet I loved being out in God's great out-of-doors. Finally I agreed to go.

It was fun and a real treat. There were many chestnut trees full of nuts and some fine apples in old, neglected orchards here and there. Being good at throwing stones, I soon "chunked" down many chest-

## SEEKING A CHRISTIAN EDUCATION

nuts. I also climbed the apple trees and picked some choice apples for the children. After that the girl from the South was not "green" but very smart.

That year at Mount Vernon was a happy but hard time for me. I was happy—oh, so happy—to be really going to school and learning lessons; but it was hard because my foundation was not all it should have been. Here I was in an academy though I had never been to school before. I had to go to church school for a few subjects and take some in the academy. In fact, I called it "scratching backward" for what I had failed to get in the elementary grades and reaching forward to the higher grade. I could not turn back; therefore, I found it necessary to work two ways.

Several of the older girls saw the predicament that I was in and had compassion on me and helped me with my lessons outside school hours. By diligent, hard study and much prayer I made an "A" in all my classes except one. I demonstrated that "green things grow."

At the close of school all the students were filled with joy and laughter because school was out and they were going home. I was sorry school was out, for I loved it and wished that I could study all year. But it was time to go, so I packed along with the rest and went back to Chattanooga to stay with Brother and Sister Chambers.

## THE FIRST CAMP MEETING IN THE SOUTHERN MISSION FIELD

THE city of Chattanooga was chosen as the place in which to hold camp meeting in the Southern Mission Field. We had several members there, and the leaders of the field were anxious to see the work advance. For months they prayed and planned for the camp meeting.

In Chattanooga were two Battle Creek nurses who had been sent down to do self-supporting medical missionary work—Misses Rosa Starr and Emma Washburn. In those days the Seventh-day Adventists strongly advocated that health reform was the right arm of the message and the entering wedge. Whenever it was possible, doctors and nurses were urged to locate in the cities where the message had not been preached.

When it came to organizing the folk to take care of the camp, it was difficult to find anyone who was willing to undertake the job of cooking for those who could not board themselves. At last they came to me. I was one of the charter members of the Chattanooga church. At that time white and colored worshiped

## THE FIRST CAMP MEETING

together. Because I had lived for some time with Sister Chambers and had attended Mount Vernon Academy for a term, they said surely I could do the work, for there would be only about forty to take their meals at the dining tent.

After some persuasion, I said I would try. Being a new member, only two years in the faith, I had all my first love and was happy to do anything I could to help the cause. The Misses Starr and Washburn, the two Battle Creek nurses, said they would help make out the menus; others said they would help in preparing vegetables.

It looked easy, and I undertook the work. We had to use such things as we could find: an old second-hand cook stove, a few new cooking utensils, and a few kettles and pans borrowed from members who could spare them.

All our dishes, knives, forks, and spoons were borrowed; and much care had to be taken to make sure that nothing was broken or lost and that each article got back into the hands of its owner. This was no small item. Money with which to buy things was scarce. The men made the tables and benches.

The kitchen tent was placed near the dining tent, and next to it a little tent was pitched for me to live in. I started out with fear and trembling, because never

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

before had I attended a camp meeting, to say nothing of cooking for one!

Elder Smith Sharp, his wife and daughter, and Brother and Sister Chambers encouraged and helped me all they could to get everything started right. The meeting proved to be much larger than anyone had expected, and instead of forty it seemed to me that there were more than one hundred to feed daily. I really was scared for the first few days because there never seemed to be quite enough food to satisfy the crowd. Quite often the food would scorch while cooking, and, as usual, people would remark about it.

The camp meeting continued for ten days with six meetings each day. I attended only six meetings during the entire time.

Elders G. I. Butler, R. M. Kilgore, G. W. Colcord, and other visiting ministers were present, besides Elder Smith Sharp and a number of canvassers who had been called in.

This camp meeting marked a new day in the work in the Southland and brought courage and strength to the entire membership and workers. Such an inspiration it was to meet together for ten days! Yes, truly it was wonderful for those who could attend! I was too busy trying to provide three meals daily to attend all the meetings. This was a job I will never

## THE FIRST CAMP MEETING

forget! The first Sabbath I had baked beans. The weather was hot, and since we did not have a suitable ice box, the beans did not keep very well, and some people got sick. No one was seriously ill, and the nurses were there to look after them.

When the camp meeting was over, I was indeed glad for the \$5.00 they gave me for the work, and I was not sorry for the privilege of being able to help out in a time of need. I know by personal experience the meaning of the memory gem, "As thy days so shall thy strength be." However, I've never cooked for another camp meeting; neither have I ever complained about other people's cooking at camp meetings.

7....

## THE "GREEN" GIRL GOES TO BATTLE CREEK COLLEGE

**A**FTER returning to Chattanooga from Ohio, I learned that Brother Chambers was in poor health and would not be able to send me back to Mount Vernon Academy for another school term; so he arranged for me to go to Battle Creek, Michigan, and attend an industrial school which had been opened by the Paulson brothers.

He gave me letters of introduction to several persons whom he knew at Battle Creek, telling them a few things regarding my lack of finance and my need of work. He also requested them to do all they could to help me.

My friends in Chattanooga told me of the cold climate in Michigan as well as of the coldness of the people. They said the people would be so busy that they would have no time to spend with strangers. I was not to expect the warm hospitality in Michigan that I was accustomed to in the South, and that I might be in the same house with people for a year and not know their names.

## TO BATTLE CREEK COLLEGE

I listened to all this, and deep down in my heart I made up my mind that I would know everyone who lived in the house where I was, and that I would start out by being friendly to everyone.

When I arrived at Battle Creek, I delivered my letters of introduction to Dr. Kellogg, Professor W. W. Prescott, and Elder L. A. Hoopes, and then went back to my room to wait. It was tiresome sitting around doing nothing; therefore, I went out looking around to see the place. I went to several places, but I saw no one I knew. Later I went to the laundry and found a girl whom I had known at Mount Vernon. She was ironing. I went to her and began talking and asked her if I could iron some, too. There was a vacant board by her, so I took an iron and began ironing while I was talking. Very soon several of the others were talking, also.

After a while silence prevailed, and I heard one of them say, "There comes the manager; that new girl is going to get us into trouble."

I kept on talking. The manager came to me and said, "You are a new girl here, are you not?"

I said, "Yes."

"Who sent you here?" he asked.

"No one," I said, "I got tired of doing nothing, so I came up here and went to work."

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

He smiled and went on his way. After he left there was quite a bit said about not talking while at work and that we were not supposed to do it.

"Why didn't you tell me?" I asked. "I didn't know your rules." No one was punished, but I ceased talking and continued to iron.

When Sunday came, all the new people who had not been assigned work were told to report to the "Annex," and to Mrs. Hall, the industrial matron, who would give them their work assignments.

With several others I went along. I waited quite a while before my turn came. All the others except one had been placed. We two still waited. At that time the matron of the laundry came in all excited saying, "Mrs. Hall, I want two girls for the laundry. Miss Aldrich has taken two of my best girls to wait tables at the sanitarium!"

Mrs. Hall replied, "There are only two new girls left; here they are, you may have them."

She rushed out saying, "New girls! I always have to take what's left."

I bit my lip to keep from saying what I felt, and went to the laundry feeling glad to be where I knew one or two people. When I got there, I found that my Mount Vernon friend was one of those who had been taken away.



"I worked in the laundry about a month."

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

The matron was quite disturbed, but brought me a mop and pail and showed me how to mop the room. I took the mop and did my half of the job before the experienced helper had finished.

All the tasks assigned me that day were done with dispatch and as well as I could. This resulted in the matron's coming to me with compliments and apologies, adding she wished that all new folk could work as I did.

I smiled and said, "Thank you!"

In a few days I was enrolled in the Industrial School and was working my way—four hours in school and six hours at work. After being in the laundry for about a month, I was asked to take over the "box room." That meant I would be working ten hours daily instead of six; however, I could perhaps get some time to study my lessons while on duty. No one else would take the job, so I took it.

It was all I could desire, for I now had a chance to learn the names of people. All the women helpers and nurses had to come to the box room for their laundry. In less than two months I knew all their names.

While on box-room duty I was able to do quite a bit of ironing for nurses and medical students, and I was paid by the piece. I turned the money over to the matron, but she gave it back to me, saying that I should

## TO BATTLE CREEK COLLEGE

keep it for myself. For nearly a year I worked in the laundry and paid all my expenses in the preparatory school and had cash enough left to buy all my little personal needs.

When I enrolled in the Industrial School, they checked my credits from Mount Vernon Academy and found that all I needed in preparatory work was another year of English, general mathematics, and elementary bookkeeping. It was a joy to me to know I could take these three subjects in one year and work my way through at the same time.

The big problem was to get money to pay for the books. I did not want to write back to Brother Chambers and ask for money for books; had he not sent me to Battle Creek to attend a school where I could work my way, and how could I ask him for money? The only thing I could do was to ask the Lord, and this I did. I worked hard in the laundry at anything there was to do, and occasionally I could do extra laundry work and receive tips. I saved all these, and one day a letter came from Brother Chambers with some money in it. He said books would cost money; therefore, he was sending me that to help buy my books. Oh, how happy I was! I took the money and, with what I had saved, bought my schoolbooks. I did not have to borrow books or try to study with someone!

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

There were a number of students in each class. English and bookkeeping classes were quite large and composed of practically the same students.

One day we discovered that our teacher was not one of the regular college teachers, but one who had been a public school teacher and was at the sanitarium doing some advanced study herself while taking the nurses' course. This information was not good for us. We became critical, and soon it was impossible for her to settle the discussions in the class. We then went to Dr. Kellogg with our grievances. He was very considerate and decided to secure a good teacher whom he was sure could teach us.

Someone asked, "Who is it?"

"Must I give the name now?" asked Dr. Kellogg. "Well, I'm going to try to get you the man who wrote the book. Will that do?"

"Oh, surely," chimed the class. The next day the class met as usual with the same teacher, but there was no recitation. We all sat and sat and sat.

Finally someone exclaimed, "There he comes!"

We looked out of the window, and sure enough there was an old man with a long, gray beard coming on a bicycle. The wind was blowing, and his beard was spread out around his face, which made me think of Santa Claus.

## TO BATTLE CREEK COLLEGE

Soon he came into the classroom. Our teacher arose and greeted him politely, introduced him to the class one by one, and then turned over the class record and her textbook to him. He took them and began to speak: "Now class, we will spend the time today getting acquainted." Some of us were disappointed! We had studied our lesson and were working hard to pay for it, and now to lose a whole hour—that was too much. He must have read our thoughts but kept on talking, and finally he said, "This is my complete book; I have revised it and now have it in three books. What I would like you to do is to change from this book and take Book III of the revised edition."

Now I could keep quiet no longer, and before I realized it I said, "I can't change! I've spent all my money buying books, and I can't buy another one."

He smiled and said, "Now I will take all the new books back and give you a copy of Book III, revised edition, in exchange. Is that fair?"

Of course, it was all right, and then I could smile. We were all happy over having Professor G. H. Bell, the author of the book, as our teacher, which ended our troubles in that class.

Our teacher in bookkeeping was the head bookkeeper at the sanitarium business office, a real expert, and we were all excited over that class and did well for

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

a while. Then one by one the girls and some of the boys began to drop out, and the young men laughed. Only two girls were left; I was one of the two. They said they were going to make us drop out, too. One day we came to a long, difficult assignment. The teacher suggested it was too long for one lesson and that we should take only half of it; but the young men objected, "No, let's take it all in one lesson. We can do it!"

Reluctantly the teacher, looking at us girls, said, "I'm afraid it's too long for you."

I spoke out at once, saying, "Give it to us; if the young men can do it, we can, too."

"All right," said the teacher, "take it. The class is excused."

That night Miss Mitchell and I got permission to work together and to stay up until we learned our lesson. We worked and worked and worked until two o'clock in the morning before we finished. The next day we went to class trying not to show our satisfaction. The teacher called the roll, then smiling, said, "Well, did you have any trouble getting through your lesson?"

"Yes, yes, yes," came the answer from several of the young men. Then the teacher asked how many had completed the whole lesson. Only one young man held

## TO BATTLE CREEK COLLEGE

up his hand; and, of course, he and all the others as well as the teacher were surprised that the young women had finished it. Needless to say, we did not tell them how long it took us.

We had an abundance of snow that winter, and one day I was almost late to class. I had my bookkeeping set in one hand, ink bottle in the other, and was rushing from the laundry across the campus to the college. About halfway, my feet skidded on the icy walk. I lost my balance and fell broadside in a bank of snow. My, what a fall! But up I came almost instantly and looked around to see if anyone had seen me. It was a satisfaction, indeed, to note there was no one in sight; and no bones were broken, not even the ink bottle. I shook off the snow and went on to class, arriving in time for roll call and with another perfect lesson.

During this time I lived in a cottage heated by a stove. Being in a hot laundry all day and until ten o'clock at night and then going out into the cold to a room not properly heated gave me a severe case of tonsillitis. I could speak only in a whisper, and that was with difficulty; but I went to my work as usual.

It so happened that a nurse came for her laundry that day. She was surprised when she noticed my condition and took me at once over to the sanitarium for treatments. They put me to bed and treated me

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

every three or four hours, day and night. In about twenty-four hours I felt so well that I went back to work, not waiting to be told. The result was that I had a relapse and was worse than before. The same nurse found me on my job again. She gave me a note and told me to report at the sanitarium. On my way I met the head nurse. She gave me a good lecture, telling me that they could not admit me into the nurses' class; for anyone who did not know how to take care of herself could not be trusted with the lives of patients. After the lecture she told me to go to the nurses' room and wait until she came. It seemed ages to wait, but finally she came and assigned me to a room in quarantine. Needless to say, I remained there until I was officially discharged.

At the end of the year I had completed my preparatory work with honors and was eligible for the nurses' class. I continued to work in the laundry until they sent for me to join the nurses' class which was being organized. They asked why I had not come before. When I told them, the head nurse laughed and said, "I didn't mean what I said, but only wanted to make you realize what a serious thing you had done."

When I understood that, I gladly enrolled in the new class that was being organized, and began making arrangements for the class requirements.

## ACCEPTED IN THE NURSES' CLASS

**A**FTER a girl was accepted in the nurses' class in those days, she was placed on probation or on relief duty and was considered a nurses' aid while she was getting her theoretical training before she was allowed to do professional nursing. Each student was given two nurses' uniforms, two pairs of shoes, and the required books for the first year's work. No wages were paid.

Each girl was required also to sign a statement that she desired to take the course for the purpose of being a missionary nurse, and not a professional nurse to go out into the world to make money for herself.

Part of my first year was spent as a helper in the strength-test room. This was my good fortune, because I could write well and make neat figures, which was demanded of the one who worked in that department. In some way those in charge learned that I could swim and assigned me to the swimming pool for six hours a day to teach nurses and patients how to swim.

When my probation was over, I was still retained

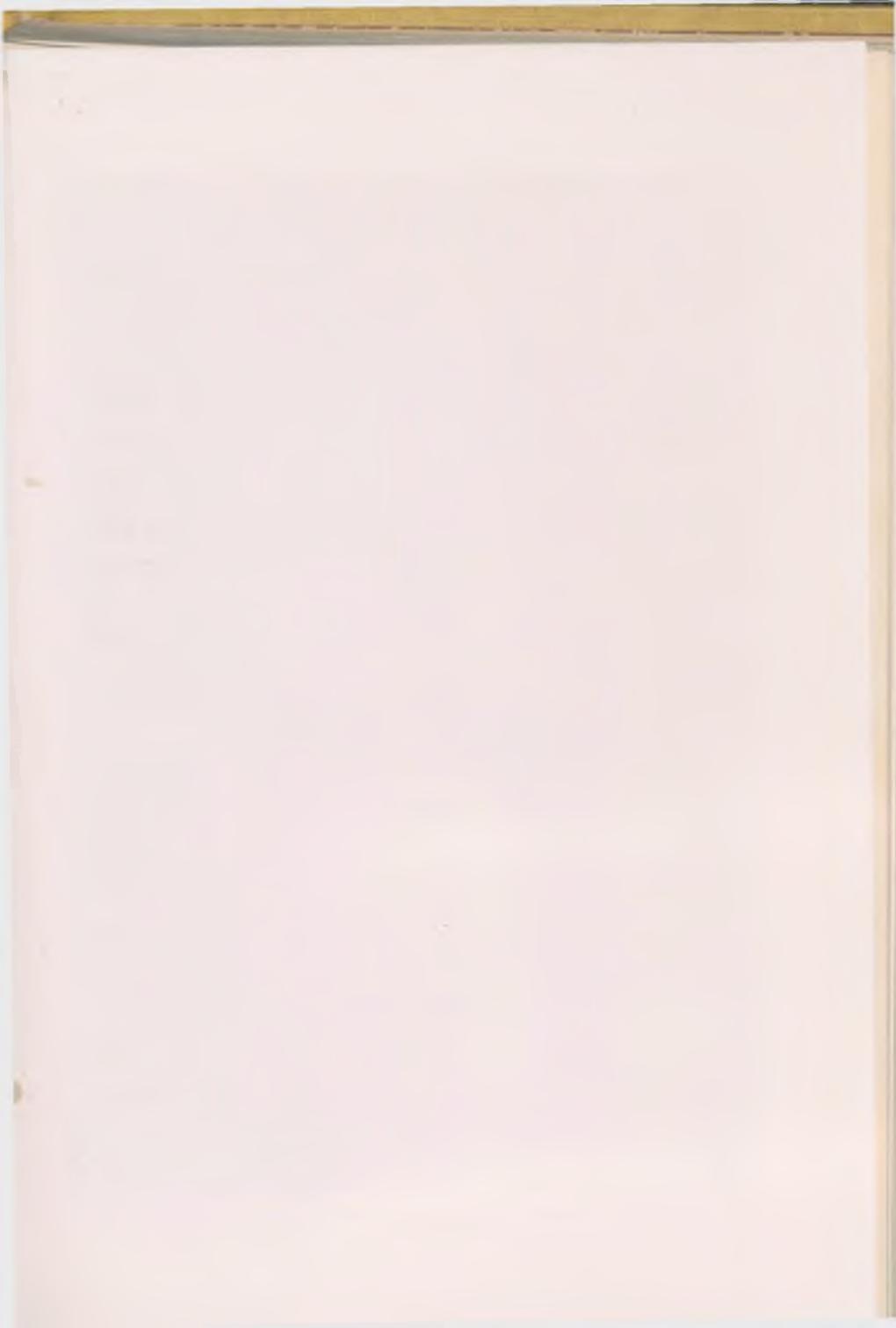
## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

in the strength-test room because of my efficiency and the need of help in that department. I was given a list of patients to care for in the treatment rooms and was subject to call for relief work. Just as I was getting a good start at my new line of work in real nurse-training activities, the matron of the laundry became ill; and the manager came to the treatment-room matron and requested that she let me go back to the laundry to help out until they could find someone else.

I hated to give up my fine list of patients and go back to the laundry. Some of my classmates felt it was not right to take me away, but I reasoned with myself that laundry work was also the Lord's work. Since I understood all about it and they really needed someone who could help, I went back.

What a stack of clothes I found piled everywhere and list after list of "specials" stacked on a hook on the wall to be gotten out! When I walked in, the ironing women gave a sigh of relief, saying, "We have someone who can help now." It made the load seem lighter to see how glad they were to have me back with them.

I tried to forget about my nurses' class and assumed the work of matron of the laundry. For three weeks, working eighteen hours a day, taking two of my meals on the job, I labored hard before the work was caught up and before all specials were ready. The matron





Anna Knight, the author, about the time she finished the nurses' course.

## ACCEPTED IN THE NURSES' CLASS

was unable to return, and I served notice that I could not stay longer because I wanted to continue with the nurses' course I had started. That was what I had come to Battle Creek for, and I was determined to be a missionary nurse. I was released and went back to the treatment rooms, but I failed to get my list of patients back. I had been gone so long the treatment-room matron had to get someone else. I, however, was called back to the strength-test department as soon as it was known that I was available.

After some weeks I was given regular relief nurses' work. I could not have a full-time case because of the hours I had to spend in the strength-test department and swimming pool. The Lord helped me to keep sweet about it and to go where and when I was called. It dawned upon me one day that I was not getting in all the hours each day that I was supposed to work and that at the end of my first year I would be short of the required hours. What was I to do? Nothing, but to keep on as relief nurse, teach swimming, and test strength until the reckoning day. I assure you that I did pray much.

The first patient I had was a mental case. The second patient was a mental case; the third one was another mental case; so was the fourth, and also the fifth. By this time I began to wonder why all these people

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

were crazy. It seemed so strange to me. All of them were mentally off and each case was different. Two of them especially interested me. One was a melancholy case. She had lost her reason from reading novels, and it was my job to get her to eat her meals and to become interested in good reading. I had to spend two hours daily with her while the regular nurse went to her noon meal.

One day the patient sat a long time with her fingers pressed against her eyeballs. I feared she would punch them out of their sockets. Nothing I could do or say would help her. Her dinner was brought to her on a tray from the dining room. I set it on a table before her saying, "Miss Hamilton, come, wake up, and eat your dinner." She did not move. Again I repeated the same words a little louder, and, no doubt, in the tone of voice I used in teaching swimming lessons.

Instantly she looked straight at me and said, "She is the patient," pointing to herself; "you are the nurse. You should say, 'Miss Hamilton, please eat your dinner.'" (This patient always spoke of herself in the third person.)

I thought to myself, "She is not so crazy after all." Then I took the tray, placed it nearer, and said in as persuasive a tone as I could, "Miss Hamilton, will you please eat your dinner?"

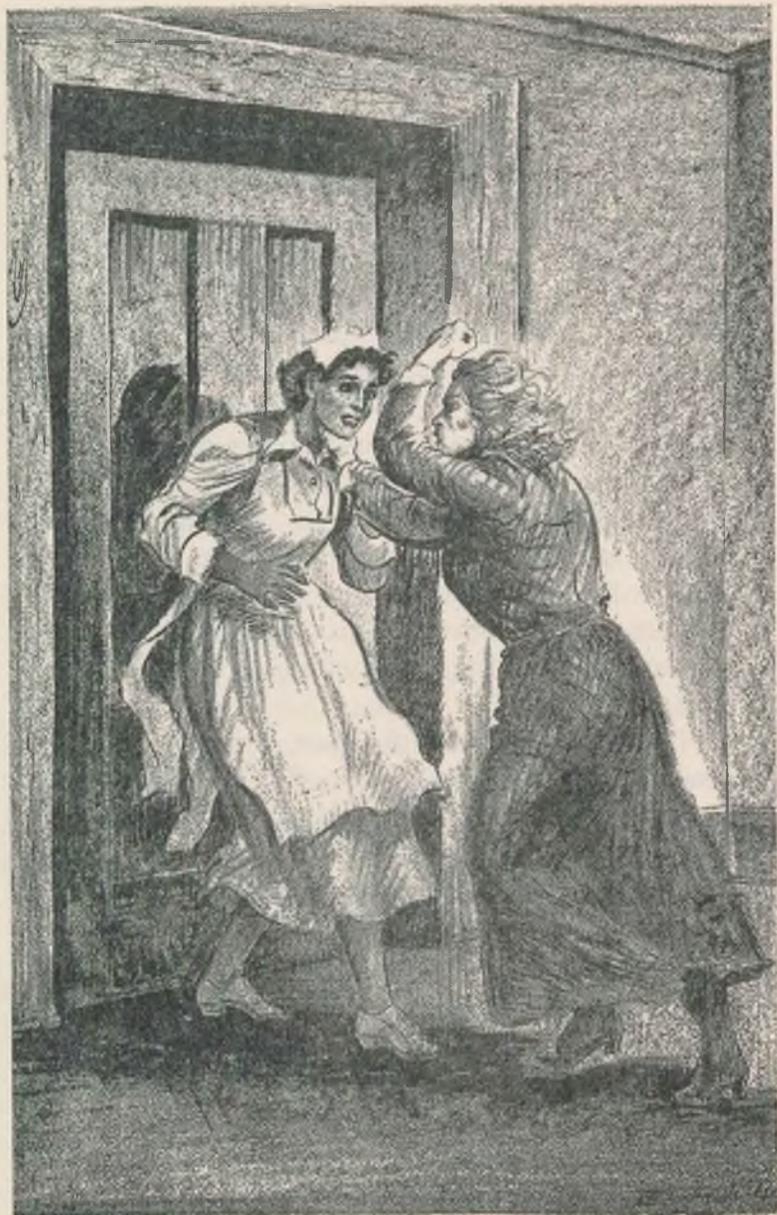
## ACCEPTED IN THE NURSES' CLASS

She smiled and ate it. Thus a mental patient taught me a lesson.

The other one was a maniac. I never learned how she became one, but she was difficult to handle. One of her daughters and a nurse had to be with her all the time. I was only the relief nurse. The regular nurse had to be off longer than usual one day, but she gave me full instructions as to what I should do. Even though the patient was a maniac, she realized that I was new on the job. I was alert, and by the Lord's help I managed to get her to go to the treatment room for her treatment. We had to take her through the back door at the noon hour to keep from coming in contact with the other patients. We turned her over to the treatment-room nurse while I stood guard at the door.

When the treatment was over, it seemed as if she resented my being there and rushed toward me with great force and would have thrown me down, but I backed up against the wall and refused to move. When she saw that she could not push me away, she cried out, "You big old ox of a girl," and turned quickly and ran down the stairs, out onto the street, and into her own room, getting there and locking the door before I could get in.

I was scared! I did not know what might happen;



"I backed up against the door, and again she failed to move me."

## ACCEPTED IN THE NURSES' CLASS

all I could do was to pray and wait. Finally a call boy came by and I sent word by him for someone to bring me a master key to the room. Fortunately she had taken the key out when she locked the door.

When I opened the door and stepped inside, she was angry sure enough and came at me again. I backed up against the door, and again she failed to move me; however, she pinched me and slapped me a few times. I took it, but it was hard to do. I had been told never to use force with a maniac; therefore I had to take it. Finally she left me. I remembered that the nurse had told me that, if she became too bad, I should repeat some Bible verses, which usually helped. I began saying memory verses which I had learned in Sabbath school and in my Bible lessons, and to my great surprise and joy she sat down and calmly listened. I had almost exhausted my supply of verses when the regular nurse for the day returned.

After having had five mental cases, I was given other types of patients. In due time the end of the year came, and we were asked to hand in a report of our time and the names of the departments we had worked in. I made out an itemized, detailed report; and when I checked it, I was nearly one hundred hours short of what I should have. Then I wrote a little note saying, "You can see my work has been in several depart-

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

ments, and the rest of the time I was held at the nurses' headquarters subject to call for relief work. I was always faithful to my post of duty, but I do not have the required number of hours. I leave it with you, praying that the Lord will impress you what to do."

After a few days I received a call from the head nurse and reported to her office. She informed me that after checking my record for the year, the committee felt that I should not have to make up any time and that I was entitled to go on with my class. Once more the Lord had heard my prayers and worked in my behalf.

Days of probation were over, and I was promoted to the second year's work with a salary and could buy my own uniforms, books, and other supplies. How happy I was!

## IN TRAINING AT BATTLE CREEK

**D**URING my remaining years in the nurses' course I had many interesting experiences, only two of which I will mention.

The training school of Battle Creek College was known as the American Medical Missionary College. Part of the time the medical students studied in Chicago and part time in Battle Creek.

One day one of the mission workers, while out canvassing and introducing health foods, came to a home where there was a very sick lady. The residents at first wouldn't let the missionary into the house, but he asked to be allowed to come in and pray for the patient. Being Christians, they let him in. When he had completed his prayer he urged them to send the patient to the Battle Creek Sanitarium. He was so urgent and was so sure she could be helped there that a daughter was impressed. In a few days arrangements were made, and the patient, Mrs. S. M. I. Henry, national evangelist of the W.C.T.U., was put aboard a fast train on a stretcher and taken to

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

Battle Creek. She had her doctor, daughter, and minister accompany her.

When she arrived, she was given special care and attention by the best doctors. Dr. Kellogg himself carefully examined her. Then he told them he couldn't cure her. She had a serious case of organic heart trouble, and nothing short of a miracle could help, but they could give her treatments which would make her last days easier. Of course, all were disappointed, but she decided to remain a while and see how things would turn out.

The sanitarium staff did everything they could to help. One day when the chaplain came to see her on his regular visits she asked if she could be anointed and prayed for, following the instructions in James 5:14, 15.

She pressed her request by saying, "You are all Christians; I'm a Christian. Why can't I be healed?"

The chaplain told the doctors, and they had a talk with her, but she still desired to have this done, and took all responsibility upon herself. Finally they set a time, the elders were called in, and the attending physician took Mrs. Henry to the chapel in a wheel chair, not trusting a nurse alone with the case. The chaplain sent notices to all nurses, department heads, and helpers, telling what was going to take place at a certain hour that day, and requesting everyone to be

## IN TRAINING AT BATTLE CREEK

sure to unite in the prayer for that sick patient. He also explained what a blessing it would be if she were healed, and also what a blow it would be to the institution should she die. Needless to say, all prayed.

It pleased the Lord to heal her. She was carried down on an elevator in the wheel chair, but after the anointing service was concluded, she walked back to her room!

Of course, this was a glorious victory of faith! When she was examined afterward, there were *no signs* of the former organic heart trouble. She was *healed!*

She was so well known it was heralded far and wide among her friends, especially among Methodists and the W.C.T.U., all of whom rejoiced greatly. Shortly after that she studied the doctrines further and united with the Battle Creek Seventh-day Adventist Church and became an active lecturer and writer until her natural death some years later.

The other wonderful impression that was made upon me came as a result of the news that there was a famine in India, and our own missionaries, some of whom were Battle Creek doctors and nurses, were facing a shortage of food.

Dr. Kellogg called all the doctors, nurses, and helpers together and told us of the cablegram which had been received, and appealed to us to make a sacri-

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

rice of *our food*. In other words, as he put it, go on a Hindu diet for one week, cut out everything from our board bill except those things which the sanitarium would not have to buy.

Then he placed the matter before us, asking for a show of hands by all those who would like to go on this special, restricted diet. Quite a large number, four or five hundred, raised their hands. Special tables were arranged, and at the end of a week we had saved \$500. We liked it so well that we decided to carry on our sacrifice another week and were able to donate a \$1,000 famine-relief fund from the saving on our board bill for two weeks.

Of course, the missionaries were thankful for the help, and lives were saved in the mission field as a result.

Later when I went to India I saw and taught five of the orphan children who had been saved from starvation by our missionaries in Calcutta during that famine.

10 . . . .

A GRADUATE NURSE RETURNS TO  
MISSISSIPPI

WHEN my course in nurses' training was nearing its end, Dr. Kellogg called the class together and told us that another class was to be organized and that many new people would be coming in. He wanted our class, after finishing the course, to volunteer to go out into the field and engage in self-supporting medical missionary work and thereby make room for the new class. He told us of the great need for medical missionaries in all parts of America as well as in foreign lands. Many hands were raised when he made the call, "Who will go?" I held up my hand with the others. Our names were taken, and one by one we were called in to be interviewed by the committee and to receive instruction and equipment for our assigned tasks.

When I was called, Dr. Kellogg asked me what I wanted to do. I told him that I wanted to go back to my home in Mississippi and start a school and teach. He was surprised but pleased, and said, "Fine! Few people would want to do that."

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

He asked what I had to begin my adventure with.

I replied, "Nothing."

"Well, you go back to work," he said, "and when we can get plans perfected we will send for you."

In a week or two he called me in again and said, "We have the transportation all arranged. Our medical missionary society is taking care of that. Here is a letter. When you get to Cincinnati, give this to the ticket agent. He will sell you a ticket to Ellisville, your destination, at missionary rates. We will have your ticket ready from Battle Creek to Cincinnati. I'm giving you a complete nurse's outfit, and here is another letter you are to take to the Review and Herald Publishing House. Get as many of my Number One Physiology books as you need. They will charge the account to me. When you get to Mississippi and start your school, if you need more just let me know. You may leave as soon as you like. Here is \$20 to take care of your fare from Cincinnati to Ellisville. The sanitarium will furnish your lunch for the trip."

He bade me God-speed and good-bye.

After six years of hard work and study I had really arrived and was about to launch out into the deep to sink or swim as a self-supporting medical missionary in my own native state.

My many friends in Battle Creek gave me a special

## A GRADUATE NURSE RETURNS

surprise party and soon sent me on my way rejoicing.

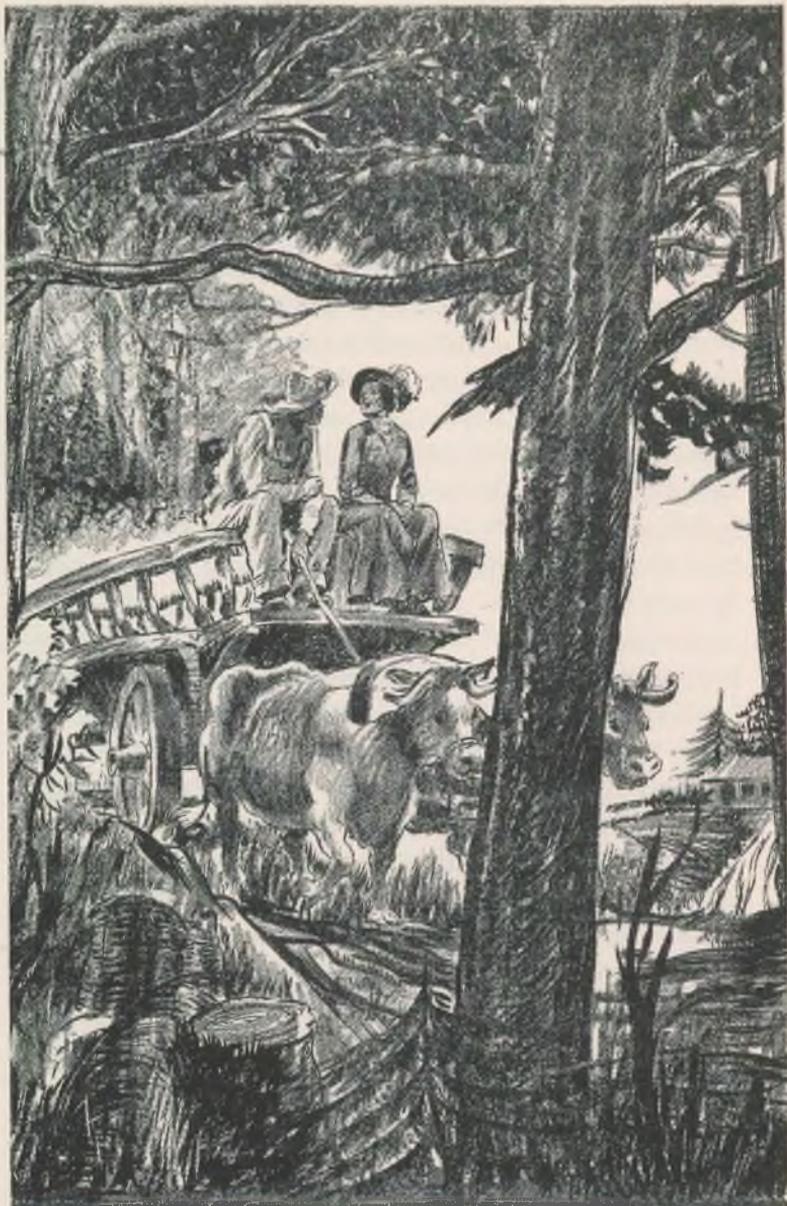
I stopped in Chattanooga to spend a few days with my dear friend, Mrs. L. Dyo Chambers. Her husband died while I was in training at Battle Creek. She was happy to see me so polished and improved over what I was when I first came to her home six years before. She cried for joy and again told me that if she should sleep before the Lord came, she felt that her work would still go on through me. I promised her to do my best to carry on by the help of the Lord.

My brother met me at Ellisville, and we took the twenty-mile trip out to my old home by ox wagon. It took all day.

The first thing I did was to call all the would-be patrons and friends together and tell them of my plans for them and their children, and of the good hand of the Lord upon me. I showed them the books and charts which Dr. Kellogg had given me and the nurse's outfit.

"Now all this is to be used for the good of you and your children and for the community as a whole, if you will only co-operate in the work. We must work together and thereby banish darkness and superstition from our midst by letting the light of Christian education come in."

All the ill feeling over my new faith had died out, and my people gladly received me and were quite



"My brother met me, and we took the twenty-mile trip out to my old home by ox wagon."

## A GRADUATE NURSE RETURNS

willing to co-operate in every way they could to help me begin the school.

The best we could do the first year was to use an old log cabin on my uncle's farm. It was too dilapidated for anyone to live in, but it had a fairly good roof, about two thirds of a chimney, and a serviceable fireplace. The floor had plenty of cracks, as did the sides and the door. We proceeded, however, to get it in readiness for school. We felled a tree and split it, bored holes in it, and put legs into the holes to make two long benches which would seat about nine children each. I placed them in the middle of the room before the fireplace. The children would exchange places occasionally, the back row to the front row, and vice versa, in order to keep warm.

I had a homemade chair and table at one side near the fire and window.

When it was cold we had to close the door, not having any windows. It was quite hard on the children's eyes, but we managed somehow.

We would add pine knots to the wood, and the glow from it would keep us furnished with light by which to study.

One day it snowed and was very cold. We made such a big fire that the chimney, being old and half knocked down (it was made of sticks and clay), set

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

the house on fire. However, we saw it in time, and rushed out and shortly had it put out by snowballing the fire. After we were sure the fire was out, we had to dismiss school for that day.

I taught this school for one dollar a week in cash and the balance to be paid in labor, which the parents and children did at odd times. I allowed the children five cents an hour to cut wood which we burned to keep them warm. This was done to help them feel they were paying their way in school.

I had four acres in cotton. I did the plowing. The children who could not pay cash for their schooling did the hoeing.

After I had laid by my cotton crop, Dr. Kellogg sent for me and a number of others who had gone out pioneering in missionary work. We were to come back to Battle Creek and take a postgraduate course. At the same time the sanitarium needed extra trained help to care for the large number of patients who were there during the summer.

I attended summer school at the college part of the time. There I got additional training to help me with my mission school in Mississippi.

When the postgraduate course was finished, each of us returned to her respective field of labor or to a new assignment. I went back to Mississippi to erect the

## A GRADUATE NURSE RETURNS

new schoolhouse which I was planning to build.

The summer before, a friend of mine from Battle Creek, Miss Julia Luccock, who had been nursing a patient in Alabama, decided to visit her people and the camp meeting in Iowa. She stopped by to see me before going, planning to stay only a few days, but she was so interested in what I was trying to do that she spent nearly three weeks with me helping to plan the work. We drew a sketch of the building I wanted, and she took it with her to Iowa to show to her father and get suggestions from him, for he was a builder. She did this and returned it to me in due time with many helpful suggestions.

While at the camp meeting in Iowa, she solicited fifty dollars for the work and sent it to me by registered letter. I called a meeting of the patrons of the school and the friendly neighbors who were interested and willing to assist. I told them about my plans to build a schoolhouse and solicited their help. If they did not have money they could donate labor.

Everyone promised to do what he could. The men went to the woods, felled timber, and took old-fashioned broadaxes and hewed logs for the sills and sleepers. This was quite a saving on the lumber bill. We had split the boards for the roof before I left for Battle Creek some months before.

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

The women and children picked the cotton on my four acres, and I sold it and put the money into the building fund.

When I made out the lumber bill and sent it to our little country sawmill, the owner of the mill was surprised, for this was the largest single order he had ever received at any one time. All the rough lumber such as framing, rafters, and joists I bought from him, but the finishing lumber for siding and window casings had to be bought in Ellisville twenty miles away and brought out by mule team to the building plot. This was a big job which cost quite a sum of money. All the cotton money plus the fifty dollars from Miss Luccock, besides considerable advanced labor on tuition, was put into the building in addition to the free labor donations. In about eight weeks, by long hours of work and united effort, the building was completed.

I bought glass windows, a stove, and paint for blackboards. When the time came for school to open, we had the nicest schoolhouse anywhere in that section of the country. People came from as far as seventy-five miles to see it.

I had twenty-four pupils in eight grades and a tuition charge for each pupil of one dollar a month. Only one patron was able to pay the tuition in cash

## A GRADUATE NURSE RETURNS

each month. The others paid their tuition with part cash and part labor. The labor consisted of clearing an acre of land adjoining the school ground on which we planned to have an orchard and vineyard. I allowed the children part of their noon hour and after school for work sawing logs and wood from this ground. The logs were used to make rails to fence the vineyard, and the wood was used in the stove.

I organized two Sunday schools, six miles apart, and used *Our Little Friend* in each of them. One was held Sunday morning and the other in the afternoon. The Sabbath school children at Graysville, Tennessee, sent me their used papers which I would use first at one Sunday school and then at the other. Thus the same papers served three different places.

After the Sunday school lesson was over, I taught penmanship, reading, and arithmetic to some adults who were unable to attend the regular day school. I also taught them better ways of cooking and how to can fruit, stressing especially the need of health and temperance among them.

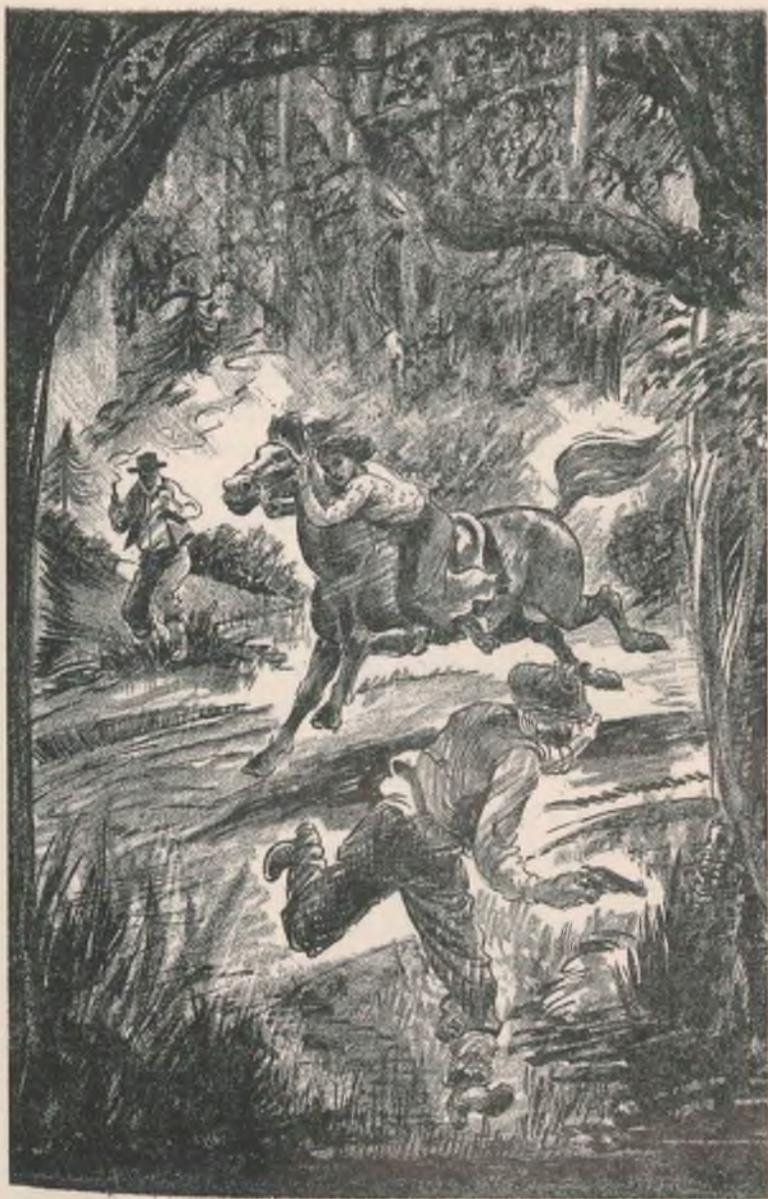
The people were learning many things, but it was hard for them to see and accept all the message.

There were some people who were making illicit liquor, "moonshiners" we called them. When I put up my physiology chart and showed the people what

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

liquor drinking would do to their heart, liver, kidneys, and other organs, they got scared and stopped buying the moonshine whisky. That made the moonshiners angry with me, and they sent word for me to stop preaching against their business or they would put me out of business. They did not believe in women preachers anyway.

I sent word back that I was not preaching, only teaching and lecturing, that I covered the ground I stood on, and when they got ready to shoot I was ready. Some friends thought I had better stop, but I wouldn't be a quitter. To make these friends feel more satisfied, I carried a revolver with me, and sometimes a double-barreled shotgun, and placed both in the schoolhouse near at hand while I taught. Every second Sunday I conducted the Sunday school six miles away as usual. The men who sent the threat watched for me. I would go one way and come back another. After a time they caught on to that, and one Sunday afternoon as I was returning home from the Soso Sunday school, I had to go through a lane about one fourth of a mile long. A fence was on either side and woodland at the end. I saw the men come into the lane from the woods. They were drinking and yelling as such men usually do. I had to think fast as well as to pray. I happened to be on horseback. A horse I had trained



"I saw the men come into the lane from the woods. I happened to be on horseback."

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

in years past was the one I was riding, so I decided to go on until I got almost in reach of them as though I didn't suspect anything; then I dropped the reins, threw up my hands, and slapped the horse on the side, which was the signal for him to run at high speed. I sat on his back all right, but leaned over as though I was trying to get the reins of the bridle; in reality I was urging him to go faster. We ran through the mob without a scratch. They yelled more loudly and fired their pistols, but neither the horse nor I was harmed. When I was at a safe distance, I patted the horse gently, and he stopped running and I rode on home safely.

I put up the horse, ate my dinner, and taught my home Sunday school. Soon after we got started, three of these men whom I had met in the lane came to my schoolhouse. I knew they meant no good. They came in, took a back seat, and soon one of them spat on the floor. (I had a rule that no one was to spit on the floor.) I stopped and looked straight at him and said, "I thought I heard someone spit on the floor. If so, please don't do it again. If I am not correct, I beg your pardon." This was not what they expected, so they got up and went out. But since they went out into the woods instead of to the road, I knew that we were in for trouble. I dismissed the women and children,

## A GRADUATE NURSE RETURNS

closed up my schoolhouse, and went home. Two of my men relatives remained behind to see what might happen. Shortly the three men came back to the schoolhouse, having "tanked up" with a little more "moonshine," but finding the school closed, they picked a quarrel with my friends and finally jumped on them for a free-for-all fight. They soon found that the two "Knights" were too much for the three of them, and finally gave up and left. It cost us a lawsuit and a little money, but I did not close the school. I had watchmen to guard the building at night, and I took my books and guns each day and carried on the work. When my enemies saw that I was not afraid, they ceased to make us trouble.

## FROM MISSISSIPPI TO INDIA

IN MAY, 1901, Dr. Kellogg sent for me to attend the General Conference at Battle Creek as a delegate, to help represent the medical missionary and self-supporting work of the Battle Creek graduates who had been sent out into various places. This was my third trip to Battle Creek. I felt honored to be seated as a delegate among so many other workers from different places, and I was glad that I had a good report to give when my name was called. During the little more than two years of missionary work I had been able to establish a school with twenty-four pupils, build a neat, comfortable schoolhouse free from debt, organize two Sunday schools in two different communities, six miles apart, give scores of lectures on health and temperance, besides give first aid and simple treatment to the sick. To God be the glory.

After the General Conference session there were some matters left for the General Conference Committee to arrange.

Elder J. L. Shaw and his wife, who had returned

## FROM MISSISSIPPI TO INDIA

from Africa, had been called to India. They needed two trained nurses to go with them, and it seemed rather difficult to find those who were physically fit to go.

One day I heard some nurses talking about the need in India. Immediately I remembered my wish, years before, to go to India and help the women over there. I said, "If they will send a man and his wife to look after my work in Mississippi, I'll go to India and stay until the Lord comes."

One who stood by heard my remark and said, "May I tell the committee that?"

I answered, "Sure, tell them."

The next day a member of the committee called on me and told me what he had heard. He asked if I didn't think I was laying plans for the Lord instead of His planning for me. I still requested them to send a man and his wife to take my work in Mississippi. The work would be too hard for a single woman who had not been brought up on a farm.

Several days went by and the two nurses for India had not been found. Again I was interviewed. In the meantime I had asked a number of my friends for counsel, but they were not united in their advice. Some said Go and others said Stay. I was more burdened than ever, and then I decided to go off alone in a

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

vacant room and spend the night in prayer, or until the Lord gave me orders as to what to do. I could then truthfully say, "Not my will but Thine be done."

One of my classmates, Miss Donna Humphrey, had also been asked to go. Up to this time neither of us could decide. On the same night we went to the Lord for His decision, neither of us knowing what the other was doing.

In my usual direct manner I went straight to the point. "Lord, You know all things, and all needs. The work is all Thine; the people are Thine in Mississippi, India, and in all the world. Lord, if You need me in India more than in Mississippi, then take away this sorrow out of my heart and stop me from crying all the time about it. If the sorrow and crying is taken away, then I'll know *You* are calling me to go to India."

Before I had finished my prayer, the tears were dried from my eyes and not another tear did I shed, not even when I said good-bye to my dearest friends.

After the Lord so signally answered my prayer and I knew I was going to India, I wrote a letter to my dear friend, Mrs. Julia Luccock-Atwood, and told her I had been called to India, was accepting the call, and the purpose of my letter was to ask her to go to Mississippi and carry on the work. I told her she had been there; the people all loved her and would co-operate with her.

## FROM MISSISSIPPI TO INDIA

Brother Atwood could do the farm work and she could do the teaching. I was sure that they would get along well.

They were to use my land and everything as though it were theirs. In a short while I heard from her that she and her husband were willing to comply with my request. The conference sent them to Mississippi.

In a few days we were on our way to India—Elder and Mrs. J. L. Shaw, Elder G. K. Owen, Mrs. Shaw's father; Brother L. J. Burgess, Miss Donna Humphrey, and I. Miss Humphrey had her prayer answered the same night that I received my answer, and both of us felt happy in the fact that our appointments had come from the Lord.

I did not take the time to go back to Mississippi to say good-bye to my people. Time was too short, and besides, I remembered the words of Jesus when He answered a certain man one time who said: "Lord, I will follow thee; but let me first go bid them farewell, which are at home at my house. And Jesus said unto him, No man, having put his hand to the plow, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." Luke 9: 61, 62.

Thus, I felt free to accept the call and go on to India at once without going back to my home in Mississippi. The night we left Battle Creek for New

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

York, about two hundred people were at the depot to see us off. They sang "God be with you till we meet again." As the train pulled out we saw many hands and handkerchiefs waving farewell, and heard them sing the last stanza of the song, "We'll trust Thee as we onward journey, God of Israel, God of Israel."

It was a most touching and impressive occasion, yet not a tear did I shed. My heart was light; my eyes were clear and bright all the way. We took a little time off on the way to visit the World Exposition at Buffalo, New York. I was in such a hurry to go on to India I couldn't understand why we should go to this World's Fair.

We were only a little while in New York City getting our business matters attended to. Then off on our ship for Liverpool, England, and by train to London. After clearing the customs there, we crossed the English Channel and landed at Calais, France, boarded the train and went to Paris, and from there to Marseilles. We took a boat to Port Said, then crossed the Red Sea into the Gulf of Aden, into the Indian Ocean, to Bombay, India. It took just thirty days and nights from the time we left New York. I was never seasick while en route to India.

The trip was wonderful. As we sailed down the Mediterranean, passing some of the islands mentioned

## FROM MISSISSIPPI TO INDIA

in the Bible where Paul preached, and then into the Red Sea where the children of Israel crossed over and Pharaoh's army was drowned, I received a thrill I shall never forget, and the Bible seemed more real to me each day as I read it and saw some of the places of which it spoke.

For sixteen days and nights we never saw land. One day we were on deck and saw some flying fish. One passenger exclaimed, "Oh, look at the birds!" But as her words died out the "birds" sank into the water. The other passengers did not laugh, but I was glad I was not the one who had spoken. I looked on in amazement, for I had never seen flying fish before. Our ship reached Bombay at night. We couldn't go ashore till morning; and when we did, it was difficult to make our way to the Victoria terminal station because there were so many beggars along the streets. There were many maimed and crippled lepers in all stages of the disease. One could long indeed for Jesus to come and heal them.

We finally made our way to the depot, and while we waited for the train, Mrs. Shaw and Brother Burgess went out to hunt some fruit for our lunch on the train. He got lost, and we had to go on and leave him behind. Elder Owen remained at the station to wait for him, and they came on the next train.

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

We had little to eat and no water to drink on the train, since we were traveling intermediate class. Trains in India in those days had four classes: first, second, intermediate, and third class. Being missionaries and wanting to save the Lord's money, we traveled intermediate on this trip from Bombay to Calcutta.

It was hot and we had quite a time making the journey across the country. We finally arrived at the Howrah railway station in Calcutta about thirty-six hours from the time we left Bombay. Practically the whole mission family was at the depot to meet us. How glad we were to meet them and to get the good, hot breakfast awaiting us at the mission home! Calcutta was quite a modern city, and I was somewhat surprised. However, it was not for long. I soon saw that the things I had heard of and read about were all too real!

My first work in Calcutta was in connection with the sanitarium; but I did not remain there long. One of the workers, Brother Quantock, was sick at Karmatar and was unable to carry on and had to return to America. His wife went with him, and someone had to go to Karmatar to help Miss S. E. Whiteis with the work. It fell to my lot to go.

While at Karmatar I worked in many lines and in any place where help was needed. Sometimes I ex-

## FROM MISSISSIPPI TO INDIA

tracted teeth or lanced boils and abscesses, kept the accounts for the mission, and taught the Bible and other English classes to the students in the training school. I also supervised the garden.

I had several interesting experiences, but the hardest one was in connection with the garden. While I was trying to show the coolies how to prepare the soil, they balked on me, telling me it could not be done that way in India.

I then took our schoolboys and did the impossible. We were to plant sweet potato slips. The ground was hard; they had to dig it up with a pick. I knew sweet potatoes could not grow in such hard soil; therefore, we took gunny sacks, the bullock cart, and went to the river and brought sand and mixed it with the earth. Then we took some barnyard manure and added that. Next we took a mattock and mixed it all together, digging a trench for it. I remembered I had seen an American turnplow at the barn, and I told the coolie to fetch it. He began to protest again, saying it had never been used and would not work in India. "Might be all right in America, no good in India," he complained. I had it brought to me, hitched the bullocks to it, and took the handles of the plow myself. It took two boys to whip the bullocks to make them pull the plow. By the hardest kind of work I managed to list

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

up the soil into good rows. Then I took the slips and planted them on top of the rows. Our mission boys helped as best they could. I was wet with perspiration, and before I finished, it began to rain and I got wet again. I worked on in the rain until the job was completed; for I had been told that if one wanted to retain his leadership with the natives, he must not fail in what he undertook; therefore I persevered to the end.

I went into the bungalow, took a bath, ate dinner, and then all was blank—I fainted.

I realized afterward that I had been overheated and should have rested after my bath before eating. For thirty-six hours I was unconscious. The native helpers were scared and sent a telegram to Calcutta for Miss Whiteis to come at once. She had gone that morning to get the monthly supplies. She did not understand the telegram, but sent another nurse on the next train who was to remain until she could do her shopping and return. In the meantime two of the older girls took turns in looking after me and trying to keep me cool. After ten or twelve hours a train came by, and they got some ice and finally I regained consciousness and realized my condition.

In a few days I was as well as usual, but very weak. I used two girls as crutches and went out and sat in a chair directing the boys how to plant the remainder

## FROM MISSISSIPPI TO INDIA

of the garden with turnips, cauliflower, tomatoes, beets, and other vegetables.

Soon there was a harvest of vegetables such as had never been seen at Karmatar before. Then all the coolies and village folk spread the news that the missionary really did make the American plow work wonders.

At the close of the cool weather in Calcutta, the work at the sanitarium was slack, and a number of the workers could be spared to do field work in some of the large cities.

It seemed wise to the brethren to do all they could to evangelize the English-speaking people by means of the printed page. At this time they used books largely, but also some periodicals. *The Oriental Watchman*, a religious paper, and the *London Good Health*, both monthly periodicals, were used in connection with the books. If a combination order could not be secured, then the canvasser would try to take a single order. Since manpower was limited, they had to look to the women for help in this work.

After careful consideration it was decided Miss Donna Humphrey and I should be sent out to help. We were to canvass with *Ladies' Guide* and *Patriarchs and Prophets*, going to the English-speaking people, both European and native. We planned to introduce

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

our health foods by conducting schools of health wherever possible. We were also to teach the use of simple treatments in connection with the schools of health. In this way we would be advertising the sanitarium and food factory at Calcutta.

Our first stop was Allahabad. Here a member of the Calcutta church lived. We were to room with her and work that city, after which the mission director would tell us what to do next.

The work went well in Allahabad. We sold many books and conducted an excellent school of health, which was appreciated by the European population in particular. It was conducted under the auspices of the Young Women's Christian Association and was self-supporting. This venture was so successful it was thought best that we should go to the mountain city of Simla and spend the hot season there. After receiving instructions from the mission superintendent we immediately got our things together, gave up our room, and sent our luggage to the railway station. It happened that when we arrived at the depot we saw our friend, the secretary of the Y.W.C.A. of Allahabad. She was surprised and sorry to learn that we were leaving, but asked if we had made reservations.

"No, I didn't know we had to make reservations."

She said, "People going to Simla for the season rent

## FROM MISSISSIPPI TO INDIA

their rooms six months ahead of time. You may not be able to find quarters there at this late date."

She was more perturbed than I. She wrote a little note and gave it to me saying, "When you get to Simla, take this to the Y.W.C.A. secretary at Valentine Cottage. If possible she will provide you lodging for a few days until you can find a place. We have a holiday home there."

She told us where to get off when we got to the edge of the city of Simla and how to get up the hill to Valentine Cottage.

When I asked for a ticket to Simla, I learned that the train did not go that far. It went only to Kalka, and the distance from Kalka to Simla, fifty-eight miles, was made by cart road in a tonga.

The tonga is a very crude, primitive vehicle with two large wheels having a board fastened to the axle-tree without springs or cushions. It, however, did have a footrest, but no back rest. The backs of the people in front made a rest for those in the back and vice versa. Each tonga could carry three adults and the driver. It was drawn by two hill horses which were replaced by fresh ones at regular stages.

I bought the tickets to Kalka, checked our luggage, and waited for the train, praying all the while that the Lord would provide for us.

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

When we arrived at Kalka, we had to try to secure seats in a tonga. We didn't know that we had to make reservations two or three days in advance, so all we could do was to hope and pray from Allahabad to Kalka, a distance of 551 miles. There was plenty of time to pray.

As soon as we got off the train, I went directly to the tonga station and asked for two seats to Simla. The man at the desk asked for my name, turned to his book, but found no order. Then he fussed at me for not making reservations before coming and asking for a seat.

While he contended, I tried to be calm and smiled back. When I could get in a word, I simply said, "I'm a stranger and I didn't know your customs and so failed to make reservations. Please help me if you can!"

At that moment a telegram was handed to him, telling him to sell two seats which someone from Calcutta had reserved. They would be detained a day. The Lord intervened for us. We had the first and fastest tonga up the hill that day. We were so thankful for the ride we didn't mind the bumps and jars.

We had to be sure we got off at the right spot, since we must find a place at the Y.W.C.A. Holiday Home for a few days. Our tonga made the trip in record time. When we reached the Chara Miadon, the driver tried to put us off. I said, "No, stop." I sent Miss

## FROM MISSISSIPPI TO INDIA

Humphrey up the road to see if Valentine Cottage was up there. He quarreled, but I held the tonga until she returned. I spoke English, he spoke Pahari; but we understood each other. In a short while she returned smiling. Quickly he unloaded our luggage, then went on into the city with the mail long before any other tongas came up. He was afraid to wait because he carried the mail. Should anyone pass him, he might lose his job. God took care of him and us in answer to our prayers.

The Y.W.C.A. secretary was at home. She had been ready to go out for some time, but was detained at the home for what reason she did not know until we arrived and told her the plight we were in. She marveled at the way the Lord had provided for us.

She could keep us only three days because some missionaries from Bombay would be up. I told her we would be gone by then.

This was Friday afternoon. We got settled and prepared for the Sabbath and did some more earnest praying that the Lord would help us to find a lady we had met in Calcutta, and use her in helping us obtain a place to stay during the season. Sabbath morning we decided to go out to the park to study our Sabbath school lesson and pray alone out on the beautiful mountainside.

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

When we came to the best place, as we thought, we saw no park, and there was a long, winding road down the hill. We decided to stop where we were and study our Sabbath school lesson and then go on. Soon quite a family of big, gray, black-faced monkeys came out and chattered at us. They did not seem to like our intrusion into their domain, but we sat still and watched and prayed. Soon they sprang up the trees, made quite a demonstration for us, and went away.

After the study of the Sabbath school lesson and another season of prayer we started down toward the park, if there was one. Shortly we saw a lady coming up the hill to meet us. When she came near, behold, it was the one whom we had prayed to find.

She was surprised, and exclaimed, "How did you get here?" Then she added, "I usually go the longer way back, but for some reason I came up this way. Now I know why."

We told her we had asked the Lord to help us to find her, and through her to find a place to live.

She told us of a little cottage where she lived the year before which we would be going by on our way back to Valentine Cottage.

When I saw it, I immediately thought that this was the place we needed, but she said it was leased and that we might not be able to get it. We thanked her

## FROM MISSISSIPPI TO INDIA

and went home to the Y.W.C.A. On Sunday she came and took us to meet the owner of the cottage we wanted.

After we were introduced and told our business, the lady commented, "The cottage is leased, but I have a room in the big house you may have."

"No," I said, "we want the cottage."

While we were trying to persuade her, a messenger came and handed her a telegram. She read it and looked at us: "Well, the people who leased the cottage have decided to go to Darjeeling instead of Simla, and are asking me to sublease it, so you can have it."

We went back happily to the Y.W.C.A. and got ready to move early Monday morning in order to vacate our room in time for the other missionaries from Bombay to occupy it when they arrived.

The Y.W.C.A. secretary and family marveled when we told them how the Lord had gone before and opened ways for us.

All that season we remained there and the Lord wonderfully blessed our work. We placed many books in the homes of the people, gave treatments to the official class, and conducted a school of health at the Y.W.C.A. center. Quite a number of people became interested in the truth, and a few Bible studies were conducted for them.

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

At the close of the hot season when the time came for the official class to go down to the plains during the cool weather, Miss Humphrey and I went back to Calcutta. She took up work in the sanitarium while I continued to sell books and do Bible work among the number of interested people in Calcutta.

In March Miss Donna Humphrey died suddenly, and for a while I was almost heartbroken. Elder J. L. Shaw, the mission superintendent, suggested that perhaps I should return home.

I said, "No, I can't go back, for I feel I should carry on here and try to do her work and mine, too." It was decided that I should remain, working in Calcutta and Karmatar as needed.

AN EXPERIENCE I SHALL NEVER  
FORGET

OF MY many experiences in India, there is one I shall never forget. After a hot day, I was tired and lonely. Miss Donna Humphrey, a dear friend and co-worker, had suddenly died. She had come with me to India and had accompanied me on my first missionary tour. I had finished writing a letter of consolation to her sisters back home and was riding a bicycle to the post office to be sure the letter would leave on the outgoing boat the next day.

A cool breeze began to blow so refreshingly that I decided to spin around the park on my bicycle before going home. It was after sunset and was getting dark fast. Since people in Calcutta had their dinner at night, from 7: 30 to 9: 30, few were on the streets.

At the junction of the park road and the street that led home, a voice spoke to me: "Go home now, you have been out long enough; it is time to go home." I looked about but saw no one. I hesitated, but since I saw no one, I said to myself, "I'll go down this road to the bridge. When I come back, the wind will be

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

pleasant and I'll just coast along and then go home."

The ride was delightful, just as I had expected; but when I was about halfway back to where I would turn off to go home, I saw a man on the roadside ahead of me. A voice told me to ride fast, but I reasoned that to do this would only attract his attention. Again the voice spoke, almost commanding me to ride fast. I did speed up, and as I drew near where the man stood, he sprang out into the road and caught the bicycle from behind; but I was going at such high speed that it was impossible for him to stop me. But he did turn the bicycle from the road, and I saw a big tree directly ahead. The bicycle was headed straight for it. In my mind I could see myself being killed instantly and my brains all spattered on the ground around the tree trunk. Like a flash, I prayed inwardly for the Lord to save me. I could do nothing. Just then the front wheel of the bicycle struck the curbstone with such force it threw the man and the bicycle down with me on top.

Quick as lightning I was on my feet yelling, "Police! police! police!" But not a soul was in sight or in hearing distance. The man jumped up and tried to grab me. We had a fist fight for a few minutes. All the time I tried to call the police and the man tried to choke me, but each time I prevented him by knocking his hands back. Finally his fingers grazed my neck and caught

## AN EXPERIENCE

under the cord to which my watch was fastened. The watch was jerked out of its pocket, the cord broke, and the watch fell to the ground. The man stood for a second looking at me, then stooped and picked up the watch. I tried to take it, but he struck my right arm near the wrist with some sharp instrument and my arm fell helpless to my side. He disappeared, taking my gold watch with him.

The one thing that impressed me most was the fact that if I had obeyed the voice that instructed me to go home, none of this would have happened.

The verses in Exodus 23: 20, 21 came forcibly to my mind: "Behold, I send an Angel before thee, to keep thee in the way, and to bring thee into the place which I have prepared. Beware of him, and obey his voice, provoke him not; for he will not pardon your transgressions; for my name is in him."

I felt sure that the angel of the Lord had tried to deliver me from that holdup. Had I obeyed his voice, all would have been well. I had, however, learned my lesson. After recovering from the shock, I went back to my bicycle and rode home wiser but sadder than when I had left. The watch which was taken from me was a gift from Miss Humphrey.

The people at my rooming place were surprised to see my hand and dress bloody from the wound made

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

by the parting blow of the holdup man. When I explained what had happened and where it had happened, everyone could tell me of some terrible things that had occurred on that road. Many persons had been robbed and some had been killed.

It was too late for advice then, but needless to say I never took any more rides alone in Calcutta at night, and I thanked my God again for His protection.

The statement in Romans 8: 28 to the effect that all things work together for good to them that love the Lord is still in the Good Book. From this experience I vowed a vow that in the future when my angel or the Spirit spoke to me again anywhere at any time I would surely obey.

After being in India for a time, I received a letter from home telling me that Mr. and Mrs. Parker Atwood had been compelled to leave their work because of the continued threats and violence from a certain unfriendly group in the community. After their departure, my schoolhouse and their unfinished residence were burned down. I sat down and cried. It really hurt my heart to learn of this misfortune which had befallen my missionary project in Mississippi.

I think I felt as Nehemiah felt in Shushan when he heard the men of Judah tell the sad news about Jerusalem's wall being broken down and the gates burned

## AN EXPERIENCE

with fire. To think that all my hard labor, money, and fond expectation for that place had vanished into smoke and ashes! It was quite a blow; still I was not going to let go. I wrote letters to the General Conference and to the superintendent of the Southern Mission Field asking them to try to send someone else to Mississippi to build again and reopen a school there.

I also wrote to my people in Mississippi, telling them I had not been in the mission field long enough to return, but that I would do all I could to try to get the home conference to find someone else to carry on the good work which had been interrupted. I urged them to have patience and faith in God, for surely some provision would be made; but if not, as soon as I had been in India long enough for a furlough, I would return and teach the pupils myself.

Having done all I could, I contented myself and threw all my influence and strength into service for my King. I went back to Karmatar for a while until the cool season was over.

## PRAYER AND WORK

ONE day a group of natives riding in a bullock cart came to our mission in Karmatar and earnestly entreated us to go with them to their village to see a very sick woman. They said she had been sick nearly a month and nothing they did had helped her. All their doctors had failed.

Since they came with a cart, we knew it must be some distance away and quite a serious case. Miss Whiteis, our nurse, got some things together: a spine bag, a stomach bag, earthen jugs of water, and an enema can with tubes. We put these things in the cart and took along one of our large boys to assist and to interpret for us. Miss Whiteis got on her bicycle and rode ahead of the cart. Soon we met her coming back. The natives were distressed. She stopped and told me it was a bad case of typhoid-malaria fever and that we would need more things than we had brought; therefore she had to go back to the dispensary to get them. I was to go on and get some things done if I could by the time she came back.

## PRAYER AND WORK

The driver urged the bullocks forward as fast as he could. When they slowed to a walk, the driver would twist their tails a little and they would trot again.

Finally we reached the village, and I took the bags and jugs of water into the yard where the sick woman was. When I saw her I thought she was dead or dying already. The hut was filled with smoke from a charcoal bucket in which the natives had built a fire of dry cow dung to place under the cot on which the sick woman lay to warm her poor, emaciated body. She had just had a hard chill. The cot upon which she lay was a rough homemade affair with a woven cover of coarse rice-straw ropes. There was no sheet or cloth under her and only a very small cloth over her naked body.

When a chill would come upon her, her friends would set the fire under the cot and leave it there until she warmed up. As a result, the poor woman's back had been burned severely, leaving an open sore. The sore had broken and pus was in it. In order to stop the running corruption the villagers had burned more cow dung and sprinkled the ashes on the sore.

I asked them to take the cot out of the hut into the open yard so I could make better observations and examinations. They refused to move her, saying, "You move her; you are a Christian; you have no caste. You can't become unclean. You move her; we can't."

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

I told our boy to take one end of the cot, and I took the other, and we carried her out into the fresh air and began to make preparations to clean her up.

She looked as if she had never had a bath. Her lips were parched from having no water for a week or more and were cracked and sore. Her tongue was swollen and protruded from her mouth. Her eyelids were so stiff they didn't close, yet she was still breathing. From what they told me I understood that she had not been given any water because of her fever. Their caste didn't permit them to let her drink water. The bowels had not moved in over a week and her abdomen was large from constipation. By this time I was ready to start work. First, I wanted to wash her face, soften her lips, and get her tongue back into her mouth, if possible.

When they saw what I was about to do, they set up such a commotion of protest I had to stop. I tried to explain that we had to do that and several other things before we could even give her any medicine. Finally the headman of the village came and told them to keep quiet. Since they had failed to help her and had asked us to come, they must get out of the way and allow us to do anything we wanted to for the woman, because it would not hurt them and it might help her.

By this time Miss Whiteis had returned, and I ex-

## PRAYER AND WORK

plained to her all that had been said and why we were waiting. It was quite difficult to decide what to do, but we had to do something because it was a matter of life and death. We frankly told them to step aside and keep quiet. First of all, we would have to pray and ask God to help us, because there was nothing we could do ourselves. Then we knelt down and prayed earnestly that the Lord would help us to do what we saw was needed and to bless our efforts and heal the poor sick woman if it was His will. We didn't pray a long prayer, but asked only for what we needed, then got up and went to work.

It was hard work, but finally we softened her lips and tongue with warm water and glycerine, washed her face, and eyelids especially, and placed the tongue back in her mouth. We kept the lips moist with wet cotton and let her suck the water from the cotton if she desired. Next we gave her an enema. This was the hardest of all. But we proceeded with our work until she was clean inside; then we started on the outside with soap and water, cleaning and disinfecting the sore on her back. We applied ointment and bound it up and placed a clean cloth over the straw-rope spring on the cot, and laid her on it. She couldn't speak, but she could blink her eyes and move her lips, and seemed to understand that we were her friends. She was grate-

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

ful for the relief which she had received at our hands.

It took quite a while to do all this. Then we prayed again and returned home, bringing some of their water bottles with us in which to send back clean water from our well for the woman to drink. We told the villagers that she must drink at least six or eight cups of clean water daily and every three or four hours take the medicine that we would send them. Some of it was in a powder form to be given daily in hot water every four hours. Some was liquid to be given in cold water in equal parts every two hours after the powder.

The village people took a two days' supply of medicine with them. I cautioned them over and over to be sure to follow the directions. The liquid medicine was fruit juice from dried California fruit sent to one of our missionaries by her mother. Before the fruit reached the missionary she received word that her mother had died. When the fruit came she could not eat it and gave it to our mission folk.

The powder was Mellin's food and malted milk. This was placed in little packets of paper and at the stated times was to be given as directed. When we saw how starved this patient was, we knew the best medicine was a liquid diet of the proper kind of food. We dared not tell them it was food, but called it medicine so they would give it to her. She took it

## PRAYER AND WORK

gladly since it was so good. No native medicine was ever so good as it.

It was marvelous how she recovered. In a few days she could sit up and talk. For several days the woman's friends came back for medicine. The liquid medicine she especially liked. While we made it they would sit down and wait patiently till it was prepared. This was done by stewing the dried fruit in more water than we would ordinarily and straining the juice into clean bottles.

After about two weeks they did not come for any more. One day we decided to go over to the village and see what had happened. Imagine our surprise and delight to find the patient entirely well, her back so healed that there was no ugly scar left. We did not know her, she looked so well.

The whole village turned out to greet us, saying that we had raised the dead, and they would have worshipped us had we permitted them.

"No, no," we said, "we have not raised the dead, but she was a very sick woman, and our God heard our prayers and blessed our treatments. He healed her. Thank Him and worship Him."

This experience made a wonderful impression in the Karmatar district, and several schools and churches were raised up. Prayer does change things.

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

We had a training school, a dispensary, and our little printing press located at Karmatar, at this time.

My work was acting as business manager and book-keeper, teacher of all English subjects, and assistant to Miss Whiteis in the clinic when she needed help. When it came to minor operations, such as extracting teeth and the like, I was called in to do that.

When the cool weather was ending in Calcutta, I requested Elder Shaw to let me go back to Simla and follow up the interest which had been started the year before. There was no one to go with me, and usually the plan was to send workers out by twos. I urged them to send me alone, as I had been there before, had made a few friends, and was sure I could get along all right.

About that time we learned that some new missionaries were coming out to India, one a single woman, Miss A. H. Wilcox, who was to be a self-supporting worker. She wanted to work among the official class. The committee agreed that I should go back to Simla to resume my Bible work and as soon as the new missionaries arrived they would send Miss Wilcox up to join me. When Miss Wilcox arrived in Simla, I met her at the tonga station and took her to the place where I was rooming. It was the same Y.W.C.A. Holiday Home where I had roomed on my first arrival

## PRAYER AND WORK

in Simla. After seeing the place she seemed pleased with it, and together we rented one part of the home which was separate from the main building for the remainder of the season.

There was a saleswoman who worked in a European store, Miss Freida Haegert, living at the Y.W.C.A. She became interested in the truth, and both Miss Wilcox and I studied often with her. After a short time she accepted the truth; and when she asked her employer for the Sabbath off, she lost her job. She was loyal to the message, and soon we inducted her into selling our literature. We told her that since she was a saleswoman she should sell the truth.

At the end of the season, the three of us went to Calcutta. Miss Haegert and I were sent out on a canvassing trip. We were given a list of the names of people who had been subscribers to the *Oriental Watchman*. For this magazine we were to try to get renewal subscriptions. We also sold the book *Heralds of the Morning*.

Beginning at Calcutta and going across the country, we worked in eight cities, including Bombay. Then northwest from Bombay we worked thirty-seven cities, ending at Peshawar on the border of Afghanistan.

14 . . . .

## IN GOD'S CARE

*"Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies." Psalm 23: 5.*

ONE day I started out on a new canvassing tour. My co-worker, Miss Haegert, was to take the main line while I took a branch line. We estimated it would take us about two days to do separate work and then we would meet again at a certain junction. I gave her the tiffin-basket and saw her off first while I planned to manage some way without cooking. A tiffin basket is a basket in which one carries food, cooking utensils, and a small stove.

When I went to buy my ticket to Dhola, the agent did not want to sell me one. He argued, telling me it was only a native state and that I might be kidnaped by the natives and never see home again. I insisted on going, and finally he sold me a ticket. I got on the train and made down my bed and tried to sleep. No one was with me in the compartment. Quite often someone would knock on the walls near my head and say, "Don't go to sleep. There are thieves here." This was done several times during the night, and I did not sleep much.

## IN GOD'S CARE

When the train finally reached Dhola, I went at once to the ladies' waiting room, made my bed down on a couch and slept the remainder of the night. About eight o'clock in the morning I got up and went to look for the town, and lo, there was none! Then I went to the stationmaster and asked him where the town was.

"There is no town here; this is only a railroad junction."

"When does the next train come?" I asked.

"Tomorrow morning the same time you came today," he replied.

I wondered what I would do. "Oh! I'll write letters home." This I proceeded to do. I was hungry and thirsty, but I couldn't drink the water, because it was dirty. I called the station servant and asked him to prepare me some breakfast. He brought rice and curry; but there were so many little stones in the rice I could not eat it, and the curry smelled so bad I could not eat that either. It had been cooked with tainted ghee (spoiled animal fat). I threw the whole batch out of the back door and placed the price of the meal on the tray and thanked the servant when he came back.

At about noon I heard a train coming. I hurriedly put my things together and rushed out, only to find that the train was going to some other place and not where I wanted to go.

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

Four fine-looking native men came walking toward me. They were dressed in white silk European shirts, but were bareheaded and barefooted. I was scared. I remembered all the first stationmaster had told me about being kidnaped. I stood still and prayed silently while they came toward me.

"Salaam [Peace to you]," they greeted me. "Missionary?" they asked.

"Yes."

"From America?"

"Yes."

"Know Sahibs Lenker and Stroup?"

"Yes." I had met them in Mount Vernon, Ohio, on their return to the States while I was in school.

Then they went on to tell me these men had sold them a wonderful book, *Man, the Masterpiece*.

"Do you have any books?"

I did, and proceeded to sell each of them *Heralds of the Morning* and *Oriental Watchman*, our monthly missionary paper similar to the *Signs of the Times* in this country.

They asked me to go to their state and teach, but I told them I could not go but would pass their request on to our Mission Board. Perhaps they would send them someone later.

The men got back on the train and went their way

## IN GOD'S CARE

while I waited for the train to come which would take me to my destination. I was happy to have been able to do some good at Dhola.

The following morning, bright and early, I was ready to go, but was very thirsty and hungry. For fear of infection I could not eat or drink in that place. Both food and water were bad.

All morning we traveled through a desertlike country with no trees or grass in sight. About midday the train stopped to change crews. In the distance on one side of the train I saw some trees and wished I could go over and sit under their shade. But all I could do was look at them.

When I was tired of looking, I turned my face back into the train compartment and there directly in front of me on the other seat was a snow-white plate of brown toast and a white cupful of something steaming hot, not tea or coffee, but something else. I saw no one place it there. I was alone in the compartment and prayed a prayer of thanks and proceeded to eat the food. I have never tasted anything like it before or since. Being thirsty and hungry, I ate all the toast and drank the hot liquid and was satisfied. While I was eating, I saw a man in uniform unlike any worn by the men around the station walking on the platform directly in front of my compartment. As my eyes

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

caught his, he spoke to me in perfect English, saying, "I hope you are enjoying your lunch."

I answered with a smile saying, "I certainly am."

No more was said. I expected him to collect for it any moment, but just as I had finished eating, the new crew was ready. The guard called "All aboard," and the train started pulling off. I looked for the man to give him the dishes and a tip for the food, but he was not there.

I knew I was not Elijah or his sister, but I felt that the Lord had surely sent an angel to feed me that day. With a humble heart and sincere gratitude, I said another prayer of thanks and journeyed on happy in Jesus.

About midafternoon, I arrived at another junction, where I would have to change trains and wait for about sixteen hours for another one to take me back to the British lines, where I was to meet Miss Haegert. When I got off the train and started to the waiting room, the stationmaster saw me and was quite surprised. He spoke roughly to me and with an oath asked what I, a European woman, meant out there in a native state without an escort. I managed to keep calm and replied quietly, "I'm on the King's business."

He looked his disgust as much as to say, Do you expect me to believe that? Then with sarcasm and

## IN GOD'S CARE

another oath he said, "Oh! I see; you are one of those silly missionaries out here trying to convert the heathen. Say, do you believe there is a God? I don't. I've been out here so long and seen so much, I'm an agnostic."

I was really scared, but I stood still praying silently while he talked at great length.

All at once he said, "I came out here to make money; I've made money but lost my religion. I used to be a Christian; my wife is a Christian. I wish she were here; she would be glad to see you, but she is sick in the hospital in Bombay. I may never see her again."

Then I was scared, sure enough. He had changed so completely, become so kind and gentle.

He asked, "Do you really believe there is a God?"

I said, "Yes."

"Why do you?"

"Because of what He has done for me today."

He changed again and said, "But what are you doing?"

I took out my book, *Heralds of the Morning*, and the paper, *Oriental Watchman*, and gave him a canvass. He was impressed and ordered both sent to him "V.P.P." (our C.O.D.).

He said, "If my wife ever comes back, she will love

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

to have them." I urged him to read both of them, too.

He told me to make myself at home as best I could in the waiting room since he could not ask me to his house. I thanked him and went to the waiting room. I got a coolie to look after my luggage and got on my bicycle and went out searching for food and something to do. All the shops and bazaars were closed. Finally I went to the telegraph quarters, and to my joy I found two European women at home. They were delighted to see me and asked me many questions, all of which the Lord enabled me to answer.

One said, "Do you know a Reverend Robinson? Two years ago he and his wife passed through here selling a paper, *Oriental Watchman*. I ordered it and enjoyed it so much; but the subscription has expired, and I don't know how to get it renewed."

"Yes, I know them, and I am also taking renewals for that same paper." They were happy to get it.

I was happy, also, and felt it was not in vain that I had gone down in the native state, for I had been able to cheer two lonely women who had not seen any Europeans except their immediate family since the Robinsons had passed through. Sweet peace came into my soul and all fear departed as I went back to the railway station to wait till morning for the train back to the British possessions.

## IN GOD'S CARE

After reading my Bible and making my bed, I was about to retire when someone knocked on the door. I went to see who it was, and there stood the stationmaster dressed in an evening suit as though going to a party. I was surprised. He said, "There is a religious meeting of natives going on in the men's waiting room; and since you are a missionary, I thought you might be interested. I've come to escort you there."

What should I do? I was afraid to go and afraid not to. I asked him to wait until I could get ready. I prayed again, made myself presentable, and went along with him.

There were two easy chairs placed on one side of the room. After I was seated, he sat beside me and told the leader to proceed.

The room was filled with people and idols having little altars of incense in front of them. The worshippers sat on the floor in front of their respective idols and went through their religious performances to a weird sound from a little hand organ operated by a man who seemed quite different from the others although he was a native heathen the same as they. The smoke from the incense began to make me sick and dizzy. I thought of what I had heard about how those people could put one to sleep and keep him so for a week. I asked the stationmaster to let me go

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

because I was quite tired and sleepy. I told him that it was all quite interesting, but I'd like to go. He made a sign to the leader and he stopped the performance. He arose and motioned to me to do likewise. He said something to those in charge, and they put a wreath of flowers over my head. I did not know what to do, but I bowed a salaam to them, smiled, and backed out of the room, too scared to turn around for fear I might be kidnaped.

I thanked the stationmaster, went to the women's waiting room, and locked the door and prayed again. I asked the Lord to keep me safely and awaken me in time to catch the train the next morning.

It made me sad to see those people, fine-looking men, worshiping images of fish, alligators, bulls, and various other things. How I wished I could help them! If I had a hundred lives, I'd cast them all into the furrow of foreign-mission service in India.

The stationmaster told me to have a good rest, and he would call me when it was time to prepare for the train.

I lay down trusting in Jesus to awaken me. I slept sweet sleep and at an early hour, I heard a voice say, "Time to get up." At once I was wide awake, feeling refreshed but a little hungry. There was nothing I could do but get ready for the train. It was too early

## IN GOD'S CARE

for the shops to open, and there was no time to shop.

When I was ready to go, the stationmaster came by, knocked on the door and said, "Time to get up." I went out and bought a third-class ticket. I did not want them to think I had money to go second or first class. When I went to get on the train, the coolie took me to a compartment marked "Ladies. Reserved." I hesitated but he put me in. I waited, and when the guard came by I told him I wanted another compartment, because my ticket was third class. He told me the train did not have any third-class compartments, and that since I was a woman it was all right to remain where I was.

When the stationmaster came and asked if I were all right, I said, "No, I have a third-class ticket; this compartment is first class and reserved besides. I want to change."

He laughed and said, "I ordered that compartment for you. No third class for this train. You are all right; be happy."

The train stood there, and I was worried by this time. Then I saw the stationmaster's servant coming to my compartment with a large tray filled with good things to eat: fresh homemade rolls, rice, dal, gravy, a roasted chicken, Irish potatoes, boiled and browned in butter, milk, cream, and fruit. He opened the door

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

and set the tray before me. Food for a day's supply and to spare, with silver knives, forks, spoons, and plates! I started to take off some and return the rest.

The servant said, "No, no, Sahib send all, use what you need, dishes come back on train tomorrow."

Then the train started, and I realized that it had been held all that time waiting for food to be prepared for me! I thanked God and ate a good breakfast and had plenty left for dinner. I remembered again the twenty-third Psalm, especially the first part of the fifth verse: "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies."

I reached my destination safely and on time and found Miss Haegert at the station waiting for me. Thus ended the most thrilling and eventful journey I ever made.

My faith was never stronger, for I knew the Lord took care of me and that He supplied all my needs.

Miss Haegert and I continued our work together again, going back on the main railway, having completed the branch lines.

"And thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left." Isaiah 30: 21.

On this occasion, we started to Lahore. The year

## IN GOD'S CARE

before I had met a lady in Simla who lived in Lahore. She told me if I ever came to Lahore to be sure to look her up, for she would be delighted to have me spend some time with her. I wrote her name and address in a book where I kept names and addresses for future use.

Now that I was going to Lahore, I needed that name and address but could not find it anywhere. There was nothing to do but pray about it. This I did.

At the Lahore depot, we went into the ladies' waiting room and prayed, asking the Lord to help us find that lady. Strange to say, I had forgotten her name as well as the address. We, however, told the Lord all about our needs: that we might find the lady, and that we might be supplied with a bedroom, dressing room, and bathroom, if possible, in her home. After prayer I told Miss Haegert to stay by our stuff and keep praying while I took my bicycle and went in search of the lady and the rooms, praying all the time that the Lord would direct me.

In India the streets have names as in our American cities. The houses also have names, and in many instances one may see boards at the gates on which the names of the persons who live in the houses are printed; therefore it is quite easy to find people.

As I rode along, I looked from side to side for names of people as well as for names of roads and streets.

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

When I got into the heart of the city at a place called the Mall where many roads come together, directly at my ear I heard a voice say, "Go that way." There was no person near me; yet I heard the voice plainly, and my bicycle turned on one of the roads. I didn't turn the bicycle; some unseen hand or power turned it. I continued to ride on, looking for the name of the street. Soon I saw printed on a signpost, "Temple Road." As soon as I saw it, I knew that was the road on which the lady for whom I was looking lived. I began to look at the gates to see who lived in the houses along the way. After going a few blocks I saw the name, "Mrs. O'Calahan." That was the name of the lady! How happy I was! But there was a big wall around the house, and the gate was closed. What should I do? Just then the gatekeeper came up, opened the gate, and let me in.

A servant came out of the house with a card plate on which I was expected to place my card. Instead I told him I wanted to see the lady of the house, called her name, and sent my salaams. She told him to let me into the parlor. Soon she came in, dressed as though she were about to go out.

I greeted her by name. She was a bit surprised, for she had forgotten me. Then I told her who I was and also added, "I've taken you at your word."

## IN GOD'S CARE

"Oh, what was that?" she replied with surprise.

"Don't you remember, you told me if ever I came to Lahore to look you up?"

She remembered, but said, "I'm sorry, I have only my brother's room. He just left this morning, and the room is not presentable."

I said, "Oh, never mind that; let me see it." I saw a large bedroom, dressing room, and bathroom! Just what we had prayed for.

"Well," I said, "I like it fine and would like to have it as soon as possible since my co-worker is at the depot waiting for me to find a place."

Mrs. O'Calahan then called the houseman and told him to make the room ready at once, and let us have it when we came. She then turned to me and smilingly said, "You were lucky to find me at home, for I meant to be gone before this, but somehow I couldn't get out as early as I had planned."

I said, "The Lord held you here until I got here; He knew I was looking for you."

She answered, "It must have been so."

We secured the rooms for the time it took us to work the city. Almost daily we held Bible readings with her and her husband and left them rejoicing in the light they had received from the Word. Thus the seed of truth was planted in Lahore.

## A SUNSTROKE

**A**GAIN Miss Haegert and I came to a loop in the railroad, and we parted. This was to be only a day-and-night separation. Miss Haegert was to work one loop of the railroad and I the other. I again let her take the tiffin basket.

I arrived at Moltan on time and started out to canvass. There were about sixty bungalows in the town, besides the railroad quarters.

I worked hard. It was hot and the perspiration dried on my face before it could roll down, but still I worked on. People told me it was too hot to be out, but I wanted to finish working the town that day, and I did.

When I went to the station to get my ticket, I could hardly see to read. I had a terrible headache and a temperature of 105 degrees. I boarded the train and rode until midnight, when I was to stop and visit a lady whom I had met the year before in Simla. I had an appointment with her to give her and her husband a Bible study. (I had written, telling her I would be passing through and would stop off and see her.)

## A SUNSTROKE

How I managed to get on is a miracle. I was very sick with my head and could not see, but I got off at the right place, went to the waiting room, and lay down until morning. The pain was still terrific.

The lady's servant came for me. He took me and my luggage to her home. I asked her not to prepare me any breakfast, but to let me lie down since I had been on the train all night and would rather sleep than eat. She put me in a cool room and a servant pulled the punkah (fanning device) over me, and I went to sleep. By this time I realized I had a sunstroke, and not just a headache, but I did not tell my hostess. I awoke on time for the Bible study. I put up the chart and told them where to read, and explained the pictures and texts to them, but I could not see to read; however, I could talk and understand what they read and knew they were enjoying the Bible study, which continued until time for me to go to the train. At midnight, I again boarded the train and completed my trip. Miss Haegert was at Amritsar at the railroad station to meet me. I got off the train and passed her by, but did not recognize her until she spoke. I told her I did not see her and explained what had happened. I could not do any work for several days. I was quite sick with my head and thought I might die. Then I wrote a letter as best I could, telling the folk at home that it was my

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

fault I had a sunstroke from being out in the hot sun in the heat of the day. I told Miss Haegert if I died to send this letter along with one she was to write to my people in the United States.

She was distressed and wanted to stay with me, but I told her to go on and canvass the town, since I could not work it. I was not afraid to stay alone. Reluctantly she went and I remained in bed. By the time she finished canvassing the town I was able to go to the next one and resume my work, but for three weeks I had to wear dark glasses. Even now I am still unable to stand much heat or remain out in the sun long. Like Paul, I have that "thorn in the flesh." Still the Lord has wonderfully blessed me! Many people have died from sunstroke, yet He brought me through all this in a wonderful way for which I am deeply thankful.

We went next on to Rawalpindi and Peshawar on the border of Afghanistan. We had not had much change in diet for several weeks; no fresh vegetables, only dahl and rice, and rice and dahl; once in a while we had curry. When we got to Peshawar, I understood there was a native bazaar where fresh vegetables could be bought. I made up my mind to find it and get something fresh to eat. Since I had a bicycle, it was my job to do all the shopping and Miss Haegert did the cooking.



"I had noticed some tall native men following me with big knives in their hands."

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

I finally found the bazaar. It was a large place walled in with big gates through which to enter. I rode in and began to buy fresh cabbage, cauliflower, peas, carrots, and white potatoes. I filled my shopping basket, fastened it on the handle bar of my bicycle, and rode away.

While I was shopping I had noticed some tall native men following me around holding big knives in their hands and dressed in an odd way. As they were not too close to me I scarcely noticed them. Rather quickly, I rode away feeling happy and lighthearted, thinking of the good meals we would have while these supplies lasted.

I was soon home, and when I delivered my groceries our landlady was shocked. She told me Europeans were not allowed in that market, and that it was a wonder I got out alive. I was told that those strange men I saw had a custom to kill as many Christians and foreigners as they could in order to be in the favor of their gods. How grateful I was that my God took care of me! Needless to say I never went back there any more. Again I could see that the Lord had sent His angel and delivered me from those would-be murderers. I did not know the danger I was in, but we had some good meals of those fresh vegetables.

While on this trip I saw a beautiful tomb built over

## A SUNSTROKE

the grave of a woman who was buried alive for looking at her own son through a curtain. Her son built the tomb.

On this trip there were many places of historical interest. The first and perhaps the most noted one was at Agra. The "Dream in Marble," it is sometimes called. The real name is the "Taj Mahal."

The exquisite beauty of this wonder of the world stands unrivaled and affords an illustration of the saying that the "Moguls designed like Titans and finished like jewelers." It is built of the purest Jaipur marble; the mausoleum stands on a raised platform, at each corner of which is a tall and graceful minaret. Beneath the large dome and within an inclosure of most delicately carved marble are the richly inlaid tombs of the princess and her husband, Shah Jahan. The Taj was begun in 1632 and completed in 1650. It is described as representing the "most highly elaborated stage at which the architect ends and the jeweler begins." In regard to color and design, its interior may be first in the world for purely decorative workmanship; while the perfect symmetry of its exterior and the aerial grace of its domes and minarets impress the mind of the beholder in a manner never to be forgotten.

One of the places we visited on this trip was Ahmadabad, a town with beautiful mosques where

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

thousands of pilgrims gather each year for bathing, prayer, and other religious rites.

Amritsar, a city of 143,000 inhabitants, is another beautiful city which we saw. In Amritsar is the famous temple commonly called the "Golden Temple."

We also visited Benares, Bombay, and the great manufacturing town of Cawnpore. Cotton and woolen goods are produced. This is the scene of the famous massacre during the Sepoy Rebellion.

Delhi, a modern city, is the center of religious interest, and the Mohammedan people have a most imposing mosque in this place.

After we had completed our trip to Umballa, I was unable to go down to Calcutta where our headquarters were. Because of the sunstroke it was thought best for me to go directly to Simla. Miss Haegert was to proceed to Calcutta.

## THIRD TRIP TO SIMLA

**A**FTER seeing Miss Haegert off to Calcutta, I proceeded to Kalka and on to Simla. This time I did not have to look for a place to stay, for Miss Wilcox had retained her bungalow for a second season; therefore I could go to her house, procure the keys from the caretaker, and have a servant clean the house and put things in order while I rested.

This afforded me time to relax and to think over the long trip we had made from Bengal through the Central Provinces, the Bombay Presidency, Central India Agency, United Provinces, North-West Frontier Province, and the Punjab.

The Lord had wonderfully blessed us and supplied all our needs. I made several detours off on branch roads from our regular itinerary to go to out-of-the-way places; and while it was a great risk, I was thankful for the experiences. In Dhola, where I had an all-day fast, I felt well repaid to have been able to meet those four educated native gentlemen who had met two of our colporteurs twelve years before and bought

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

medical books from them. It was refreshing to see how they remembered the names of the men and cherished the books they had bought and how readily they purchased my books.

Then on the following day back I thought of the trip to Wandham Junction through the native state on a narrow-gauge railroad without food and recalled how I was miraculously fed. That afternoon I found the two European women who had not seen Christians or missionaries for so long. How hungry they were for the good paper *Oriental Watchman!* And to think that I was sent to them by the Lord to enable them to study more of the message! How grateful I was, too, for the unkind, then kind stationmaster at the same place, and how God made the wrath of man to praise Him.

Later after getting the sunstroke and then being compelled to go slow for a time, I was not sorry for the experiences, and were I to do it over I do not think I would do differently, for it was my one desire to live only to bless others and to give them as much of the third angel's message as possible while I had the opportunity.

Although my head still ached, I put on dark eye-glasses, a sun hat, used an umbrella with two covers to it, and went on giving Bible studies and selling books.

### THIRD TRIP TO SIMLA

One day I had extra Bible studies to give and was compelled to start early. I went to the godown (servants' quarters) to notify the jimpanies (porters) that I wanted the ricksha brought up early.

They were seated in their hut about to eat breakfast, and when I came they all jumped to their feet.

I told them my wishes and went back to my room to get ready to go. They came on time and took me to my work. On my return as they came near the bazaar, they stopped and began to talk rather excitedly and would not move. I asked the leader what the trouble was. He told me that I had caused them to work all day without food; besides they were unclean and couldn't pass their temple. It was all a surprise to me, for I knew of nothing I had done to them and asked him how that could be. He told me then that in the morning when I had come to their hut, they had their meal prepared and were about to eat. When I came up, the door was open, and the sun at my back had cast my shadow upon them and on their food. That had spoiled the food and made them unclean. According to their custom a Hindu cannot eat food on which a Christian's shadow falls. The food is unclean and the Hindu is also unclean. It also breaks their caste if a Christian throws water on them. I explained to him that I was sorry and did not know I had caused all that trouble, and asked

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

him what if anything I could do to make it all right.

He and the others got their heads together and talked among themselves a few moments. Then they told me to give them some buckshee (a tip as we would call it) of about fifty cents to buy some food and pay the priest in the temple to make them clean again so they could eat. I gladly gave them the money and waited in the ricksha until they got their ablutions from the priest and had eaten some food. After that they came back smiling and then took the ricksha once more and carried me home.

Needless to say, I did not go to the godowns again to call them at mealtime. They have so many customs that one never knows when he may offend them. All natives, it seems, whether Hindu or Moslem, have some castes and customs which make it rather difficult to bargain with them at times. One thing is sure, and that is it is not easy for us when we once offend them. We will surely have to pay them well for it or lose them as servants, and if they leave because of some offense we have given, they will tell all their friends not to work for us. When one learns their customs and does not go against them, they usually make good, reliable servants.

Miss Wilcox joined me and took up her usual work with the officials and high-caste English-speaking na-

### THIRD TRIP TO SIMLA

tives for the remainder of the season before we went back to Calcutta and the cool weather on the plains. Miss Wilcox continued her work in Calcutta, since she had compiled a list of patients and readers among those who worked between Simla and Calcutta.

I returned to Karmatar and joined Miss Whiteis again as I had done in the past. This time I remained with her until Elder and Mrs. J. C. Little arrived in India.

The work at Karmatar was growing; we had an orphanage and a training school. Since the printing press was going to be moved from Calcutta, Miss Whiteis and I urged that it be moved to Karmatar, and that Elder and Mrs. Little be located there also. The climate was good and there was plenty of room, a good well of water, and other desirable things. After careful study it was voted to grant our request and bring the Littles and the printing press to Karmatar and enlarge the staff at this important center.

Our mission superintendent, Elder J. L. Shaw, was not well and had to return to America for rest and treatment. His wife requested me to come to Calcutta and help her pack and get ready for the journey back home since Elder Shaw was unable to do much.

Karmatar was only 167 miles from Calcutta up the East India Railway. I went as requested and spent

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

several days, working hard helping her get ready for the journey.

When all things were ready and sent out to the boat, I went down to see them off and then took the train back to Karmatar.

It was late at night, and I was very tired and sleepy. I made down my bed on one seat and put my suitcase on a top seat across from where I lay. (The intermediate compartments usually have four long seats, two lower, and two upper. The upper seats are supported by a chain, and may be let down or pushed up as desired.) I soon fell asleep.

There was no one in the compartment with me, and I placed my handbag under the seat on which I lay, thinking it would be safer there than on top beside my suitcase. I put my collar and tie in my handbag with my watch and Bible. (The watch and Bible had belonged to Brother Chambers. When he died his wife gave them to me. I especially prized the Bible because it was printed on India paper and was Morocco-bound.)

Somewhere between Calcutta and Karmatar someone entered my compartment and took my handbag containing my money, about fifteen rupees, the watch, the Bible, the collar, and everything.

Oh, how sorry I was to be robbed of those two





"The workers present at the last meeting held before I left Calcutta. Miss Haegert is the last one on the right in the fourth row. I am standing next to her."

### THIRD TRIP TO SIMLA

precious gifts! I could stand losing the bag and the money, but the loss of the Bible and the watch was heart-rending.

Thus were all my treasured gifts taken from me; all I could do was to hope the thief would get some good out of the Bible, for it had been well marked by Brother Chambers.

After that when I traveled I put my valuables under the pillow on which I slept so no one could get to them without my knowing it.

Miss Whiteis felt very sorry for me because I had been robbed of two watches given me by friends, each of whom was highly valued. She bought a watch and gave it to me, for I was unable to buy one myself.

Later I took up field work again but only for a short trip, because I had been in India long enough now for a furlough. Since no one had been found to go to Mississippi and reopen my school, I wrote to the General Conference for some final word. While waiting for their reply to reach me, I worked on, for there was always work to be done and so few workers to do it.

## MY LAST TRIP IN INDIA

As we passed through Dinapore I saw a native man dressed in a white silk shirt and dhoti (native shirt) come to my compartment door. He opened the door, then stepped back about ten feet, and a lady with two little girls about seven and nine years old got into the compartment with me. Each of them had on pretty white saris with faces veiled. When they were inside, the man returned and closed the door, saying, "You will see that no men come into this compartment, will you not?" I said, "Sure! Don't you see the sign on the door, 'Ladies Only'? No men will dare ride in this compartment."

He seemed satisfied and went up farther and entered another compartment for men.

After the door was closed and the train started to go, the native ladies pushed back their veils and relaxed. When I saw their faces, each of them had a blood-red streak placed on the center of the forehead from the part of their hair down between the eyes to the nose.

## MY LAST TRIP IN INDIA

There was an Anglo-Indian lady on the train that day with me and I said to her, "How strange—they all got hurt alike!"

The lady said, "No, they are not hurt; that is paint on their faces."

I asked why they did that.

She said, "Just as we wear a wedding ring, they put that red paint on when they get married."

"Do you mean to tell me those girls are married?"

She said, "Yes."

By this time the lady seemed to understand that we were talking about her and said to me, "Your hands have no ring."

"I'm not married," I replied.

"What! You no marry? How old are you?"

I told her I was going on forty—you see, I didn't want to give the exact age in public, so I tried to avoid it by saying that I was going on forty.

When I said that, she fell back on the side of the train and bumped her head quite hard and exclaimed, "Too late, too late! You should have been a grandmother by now!" There we sat the remainder of the trip, each feeling sorry for the other.

After a little while she asked me why I was not married, and I asked her if she thought a woman was better off married than single. She thought for a

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

moment, then answered, "No, but if she gets a good man she is!"

Then I said, "I'm waiting for the good man."

"Where do you live, that you can wait? Must be a wonderful country!"

Suddenly she crossed her forehead and chest with her fingers and said no more.

Then I wondered what the sign meant, why she crossed her forehead in the way she did, and I asked the Anglo-Indian lady what it meant.

"That means it is written in her forehead; it is her fate. She must be resigned to her fate. Neither she nor her daughters can think of anything different," she explained.

Those two little girls were married to two boys not more than ten or twelve years old and were being taken home to live with their parents-in-law to be trained for wifedom. Such was life in India. The children are engaged by their parents, and they never see each other until the day they are married. When I was in India there were over fifteen million child widows under ten years of age. There was no hope for them ever to marry unless they became Christians and found Christian husbands.

Once I visited a mission station where there were four hundred widows who were in school being trained

## MY LAST TRIP IN INDIA

to do missionary work for other women. They were also taught to do needlework which was sold by the missionaries to their friends in America to raise funds to help support the school. There is much work still to do to train these girls and help them find the better way.

I continued my itinerary, meeting with little difficulty even though I was alone. I could find a room with interested friends or in dak bungalows, which were government-supported tourist homes.

Because an evangelist from London had been in India preaching of the second coming of Christ, I was having good success selling the book *Heralds of the Morning*.

During the time of epidemics, whether plague or cholera, it is considered unsafe to do much traveling because both diseases are very contagious and are infectious also. When stricken with either, unless help is at hand immediately, death is certain within a day or two.

I've been in one city where forty people died in a day. Most of the population left the town. I was there to work, and did so, securing as many subscriptions as had been given the year before.

18 . . . .

## PRAYER CHANGES THINGS

IT WAS late in December, and I was anxious to complete my journey by the end of the year. Rooms were scarce. I called at the Methodist Native Girls' School and asked for a room for a week or ten days. They had only one room, the hospital room, and since there were no sick students they would rent it to me for a short time if I cared to stay in it.

The room suited me, and I arranged for it at once and for their servant to take care of my room each day the same as he did for theirs.

I had a list of forty subscribers to the missionary paper *Oriental Watchman*. These I planned to visit, hoping to discover their interest in the truth, and to secure renewals of their subscriptions to the paper as well as to sell them books.

I could remain only a short time, and it meant hard work to search out those people on a bicycle when I had never been in the city before. I set to work with a will, and by much prayer and hard work I had almost completed the task, lacking only eleven subscriptions

## PRAYER CHANGES THINGS

before the goal would be reached. A number of the subscribers had moved away, but I secured new ones to take their places. In my rush I contracted a severe cold and my throat became so swollen and sore that I could talk for only a few moments before losing my voice completely. While the customer would be answering or making excuses, I'd think a prayer, and when it was time for me to speak again, my voice would return for a few moments. I did this for several hours until it was time for me to go to my room for food and a little rest.

I had counted out my eleven papers and asked the Lord that morning to help me take orders for them all that day so I could start for a new place on New Year's Day because my time would then be up at Cawnpore.

Things worked fine for a while; everywhere I canvassed I took a subscription till I had checked off seven. Then I came to the railroad quarters. The people were all away attending a ball game. I was disappointed since this was the last day for work and the territory was finished with the exception of the houses in the railroad quarters.

I had prayed for eleven orders that day, but had only seven and must stop. By this time my head was aching severely, my temperature was going up, and I wondered what I should do. I turned back with a

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

prayer in my heart that the Lord would help me to get those four subscriptions on my way home. I thought that there were no more houses to find, for I had tried to do thorough work day by day and not miss anyone.

After going a short distance from the railroad quarters, I discovered a road that I had never seen before, and on that road I took four subscriptions.

When I returned to my room I was too sick to eat. I feared I might be coming down with the plague, as it was raging in some places. Silently I offered some earnest prayers, for I had by this time completely lost the power of speech. My mind was clear, however.

I got all my things together in my suitcase, made out my order list for the *Oriental Watchman* and some books, checked up the cash, and got all my accounts straight. I wrote a note to the mission superintendent in Calcutta and a note to the lady in charge of the school, telling her what to do in the event I should die. Then I got myself ready for bed. About one o'clock that night, after sending a thought prayer to heaven for healing if possible, or if not, salvation in the great judgment day, I lay down not knowing if I would live or die.

I could not get any help because all the school folk had gone to church to observe watch night services to see the old year out and the new year in.

## PRAYER CHANGES THINGS

I slept the remainder of the night and awoke at the usual time the next morning. My headache was gone, the swelling in my neck and throat was gone, I had no temperature and, on the whole, was feeling as well as usual. My first thought was to thank the Lord with a full heart for His healing power and for the fact that I could carry on the work. After my morning devotions and renewed consecration, I prepared breakfast, finished packing, and went down to the office to pay my bill. I called a coolie to take my luggage to the railway station where I planned to canvass in the railroad quarters before train time.

That morning the first thing the Methodist missionary did was to apologize for not asking me to go with them to the watch night service. She thought I had observed it alone because she saw my light on when they returned. She was sorry.

I told her not to feel sorry about that, for I could not have gone anyway since I was making out a report and balancing my accounts in order to be ready for the new year.

"Hum, that's rather a prosy way to spend the time. You are a peculiar person anyway, or else you are very much in love with your work."

I smiled, and commented, "Well, I guess I am both. I really am in love with my work, and of course being a

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

Seventh-day Adventist makes me seem peculiar to some people, but remember the Lord has said we are to be a 'peculiar people, zealous of good works.' And I'm trying to live up to that standard."

She smiled, too, and said, "You have done so here." I paid my bill and gave her a warm handshake and a "Thank you," coupled with "The Lord bless you," and went on my way to the railway station.

I left my luggage in care of a coolie and went out and canvassed the railroad quarters as planned. I secured several additional subscriptions which made my total number more than that of the previous year. This was another reason for being thankful to the Lord for answering prayer and rewarding faithful work.

This last trip was a real pleasure because I had learned the art of meeting people. Since this was follow-up work of other years, it was interesting to see how the people appreciated the literature.

After finishing the work in Cawnpore, I went to Lucknow. It was quite a large city, and I had a long list of subscribers residing in Lucknow; therefore I wanted to go there and spend the week end and get a little rest before starting any work.

On a late afternoon I arrived in Lucknow. I had never been there before and knew no one. Leaving

## PRAYER CHANGES THINGS

my luggage with a coolie at the railway station, I had a little talk with Jesus, asking Him to help me find a place to stay where I could room and board myself. Then I mounted my bicycle and started out to look for the room the Lord would provide. After a little time I found a large furnished room. It was in the yard of a Christian home. The landlady told me she had prepared it for some guests who were coming up from Calcutta in about ten days. If I could be out by that time, I could have it. She also told me the room had been a Hindu temple, but I was not afraid, for I did not believe in the transmigration of the soul. Having found the room, I went back to the railway station, got my luggage, and returned to the former temple. I took good pains to place Bible mottoes over all the niches in the walls where the idols had been, and made the room look quite presentable.

I next learned the name of the house and the road and noted a few landmarks so I could find my way back. I started for the market place to buy groceries for my needs because I had nothing with me to eat. It was getting late, but I thought I could make it. The bazaar was farther than I had anticipated, and before I could make the necessary purchases and return, it was night. There were no electric street lights, and the oil in my bicycle lamp had run out during the

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

day on the train. There I was in a strange dark city. I could not inquire the way, for there was no one to ask. What could I do? Pray? Yes, indeed! I stopped on the roadside, got off the bicycle, and prayed earnestly—not a long prayer; but I told the Lord I was lost, didn't know where to go, and asked Him to please help me find the way to my room. I opened my eyes and saw a light a little way ahead. I followed it for a half mile, perhaps more; then I saw a house with a light in it. I went in and asked the lady of the house if she knew the house or the road I had left when I started out.

She smiled and said, "It is just over there where you see that light."

I thanked her and went over to the place, but the light disappeared. I had a match with me, which I struck. I opened the door, lit the lamp, and thanked the Lord for helping me to find my room. Did prayer avail anything? Indeed it did! I shall never forget that experience. Prayer caused a light to shine in a dark place, moved that light on and on, guiding me onto the right road, and led me back to my lodging place.

"What a friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear;  
What a privilege to carry  
Everything to God in prayer!"

## PRAYER CHANGES THINGS

Someone has said, "The greatest thing we can do for God or man is to pray." Therefore, let us one and all turn our hearts to God and pray!

Pray first of all. 1 Timothy 2: 1.

Pray for all men. 1 Timothy 2: 1.

Pray about everything. Philippians 4: 6.

Pray without ceasing. 2 Thessalonians 5: 17.

There was an epidemic of plague at the time in Lucknow, and many people left the town; but strange to say I had good success in selling the book *Heralds of the Morning*, and also in taking subscriptions to the papers. In this place I secured more subscriptions than were on the list given me at the office.

It made me happy to improve over my predecessor's work, and I went on to the next place rejoicing over the good accomplishments. The work was going well, and I was trying hard to make each day better than the one before.

Then word came from the mission superintendent, Elder J. L. Shaw, telling me that he had instructions from the General Conference, that I should come back to Calcutta to get the message and prepare for my furlough.

Though I was glad to go, I was sorry to leave India at that time for fear there might be a number of books

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

left on hand. I left Lucknow as soon as I had finished working it and canvassed on my way back to Calcutta, going to some new places which I did not visit on my way up.

In checking over my diary, I found I had made five trips in India doing field work with literature: three times from Calcutta to Simla, then to Bombay and on to Peshawar, as noted elsewhere, and now this shorter trip in the United Provinces. As I looked back upon the work, my only regret was that I had not been able to do more. I did have the consolation of knowing I had done what I could. With gratitude and a prayer in my heart, I turned my face toward Calcutta.

## RETURNING TO AMERICA

YEARS had passed and scores of letters had been written to my people, to conference officials, and to friends, but to no avail. It was impossible to get anyone to undertake that schoolwork in Mississippi. One day I received a letter, written with a childish hand, which said: "Why don't you come back and teach us yourself? You understand us, and you are not afraid. Why would you stay over there, trying to convert the heathen while your own people here at home are growing up into heathen?"

The letter was like the last straw that broke the camel's back. I could not get away from that question.

It had been several years since the burning of my school. I had done all I could do to get someone to go for me, and had not succeeded. Then I wrote to the General Conference and asked them to *please* send someone to Mississippi to teach my people, and if they could not find anyone who would go, then please give me a furlough so I could go and do the work. There were still more months of waiting and praying,

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

but finally a letter came, telling me I could have a furlough to go home and see if I could revive the work there.

When the time came for me to leave India, even on furlough, I felt very sad. The boys and girls whom I had taught in the training school at Karmatar, the people whom I had won to Christ during my Bible and literature work—all made a strong appeal to my heart, but I had to go back and help my blood brothers and sisters in the Southland, since no one else could be found to do the work.

I left my bicycle and a number of other belongings in Calcutta, for I was only going on furlough and meant to return.

Our mission family made up a purse for me in order that I might have extra change with which to give tips and visit places of interest on my return trip to America. After a little farewell party, I boarded a ship at Calcutta.

It was a wonderful trip, and being on a cargo ship, I was able to go ashore along the way and see many places of interest.

I had to spend two weeks in London before I could get passage. I bought a city map and a guidebook and spent much time sightseeing. Some of the places I visited were: Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Ca-

## RETURNING TO AMERICA

thedral, the British Museum, Buckingham Palace, and the Houses of Parliament.

History and geography were made living subjects to me after going to India and returning to America. I wish that all who have to teach young people history and geography would spend time traveling in order to help their students enjoy those subjects more.

From my observation these two subjects are liked less than any other subjects in grade school. Usually teachers do not like them. If the teachers could only travel, what a joy they could bring into their classes!

On my voyage back to America, I had plenty of time to think and plan what I would do in the school when I reached home. By the help of the Lord, there should be a new day down in old Mississippi for the "Knight Klan." Therefore I made all my plans to avoid losing any time after I arrived.

## BACK IN AMERICA

WHEN I finally reached America, I bought a ticket to Washington, D. C., and went out to the General Conference headquarters and the Washington Sanitarium for a few days.

I visited my old friends, Elder and Mrs. G. A. Irwin, and received good advice from them in regard to plans for my school in Mississippi.

From Washington I went to Graysville, Tennessee, expecting to see my dear friend, Mrs. L. Dyo Chambers, but to my surprise and sorrow I found that she had died two weeks before. I sat down and cried! Of all the many friends in America, I would rather have seen her and had the opportunity to tell her some of my experiences and of the progress of our mission work in India. Great sorrow filled my heart.

From Graysville I went out into the country and spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Atwood. They told me about their sojourn at my old home at Gitano, Mississippi—how they enjoyed their work, but finally were obliged to leave because of the ill will of the same

## BACK IN AMERICA

moonshiners who had given me trouble years before. All this was because of the evils of liquor and of race prejudice.

Before I left India, I wrote to my people telling them I was coming back home on furlough and asked them to build another schoolhouse—not on my land, but near the center of the community—and to build a less expensive building so that if it were destroyed, there would not be so great a loss to them.

When I arrived at New York, I wrote again telling them to rush the work on the building, for I would be home in two weeks at the latest and would like to begin school as soon as possible after my arrival.

When I reached Ellisville, Mississippi, my relatives were there to meet me, not with an ox-wagon this time, but with a span of mules and a good spring wagon. The journey home was much quicker and more comfortable than it had been on my return from Battle Creek years before.

The whole community turned out to see me at the first meeting in our new schoolhouse on the first Sunday after my arrival. Some of the very men who helped burn the former schoolhouse sat in the congregation or stood outside and heard me tell of the wonderful things overseas and of some of my experiences in faraway India. Even they seemed glad to see me and

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

to hear me tell the mission stories. In my concluding remarks I said, "Now I've told you all this in order that you may understand better what it means for me to leave India and come back home to try to help you. This country is well off compared with India. You people are living in ease and almost luxury compared with the natives of India, and yet I know you need help, too. No one knows that better than I do. I have come back because you are my blood brothers and sisters, uncles, aunts, cousins, nieces, and nephews. We are all kinfolk and understand, I hope, what we are here for today.

"Remember, you have come a long way from where you were in 1898. Then none of you could read or write. Now, with what I did for you before I left for India and with what Brother and Sister Atwood did for you until they had to go, your outlook on life is brighter. If you will co-operate with the Lord through me, there will be still brighter and better days ahead. You, however, must line up with a real program. You must buy books for each school child; each grade will require different books. Then, there will be papers in addition to the books; each family must subscribe for *Our Little Friend* or the *Youth's Instructor*, as the need may be.

"Another thing, there will not be time for any side

## BACK IN AMERICA

lines. I mean by that, no card parties, no dances and other questionable forms of amusement. If you are all willing to comply with this program and attend school regularly, I am willing and ready to do all I can to help you. If not, then say so now. Let me see those who will co-operate with me in this work. Please stand."

All of the patrons and many others stood. I took time to look them over, then said, "Thank you, be seated."

I told them school would start Monday morning at eight o'clock. The students were to bring all the books or pieces of books they had, and we would work with those until our new supplies came. I would have to try them out for a few days to see what grades they would fit into.

In the meantime I wrote to the Southern Publishing Association at Nashville and asked them to send me a catalogue so I could order what I needed.

Monday morning bright and early twenty-two children and young people greeted me at the school-house. It was not finished, but we could use it. After school was dismissed in the afternoons, the workmen would come and do a little more work day by day until the building was completed.

The tuition was one dollar a month for each pupil,

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

all cash, no work this time. Conditions had changed. Lumbermen from the North had come down and bought their timber, and the parents were in a position to pay cash for books, papers, and tuition.

By the help of the Lord I took up the work in a strong way. I taught long hours with no recesses except the noon hour and one for the smaller children in the midforenoon.

On Sunday I resumed my plan of Sunday school just as I had done before going to India. I went to Soso, six miles away, where two of my cousins lived who attended my day school, and there I taught a Sunday school twice a month on Sunday morning. I taught my home Sunday school in the afternoon. (I had my individual Sabbath school on Sabbath at home.) In just a few months my home folk who attended Sunday school proposed that they would just as soon come Saturday afternoon. After about six months, nine members were ready for baptism, and the president of the conference came down and baptized them. My mother, two sisters, a niece, three cousins, and a man and his wife made up the group.

During the spring and summer when there was no school, the conference president asked me to visit among some of the companies and churches in other cities to give Bible readings as the interest demanded.

## BACK IN AMERICA

The conference paid my traveling expenses and paid me according to the time I put in in actual work.

There was a workers' meeting at Vicksburg, Mississippi, which both white and colored workers attended. I was asked to come and give mission talks, which I did.

I had been sending the *Signs of the Times* to my aunt, Mrs. Augusta Watts, at Sumrall, Mississippi. She had become interested in the prophecies of Daniel and the Revelation and had written me to come down and help her understand about those beasts in Daniel seven.

I went and spent two days and three nights, then I had to meet another appointment. The Wattses kept me up the first night and all the following day without any sleep. The next night I explained the Scriptures to them until after midnight. They invited their neighbors to come in. Just as soon as one meeting would close and there was a little visiting, I would start another study, allowing only a little time for meals.

Friday morning before leaving, I had prayer and left with them three tracts: *Is Sunday the Sabbath? Which Day Do You Keep and Why?* and *Why Not Found Out Before?* The following Saturday it rained so much they could not work in their fields, and so they took those tracts and the Bible and studied them. It was about noon when they completed their study.

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

Then and there they began keeping the Sabbath. Thus another light was kindled eight miles out in the country from Sumrall, Mississippi. Later a mission school was started and a church was organized.

The interest at Sumrall and its results caused some opposition at times, but the work prospered.

My two years' furlough was almost up, and I was doing all I could to bind off my work at home, at Sumrall, and at Soso.

As I went from place to place and met with the few workers, they would often say, "If I had my way, I would not let you go back to India; we need you here. Let the white folk go to India, and you stay here and work with us."

While I could see that the colored work in America really did need workers, to me, the needs of India were greater by far. However, I prayed and worked on.

One day I received a letter from the secretary of the Southeastern Union Conference, with headquarters at Atlanta, Georgia, saying that my name had been suggested to them for the post of medical matron of the new sanitarium being built for the colored people in that city and asked me if I would come.

When I read the letter, at once I thought it was a plan on the part of some to prevent my going back to India. To make sure, as my custom was when in doubt,





"My pupils and I at the school near Gitano, Mississippi."

## BACK IN AMERICA

I took the letter and went into my room privately and spread it before the Lord and prayed earnestly. I asked for a sign that if the people who had recommended me were the persons who had told me they would not let me go back to India, then I would know it was man's plan; on the other hand, if it were Elder G. A. Irwin or Elder C. P. Bollman or some of the General Conference brethren who knew me and my work at home and abroad, then I would know it was of the Lord.

After a season of prayer I felt impressed to write the secretary, R. T. Dowsett, and ask him for the names of the persons who recommended me to him. I also told him certain conditions which would have to be met in the event I should accept, but that I could not give him a definite answer until I had his answer to my questions. While I waited for a reply, I kept praying.

Within a few days the answer to my letter came, giving the very names of the ones I had given in my prayer—Elder G. A. Irwin and the others. He also sent me a check to cover my transportation to Atlanta, requesting that I come as soon as possible.

I waited until I could write to the General Conference office and ask if it would be all right for me to accept the call to Atlanta instead of going back to India. Soon I received an encouraging letter from the

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

brethren telling me they would be glad for me to accept the call to Atlanta, since they were anxious to establish a strong work for the colored people in that important center. They had already made a good beginning, but finding trained people was quite a problem. In fact, they felt that the vacancy in India could be filled more easily. After another season of prayer, I sent word to Elder Dowsett that I would accept the call to Atlanta and that I would be there in a few days.

It did not take long to get ready as I had little of this world's goods. The people of Mississippi, my own immediate relatives especially, were sorry to see me go; but they were happy that I was not going back to India.

I was happy to know that two little lights and some Sabbathkeepers were the fruits of my two years' work while on furlough.

I left the school work in the care of my sister, Grace, who was seventeen years younger than I, but well able to carry on, for I had taught her by day and by night much of the time during those two years.

BEGINNING MY NEW WORK IN  
ATLANTA, GEORGIA

WHEN I arrived at 209 Greensferry Avenue, Atlanta, Georgia, I found an empty, unfinished and unfurnished house. This was to be the new sanitarium of which I was to be the medical matron.

In Atlanta at that time a two-teacher mission school was being conducted. I called one of the teachers and asked where I was supposed to go. She told me she didn't know. Then I had to pray some more, for after all it did not seem clear that I was really needed in Atlanta. We found a canvas cot, and I put it in one of the vacant rooms and slept there. I boarded for a few days with the teachers and then went to town and bought a little two-burner gasoline stove. I went to a second-hand shop and bought a three-quarter bed with springs to fit. It was old-fashioned, but I was a missionary and still in mission work and could not afford to buy a new one. I cleaned it up, and after applying two coats of white enamel I made it look almost as good as new. I bought a new Red Cross mattress

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

for the bed. The whole outfit cost me only \$5.00.

I began housekeeping with this meager furniture, but added more later until the mission house was quite inviting. It took about a week to scrub and clean the paint and plaster off the floors and woodwork to make the place look presentable.

The treatment rooms were nicely furnished with all necessary equipment for regular treatments such as hot and cold water, shower, spray, and electric-light bath. A few days before I arrived, a group of people had circulated a petition opposing our operating a sanitarium in that neighborhood. They had taken it to the mayor of the city and induced him to enter an injunction against our work. As a result we were unable to operate a sanitarium. I went to the conference officials and suggested that I would try to operate a private treatment room in my own home as a nurse if I could get their permission. This was agreeable to them.

They, however, thought it wise for me to take over the Bible instructor's work for the colored people in Atlanta. Sister Osborne, a white woman, was doing Bible work at this time among the colored people. She turned over her readers to me and went elsewhere to continue her work.

At this time all the colored colleges in the city—

## NEW WORK IN ATLANTA

Atlanta University, Spelman, Morris Brown, and Clark colleges—were having their commencement exercises. These were a great treat to me in many ways. I spent several days attending the closing exercises of these colleges and meeting some of the faculty as well as some of the best people of the city. Each time I was introduced as a returned missionary from India and the first colored missionary to go to India. This led to my being asked to lecture on India at several of the colleges. I accepted the invitations and gradually succeeded in making some good friends among all classes. I was able to remove some of the prejudice which had been built up against Seventh-day Adventists.

The treatment room work made slow progress. I did my best, but the people did not take very readily to water or electrical treatments. One day a neighbor got sick with a severe cold and the doctors did not seem able to help her. I called to see her and told her if her doctor did not object I thought our treatments would help. While I was there the doctor came and I talked with him. He told me that he had done all he could and that if I could do anything I had his consent. I got my fomentation cloths and began giving her treatments. In a few days the patient was sitting up and in about a week she was well. As the result of this experience, we made many friends.

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

As stated heretofore, there were two teachers in the Atlanta school. As a result of the new missionary worker and night school, the day school could not seat all the pupils who applied. Plans, therefore, had to be made to accommodate all.

Since I was the chairman of the school board, it fell to my lot to find the way. The school had no money; the church had no money. I had been saving a little cash to buy a winter coat, since I had none, and it gets cold in Atlanta in the winter.

We needed more desks and a better stove for the larger schoolroom. I went to the conference officials for advice and asked if they could help. Since it was a mission school, they were already paying 50 per cent of the teachers' salaries; therefore, they could not see their way to do more. Then I asked if they would approve of my going ahead and buying on the installment plan and paying out of the tuition. This suggestion met with their approval.

I then took my little savings which I had put away for my coat, went to the hardware store, selected a suitable stove, made a down payment, and promised to pay the balance in monthly payments till the account was paid.

Next was the desk. I went to the school supply house and told them of our mission school and its needs.

## NEW WORK IN ATLANTA

I had only a small amount of cash for a down payment and wanted to pay the remainder in monthly installments.

After a little talk among themselves they agreed to sell me the desks needed. The following day the stove and the desks were delivered and set up. We were all happy over the success thus far, but we were in quite a little debt, and what if the folk failed to pay enough tuition! Then what? I told the members of the board the Lord who had opened this door for us would move upon the patrons to pay tuition, and we were not disappointed in that.

My coat money, however, was all gone, and I had to start over again; winter was coming, and what was I to do? I did not feel like buying a coat on credit as I had done with the stove and the desks for the school. I decided not to do that even if I had to make out without the coat. I began all over again trying to save a little from my salary, which was small at best.

Some weeks later while answering letters I came to one from Mrs. Edith Embree Runnels, the one who first sent me the *Signs of the Times*. We still kept up our correspondence.

I wrote her a real letter this time, telling her all the news items concerning my work in Atlanta; how I had to buy our school supplies on the installment plan

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

after spending all my little savings I had put away to buy me a winter coat; but the work must come first. How glad I was to have been able to do this for the cause!

In due time I had an answer to this letter. Mrs. Runnels told me she read my letter to their MV society, and they were so interested someone suggested that they take up an offering to refund the coat money. Someone else who knew me back in Battle Creek days said she had a coat that had been given her to pass on to some needy person. She knew me and thought the coat would fit me. So it was arranged that this lady would ship the coat to me by express as soon as possible.

That same week the express package came, and the coat was a nice black broadcloth, well made, and almost new. It was a perfect fit. It was a better one than I would have bought if I had had the money.

How happy I was for the coat! The money which was sent I used to help pay off the balance on the stove.

Thus the promise "But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus" (Philippians 4: 19) was fulfilled to me, and from that day onward Philippians 4: 19 has been one of my favorite texts. Truly the Lord has been my shepherd!

There was no colored branch of the Y.W.C.A. in

## NEW WORK IN ATLANTA

Atlanta, but there was a colored branch of the Y.M.C.A. Having been a member of the Y.W.C.A. while in India and knowing the good work it did, I thought since we could not operate a sanitarium, we might be able to conduct the work of a Y.W.C.A. The building was such that it could be used well for that purpose.

I presented the plan to the local conference officials. They agreed and granted my request for the use of the building, provided I could operate it without any obligation or expense to the conference. The idea was that I would conduct Bible classes, a night school, operate a reading room, and provide rooms for working girls who needed a place to stay. We secured literature from New York, the Y.W.C.A. national headquarters, and had some leaflets printed at Morris Brown College. Then I sent out special invitations to representative women whom I had met, requesting them to meet at a central place for the purpose of organizing a Y.W.C.A. for the colored women of Atlanta.

When I told them what my conference was willing to do, the women were very enthusiastic; and we went forward unitedly with the organization. Our president was a Congregationalist; the vice president, a Methodist; the secretary-treasurer was a Seventh-day

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

Adventist; the assistant secretary, a Baptist; and during the first year we had between seventy-five and one hundred members—some out of nearly every church in the city. Each month on Sunday afternoons, we would hold mass meetings at different churches in the city at which time we would present some major topic such as Health and Temperance, Social Purity, and Personal Hygiene. At the close of the address the meeting would be open for discussion or for answering questions. We always tried, if possible, to have the pastor of the church give the address.

We had such a large night school that I had to employ two other teachers. We also conducted First Aid and Home Nursing classes, all of which were self-supporting and were taught by Seventh-day Adventists. The First Aid and Home Nursing classes were well attended and much appreciated. A stewardess of the largest Methodist church and a deaconess of the largest Baptist church attended these classes and requested a three-month extension of the lessons. Since all the members could not continue, these two women paid the difference in the cost and continued the study.

At the close of the course the Methodist stewardess passed the first-year nurses' examination at Morris Brown College, enrolled in the second-year course,

## NEW WORK IN ATLANTA

and continued until she was graduated. The Baptist deaconess secured work under some of the best doctors in the city as a practical nurse and made a wonderful record. All of this gave favorable advertisement to our educational courses and the night school and won more friends for the cause.

The work developed to such an extent that it was thought best to try to affiliate with the national Y.W.C.A. in New York City. I wrote them, and they invited me to attend a national convention in Baltimore, Maryland, and present our work. This I did. Of course, I was frank with them and told them that I was the organizer and a Seventh-day Adventist, and related to them the work that I was doing. I also told them that I had members out of nearly every church in Atlanta and that a place had been provided where working girls could room at a reasonable rate. In fact, we were doing the work in harmony with the plans as outlined by them.

They commended me for the work I was doing, but stated that since it was being operated by our church and managed largely under Seventh-day Adventist influence and since our church was not a member of the Federation of Churches, even though the Y.W.C.A. was considered a non-denominational association, they would rather not affiliate with us under the circum-

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

stances. I brought the report back to Atlanta and offered to resign as the secretary.

After due consideration the group voted to continue to operate without the affiliation as an independent local unit. We carried on the work for several years, in fact, until I was elected by the Southeastern Union Conference as the home missionary, educational, Sabbath school, and Missionary Volunteer secretary of the union colored department.

Because I was the conference Bible worker and it was felt I could give more time to the church work, I was elected to serve as missionary leader, clerk, treasurer, and chairman of the local church school board.

In addition to the above-named activities I gave an average of 500 Bible readings yearly. The last year of my Bible work I added as many members to the church as they had when the church was organized. Each year while I was in Atlanta the tithe and offerings doubled.

Having been a foreign missionary greatly helped me in persuading our people to be missionary minded. I have often thought that the Lord sent me to India to give me a postgraduate course in missionary work so that I could better lead my people in the homeland to appreciate their lot and give to help others less fortunate than they, both at home and abroad.

CALLED TO THE SOUTHEASTERN  
UNION CONFERENCE

AT THE Southeastern Union Conference meeting which was held in Atlanta during the time when Elder O. Montgomery was president, it was felt that larger plans for the colored work should be laid. It was suggested that a colored union evangelist conduct evangelistic meetings in large cities, rotating his services from year to year among the five conferences, and that he be directed by the union committee. They also wanted a woman to take up union home missionary work and to visit the churches, hold institutes, organize bands for missionary work, and teach home-nursing classes. Much stress was placed on the need for such work in all the churches, and the union committee agreed that this help should be provided. Then came the all-important question as to whom they should call. To my surprise Elder C. G. Manns arose and made the motion that they have such a secretary and that Sister Anna Knight be chosen. The motion was seconded and unanimously carried.

Everyone pledged his support and co-operation;

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

hence, there was nothing else for me to do but to try. When the meeting was over, we had, indeed, made history. We had elected Elder G. E. Peters to be union evangelist, and I was elected union home missionary secretary of the colored department.

As soon as possible I made an appointment with Elder O. Montgomery and requested that I might do my first work of organizing and setting the members to work in the Atlanta church. Since I knew the members, I desired to start there. He gladly granted my request and told me that he was also sending for Miss Edith Graham, the General Conference Home Missionary secretary, to come to Atlanta as soon as possible to conduct a special institute and to assist me and the white brother who was to do the same type of work in the union conference for the white churches, in understanding our responsibilities. We both could be trained at the same time by Miss Graham. This was good news to me.

Within a few weeks Miss Graham came and the brother and I began our lessons. It was wonderful to sit day after day and study how to organize a church for home missionary work. All the missionary bands and their duties were carefully outlined to us. At the close of the week she presented to each of us a loose-leaf, leather-bound notebook filled with typewritten

## THE SOUTHEASTERN UNION CONFERENCE

outlines of the lessons that she had been teaching us. I still have mine among other treasures which I greatly cherish.

In due time the Atlanta church was organized and set to work. We used such literature as the "Family Bible Teacher." I bought envelopes by the thousands and had a rubber stamp made. I stamped and numbered each one by hand and made up sets for the bands as needed. I bought the lessons in lots of one hundred and made up sets myself and sold them to the church at cost.

It took hours of work to do this. I had no office except my trunk and suitcase. There was no office help except the young people and a few adults in some of the largest churches whom I could interest in helping me.

Just before a camp meeting in Florida, I had an accident in Atlanta. I fell down a stairway and dislocated my ankle. I reset it myself immediately and hobbled around as best I could and gave it first-aid treatment. As it seemed to be doing well, I went on to St. Petersburg, Florida, to the camp meeting. Going all that distance without treatments was bad for my ankle. When I arrived, my leg and foot were badly swollen and very painful. I, however, went to attend the camp meeting; and since I was secretary of the

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

Missionary Volunteer and Home Missionary departments, I felt compelled to carry on. Therefore, each day I limped around, leaning upon the arms of Jesus, my umbrella, and my responsibility.

Near the close of the meeting two dear sisters, Mrs. Mobley and Mrs. Walker, came to me and tried to persuade me to stop work until my ankle was well, but I told them, "No." As long as I could travel, I felt I must keep working; for the work was great and the laborers were few. I had an appointment in Charleston, South Carolina, as soon as I could get there from camp meeting. On hearing this these two ladies suggested that I ask the Lord to heal me. I told them I was asking the Lord to help me keep going. Then they told me they were going to ask the Lord to heal my ankle. I thanked them and went on to Charleston as I had promised. All the time my ankle was giving me plenty of trouble; still I felt I must endure hardness and even pain, if need be, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

The home in Charleston where they placed me was about a mile from the church. I had to walk, since there was no streetcar I could take. Really, my courage almost failed me. "But," I said, "I can't stop now," and I told the folk at the house I would start early, since I would have to walk slowly. They wanted to call a taxi, but I said, "No, I'll make it all right, and I'll save

## THE SOUTHEASTERN UNION CONFERENCE

that money for missions." After going several blocks a strange feeling swept over me, and all at once I felt light as though I had lost something or left something at the house. I stopped suddenly and turned around with all my weight fully on the sprained ankle. I realized what I had done and was quite surprised that I felt no pain in it. Then I deliberately placed the foot down with all my weight upon it, and there was not the slightest feeling of any discomfort. I discovered that my foot was healed as I walked the streets in Charleston on that bright Sabbath morning. It never has troubled me since that day. I was a happy soul, but I made no boast nor told anyone that I was miraculously healed. I only thanked God, took courage, and went on with my work.

A few days later, perhaps a week or more, I had a letter from Mrs. Mobley asking me to tell her about my ankle and how it was. I immediately answered her letter and told her what happened to me on the streets of Charleston on my way to church that Sabbath day. Soon after she wrote me again and told me that at that very hour she and Mrs. Walker were earnestly praying for me that God would heal my ankle, since I felt I had to keep going.

It pays to pray for each other. Those prayers went from Punta Gorda, Florida, to heaven, and the power

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

from heaven came upon me in answer to those prayers and took my infirmity away and sent me on my way rejoicing in Him who takes care of His little ones. Let us always pray. Pray everywhere and about everything.

Prayer changes things, and the greatest thing we can do for anyone is to pray for him.

My letters were all written in longhand, which was quite a job. At our first annual union meeting of our colored work when I was called upon to make a report, I itemized my own work just as I had taught the church members to do. The members present were indeed surprised at the volume of work done. It came to their notice that I had written over fifteen hundred letters. Someone asked how I did it. I said, "By hand, of course." Elder C. B. Stephenson, who was the union president at that time, suggested that they give me a typewriter. It was voted that each conference share in the expense. They presented me with a portable Corona typewriter, and was I happy! Of course, I had to learn how to use it. Hunt and peck was my method. But the Lord helped me, and I became quite skilled in its use. Many of my letters after that were written while I was on the train going to some appointment.

ITINERARY IN SOUTHEASTERN  
UNION

I LIVED on the train from my trunk and suitcase. I usually planned my work a month at a time, trying to complete the work in one conference before starting in another. For instance, starting from Atlanta I visited the churches in Georgia, usually ending in Augusta. From there I returned to Atlanta. Then I would visit the churches in the Cumberland Conference.

After more experience I learned to use circles and the cross lines, thereby saving my time and money.

The Florida trip took longer as there were more churches to visit and to inspire to work.

It would take from six to eight weeks to make this trip, depending on the enrollment of the schools; for I gave the students physical inspection at the schools once each year along with my other work. I usually visited all the schools twice each year. Of course, places like Atlanta, Jacksonville, Chattanooga, Nashville, and Birmingham got more visits since they were at crossroads and sometimes headquarters.



"I gave the students physical inspection once each year."

## ITINERARY IN SOUTHEASTERN UNION

My work proved to be a great help to the churches. At the end of the first term of office I was re-elected and was asked to carry the educational work in addition. I accepted the responsibility, and the Lord blessed wonderfully. Only the Lord could enable one person to do this work in the whole union. But since I was only the associate secretary, and much of the clerical work and records were kept at the conference offices, I was relieved of those details. The field work was my main responsibility. It was a joy to visit schools in the day, help and encourage the teachers all I could, then go out at night with Ingathering singing bands or to a church meeting or board meeting, whatever the need might be. Day and night, year in and year out, I carried on. My only change or vacation was in the summer school at Oakwood. Then I would go there and teach in the summer school for six or sometimes eight weeks.

I was on the train going from Atlanta to Savannah, Georgia, on one of my itineraries. While reading along the way, all at once I began thinking of the teacher in Charleston, South Carolina. I felt I should go direct to Charleston without stopping in Savannah; but I reasoned that it was not time to visit there, and besides I had not planned that for this trip. But try all I would, I was unable to throw off the feeling that I should go

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

to Charleston at once. Therefore, when I arrived in Savannah, I called the pastor of the church there and asked him to meet me at the station. When he came, I told him I had to go on to Charleston for the afternoon and night, but that I would be back in Savannah the following day at about 2:00 P.M. I asked him to take my trunk out to my room in Savannah and meet me the next day.

Early on the following morning I went to the Charleston school to see the teacher. Since it was her first year there and my time was limited, I wanted to see her and the school as soon as possible.

I arrived while the children were singing for morning devotion. To my surprise, the teacher came to greet me with tears in her eyes, saying, "Oh, I'm so glad you came! I wanted so much to see you, but couldn't write or telegraph because I did not know how to reach you. I need your help! So all I could do was to pray, which I did yesterday."

I understood then why I was sent on this side trip that was not in my plans.

The teacher told me her problem. The Lord helped me to give her the counsel she needed, and I started back to my room to get dinner. I was happy, indeed, to know I had been used by the Lord to comfort and help one of His faithful teachers. She prayed; the

## ITINERARY IN SOUTHEASTERN UNION

prayer went to heaven. The Spirit impressed me on the train in Georgia so strongly that I was made to change my plans and go to Charleston.

Yes, prayer changes things. "It pays to serve Jesus; it pays every day."

As I was walking on the street going to my room, a voice spoke to me, saying, "You had better call the station and find out about the train." Across the street was a funeral home. No one was in the office, but I saw a pay telephone on the wall. I made the call, and to my surprise the schedule of the train I wanted to take had been changed and was due to leave an hour earlier than I had expected. Had I failed to obey my guardian angel, I would have missed my train and would have caused trouble and anxiety to my friends in Savannah. But by calling I was able to reach the station in time, make my return as planned, and take up my regular work which I had scheduled before making the Charleston trip.

One thing was to my advantage. I had charge of all the colored schools in the union. We were, thereby, able to talk over our plans while at summer school, and this saved much worry. The white superintendents were all very co-operative and did all they could to make the work a success. To them I was very grateful.

24 . . . .

## CALLED TO THE SOUTHERN UNION

**A**FTER I had spent a little more than six years doing home missionary, educational, Missionary Volunteer, and Sabbath school work in the Southeastern Union Conference, the officials of the Southern Union placed a call through the General Conference, requesting my release. I was to come to the Southern Union to take up the same lines of work. After much prayer I accepted the call.

The Southern Union Conference comprised the states of Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, western Florida, west Tennessee, and Kentucky.

It seemed wise to visit the larger churches first, especially where mission schools were being conducted. At that time all the colored schools were known as mission schools for the reason that some of them were located where there was no church or only a small church and the conference had to pay most of the salary of the teachers.

I found much work in trying to standardize the course of study and the textbooks, in helping select

## THE SOUTHERN UNION

suitable teachers, and in improving the physical plants of the schools.

After about a year marked improvement could be seen in each school. The enrollments increased in several places until we had to employ two teachers at Greenville, Mississippi; Shreveport, Louisiana; and Birmingham, Alabama.

I spent my time among the churches and schools, remaining from two days to a week at each place.

We organized bands for home missionary work, held week-end institutes, and there was a general revival of missionary endeavor in all the colored churches.

When asked by the union president if I wanted an office at union headquarters, I told him "No," for my work was in the field among the schools and churches and I had no time or need for an office. My work was that of associate secretary to the union home missionary, Sabbath school, Missionary Volunteer, and educational secretaries. When I visited in the local conference, I was assistant to the local superintendent and did what I could to build up the work.

When my work was completed in a conference, I tried to report in person if possible at the conference office, telling the officials of my work and making requests and suggestions for improvement. If I couldn't report personally, I always did in writing. With such

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

close co-operation the work progressed satisfactorily, and the Lord greatly blessed in all lines.

During the summer the union conferences conducted summer school at Oakwood for all colored teachers in both the Southeastern and Southern unions. I was always present, but during the week ends I sometimes went out to attend camp meetings, when they convened during summer school.

Mrs. R. A. Miller, a public school teacher of Savannah, Georgia, attended the summer school of 1922. This was her first visit to the college, and she was so profoundly impressed with the school and its possibilities that she urged the teachers present to band themselves together in an association to raise funds to help carry on in a stronger way the work of Christian education.

The teachers met together to consider the suggestions made by Mrs. Miller, and after several meetings there was brought into being an organization which is known as the National Colored Teachers' Association of Seventh-day Adventists. Every teacher present joined the organization and made substantial pledges toward the work.

The officers elected were: president, Anna Knight; vice-president, Professor F. L. Peterson; secretary-treasurer, Julia F. Baugh.

## THE SOUTHERN UNION

The aim of the association is to promote Christian education and to help provide facilities for the training of colored teachers in our denominational schools.

At the second annual meeting in 1923 the association created a student loan fund. Miss Sarah E. Peck, then associate secretary of the General Conference Educational Department, gave the first hundred dollars to establish the fund. During that summer session, she was one of the instructors sent from the General Conference to help. I solicited her for a gift for some worthy students, and she suggested we start a student loan fund in our association, thereby enabling us to continue our help over a period of years.

Some of the things the association accomplished:

1. Helped to provide a better water system at Oakwood.
2. Created a student loan fund in 1923.
3. Provided the first cement sidewalks at Oakwood.
4. Placed a large mirror in the hall in the girls' dormitory.
5. Gave financial assistance to sixty-six students in our colleges. Mrs. R. A. Miller gave \$1,000.

For twenty-seven years I have served as the president of the National Colored Teachers' Association of Seventh-day Adventists, and God has blessed our efforts for Him.



"The man had an old car with worn tires, and the roads were bad. He had several blowouts before we had gone three miles."

## A LESSON WELL LEARNED

ONE Sunday morning I was leaving Greenville, Mississippi, for Yazoo City. It was a rainy morning and chilly also. I had only a little time in which to make the train. I had no opportunity to eat breakfast, so I got ready, saying to myself, "I can read my Bible while I am on the train."

The man came late for my trunk. When I reached the station, the ticket agent would not sell me a through ticket on a clergy permit. At the junction I had to change trains, buy another ticket, and re-check my trunk to Yazoo City. The porter on the Southern Railway pointed to a train, saying, "There is your train, hurry up, no time to lose." I bought my ticket, rushed to the baggage room, re-checked my trunk, and boarded the train, thinking all was well, but the train did not move. The Southern train left, another train left. The one I was on stood still.

Finally it left, but when the conductor collected the tickets, he said, "You are on the wrong train." He pulled the cord and put me and two other ladies off

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

the train about a mile from the depot, on a wet, muddy road in the delta. We had to carry our hand luggage back to the depot.

What could I do? The crowd at the depot was large, as many people go visiting on Sundays. I asked the two women, both strangers to me, if they would share a taxi and pay one third of the cost if I could find one to take us from Morehead to Yazoo City, about sixty miles. They agreed. I left my suitcase and typewriter with them and went out to get a taxi but could not find one. Finally I asked a white man who had a car if he would take us. He agreed to take us for \$12.00 (that meant \$4.00 each). We engaged his service and started out for Yazoo City. I had to go by auto or not at all.

I tried to pray silently, asking the Lord to forgive me for starting out wrong that day.

The man who took us had an old car with worn tires, and the roads were bad. He had several blowouts before we had gone three miles. When we had to get out for him to fix a tire, I discovered that my handbag with my fountain pen, my purse containing about \$5.00 in change, and some important papers, including my clergy permit, was gone and no one knew anything about it. I asked the man to take me back to the depot to see if I had left it there. The two women waited on the highway while the owner of the car took me back

## A LESSON WELL LEARNED

to the depot. Soon after we started, he had another blowout. He stopped a car which was going to the depot, and told me to ride in and as soon as he got his tire fixed he would come for me and bring me back to the other waiting passengers.

When I got to the depot the folk were surprised to see me. I looked over all the bags I could see, but didn't find mine, and no one seemed to know anything about it. I waited a long time, it seemed to me. Finally the man with the car came, and we started again. When we reached the place where the others were waiting they were tired and quite impatient. The driver explained that his inner tube was no good and he had to get another, and since it was Sunday, it took longer. Then he fretted over the bad roads, saying had he known they were so bad he never would have started. Every little while he would stop someone and ask if that was the road to Yazoo City. We were very much perturbed by this time for fear we might never reach our destination. I thought either this man didn't know the way or else he was a crook. I prayed some more and promised the Lord if He would only help me to reach Yazoo City, never, never again would I start out on a journey without Bible study and prayer.

After a long, tiresome ride, we finally reached the depot at Yazoo City, and with an oath the man un-

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

loaded our luggage. We thanked him, gave him the \$12, and he left.

The two other women were at home and knew what to do, but I had never been in Yazoo City before. The local elder of the church to whom I had written met the train, but since I was not on it he had gone. I had only one dollar left after paying my share of the taxi fare. I got it changed, put my hand luggage in a locker at the depot, and started out on foot to try to find some of the members of the church. Since no one was in the waiting room, I first took a little time to pray and ask the Lord to help me. I thanked Him for giving me a safe journey thus far, and asked Him to please direct me to some Seventh-day Adventist. I started out and finally saw a man coming along the same street. I asked him if he knew where any Seventh-day Adventists lived.

"Yes," he said, "see that house up there on the corner? One of them lives there."

I thanked him and went to the house, but no one was at home. I sat down on the porch to rest and pray.

After a little while I saw a man on a horse stop at the gate. He said, "How did you get here? I met the train, but you were not on it. I've been to a lot of people and told them not to come to church tonight because you had not come."

## A LESSON WELL LEARNED

Then I told him what had happened to me. "Well," he said, "Satan surely didn't want you to come to Yazoo City! We had invited a lot of our friends to come to church to hear you speak tonight, and they said they would come; but when I met the train and you were not on it, I went around and told them not to."

After a little further talk, he decided to go out again and tell the people to come. He told me to tell the sister when she came to go to church early and turn on the lights so the members would see the light and attend the meeting.

At the appointed time there were fifteen or twenty persons present and we had a good meeting.

I told them I was broke and someone would have to lend me money to get as far as Jackson, Mississippi, where I could get a loan from the conference to take me to Nashville.

Of course I got the money to go on to Jackson, and after attending to matters there, I returned to Nashville.

In all my travels I had never had such a hard time, and I can truthfully say I've never failed to start my trips right since that day. I've learned that I should always have a word from God and speak a word to God before starting out on a journey or beginning my

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

day's work. No matter how rushed I am I get up earlier when necessary in order to have the time for my communion with the Lord.

At another time I made a short trip which I shall always remember.

It was on the branch railroad going from Laurel, Mississippi, to Jackson via Mendenhall. Since it was only a short trip, I didn't take any lunch.

When we got about three miles from Mendenhall, it began to storm and the train began to rock on the tracks, so the conductor ordered it stopped. After the storm subsided, the train went on to the station, but we were informed that we could not get through to Jackson because the tracks were under water and the whole town of Braxton, Mississippi, was wrecked. Every building in town was blown down or damaged except the section house near the station where some colored people lived.

The conductor ordered the train to be placed on a sidetrack at Delo. He gave the passengers back their tickets and told them they must get out into the village and find rooms for themselves if they could. When he came to me, I asked if I could remain on the train overnight, since I didn't know anyone. He said that I could do so at my own risk, which I did.

There were five or six men left on the train, includ-

## A LESSON WELL LEARNED

ing the porter. There were no stores to go to, no "butcher" on the train, and no water available.

It was really hard to be stranded like that; still there was cause for rejoicing because we had escaped the storm, which we might not have done if the conductor had not stopped the train and waited.

When morning came, I went out and tried to find something to eat, but failed. Even the water in the wells was muddy from the heavy rain. I had to fast and pray that day until about five o'clock in the afternoon, when the workmen came through and told us the track was clear and by careful driving we could make it through to Jackson.

That was one time I prayed all night, and was not afraid, even though I was out in the country on a train with only men travelers. There was a feeling of nearness to my God which I have seldom felt.

## THE LORD CARES FOR HIS OWN

I WAS returning to Oakwood from an extended itinerary and spent the night in Birmingham, Alabama, planning to take a morning train out from the L. & N. station to Decatur and there change to the Southern Railway for Huntsville. In this way I would arrive at Huntsville in the daytime.

A heavy rain fell during the night and I was perplexed, for I wanted to do a little shopping in the city before train time. I needed a pair of shoes badly. If the rain continued I could not do my shopping. I asked the Lord to stop the rain. He did. Just a few moments before I was ready to go the man of the house told me if I wanted him to take me into the city I would have to be ready in fifteen minutes, or I would be left.

It looked like an impossibility for me to get ready and eat breakfast in fifteen minutes. I said, "All right, you go on. I'll get there some way." I began to pray while I packed my suitcase, striving earnestly to be ready by the time he was.

## THE LORD CARES FOR HIS OWN

When I went out, to my surprise he was still in the yard. His car had bogged down in the driveway. The ground was soft from the rain, and he was trying to get it out. He had a big laugh at himself and said, "Come on, I'll take you to town. The Lord cares for His own."

I said, "Amen."

I told this brother I wanted to go to a shoe store and buy a pair of shoes before train time.

He said, "I don't think you will have time. You better go to the station first."

We went to the station as suggested and found that the train was twenty-five minutes late. I checked my suitcase and asked him to take me to the best shoe store near the station. Then he could go on to work and I'd get back to the station on a streetcar.

He laughed again, but said, "Get in. It's your risk, not mine."

I went into the store, put out my foot, and told the clerk I wanted a pair of shoes as near like the ones I had on as possible. He looked at my shoe, then said, "I have only one pair of that style, and I am not sure it will fit, but we'll see."

The shoe was a perfect fit, good quality, but it cost more than I wanted to pay (\$12). This was during the first World War. I had no time to go elsewhere to

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

look; so I paid the price and got back to the station in time for my train.

I was still perplexed, yes, worried, for I would have to change trains in Decatur, and if the train was on time there was only fifteen minutes grace. The L. & N. train was already twenty-five minutes late. Unless it made up the time or unless the Southern train was late, I would miss connections and have to wait five hours for another train. I would reach Huntsville late at night. That was what I didn't want to do. I had not told the folk at Oakwood I was coming; besides, the school was five miles from the city and I did not want to go out in a taxi at that time of night. I began to pray silently in my heart, asking the Lord to help me again—either cause this L. & N. train to make up the time, or make the Southern train late. As it was a local, it was usually on time. Then, too, we would have to stop before we got to Decatur to change the engine.

I was very anxious when the porter came through and said, "Well, missionary, I'm afraid you're left."

I, however, still hoped and silently prayed and kept looking on the track where the Southern train would be.

When we pulled into the station, the porter said, "Come on, missionary, there is your train." I was already on my way. He took my suitcase and rushed

## THE LORD CARES FOR HIS OWN

over to the other train, shoved it into the coach, and helped me on as the conductor called out, "All aboard." I was so happy I exclaimed as I took my seat, "Thank the Lord!"

One of the passengers on the train said, "You needn't thank the Lord; thank that old freight train out there. Had it not blocked our way we would have been gone from here a half hour ago."

All the people on the train laughed. I joined in the laugh also, and commented, "Still I thank the Lord for making the freight train block the way so I could get on this train."

We reached Huntsville before night, and I was happy! As I got off the train and started to the waiting room, to my surprise I came face to face with Brother Dobbins of Oakwood College. He seemed as glad to see me as I was to see him.

I asked how he knew I was coming. "I didn't," he said, "but I was in town and was impressed to come by, thinking someone might be on the train who might want to go out to the school."

No one can ever make me feel that the Lord does not hear and answer our prayers, and I believe this instance fulfilled the scripture that says, "Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, . . . unto him be glory. . . ." Ephe-

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

sians 3: 20, 21. I only asked to make connections with the train. The Lord helped me to get the train and then had Brother Dobbins with his car at the station just in time to meet me and take me out to the college.

Many years before I had heard that Sister White had said there ought to be a school located in the country near Nashville, Tennessee, or in northern Alabama, since the racial feelings were not so bad there as in other places in the South. A committee had been to Nashville and some other places but could not find any location that appealed to them. They were on their way to northern Alabama to see what they could find. Early the next morning before starting they gathered in the living room for prayer. It was the custom of Brother and Sister Chambers to pray three times a day, morning, noon, and night. I was deeply impressed by the earnestness of the prayers of these men as they asked the Lord to help them find the place He had in mind for a colored school. They were so earnest that they shed tears over it. After prayer they went to the railway station, took the train to Huntsville, and were directed out to a farm which was for sale. They said after they entered the grounds that they had a feeling that this was the place the Lord had in mind for the school.

After careful investigation, they put down a de-

## THE LORD CARES FOR HIS OWN

posit to hold the farm until they could report their findings to Battle Creek, Michigan.

I was at Battle Creek attending the Industrial Preparatory School when a special offering was planned for the colored work to raise a fund to help buy that farm on which the General Conference wished to establish a school. Everyone was asked to give a dollar. Many did not have the dollar to give, and they sacrificed a meal a day, thereby saving the money for an offering on the following Sabbath to help the colored work.

In due time the money was raised and the purchase was made.

Some years after the school had been in operation, Mrs. E. G. White visited the plant and in a chapel talk said, "This is the place that was shown to me. I saw it as it was, as it is, and as it ought to be." She then gave a lecture on how the school and farm should be conducted.

I am sure Oakwood College is God's school, and since its founding, a wonderful work has been done in training workers for the cause of God.

## OAKWOOD SCHOOL

I HAD remained in the Southern Union about six years when a call came from the Southeastern Union through the General Conference for me to come back to that union and again take up the conference work. They had tried to get someone else, but had failed.

I had to pray over this, and also make some suggestions. I was living at Oakwood at this time. Therefore, if the Southeastern Union Conference would permit me still to live at Oakwood, I would accept.

Elder W. H. Heckman was president of the Southeastern Union at that time. He wrote back granting all my requests and urging me to take up work with them at once.

Elder G. W. Wells was president of the Southern Union at that time. He, too, was a fine Christian man, and it was hard for me to make the change, but since I had prayed about it, asking the Lord for the usual signs and receiving the answer, there was nothing else to do but to return to the Southeastern Union.

## OAKWOOD SCHOOL

I took up the work where I had left it and found that there was much to do because of a lack of supervision, due to the fact that there was no colored associate secretary.

After about six months of earnest endeavor the work in every line was functioning normally and satisfactorily. The teachers especially were most happy to have me back with them again, and I received a hearty welcome in all the churches and schools.

While my headquarters were at Oakwood College, I lived on the train from my trunk and suitcase most of the time.

During this time I was a member of the Oakwood College Board by virtue of my office as union associate educational secretary. It was a source of satisfaction and pleasure to help plan and work for the college and see it grow yearly. I had been in Chattanooga when Elders O. A. Olsen and G. A. Irwin spent the night with Brother Chambers on their way to Huntsville, Alabama, looking for a suitable place to locate a training school for the colored people.

The school has developed into a four-year senior college, and the majority of our colored workers have received their training at Oakwood College.

From an address given to the teachers and students at Oakwood College, Huntsville, Alabama, June 21,

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

1904, by Mrs. Ellen G. White, I quote the following:

“I am so pleased to see the colored students who are here today. I only wish there were many more in training for service; for there is a large field to work in the South. God wants the students before me to be His helping hand in reaching souls in many places. . . .

“In regard to this school here at Huntsville, I wish to say that for the past two or three years I have been receiving instruction as to what it should be, and what those who come here as students are to become. All that is done by those connected with this school is to be done with the realization that this is the Lord’s institution, in which the students are to be taught how to cultivate the land, and how to labor for the uplifting of their own people. They are to work with such earnestness and perseverance that the farm will bear testimony to the fidelity with which this donation of land has been cared for. This is the Lord’s land, and it is to bear fruit to His glory. Those who come to this school to receive instruction on the farm or in the schoolroom, are to be taught in right lines, and are to live in close connection with God.

“I am so glad we have this farm. One came to me, and said, ‘I think it is a mistake to keep that land. It is not half cultivated. I think that they might better turn it back to the conference.’

## OAKWOOD SCHOOL

"That night instruction was given me regarding the matter. It was God's purpose that the school should be located near Huntsville. He saw that the workers here would not have to fight every inch of ground, as those in some other places have had to do, in order to establish the truth. The instruction was given to me, Never, never part with an acre of this land. It is to educate hundreds."—Mrs. E. G. White, *The Huntsville School*, pp. 9, 10 (tract).

"Long before I visited Huntsville, the Oakwood school farm was presented to me, both as it then was and as it might be in the future if wisely managed and properly cared for. . . . I was also shown cultivated fields, gardens where vegetables were raised, and orchards bearing abundance of fruit."—*Id.*, p. 2.

This makes me know that Oakwood College is God's school, and I have been happy indeed to see it grow, and to watch its graduates who have gone out into many, many places both in America and across the seas to do exploits for God.

At each union conference session I was re-elected to my same duties until the time came when the General Conference, under the presidency of Elder C. H. Watson, united several of its union conferences. The old Southeastern and Southern unions were united into the Southern Union to comprise the states of

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, and Kentucky. At this meeting, all new officers were elected, except me. I was elected associate secretary of the educational, Home Missionary, Missionary Volunteer, and Sabbath school departments of the new Southern Union Conference colored department.

This position was held by me, by re-election at union conference sessions, until December, 1945, when the colored conferences were organized, which act automatically dissolved the union colored department.

At the time the colored conferences were organized there were in the Southern Union thirty-four church schools, four of which were junior academies. These schools employed fifty-four teachers.

During my years of service I made the physical checkup of the students in all the schools annually, in addition to the other duties which the work called for. I was offered the same work in one of the local conferences, but declined, with a request that they seek a younger person. I offered, however, to carry on the work as before in the two conferences until such time as their respective superintendents and departmental secretaries could take over.

I continued on in the South Atlantic Conference

## OAKWOOD SCHOOL

until March, 1946, when Elder F. H. Jenkins arrived and began his work; in the South Central Conference until November, 1946, when Elder F. B. Slater arrived to take his work.

In checking over my years of service in the combined conferences in the Southern Union, I discovered that I have worked under sixteen union presidents, thirty-eight local conference presidents, eight union Sabbath school and home missionary secretaries, twenty-two union educational and Missionary Volunteer secretaries, twenty treasurers (union and local), and five union colored secretaries.

All of these leaders were kind, considerate, and cooperative, and should any of them chance to read this book, I take this opportunity to thank them for what they did for me personally and for the work as a whole.

## VACATION IN NASSAU

WHEN I attended the Florida camp meeting in 1937 there was a large delegation of Seventh-day Adventists from Nassau. They urged me to take a vacation and come over to the Bahamas and visit them. They were so anxious for me to come that they offered to pay all the expenses of the trip. I promised them that if I could arrange my work satisfactorily I would come.

It took extra effort to get my work arranged, but by the 26th of December I had completed my itinerary to Miami and had arranged with Elder J. K. Jones, the Southern Union Conference president, to take a vacation, since I had been working all these years without one.

I could have had a vacation before, as all workers were allowed two weeks annually with pay. Many of us never took it for various reasons. My reason was there was always so much to do that I did not see how I could spare the time and, too, I heard a conference official say one time that he never took vacations and

## VACATION IN NASSAU

that he liked the kind of worker who could stay by his post of duty year in and year out, taking care of his health at the same time.

I made up my mind then that I would try to be that kind of worker.

Since our brethren from Nassau wanted some of us from America to visit them and invited me, I decided to make room for at least one vacation.

It was my good fortune to be going over at the same time that Elder D. B. Reid and his wife were returning to Nassau. They had been in America and were going back to their field of labor.

We had made reservations on the little boat *The Champion*, which was considered one of the best local boats from Miami to the Bahamas. We left Miami in the afternoon of the 26th of December, arriving in Nassau about midforenoon on December 27.

Elder Reid had notified the people of the time of our arrival, and a large group of the members were at the docks to meet us. It really was a warm welcome in every sense of the word. The weather was ideal, and although the boat was not large and the sea a bit rough, I was not seasick and was feeling all right when we arrived.

Nassau is really a very pretty place and the people are delightful. I made my home with Nurse Wood,

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

whom I met years before as a student at Oakwood. She took her nurses' course at Oakwood when the college had a sanitarium and nurses' training school. She went to Hinsdale, Illinois, and then to New York for advanced training and returned to her home in Nassau to establish an institution of her own. She is still carrying on a wonderful self-supporting missionary work in connection with her treatment rooms.

I made my home with her, and my vacation was so pleasant that I got my ticket extended and remained three days longer than I had planned.

Yes, I called it a vacation, but really I was almost as busy there as in America. The church people kept me busy. They had two large churches with good congregations in the city of Nassau, and if I spoke at one, I would have to speak at the other. In this way I gave nine lectures and attended several entertainments. One day the members chartered a streetcar, and a large group took me sight-seeing around the island. It was indeed interesting as well as enjoyable.

Elder Reid and Brother Fountain took me on a number of auto trips to places of interest.

I had many tropical fruits upon which to feast, and many of them reminded me of things I had eaten in East India.

After all, God's world is a wonderful place to be in.

## VACATION IN NASSAU

We are all one big family on earth, laboring with one aim—to finish the work of God and to be ready to go to our Father's house and unite with the family of heaven.

I had a change by going to Nassau, but really not a vacation. I think now I will have my vacation in heaven! We must work now and pray until the work is finished. With real appreciation I can say:

“Oh, there'll be joy when the work is done,  
Joy when the reapers gather home,  
Bringing the sheaves at set of sun  
To the New Jerusalem.”

On January 9, 1938, after a most enjoyable visit in Nassau, I had to say good-bye and come back to my duties in the Southern Union. I really found much work awaiting me which took me months to accomplish.

I often think of the dear believers over there and pray for them with happy memories of those busy but pleasant days among them, and I look forward to the time when we all get to heaven. What a day of rejoicing that will be! Ah, yes, when we all see Jesus, we'll sing and shout the victory!

## IN RETROSPECT

Now that I have come to the sunset hours of my active work and the close of this little story, I am indeed happy as I look back over the years to see the way the Lord has ruled and overruled in the things pertaining to my life and work. There is only one regret, and that is that I could not do more.

When I remember that at the time I accepted this wonderful message the whole Southern Union Conference was only a mission field, and there were only fifty colored Seventh-day Adventists scattered throughout the different churches in North America, I am led to exclaim, "What hath God wrought!" There was then not a single colored church among us. Not a conference in the whole Southland.

How different it is today! We have a strong Southern Union Conference, composed of seven local conferences; two are colored, with a combined membership in them alone of 8,112. Throughout North America we have a total membership of more than 26,000 colored believers.

## IN RETROSPECT

We have established the Riverside Sanitarium at Nashville, Tennessee. We have Oakwood College at Huntsville, Alabama, seven twelve-grade academies, ten junior academies, and scores of elementary schools. These schools are staffed with trained teachers, a number of whom have their M.A. and Ph.D. degrees.

Not one of them was on the stage of action when I became a Seventh-day Adventist. Truly this is the "Great Second Advent Movement!" I am thankful to be numbered as a part of it. I would not be anything else. It is a wonderful movement and has done great things for us, whereof I am glad.

As I sit here meditating over the great world-wide work, my heart is filled to overflowing with gratitude to God for the part He has given me to do.

My life has been a busy one. Hands and heart have been full. When I look at the scores of young men and women whom I met first in our mission and church school, and encouraged and assisted in their getting a Christian education, and see them out in the work filling places of responsibility and trust, bearing heavy burdens in our institutions and in the field as evangelists, teachers, doctors, nurses, Bible instructors, bookkeepers, secretaries, and executives, am I happy? Oh, yes, I am happy!

I can say, we don't have to wait till the Lord comes

## MISSISSIPPI GIRL

to taste of His goodness! We can have a little heaven now if we will. I have tasted and known that the Lord is good.

I know what the text in Matthew 19: 29 means, "And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundred-fold, and shall inherit everlasting life." I can count a hundred homes, and brethren, sisters, fathers, and mothers. All that is lacking is the inheritance, and that is as sure as the promises of God.

But the end is not yet. There is still much land to be possessed, great conquests to be made, and I hope and pray that the readers of this little book will be helped and inspired thereby and caused to go out into the many dark counties, unentered towns and cities in our beloved America, as well as into foreign countries, and "attempt great things for God."

So much to do and so little time! The laborers are few. I would like to appeal through this little book to the advent youth to arise in the strength of your youth, share your faith as never before with your friends, neighbors—yes, and strangers among us—and *shine, shine, shine* until the whole earth is lightened with this glorious message.

We have the last message that is to go to a dying

## IN RETROSPECT

world and only a little time in which to give it; but with willing hands, ready minds, and consecrated hearts it can be done, and it will be done.

I am truly thankful for the part I have had in helping to make the progress that has been made, especially in the Southland.

Since 1911 I have kept an itemized record of the work that I have done. I had to make monthly reports to the conference; therefore, I formed the habit of keeping a daily record.

Thinking it might add interest in reporting, I am giving a summary of four items herewith:

I have held 9,388 meetings and have made 11,744 missionary visits. My work required the writing of 48,918 letters, and in getting to my appointments I have traveled 554,439 miles. This report does not include mileage to or from my mission field, India, nor does it include any miles covered in my travels there.

With great gratitude for what God has enabled me to do, my mind turns again to one of my favorite hymns as I close.

MISSISSIPPI GIRL

BY FAITH ALONE

If through unruffled seas,  
Calmly toward heav'n we sail,  
With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee,  
We'll own the fav'ring gale.

But should the surges rise,  
And rest delay to come,  
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,  
Which drives us nearer home.

Soon shall our doubts and fears  
All yield to Thy control;  
Thy tender mercies shall illumine  
The midnight of the soul.

Teach us in ev'ry state,  
To make Thy will our own,  
And when the joys of sense depart,  
To live by faith alone.

—GERMAN.



