

When sitting on the mower, God called me to preach the everlasting Gospel. There were many things to keep me at home. First, the prospects of this life were encouraging; comfort and wealth would be mine. Second, my inability to fill such a high calling. Third, the opposition of friends, especially to my going with the Holiness Movement, as they were destitute of parsonages and chapels, and were considered the off-scouring of the earth, but I conferred not with flesh and blood.

As I saw my mother's transit to the heavenly world, I said, "Let me die the death of the righteous;" let my last end be like her's. The Lord said to me, "If you want to have such a death scene, you must preach the Gospel." I said, "Lord, I will go all the way to heaven on my knees, if I may die like that."

Many pages could be written on my call to preach: the conflicts I had and how I tried to get out of entering the ministry, etc. My inability and some other things tried to keep me from obeying God on this line; but, now, if I had a thousand lives to live I would give them all to Jesus.

At our first Feast of Pentecost at Athens, I received the mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost and of Fire. After all had retired, I remained in the tent alone with God; and, while waiting on Him,