

"ALL POWER IS GIVEN UNTO ME IN HEAVEN AND IN EARTH.  
GO YE THEREFORE".

FOREWARD.

A word of explanation, I am sure, is necessary to this short story of my life, which I write with great hesitancy. I should much prefer never writing it, but I do it at the request of a friend, and ALONE for the GLORY OF GOD. Surely with Jacob I say truthfully, "Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been, and have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of my fathers in the days of their pilgrimage." If there has been any good at all in my life, no credit is due me in any way - ALL PRAISE IS GOD'S. Untold and undescribable have been God's mercies and grace to my miserably unworthy heart and life. My heart's desire is to glorify Him, but I daily fall so far short of it that I am not worthy to be called His child.

Humanly speaking, the relatives, and friends, that God has given me have put into my life what of good there is, or has been. I refrain from the use of their names in this short story, because could I write forever, I could never do justice to the gratitude that my heart feels to them for all they have meant to my life. I should like to call the names of each one, and from a grateful heart offer public thanks, except for the above reason, but I am grateful that I can feel that any one of them who ever hears of this story will understand, and will with me prefer to give ALL GLORY TO GOD ALONE.

The subject, "All Power is Given unto Me in Heaven and in Earth. Go Ye Therefore," I choose because it seems to express in a few words the depth of the meaning of His call, His Preparation, and His fulfilled Promise. He, and He Alone could possibly have condescended to call, to provide necessary preparation, to supply all needs, to open the way, and to use, a life so unworthy His love.

CHAPTER I

HIS CALL

When I was very young my parents moved from Bradford, Pennsylvania, where I was born, to Panama, New York. When about six years old they left Panama for Salamanca, where we lived only a short while, and then took a boat from New York to Charleston, S.C. From Charleston, after about a year we moved to Savannah, and from Savannah to several places throughout Georgia finally settling in Macon, Georgia.

It is no wonder that I early learned to love Jesus, since having been placed by God in a beautifully Christian home. At a tender age, around the family altar, I was taught to lisp "Now I lay me down to sleep," and "Our Father who art in Heaven." During these years came my first impressions of the love of God, and of my need of a Saviour. Words would fail me to express the gratitude my heart feels for my dear Christian father and mother, who brought me to the family altar each night, and led my footsteps to God's house on Sundays, and other days of worship. Would to God that every parent realized the value of the early years of childhood spent in God's house, and about the altar in the home.

As God walked and talked to me during those first nine years of my life, I seemed to hear Him say, "Pearl, you ought to love Me, I have died for you." And in my simple, childish way I said, "Lord Jesus, I do love You." And then He seemed to say, "I want you to be a foreign missionary for Me, you ought to go and tell of me to those who have never heard." And again, without counting the cost, of which I was too little to understand, yet knowing that I loved Christ Jesus better than any one else, I replied, "If You want me to go, and will open the way I will be glad to give my whole life in foreign service for You."

A short time, after my tenth birthday, found me in Macon with the great privilege again of going to God's house for Sunday School and Church services, of which I had been deprived during our years of moving about, as much of the time we were in places where there was no church. The same was true of schools, but my precious father and mother, realizing the lack, had made up for it in a large measure through the family altar and teaching me school lessons in the home. On coming to Macon I entered the third grade of the Grammar school.

Living in East Macon, we soon found our Church Home in the East Macon Baptist Church of which Rev. J. P. Lee was pastor. It was here, that shortly after my tenth birthday, I confessed Christ as my Saviour, and on the night of March the fifteenth I was buried with Christ in baptism, and arose to walk in newness of life. Although I had had only about one and one-half years of regular schooling before this time, I had read the Bible through from Genesis to the Psalms, and all of the New Testament. This had led me to a love of God's Word which I began to read anew, and in about two years had read the entire Bible through again. Only God knows the blessings that my young heart gained from its pages. Surely, "His Word was a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my pathway." At the age of fourteen I began to teach a Sunday School class regularly. Previously I had taught as a supply teacher, and tried to do what I could in Christ's service, but the teaching of that first regular class had a great influence on my life to inspire me to do more for my blessed Saviour.

There was ever before me the vision of the foreign mission fields to which I felt God was calling me. However at the age of fourteen, when I had finished the sixth grade of Grammar School, my father was unable to keep me in school longer, and it was necessary for me to go to work to help support myself and home. During my last years of Grammar School I had taken, and made, pictures to get a little money for books and clothes, but my first real work was done in an overall factory, where the first week I earned one dollar and fifty-eight cents. As I worked on year after year, changing places of work, as opportunities for betterment came, I soon saw that it would be impossible for me to serve God efficiently on foreign fields unless I had more learning and training than it had been my privilege to have at that time. It was then that I began daily to pray earnestly that if it were God's will for me to be a Foreign Missionary for Him that He would open the way for me to get the necessary education. I worked and prayed, and prayed and worked, day after day until nearly five years had slipped away. Often Satan came to me and said, "You had just as well give up your hope of an education and of going to the Foreign Mission Field, for there is absolutely no chance for a poor girl like you to get the necessary preparation for such work." The situation, I'll confess, looked rather bad, for I knew I had no wealthy relative to help me, nor was I known well enough to have friends who might do so. In fact I was shut in alone to God's help, because I had never said but little concerning the burning desire within me to be a missionary, for I saw the seeming impossibility for me to have an education, and I did not want to make my father feel sorry that he could not give it to me, for he had already made so many real sacrifices in order to supply my needs before I was old enough to work. Shut out seemingly, from all earthly possibilities, I was still depending on God and somehow through the power of the Spirit managed to tell Satan, each time he came, that I didn't know if God would see fit to use me on the foreign fields of service, but I did know that if He did He would prepare me, even though all earthly help should fail.

It was just at this place in my life that God raised up to me a dear Christian friend, who told me of Miss Martha Berry, of her sacrificial life for unfortunate mountain and country boys and girls, and of the possibility of my entering her school, which is near Rome, Georgia. I lost no time in writing her, and thanks be to God, although I was not a country girl, exactly, by my work for her, she brought me under the rules of the school, and within about one month from the time I heard of Her, I found myself at the Martha Berry School for girls with about fifty cents left in my purse.

## CHAPTER II.

### HIS PREPARATION.

The dictionary says that providence is an event directly caused by the Power of God. This has surely been true concerning my education and preparation for foreign work, which accounts for my choice of the title "His Preparation" for this chapter. It has all been of Him and to Him belongs all the praise.

How happy I was the day I arrived at Berry, even though I know I had not enough money in my purse to get a return ticket home, if that had been necessary. Mrs. Berry, being an elderly woman, did not wish assistance in the home as Miss Berry had hoped, and upon knowing this I wondered if it would mean that I must return home, for I had no money with which to pay even a part of my board and personal expenses there. However, I kept praying, and as is characteristic of the greatness of the founder of the Berry Schools, I was not turned out, but was given a chance to work eight hours a day, and study and go to classes the remainder of the day. This was surely a God-given privilege which I accepted with sincerest gratitude. Little odd jobs which God occasionally permitted to come to me furnished fifty or seventy-five cents with which I bought my books, perhaps had a pair of shoes half-soled when they could no longer possibly be used without, or paid for a uniform which was necessary for my stay there. Some months of course would pass in which there would not be a single job, and then my cash book was turned in at arithmetic class recording about six or seven cents spent during the whole month, the which was my unworthy offering to a God of love. But thank God, that though my gift to Him was of necessity very small He saw the few pennies I had left, and knew that they, too, were being saved only that I might contribute them Sunday by Sunday and not ruin the record of my dear Sunday School Class, and occasionally have an extra penny to put into the Church offering. I very distinctly remember on one occasion of my counting my few pennies (some thirty or forty, I think) and counting the Sundays until school would close to see if it would be possible for me to make them hold out at one Sunday until the end. Again, I shall never forget the dear girls of the Young Woman's Christian Association asking me to join with them. Practically all of the religious work of the Girl's School centered around the Y.W.C.A. and of course my heart was in it, but when I asked them what the dues were, and they told me twenty-five cents I knew it would probably be impossible for me to join them, at least that first year. It was after a Y.W.C.A. meeting that they had approached me about it, and when I knew how impossible it was for me to do so, and how much I longed to, I realized that in spite of all I could do my eyes were filling with tears, so that I quickly thanked them, told them I couldn't join them just then, but perhaps sometime I would, and hurried out that they might not see my tears, or know that the reason I could not join them was because I didn't have the twenty-five cents. But thank God, neither will I forget during that following week the coming of an envelope through the mail containing a quarter and the Bible verse, Second Peter 5:7, which I looked up in my Bible and read through grateful tears the words "Casting all your care upon Him for He careth for you." Until this day I have never known, and don't suppose I ever will know who sent it, as there was no name inscribed, but the blessing it was then, and still is, to my life only God can measure. Of course it is needless to say that my joy was full in being privileged, with the others to be a member of the Y.W.C.A. there.

Many like instances of God's direct care, and of His proof of guidance by answered prayer, crowd my mind for expression, but I know it would make this short story too long, and so I must only touch the tops of the most out-standing ones.

From young girl-hood God gave me one noble Christian woman to encourage me onward in what I felt was God's call and work for me. It was she who realized while I was at Berry that the clothes given me by the members of the Y.W.A. of my dear church home (the Baptist Tabernacle of M'con, Ga.) upon my leaving for Berry would not hold out always, and again and again she sent unto my necessity. Later in my first year,

and through out my second at Berry God sent numerous blessing, and answers to prayer through the letters of Christian friends who occasionally sent here a little and there a little, which supplied my needs - all praise be to God for His wonderful gift to me, the great unspeakable gift of Christian friends, Some who were very dear to me, when I first went away from home to go to school, felt that I would stay only a short time and return, not being willing to suffer the hardships that they knew would be mine, but I am sure that they with me have long since learned that hardships become wonderful privileges when Christ is leading the way.

Do not think that alone in finances God proved His love, for it was during my years at Berry that I really began to know what consecration meant, and at least two of my hardest spiritual battles were fought there, which resulted in my being willing to put Christ first, to give Him all the praise, and to follow His leading if even the whole world should turn against me, and whether it meant life or death. It was after these struggles that I really began more fully to know His peace that passes all understanding, and to find a fullness of joy in His service that I had never known before.

Neither would I lead you to believe that my life has been only joy and peace and happiness, for that would be false. I suppose no one has ever given themselves to God that Satan has not worked to turn them back, and make them sorry for their decision, and tried to get them to give up following their Lord. This was surely true in my life, shortly after I had yielded to what I felt was my Lord's will for me. Satan tempted in so many ways urging me of the impossibility of it all, and telling me I could not hope to lead others to Christ when I couldn't even keep my own heart and life from mistakes and sin. Only God knows the struggles of those days, but thanks be to God, He led forth to victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

It was during my second year at Berry that God most marvelously, in His own way, opened the door for my entrance to the Baptist Women's Missionary Union Training School in Louisville, KY. Under ordinary circumstances I would not have been admitted, as my two years at Berry only brought me up through the first year of High School Work, and Training School work was planned for college graduates, or at least for college students, but God opened the door in His own way, through the exception made for myself and several others, by the dear Christian woman in charge that year at "House Beautiful." I was urged to remain at Berry and finish there, but some way I felt that this was God's open way for me to go ahead and so accepted it.

By this time my own home church had seen that I was in earnest, and it was through them that God gave me the sweet privilege of a year's training at the T.S. and Seminary. What that year meant to me is more than I can tell. Of course having had so little education, and not really knowing how to study, I met the darkest days of discouragement I had ever seen. My only hope to pass my work, and to make good, was God and His power. I claimed one verse before His throne daily - John 14:14 - "If ye ask ANYTHING IN MY NAME, I WILL DO IT." Over and over in prayer, I asked that I might be able to do the work required, and promised God that if He would give me my certificate at the end of the year, that I would dedicate it, and whatever it meant to me, to Him. Again I thank God for the friend, yes friends that I found there who were so kind in helping me. Graduation Day arrived, and after I had received my certificate, and with the others had been crowned by the laurels of the Outgoing class, I quietly slipped out of the room, and through the crowd, where there were none to congratulate me, as my loved ones were all too far away, and too poor to come such a distance to attend the exercises and I hurriedly went to my room, where I met my Best Friend, and cast my certificate at His feet, with untold gratitude in my heart to Him for all of His goodness to me. Praise God, His promises are always true and He always keeps them!

It was during the days that I spent at the Training School that God seemed to speak to me, changing all of my plans. Until that time I had felt that China was my field of service for Him, but during a Volunteer Convention, He seemed to call to me to make South America my field instead. At first I could not understand it, for China and Foreign Missions had been practically synonymous in my mind, and I felt was also in the minds of others. It impressed me deeply, that at that time, there were of the Volunteers in the Training School, by far the greater number for China. A peace and joy unspeakable again filled my soul after I had said from my heart, "Anywhere Lord, Send me to the place that needs me most, no matter how hard it may be. At best, my work can be but little and very faulty, but perhaps if that little be done in some country where there are not so many missionaries, and perhaps where it is least noticeable to the eyes of the world, it will mean the most that is possible for it to mean in Thy kingdom's work. So send me anywhere, Lord, anywhere." Over and over, then, He seemed to say, "South America," perhaps Argentine or Chile.

Of course, not being a college student, I was notified by the authorities of the Training School during the following summer not to return to them. At first it seemed as a great disappointment to my heart, but I had long since learned that the disappointments of a Christian are Christ's appointments, and so although the way was dark, and I could see but a few steps at a time, with my hand in His I kept saying, "Lead me on. Anywhere, Lord, anywhere." It was then that Satan came with strong temptations just to give it all up, that it was impossible for me to get enough education to go out as a Foreign Missionary, and that the Board would surely not want me unless I was a college graduate, and I knew there was absolutely no hope for a college education. It was a hard fight, for I seemed to have nothing I could reply to Satan, as I knew there was much truth in what he had to say. Only one thing I could cling to, and that was that if God wanted me on the foreign field He had power to give the needed preparation, and I would leave it all with Him. It was just at this time when I needed it most that God sent a most encouraging letter from a very dear former pastor saying for me not to feel discouraged, but to go right ahead and prepare myself for what I felt was God's call to me, and that God in His own way would send me forth, if it were His will for me to go.

And so it was that the next autumn found me within the walls of the Baptist Bible Institute of New Orleans, La., to continue my preparation. God rejoiced and strengthened my heart also, with the fact, that my two brothers were to study there that year with me. My older brother taking special B.Y.P.U. and S.S. work, and my younger brother preparing for ministry, to which he was ordained the same year.

The wonderful blessings God gave through my study at the Institute, and the blessed practical experiences among the dear people of the Italian Baptist Mission soon revealed to me the purpose of God's closing the door I had so much desired to enter, and opening another door which led to richer and deeper experiences of practical help, without which my preparation for Foreign Work would have been much impoverished. Our Baptist Institute standing as a lighthouse in the midst of the great coast-city of New Orleans, where thousands of foreigners abide, or come and go, affords an opportunity for wonderful practical experiences in Christian training and service that few schools can possibly give. The needs of the foreigner, and his gratitude for Christian help, were manifest, that it made my heart (and I am sure many other hearts) long to do all in my power to give him the Gospel of Jesus Christ, even though it meant leaving loved ones, and mother country, to go unto the uttermost parts of the earth.

God had been caring for my expenses at the Institute through my dear home church until Friday, February 4th, when a letter reached me telling me that they could no longer do so. Only God knows the experience of that day. My faith was not as strong in Him as it should have been, and when it seemed I couldn't finish although I lacked

just four months of receiving my degree, I did what I suppose almost any other young girl would have done, gave way to a flood of tears. Yet how marvelous had been God's loving kindness in permitting this letter to not come an hour before it did. I had just finished two, the last, of my mid-term examinations that morning, and the letter came on the afternoon mail. Wasn't it just like God's love to not permit the burden to come until I had finished with a clear mind and happy heart the last of my mid-term examinations! Later in the day, however, I thank God He comforted me, by the love and prayers of Christian loved ones and friends, and through the thirty-seventh Psalm of His Word, especially the fifth verse, "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass." I found peace again being able to say to Him, "Lord, if it is your will, to use my unworthy life on Foreign Fields, I know You have the power to give me the necessary education, neverthe less not as I will but as Thou wilt." I wish I had time to tell in detail of the marvelous answers to prayer that followed. God again used the precious Christian friend, who had first told me of Miss Berry, (and encouraged my going to school to begin to prepare for God's work) at this time to rescue me from failing to finish for lack of funds. It was her gift that first reached me, and practically provided for my next month's expenses, by which time I had received from other dear Christian friends, some who did not even know me, being included, and from some who knew nothing of my needy circumstances enclosing money in letters they sent, telling me to use it in whatever way I needed it. All thanks, be to God, for He alone could have made it possible that within thirty-seven days, around eighty dollars should have been sent in answer to prayer, so much in small gifts, and some of them by those who knew nothing of my real need. Of course this fully supplied necessary things for the remainder of the year, and how good God was to send it so soon that it completely relieved my mind enabling me to do my best in the finishing of my work there. You may be sure that my heart was deeply grateful when on the night of May 26th I received my diploma with the degree of Bachelor of Christian Training. God's promises are true, and He will never fail us, if we will only trust in Him.

During the year Dr. Ray, representing our Foreign Mission Board, had visited the Institute, and I had had a personal talk with him about my desire to be a Foreign Missionary for God. He explained to me that with the little schooling I had had I could have but little hope for appointment by the Board, as of course college students were much preferred, and he urged my going on in education by entering college somewhere. Of course he could not fully understand my circumstances and realize the impossibility of a college education for me.

Days of temptation followed, in which Satan tried so hard to get me to give it all up, but somehow through it all I seemed to hear God's voice saying, "Trust in Me and I shall bring it to pass, for all power is mine, the gold and silver of the world is mine, and the cattle on a thousand hills."

After much prayer as to what I should do upon finishing at the Institute, I felt led of God to enter nurse's training, although I never did feel that He was calling me as a nurse to the Foreign Field, but rather for Evangelistic Work. Anyway I knew He would continue to lead me, if I would but abide in Him, and so without really knowing or understanding why, I entered nurses' training at the Ga. Bapt. Hospital in Atlanta. However not finding the course there exactly what I wanted, I soon made a change to the South Carolina Baptist Hospital and College for Nurses at Columbia, S.C.

Surely only a nurse could comprehend the struggles of those trying days. I have heard it said that a nurse could not be a nurse and a true Christian at the same time. Of course that is false, but the deprivation of regularly attending all the services of worship at God's House surely tends to back-sliding. I was told of numbers of girls who had entered Nurses' Training being volunteers, who long before they had finished, had no intention of ever pressing on to the Field. There were all sorts of temptations and discouragements, but God gave me much strength and help during the early days

especially, from a dear friend from the Baptist Bible Institute, who entered training with me. We held little prayer meetings in our room, which numbers of girls from time to time attended, and which were a real source of help to us. Then too, I bless God for the many sweet privileges He gave me to read His Word to, and pray with, and for, the sick and suffering. I had so many lovely patients who were ever so encouraging and helpful, and I thank God for them, as well as for those directing the institution who were always so kind to me.

It was while there that the seeming impossible came to pass - a door opened for college training! God had given me a friend, or more, on this short acquaintance among the leaders of the Baptist State work in Columbia, and no mere words could ever express the gratitude I have always felt to them for the offer of a college education in their state, and to go out as a missionary from their state. However, so many people from Georgia had had such a large part in my education up to that time, that I felt it would not be quite right for me to accept this most wonderfully kind offer, if my own (I say my own, because I had lived practically all my life there from the time I was very small) State would give me a like opportunity, so that I might work my way through, as of course I was without any other means. My friend wrote to the president of Bessie Tift College, asking if there were any opportunity for me to work my way, and attend college there. His reply was not definite, but stated that he was reasonably sure that as it was near the beginning of the second semester there would be an opening then for a waitress. Except that I knew God never had, and never would forsake me, I would have feared to have given up my nurse's training and go when I couldn't be sure of an opening after I should arrive. However, I felt led to go, trusting God alone to work out the way for me. I finished the required time of a Practical Nurse's Course and then took a midnight train which took me to Forsyth on the day I had been notified that college reopened.

Although I should like to write a complete history of my college days because they have been so full of God's expressions of power, guidance and love, but in this short story I must only mention a few of the most definite ones.

Immediately after my arrival at college came my first touch of homesickness, and only God knows how much I really longed to be with my loved ones for at least a little while. But like everything else, I committed it also to God, and sweet answer to prayer and the longings of my heart came, when in just a few days afterwards a teacher who owned a car there, and who knew nothing of my home-sickness came to me telling me that she would be glad to take me home as she was going to Macon, if I would like to go. God bless her, she never will know how much that visit meant to me.

Of course, since I had had only one year of High School work, and no foreign language during that year, it was necessary for me to make up all the remainder of the required work of the entire High School course, which the college authorities were kind enough to permit me to do by the aid of teachers from among the Senior classes. And so it was that I carried my High School work along with my college work during the time - hence my four and a half years instead of four in college.

One of the greatest of my college day struggles came early in my course there, and was a very selfish one. There was much Christian work needing to be done in Forsyth, especially in one community there where much had not been accomplished for many years. I saw the need and felt God's definite call to respond, but over and over in my mind came the thought, so often expressed to me by others, "you are here for training now, not work, later there will be lots to do and plenty of time." Then too, I had heard of so many girls and boys who were given opportunities for education, and who proved their gratitude by making the best grades in their classes. Although I was a far distance from being what people would term a brilliant pupil, and although I had not had the preparation of other students, I believed since I had

always been at the head of my classes in Grammar School that I could make a grade at least high enough to afford me entrance into the Honor Society, if I would but lay all other things aside and study. So sacred was the struggle of those days that I almost feel that it should not be put in writing. Again God manifested Himself in unexpectedly opening the way, through a dear Christian woman of Atlanta (who knew naught of my struggle), for me to attend the Bible Conference held there that year and to hear God's servant, Dr. Geo. W. Truett. The first message I heard him bring, which was just a few minutes after I arrived in Atlanta, settled for ever in my mind the question of whether I was to prepare and then serve, or to serve while preparing. He preached from Luke 9:23 "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me." He explained that the cross that He expects us to carry is never for selfish purposes, but always for the benefit of others, and the glory of God. Of course I felt that friends would not understand it, more especially those who were making possible my stay in college, but I knew God understood, and somehow there came into my soul a sweet peace from the time I said to God that I was willing to do His work anytime, anywhere, at any cost. I returned to Forsyth with a determination to try to do what I could to lift that community to God, and blessed by His Holy Name no Honor Society, or the honor or compliments of friends for high grades won, could ever have thrilled my Soul as the seeing of men and women, boys and girls take up their crosses for the first time to follow their Master. I praise God that in so short a time there, He permitted us to have an organized Baptist Church, and efficient Christians among those dear people. I was more than repaid for any little service I may have rendered there, when upon my leaving one dear woman, a mother of several children, whose home had become Christian during the time, threw her arms about me with the tears streaming down her face, and said, "We shall miss you more than we can ever say, you have been like a sister to our community, or a mother, - More like a mother," and choked with tears she could say no more. All praise is God's. Blessed be His Holy Name for the privileges of service He gave me there.

After my first semester in college, the president was changed, and of course, the incoming one did not know me at all, and I suppose knew nothing of the letter from my Columbia friend concerning my college education at Bessie Tift, however the next year many arrangements being unchanged I continued to work my entire expense, except the amount of help which I received from the Student Aid Fund and from God-given friends. But the next year presented the fact that I could no longer get sufficient work to pay most all of my expenses as in the past, and that unless I could receive some outside help I would either have to leave College, or go in debt for my finishing. My father had been always poor, but ever an honest upright Christian from the time I had known him, and he definitely stood against us children going in debt for things, for he felt that to have less and be happy, meant far more than to have more, at the cost of perhaps a ruined name because of debts made that could not be properly met. Because of his Christian stand against debt, and because I wanted no debt to prevent me from going to the Foreign Field, should God open the way for me to go at anytime, I could not feel that it would be right for me to borrow large sums of money as would be necessary for three more years of education there. So it was that I took it all to God in prayer, and asked Him to direct me. I still felt that if He wanted me on the foreign field He had power beyond anything I had known to supply even large sums for me to finish my education there, if I but trusted Him, for has He not said, "If ye shall ask anything in my Name I will do it?"

My faith many times during those months of prayer was surely very weak, and finally when the end of the school year came, and no way had opened, there seemed to be no chance for my return, so I accepted work in a distant town, and departed, not seeing any hopes for ever returning, though I continued to pray, and so did numbers of dear Christian friends who were interested in me. But praise the Lord, He had not forgotten to be gracious nor had He cast me off. On July 12th a letter reached me

from the treasurer of the dear class of God's servants in the Atlanta Sunday School, that had before come to my rescue, when it seemed I could go no further at the Baptist Bible Institute for lack of funds. The letter stated that they had decided that I should have at least one more year at College. Blessed by the Name of the Lord, for raising up to me such beautiful Christian friends who, not only paid my College expenses (above what I could pay through my work and the Student Aid Fund which was continued) that my Sophomore year, but continued to do so until June 1st, 1926, when I received my College Diploma (and including a Teacher's Certificate for Georgia High Schools) and A.B. Degree.

Anyone who has ever been to College knows that outside of the direct College expenses there are many minor expenses, and that these must be met, or one could not remain in College. From time to time these expenses pressed heavily upon me, but always when I told God about them He would soon supply them in His own way through some letter or some gift from some dear friend who often knew nothing of how much it was needed nor how greatly it was appreciated. A few times when needs were most severe I covenanted with a few of my closest friends to ask God's help and guidance, and oh how I wish I had time to describe to you their goodness in praying for, and with me, and of the beautiful answers God sent to our prayers. All praise be to Him alone, for His goodness is everlasting, and His truth endures unto all generations. Sometimes I felt impressed to tell no one my needs, but to carry them to God alone and believe He would supply them. I recall once in February, before I finished in June, of having borrowed about seven dollars, and owing it for some time, saw no way to pay it back. I told no human being, but took it to God alone, and in a few days on a night mail there came an envelope enclosing no letter but a check for \$5.00 from a friend of whom I had never before received any money, and from whom I could not have expected it. On the next morning mail I received a letter, and another check for \$5.00; which made the rest of the definite amount that I had asked of God a few days previously. This also came from a very unexpected source, and one who had never sent such before, so it is easy to see that God heard and answered prayer, for He alone could have supplied this gift from such unexpected and unusual sources just at that very time of my real need. There's surely no friend like our Friend, Christ Jesus, whom we love because He first loved us, and because of His love we share the love of earthly friends. Blessed be His Holy Name!

On the day of my graduation I remembered how cheered my heart was by the remark of a dear friend who was attending the exercises, that she had seen in a paper that the Baptist Board was hoping to soon send out some new missionaries. However, it was only a short time until I was assured by a letter from the Board that they regretted it, but that they were not in a position to send out any new missionaries, and did not know when they would be able to do so. It was just at this place that my struggle began anew as to whether I would follow God's command or turn aside.

### CHAPTER III

#### HIS FULFILLED PROMISE.

Many friends, and people in high positions, and of influence throughout our Southland wrote many letters to me concerning my hope, and desire of going to the Foreign Field. People of more years and greater experiences, whose letters called for the most serious consideration wrote, saying, that they had in the course of years, seen and learned of many tragedies in the lives of people who were confident of their own decision as having been guided by the Holy Spirit, disregarding of the counsel and advise of others who have had large experience in the matters concerned in such a decision, and that I had fulfilled my duty by having offered my services to the Board,

and that as they could not send me now, God would not hold me responsible, and that really if I were to go out without being under the Board I would be being disloyal to the Board and to my entire Baptist Denomination, and that besides I couldn't go, I had no money, and there was no possible chance, and so I should just not set my heart on it, but remember that there is much work to be done in America and rest content to do that instead. These and many like counsels, were given by beloved friends whose opinions I respected, and whose wishes it grieved me to cross in any way. What should I do? What could I do? Over and over and over again did I lay all of these things before God and earnestly beg His direction. I tried very hard to feel that He really would be satisfied with my staying and working for Him in America, and giving up all plans of going to the Foreign Fields, but somehow He never gave me peace with these thoughts, but over and over seemed to say to me, "I have given you everything, have I not? You have trusted me for all of your education, and I have not failed you though it has required large sums of money which you did not have, in order to give you the preparation. For many years you have prayed to me, 'Lord, if it be your will for me to do Foreign Mission Work for You, give me the education that you know I need.' I have answered your prayer, and fulfilled your requests, and now as the time draws near for you to fulfill your promise to Me you draw back, and say you cannot go. I say why can you not go? You say for lack of funds. All the silver and the gold of the world is Mine, and the cattle on a thousand hills. Am I limited by Distance? Am I less able in South America to supply your needs from My unseen treasury than I have been to do so during all these years of your preparation. Are you trusting men, yes, even your friends, more than you are Me?" And I reply, "But Lord, have you not heard the counsels of these with so much more experience than myself. Is it not true that I will be doing what I should not do?" And He seems to say, "My child, can it be, that after all of My goodness to you, you can possibly question my justice in calling you into definite work for Myself if even the whole world stood against you. If I be fore you, who can be against you? You are at the parting of the ways, will you trust me with your all, and follow My leading wherever it shall be or will you turn aside?" And in shame and grief "I fell at His feet that day,

And my castles of doubt melted and vanished away -  
Melted and vanished, and in their place  
I saw naught else but my Master's face;  
And I cried aloud: "Oh, make me meet  
To follow the path of Thy tired feet!"  
My thought is now for the souls of men,  
I have lost my life to find it again,  
E'er since alone in that holy place,  
When I met my Master, face to face."

It was very plain to me, and forever settled, that God's ways are not always man's ways, nor are His ways always understood, but that true peace and happiness comes only from a surrender of our wills to His Omnipotent Will, and that if we follow close to Him, though all the world should not understand, and turn against us, He would never leave us nor forsake us, and some day would take us to dwell forever with Himself, whose face one time to behold would repay any seeming loss or sacrifice, if such we felt we had suffered for His Name's Sake.

"Unthanked, unnoticed and unknown, blamed sometimes and misunderstood.  
Yet if our Lord but sees our work, and by His grace shall own it good,  
It will not matter what men say, since God is Judge of all, not they.  
It may be very lowly work, sometimes we think 'tis almost vain,  
Our cheeks with tears may oft be wet, yet still we struggle on again."

Again, I most solemnly promised God that I would obey if He opened the way. Although continuing in the Lord's work at the Trio Baptist Mission in Forsyth, I was soon in correspondence with the Lord's work in Victoria, Brazil, which I felt was perhaps God's field for me, and of which I was praying if it were not His place for me, that He would close the door to my entrance there. Later I took up a new field of labor for the Lord with the dear people of the Adams Duck Mills' Community in Macon, Ga., my own home city. I covenanted with God to set apart a day of fasting, thanksgiving, and prayer when He should open the door to the Foreign Field to which He was leading. While numbers of dear ones who were interested in me were praying for me, and everyone of their prayers were most sincerely appreciated, I especially covenanted with one of God's ministers, a devout man in whose prayers I had much faith, to pray for me for one month, if it were necessary that long, that God might open a place for me on the Foreign Field.

In a very short time I received a letter from Victoria stating that they did not think best for me to go there unless I were sent by the Baptist Board. This I felt was perhaps God's closed door to Brazil, and perhaps some other country of South America was God's choice, and feeling led by His Devine spirit while waiting to know His will, I accepted a larger field of service for Him, than was the Adam's Community, in Griffin, Georgia, with the thousands of people in the communities of the Georgia - Kincaid Mills. However, on the very day that I should go to take up my work there, I received other letters from the same servants of God in Victoria who had shortly before said not to come, which now were saying, "come", if I felt God was still thus leading me. This I felt was the answer to our prayers for an open door, although of course I knew it would take some four or five hundred dollars for me to reach the field, not one penny of which I possessed. This I believed, however, was indeed His open door and I knew that if He wanted me on the field He would provide the money for me to go. I therefore explained to my manager at Griffin, before beginning work there, that if God furnished the money I must obey His leading to go, and so could not say how long I could be in service for him there. Few managers would have cared to employ a person for the beginning of a new work in his community without the assurance that that person would be able to remain with it for at least a few months, and as it was I was not willing to promise days and weeks of service much less months. But the devout Christian that that one was, I shall never forget. He seemed to understand my feelings and permitted me to go ahead with the work, thus affording me opportunities of Christian experience and service, that shall live in my life to strengthen and bless, as long as time shall last. I would that many other truly great business men were devout Christians. How greatly God needs them in His service, how good He has been to them, and is it not the least that any one can do to prove their gratitude to God to yield their hearts, lives, and influence to His Kingdom, and to Him as the King of Kings.

In less than a month, on Sunday, December 5th, I found myself keeping a day of fasting, and thanksgiving again, for His marvelous answer to prayer, the day before, from an unexpected source, providing money for my expenses and passage to South America. The letter was short with just these few following sentences, but oh, how much it meant. It started, "I am sending you a check for \$400.00. Go, and the Lord bless thee, and keep thee, and may you win many souls for Him. Please say, God sent the money, Do not use my name, - please." What wonderful humility on the part of the giver! Surely God will richly repay.

On that day of fasting and prayer I covenanted again with God to set apart another day when I should be safely in the foreign field. Many busy days followed, with many expressions of God's guidance and love and the blessed assurance of my home church that they would help me. Although no arrangements for passport or passage had up to this time been made, God in His own marvelous way provided everything, and in just thirteen days from that time I was safely on board the "Western World" vessel bound

for Rio de Janeiro, S. America. Only God can know the deep gratitude of my heart for the great privilege of obeying His leading, and the call, which I feel He made to me since before I was ten years old. The tears I shed in my little cabin as the last faint outling of the statue of liberty faded from my sight, were tears of sincerest love and gratitude to God, and His dear children, my Christian friends, who had done so much for me, tho I am so unworthy of it.

On the morning of the 31st day I was landed safely in a new country, which for so long I had loved, and prayed for without seeing. The next morning I opened my eyes to a New Year - new to me in more ways than I had ever known before. The night before through an interpreter I had thanked God for His goodness to me, and told the people of one of the small Baptist Churches of Rio how I had felt God's call, and how trusting Him alone I was here. They rejoiced with me, and we praised God together. On Friday, January 7th, just one week after I landed, I was setting apart my third special day of fasting and thanksgiving for His marvelous goodness to me in bringing me safely here. I have entered into another covenant with Him to do so again, when He shall have given me sufficient mastery of the language to make my first public talk to the people as a congregation. This will of necessity be somewhat longer time, but I believe will just as surely be fulfilled by Him as the other requests were.

After attending the Brazilian Baptist National Convention at Sao Paulo, I reached Victoria on my birthday January 22nd. Could God have given any one a more blessed birthday gift than to actually be on the Foreign Field and at the appointed place?

May the next chapter of this story be just what God would have it be. Before closing, I want also to say a word of "Thank-you" to the many friends, both missionaries and natives, who have befriended me here. With my faith still in God, I know He will never fail me, but that He will in His own time and way supply my every need both physical, mental, moral, social, financial, and spiritual. May God forbid that any word of praise shall at anytime be given me, but that all praise be given to our dear Lord Jesus to whom it is alone due, for great is He and greatly to be praised.

One dear friend in writing in my autograph book has penned these words taken from Browning's "Kate", that I consider a most high ideal towards which to strive:

"She never finds fault with you,  
Never implies your wrong by her right;  
And yet men at her side grow nobler,  
Girls purer, as through the whole town  
The children are gladder that pull at her gown.  
None kneel at her feet confessed lovers in thrall.  
They kneel more to God than they used - that is all."

Dear reader, pray for Brazil. God will hear and answer prayer, therefore pray.

"And He said, certainly I will be with thee." Ex. 3:12

----- Miss Pearl Bigler