

THIS IS MY LIFE

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FAREWELL VERSES

THIS IS MY LIFE

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1864-1948

CHAPTER I CHILDHOOD AND EARLY MANHOOD

I was born in Saline County, Illinois, on February 17, 1864. I felt to be a sinner as far back as I can remember and I believed there was a perfect God and wanted to be like Him. This desire became stronger as I grew older which rendered me a plaintive mourner for sin. When I did not commit sin I felt that it was in me, and it made me sad. I would often stroll off to myself feeling to be alone in the world. I was also afflicted in body as well as in spirit. I felt too wretched to want to live and knew that I was not fit to die.

My father migrated with his family from Illinois to Mitchell County, Kansas, in 1875, where we all improved greatly in health. Then I had more worldly pleasures, but my spirit was not at ease. It was here I became so successful as a hunter for the wild game of that region that the people called me the "Nimrod of Salt Creek."

About this time father and family moved to Ottawa County, near Minneapolis, Kansas, where he could have better church privileges. He had organized a Primitive Baptist Church there and had been chosen to be its pastor. On our way to our new home with a heavy load, Father, Brother Lewis and I ran into a violent tornado, or cyclone, as we called a storm like this in those days. It turned our wagon upside down with brother under it. I finally got him out and he was not badly hurt. I held to him until the wind dashed us to Father on the ground ahead of us. We grabbed one another, locking our arms around one another. The hail beat us, making knots on our heads, and the wind rolled us over, but we stuck to the ground until the storm passed.

We were not in the center of the storm or I believe we would have been killed. It took our team and dog away, but we found them unhurt except they were wet and shivering with cold. We got help from people who saw our wreck. They gave us some hats and dry clothing and we were soon ready to resume our journey. This storm killed a woman and a cow near us and tore up some houses not far from us, then struck the little town of Delphus, killing two people and

crippling others. Now this sulphuric burst of the elements convinced me that I was not so much as a feather in the great power of God. Then why in rebellion to Him should I hope to win the victory? But I kept all these thoughts a sealed secret in my mind.

It was in this locality of our new home at the Roy schoolhouse, I finished my rural school education. During my attendance there I took great delight in lyceum programs and especially in literary debates. I was elected president and secretary, also the editor of a little pen and ink newspaper; but none of the honor conferred upon me ever hid from me my ignorance and inability; neither did the eulogies of the people blot out my mistakes and make me forget I was still a penitent sinner.

About this time my father asked me if I would finish a job over on the Solomon River that my younger brother, Beebe, had to quit because of being sick. I wanted to get away from home and told him I would go and finish his work on the farm. This was the year of 1883. Well, Mr. Kilburn had a renter on the farm who was overly religious, also had an infidel working on the place, and neither of them suited me at all. I became worried with so much opposition piling in upon me from everywhere. Even Mr. Kilburn complained because I was so late getting out to work of mornings. "Well," I said to him, "you see your sanctified renter about it. Before breakfast he reads a long chapter of the Scriptures and then he returns a lengthy spell of so-called thanks at the table and his wife does also – I am not going to the field before I get my breakfast." He straightened them out O.K., and that part was finished.

While I had read and studied the Bible quite a lot, I could not yet claim a hope of salvation by the works of the law; neither by the grace of God, and I felt that none but God could know the miserable, helpless state of my soul. I sank to the ground, literally blind, trying once more to plead with God for mercy. My strength was gone and I had nothing to trust in, but God, for deliverance. Both my nature and actions seemed to be at antipodes with God.

At the end of this utmost struggle, if not deceived, I heard in mind the sweetest voice I ever heard, which, in words were, "Father, this is our sheep; it shall not perish." That sacred impression still lingers in my spirit. Such heavenly peace and rapture I had never felt before in life! My following thoughts were that I must tell my Christian friends, and especially my Christian parents, that some great unseen power of grace had delivered me from all my sorrows, but I did not at that time consider such an impression a call for me to preach what God does for the eternal relief and consolation of His sheep or people. I soon decided that I would not tell anyone anything about it, for fear that I might be deceived and would deceive others; I may have been quickened into eternal life at too early a date for me to remember it and then carried a heavy load of guilt for sin until I was brought to a sweet hope in the wonderful unseen power that did so much for me in leading me to a knowledge of my salvation; but I still could not or did not know the name of that merciful power until I went out to hear the preachers of different denominations preach and to study the written word of God more intently.

When I did this I certainly found that Jesus Christ in Spirit was the matchless name of that omnipotent and superlative power of grace. I read this: "Who hath believed our report and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed? For He shall grow up before Him as a tender plant."—**Isa** 53:1-2. I knew that the arm of the Lord was the power of God and all of this power was vested in

whoever the pronoun he might signify. The antecedent of he is the Arm of the Lord, in whom all sovereign power to save was given; then what child of God can reasonably blame Paul for his inspired preaching that, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ for it is the power of God unto Salvation to everyone that believeth," etc. (Read it all) **Ro** 1:16. Again, "Neither is there salvation in any other." – **Ac** 4:12. Many other Bible texts cite us to the passive dealings of God the Holy Spirit with us corroborated by an experience of grace.

I felt better established in the doctrine advocated by the Primitive Baptists; but through fear I would betray my desire to offer myself to the church and to speak in public, I decided to take the train to join my twin brother in the state of Colorado. I fancied that a pioneer life in the wilder West, mixed with exciting thrills, and in an undeveloped domain for health and wealth in a new, brighter, field of hope would suit me better and help me to forget my serious impressions and binding obligations to live the faithful life of a Christian in the church.

I longed for a scenic realm of liberty; primitive beauty, and peace of God's creation. So I sold a mare and colt for enough money to buy a train ticket to Pueblo and on up to Fountain, Colorado. Then I traveled by foot across the plains to what was called "Stracken's Sheep Ranch," where I met my dear twin brother, Eugene. We soon headed north on a long foot journey toward Ft. Collins, Colorado; not far from the line of Wyoming Territory. On the way we stopped at a cowboy's ranch where we broke into the house through a barred window and we were helping ourselves to a fine meal when the foreman drove up in a wagon. Brother asked me what we should do, and I said: "Just sit right here and finish our meal." The man unlocked the door and was much surprised to see us at the table and said, "Boys, I don't know what the boss might do if he should find you like this." Brother said, "Neither does he know what we might do." He knew the custom of the plains was always to leave a way open so that a weary traveler could go in and get a bite to eat, then go on, of course, without disturbing anything, and this we meant to do. Brother said, "I have been a foreman myself and know what the custom is and know too that a man traveling so far from ranch to ranch gets very tired and hungry, especially if on foot.

After a pleasant visit with the foreman we resumed our journey to the northwest through the deep snow, but as we had seen a big pistol on a shelf in that house, we did not know what might follow. So Gene said to the foreman as we parted, "You tell your boss not to follow us." You see, we were also equipped with good shooting irons for defense and knew how to use them if necessary; but no one pursued us.

On our way we came to a railroad track where Gene's foot slipped through a cattle guard. I yelled, "Get your foot out of there! Don't you know a train may come along at anytime, then what would you do?" He said, "I would get my foot out or jerk it off." And he did get it out just before a through freight train came flying by! That ended one thrill.

We plodded on to Berthod, Colorado, where we got a job for a few days on a railroad section which was not so pleasant. From here Gene went up into the higher mountains and I went north to Ft. Collins then on to Laporte, where I hired to a Mr. Battie to care for a large flock of sheep fifteen or twenty miles out on the plains at Indian Springs ranch. That was a lonely, unsettled part of Colorado, save for a few sheep ranches ten and fifteen miles apart. It was there that I was satisfied for a while. I wanted to be alone where I could read and study the Bible and sing the

songs of Zion found in Goble's hymn book. There I could pray and meditate without being molested—only once in a while, at night, by the howl of the wild coyote. It was only about once every two weeks that I saw a human being. About that often the grub hack would come with a new supply of food and my mail. Cowboys would stray along once in awhile. I felt to be almost hidden from the world and all of its troubles. My books, the sheep and my dog, Scratch, were my only companions for months.

Since this was the case, I am made to wonder if God did not have a purpose in it all to make me a real Bible hermit in preparing me to do the work of an evangelistic minister. I thought I could see much need of such work being done by some one, but not by me, for such sacred work was too much for my talent; yet in visions I could often see myself standing before congregations in the regions beyond, preaching and teaching that Jesus was the Son of God and the only eternal Saviour of sinners. I thought I could see the need of more local churches being organized everywhere. And thousands of God's regenerated people needed to be converted to the true doctrine, faith and practice of the Scriptures. I became restless in mind, and wished that I could rid myself of such thoughts. Surely if I brought these impressions upon myself, I ought to be able to get rid of them. But I had to think of them in order to rid myself of them and that only kept me in memory of them; so my nerves became weak, sensitive and easily agitated.

In the spring of the year we hired more men on the ranch to help with the smaller flocks of ewes and lambs for a short season. With these men I learned to curse and play cards, but would not gamble, and the boys thought it strange that I would not bet with them, and they could see that I was not happy. My conscience was troubling me, so I resolved to quit herding sheep and go to the foot hills of the Rockies to take a job of irrigating a farm for Mr. Oliver Barns at Berthod, Colorado. I did the work with good success while he and my brother, Gene, went south to shear sheep. After finishing this job I went higher up in the mountains to harvest a crop of alfalfa, stack some hay and get out some posts for Mr. Hiram Hallison. While doing this I fell with a sharp ax and cut off the little finger of my right hand. I started to the house to dress my finger but began to see sparkling spots everywhere. I was sick, so I sat down on a stump and waited until my dizzy spell ceased. Then I went on and bound up my finger in turpentine, sugar and soot and went right back to work.

Things seemed to oppose and cripple prosperity for a while. From here I scaled the heights still higher up into

the Rocky Continental Divide and backbone of our nation, then a beautiful, snowy white from Long's Peak north and south in a crispy, frosty, healthful altitude. In one of those elevated glens I worked a few days for a fine old man by the name of Casey. He said, "If you will stay with me, I will furnish everything and give you half of what you raise, and half of the increase of cattle, hogs and horses." I knew that was a real good offer but I refused, saying that I had planned to go south.

I went to Ft. Collins and bought a fine, gray pony, bridle and a double cinch Mexican saddle. I had some cowboys to hold the bronc until I got into the saddle, then I yelled, "Let her go, boys!" The pony bucked only a few times then broke into a fast lope and ran for about nine or ten miles and became quiet. We arrived at Mr. Casey's in due time and I stayed with him and his son,

George, a few more days, then I saddled and packed for a ride to the plains to buy another pony. In starting, my pony leaped into a deep washout filled with drifted snow. I leaped out of the saddle and the bronc went out of sight in the snow. As she came up out of the snow, I sprang into the saddle. The old man, Casey, yelled, "Young man you will kill yourself, yet!"

There was no time for argument now, so we bounded along until we came to a rough place called "The Devil's Gate," where my pony took offense and bucked about all the way down the steep, stony, slope. By the time we hit the bottom where a little stream of cold water flowed, my nose and mouth were bloody and I was pale and sick. I dismounted, washed and bathed my face and felt better. After a little rest I remounted, expecting another siege of trouble, but to my glad surprise, my gray offered no more resistance and never did buck again. I rode smilingly on, "Let her go, boys!" full of hope, like a kid expecting to find a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

Perhaps my thought of preaching was about over now, and I would be less troubled from now on. I landed on the plains where I soon found and bought me a chestnut bronc named Peggy. The man said she was real tame and would not buck at all. I put my saddle and bridle on her and mounted. All went smoothly until we came to a little bridge and a little bird flew out from under it. Old Peggy leaped to one side so quickly that it over-balanced me and we all had a thrilling runaway but finally quieted down. No, Peggy did not buck, but she ran like a streak. The lariat rope of the gray was looped to the saddle horn so we all stayed together, and we hit the trail for Colorado Springs, where I sold my ponies to Mr. Bob Donally. Then brother and I worked a few days in the city and boarded at the Spalding Hotel. When our work was finished here, we went six miles up to Manitou at the foot of Pike's Peak to see if we could get a job on the new railroad. Colorado Midland, it was then called, and it was heading west for the Ute Pass.

We got a job in a rock-cut as hammermen and drillmen at top wages. After our work was done there, we bade goodbye to the variegated glitter of a thousand charms in one of the most beautiful regions east of the snow-capped peaks of the majestic Rockies. We headed for New Mexico Territory, where we found sawmill work on the Maxwell Land Grant in Jones' and Long's Canyons. We also made many railroad ties in this vicinity, which was a wild, remote and heavily timbered country at that time, infested with wild turkey, deer, fox, bear and lion.

One night when the bright moon was just rising over the eastern range of lofty hills and spreading its calm, silver beams over the ridges on east of Jones' Canyon, I took a stroll out there for solitude and recreation. There I met a huge tawny lioness, which was, no doubt, hunting deer for its young, but it acted as if I might do about as well for the meat. It gave a low heavy growl while slowly slipping around me keeping its distance at about twenty-five feet from me. I had no gun of any kind. I looked it straight in the eyes, facing it until it walked out of sight to the west and set up a yell which could have been heard echoing for miles up and down the canyons. My! It was hideous.

It seemed that I could feel my hair rising on my head. I was not long getting back to camp with the exciting report. Next morning they who had guns started off on the trail of the lion, but they failed to overtake her, since she was too far ahead of them.

Our crew at this place consisted of Steve O'Hara (owner of half the mill), Chick Gaitwood (our good sawyer), Bill Floyd (the expert engineer), Tom Miller, Cull Childress, Ben Downing, Red Tucker, Black Tucker, Mark Tucker, Mr. Blizzard, Walter Sams, Curley Vanness, Shorty (Ratchat Setter and fiddler), Gene Moore, Spencer Moore and a few others, including one Mexican. Not a woman in camp until later.

Trinidad was eighteen miles over the line in Colorado, where most of our crew went about once a week to get drunk and have a big time while their money lasted. Some of them would be until Monday night getting back into camp. Some had black, beaten eyes and one of them came in with a bullet hole through his pipe, etc. We who would not go with them in such a riot, were well entertained listening to them relate or tell of their thrilling exploits, when night ended our day's work. One day, I looked it straight in the eyes!

Steve O'Hara, our boss, was missing. We all decided he had been murdered in Trinidad for his money. He sometimes handled large amounts of it in the presence of strangers in a thoughtless manner. Mr. Collins, his partner, hired detectives to search for him but they never could trace him out of Trinidad.

Now, at about this date, the Ft. Worth and Denver railroad was being constructed northward into Colorado and the big coal fields near Trinidad began to be opened up, which created a boom for Trinidad. Many toughs of the miners' class came down from Leadville, Aspen and other mountain towns to gamble at Trinidad, which made it dangerous to walk on the sidewalk at night; lest you get sandbagged from the alleys. It was safer to walk in the middle of the streets at night. Several were killed in Trinidad every week for a long time.

Bob Ford, said to be the man who killed Jesse James in St. Joseph, Missouri, for a reward, was gambling in a lower room of the hotel where I often stayed over-night. He must have seen me register and show some change in paying the clerk for my lodging. At about midnight I heard a noise, I thought at the door, but I could not move at first. I seemed to be half asleep, but finally I leaped out on the floor and glanced toward the door, but saw no one; so I quickly turned to the window. A man was about half in. I said, "What are you coming in here for?" He asked, "Is this room number 9?" I said, "No, this is number 19." "Well," he said, "Excuse me, partner," and backed out onto a wooded gutter and walked around the end of the hotel. He was about the height of Ford, his voice sounded like Ford's, he walked like Ford, and I believe it was Ford. Perhaps he meant to rob me, but saw that I had the advantage of him, so he asked to be excused, etc.

Well, next, Gene, Mark Tucker, Jack Rankins and I headed for railroad jobs on the Ft. Worth and Denver near Texline and the twin volcanic peaks in New Mexico. Our work finished here, we got back to Trinidad, and after a few days' work, making ties, Gene and I decided to go to Alaska.

We walked all day and part of the night, then camped at an old dilapidated house. We had been eating salted, canned fish and were very thirsty. I crept out of bed to hunt for water; Gene was asleep. By the light of the stars I found an old, walled well. I dropped a rock into it and heard it hit water; then I found an old rusty, tin can and down the wall I went. By this time Gene was up

and yelling for me. I told him I was down here in this well getting me a drink. He found me and told me to bring him up a canful of water. I did, but he went down and got some more. We then went to bed and slept until after sun-up.

We rolled our blankets and scaled up a hill to where we could see a little railroad station about six miles out on the plains, and headed for it. There we got a bite to eat and headed back through Raton, New Mexico, and on through a tunnel about three-fourths of a mile long. This landed us in Colorado again where we made ties and cut saw logs for awhile and decided not to go to Alaska for awhile yet. We visited in the camp of Mr. Frank Emmon's. He had to quit the study of astronomy, lest he turn his brain, etc. He interested brother and me many times telling about the travels of the stars and planets.

After Mark Tucker, who later became my brother-in-law, had shot and killed a black bear with his pistol, and after Chick Gaitwood, with others, had trailed my lion and shot her, and after we experienced many other thrilling dangers, we collected our debts, rolled our duds and pulled out for Florissant, Colorado. I intended to work in the timber west of Pike's Peak until I got money enough to pre-empt some land and go into the cattle business. I wanted to get rich and I quit troubling about joining the church and trying to preach the gospel. I worked hard and made a little wad of money. On Sundays I would wend my way to the mouth of Eleven Mile Canyon where I could enjoy sweet solitude and commune with God right in the midst of His great glory, for this was indeed a bright spot of rare, diversified creation of splendor! The river itself was a roaring, foaming cataract of pure, clear, sheeny water, directly out of the higher, snowy regions. On either side of the South Platte River grew all kinds of evergreen pine with their different shades of gaudy beauty. It was there I often sat on the carpet of green grass to watch the wild goats play, especially the little kids as they leaped from rock to rock for hours without a slip! They were at least one-fourth of a mile above me and certainly were happy, living in the scene of inspiration.

It was here in this restful solace of peace that I have written many verses of poetry, stanzas and odes. If such a scene of primitive pure handiwork of God, together with a bright hope and prospects for financial success, could have erased the indelible impress of God in the soul of many, to preach the gospel, all of this might have done so, in my weak case at least; but instead, it seemed that my thoughts to join the church and impression to preach grew still stronger.

I made some money and filed my preemption right, on 160 acres of land five miles southeast of Florissant, west of Pike's Peak, and soon Mr. Tim Gill hunted me up. He came to our tie camp asking for Moore. We told him there were four Moores in our crew – Gene, Beebe, Charles and S. F. Moore. He said S. F. Moore was the one he wanted to see. We soon made a deal and he moved a sawmill onto my place. I gave a young man a good Elgin watch and \$10.00 to build me a two-room log house. We boys sent for our parents and family to come from Kansas to my home in Colorado to board the mill crew, which they did and made a nice little stake.

When the mill work was done they migrated south into Custer County, where they could enjoy Church privileges with other Primitive Baptists who had previously located in the head of Wet Mountain Valley at a remote place called Blizzardeen. There were about six or seven families in

the colony. I decided to stay at Florissant, so I bought a few cows, calves and a well-trained cow pony and colt and was doing well financially.

In the meantime a band of outlaws came up from Mexico and robbed our post office and store at Florissant and made their get-away up in the rougher mountains. Mr. Tom Dollinger undertook to go into the post office to help the post master, but the robbers had a hidden guard at the back door and he shot Tom through the side of his head, killing him. The clerk in the store wanted to resist the holdup, but Mr. Castillo, the post master, told him to let them have what they wanted. The robbers got what they could and hastily fled. The next morning a young Mr. Ed. Bell told the people of the town if they would go with him they could yet overtake and capture the outlaws. They went and a battle took place. Mr. Bell shot the whole top off of one outlaw's head as he ran from one boulder to another, and at last the outlaws surrendered, except for two who got away but were captured later at a railroad station south of Colorado Springs and were identified by Mr. Phipps, the postal clerk at Florissant. They were tried by law and sent to the pen. About all the loot was recovered. So ended another pioneer thrill.

About this time we boys had a stack of railroad ties on the track and the superintendent of the railroad was to halt the train at a certain place and pay us off for the ties, but he failed to stop. Gene Moore, Hugh Jackson, John Roy and I boarded the next flat car that came up the grade for Colorado Springs to see about our pay. Here came the brakeman out of the caboose and demanded what we meant. I told him that we were taking a ride to Colorado Springs. Gene told him the company owed us this ride to go see what they owed us and that they did not pay us as agreed. He said, "I don't know whether you are going or not, I will see the conductor about it." Gene said, "You tell the conductor that if he puts us off this train, somebody else will go off with us."

He went to see the conductor but did not return so we made the trip all right and got our pay. The superintendent was sorry he made the mistake and apologized to our full satisfaction. I hate to speak of these unpleasant occurrences along with the better things but I cannot get correct connections without doing so in the historical facts. It would be very difficult to chronicle all the events of a life the length of mine.

CHAPTER II - IMPRESSIONS TO PREACH

Finally, my kindred scattered into different parts of the land and I became lonely, and decided to move into Custer County, at least for awhile. I sold some cows and rounded up a few others to take with me to Blizzardeen. Brother Lewis helped me to get there with them. They had an arm of the church there and I attended the services. Finally, I walked thirty-five miles to the main body of the church, and offered myself to the church for membership on Saturday at 11:00 a.m. and was received! This seemed to surprise them all and it really surprised me too. I told but little of my experience but was baptized that evening under a lone willow tree in a clear stream of snow water by Elder J. R. Bolinger. As I came up out of the water a calm feeling pervaded my soul and I was happy as the saints gave me the hand of church fellowship. About the third day

after being baptized I became exceedingly filled with ecstatic heavenly bliss. My mind returned to its habit of lamenting its burden of neglecting baptism, but it was not there and that burden never has returned! My flowing tears of gladness wet the rock I stood upon and praise to God burst out of my heart as it had never done before. I decided to write mother about it for she was not at meeting when I joined the church. When my letter to her was read I was told she shouted aloud for joy. So, is it not a fact that when one obeys God, others share the joy with the obedient one? Yes, indeed this is true. I often wonder if God is sanctifying this blessing in my obedience to Him to revive my mind to go out and do the work of an evangelist; to teach His regenerated people, telling them how God blesses His people in serving Him and increases their faith to trust more in the rich promises of God; or to take up their cross to follow Jesus in baptism as the first step of the Christian race. The question is, will God set apart my personal experience and testimony to be an incentive, criterion and guide for others to obey Jesus and find rest unto their souls?

But let all of this be as it may, my lingering impression to try to tell publicly how the Sovereign Lord deals with His chosen people, began to trouble me no little, for I felt my talent to be too small, my ability too weak and my ignorance too great to do such a sacred task! Still, I found no relief.

I soon landed back at Blizzardeen, where I had intervals of spiritual and worldly joys; also some besetments. While here I scaled a high mountain up to a cave with a brother to get some specimens of variegated marble found in the cave. We got a few, but a storm of wind and snow whirled into the mouth of the cave and it seemed that we would freeze to death! We were more than eleven thousand feet above the level of the sea and it was in the month of September. We started down below timberline to our little log cabin. I was ahead breaking the crust of the previous snow, but my right foot failed to break the crust and slipped to one side unbalancing me and I slid fast down about 125 or 130 yards to within 20 feet of a straight wall of rock 200 feet high, which, if I had hit, many bones would have been broken and I would have been killed; but I gave a leap toward the bluff, broke through the snow up to my hips and slammed my head into the snow! It brought me to a stop. I walked out on the level to the cabin where I met my partner, who was glad I was still alive. I lost my marble and my nerves were a wreck, but we descended lower to our mule and sled and got home in due time, feeling that we were wiser and that God was merciful.

In the next calamity a thief was seen to rope my bell cow and take the bell off of her. In a day or two six head of my cattle and seven head of Father's were stolen and driven away. This made me desperate. I went fifty miles to get our sheriff and his deputy to help me find them. I posted notices in every mountain pass offering a liberal reward for the arrest of the thieves or for any information leading to the recovery of the cattle. In about a month we arose from sleep one morning and there lay every head of our cattle in the yard, tired and lank as if they had been driven a long way – and no doubt they had! We were glad and thankful to get them back.

We had a spell of joys as well as sorrows for awhile. We worked for wages on the farm, ranch and in the timber. We hunted the deer, eagle, catamount, badger, many grouse and the web-footed rabbit. Finally a few of us scaled the highest range of the Rockies on a hunting trip over into the wild brakes of the San Luis Valley. There we chased the elk, lion, and smaller game.

One elk was killed but not by me. However, I am the one who jumped the large lion but he was too far away for the range of my gun and too well protected by the underbrush. He ran on by my father but his gun was loaded with small shot and he was afraid to shoot it, so it got away. I think the lion and I were trailing the same elk. All this happened near the most beautiful lake I ever saw. It was about one-fourth of a mile in diameter and the water very clear, right out of the snow-capped mountain beside it. Every shade of evergreen color was seen amid the trees that surrounded it. And the beautiful tint of the bright blue sky was on the whole face of its liquid charm! We have all seen pictures of lakes of such primitive glory, but the real scene itself is by far more delightful to the eye. And it all is the perfect work of God, the Master Architect of the universe; or rather, the Creator and Author of all natural and spiritual, perfect splendor!

Well, next day we left the home of the wild game and scaled back up to the summit of the Sangre De Cristo Range and cast our eyes over into the Wet Mountain Valley and lo! It was covered with silver clouds from where we stood to the Greenhorn Range east, some ten or thirteen miles away. Just some of the highest peaks of the Greenhorn chain of mountains were all we could see. It appeared as if we could walk on the clouds across the valley. They appeared to be almost as white as snow, moving slowly down the valley. Our crowd sank out of the sight on their way home, but I refused to go with them because I wanted to see and learn more about that wonderful view before me. Back over where we chased the game there was not a cloud to be seen; the sky was blue and the sun was shining brightly.

I finally decided to go down into the cloud and did so, even out of sight of the sun. I began to get wet and went back up above the cloud and sat down in the sunshine. But, I soon got up and walked down into the cloud up to my neck, and there I saw a great mystery to me. There was a very fine mist mixing and mingling in every conceivable manner. It was more like steam but did not ascend as does steam, neither was it hot like steam but appeared to be more clear. Frequently the vapor would clot into the form of snow flakes and I am sure if it had been cold enough to have congealed that mist there would have been snowflakes falling to the ground; and all the beauty of them could have been seen in their glorious translation at least through microscopic assistance. Oh, how this impressive scene did and does yet cite me to "Christ and Him crucified," **1Co 2:2** even as proclaimed in the gospel of His grace and salvation and glory and consolation.

The beauties of nature, though perishing to some degree, compare with the incarnate Son of God in my estimate. It would seem impossible for mortal tongues to depict all the beauty of one little snowflake when seen from every angle by the physical eye. It would seem even more difficult to find a way to describe all the sacred, spiritual charm of Jesus who is placed as a metaphor or a figure of the beautiful "Rose of Sharon" (**Song 2:1**) which God, the Creator, prepared to adorn the land of Palestine. He is the only pure, original Rose in the world today. Jesus was just so prepared before the face of all people; a "light to Israel." (**Lu 2:31-32**) So Jesus was without fault in the frigid zone and in the torrid zone of the world. He was a holy glory everywhere to all who were born of His sweet spirit of love. And I could not keep my mind from desiring to proclaim His eternal worth to His people while I was just then bathing in the clouds of His glory.

This cloud was about twelve thousand feet above sea level and I thought of what the old servant said – "My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the dew; as the small rain upon the tender herb as the showers upon the grass. Because I will publish the name of the

Lord.” (De 32:2-3). I felt that the name of Jesus was far above all other names. When that name was published in the proclamation of His doctrine and gospel it did so much revive my wilted spirit and refresh my hope in God, my Saviour, until I, too, wanted to publish His blessed name. I knew that I was too weak, ignorant, and imperfect to attempt such a thing!

As it was growing late I walked down through the cloud. It was raining very hard and I was drenched as I wended my way home.

CHAPTER III - I TAKE UP MY CROSS

I think some of us planted one more crop at Blizzardeen and then my father, Elder I. A. Moore, together with W. H. Tucker, Mark Tucker and myself, traded and sold some stock and rigged up our wagons and my hack. We formed ourselves into a caravan and rolled out by way of Greenwood. We got our church letters and pulled out across the plains into Kansas, where we halted and worked for awhile, and then resumed our journey into Missouri, bound for North Arkansas. But we came to a long, flinty, steep hill called “Turn Back Hill” and we turned back to near Jasper, Dublin, Boston, and Lamar in Barton County, Missouri.

We found work to do and we rented land and farmed. I also worked in the timber and coal mines. Father, Mother, Sister Elmira and I joined Center Creek Church of Primitive Baptists in Boston, by letter. Elder Jacob Cloud of Nevada, Missouri, was our faithful pastor. I had never told anyone of my impression to try to explain what the Scriptures seemed to me to teach; but father said to me one Friday that if Brother Cloud called on me to open services on Saturday to go on and do the best I could in my own way. I knew right then that Father and Elder Cloud had been discussing my case. So on Saturday morning I told Father I did not feel like going to church and I stayed home.

I attended the services on Sunday thinking they would not bother me on that day. I was hungry to hear singing, prayer and preaching; and to wait another month would be too long.

I took a seat in the middle of the house behind a large man so that I could not be seen plainly from the front. But Brother Cloud saw me and asked me to come up to the front and take part in the service. I refused. Brother Cloud looked me straight in the eye and quoted this Scripture: “Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice and to hearken than the fat of rams. For rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft.” (1Sa 15:22-23). Then he returned to the stand where he and Father preached to the people. But I could not enjoy any of the service. I did not mean to rebel willfully, but wanted more evidence that my impression was of the Lord, lest I make a fool of myself and reproach the cause of Christ.

I wrote Elder S. F. Cayce, of Martin, Tennessee, (Editor of The Primitive Baptist) that I was in great trouble and did not know the way out and asked him to pray for me. He answered saying

that he believed I had a mind to preach the gospel, and, if so, the best thing I could do was to go right on and do the best I could and leave it all with the Lord, and I would feel better.

It seemed that Brother Cayce judged by my many articles to his paper that my mind was burdened with the thought of expounding the word of God. I had not yet met Brother Cayce, but he proved to be a precious father in Israel to me and answered every letter and card I sent to him.

Well, every time I went to our church meeting Brother Cloud called on me to open the service. I still refused. I pleaded with Brother Cloud to pray for me and he at last said, "Yes, Brother Moore, I will pray for you, but will have to pray for Him to lay the rod on you until you do your duty." Oh how that did hurt! He also said, "You may get some ease by writing your views to our papers, but you need to preach your burden off in the pulpit! And the will of God be done." I begged the Lord for mercy and for Him to show me what I should do or should not do! My ignorance was just too great for me to risk the effort in public before all of those intelligent people, I became very sad and decided to leave that country. I had laid aside my part of the crop. My brother-in-law, Mark Tucker, had rented a farm and I took part of it. I put my team in a pasture, paid for two months and then went home and began to pack my valise. My sister said, "What do you mean? Where are you going?" I said, "I don't know and I don't care. I am going to hunt for work." "Well, now," she said, "you may stay right here with us." But I pulled out on foot to the west and camped that night near the little town of Liberty and slept in a haystack. Next day I crossed over the state line into Kansas where I got a job stripping coal with a fine, white team. The boss said, "What is your name?" I said, "Just call me Floyd." So he booked it down that way and they all called me Floyd, thinking that was my surname. I did not want anybody to know who I was.

Mr. Alexander and John Tison in the coal pit were often arguing on the meaning of Scripture and one day they both agreed that I should decide who was right about it. "Oh, I don't know anything about the Bible," I said, "but it seems to me that Mr. Tison's views are a little more reasonable regarding the Jews rejecting Jesus and the result of such rejection." Tison then said to me, "Are you a Primitive Baptist?" I said, "I am not fit to belong to any church!" He said, "Neither am I—well, maybe I will have some help in this pit from now on." But I feared they were going to guess my identity, so I told the boss to pay me that I had to go home. He did so.

I got home all right and helped a neighbor burn and mark some coke. I also worked in the Boston Coal Mines until the roof of one mine caved in. A big slice of rock and slate would have covered me and killed me instantly had I not dodged back as it came down. Next I cut cordwood, but contacted pneumonia and had to quit. When I was able, I sold fruit for a man, hauling it to Lamar in a wagon.

In the meantime, my father had moved back to Illinois and had taken over the care of Old Cottage Grove Church where he first began preaching—while yet in his teens—before he was married to mother.

At last under the lash of God, I was made willing to go into the pulpit and try to preach the gospel of grace. The next time Brother Cloud invited me to open the service, I did not rebel but stood on my feet and lined out the song, "Hungry and faint and poor," etc. We sang and I offered

prayer, and then I quoted this text, “But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.” (1Co 2:14) I tried to explain that if anyone observes or discerns the gospel of Christ when it is preached, it being a thing of the Spirit, that it is because he or she already has the Spirit to receive it. Therefore, he is not required to receive the gospel in order to obtain the Spirit. Hence, the discernment and receiving is the *evidence* of a child of God, born of His Holy Spirit. But the natural man can neither discern (see) nor receive the gospel of Christ as such, because he is in the abstract of the Spirit of God to do so. Therefore, the preaching of the gospel could not be the means of giving the Spirit to those who are without it; but is the means of locating or bringing to light the Spirit already in those to whom God has given it.

CHAPTER IV - UNDERSTANDING THE SCRIPTURES

Such was the gist of my first public effort to preach the gospel to the people. Brother Cloud gave me much encouragement and comfort. From then it did not seem so difficult to appear before the people. But, to stand in the presence of God knowing that He holds me responsible and accountable for what, and the manner and motive for which I preach, is enough to make me, or any sincere man, tremble. After I learned that neither ignorance nor great literary achievement of man is any inducement for God to call a man to preach His gospel, I could then see the consistency in God’s way of making ministers of the New Testament. Here is the object, and plain statement of inspired facts concerning the matter – “For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called: But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty: and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are: That no flesh should glory in His presence.” (1Co 1:26-29.) The ignoble has no cause to boast or glory above the noble, neither does the noble have any reason to glory or boast above the ignoble. Paul explains it all to my full satisfaction by saying, “For I am the least of the apostles that am not meet (not worthy) to be called an apostle, because I persecuted the church of God. But by the *grace of God I am what I am.*” (1Co 15:9-10) No, Paul was not an apostle nor a minister because he was educated at the feet or school of Gamaliel, but he tells it this way: “Paul, an apostle, (not of men, neither by man, but of Jesus Christ, and God the Father who raised Him from the dead.)” (Ga 1:1) God calls and gives His ministers preaching grace, ability and talent – something which I have been advocating for many years. And I also contended that such is as much a matter of God, by His grace, as eternal salvation by grace without any works on the sinner’s so-called part. But after one is called of God to preach, then it is his duty to study and explain the word of God in language easy to understand. Also he should improve in speech, speak in the proper, standard dialect, realizing that “A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.” (Pr 25:11) And let the more noble or better versed, through learning,

condescend to the more illiterate in humble, proper Bible simplicity, so that his hearers may understand and learn.

CHAPTER V - IMPRESSIONS TO TRAVEL

Now, about this time I again grew very restless and did not know why. I went to Brother Tommy Owen's but that was not the place. I walked over to old Brother Steelman's but could not stay there; then I went to Ex Steelman's but found only a little relief. I then called at the home of Sister Thompson for a few minutes on my way home. When I reached home I said to my sister, "Well, I have decided to go to Stoll's Creek Church tomorrow (Friday) to hear Elder Alberty preach." She said, "That is a long drive." "Yes," I said, "but I can get to Sister Glass' by night and be near the church if I start early in the morning." "Well," she said, "I will have your change of clothes ready for you." Next day early I got all ready to start except for changing clothes. I said, "I believe I will not go." She quickly responded. "You change your clothes and get into that buggy and pull out. You won't be any good here." So I rolled out for Stoll's Creek, and got to Sister Glass' about sundown (40 miles). The Saturday service was to be at a Brother Hopper's home and I went. A large crowd gathered but Brother Alberty did not come. He sent a runner to tell us that his child was at the point of death with typhoid fever. We were all disappointed and sad. We dispersed and most of the crowd drove out through a big gate and up into a north lane. I was to go home with Brother Dotie that night, ten miles toward my home; but as we were ready to go out of the gate, Brother Dotie said, "Come here, Brother Moore, I want to speak to you." I felt suspicious and replied "I am afraid my pony will run away and leave me." He said, "Tie her to the gate and come here." I did so and went to him. He said in a low voice, "Brother Moore, do you exercise in public?" I said, "Well, not much – I open services and that is all." "Oh, *well*," he yelled at the crowd, "you send word up the line that we will have preaching at Sister Gass' as soon as we can get there." I said, "Oh, Brother Dotie, please don't do that," but he just smiled and went on. They published the meeting everywhere and a large audience assembled at once. Imagine my feelings, if you can! I felt like a prisoner of the Lord and of the people, too! When the time came for preaching, the deacons told me to go ahead – select a song – and they would help me all they could. They were so fatherly I just could not refuse them. We sang, offered prayer and then I arose with this text, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling." (**Php 2:12**) I explained this salvation was a salvation in time for time belonging and applying to the church organic; an admonition for the church (not the world) to continue to keep themselves aloof from a crooked, perverse nation, and that they might save themselves from rebuke and continue to shine as lights in the world. But I can't go into many details in this sketch. As I closed, they gave me the hand of fellowship and we were all weeping for joy. Brother and Sister Patten said, "Brother Moore, we are so happy because God has given us another gift in our association, and we want you to come back to see us just any time." I do not feel or mean to boast in myself by making this statement for the reader, but it would be very ungrateful and negligent in me not to mention the encouragement they gave me. This was my first trip, first text and first discourse away from home in the ministry.

I went ten miles on home with Brother Dotie and Brother Sapp that evening, which made it ten miles less for me to go home on Sunday – but alas! Brother Dotie and Brother Sapp announced an appointment for me to speak in Brother Dotie’s humble home that night! I protested but could not avail anything. The house was crowded with friends and neighbors. My theme was “Christ and Him Crucified.” (1Co 2:2) I tried to show what Christ and Him crucified means to sinners and for the civilization of the world by restraint and influence. I hardly think I did my subject justice but was given the hand of endorsement by the people without calling on them to do so. All seemed to enjoy the meeting. Early Sunday, I started out for home. Brother Dotie rode with me six miles and then walked back to his home which proved his great interest in me and in the cause of Christ. I was so loath to bid him good-bye! Our conversation had been heavenly all the way. I got home all right that night.

CHAPTER VI - AMONG THE BRETHREN

Next day my sister remarked, “I know what is the matter with you now. You need to get out among the brethren more; you don’t seem like the same man.” Well, I do admit that I was happy and my work turned off so much easier and seemingly faster than it did before I went to Stoll’s Creek Church.

At about our next regular meeting time at Boston, Elder W. S. Broom from Texas came up. Also, a Brother Jones from Arkansas was with him. They did good preaching for us, but after Sunday, Brother Broom appeared sad. I asked him what was the matter. He said he desired to travel on northeast but the way did not open for him to go on. “Well,” I said, “Brother Broom, a Brother Briggs and I intend to go eighty miles in that course next Tuesday or Wednesday, and if you wait that long you will be welcome to go with us that far. Brother Briggs had an appointment to preach out there where they never heard a Primitive Baptist preach. I am to furnish the hack, one horse and harness, so there will be plenty of room for you and Brother Jones.” Brother Broom exclaimed, “Thank the Lord, we will go. The way *has* opened. Bless the Lord!” We rolled out in due time. All of us preached one night on the way at an aged Brother Jones’ home and we all enjoyed that service and the Christian hospitality of that precious home very much. We came to our destination the next night; we all preached there and after services, Brethren Briggs, Broom, and Jones got into quite a rough and tumble set-to with some of the Arminian faith, and I wedged in a word of defense when I could. We claimed the victory of course, by the help of God.

Now, Brother Broom insisted that I go with him and Brother Jones on Northeast and persuaded Brother Briggs to take my rigging back with him near Boston so that I could get them when I got home. The deal was made and I went on a-foot with the brethren, all of us preaching at the churches and between the churches as we went. We wound up near Kansas City, preached in Independence, then visited the kind home of Elder John Moore, an able, aged gift of our faith who was worn out in body but active and sound in the spirit. We next landed in Nevada, Missouri, the home of my pastor, Elder Jacob Cloud; had a pleasant visit with him and returned

to Boston, my home. We figured that we had walked about three hundred miles on this tour. Brother Jones took sick at Boston and went home. We loved Brother Jones and missed him so much.

Brother Briggs brought my outfit home and then Brother Broom wanted me to go to Texas with him, and I consented to do so. I traded one pony for a new watch (gold case), getting some cash to boot, sold my hack and a colt and some harness, bought me a cart, filled it with bedding, bags and books, etc., hooked up my other pony (Dove) and we pulled out, headed for Texas. We crossed the southeast corner of Kansas into Indian Territory. We camped out at nights. We came to the North Canadian River swollen with high water, so we had to camp and wait for the water to fall. The river had only one bridge and it was forty miles west of us.

While we were waiting, we heard of a little colony of Primitive Baptists six or seven miles north of us, so on Friday we drove up there and learned that Elder Gilbreth of Kentucky was their esteemed pastor. We preached for them three times each and Brother Gilbreth preached for us also. We all enjoyed the meeting more than we can ever tell.

By the time we got back to the river it had fallen quite a bit. We were warned that it was a dangerous ford on account of quicksand and that we would better be careful because teams, wagons and people had gone down in the suction of the sand and that was the end of them on earth. Brother Broom was easily scared and he was *very* nervous. I stripped my clothing off and waded into the water to fathom its depths. I found it safe to within about a rod of the other shore and there the water was too swift and deep for me to wade into for fear of being carried down the current, but I knew that the pony was a good swimmer and believed we could make it. I waded back and told Brother Broom to be loading up while I harnessed the pony and we would cross, but I could see he was excited and fearful. We soon got ready; then I patted Dove and told her to just go right straight across – that I knew she could do it. She seemed anxious to go and Brother Broom sat on the seat and held to the cart. I stood up, braced with a little switch in my hand; first one wheel and then the other went down and up until we got to the swift deep current. Then Dove and the cart plunged out of sight under the water and Brother Broom was about half under water still holding on. The pony came up with a dash for the shore and got her front feet upon the bank and jerked her hind feet out of the quicksand and scrambled out with us.

I drove out upon the level and took the harness off of the pony and rubbed her dry. We spread our bedding out to dry, also the clothing and books. Neither of us had spoken since we got out. Finally Brother Broom said, “La! Brother Moore, did you know we just about drowned?” I said, “It surely was a close call, but we are safe now, aren’t we?”

We soon loaded up and rolled on our journey south. We camped at noon by a little creek where a band of Indians came up with a bunch of ponies. I talked with one who could talk our language; he said they were going right where we were headed, and that they would get there that night. So I told Brother Broom about it, and he said, “Well, we can follow their trail right to the place;” but I said, “No, that Indian was lying to me” and I showed him by a map we had that it would be impossible for us to drive that far in less than three days. Well, we trailed them to their camp where they had joined a large band of Indians with about one hundred tepees all ready up; and ponies galore, covered the valley. I tried to find some white folks but failed. The sun was down,

and we drove into thick timber and got tangled up among the logs and brush. Brother Broom said, "Brother Moore, we must get out of here, those Indians could kill us and nobody ever would know what became of us." I said, "Broom, the pony is real tired and can't go much farther, but I will try to find a way out of this tangle and mud," and I soon found the way out. While doing so, I saw a lamplight in a window ahead of us. Brother Broom stayed with the cart until I went to see if the folks who lived there were white. I found they were. The neighbors had gathered in there to sit up with a very sick young man. I told them we were lost and wanted to cross the South Canadian River that night if we could find the way. A lady said that she and her son would cross the river in a few minutes and we could follow them, since they knew the safe way over. I thanked her, went back to the cart and soon we were safely across. Oh, surely we were not only glad, but thankful, too! When we drove up to their home the woman invited us to put our pony in their pasture and stay with them that night, but stated that they would have to go on about a mile to their church meeting; that we could stay at their home and rest or go with them to meeting, just as we liked, they would not be gone long. I said, "Brother Broom, let's go to church with them." He was glad to go. We all enjoyed the meeting, even if Brother Broom and I did not agree with all the preacher said. They called themselves "The Church of God." They did not know of the Primitive Baptists. Their house consisted of one large room and a kitchen. We all slept in the same big room, and we conversed on many topics of the Scriptures (even after the light was blown out) until a late hour. We enjoyed our stay with this hospitable family very much, and rolled on next day south. The country was hilly and while I was driving on a sideling place, the left wheel of the cart ran onto a flexible post oak bush and turned the cart bottom-side-up in a ditch below – also Dove landed on her back in the washout. Brother Broom was caught under the cart but got out with only a little skin peeled off of his shins, but I leaped out of the way without any hurt. I took the gear off of Dove and we got the cart out straight and then pulled the pony around so that she got her front feet against the bank and pushed herself on up. Well, I mended a few broken straps of harness, rigged Dove to the cart, loaded the cart, and went on our way rejoicing, heading for an old Baptist home, the Cox home. We arrived about sundown and found a hearty reception. Brother Cox did not have his house finished, did not have his floor down, but a dirt floor was good enough for Brother Broom and me. We talked the greater part of the night, and we preached for them three days and nights. They had formed a little colony and settled there. I must state that this sweet camp has been, and is yet one of the brightest, comforting Bethels of my soul since my ministerial career. I was very happy all the time I was there.

It was there I sold my faithful pony and cart to Brother Cox, who bought my pony for his twin son, having already bought one for the other boy, etc. Brother Cox conveyed us to where we could reach the home of Brother Robert Broom just north of the Red River where we filled appointments up to the convening of the Village Creek Association, which we attended with almost over joy, meeting with so many elders and saints from Texas and other states. I well remember of going out one night to a brother's home to hear Elder Dempsy Koen preach. He was blessed with splendid liberty on the theme of the resurrection of the dead; and I wish to state here that I could hear four other elders preaching at the same time at other homes in the neighborhood, but, of course, I could not understand what they said it being too far away; but this certainly showed a real interest in the cause of Christ; and I often wonder why such interest should cease. The churches generally were in peace in those days and there were no auto cars in

that day to ride to church in, yet they traveled in wagons, on horseback and many times on foot, for even a hundred miles and they were happy in doing so!

CHAPTER VII - MORE APPOINTMENTS

Finally, Brother Broom and I crossed the Red River into Texas, our first appointment being made at Gatesville. We constantly filled appointments over the north half of Texas, but not yet being ordained to the official work of the gospel ministry I could not do the work of an evangelist, but I felt that I had as much liberty as I needed for the use of my ability and little one talent (if indeed I had a talent at all). Next, Brother Broom and I went out of middle Texas into Oklahoma where I took down with a long spell of the measles at the kind home of Brother Robert Broom (brother of W. S. Broom), but as soon as I got able to travel we resumed our tour across Arkansas and the southeast corner of Missouri, into Illinois where I was born. It was there at Old Cottage Grove Church I had the joy of standing in the foot prints of my dear, faithful father to try to preach the same blessed truth that he preached in that pulpit for many, many years. It was a very sacred thing for me to do. My father was in the stand with me and it was his first time to hear me try to preach. Father commended my preaching and told the people how I had helped him and mother to raise my younger brothers and sisters. It had been twenty or twenty-one years since I saw my kindred and schoolmates and teachers but I knew them all as they presented themselves to be identified. One of my great joys was that Brother John Berry, one of my first and best teachers, had joined Cottage Grove Church and was clerk of the church. Since my visit there Brother Berry has written me some precious letters, but has now gone the way of all the earth at about the age of 90 or 91, I think! While here, my dear cousin, Lily Moore Walker, joined the church by experience and was baptized by my father (Isaac A. Moore). About this time Elder Richard Fulkerson came and baptized several more, mostly young people.

While visiting here my precious brother, George Moore, was drowned in Saline Creek when its waters were high; but he died with a sweet smile on his face and left other evidence that he was born of God. I am sure that heaven is his sweet home. He was about 16 or 17 years of age and really the choice one of our family, bright in his books and had no enemies. He was laid to rest in Cottage Grove Cemetery. I see no way to outlive such a sad shock in this short life. If only I could have died in his stead! But, I must say no more – life is truly a mixture of joys and sorrows.

Brother Broom and I crossed the Ohio River into Kentucky and Tennessee and into Mississippi, filling our daily obligations in the pulpit as arranged by the brethren. Brother Broom was having good liberty in those countries. We landed in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, and Brother Broom had a mind to go north to Nazareth Church but I wanted to go to Little Hope Church eighteen miles south of Blocton, Alabama. Brother Broom had no mind to go there. Well, it seemed that we would have to separate for I had no feeling to go to Nazareth just at that time; but I said, “Brother Broom, I will go with you to Nazareth if you will go with me to Little Hope,” and he

agreed to do so. Brother Broom had the best liberty in preaching at Nazareth I ever heard him have; but my preaching was worse than nothing to me, and I doubt its being worth anything to any body else.

We went back to Tuscaloosa, thence to Cottondale, where we met old Brother Millenner who had once served Mt. Zion Church near Little Hope, etc. Four of the Little Hope brethren met us at Cottondale with a wagon to take us to Little Hope settlement and we discussed on some Bible topic all the way into the rolling, pine-clad hills and that just suited me. They were common people and cared but little if any for the up-to-date styles of this vain world. They had their looms and spinning wheels and wove and knit their own clothing and other articles; also many of them did their cooking on their fireplaces and they had all things common which made one feel to be at home.

We preached at the church the next day after we arrived, and every night at their homes for two weeks. We met Elder McElroy, their very worthy pastor, at the church the first day and learned to love him dearly as a true father in Israel and one of our able ministers. He was a teacher in the public schools and a useful, humble citizen fitted for any position of trust. Well, the church seemed revived and all were made happy, we trust, by our labors. Brother Broom had but little light to preach at this place, which convinced me, or rather confirmed my belief that a minister should go where the Spirit of the Lord directs, instead of where a board of men assigns him to go, if he hopes to be given liberty to preach. Such was similar in my case when I went to Nazareth Church.

By this time I had gotten my church letter of recommendation from Boston, Missouri, and did not like to keep it in my suitcase, so I told Brother Broom I believed that I would offer it to Little Hope Church. "No, no," he said, "wait until we get back to Texas and put in Philadelphia Church with me." I said, "Well, maybe so," but in a few days I said, "Brother Broom, I have decided to offer myself to Little Hope Church by my letter." He said, "Yes, yes, Brother Moore, that is all right if you want to do so." At their next regular conference meeting I offered myself and was received by unanimous vote.

CHAPTER VIII - ORDAINED

As we dispersed, Brother John Deason said to me, "Brother Moore, we are going to put the shackles on you; we are made to feel by the reading of your church letter that you are running to keep from being ordained." I said, "No, surely not! I am young in the cause and too timid to baptize people, neither am I worthy to do so; I could not perform a marriage ceremony and I would not know how to serve a church nor to constitute one. I already have all the obligations my small ability can do anything with, so let us at least postpone that matter for a while." But he said, "No, we have just talked it over and decided to do the work; we have all been reading your writings for several years now, and do not think it a mistake to set you apart to the full work of

the ministry, for we need more help here, and everywhere else, so we hope you will submit and help us make choice of a presbytery of Elders to ordain you!" In substance, the above is what he said and it was hard for me to submit, but perhaps it was right. The elders chosen were J. D. McElroy, G. W. Stewart, R. F. Papazan and W. S. Broom. Elder Stewart was sick at the time set for the work and was not present for the ordination; but the rest were in the presbytery, and did the solemn work in February, 1896, just about fifty-one years ago from this date of my sketching.

Brother Broom went back to Texas, but I remained in Bibb County, Alabama, for about six years, serving the churches the best I could and between regular meetings I did all the evangelistic work I could and baptized quite a number of the saints in that country, Brother James and Sister June Creel being my first to immerse. Also, I helped to ordain deacons and elders in that country, and married several couples there, a Mr. Winters and his bride being the first.

Finally, I moved into Mississippi at Saltillo where I worked up the organization of Beulah Church in the bounds of the Tombigbee Association. Elder Williams helped me to constitute it. Also Elder James Duncan and I re-constituted old Antioch Church near there. I served four churches in that part for about three years. I baptized quite a number of precious children of God at Hopewell Church, near Booneville, Mississippi, and a Sister Cooper in New Albany, Mississippi. I have traveled over middle and west Tennessee and all over Alabama and a part of Georgia.

One thing I especially wish to relate, occurred in West Tennessee at Old Herican Church and near there. We had a good meeting and were taking the parting hand, when one sister appeared sad. I remarked, "Well, Sister, you may not be a member of the church, but if not, I believe you ought to be." She made no reply. After we all walked out in the yard, a Brother Hendrix said to me, "Brother Moore, you are going home with me tonight and I will take you to your next appointment tomorrow. You get in the buggy with my wife and drive. I have an extra horse to ride and pilot the way, but," he said, "let me first introduce you to my wife, Mrs. Hendrix," etc. and it was the same woman I had spoken to while we were taking the parting hand. Neither of us said a word for some time as we moved along. Finally, I said, "Do you wish to tell me about the dealings of the Lord with you and about your impressions or religion?" She answered, "Yes, I have wanted to talk with some Primitive Baptist minister about that for a long time but I just could not do so it seemed." But she certainly told me some great things the Lord did for her, and that she desired to join the church but knew she was not fit to be a member with such good people and that it might be wrong and do no good to do so, and so had not offered herself. I replied, "Well, Sister Hendrix, Primitive Baptists all feel to be unworthy in themselves just as you do, if they are fit to be humble members of the church." I said, "Let me tell some of the good it would do for you to join the church. Just think how happy *you* would be to get rid of the burden you are now carrying and how glad Brother Hendrix would be. The whole church would rejoice and so would other local bodies of saints as far around as they could hear of it. And I believe the angels in heaven above would *greatly* rejoice, too! Besides, just think what such an example of a mother would be worth to her children. They would follow you into the church of God, if born of the Holy Spirit; and then *your* joy would double and triple, no doubt."

The above was our conversation in substance and much of it verbatim. I was very tired in body that night, but slept soundly, and we rolled out in due time to the next place for worship. Elder Eli Reed was pastor of this lovely church. We had a good meeting but no one joined the church. Brother and Sister Hendrix and I went to a brother's home back the way we came, to take dinner and I stayed over night there. We wondered if Brother Hendrix would come back for church the next day. He had said that he hardly expected to get back, but as we bade them farewell, I felt almost certain they would come back. And next morning, here they came driving up and what a glorious service we did have! I spoke, and Brother Reed preached so comforting and soul uplifting. He then said the door was open for the reception of members, and Sister Hendrix came forward and the rejoicing of the church was too great to be expressed! Especially was Brother Hendrix happy! Sister Hendrix desired me to baptize her on the fifth Sunday near Jacks Creek School House. I wrote Elder Claud Cayce to please fill my fifth Sunday appointment up near Martin, Tennessee, if he could, if not, to get someone else to fill it; but if he failed in that, tell them I would try to preach for them after the fifth Sunday.

I filled all of my appointments up to Dixon, Tennessee, and from there Judge Humble (Judge of probate) conveyed me about thirty-five miles back to Jack's Creek for the fifth Sunday baptizing. Elder Jenkins, of South Tennessee, had been holding several days' meetings there and as Brother Humble and I drove upon the grounds at his last service, Brother and Sister Hendrix came out first of all to meet us and Sister Hendrix, full of great joy, said, "Brother Moore, it has come to pass like you said: Three (or four) of our children have united with the church and others have done so, too, making nine for you to baptize tomorrow instead of just me!" So I baptized them, which ended a very refreshing season for us all. Not far from this place I had the sacred pleasure of baptizing Brother Willie and Sister Alice Butler. Also a Brother Ham near Olive Hill, Tennessee.

CHAPTER IX - VISIONS FULFILLED - APPOINTMENTS CONTINUED

While here on this tour it suddenly came to me while I was up preaching how that I saw myself in a vision at Indian Springs Sheep Ranch in Colorado years ago standing before the people in the East preaching Christ to them, and now it is all fulfilled to the letter, and how it could be so, I cannot tell, but God knoweth and if there is any good accomplished by it, to the Lord be all the praise; for He is "all in all" to me. I mentioned this to the loved ones in that part of Tennessee (in 1897).

From here I went to Burns, Nashville, and on to McMinnville, where Elder Frost took me up and conveyed me over those pike roads to several places to preach to the churches until we reached Elder J. M. Johnson's country; then I traveled with him in Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi for about four weeks. A noble companion he was, but he finished his able ministerial work

young, and died with T. B. He was on the staff of Elder S. F. Cayce's paper, "The Primitive Baptist," when he died.

Next, I made a tour with Elder W. S. Broom into west and south Mississippi. I was sick on this trip but real busy, and we enjoyed the meetings with those dear saints.

Brother Broom went into Alabama. I went to Northwest Mississippi, preaching all the way, the best I knew. Then I crossed over into Tennessee into Elder Bishop's region. Thence back north of Corinth, Mississippi, and on down to Saltillo, Mississippi. Then back to Bibb, Hale and Perry Counties, Alabama, where I had the fearful, yet holy joy of baptizing Brother and Sister Guen for Elder G. W. Stewart who was sick and unable to do the baptizing. Brother Guen weighed 320 pounds and his wife about 95 pounds. I took Brother Guen into deep water and found him easy to immerse; nor was Sister Guen hard to baptize in shallow water.

I came back to Texas and helped to organize four churches in the state and baptized quite a number of God's precious children there, especially in Bowie County – one deaf and dumb brother, Joseph Fountain. I soon went back up north through Arkansas and Missouri, then turned east along the Mason Dixon line, and when Elder C. H. Cayce and I met at Buffalo Church we ordained Brother P. E. Whitwell to the full work of the ministry. I went to Birmingham, Alabama; thence to the southeast, then back to Perry County, Alabama, where I came to the door of death with the flu but finally recovered and went into the Hillabee Association, also into the Wetumpka Association, preaching as I went. I landed at Little Hope Church and visited Mt. Zion, also Hopewell Church at Blocton, Alabama; rested awhile, then at the solicitation of Elder Tom Stewart and others, I filled appointments at all the churches of Mt. Zion Association in North and Northeast Alabama on Sand Mountain.

I very well remember the fiery darts hurled at me all along on these tours – from the world – but just to mention it will perhaps be enough to let the reader know that I am not gliding along to heaven on a bed of flowers all the way. But part of the time I do greatly rejoice to think that God would count me worthy to be misrepresented, slandered and persecuted for the sake of the cause of Jesus in building up the waste places and enlarging the borders of Zion. The joy reaped in the evangelistic realm by far out-weighs the pains of persecution, and so I travel on to bring together and comfort the broken hearted and poor in spirit.

About this time I met Elder Jesse Champion, near Bessemer, Alabama, at his kind home. I rested with him a few days and we started on foot nine miles to fill an appointment at Brother Bottom's home that night. His son was to take us across a creek a half mile from Brother Champion's home, but the creek was overflowing and too dangerous for the mule to risk. I suggested that we go down the stream until we find two stooping trees one on either side of the creek coming together over the creek, and then climb up one and go down the other and that would put us across. "Well," he said, but he appeared a little suspicious. We soon found the trees, and I began to strap my suitcase on my back to climb, but Brother Champion said, "Brother Moore, I am not going to risk it, why I would fall right in the middle of the creek!" I said, "We can make it I am sure, it is only about two feet across – from one tree to the other up there – and the limbs are strong." "No, I am not climbing," he said, "but let's go on down the creek, I think I know where there is a drift we can cross on." We found the drift and crossed over. Some of the logs turned with us, but we made it,

although it was at a great risk! Well, the son took the mule back home, and we reached our destination just before sun-set. There were but few out, but we enjoyed the service.

Next morning we started on foot to the next place, thirteen miles, but I was ill and traveled slowly. We overtook a man with two horses and hired him to take us within two miles of the regular meeting place. We paid our friend for the journey and arrived a little late, but had a good meeting. We found their pastor sick with typhoid fever, and could not be with us at church. We had a still better service on Sunday; Brother Champion did extra preaching. Monday I rode a horse six or seven miles to Haleyville, Alabama, with Brother Champion and others. There we took train, thirty-five miles, but the board of health would not let us off at that town, it was quarantined against yellow fever, but when the board stood aside a little, we stepped off anyhow, and the brethren joined us for they had come to meet us there. We had no health certificate but neither did we have any yellow fever.

They gave me a mule to ride; I asked, "How far do we go?" Brother Smith said fourteen miles! It was night when we started and a mule and filly started with us. I got some rocks and pine knots and tried to chase them back but the mule refused to go. The filly turned back. We came to where a fence made a point, and the mule being ahead of us took the left hand road along the fence, and we took the road to the right along the other fence. "Well," I said, "maybe that mule will not go back to trail us," but soon we heard him coming behind us on a gallop! I got real mad but it did no good. We both tried to knock him down with rock, but he kept out of our way! "Well," I said, "I expect we will be arrested for horse thieves about the time we get to your home!" Finally we got there and Brother Champion and partner had reached the place before we did. We put up our stock but left our tormentor outside. We ate a bite, took off our muddy, Sunday suits and went to bed. Next morning early a man rode up inquiring for a loose mule. We told him it was here and that he was welcome to take the demon anytime. He laughed and caught his mule. But even after all these hardships we had two days' extra good meetings right there in the hills of Franklin County, Alabama.

From here, we went into Mississippi, Brother Champion soon returned to his humble home.

CHAPTER X - NORTHERN TOUR - A TRAIN WRECK

I rested awhile, and then went up into Smith County, Kansas, to help my father with his crop as he had migrated again from Illinois to Kansas. While here I took a trip to Sweeden Ranch, Texas, just west of Corpus Christi and Alice to try to buy homes for my father, Brother Lewis Moore, and myself, but we were not able to pay the high price for homes there. So I came home and on the way, our home-seeker's train ran off on a siding into a heavily loaded freight train at Enid, Oklahoma, and killed our fireman and eight passengers in the coach where I sat, and I was told

that others died later from the shock. This was a very bad scene. Both engines were ruined and several box cars also, and much damage to passenger coaches. I was somewhat bruised and shocked too. Surely the mercy of God, only, preserved me. I would like to tell you more about this wreck, but am only sketching now. I made it in home at last. We had services at Brother Aydelott's home near Gaylord, Kansas.

On Christmas day, my brother, Lewis Moore, joined the church and I had the great joy of baptizing him on New Year's Day (Sunday) 1899 in Beaver Creek not far from Gaylord, Kansas. The brethren cut the ice and told me it was 17 inches thick. People wore shawls and overcoats and quilts around them to keep them from freezing. Snow covered the ground deeply and it was still snowing. Our wet clothes froze on us before we could walk 200 yards to change, but it did not hurt either one of us.

CHAPTER XI - LIFE IN NEW MEXICO

Ultimately, I decided to go to North New Mexico and homestead 160 acres of land to get father a home of his own and one for myself, also. I made the trip and filed on the land, then got leave of absence to go after my parents and our teams and wagons which I did, and on September 27th, 1907 we landed on my homestead, 550 miles from Smith County, Kansas. We continued to abide under the cover of our wagons until we built a box house 14 x 16. This was the new beginning of pioneer life with me on the wild, raw front of New Mexico territory and coming to this bleak, tree-less plain exposed us to the many wintry hardships. Our eastern friends may think themselves familiar with pioneer life on the western front, having read romantic fiction of such a life, but to really know the facts depends on experiencing that life one's self. We lived economically, often our table was supplied only with coffee for mother, pancakes and Mexican beans for all three of us. We had to live this way much of the time in order to be able to commute on my homestead in due time. Father and I worked hard both day and night going from twenty-five to thirty miles to the cedar brakes and foothills of the Rocky Mountains for wood and posts. We often had to camp on the snowy, cold, windy prairie, not only in going to the brakes, but also in making our twenty-one to forty mile trips to the railroad towns for supplies. We had our fencing to do to keep the range stock off of our grass, and to plow to get ready for a crop, too. We also had to haul water in barrels from two to five miles for our teams and house use, etc.

During all this time, I tried to preach once a month in our little, new town, Hayden, one mile north of our home. Father also preached there and at other places. I also served the church at Dalhart, Texas (about fifty miles east of us), and in doing so I had to walk about thirty-two miles to the railroad station where I took the train to Dalhart, and I had to walk the same thirty-two miles on my journey home – making a sixty-four miles walk every month at least for two years. Many times I walked about all night and went to work next morning. I am not boasting, but just wish to show the reader of this sketch what it means to be an active minister of the gospel of Christ our Lord. I certainly enjoyed those services and trips. It gladly became my lot to baptize

my sister, Myrtle Moore, and a Sister Roberts (I think was her name) at Dalhart, Texas. My sister, Myrtle, had recently come from Kansas and located on her homestead of 240 acres in the same neighborhood and near my home. She taught two or three terms of school for us at Hayden, in District 27. It was about this time that a school meeting was announced which, when convened, resulted in selecting Mr. A. P. Ealy, Mr. Edgar Haulterman and myself for school directors. Our names were sent up to our Mexican Superintendent at Clayton for appointment. He honored our names and I acted as clerk and chairman of the Board. And this was only another burdensome job, without a salary, and with but little eulogy from the people in a new country, as it often is. About this time my brother, W. W. Moore, came down from the north and homesteaded 320 acres of land not far from Hayden. Well, we all had our blunt, many discouragements but I am glad that my aged parents, sister, brother and I with others had the courage and perseverance to endure the pioneer hardships until we won our homes and helped to win statehood for New Mexico territory and establish schools in the land, etc.

Now, since clerking in Mr. Roberts Store and buying and freighting goods for him and working on his ranch and at home and for others, I abridged this sketch of toil and trials in New Mexico to say that there are also inspiring splendors in her borders which have often charmed my soul. In the season of springtime out on her plains, the soft "tookoo" of the happy little prairie owl as it sits near its home in the ground, is full of praise to God. And the scream of the wild curlew is heard to gladden the ears of all who love the joy of the wild, free birds that God sends to us! The chatter of the little prairie dog is toned with innocent glee as it sits on the adobe wall of its home in the ground. The swanlike voice of the crane, high up in the bright, blue sky is saluting us as it views the beauty of our land. The quails are piping their praise to God who has made them happy once more by clearing the land of its crusted snow in the warm, sweet zephyrs of the smiling Spring! The frisky young rabbits hop and skip through the peeping green and floral glory of New Mexico! Even in the vales and canyons of the foothills the long tenor howl of the wolf and the bass hoot of the great horn owl is music in its season – yes, a song of freedom that God has given them to sing in their own tongue! Yes, it seems there is a dark and a bright side of life in all the world and we have shared them both wherever we have lived.

CHAPTER XII - A HOME IN FLORIDA

And now, as my parents decided to sell the 80 acres I deeded to them and move to Oregon to live near more of their children, I, too, decided to sell out and go to a warmer, winter climate. My sister, Myrtle, married W. S. Snider, a homestead neighbor, and decided to stay in New Mexico awhile longer. Also, W. W. Moore remained in that state. But I bought five acres and a town lot

in and near St. Cloud, Florida and migrated thither. I was elated to find such a fine climate teeming with citrus fruits beautifying so many gaudy, fragrant groves and gardens even all the year around. The cities were clean with wide spreading, stately oaks arching the streets and highways in many localities. I found it to be a land advantageous for a financially poor man to make a living in. There were plenty of free, good wood, fish and wild game, and where one could have a crop growing in every season of the year. But best of all for me I found churches of my faith and order in all parts of the Peninsula and attached myself to the local church in Orlando, Florida. I served that church for several years; also served the church at Crescent City for some time and traveled and preached all over the state many times. I traveled on my bicycle to the churches nearest my home, but made the greater tours on train, car, buggy, wagon and boat.

There are many wonders in Florida. Among them are two large rivers running parallel; one begins at DeLeon Springs and runs south into Lake Okechobee. The other heads near Okechobee and runs north into the Atlantic Ocean. I think these rivers are only about thirty miles, or less, apart.

I took a walk with some brethren one day into a dense forest of pine, oak, palmetto, etc. We came to a large pine tree with a brick wall built around it. I said, "Well, why, do you suppose, did somebody come out in these woods and build a wall around that tree?" one brother said, "Brother Moore, they did not do that." I said, "Can't I see, doesn't it speak for itself?" He said, "No, but you should remember that wall was built there about three hundred years ago and that pine tree sprouted and grew up since that time." He said that wall was a furnace built to set large pots on to make ribbon cane syrup in, by the first settlers of America. This land was first a forest but was cleared and cultivated, and then this forest grew up again since that time! Well, well, what a wonder for historical meditation.

I also visited the old city of St. Augustine, the most ancient city in the United States, with its odd, narrow streets and walled fortresses. All took me, in mind, back to the days of Columbus when he discovered this great, new land infested with wild animals and the Red man and adorned with floral glory! Many, many wonderful scenes in Florida are truly educational and full of inspiration. While all countries have their drawbacks for some of us, Florida had but a few for me. I had good health of body in Florida and good church privileges also, but was too far from my kindred in the flesh. My sister, Myrtle Snider, and family came and lived near me for awhile but she migrated with her husband back to his native state, Indiana, and thence to Idaho.

CHAPTER XIII - LOST BROTHER FOUND

Elder W. S. Broom visited me in Florida one time which was a comfort to me and while he was with me I received the news from my sister, Elmira Tucker, in Oregon, that my twin brother, Eugene Moore, had been heard from in California. You see, none of our relations knew one thing

of his whereabouts for twenty-one years. Some of us believed him dead, but a few of us (I for one) did not think so. Well, as we sat at the table that eve for our meal, I became so full of joy I could not eat. I told the brother of the home that I was not hungry and if he pleased, to show me a room where I could do some writing, etc. He took me to a room and I began to write to my brother. Brother Broom came into my room, glanced over my shoulder and saw the heading of my letter, and it shocked him! He said, "You don't mean to say that you have found your twin brother, do you?" I said, "Yes, unless it is all a dream, I have." My joy was too great to even try to express. I wrote my brother to address me at Saltillo, Mississippi and send me his photograph, also the same of his wife and children, and I would get them there. When I got to Saltillo I received three letters and pictures from him. He related all about how he lost our whereabouts; that he had drifted into Old Mexico prospecting for gold and silver for a company in Denver, Colorado. Finally he landed in West Texas, thence into Arkansas in the diamond fields, where he became a married man and worked in a stove factory, but at last migrated to Pomona, California – however, he enlisted in the Spanish-American war before this, was about the first one to volunteer in the Rich Mountain regions of Arkansas. Well, while at Saltillo, Mississippi, I got news that my mother was sick, at the point of death, and if I hoped to see her alive I would better come at once. So, I did not return to Florida but purchased a train ticket to Idaho.

CHAPTER XIV - A TRIP TO IDAHO, OREGON AND CALIFORNIA

We had to be transferred around wrecks, and our own engine had a wreck, too, and we were belated all along the way. But, when I got to my station in Idaho I waded through the deep snow out to W. H. Tucker's, where I learned that my mother in Oregon was improving fast, so I decided to remain in Idaho for awhile. They had me preach for them, and I organized a Primitive Baptist Church for them and they named it Hephzibah. I soon took to my bed with smallpox and was confined many days in a room with just one earthly hope and that was, if I ever got well, I never would have smallpox again. I recovered and W. S. Snider (my brother-in-law) and I went on foot to Brother Lewis Moore's home to get a stove and utensils. My brother was not at home but we made us a little sled and loaded the stove, etc., on it, fixed us a sort of harness, got into it and pulled out between ten and fifteen miles over the deep snow to W. S. Snider's home. We were tired, but we enjoyed the thought of having done something that perhaps no other two men ever did in Idaho!

Finally, I took leave to Oregon where I visited my parents and their relatives and friends. I heard my dear old father preach again much to my comfort, and I tried to preach for them also. Soon I bade goodbye to the loved ones near Portland, Oregon, and boarded the train for Los Angeles, California. We went over the roughest Rockies I ever saw. When we came upon the snowy heights, the porter told us to get over on the left side of the coach where we could see a sinkhole one mile deep, and said the

train would slow up so that we could take a good view of it. It looked as if Shasta Peak ahead of us had been taken out of that hole and turned bottom peak up. Sometimes we were going toward the Peak and again we were going straight from it. We were leaving it to the right and again we were headed to the right of the Peak, but finally we left the Peak to our right and rolled on west, and then south, and while going south we met an engine and some coaches going north. I raised my window and stuck my head out to get a better view of it, and lo! it was our own engine pulling us around the circle to get to the down grade and we actually ran under our own track to get the grade! Finally, as we were curving on a ledge I peeped downward and exclaimed to a man sitting by me, "What do you suppose they built that little tram railroad down there for?" He said, "I don't know." I am sure it was a half mile straight down to the tram railroad. We coasted down west quite a while and then coasted east until we came to our little tram road and it was our own wide-gauge track heading us toward Sacramento. I looked up and saw the ledge we had passed over. Our train made a stop at the Shasta Springs for the passengers to fill their jugs and bottles with that healthful water.

We reached Sacramento in the night and pulled on steadily for Los Angeles. We arrived there about 9:00 a.m., I think. The sun shone brightly and the many citrus groves, vineyards, and green fields made it a brand new world of beauty to me!

CHAPTER XV - JOYS AND SORROWS

I immediately took a train up to Upland, east, where my twin brother had recently located. I landed safely and got brother's house number, etc., and went to his back door and knocked. No one responded. I knocked again and again (you see they did not know I was coming). A lady came to the door and said, "What is wanted?" I said, "I would like to see Mr. Moore if he is at home?" She said he had been fumigating orange trees every night and was now taking his noon snooze. I said, "Well, just let him sleep and rest awhile. I will sit here on this log until he awakens." "No," she said, "I will rouse him up." So she did. He came to the door and said, "Hello, Spence! Come in." Well, the reader will just have to guess at the rest of our meeting! I cannot express such great joy. We slept but little that day and night. It took much talk to make up for lost time. I stayed with my brother several months, working in the orange groves, peach orchards, vineyards and at dry yards. Also, had appointments to preach at Riverside, Southgate, Los Angeles, and Downy.

I saved a little cash and started back to Florida. When I got to Dalhart, Texas, I received a message that my dear father had passed away suddenly at Star, Idaho, where he had recently moved to care for the church there. This was very sad news to me! He was about 87 years old and had preached about seventy one years, most of that time serving the churches. I think he began preaching at 16 or 17 years of age. Oh, how sad to give up my dear father and mother! I

left Dalhart and stopped off at Maud, Texas, for a short visit, and then headed on toward Florida. But when I got to Memphis, Tennessee, some thief picked my pocket of about \$165.00. This made me sick and angry, too! I had no clue as to who it was so could not even put my case in the hands of the police. Well, I stopped at Tupelo, Mississippi, and started on afoot at midnight up north seven miles to Saltillo, Mississippi, where I rested a few days and the brethren helped me to get to Little Hope Church in Bibb County, Alabama, my old home. I was taken sick here and the dear saints would not take me to the depot, for a train to Florida, neither would my doctor agree for me to go just at that time. "Well," I said, "if I don't go *soon*, I *know* the cowboys in Florida will set the woods a-fire and all I have down there will be burned up." Finally, they took me to the station and I took the train to St. Cloud, Florida, within four miles of home. While in the city I met one of my neighbors and he told me that the fire got out and burned up my fence posts, orange grove, plum orchard, guava patch and banana stalks and almost got my house and did burn my stable up, too! "Well," I said, "I am not surprised. Let it go, I have to hit the bottom anyhow!" I felt like crying, but became reconciled to be nothing and to possess nothing.

CHAPTER XVI - POVERTY STRICKEN, BUT RICH IN SPIRIT - MOVE TO TEXAS

I planted quick growing garden truck to start living again. While in this state of poverty the brethren in south Florida wrote to me inviting me to come and tour that country in a preaching way, that they would send me money to make the trip, etc. I wrote them to fix the appointments and, D. V., I would be on hand. I never had visited that section before, but I went and filled every appointment, and was happy all the time. Things of the Spirit was the meat and drink of my soul from day to day! The saints and friends were all so kind to me, and the Lord in love seemed to be in every beat of my heart, and in every breath I breathed, and I hope in every word I spoke to sanctify it all to His praise and to the comfort of His dear people. This tour was one of the greatest joys of my spiritual career and I cherish it in my memory yet. After getting back home to serve the churches awhile longer and after going up and down the Atlantic and Gulf coasts trying to preach consolation to all the contrite in spirit, I finally decided to locate back at Maud, Texas, and wrote to a few members of Mt. Olive Church there, especially to Brother Bales and Sister Tenny Foster, also to Brother Young and Sister Katie Foster about my decision; and I got ready to go feeling sad to leave so many loved ones behind! And to bid adieu to the sunny clime of health, to the beauty and sweet songs of happy feathered warblers; to the chain of many clear, sheeny lakes teeming with millions of the finny tribes, and bordered with brilliant flowers, and shaded concrete highways. I hated to turn my back upon the sparkling variegated glory of the morning dews! Oh, am I to hear no longer the roar of the surging seas declaring the omnipotent eternal power of God? Shall I no longer hear the zephyr wind through the long, needle pine like a thousand eolian (*sic.* aeolian) harps to charm my heart away from the sorrows I often contact in my pilgrim life? I felt to say, "Farewell ye free, ancient home of the Seminoles with your azure dome of infinite splendors! I know that you will be a sweet smile in my soul wherever I go!"

Had it not been for moving nearer to my aged kindred in the flesh, and in hope of being surrounded with loved ones at Maud, Texas, I surely would not have left the dear people and the healthful balm of the salt breezes of the ocean and gulf, and all the beauties of Florida. But, feeling it to be my duty to go, I made the journey in safety; I sold my property in Florida and bought 10 acres of land three miles southwest of Maud, Texas, and improved it nicely with a good little house, peach orchard and vineyards, etc.

CHAPTER XVII - I OBEY IMPRESSIONS TO GO WEST

I soon felt impressed to go to Phoenix, Arizona, but why, I could not tell. I had heard of a few scattered Primitives out there but their order was doubted. My sister in the flesh, Theo Tucker, said, "Spence, I don't see how you can go on such a long trip, you are not well, neither are you financially able." "Well, maybe so," said I. I tried to dismiss the idea but it still lingered with me. In the meantime I went to the Ouachita Association south of Hope, Arkansas. We had a good meeting; but after services, I went with some brethren as far as Hope, and there I expected to take the train east, but when we got to Hope I was out of the notion to go east and Elder C. R. McClure said, "Well, Brother Moore, why not go home with me up to Paris, Texas?" that suited me fine, but I thought I might change cars at Texarkana and go back home to Maud.

When we reached Texarkana, I just could not go home. It did not seem like home at all! It did not seem to me that it would sprout a pea if I planted it. It was dead as it could be! So, I went on with Brother McClure and others and I was happy all the time. We enjoyed several sweet services. I finally arrived home and felt normal for some time, but again I felt that I must go to Phoenix, Arizona. I finally decided to go even if I had to hitch-hike it all the way out there; or die on the roadside. I began to prepare to go, when lo! Here came a letter from a brother, Calvin Smith, of Phoenix, Arizona, stating that there was a little bunch of saints out there starving for the gospel and no preacher nearer than four hundred miles of Phoenix. "Can you come and preach for us awhile?" And he went on to say, "We see by the Baptist Trumpet that you are footloose and we will pay all of your expenses. If you do not have the money to come let us know and we will send you the money." I wrote him that I had money enough to get to El Paso, Texas, but not to Phoenix. He wrote me to come on to El Paso and he would meet me there with his auto. So I wrote him at what time my bus would arrive at El Paso, and took the bus in due time.

When we got to El Paso, behold no Brother Smith was there! There I was, a stranger without money, no friends and no job! I was too old and gray to get a job, no one would have hired me! A Negro boy came out of the office with a yellow paper in his hand calling for "Mr. Spencer." He asked our bus driver if he had a man on his bus by the name of Spencer. The driver inquired, but none by that name was found. The black boy said, "We got word that a man by that name

would be on your bus!” I said, “Let me see that paper.” The name Spencer was there and part of an ‘M’ and a little curve of an ‘O’ were dimly there. So I said, “My name is Spencer Moore and I am sure that message is meant for me.” He said, “Yes, yes, you are wanted in this office right now!” I went in and the agent said “Your way is paid to Phoenix, Arizona, and there is your bus ready to pull out *right now*. Get on!” We rolled out for Phoenix, but I was taken sick with pains in my heart and told the driver my way was paid to Phoenix but I must stop and see a doctor at the next station! He said, “I will help you to get a doctor and I can make up lost time later. You are surely pale!” on the way for the doctor we got a big dose of brown fluid medicine at a drugstore for immediate relief and that was all I needed. In five minutes I was perfectly easy and we rolled on into Phoenix, four hundred miles from El Paso. I was still real sick, but had no acute pains. Brother Smith was waiting for me at the bus station and can you imagine how glad I was to meet him? He took me to his kind abode and after explaining why he did not meet me at El Paso and after we had eaten a good meal and conversed on heavenly themes, they fixed me a good bed to rest and sleep upon until the dawn of day. The brethren soon came in and began arranging for services to commence the next day, and of all the hungry saints for the gospel I never met before! I think we held services every night at their humble homes for about two weeks; and oh, how sweetly they could sing! And they would open services for me, too, by reading, comment and prayer. Next they discussed earnestly the propriety of organizing a church and decided to do so at Brother Traylor’s home. The burden of constituting them fell heavily on me as I had no ministerial help. When the time came a few songs were sung, I read and talked a little while on the oracles of the Bible, and then offered prayer, and called for the church letters of all who had them. I read them, found them orthodox, and pronounced them a local Primitive Baptist Church in order and with power to transact church affairs, and to execute Scriptural discipline. Then I delivered the charge of duty to them and they went into conference and adopted their Articles of Faith, Church Covenant, and Rules of Decorum. As I was their moderator, I proclaimed them ready to receive members and I believe it was Brother McClung who joined by relation, his church in Texas having been dissolved some time ago, etc. In a few months they had grown to about forty members with several young and active ones. I was taken quite sick and could not baptize any of them. Brother McClure, located at Phoenix, did the baptizing at that time. (I resigned the care of the church for Brother McClure to take charge.) Since Elder McClure moved away, Elder E. Brown was called to serve them and baptized quite a few there, I believe. The church named itself Salt River Church. I also tried to preach about a week in Ajo, Arizona, one hundred twenty-five miles across a desert land. Ajo was about the richest copper mine in the United States. I enjoyed the meetings there greatly. I believe Brother Deskin and family were all the Primitives in the city at that time. I also filled the pulpit in Northwest Arizona several times, about two hundred miles from Phoenix along a big river in Brother Boyet’s country. This was indeed a desert land and in the “Regions beyond,” except right along the river. But, I was happy *all the time* in that wild region! Oh, at times I sigh to live those days over again! And in memory, I almost do so. I want to go into the details but can only abridge as there is *so much* of it. While in Arizona I went one trip with Brother Oby Norman to California and preached in and around San Diego, and Riverside, etc. I came back to Phoenix, Arizona, for awhile and then went with Elder McClure to Riverside, California, where we organized New Hope Church and finally ordained Brother A. J. Roberts to the full functions of the gospel ministry. I then came back to Texas for awhile.

CHAPTER XVIII - OTHER TOURS IN VARIOUS DIRECTIONS

I made a tour up into Oklahoma into Elder J. H. McCarty's country and enjoyed it so much! Made another trip into Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia. Came back home, then went into the far away south with Elder L. B. Ramsey of Arkansas to Combs, Texas, where Elder Harvey Ball, Elder Ramsey and I organized Orange Grove Church.

We then went to the Bithynia Association in Louisiana, after which Brother and Sister Ramsey went home and I visited and preached for the churches of Elder J. P. Dale's care – over in Texas – then rode with Brother Dale up to Cartwright to be with him at Rock Springs Church in our Association (The Enon). I then came home, rested awhile, and finally attended eight associations with much joy. Brother Dodgen came home with me and stayed several days, which was so much pleasure and profit to me.

About this time, the church at Phoenix, Arizona wrote to me to come out to Phoenix, and preach the dedicating discourse of their new church building. Elder Edmond Brown, who was once their pastor, also was called upon to do likewise. So Brother Eddie (we called him) fixed up his car and he and his wife, Elder Elbert Brown, of Texarkana, Texas, and I all boarded his car bound for Phoenix, Arizona, a twelve hundred mile trip. We made one stop near Wellington, Texas, in the Elder Dempsey Koen Country where we stayed overnight with a dear friend. Here we took in another passenger and rolled out for Arizona. We camped that night at a court. We had plenty of car trouble but landed in Phoenix at a late hour of that night. Next day the saints began to meet from far and near and indeed it was a spiritual feast from first to last! About seven ordained elders were there, each one doing his part in all the services. We formed a presbytery at the call of the church and ordained Brother J. N. Smith to the full work of the gospel ministry. Also, we ordained Brother Bento Smith to the office of deacon. Elder J. A. Neatherlin was their able, humble pastor. Elder A. J. Roberts and Elder W. S. Smart, of California, were with us and the Lord blessed them in the pulpit to edify us all, as did all the other ministers. I took sick and being so worn out in body, too, the brethren sent me home on a Pullman train and the rest of our crowd came home in the auto. I am omitting a detailed account of one short tour in the state of Nebraska which I enjoyed very much in the homes and pulpits of the dear ones up there. I enjoyed especially the preaching and acquaintance of Elders Ring, Chapman, and Hammons. Sometime (1898, I think) while up there I baptized Sister Maude Aydelott, near Gaylord, Kansas, when we had to break the ice, but it was thin. Now I am not going to personate in the sketch concerning the *many* bitter trials I had to endure to do the work of an evangelist, and to itinerate among the churches. Those who have experienced such a life know what it is, and what the joy of it is in the end of it all.

I rested awhile and then went to Oakland, California, at the kind invitation of Brother Oby Norman and others, and while there I helped them to constitute Golden Gate Church and they accepted the name I offered to them (Golden Gate.) Elder A. J. Roberts helped me much to

constitute this church and was the clerk of the presbytery; and he had such a bright spirit to preach for us too! The joy was so great in our hearts we surely never can forget it. I had the joy of baptizing three precious saints for Golden Gate before I returned home.

CHAPTER XIX - CONCLUSION

I am now concluding this sketch on what is called Christmas Day – set apart to celebrate the birth of Christ our Lord, although no chronologist can be sure of the exact date of His birth, yet it seems that they all agree that the time of His advent was at or near the 25th of our calendar name of December.

Now for the information of those who may inquire about my doings after I have gone the way of all the earth. I will state that I have delivered thousands of discourses, organized several local churches, moderated for one religious debate. I had one oral debate myself on “What the signs of times indicate,” served about twenty churches in particular, sat in nine council meetings, moderated for four of them and have delivered three dedicating discourses.

I had one written discussion with a Brother Forister who lived in Arkansas. Our topic was the “Whole Man Regeneration Doctrine,” he affirming it to be a Scriptural act, and I denying it by Bible statements of facts, and by the trend of the Scriptures in general. This debate was published in the Baptist Trumpet several years ago. Brother Forrister and I learned to love each other in this debate – but he died suddenly – soon after our debate – which caused me sorrow!

I have united many couples in marriage and while doing so have endeavored to impress upon them the sanctity and binding obligations of the marriage vow. I have also preached many funeral sermons wherein I have tried to comfort the bereaved and brokenhearted to the best of my ability; but with all that I have done in a religious career I do not feel that I have one thing which I can boast. All my service has been freely given and the saints and friends have freely helped me all the way.

My name has been listed on the staff of the Baptist Trumpet as an Associate Editor for twenty years. Elders J. C. Morgan and W. T. Carter are the Chief editors and proprietors of the paper. Our work together is pleasant and a schooling for me. May our blessed Saviour accept *all* the glory and continue to guide us in love and sweet Christian fellowship to the end, I humble pray.

Farewell to every precious child of God in this world. Peace be thine forever.

S. F. MOORE

I may have made a few minor mistakes in arranging dates in the above sketch, but the events recorded are correct. In mention of certain names of people it has been done with no ill feeling

toward anyone or their relatives, either living or dead, but with best regards for all and I hope all who read the sketch will read with charity for me.

S. F. MOORE

FAREWELL VERSES

Please sing this song with humble grace,

Is now my last request,

When I am gone will you then place

These verses on my breast?

And for this wish I give as why,

My love for God's dear book;

With it I live, by it I die,

And for its promise look.

Its sacred pages teem with facts

And solace from above,

It leads me in my Saviour's tracks

To fountains full of love.

“Words fitly spoken” to the soul

Within its fold I found,

Directing me to better goal
With which the saints are crowned.
But while I have not lived so well,
Not all the time you know,
God's grace for me, too great to tell
Has been a constant flow.

And even now I do rejoice
In hope of glory soon
The melody of heaven's voice
My songs of praise will tune.

And then with Jesus and with you,
How sweet the blissful theme,
Our song shall be forever new,
Our love an endless beam.

Oh dear, the union of the saints
Where discord is not known,
There we shall vent no more complaints
Before God's holy throne.

But we shall meet to sing and shout

With fellowship replete
All free from strife and fear and doubt
Prostrate at Jesus' feet.

My day is like the twilight now –
Dim twilight of the eve,
The shade of death is on my brow
And I must take my leave.

And leave my record, Lord with thee,
And bid dear friends adieu,
Lord condescend to be with me,
And lead me calmly through.

A VEIL APPEARS

Before my eyes appears a veil
And stillness fills my ears,
Here in my home in Avondale
To ease my sense of fears.

These heart attacks are quite severe
Until they vent their rage

Which cites us to the rolling bier,
The friend to youth and age!

I am so weak, yet filled with calm,
While shorter grows my breath,
I wonder if this is the balm
To sweeten pain in death?

Yes, I am faint in body now,
And God is weaning me
From all this earth that I may bow
To Him alone I see.

In death, we cease to trust in man,
For mortal help to live,
Because we see it in God's plan
That none such aid shall give!

The climax is we can depend –
When we must pass away,
On Jesus still to be our Friend,
Our present tested stay.

He will not leave us here alone

In such a time of need,

But take us up to be His own

There on His charms to feed.

But death has passed me by this time

So I am yet alive,

Perhaps it is my soul to prime

In thanks that I survive.

To you, my neighbors, friends and saints,

You did the best you could

To cheer me in my sad complaints

And this of you was good.

But do not be surprised to hear

That my demise has come,

For ills and age now make it clear,

That death will be the sum!

The hence – ahead salute, is plain

And bids us think and act

In haste with body, soul and brain
To meet the specter fact!

In it the common daily news
That loved ones bid adieu,
Yet we too often would refuse
His truth as being true.

We are surprised for lack of thought
When friends drop dead for aye
“No lease of life,” we had forgot
‘Till death had nabbed its prey!

So life is but a wink of light,
Like a meteoric blaze,
Across the sky of nature’s night
To type a sketch of praise –

A note or booklet of God’s will
All printed there as gold,
If we indeed with Christian skill
Have lived as we were told.

Oh, smiling infants born to greet
The aged passing out!
Oft' fain would make the farewell sweet
To cancel grief and doubt.

- S. F. MOORE