

THE  
GALAX GATHERERS

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THE GOSPEL AMONG THE  
HIGHLANDERS

BY  
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Edited by His Daughter, Grace



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PENTECOST AT PUNCHEON CAMP.

REV. JAMES A. BRYAN, *Birmingham, Ala.*

Early Monday morning, September the fourteenth, I left my work in Birmingham, Alabama, for a ten days' preaching tour in the Cumberland Mountains with Dr. Guerrant.

We spent a few hours at the Highland Orphans' Home, at Clay City, Kentucky. The writer never saw a more beautiful place for such a home, and from what he saw of the work of ten days in the mountains, there never was a country where one was more needed. A boys' dormitory is also needed. We pray that God will inspire some of His servants to supply this need.

From there we went through the Grand Cañon of the Red River to "Bloody Breathitt" County. Leaving the railroad at Oakdale, we rode four miles across dark mountains, reaching the Highland College in time for a prayer-meeting in a cottage of one of the lady teachers. In the silence of that evening, far from my home and church, in that quiet little mountain cottage, I felt a deeper sympathy for the real missionary than ever before. O, that the heart of the church could be touched by the spirit of God to pray more, and give more to send the light to our perishing countrymen! This is one of the three colleges which have been established by the Soul Winners' Society.

Early Wednesday morning, crowds of poorly clad boys and girls gathered from far and near, some walking four

miles to the school, eager to learn. The services were held daily at 8 A. M. and 3 P. M., and twice at night, in the chapel of the college. One could see from the first service that the main object of this school was to save lost souls and educate them. This chapel is the only place for public worship for miles. Many of the parents and friends of the pupils came to both services.

One woman told me that before the Soul Winners came to this place, there was no sermon preached in this neighborhood for eight years. Friday afternoon a number accepted Christ. Saturday was a blessed day. God heard our prayers and all rejoiced.

On Sabbath the meetings began at nine, and continued throughout the day. The strongest men and women cried for pardon, and received it. People wept for joy as friends confessed Christ. Great strong men would rise up, and moved by God's spirit, would say, "I believe God, for Christ's sake, has pardoned my sins."

Some of the leading men of the neighborhood, once profane swearers and intemperate, cried out for pardon, and enrolled their names among God's people.

The man who gave the land to build the college on was saved, and said, "I thank God that Dr. Guerrant and you brought light here for us." One dear little boy, attending this school and revival services, said: "Poppy Bill can drink whiskey if he will; I am going to trust Christ for salvation and join the church." Truly this was the gate of heaven.

All this is of God; to Him be all the praise. I visited the humble homes of these people and read and prayed with them. They are the most grateful people I ever met.

One woman, speaking to me, said: "A great change has come over "Buckeye"; he has not cursed since last Friday."

Many of these children have the very brightest minds. The faithful teachers of the school pray with them and are teaching them that to be a Christian is to trust God and be good men and women. This whole mountain neighborhood, once so desperate, is being transformed by God, through the work of the Soul Winners, from darkness to light. As you walk or ride the mountain paths, you hear then singing: "At the Cross, at the Cross, where I first saw the light," and "When the Roll is Called Up Yonder, I'll be There."

Writing in the yard of this humble mountaineer's home, I cannot tell you of the beautiful scenery. Some one has said, "It is the finest East of the Rocky Mountains."

But I am to tell you of the souls in this region, for whom Christ died, that need the message of pardon and peace through Christ. Will you pray for them, and help these faithful missionaries?

#### A GIRL'S TRIP TO THE FAR CUMBERLANDS.

*Dear Anne:*

"I know you want to hear about my last trip to the mountains; so I will drop you a line while I rest. Papa wanted me to go along to help sing.

"At Lexington, we were fortunate to meet Rev. Mr. Paxson and wife from Texas, who were going to help in our missions at Glencairn and Torrent. Mrs. Paxson