

Tim and His Lamp



TIM AND HIS LAMP

*“Thy word is a lamp unto my feet,
and a light unto my path.”*

—Psa. 119:105

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Preface

In the year of 1958, Sis. Fern Stubblefield borrowed the book entitled “Tip Lewis’ Lamp,” from Sister Oleta Madden. She rewrote the stories in it for the “Beautiful Way” junior paper. Since that time, it has been mentioned by different ones that it would be wonderful to have it in book form. The book has been lost and we have tried to locate it, but to no avail, so we want to beg tolerance from the author’s relatives for not recognizing his writings. Of course, it is an old book and the copyright is expired.

From what we can remember of the book, these stories were true. So we send this book forth with a prayer that it will be a blessing to all who read it.

—Sis. A. Marie Miles

June, 1976

Publisher’s Note (2016): “Tip Lewis and His Lamp” was written by Isabella Macdonald Alden in 1895 under the pseudonym of Pansy.



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“Cast thy bread upon the water.”

—Eccl. 11:1

It was Sunday morning and Sunday school had begun. The superintendent was seeing that each class had a teacher. One class called the “mission class” was without a teacher. The students in this class were poor boys with torn pants and jackets and uncombed hair. These boys had been coaxed to come to Sunday school and acted as though they had little interest in it. A young woman who was a visitor that day was asked to teach the class. She thought it was useless but since there was no one else to teach them she decided to do her best. A song says, “When you have done your best, let Jesus do the rest.”

Having no lesson prepared she told them a story of a boy named Bob. When Bob was thirteen he was walking down the street of the village where he lived. As he walked he came to a place where two roads met and wondered which road to take. “Shall I turn to the left and go home,” thought Bob, “or shall I turn to the right and go down to the river awhile?”

You see, Bob did not have a happy home. His mother was dead and his father was a drunkard. Then something seemed to say

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to him, “Go this way, turn to the right,” and at last he decided to go down to the river.

By the river bank there was a large tree where Bob often sat, but a man was seated there this time. Seeing Bob approaching, he said, “Good evening; will you have a seat?” Then he continued. “I heard a boy call out to another boy just now, ‘Going home, Bob?’ Are you that boy?”

“No,” said Bob, “Hal just called that to me as he came around the corner.”

“Oh, you are the one he was talking to! Well, I’ll ask you the same question. Are you going home?”

“No, I have just walked away from home,” replied Bob.

“But I mean are you going up there?” and the man pointed up. Then he began to tell Bob about heaven. “Are you not going to that home, my boy?”

“I don’t know,” replied Bob.

The bell rang at this point and the teacher finished her story briefly. “I haven’t time to tell you all, boys, but after that talk, Bob began to think about these things and pretty soon he learned to read the Bible and pray. He gave his heart to God. That was more than 50 years ago. He is a minister now and I have heard him preach.”

The boys had done a great many things while the teacher had talked to them. She felt as though her efforts had all been in vain. She did not know that some of the seed sown that morning would later bear fruit and that Tim, the most mischievous boy in the class would someday be preaching the gospel. The words spoken in Eccl. 11:1 were later fulfilled, “Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.”

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“Those that seek me early shall find me.”

—Proverbs 8:17

Nearly four weeks had passed since Tim had attended Sunday school and heard the story of Bob. The Spirit of God had brought back some of the words that were spoken by the teacher one morning as Tim lay by the mill pond watching the fish. Then one evening Mr. Minturn invited many children to his home. Mr. Minturn was well-to-do and the children, both rich and poor, enjoyed playing around the fountain in his yard. The minister, Bro. Holbrook spoke a few words to turn the children’s minds toward God. Tim listened soberly and his heart once more was touched.

Now again the Spirit of God was working with Tim’s heart. His baby brother, whom Tim loved dearly, had died. His mother and invalid father and sister, Katie, were gathered in the kitchen which also served as dining and living room where little Johnny lay in a small pine box. Tim listened eagerly as the minister read from the Bible, “And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. . . . And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire.” He also read of heaven where there will be no more death, nor sorrow, nor crying, nor pain. There had been a struggle going on in Tim’s heart since that morning in Sunday school. The devil would talk to him telling him he could never be any different, and it was useless to try. Then the Spirit of God would talk to him encouraging him. Now as he heard Bro. Holbrook tell of how little Johnny had gone to heaven to be with Jesus and of how Jesus wanted the rest of them to give their heart

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to him so they, too, could go where Jesus and Johnny were, he resolved that he would do that very thing.

Johnny was laid to rest in the cemetery not far away and the people slowly left the grave, all but Tim. He did not want to leave his little brother. Bro. Holbrook looking back and seeing Tim standing alone went back and laid his hand upon his shoulder saying, “You can go up there too, my boy, if you will.”

Tim wanted to ask him how, but couldn't. With an earnest, “God bless you, my boy, and lead you to Himself,” he turned and left Tim alone.

Tim wandered into the woods a little while and returned to find the earth heaped up fresh over Johnny's grave. He thought about praying, so looking around quickly and seeing no one around he knelt down. First he began repeating the Lord's prayer, but stopped and then said, “Oh, Jesus, I want to be a different boy! I am a wicked boy, forgive me. I want to go where Johnny is when I die. Do show me how.” He wasn't just saying words, but was praying from his heart. God heard Tim's prayer and Tim rose from that spot believing that God had heard and had forgiven him.



“Thy word is a lamp unto my feet.”

—Psalms 119:105

It was Sunday morning. Tim Lewis lay thinking of past events. He was going to start out in a new life now with Jesus for his guide. He knelt and prayed, asking God's help and blessing and thanking Him for the peace that had come into his heart.

He was going to Sunday school. He looked at his clothes which

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were ragged and his shoes kicked out at the toes. Suddenly an idea struck him. If his feet were clean they would look better without the shoes. Down he went to the rickety pump and soon his face, hands, and feet looked nice and clean. Then he combed his hair.

He made his way to a seat at Sunday school hoping to see the teacher again who had first sown those words of truth in his heart. She did not appear but Bro. Holbrook taught the class that morning. “Good morning, Edward, I’m glad to see you,” he said. Edward was Tim’s real name, but Katie had called him Tim when too little to say Edward and the name had stayed with him.

The class in general was restless but Tim listened closely. When the others passed out Bro. Holbrook said, “You have been a good listener today. Did you understand the story I told of the boy who started on a journey to the Holy Land?”

“Some of it I did, you meant that he started for heaven,” replied Tim.

“I see you understood it. Don’t you want to take that journey?”

“I believe I have started,” answered Tim. “Last night I told God I would. He made me feel so happy, but I don’t much know how, sir.”

“You need a lamp, don’t you? You remember in the story the boy found some dark places, then he took out his lamp so he wouldn’t lose the road.”

“I want some help but I don’t know as a lamp would do me any good,” replied Tim.

“Oh, yes; the one I mean will surely help you if you give it a chance!” Bro. Holbrook took from his pocket a small red covered book. “Do you know what this is?” he asked.

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“It’s a Bible. We read in it at school.”

“Then you know that God told men just what to say and they wrote it here, so you see that makes it God’s words. We sometimes call it the Word of God. Now let me show you something.” He turned the leaves and pointed to a verse and Tim read, “Thy word is a lamp unto my feet.”

“Oh,” said Tim, “that is the kind of lamp you mean!”

“That is it, my boy. I want you to take this for your lamp. There is no place on the whole road so dark but that it can light you through, if you try it. When you don’t understand it, there is always Jesus to go to, you know.” Bro. Holbrook wrote Tim’s name in it and handed it to him.

He walked away holding his treasure closely. Things were really different now. God had given him a new heart. He had a Bible. He walked away from Sunday school quietly, alone, instead of leading a noisy group of boys intent on mischief.



“I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go.”

—Psalms 32:8

Tim sat on the foot of the bed turning over the leaves of his Bible. “Why that is the very thing I want; ‘I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye.’ I want to begin today and do everything so different from what I ever did that nobody will know me. Now if He will help me, I can do it. I’ll learn that verse.” He repeated it many times. Then the Spirit of God put another thought in his heart.

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“I must ask Jesus to help me now,” he said, and kneeling down he made known his wants in very simple words. Then he went downstairs and prepared for the day.

Katie was rattling the stove trying to make a fire, but without success. “I can’t make this fire burn,” she said. “Mother is sick in bed and told me to bring Father a cup of hot water.”

Tim came bravely to Katie’s aid. “Let me make a fire. I’ve made one lots of times. You put water in the tea kettle and we’ll have a cup of hot water in a little bit.”

Katie stood still and watched Tim make the fire. This was so different from the usual Tim who never built a fire without being told. Soon the fire crackled and snapped.

“Come, Katie, let’s hurry around and get Father and Mother some breakfast. Do you know how to make toast?”

“It’s likely I do,” answered Katie.

“Well, now suppose we make two slices, one for Mother and one for Father. You and I will be jolly house-keepers, Katie.”

Tim hunted for two clean plates and cups. When everything was ready they went softly to the bedroom door. Tim entered with his dish, Katie following.

“Lie still, Mother, till you get some toast and hot water, then you’ll feel better.” Mrs. Lewis raised herself on one elbow, looked at the toast, and asked, “Who’s here?”

“Katie and I,” answered Tim.

His mother smiled. What spell had come over Tim? After breakfast he found a great many things to do. He chopped some

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wood and Katie, under the influence of his strange behavior washed the dishes and swept the floor.

That was a day long to be remembered by Tim. He began his life afresh. He made some mistakes. He thought that his struggle was all over and that he had only to go forward joyfully over a pleasant road. He found that he was mistaken. Satan had not given him up—that is, he would try in many ways to upset him. Tim must yet fight many a hard battle, but there was One who would never leave nor forsake him. One to whom he could always flee for refuge.



“Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.”

—Galatians 6:7

It was the first day at school and Tim was making his way up the hill to school. The boys were surprised to see him coming so early. Among the things Tim had resolved to do was to go steadily and promptly to school. This was something he had never done in his life.

“Hello, Tim,” said Bob Turner, “how are you, old fellow?” Bob had been away and knew nothing of the change that had taken place in Tim’s heart and life. Tim shivered at the thought of the temptation Bob would be to him. The two had been linked together all their lives in many forms of mischief and wrong.

The bell rang and the boys jostled against one another in their seats. Bob, as usual, sat next to Tim.

When the Bible reading started, Tim hesitated. His face flushed. Now he owned a Bible. Had he the courage to take it out of his pocket and read with the rest? What would the boys think? What

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would they say? He began to think he would wait until tomorrow morning. Then he grew ashamed. Suddenly he took out his Bible and turned the leaves. Bob heard the rustling and as he glanced around he puckered up his lips as if to whistle. Snatching the book he read Tim's name in it. "You don't say so! When did we steal a Bible and turn saint?"

Tim's red cheeks were his only answer. When he finally found the place it was very difficult to join in with the other voices. He coughed before he could join his voice in a whisper. Bob's lips were moving, but he was repeating some senseless or wicked rhymes. How thankfully Tim bowed his head. His heart had taken in some of the beautiful words of the crucifixion of Christ. As the teacher prayed Tim agreed with his whole heart. Bob pulled his hair, tickled his foot, and stepped on his toes, but Tim gathered some strength for the day ahead and the trials awaiting him.

Bob, as usual, was overflowing with pranks and failing to find Tim a willing helper as he had been, Bob aimed a great many at him. After Tim had patiently added up two columns in arithmetic Bob rubbed his finger across the slate and no trace of the answer could be seen.

Then besides Bob's annoying pranks Tim had himself to struggle with. He wasn't used to studying, but whispering, eating apples when the teacher's back was turned, and such as that. Now he was reaping and found it hard. He succeeded in not whispering for a long time. Finally, Bob was so provoking that he whispered a reproof and the teacher saw him and marked him down for whispering. How hard Satan was working to trip Tim or discourage him. He was reaping the fruits of long weeks spent in evil company and folly.

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“Fear not: for I have redeemed thee.”

—Isaiah 43:1

The long day full of trials and temptations wore away. One more hard trial awaited Tim. Toward the close of the afternoon Bob began throwing paper wads. Two or three joined him and every time Mr. Burrows’ back was turned the paper wads flew through the air. Mr. Burrows finally said, “The next boy I catch throwing paper wads shall be punished severely.”

Five minutes later as the teacher bent over the desk a paper wad hit him in the forehead.

“Does anyone know who threw that?” There was silence. “Ellis Holbrook, do you know who did it?”

“Yes sir, it was Tim Lewis.”

This was almost too much for Tim. For the first time he hadn’t thrown a single paper wad all day and now was accused.

“I didn’t,” cried Tim, “it’s a lie!”

“Ellis, did you see him throw it?”

“Yes sir, I did,” replied Ellis.

The teacher turned to Tim. “Edward, come here.”

The command was repeated and Tim went forward declaring he was not guilty. Tim had told lies so often that Mr. Burrows had no doubt of his guilt. He stood still and received the hard blows of the ruler on his hands.

What a heavy heart Tim carried that afternoon. He had tried so hard and then had received a punishment not due him. Satan walked

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with him telling him it was no use. He might as well give it up first as last. He brought many discouraging thoughts to Tim as he walked along.

He sat on a log. Then the Lord began talking to him, encouraging him. He put his hand in his pocket and took out his “lamp.” He turned its pages and found the words, “Fear not: for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine.” Isaiah 43:1.

Then came hot thankful tears. Those precious words sank down into his heart. Christ the Redeemer had called him by his name. He was—yes, he would be His. No one was around to be seen. He was sitting under the shade of a low hanging tree. There he knelt to pray. Satan withdrew himself. Tim’s soul had gained the victory.



“Freely ye have received, freely give.”

—Matt. 10:8

There were some marked changes in Tim Lewis which surprised his family. Each morning he built the fire, drew a fresh pail of water, and filled the box with wood. These were like drops of honey to the tired mother’s heart who labored hard to make a living for the family. Now and then Tim awkwardly patted his father’s pillow as he lingered to ask how he was. This was new and delightful to the invalid father and he thought much about it.

One Sunday morning Tim read in his Bible, “Freely ye have received, freely give.” He wondered what he could give as he looked out the window. Katie opened the kitchen door below him and pumped a bucket of water. Was there something he could give her?

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He shook his head. He had nothing to give her. Then he thought, “Perhaps it would be the same if he could help her get something. Could he coax her to go to Sunday school? Then she could learn about Jesus.”

Then Satan came with thoughts as, “She doesn’t have a decent dress to wear. Everybody would laugh at her and at you. I don’t believe she would go if you would ask her.”

Then the Lord spoke, “Wouldn’t you risk a laugh for the sake of getting her to Sunday school?”

“Yes, I will,” said Tim, as he went downstairs. He lingered in the kitchen not knowing just what to say. Tim did not know it, but Katie had been thinking about going, herself. Then she asked, “Tim, I suppose they sing at Sunday school?”

“Oh, yes, they do, and it sounds grand! Don’t you want to go and hear it?”

“I suppose so. I’m tired of staying at home.” To Tim’s delight she put on her bonnet and went with him to Sunday school.

Katie was sent to Miss Harley’s class where the other girls were more nicely dressed. Tim sat in the mission class for boys. Bro. Holbrook asked of Tim, “Edward, you intend to come regularly, don’t you?”

“Yes sir.”

“Then you may come to my class and leave your place in the mission class for someone else.”

Tim was happy. He followed Bro. Holbrook to his class. When he saw the seats full of boys and Ellis Holbrook on the end, his face reddened. He was the boy who but a few days ago had told a lie about him (so Tim thought) and caused him to be punished. He did

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not feel like he could sit by him even in Sunday school. Ellis moved over and finally Tim sat down beside him with a great conflict going on within his heart.

The lesson this Sunday morning was about Christ's death on the cross and as Tim listened, hard thoughts began to die out. It touched his heart.

When the class was dismissed Bro. Holbrook inquired of Tim what was disturbing him. Tim explained, "Ellis said I threw a paper wad and Mr. Burrows punished me and I did not do it."

"Are you sure, Edward?"

"Yes sir."

"Edward, have you always spoken the truth? Is your word to be believed?"

Tim's eyes fell. "I've told many stories but this one truly isn't."

"I believe you, Edward. Ellis was mistaken. But I see you are angry with him. Can't you get over that?"

Tim shook his head. "He got me whipped for nothing, sir."

"What if Christ had followed that rule and forgave only those who treated him well. Would you be forgiven today?"

This was a new thought to Tim and it made him silent.

Bro. Holbrook began turning the pages of Tim's Bible. "Let me show you what the lamp says about it."

Tim read, "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses."

"Trespasses mean sins," explained Bro. Holbrook, but he thought he would say no more but pray for Tim.

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Tim joined Katie and they walked home. Katie had not enjoyed the Sunday school for she was poorly dressed and one of the girls made fun of her bonnet and old shoes.

When Bro. Holbrook reached home he called Ellis. “What about this trouble in school with Edward Lewis?”

“No trouble, Father. Tim threw a paper wad as he is always doing, and Mr. Burrows asked me if I knew who threw it. Of course I had to tell him, and Tim didn’t like it.”

“Ellis, did you see him throw it?”

“Yes sir.”

“Are you positive?”

“Yes—why that is, I glanced up just in time to see it whiz and it came from Tim’s direction and his hand was raised so I supposed he threw it. I thought a minute ago I knew he did.”

“Could someone near him have thrown it?”

“Yes, Alex Palmer might have thrown it.”

“Ellis, I believe you were mistaken. I don’t think Edward lied this time. I’ll tell you why. He has given his heart to Jesus and is trying to please Him. Now I want you to think of this. Edward Lewis, who has never been taught anything good, has given his heart to Jesus and my boy, for whom I have prayed every day has not.”

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“Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.”

—I Samuel 7:12

“Who will tell me what an acrostic is?” asked Mr. Burrows, the teacher. A few hands were raised.

Howard was called on to answer.

“It’s a piece of poetry, sir, where the first letter of every line taken together form a word.”

“Must an acrostic always be poetry?”

Several answers were given and it was decided that an acrostic could be poetry or prose. Then Mr. Burrows announced, “I want every boy in school who can write to bring an acrostic on his own name for his next composition.”

The boys groaned and declared they couldn’t do it, but Mr. Burrows assured them they could and said each one must try.

Tim went home in a turmoil. What could he do? He had never written a composition in his life, but had made it a point to run away from school on composition day. Now running away was done away with, and it didn’t seem possible that he could write anything.

As soon as he could he hurried to the seat under the elm tree by the pond. He wanted to think, to see how to meet this new trouble. He remembered Bro. Holbrook’s kind words, “There is no place on the road so dark but this lamp will light you through if you will give it a chance.” These words had already proved to be a help to him but how could they help him now? He took his Bible out of his pocket and turned the pages slowly. A thought suddenly came to his mind.

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Why not find his acrostic in the Bible? But, if he did, what would the boys think?

After a few moments of troubled thought he said with decision, "I do not care. I'll not be ashamed of my Bible. I'll do it."

With that he set to work searching out Bible verses that would make an acrostic of his name, Edward Lewis. As he labored, some of the beauty of those precious verses crept into his heart. He had been finding as others have found, that reading the Bible and practicing it gives one a greater appetite for reading the Bible.

The following Friday a pile of acrostics lay on Mr. Burrow's desk. The boys listened as the teacher read and spelled out each name. Such a merry time they had. Some were clever, some very funny. The room was quiet again as Mr. Burrows began reading:

"What Jesus Christ Says"

E—"Even the night shall be light about thee."

D—"Depart from evil and do good."

W—"Whosoever cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out."

A—"A new heart will I give you."

R—"Resist the devil and he will flee from you."

D—"Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you."

L—"Lo, I am with you alway."

E—"Ever follow that which is good."

W—"Whosoever abideth in him sinneth not."

I—"I will go before thee, and make the crooked paths straight."

S—"So that we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper."

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How astonished the boys were when they spelled out the name, Edward Lewis.

“Who found these verses for you, Edward?” asked the teacher.

“I found them, sir,” replied Tim.

“It is a beautiful collection of Bible verses. It was a fine idea. I wish that you, and every scholar of mine, could feel the full meaning of those words.”



“Enter not into the path of the wicked—avoid it.”

—Proverbs 4:14-15

The circus was in town. Katie begged Tim to find a way to earn some money so she could go. Tim had managed to slip in, other years, himself. Now it was different. He was trying to please Jesus. What would Jesus have him do? He knew Ellis Holbrook, the minister’s son, never went. His father taught him differently. Yet there were some respectable people who went. Anyhow, he didn’t have the money, so the question would settle itself.

Mr. Dewey stood in the door of his market. “Hello, Tim, you’re the boy I must have been looking for. If you’ll carry packages for me for one hour I’ll give you two circus tickets.”

Up and down the streets went Tim, busily delivering packages, all the time in a whirl of thought about the circus tickets. When they were placed in his hand he hurried toward home. Passing a bar room of a hotel he saw some of the circus men busy playing cards and drinking brandy. Should good, respectable people go to see and hear such men as these? The conflict in Tim’s mind was great.

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He went down to his seat under the elm. Taking out his “lamp” he began turning its leaves. He found his Sunday school verse and then his eyes fell on the words, “Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it and pass away.”

“That means them and me,” said Tim. “They are wicked. They were drinking, gambling, and swearing too. I’ll take these tickets back to Mr. Dewey.”

Mr. Dewey was surprised when Tim handed him the tickets and was more surprised when he gave his Bible reason for not going.

Katie was angry when Tim told her that he could get the tickets but that he couldn’t go. He tried to explain why, but she refused to listen.

Tim was comforted though. He knew Jesus was pleased with his decision. After all, what does it matter how others feel and think if His smile is upon us?



“Avoid it, pass not by it, and pass away.”

—Proverbs 4:15

Over and over this verse came to Tim’s mind. He did not know it but the Spirit of God was warning him to keep him from temptation. Neither did he know that it was the devil suggesting to him that it would do no harm just to go and listen to the music at the circus and see if lots of folks were going.

Pretty soon he came within sight of it and heard the music. Closer and closer he came until he was very near the door, though

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he didn't mean to go in. The people were crowding in. Rich Mr. Douglas stood waiting near the door. When he saw Tim and understood that he had no money to go in, he handed a quarter to the door keeper and told him to let Tim in. A moment more and Tim stood inside the tent, hushing the small voice within. Hadn't one of the nicest men in town let him in? There he was now with his wife and little girl. Mrs. Douglas was a Sunday school teacher. If she could go why couldn't he? Tim reasoned. No one had told him that his lamp said, "Every one of us shall give account of himself to God." Romans 14:12.

Tim was too busy listening and looking to keep out of people's way. He stepped back directly in front of a man who was trying to make his way through the crowd to the entrance. Tim knew he was one of the circus men. His face was red with liquor. A dreadful oath came from his lips as he pushed Tim out of the way.

After he heard the name of his Lord taken in vain it seemed as if the Lord himself spoke to Tim asking him what he was doing there. Tim fought his way through the crowd to the entrance saying, "Let me go, let me go."

He sought the quiet place under the big tree at the bottom of the hill. What had he done? He had been tempted and had fallen. It didn't help him now to think that there were many church members there. Perhaps God had not shown them the wrong so plainly. What would Katie say if she knew, or Mr. Dewey? What did Jesus think? This brought tears but he got on his knees and poured out his heart to God in repentance. "Oh, Jesus, won't you forgive me and let me try again?" He knelt there until the comforting Spirit of God spoke a verse he had recently learned, "Thou art a God ready to pardon,

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gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness.”
Nehemiah 9:17.

In his great trouble Tim’s lamp did not fail him.



“He honoreth them that fear the Lord.”

—Psalms 15:4

Slowly but surely, Tim was growing into a better place in the school room. Though his spelling was not always perfect, his average grade was much higher. He was not yet a good reader but his blunders were growing less and less. Now when he was accused of breaking the rules, instead of being punished without question, his teacher gave him a chance to speak for himself and was learning to believe him.

Oh, yes, things were different! But Tim was sometimes tempted to give up his salvation and fall back in the old rut again. Sometimes he felt discouraged.

His arithmetic was hardest. He was still in a class that was constantly being put back to addition. One winter morning Tim was working hard on a problem but was unable to solve it. Though he worked and worked he couldn’t understand one part of it. He thought of his sick father. He had been a carpenter and had used numbers. Tim went to the bedroom door and inquired of him about the problem. His father’s mind went back to his workshop as he explained the part to Tim that he didn’t understand. Quickly Tim went back to his slate. “That’s it,” he called out in a grateful voice. “I got it and I’ve been at work on it this whole morning.”

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“Thomas,” said the teacher to a boy in Tim’s arithmetic class, “You may take the twenty-third problem to the board.”

“Can’t do it,” answered Thomas promptly.

“Henry may do it then.”

“I couldn’t get it either,” was Henry’s answer.

And soon down the class went the teacher, but no one could do it.

“Edward, can you do this?”

“Yes sir,” said Tim. Mr. Burrows always called him by his real name.

Tim immediately worked the troublesome problem on the board.

“Do you know anything about the lesson, any of you?”

“I’m sure I don’t,” answered Bob.

Mr. Burrows was growing out of patience. This had happened many times. He turned back to the first pages in the book.

“Very well, you may take the first page in addition tomorrow morning,” was Mr. Burrows’ answer.

Tim’s hopes fell and his heart was heavy. None of the others cared.

“Wait a minute!” Mr. Burrows looked at Tim and then at the neatly worked problem on the board. “Charlie, on what page is your arithmetic lesson for tomorrow?”

“We begin multiplication, sir,” replied Charlie.

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“Edward, you have done well today. You mean to study after this, I think. You may take your place in the third class and remain there as long as you can keep up with it.”

Tim said not a word. He didn’t even raise his eyes but he was thinking to himself, “Things are different; they’re surely different.” Those words of encouragement from the teacher were going to help Tim become a man.



“Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.”

—Matt. 12:36

Tim was surprised when Howard Minturn invited him to his birthday party. He didn’t know that Howard’s father had encouraged him to invite him, desiring to help Tim. When Tim remarked to Howard that he would look like a rag bag beside him, Howard had replied, “Never mind, you be there.”

The boys enjoyed their afternoon together, coasting, snowballing, building forts, and rolling in the snow. Finally, as Ellis Holbrook guided his sled around the curve and came to a stop, Howard told the boys they would go in to warm by the fire before the evening meal. The boys agreed, then someone called out, “Howard, where are your skates?”

“Oh, they’re at the top of that awful hill. Never mind, you walk on slowly, and I’ll run back and get them.” The boys obeyed and Ellis was just swinging open the little gate that led to Mr. Minturn’s grounds when Howard called as he ran toward them, “Hold on, don’t go through that way, it will lead you through the deepest snow there

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is; take the big gate.” By the time he reached them they were at the big gate.

“This feels good,” said Will as he sat in a chair in front of the glowing fire. “I feel like a snowball.”

“You would have felt like an icicle if you had gone the way Ellis was leading you; the snow is so high,” said Howard, raising his hand almost on a level with his head.

Ellis laughed. “I’m sure I thought I was going right. I must have been thinking of yesterday’s Sunday school lesson; ‘Enter ye in at the strait gate.’ ” He spoke lightly of the sacred Word.

Several light remarks followed as the boys laughed. Tim stood back, flushed and silent. He remembered the solemn talk which Bro. Holbrook gave them and how he urged them while young to enter into that strait gate. He felt shocked and troubled at Ellis’ careless words.

Then Tim spoke up, “If I were a minister’s son, I wouldn’t make fun of the Bible.”

Ellis’ face turned red. “Do you mean to say that I make fun of the Bible?”

“Didn’t I hear you?”

“No,” replied Ellis in a heat, “you didn’t, and I’d thank you not to say so.”

Several remarks followed by the boys and they were growing cross when the bell rang announcing the evening meal.

Howard sprang up, “That’s something I, for one am ready for; come on boys.” He led the way to the dining room, not knowing that someone in the next room had heard the whole conversation.

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Howard's father had listened carefully, and his heart had been made sad by the light remarks but glad for Tim's reproof. The heavenly Father looking down upon them had also heard.

It was a very nice birthday supper. Tim had never seen such a sight in his life nor eaten so many fine foods.

It was almost nine o'clock when Mr. Minturn opened the door where the boys were gathered. There was a sudden quietness. At the questioning look on his face Howard explained, "Ellis was telling a story, that's what we were all laughing at when you came in. Go on Ellis, never mind father, he likes to hear stories."

"No," replied Ellis, blushing, "I think I'll be excused."

"Go ahead," urged Mr. Minturn, "I am fond of stories."

"I was only telling, sir, how Joe Barnes talked to his father when I was down there this morning."

"Yes, and father, you'd be perfectly astonished to hear him," chimed in Howard. "He makes fun of every single thing his father says. When his father is talking to him real soberly he mimics him and laughs right in his face."

"Do you think there is anything surprising about that?" asked Mr. Minturn.

The boys looked puzzled. "Why, Mr. Minturn, wouldn't you think it strange if Howard should do so?" questioned Ellis.

"Well, no; I don't know as I should have any reason to be astonished."

Howard looked surprised and hurt. "You never have been so to me, Howard, but I have no reason to be surprised if you and Ellis

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and Will Bailey and others all go to making fun of what your fathers say to you after this,” said Mr. Minturn.

“Father, what do you mean?” asked Howard in an earnest anxious tone.

“Why, I mean that I was in that room just over there before supper and heard the discussion between you boys. I concluded that boys who thought it such a small matter to make fun of solemn words which God has said to them, need not be expected to show much respect for what their father or anybody else said.”

A perfect stillness settled over the boys. At last Howard said stammeringly, “But, Father,—I don’t think—Ellis and the rest of us meant to make fun of what God said. Don’t you think that makes a difference?”

“Perhaps, but how do you know Joe Barnes means to make fun of what his father says?”

“He acts like it,” replied Howard.

“Exactly; and so do you, every one of you except Tim. I don’t say, boys, that you are all going to be disrespectful to your elders after this; I only say I don’t see why your earthly friends should expect more reverence from you than you give to God.”

All were silent. Then Mr. Minturn broke the stillness by repeating reverently, “ ‘Enter ye in at the strait gate.’ I would like to know if there is a boy here who thinks he has?”

Tim’s voice finally broke the stillness, “I do, sir.”

“What makes you think so, Tim?”

“Because I love Jesus and have given Him my heart and I’m trying to do what He says.”

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“God bless you, my boy; try to get all the rest to go through the same gate,” said Mr. Minturn.

The town clock struck nine and the boys made a move to separate. Tim felt glad in his heart as he walked home. God had helped him to be faithful.



**“And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer,
believing, ye shall receive.”**

—**Matt. 21:22**

Tim had not forgotten to pray for Katie, yet his prayers seemed thus far in vain. The Sunday school lesson one Sunday morning was on “God’s Answers to Prayer.” Tim listened closely.

“Bro. Holbrook,” he said after the rest had gone, “Is there time for one question?”

“Yes, Tim.”

“I want to know why God doesn’t answer folks’ prayers right away?”

Bro. Holbrook smiled. “Sometimes God doesn’t answer at once to try our faith; to see if we are willing to believe His Word and keep on asking until He is ready to give. Sometimes we pray and don’t work at it; then sometimes we don’t believe we shall get what we are praying for.” He paused. “What are you praying for, Edward?”

“For Katie, but it doesn’t seem to do any good.”

“It is possible that you are not working while you pray. Did you ever read what the Bible says about such praying, and not doing

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anything?” It says, “Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled” James 2:16.

“No,” replied Tim.

“Let me find it for you. Read it when you go home and see if you are like that man in praying for Katie by not saying a word to her to help her yield to God. Then there is another thing. Do you really believe God will do what you ask Him? You are asking God to save Katie and yet wouldn’t you be surprised if she would come to you today and say, ‘I want to be a Christian’?”

Tim admitted that was so. “I think if you begin to pray and work together and then ask God to help you believe, that He will surely do as He promised.”

“Edward, why don’t you come to our Thursday night prayer meeting?”

Tim looked astonished. “I never thought of it.”

“You come, Edward, and remember there is work for you to do. I don’t know of another boy in town your age who loves the Lord.”

Tim walked toward home, his mind full of new thoughts. He went as far as the elm tree and sat down and read the scriptures Bro. Holbrook had found for him. Yes, that was just the way in which he had been praying for Katie and it was certainly true that he would be greatly surprised if she would really and truly come to Jesus. Before he left the elm tree he prayed, “Oh, God, teach me to believe that you will save Katie and show me how to help her!”

After Tim had prayed for God to help him to believe and to show him how to help Katie, his sister, he watched for his chances. One came that very day. After dinner, Katie wandered off by herself, taking the road leading to the cemetery. God put it in Tim’s heart to

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hurry after her. His heart was beating fast at the thought of the great work he had to do and he silently prayed to God for help. Katie sat down on a large stone near little Johnny's grave.

“What did you come for?” asked Katie.

Tim hesitated and then replied, “I came to see you.”

“Well, look at me and then go off. I don't want you here.”

Tim saw he must speak quickly and said tenderly, “I came to ask you if you would like to get saved. I do want you to so much.”

Katie looked at him gravely, then asked, “What do you mean?”

“I mean to repent of your sins and pray and ask God to forgive you. He will, Katie, and make you His child.”

Katie looked thoughtful as Tim continued, “Then you must pray and ask God to help you every day to be good.”

“I can't be good. Mother is cross and I have to work, work, work and never have anything. I'm cross and get mad. I can't help it.”

“But, Katie, Jesus will help you. Whenever you are tempted to feel cross and bad, just run and kneel down somewhere and tell Him all about it and He'll help you. If you can't find a place to kneel down right then you can pray right where you are and He will hear you and help you. If you ever fail you can always go to Him and tell Him you are sorry and He will forgive you. Then when you die you can go to heaven where little Johnny is, and they never get cross or scold up there. I'm going and I want you to.”

Katie's face had been growing graver and when he stopped, Katie began to cry.

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Tim didn't know what to say next. At last he stooped down and said, "Oh, Katie, if you would only pray and give your heart to Jesus He would make you happy!"

"I want to," sobbed Katie, "if I only knew how."

Tim's heart leaped for joy. "It's easy, Katie, just tell God you are sorry for the wrong things you've done and ask Him to forgive you. Ask Him to give you a new heart. He hears every word that you say. I'll go off and leave you alone if you want me to."

Tim turned to go away when Katie said, "Stop, wait, I don't know what to say."

"Why, you just talk to God like you do to me. Though you can't see Him He hears you as plainly as I do."

Tim went away praying in his heart and left Katie alone at the spot where he had first found the Saviour.



"Ask and it shall be given you, seek, and ye shall find."

—Luke 11:9

Tim had left Katie alone. She felt very strange. She had been left there to pray her first prayer. Katie had not been taught to kneel and pray each night as many children are. She sat still for a long time. At last she got down on her knees and said, "Jesus, I'm sorry I'm such a naughty girl. Please forgive me. I want what Tim tells me about. He says you will help me."

Though not beautifully worded, the prayer was sincere. She stayed on her knees a long while until she felt in her heart that God

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indeed had heard her prayer. She arose to her feet feeling like a heavy load had been lifted from her heart. She skipped toward home.

In the meantime, Tim had been earnestly praying and felt assured God had heard.

Katie was stirring some pudding on the stove for supper when Tim saw her again. “Katie, let me do this,” he said, taking the spoon from her hand. Tim stirred and stirred. By and by she leaned over the kettle to put some salt in and caught his eager look. She nodded her head saying softly, “I believe that He heard.”

“I know He did,” Tim answered, his eyes very bright while his heart sang with joy. The angels in heaven rejoiced for another soul had been born into the kingdom.



“Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, Him will I confess also, before my Father.”

—Matt. 10:32, 33

Tim was undecided what to do. He went outside for a while, then came in. He turned to Katie who was washing dishes and asked:

“Katie, don’t you want to go to prayer meeting?”

She dropped the cup she was washing and looked at him in surprise, then said, “I’d like to, but I don’t look decent to go anywhere.”

“Don’t mind that. I’ve only this awful jacket, but I mean to go. Hurry up with the dishes and let’s go.”

“Well, I guess I will, but what will Mother say?”

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“I’ll fix that.” Tim stepped softly into the bedroom. “Mother, may Katie go with me to prayer meeting tonight?”

Mrs. Lewis looked up from her work basket in surprise. “She can if she likes but I doubt if she will.”

Ten minutes later the two were walking toward the little church. As they walked along Tim said suddenly, “Katie, let’s pray for Father and Mother. I’ve been praying for a long time by myself. You help me.”

Now they were seated in the church listening to Bro. Holbrook reading the verses, “Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven.” (Matthew 10:32, 33.) Then he made the meaning very plain.

Tim’s struggle began. People around him were offering prayers or saying a few words. Ought he to? Could he? Oh, he couldn’t! It would not do any good. Then there was Mr. Burrows in front of him and he would be ashamed of him, perhaps. But ought he not to own his Saviour? Mr. Minturn prayed that no one there would be ashamed of Christ. So Tim began praying out loud, “Dear Father, show me how to pray. Help me not to deny Christ. I want to love Him. I want the boys in our school and my mother and father to love Him, too. I’ll try to work for Jesus. Help me every day for Jesus’ sake, Amen.”

The words were faltering, but soon he heard Bro. Holbrook praying for the young disciple who had early taken up his cross. He felt the blessings of God upon his soul.

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Katie felt very timid but she, too, felt she must not deny her Saviour and rose to say a few words. “I thank God He has saved me. I want to live for Jesus. Please pray for me.”

It wasn't much but little did she realize the encouragement that her words were to the older ones—the words of a newborn soul. The Lord looked down upon these two children and His smile was upon them because they had not denied Him in the presence of others.

Bro. Holbrook hurried to speak to Tim and Katie at the close of the service. “Good evening, Edward. This is Katie, I believe. How do you do, my little girl. Edward, do you know such a verse as this: ‘I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications’?” Psalms 116:1.

“No, sir,” answered Tim, “Is there such a verse?”

“Yes, somewhere in the Psalms you will find it. Can you feel the truth of it when you think of your sister?”

“Yes, sir, I can. God did hear me.”

“And you love Jesus tonight, Katie?”

Katie felt a great awe for the minister and answered timidly, “Yes, sir.”

“I am glad that you do, Katie. Now almost the first thing which people think of after they are saved is something to do for Jesus. They begin to look around and see what they can find. What are you going to do?”

“I don't know, sir. I don't know of anything that I can do.”

“Oh, that's a mistake. You can find plenty to do if you pray and look for it. Only don't look too far, because it is the little things that come your way that Jesus wants you to do. When you sweep the

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room, set the table neatly, brighten the fire (add wood), and do little thoughtful things to help your Mother, then you are pleasing Jesus and doing work for him. Isn't it pleasant to think that in all those little things He is watching over you and that you make Him glad when you do them well? Do you know that one of God's commandments is, 'Honour thy father and mother'?" Matt. 15:4.

"No," answered Katie.

"It is; Edward can find those words in the Bible for you—and 'honor' means more than obey. It means to try to please them in the very smallest things."

As they walked home the two were silent for a while. Then Katie spoke, "I guess Bro. Holbrook doesn't know just how Mother is, or he wouldn't talk so."

"Yes, but God knew all about it. He spoke those words, 'Honor thy father and Mother'."

"So He did," answered Katie gravely. "I'm going to ask Him to help me do it. You pray for me, too, Tim."



"Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth."

—James 3:5

"You are fooling, Howard," exclaimed Will Bailey.

"As true as I live. I'm not," answered Howard.

"What's up?" inquired Ellis Holbrook, joining the two.

"Why, Howard says Tim Lewis went to prayer meeting last night and led in prayer."

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“Tim Lewis!” and Ellis’ voice was full of surprise and scorn. “I should like to hear him.”

“Well, it’s true,” repeated Howard. “My father told me about it this morning and said it was a good prayer. He said, Ellis, that your father couldn’t keep the tears back when he heard him, and Mr. Burrows walked up town with father and told him that Tim had made a wonderful change, and that he was one of the best boys in school.”

“Well,” said Will, “if Tim has turned saint, I’m surprised. He is the meanest boy in town.”

“Oh, well,” answered Ellis, “there is no use in being stupid enough to not see what Mr. Burrows says is true. In all my life I never saw anyone change so much as Tim has.” Ellis was truthful even though he held a resentment against Tim for the reproof he had given him. Even though Ellis was a minister’s son he needed the love of God in his heart. He had never been born again.

“Say, Tim,” said Will at recess, “Come and give account of yourself; they say you turned parson last night; did you?”

“No,” replied Tim, “I didn’t.”

“Didn’t you speak in meeting?”

A quiet gravity spread itself over Tim’s face. “I prayed in meeting,” he answered soberly.

“Well, what did you pray for? Come, let us know.”

“I prayed for you.” Tim spoke quietly.

“Humph! Now that’s clever. Much obliged.” Will Bailey said no more.

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Certainly, the boys never had talked about any prayer meeting as they did about this one. So that was the way it began: it was a very little fire that kindled it. Tim didn't know it, and probably never will until he takes his crown in heaven, the effect of that little humble prayer offered that night. From it sprang the first buddings of a great revival which God sent down. Tim was just a small humble vessel but God blessed that simple act of obedience and caused it to be fruitful. He will do the same for you, too, if you will not be ashamed to obey Him.



“But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven.”

—Matt. 10:33

“Let's go over to prayer meeting tonight,” said Howard to Ellis the next Thursday evening. “I'm anxious to hear Tim.”

“No,” answered Ellis, “I don't care in the least to hear him. I have enough to do anyway.”

Howard was determined to go and to find someone to go with him.

“Well, let's go to meeting tonight,” he said, the next time he came across Will Bailey.

Will looked at Howard in amazement. “What for?”

“To hear Tim.”

“Oh, good,” replied Will, “I'll go. Let's get a lot of boys to go; just to encourage him, you know.”

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Tim and Katie were at meeting again, and as before Tim had a struggle to go through. The devil whispered that the boys would only make fun of him if he said a word and it would do more harm than good. Then the Spirit of God whispered, "But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven." Matt. 10:33. The solemn words conquered and again Tim knelt and prayed.

The Spirit of God was dealing with Howard. The next day at school he took no part in the boy's fun over the meeting. He couldn't keep his mind on his school work. Mr. Burrows discerned it and began to talk to the boy about his need of God and salvation.

The next Thursday night at prayer meeting Bro. Holbrook asked the question, "Is there not one here tonight who wants us to pray for him?" Suddenly there was a row of surprised faces in the seat where the school-boys were sitting because Howard Minturn arose and requested, "I want to be saved. Will you pray for me?" Then, as Howard knelt at the altar of prayer, for he didn't want to put it off any longer, he wept and prayed his way through as the other boys looked on. Some were in sober thought, others sneered. When Howard finally arose to his feet, the shine on his face told of an inner peace with God. He said with a ring of happiness in his voice, "I love Jesus tonight. I want everyone to love him. I am very happy."

From this the work went on. The attendance at prayer meeting grew. Frequently, some new voice was heard in testimony or prayer as another new-born babe had been added to the family of God, and a new name had been written in heaven. (Ps. 87:5, 6; Acts 2:47).

Now the two boys, one well-to-do and the other poor, were united in fellowship of the Spirit. One had been saved in the church house, the other alone with God in the grave yard. It mattered not about that. They were brothers. They often knelt together under the

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shade of the old elm tree, pouring out their hearts to the Lord of the harvest to save their schoolmates. It was such a comfort and help to Tim to have someone standing with him among the boys at school.

Ellis held himself aloof from the boys and it looked rather discouraging that he would ever turn to the Lord. One day Tim met Bro. Holbrook, who asked him if he were praying for Ellis.

“Yes, sir,” replied Tim.

“Will you never stop praying for him while you live, until he comes to Christ?”

“I never will, sir,” answered Tim with enthusiasm.



“Thy father and thy mother shall be glad, and she that bare thee shall rejoice.”

—Proverbs 23:25

How did Bro. Holbrook know what Katie needed to help her? His words had given her new thoughts. It was new to her, the idea that she had a duty to perform towards her mother. She stood thinking of it that day and wondered how she should begin. She was to be alone all day. Their neighbor had sent word asking if Mrs. Lewis could do her promised day’s work in the village. Katie was left alone with her sick father. She looked around the room. It was dreary and dirty. A little smile came to her lips as she thought of Bro. Holbrook’s words, “When you brush up the floor or brighten the fire and do little thoughtful things that help your mother, then you are pleasing Jesus, and doing work for him.”

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Then she thought, "I wonder if Mother would notice if things were cleaned up." The work began. The dishes were washed, "but they should not go in a disorderly cupboard," thought Katie. She washed the shelves and replaced the dishes nicely. One improvement led to another and another.

"Katie," called her father, "What are you doing?"

"I'm cleaning house," she answered. On and on she worked until the room looked quite different by evening. Howard's mother had sent some milk for their supper and Katie was delighted.

She waited for her mother and Tim to return. Her mother came, her steps slow and tired. She shut the door and looked around her in surprise. Katie began to feel a great kindness in her heart for her mother and a longing to do something for her.

"Is it cold, mother?" she asked. "Take that chair," pointing to a seat in the warm corner. "Supper's ready."

Mrs. Lewis slowly took off her wraps in silence.

Mr. Lewis called out, "There's been business done here since you went away."

"I should think there has," replied the tired mother, and the blood rushed to Katie's cheeks as she thought, "Bro Holbrook told me the truth, I do believe. I guess I have pleased Jesus today. I feel like I have."

Then Tim came and was over-joyed. "Why, it looks almost as nice here as at Howard Minturn's."

The evening wore away. Mr. Lewis had gone to sleep and Tim had gone to his room. Katie still lingered. She wanted to tell her mother of her new-found joy, but how could she?

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Then her mother asked, “Katie, what fit came over you to want to clean up so?”

“I wanted to please you, I guess.”

Her mother was silent for a time and then she asked, “What did you want to do that for?”

Here was her chance. Her voice trembled a little as she answered, “I wanted to please Jesus, too. I belong to Him now. I asked Him to forgive me and He did.” A little silence, then she continued, “I want to please Jesus all the time now.” Then she added, “Good night, Mother,” which was something new and strange for her to say.

“Good night,” answered her mother.

Katie knelt by her bed and prayed for her mother. If Bro. Holbrook could have known the effect that his few words had his heart would have been made glad, but God knew and He blessed Katie that night.



“He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance.”

— John 14:26

“Father, didn’t you and Mr. Bailey go to school together when you were boys?” Tim sat down for a talk with his father before going to school.

“Yes,” answered Mr. Lewis, “we lived near each other and were in the same class together. He was a mean boy and full of pranks. I

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have always thought I'd be different if I hadn't followed him so closely. Evil company has great influence, my boy."

"Father, did you know that Mr. Bailey is different now?"

"Different—how?"

"Why, he comes to prayer meetings and prays and testifies. He seems to love to. He was saved during the revival we had," replied Tim.

"I'm surprised to hear that. He used to make fun of such things. I only hope it lasts. He needed it."

"It will," spoke Tim positively. "God will help him live it." After a pause he continued, "I thought you must have been good friends for he broke down and cried when he prayed for you."

"Prayed for me?" He looked at Tim. "Did Mr. Bailey pray for me?"

"Yes, and he prayed as if he meant it."

"How come him to?"

"Why, I asked them to. I wanted you to be a Christian and prayed for you and then I asked them to pray for you. You don't mind that, do you, Father?"

"No," answered Mr. Lewis slowly. "I need praying for, I suppose. I'm going where I can't be prayed for pretty fast, I guess." Tim was silent.

"So you prayed for me too?" asked his father.

"Yes, and I do every day. I want you to know Jesus."

A long silence followed. Then Tim's father spoke again, "Well, Tim, I'm glad you got right. My father was a good man and tried to

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help me do right, but I went wrong and wasted my whole life. I'm glad you will grow up to be a good man and a comfort to your mother when I'm gone. But it's too late to pray for me. I've gone too far."

"Father, I don't believe it's too late. Jesus said, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' "

Tim was glad he had read that in his Bible recently, for now the Spirit of God had brought it to his remembrance when he needed it. (John 14:26) Then Tim spoke softer, "Don't you want to see little Johnny up in heaven?"

The tears rolled down the sick man's cheeks. Presently he said, "Sometimes I think I'd give the world if I had it, to be ready to go, but it's too late. I've always thought it mean and sneaking in a man to have nothing to do with such things all his life and then turn around just because he was going to die and pretend to be very good. God can't be pleased with that. I've always said I'd never do it."

Tim couldn't answer this. It didn't sound true but he lacked the wisdom to meet it and walked on toward school with a heavy burdened heart, praying for his father.



"For we are labourers together with God."

—I Cor. 3:9

Tim trudged on toward school, his mind and heart back at home with his father. Bro. Holbrook met him as he came out of the post office.

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“Bro. Holbrook, may I ask you a question?”

Bro. Holbrook, who was a true minister, was glad to be of any help to the boy.

“If a man told you that he thought it mean in him to turn around and go to serving God after he found he had only a little while to live, when he had cheated Him out of the rest of his life, what would you say?”

“I think I would be likely to ask him whether he supposed he would feel any less mean for cheating God out of the last year of his life simply because he had been doing so all the other years. Because a man has been doing wrong for forty years, I don’t know why he should add another year of wrong. I should think he would do better to turn around and make all the amends he could.”

“Oh,” said Tim, “why didn’t I think of that! I knew it was wrong, but I couldn’t think of what to say.”

Bro. Holbrook looked earnestly at Tim. “Edward, do you think your father would see me this morning?”

“Yes, I’m sure he would. If you would only go and see him and explain that to him I would be so glad.”

Tim walked on toward school and looking back saw Bro. Holbrook going in the direction of his home. He was glad. He felt hopeful that his father would yield to God. If Tim had opened his Bible that morning to 1 Cor. 3:9 he would have read “For we are labourers together with God.” He and Bro. Holbrook were working together with God for the salvation of his father.



“Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.”

—1 Corinthians 10:12

It was examination day at school. Tim was excited for usually he had run away from school on that day, but running away was done away with for Tim. It was true that he was far behind some others of his age but his improvement had been great. The bell rang and the scholars took their places. Tim’s reading class came first. He had learned to read slowly and distinctly. The selections were made of those the committee considered ready to enter the history class the following term. Tim was delighted to hear his name read. In spelling he came off conqueror and now only arithmetic remained for Tim.

The class was called at last. They had gone slowly and carefully through long division and would be ready for fractions next term. Tim was at the board working an example in long division. He was almost finished. The hand of the clock pointed to ten minutes till twelve. In ten minutes he would be through. His hand began to tremble. What was the matter with that example? He didn’t know what. Everybody was watching him. He heard a boy laugh softly. Mr. Burrows’ voice spoke calm and kind.

“Edward, don’t get excited; look at your remainder closely. Take the first figures of the divisor and remainder; nine into thirty-one, how many times? That will help you.”

Ellis stood but a step behind him. Tim heard his low whisper, “seven,” and without waiting to think he caught at the number.

“Seven times!” he said, hurriedly. Then he heard bursts of laughter from the boys and the clock struck twelve.

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The honor was lost. Had he not made that mistake his name would have been placed on the honor roll for going through the examination without a mistake.

The boys gathered 'round him. Howard sympathized with him.

"I'd have had it if it had not been for Ellis, and he's a mean scamp." Tim answered in a rage.

"What did he do?"

"He told me wrong just on purpose and he knows it." With these words Tim dashed out of the room.

Bob Turner and his friends surrounded Tim and Bob began to tease him unmercifully.

"Bob Turner, if you say another word I'll knock you down and thrash you within an inch of your life. I will—"

Tim had become so angry that he had used God's holy name in vain. Instantly he realized what an awful thing he had done. He clapped both hands over his mouth and ran wildly up the hill and out of sight.

The boys had all heard it. Howard, Ellis, Will, and others were just behind.

Ellis' pride rose high. "There's your wonderful boy who was so changed and has taken it upon himself to preach to me. I'm sure I never finish any of my angry speeches with an oath, if I am so far below him." Ellis had never forgotten Tim's reproof.

Poor Tim! What could he do now?

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“Forsake me not, O Lord: O my God, be not far from me.”

—Psalms 38:21

Poor Tim! His heart was heavy. He went no farther than the elm tree. He sat down on a stone and covered his face with his hands.

“How could I have ever said that word?”

Ever since he had learned to pray he had been afraid of that sin, afraid he might forget and go back to his old habits. He had guarded his lips with such care and prayer. But lately he had given up all fear; it had been such a long time and he hadn’t fallen, so he felt sure he never would again. He had felt so sure and strong that he had asked no help from God that day. He had been so eager to spend every moment on arithmetic that he had found no time to go to his Bible for strength. He had allowed some pride to creep into his heart, too. No wonder he had fallen. Now what should he do? He felt mean and low. Would God forgive him? Yes, He could.

Tim felt in his soul that there was nothing God would not do, and yet he felt too mean and low to ask Him. He forgot for the moment that Jesus Christ died to save sinners.

The sun moved on. The school bell rang, but Tim took no notice. He began to fumble for his Bible. He must have some help. It opened to Psalms and he read, “Unto thee, O God, do we give thanks—” No, not that, and he turned back a couple of pages, “Make a joyful noise—” No, no! he didn’t want anything about joy. His heart was heavy. He turned over several pages and read, “O Lord, rebuke me not in thy wrath: neither chasten me in thy sore displeasure.” Oh, that was it! God was angry with him—had a right to be. He read on through the Psalm. Almost every verse seemed for

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him. Then he came to “Forsake me not, O Lord: O my God, be not far from me.” Psalms 38:21. He read it over and over and finally in a great burst of tears got down and said it on his knees. He was truly sorry in his heart and asked God to forgive him. He was assured that God heard and did forgive him.

The short day was over when Tim finally reached home. He felt better but he wondered what he should do. Katie begged him to go to prayer meeting but Tim refused. He went to his room feeling tired and stiff from the early spring dampness. He would read a chapter and pray and go to bed. He read again the chapter that he had read that afternoon and then knelt down to pray. A new trouble loomed before him. He had always prayed for Ellis and Bob and now he felt that he didn’t want to pray for them, neither did he feel like doing them harm. He decided he would just repeat the Lord’s prayer. He repeated it slowly and reverently until he came to “forgive us our debts as we forgive—.” He stopped. He could not finish. He hadn’t forgiven Ellis or Bob. He was perplexed. He ought not to feel so but how could he help it? Suddenly a thought came and he prayed, “Oh, Jesus, make me feel like praying for Bob and Ellis. Make me feel like forgiving them.” Then silence. Presently he added, “Dear Jesus, I’ll forgive them both.” Then he finished the Lord’s prayer.



As Tim began getting ready for bed he felt the peace of God in his heart. Presently he seemed to have another difficulty for he sat down on the bed, one boot in his hand, the other still on one foot. This question was promptly settled. He pulled the boot on hurriedly, then put on his jacket and called to Katie.

“Come on. I’m going after all.”

Katie joyfully ran for her hood and shawl.

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Tim did not open his lips in prayer meeting that evening. He felt bowed down with shame. When the service was ended he hurried to get away from Bro. Holbrook's sight but did not succeed. While waiting outside for Katie he felt Bro. Holbrook's hand on his arm and heard his voice.

"Edward, Mrs. Holbrook wants to talk to Katie for a while. May I walk with you?" Tim saw there was nothing else he could do, and walked by his side. "I didn't see you at school this afternoon; how was that?" (Bro. Holbrook had attended the examinations.)

"Didn't Ellis tell you?"

"Ellis told me nothing. I heard from a small boy a very sad story. Have you anything to tell me?"

"No, sir, I have not; it's all true. I got awfully mad, and said mad things. I—I did worse than that."

Tim's voice sank to a whisper. Bro. Holbrook was silent and sad. At last he said:

"What, Edward! Do you mean to give up and go back to the old life?"

"No, sir, I am not," was the prompt reply.

"Do you feel that you have God's forgiveness?" he asked, speaking gently. He had felt thankful to hear Tim's prompt reply.

"Yes, sir," replied Tim.

"Why were you so quiet in meeting?"

"Because I was ashamed to say anything before you or Mr. Burrows or the boys after what happened today."

"More ashamed with us than God?"

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“Yes, sir, I was. God knows all about how sorry I am and how He has forgiven me and is going to help me, but you didn’t know.”

“Don’t you think the boys ought to know this?” asked Bro. Holbrook.

“I suppose so.”

“Who ought to tell them?”

There was a silence and then Tim finally said, “Bro. Holbrook, I wonder if you can think how very hard that would be?”

“Edward, I wonder if you can think how very hard it was for your Saviour to listen to your words this noon?”

Bro. Holbrook heard no more from Tim except a low, grave, “Goodnight, pray for me,” when they reached the corner and parted.



“He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble: I will deliver him, and honour him.”

—Psalms 91:15

Mr. Burrows’ hand was on the bell. In a few moments the algebra class would begin recitation. Tim Lewis made his way towards the teacher. Mr. Burrows looked surprised, but the look on Tim’s face made him change his mind about sending him back to his seat. He bent to hear the words whispered in his ear.

“Hadn’t you better wait until noon, and I can detain the scholars a few moments?”

“No,” said Tim, “I’m afraid if I wait I won’t do it.”

“Very well,” Mr. Burrows answered. “Scholars, Edward tells

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me he has something of importance to tell you. We will wait and hear him.”

Tim spoke promptly, “I want to tell you boys that I am sorry for yesterday. I suppose you all know what I did. I got awfully mad, and I said a dreadful word. I didn’t think I would ever be so wicked again. I am sorry, but I don’t want you to think that I don’t love Jesus anymore, because I do. He forgave me and He is going to help me try again.”

Such a silence reigned in that school room. After a few moments Mr. Burrows spoke.

“Boys, what God has forgiven I feel sure that no scholar of mine will be mean enough to ever mention again.”

At noon the boys gathered around Tim. Ellis Holbrook walked up.

“Tim,” he said gravely; yet coldly, “perhaps it would be well for you to know that you made quite a blunder yesterday, when you said I told you wrong; I hadn’t the slightest notion of telling you, right or wrong. But I know how you came to think so. I was looking up a word in Mr. Burrows’ dictionary and stood just behind you, when Mr. Bailey leaned over and asked me how many were in your class when all were present and I answered him, ‘seven’.”

Tim looked astonished.

“Why didn’t you tell me so yesterday?”

“Because you didn’t give me a chance.”

“That’s true, I didn’t. I just banged off before anybody could say anything. I might have known you didn’t do such a thing. It isn’t like you.”

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As Tim walked away, Ellis was thinking that the boy whom he thought was so far below him had shown a much better spirit than he.



“Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord, and he shall lift you up.”

—James 4:10

The busy day was drawing to a close. The last recitation was over. The boys were excited; waiting to hear the report of the committee, waiting to know whose names were to stand on the roll of honor, having passed through the entire examination without a mistake. Poor Tim was so sad. Yesterday morning he had felt so sure that his name would be there. How hard he had worked. Now it was lost.

The chairman of the committee arose and said, “Mr. Burrows, if there is time, I would like to say a few words. Boys, you were all listeners to Edward Lewis’ examination yesterday. Now I think anyone who watched him yesterday could not have failed to see that had he not grown excited and nervous, he could have worked that example. Now, I want every boy who is willing to allow him to try that example again and if he succeeds, give him the place which would have been his yesterday, to stand up.”

Ellis was the first to spring to his feet and every other boy followed.

“Well done. Now, Mr. Burrows, are you willing?”

Mr. Burrows consented and picked up an arithmetic book saying, “You may come forward, Edward.”

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Tim was at the board. How his teacher longed for him to succeed. Tim had sent up an earnest silent plea for help from his Heavenly Father and surely He gave the needed help. His hand did not tremble. His mind was clear. As he finished correctly many hearts were glad. The chairman arose and read the report in alphabetical order, "Willard Bailey, Ellis Holbrook, Harvey Jennings, Edward Lewis."

Later, Bro. Holbrook laid his hand on Ellis' shoulder and said, "My son, what do you think of Edward's religion this afternoon?"

"I think it honest, sir," Ellis answered quickly. "Excuse me, Father, if you please; I must see Howard a minute before he goes," and so he ran away from his father's longing look.

That night as Tim knelt beside his bed his heart was full of thankfulness for the strength God had given him that day to do what was right. It had been hard but Tim was glad he did it that way. But one thought troubled him. His experience of having fallen showed him that there was a weakness in his Christian life. It made him tremble to think back on it. He prayed long and earnestly for God to strengthen him and some way help him that he would not fail again.



"For he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you."

—John 14:17

Tim and Katie were in the meeting house the following Sunday listening to a message. The minister was speaking of the need of the Holy Spirit in people's lives after being saved or justified. He spoke of how the Holy Spirit is with a person when they are saved but then

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there is a need of making a full consecration unto God, a second definite step after being saved. When a saved person fully consecrates himself to God, then God sends the Holy Spirit into the heart and life, giving them power to witness and live above sin. “For he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.” John 14:17. The minister further explained that after one is saved, there still remains a carnal nature within him which was inherited from Adam. He spoke of how we see this nature manifested in the innocent child when he gets angry and kicks or does wrong things because he knows no better. It is a work of the Holy Spirit to take out of the heart this carnal nature. Then a person has more power to live a holy life. He read Romans 5:1, and 2, “Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ: By whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand.”

Bro. Holbrook told about Peter and his lack of strength to stand in the trial when Jesus was taken (Luke 22:54-61). Then after Peter repented and was filled with the Holy Spirit, he was bold and unafraid to witness for the Lord. (Acts 2:14-40; 4:8-12) The Holy Spirit was dwelling in him, giving him this power and boldness.

Tim listened closely. He realized that he needed the Holy Spirit in his life. He appreciated the fact that the Lord had forgiven his sins, but he realized as Bro. Holbrook talked, that he had within him that carnal nature that made it harder to live an overcoming life. Satan was there also to whisper to Tim, telling him that he had better not yield himself to God because God would probably ask him to do hard things that he couldn't do. “What if he should call you to preach?” he whispered. Tim felt as though he could never do that. The Spirit of God was there, too, encouraging him to trust everything to Him. He would give the needed grace.

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When Bro. Holbrook finished and gave an invitation to those who wished to consecrate themselves to God, Tim made his way to the altar bench and there poured out his heart to God. It seemed hard for Tim to grasp the thought of how to make a consecration until someone suggested to him this thought: he was to make a covenant or promise to God as a young woman makes to the young man she is marrying. She promises to love, obey, and be true to him as long as they both shall live. She forsakes all others for him. She doesn't know all that this will mean in the future but she willingly trusts his love to her and says, "Yes." Tim could grasp this thought easily and willingly surrendered himself to God in a lifetime covenant. Then he waited questioningly, fearing. Did God accept him? Then the Holy Spirit dropped this thought to Tim: "If a young man asked a young woman to be his wife and she said, 'Yes,' would he then refuse her?" Tim saw it clearly and his faith took hold. His Lord had asked him to make a consecration of his all and he had done that. Now He would not refuse to accept him, but would be faithful in giving him the Holy Spirit and the Spirit would be faithful in purifying his heart (Acts 15:9). He arose to his feet with victory, assured that the Holy Spirit was dwelling within and Tim was made happy by that knowledge.



"I will lead them in paths that they have not known."

—Isaiah 42:16

"Tim," called Mr. Minturn, "I want to talk with you." Tim swung his basket off his shoulder and went into the store.

"What are you going to do with yourself now that school's out?" inquired Mr. Minturn.

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“Oh, work; anything I can find to do while vacation lasts.”

“So you are going to keep on at school, are you? I thought likely you would be hunting for steady work, since your father is laid up, so you could help the family along. There’s a hard winter coming, you know.”

Tim saw quickly that Mr. Minturn meant plainly—“That’s what I think you ought to do, anyhow.”

Tim looked troubled. At last he replied, “There’s nothing for me to do. I don’t know a place in town where I could get steady work. Besides, if there is, I’m after an education now.”

To this Mr. Minturn answered, “My brother is here from Albany. He has a large store and needs a clerk. I thought of you and told my brother that you were just the boy. You would be true as steel; but then, if you are going to keep on at school, it’s all off.”

Tim’s face flushed at the words, “True as steel.” Then his heart filled with thankfulness to God. Was it not God who had wrought such a change in him? How could he ever thank God enough?

“Yes,” he said decidedly, “I’m going to keep on at school. Thank you just the same.”

As Tim hurried up the street making his deliveries for Mr. Dewey, his thoughts were busy over what he had just heard. It was time that he began to work poor as they were. His mother’s sewing supported them now. She worked hard and late into the nights to keep them from hunger. But there was in Tim’s heart a growing ambition to get an education and finally become a minister. He cherished this ambition and the desire for it had grown. Tim did not yet understand that God chose the work he wanted his children to do and that when He called one to preach, He Himself would prepare

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and qualify as one yielded to Him and sought Him diligently in prayer and reading of the Word. Tim didn't know that the Holy Spirit, now dwelling in him, would give anointing for such a calling, should God ever call him to preach. He had supposed that one must get an education and go to a special school in order to become a minister.

After his deliveries were made Tim went home but this didn't help him any. Katie's first attempt at house-cleaning had been very successful and she liked the looks of things too well to go back to leaving the room dirty. Still, though very clean, there was no denying that the room was forlorn with very few things for comfort. Tim hadn't realized this until today. What should he do? As soon as the wood was split and the water pumped, he made his way to the big tree where he had learned to pour out his heart to God in times of trouble. There he laid his burden before the Lord and found the peace "which passeth all understanding."



“In all thy ways acknowledge him, and He shall direct thy paths.”

—Proverbs 3:6

Tim had poured out his heart to God. He told Him all about his ambition, the job, the family's needs. When he finished he felt better. Opening his Bible, he began to read, "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding, in all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." Tim was surprised. He had read his Bible faithfully but didn't know those verses were there. He read them again and again, meditating upon them, and the Holy Spirit began to give him understanding. He had

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not been acknowledging the Lord in his plans. He had planned to get an education and become a minister. He saw his need of submitting the whole matter to God, giving up his ambition and trusting God to lead him. Again he prayed, this time submitting his ambitions and desires to God, begging God to make clear to him what he should do. He would have to know soon. The Holy Spirit began to comfort his heart, bringing to Tim's mind the verse they had read in Sunday school, "But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." John 14:26.

As Tim listened and waited, the Holy Spirit began to make it clear to his mind that he had a duty and responsibility toward his family. The burden was too great upon his dear mother to support them. It would be better, because of the pressing need, to take the steady job rather than to continue his schooling.

When Tim saw what God wanted him to do, he immediately said amen in his heart and stuck to it. As he started on to town, the devil brought tempting thoughts to his mind to turn him from his purpose, but he walked on determined to follow the course God had laid out for him. What would the other boys say? What would his teacher say? He must do his duty and leave the rest with God.

He rattled the door at Mr. Minturn's store. The door was locked as the business day had closed, but Mr. Minturn had not yet gone home. When he opened it, Tim, without ceremony asked, "When is your brother going home?"

"Next Monday."

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“Well, I’m going to talk with my father and I’ll likely go with him.”

“Fine,” replied Mr. Minturn.



“I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.”

—Heb. 13:5

In a day or two everything was settled. Mr. Minturn from Albany was very kind. Tim was to receive wages that seemed like a small fortune to him, and enough had been advanced to him for a new suit of clothes. Mr. Minturn was to pay Tim’s fare to Albany.

Monday arrived quickly and Tim said goodbye to his parents and sister, and a new chapter, so to speak, began to open in Tim’s life. Things were so different than what he had been used to, that it seemed almost as if he were in another world. Mr. Minturn had decided to keep Tim in his own home and for a few days Tim was ill at ease. He was almost afraid to step on the roses in the carpet and sat on the edge of his chair when he ate a meal. He soon became used to it. He asked the Lord to help him and became adjusted sooner than he otherwise would have.

Tim Lewis was no longer Tim. That name he disliked so much was used no longer now. He began to attend Sunday school and church regularly and it wasn’t long until he was asked to take a class of small boys, as teachers were scarce.

He missed the large spreading elm tree where he had learned to seek God often, but here he had a nice room of his own and he could close the door and be alone when he wished to. Then there was a closet where he could hang his clothes and he liked to go in there to

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pray. It seemed to him that he was more alone with God and each evening after work he would go to his closet and pray. Sometimes he would be quiet awhile, and God, by His Spirit, would talk to him. He continued to read his Bible and the Spirit of God gave him understanding. He found too, by retiring to his room soon after the evening meal that he had some time to study, thus continuing his schooling. But he had no teacher and his progress was slow.

He was really enjoying himself now. The Minturn's were so kind to him.

"I pity you, old fellow," said one of the clerks one evening.

"I don't know what for," was Edward's reply.

"Why, Mr. Minturn's wonderful and altogether amazing son, Ray, has just come home from the university. I saw him pass the store."

"What's he?" asked Edward.

"He's a prig; that's what he is."

"What's a prig?"

"Oh, you don't know what a prig is? You'll find out soon enough. I wouldn't be in your shoes for a penny," replied the boy as he turned to go home.

Edward was troubled. He wished Ray hadn't come. He was enjoying himself and now it would be spoiled. Dark pictures came before him as he walked on. Then he remembered the verse, "Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you." 1 Peter 5:7. Edward took the matter to his heavenly Father as he walked on towards the Minturn home. He felt a restful peace and knew that somehow all would be well.

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“I wonder what kind of a fellow he is,” thought Edward, as he entered the Minturn’s home. The family was gathered in the living room. The newcomer was seated on the davenport, one arm around his little sister, Alice, and the other resting gently on his mother’s lap. Mr. Minturn came in presently and Edward stole in behind him. Alice called him eagerly—

“Edward, Ray has come! Come over here and see him.”

“Go ahead,” urged Mr. Minturn as Edward stood very still with very red cheeks. Ray held out his hand.

“How do you do, Edward. Alice has been making me acquainted with you this afternoon, so you are not a stranger.”

How clear and kind his tones were. Edward was astonished. Mr. Minturn had gone out and Edward was busy with his books in the library. The door opened and Ray came in.

“Are you hard at work?” he asked.

“Yes, sir,” replied Edward.

“What are you studying?”

“Fractions,” answered Edward briefly.

“Do you have any trouble?”

“Yes, lots of it. I can’t get this one I’m on at all.”

“Suppose I see what is the matter,” said Ray, drawing up a chair. After a few moments he suggested, “Just run over that multiplication at the top of the slate.”

Edward found the mistake and was grateful for the help.

“Wouldn’t you get along faster if you had a teacher?”

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“Yes, but I don’t have any. I’ll have to do the best I can,” replied Edward.

“How would it be if I played teacher while I am at home?”

Edward looked at Ray in surprise. At last he said, “Do you mean it?”

“Certainly, I do. Don’t you think you would like it?”

“Like it! Yes, I would, but—what would you do it for?”

“Because I’m glad to help a boy who is trying to help himself. We will consider it settled then. It is ten o’clock, we will have worship now.”

Again Edward looked astonished. “Is Mr. Minturn here?” he asked.

“No, but his son is. Are you surprised that I should have worship in my father’s absence?”

“Yes,” replied Edward, “I didn’t know—I mean I didn’t think—”

“You didn’t think I had learned to pray, perhaps. Thank God, I have.” Then he laid his hand kindly on Edward’s shoulder.

“Have you learned that precious lesson yet, my friend?”

“Yes,” replied Edward, “a good while ago.”

“I am very glad. You will never learn anything else that is quite so important.”

Edward went to his room that night with a thankful heart for the extra blessings that were his through the coming of Ray Minturn. The thing he thought would be only a trial had already proved to be a blessing.



“Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.”

—Matt. 7:12

Summer and autumn were gone and mid-winter was upon them. Edward had been hard at work. He had been promoted. He had shorter hours and he felt sure that Ray had had a hand in that arrangement. Now he had more time in which to study his Bible and his arithmetic. Ray proved to be a good teacher. Edward

progressed spiritually too, by being with a Christian family who lived their religion daily.

He came home from the post office one evening with his hands full of letters, among them a queer-looking one for himself. He was glad that it was his business to get the mail and that no one else had seen this with his name written at the very top of the envelope, “Tim.” It had been so long since he had heard that name, he never wanted to again.

He went to his room and began to read:

“Deer Tim, Mother’s dead, I feel bad you kno that, so what’s the use? I’ve got to go to work. I like you better than any of the other fellows. Can’t I com out there to your store and work; I’ll behave myself reel wel; I will, honor bright, if you’ll git me a place. I’ve got money enuff to get there. Rite to me rite off. I want to com. Bob Turner.”

Edward dropped the letter. What was to be done now? The thought of Bob coming there was dreadful. Many thoughts passed through his mind. Then the Holy Spirit brought the scripture to his

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mind, “In all thy ways acknowledge him and he shall direct thy paths.” At first Edward didn’t want God to direct his paths in this. He didn’t want Bob to come regardless of God’s will. Then as the Spirit continued talking to him he picked up the letter and carried it to the closet. There he spread it out before the Lord as Hezekiah of old had done. Had he not given himself wholly to God? Hadn’t he said, “Not my will, but thine be done?” He prayed on until he could say from his heart concerning Bob, “Lord, I’m willing for you to have your way in this matter. Just make it clear.” Then the Lord blessed his soul and peace filled his heart. God knew better than he did what was best. It was safe to let Him choose. He would be satisfied with whatever answer God gave to him.

Edward knocked on the library door. Mr. Minturn was alone and busy but he said, “Come in.”

“Well, sir, what is it?”

“Have you time for a little piece of business?”

“Always time for business. Sit down. What is it about?”

“Have you found a boy yet?”

“No, have you?”

“Yes, sir. There’s a boy out home who wants to come. I just had a letter from him. His name is Bob Turner.”

“Is he a good boy?” asked Mr. Minturn.

“No, sir.”

“Well, then, what are you talking about?”

“I think he needs a chance. His mother is dead and he goes with some miserable fellows. He will get worse if he stays there.”

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“And you think I should give him a chance? Suppose he should try to get you to do wrong? If he led you astray I’d be sorry I ever let him come.”

“I would pray every day for God to keep me safe—and for him, too; and God hears prayer. Also, Mr. Ray would help him.”

Mr. Minturn’s eyes grew bright at that thought and he smiled, half sadly.

“Yes, that is true. Ray tries to help everyone he can. Has the boy anything to come on?”

“Yes, sir, he says he has money enough to get here.”

Edward went away very glad for he had begun to feel very willing to have Bob there. Surely God had helped him. He decided that night to pray for Bob’s salvation every night at 8:30 and to pray as though he expected an answer. The only thing that would keep him from praying for Bob at 8:30 would be something he couldn’t help.

Edward went to bed that night feeling happy because he had obeyed when God had made it clear to him what he should do. How much better it is to obey God promptly. The next day a letter was on its way to Bob Turner.

Edward got up one morning feeling older and graver than he had ever felt before. He felt a great responsibility upon his shoulders, for he was fatherless. The weary frame, so racked with pain was at rest. Katie wrote briefly telling him the sad news but it had not reached him until his father had been laid away. With it came a letter from Bro. Holbrook, a long letter full of sympathy, telling him all about it. Edward read on until he came to this part: “My dear boy, I have a most precious message for you; I was with him only an hour

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before he died and he said to me then, 'I want you to tell Tim that God has heard his prayer and saved his father, and that I shall watch for him to come to heaven and bring all the rest.' Edward, I haven't a shade of doubt but that your father is with his Redeemer; you must let me quote that verse I once gave you: 'I love the Lord because he has heard my voice and my supplication.' ” Here the letter dropped from his hand and the tears began to flow.

Later, when Edward broke the news to Ray and expressed his regret over not getting to attend the funeral he said, “I shall always be sorry I could not go to the funeral.”

Surely God blessed Ray with the needed wisdom for he answered, “No, you won't, my dear fellow; when you get up there, in the glory of the Redeemer's presence, and meet your father face to face, you will not remember to be sorry that you did not see him buried.”

In the meantime Bob had come and had been set at work. He didn't board at Mr. Minturn's as Edward did, and Edward was glad of that. His evenings would be undisturbed.

Bob was doing very much better. Yet in some ways he was a trial to Edward. He had a great horror of being called Tim'. That name belonged to the miserable ragged boy who used to wander around in search of mischief, not to the young man who was a faithful clerk in one of the best stores in Albany. But Bob could not be made to understand all this. One evening Edward entered the library with a very disturbed face.

“I wish that fellow could learn something!”

“What is the matter, now?” Ray asked, smiling.

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“Bob screeches that hateful name after me wherever I go. I despise that name. I wish he could understand that.”

“How did you happen to be called ‘Tim’ at first?” asked Ray, after looking to God for a wise answer.

“Why, my little sister made it up before she could talk plain. How she ever got that name out of ‘Edward’ I don’t know, and that’s what I’ve been called ever since—except when I came here.”

“And did little Johnny, who died, ever call you that?”

Edward’s eyes began to glow.

“Often,” he said, gently. “It was about the only name he could speak; he was a little fellow.”

“Well, Edward, I shouldn’t think it would be very disagreeable when your father and little Johnny called you that.” In a moment he continued. “If you ever expect to win Bob you will have to be willing to bear some things.—What is Bob’s right name?”

For a moment Edward didn’t answer, then he laughed and said, “It would sound ridiculous to call him ‘Robert’.”

“Tim, go home with me,” urged Bob one night as Edward, having been detained late at the store, was getting ready to leave. “Every single fellow at the store is going to the theater but me and I’m awful lonesome up there alone.”

“It’s a wonder you are not going, too,” said Edward.

“No, it ain’t. I can keep a promise. That Ray Minturn got me to promise that I wouldn’t go. I was fool enough to promise him. Come, go home with me.”

“No, I can’t.”

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“Now, Tim, you’re real mean. You don’t ever come to see me. You act as if you are ashamed of me.”

“No,” said Edward, “I’m not ashamed, but I can’t come tonight or any other night about this time because I’ve made a promise that I’d do something else at exactly 8:30, and it can’t be far from that now.”

Bob eyed him curiously. “Tim, you’re the oddest fellow born, I do believe. Is it lessons?”

“No, it’s nothing about lessons.”

“Could I help you do it?”

“Yes,” replied Edward thoughtfully. “You could help better than anyone else, only you won’t.”

“Well, now”; Bob answered earnestly, “I sure will. If you will tell me what it is I’ll help you this very night.”

“Do you promise?” asked Edward.

“Yes, I do.”

“Well,” replied Edward, “Then I’ll tell you. Every night at 8:30 I go to my room and ask God to make you want to be a Christian.”

Not a word did Bob answer to this. He walked towards Mr. Minturn’s silently. Finally he said, “Tim, that’s mean.”

“What is?”

“To get a fellow to promise to do what he can’t do.”

“I haven’t done that. Don’t you want to be a Christian?”

“No.”

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“Bob, you need a friend to help you about as badly as anyone I know. Besides, I didn’t say, ‘make you a Christian’ I said, ‘make you want to be one.’ You can pray that way I’m sure. Anyway, you promised, and I trusted you.”

Bob followed him through the hall up the stairs to his neat little room. As the light was turned on Bob looked around.

“My, you have a nice room.”

“Everything in this house is nice,” replied Edward. “Bob, it’s 8:30.”

“Well,” said Bob, “I’d like to know what I’m about to do; this is new business to me, you see.”

“I’m going to kneel down here and pray for you and you promised to do the same.” Edward knelt by his bed and Bob followed, half laughing. Edward prayed earnestly that night. By and by Bob had to put his hand up and dash away a tear or two. He had never heard himself prayed for before.

Ray heard that the boys were there and sent for them. He was sick, but not too sick to see Bob when he had the chance. He made the half hour so pleasant that Bob gave eager assent to the request that he would come often.

Bob walked to his room thoughtfully thinking about the strange happenings of the evening.



“If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.”

—John 15:7

Edward had taken this promise into his heart. He was living up to the condition of abiding in Christ and keeping His words. He continued to pray for Bob. Bob kept his word and became a frequent visitor in the Minturn home. One evening he discovered that Ray also prayed for him every night and he began to think that he ought to have some desire himself.

One evening when Ray’s head was full of pain Bob said, “Wish I could do something for you.”

“You can,” Ray answered quickly, “Something that I would like better than almost anything else in the world.”

“What is it?” questioned Bob.

“Give yourself to Christ.”

Bob was silent. At last he replied, “I would if I knew how.”

“Do you mean that?”

“Yes, I do. I’m tired of waiting. I’m sick of myself.”

Ray instructed Bob how to pray and ask God to forgive him for his wrongs. They knelt in prayer and Bob’s heart was really broken up in sorrow for his sins. He did more weeping than audible praying but God, who does not despise a broken and a contrite heart looked down and gave him assurance that He did forgive him and washed away his sins.

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Bob rose to his feet with a look of joy on his face. Then he inquired of Ray what he should do about some things he had stolen. Ray looked to God for wisdom.

“Do you still have these things, Bob?”

“No,” he replied and then explained what he had done with them.

“Then write to those individuals, confessing your wrongs. If you have money enough to pay what they were worth, send it. If not, tell them you will pay as soon as you can.”

This looked hard to Bob and he sat in deep meditation. “The Lord will help you, Bob, and we will pray earnestly for you,” encouraged Ray.

“I’ll do it,” replied Bob, as he made ready to leave. He wanted to get started on it right away. Ray was glad. He knew that was the best and safest course of action, for when a person waits to do something after they know they must do it, it often becomes harder with the waiting.

After Bob left, Ray said to Edward, “What was that verse that your minister at home quoted for you in his letter?”

“I love the Lord, because he has heard my voice and my supplication.” (Psalms 116:1). Edward repeated it thankfully.



“I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye.”

—Psalms 32:8

Edward was living faithfully to God. The Holy Spirit was daily giving him a greater understanding. Since the time that the Lord, through His Spirit, had made it clear that He did the choosing in callings rather than man, Edward had accepted it. He sought to fill the place that God had chosen for him. He had continued teaching the Sunday school class of boys, seeking God earnestly for wisdom, understanding, and anointing. Sometimes God laid another burden upon his heart other than the regular lesson. The first time when this happened he went on with the regular lesson, but the Spirit of God didn't bless him. He didn't feel good. Afterwards he asked God about it and then understood that when another burden was laid upon his heart definitely, it was the Lord. Next time it happened he yielded and God blessed in a special way.

Edward enjoyed the young people's service each Sunday evening. Sometimes he would read a scripture that God had given him. Then God began giving him short messages, but he did not think of them as being such. As time went on he spent more time with his Bible and less time with his lessons. One evening while in prayer, the Spirit of God spoke to Edward's heart telling him He wanted him to preach. Edward thought and considered.

“Why, Lord, if you want me to, I will. You will surely have to help me, though. But please, Lord, I don't want to make a mistake. If this is really you, please help me to know for sure.”

God faithfully answered Edward's prayer and he became sure that God had called him to preach. He continued working faithfully

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in the store, reading his Bible and praying at night. The Spirit of God continued to teach him and to lead and guide him. God began slowly to open ways for him to move out in his calling. He had begun in the young people's meeting. Now he had opportunity when the young people had a service one night each week in an old people's home. Slowly, the Spirit of God led Edward on.

One day he received a letter from Katie. His mother had added a postscript, which was rare. She told him that she was able now to support herself and Katie. She was getting better rest at night and had steady work. He didn't need to send money for their support any longer.

In a few months an evangelist came through Albany. He heard Edward preach and recognized that God's hand was upon him. He looked to God for wisdom and understanding, then later talked to Edward, telling him his need of a helper, and said, "You pray and ask God about it."

Edward did pray earnestly until God made it clear that it was now time to quit his job and be a helper to the evangelist.



"I love the Lord because he has heard my voice and my supplications."

—Psalms 116:1

Fifteen years had passed since Edward had left his job and started laboring with an evangelist. He was now pastoring a small congregation in a distant city.

"Come in," and Bro. Lewis laid down his book and rose to meet whoever had knocked.

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“Mr. Lewis,” said the little girl who had come in, “Father has just come from the post office and he brought you some letters.”

Bro. Lewis thanked his little next door neighbor and sat down to read his mail. The first one brought a look of surprise and delight as he recognized Ellis Holbrook’s handwriting. The look of delight deepened as he read, especially when he came to one sentence: “I asked father what message he had for you and he replied, ‘Send him this verse and tell him that it is his again, “I love the Lord because he has heard my voice and my supplications.”’ I thank God that He put it into your heart to pray for me. He has saved me and I am happy.”

Many times Edward had reassured himself that God would be faithful to his promise as he prayed on for Ellis. Now, God had answered and Edward was thankful.

The next morning Bro. Lewis was before his Sunday school class. When every eye was fixed on him and all was quiet he began.

“Children, I have a short story to tell you about myself. Many years ago when I was a little boy, my Sunday school teacher told us a story which was part of the means of bringing me to Christ. She was not our regular teacher, but a stranger. I never saw her again. I have longed to see her again and tell her what that hour of teaching did for me. Last week I found that I had been living these last five years within 20 miles of her. I also found that she died just two weeks ago. At first I was sad to think I could never thank her. Then I realized that someday I can thank her. When I get to heaven one of the first things I want to do is to find her and tell her about it.

“Next Sunday I shall tell you the story which she told. I shall pray that it may have the same effect upon some of my scholars as it had on me.

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“I am going to repeat a Bible verse which I want all of you to memorize, ‘Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days.’ ”

