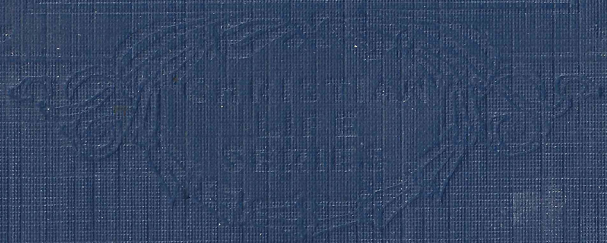


STARTLING INCIDENTS





*Yours in Him
E.E. Byrum.*

Startling Incidents and Experiences In the Christian Life

**Narratives of the wonderful dealings of the Lord with
those who put their trust in him and of their deliver-
ance in time of adversity, trial, and temptation.**

By E. E. BYRUM

**"Then all the multitude kept silence, and gave audience to
Barnabas and Paul, declaring what miracles and wonders God had
wrought among the Gentiles by them"—Acts 15:12.**

**"They rehearsed all that God had done with them, and how
he had opened the door of faith"—Acts 14:27.**

ANDERSON, INDIANA, U. S. A.

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E. E. Byrum

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PREFACE

Not long ago a lawyer in one of our large cities was in serious trouble, and realizing that disaster awaited him unless he should be marvelously favored by providence. In his extreme perplexity, he wrote a letter asking whether or not God ever answers prayer for anything other than the healing of the body.

Sometime previously a banker who realized that his business would shortly go to the wall unless he could borrow a large sum of money, desired to know if God would hear prayer for a person in such a matter of finance.

There are thousands of others who meet with perplexing problems in life, and whose troubles and anxieties are increased and prolonged because they do not know their privilege of taking such things to the Lord in prayer and thereby being enabled to learn the will of God concerning the difficulties in which they are involved.

No apology is to be made for writing this book and recording the incidents and experiences found therein, as Elijah's God is still the God of the universe. The same God to whom the apostles and those in the early days of Christianity prayed, hears and answers prayer now, and nothing can stand before the prayer of faith.

With few exceptions, the author is acquainted with the persons mentioned herein, and has a personal

knowledge of the things related. No doubt some will question the truthfulness of some of the statements given in this volume, but the truth must not be withheld because of a few skeptics and unbelievers. Some doubted the words of our Savior and tried to disbelieve the miracles wrought by the apostles.

A few selections have been made from other publications. Several persons whose names are given have kindly contributed a narration of their experiences, and several incidents have been selected from former books written by the author, namely, "The Secret of Salvation: How to Get It and How to Keep it," "Travels and Experiences in Other Lands," etc. Also, poems have been selected from *The Gospel Trumpet*. But most of the incidents are from the writer's own life.

It is the sincere desire and earnest prayer of the author that the narrations given in this volume will inspire every reader to a more profound belief in the God of heaven, and that each may become awakened to his privileges in Jesus Christ, and, through faith in him, may be enabled to reach deeper depths and greater heights in the love of God than ever before.

Anderson, Indiana, Jan. 14, 1915.

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Startling Incidents and Experiences In the Christian Life

CATCHING THE FISHERMAN

In many places along the Ohio River are to be seen small boats or shacks of fishermen who spend year after year fishing and hunting.

One afternoon in springtime a party of five persons, of whom I happened to be one, decided to take two or three days' vacation and spend the time in fishing along the Ohio River. Our equipment consisted of a row-boat, a tent, and a necessary camping-and fishing-outfit.

After rowing down the stream a few miles, we stopped at what we considered a suitable place, and pitched our tent. As we were not very successful in fishing, later in the afternoon some of our party went further upstream to fish. During their absence I became ill, and, going a short distance from the riverside, I lay down upon a brush-heap.

After lying there for some time I heard groanings in the distance. My first thought was that some of

our number had been hurt, and although I was quite ill, I concluded I was not so ill but that I could pray the prayer of faith for some one who might be in a worse condition. Therefore I arose and started in the direction from whence came the groanings. I had gone but a short distance when I saw a man dragging a double-barreled shotgun with the locks set, so that the gun could be easily discharged.

He did not, however, happen to be one of our party, but was a fisherman about forty-five years of age, who was cursing, moaning, and groaning in such a manner as I had not heard in many days. He did not know that any one was near, and upon my approach he stopped. I inquired the cause of his trouble. With an oath he replied that he was suffering more than death and that he had decided to put an end to his miserable existence. Between his oaths he told me that he was suffering excruciating pain and that he had endured such from time to time for many years. Occasionally for days at a time he would have attacks of suffering that seemed almost beyond endurance. During these times he would become very irritable and would make life miserable not only for himself but for his wife and family. He had a good wife and two or three lovely children, but he said, "I intend to put an end to this life of torture."

Then he showed me his gun, which he had so arranged that it could be easily discharged by a stick or brush while he was dragging it after him, and which he had placed against his body in such a

position that, when discharged, it would put an end to his life. He said he hesitated to blow his brains out by pulling the trigger himself, as he did not wish to disgrace his family by killing himself in such a way that people would know that he had committed suicide; he wished it to appear that his death was accidental

After talking to him for a few minutes, I told him that the Lord was able to deliver him out of all his troubles, and could not only take away his pain but give him peace in his soul. As I told him of others whom God had delivered out of serious trouble, he became interested and finally consented to have prayer in his behalf, although he still occasionally gave vent to his feelings with an oath.

I called the other brethren of our party, and when they learned of the situation, we knelt down and prayed that the Lord might have mercy upon him and also touch his body and remove the pains. Almost instantly he was relieved of his sufferings, and as we instructed him in the ways of salvation, conviction seized hold of him, and he himself began to call on God for pardon. Before we left him, he was rejoicing on account of the blessings of God upon his soul.

He made inquiry concerning our success in fishing, and said: "Come and go with me. I have a houseboat a short distance up the river and have my lines set. You can have all the fish you can eat. My wife is a good cook, and you will not be in want so far as cooking your fish is concerned." Furthermore,

he was anxious to bear the good news of his salvation to his wife. He also told us that near his house-boat was an excellent place to pitch our tent.

We decided to move our outfit to the place he suggested, and he went home praising the Lord. Upon our arrival his wife, who realized the great change in her husband, was rejoiced to meet us. She hurriedly prepared supper for us while we pitched our tent near by.

After supper the fisherman, being desirous of learning all he could about the Bible and the Christian life, came and spent some time with us, and after a time his wife also came. As we were about ready to have our evening worship, she was invited to remain with us until after worship. As we read from the Bible, sang, prayed, and testified of the goodness of God, she also became convicted of her sins and began to call upon God for mercy. She soon received the witness of the pardon of her sins, and began shouting the praises of God at the top of her voice. It was almost like a little camp-meeting.

The next morning we arose early to prepare to return home. Just about the break of day the fisherman and his wife came to us asking to be baptized, and straightway they went down into the water and were baptized. We went our way feeling that, while we had not been very successful in catching fish, we were well repaid by catching the fisherman.

WIRELESS MESSAGES

The Marconi instrument sends its wireless message S. O. S. over the sea. This message, which is popularly interpreted, "Save, oh, save," brings the intelligence to some one that the lives of others are in peril on some burning or sinking ship. The Lord also frequently sends his children a wireless message bearing the news of the imminent calamity of impending danger of some one who is in need of a helping hand.

One evening a number of years ago, as I sat at my desk writing, a peculiar feeling came over me, which almost startled me. This feeling was followed by such a burden that immediately I had to cease writing. I did not know the cause of such feelings and such a burden. On account of my inexperience in such matters, it did not at first occur to me that the Lord was trying to bring to my understanding something of the peril of others. For a few minutes the burden increased, and at first I began to wonder if I had done anything to displease the Lord, and so I began to make inquiry of him to that end; but as nothing was revealed to me of any such displeasure, I then asked the Lord to make known to me the cause of my peculiar feelings and burden.

Immediately the impression came, as plain as if the words had been spoken audibly, that Bro. D. S. Warner and his company of coworkers, who were then traveling in the gospel work in Kansas and the adjoining States, were soon to be in peril. The im-

pression upon my mind was so vivid that I went at once to the prayer-room and called upon the Lord very earnestly for their protection and deliverance from any impending danger. Immediately the burden left me. Upon returning to my desk I wrote to Brother Warner, telling him of my peculiar experience.

A few days later a letter came from him stating that on that night, a few hours after I was so burdened for them, they were traveling on a train in Kansas in a terrible wind-storm. The coaches of the train swayed from side to side, and it seemed they would be blown from the track almost any moment. In the midst of the storm and the darkness, their train collided with a freight-train; and though their engine was seriously injured, yet their lives were spared.

He said that while I was a thousand miles away and forewarned of their danger, they were at that time unconcerned about their safety and had no knowledge of what was about to befall them a few hours later.

Such an instance reminds one of the message which Paul received at one time through a vision in the night. It was truly equal to the wireless message "Save, oh, save," as there stood a man of Macedonia and prayed him, saying, "Come over into Macedonia and help us." The message was so impressive and so unquestionably given by the Spirit of the Lord that Paul immediately arranged to go to Macedonia.

Upon his arrival he found that he was not mistaken in regard to the message.

The people there were very much in need of spiritual help. When he went out to the place "where prayer was wont to be made," he found there people ready to yield themselves to the Lord as soon as they had heard him preach the gospel. It was while he was in Macedonia in answer to this call that he cast the spirit of divination out of the damsel—a demonstration of divine power which resulted in a great uproar among the people, and caused Paul and Silas to be beaten with many stripes, thrust into an inner prison, and made fast in the stocks.

Paul and Silas were so confident that the message they had received came from the throne of God that even all this ill treatment did not discourage them. As they remained in that uncomfortable position, with their feet fastened in such a manner that they were unable to move about, and their backs lacerated and bleeding, the glory of God rested upon them and they made the best of the situation. At the midnight hour they were praying and singing praises to God, so that the prisoners in the other wards heard them. Not only so, but the Lord also heard them and sent an earthquake that shook the very foundations of the prison, and all the doors of the prison were opened, and every one's bands were loosed. The things that happened at that midnight hour were the means of revealing to the jailor his condition and causing him to cry out, "What must I do to be

saved?" Thus, a great work was wrought in Macedonia by Paul's giving heed to that message.

Peter at one time received a similar message while he was on the housetop praying. This was also a S. O. S. message to take a journey to the home of Cornelius, where there were people in great need of spiritual help. And obedience to that call was the beginning of Peter's work among the Gentiles.

THE POWER OF PRAYER

"Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try—
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The majesty on high.

"Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, 'Behold, he prays!'

"Nor prayer is made by man alone;
The Holy Spirit pleads,
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

"O Thou by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way!
The path of prayer thyself hath trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray."

A LITTLE BOY'S A B C PRAYER

The following story is told of a little boy in one of the Eastern States who had been taught from his early childhood to make his requests known to the Lord.

One day while he was walking along the roadside, the wind blew his hat over the fence into an adjoining field. The fence was so high and difficult to climb that the little lad did not feel competent for the undertaking. After some hesitation he remembered his former religious instruction and concluded that the best way to recover his hat was to take the matter to the Lord in prayer.

The fence being one of the old-fashioned rail fences, he went into a corner of it and, kneeling down in a humble manner, began his petition to the Lord as follows: "A, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l," etc. After completing the alphabet once, he began repeating it over again. A gentleman passing by heard him and, quietly coming up behind him, stood and listened. He was much interested to know why the boy should be in that posture so earnestly saying his A B C's.

At length he said, "Boy, what are you doing?"

"Praying," the boy replied.

"What are you praying about?"

"The wind blew my hat over this high fence into that field, and I can not climb the fence to get it. My mother taught me always to pray and ask the

Lord for whatever I needed and told me that he would answer prayer."

"But you were not praying; you were only saying your A B C's."

"The Lord knows how to put them together to make a prayer," the boy replied.

The gentleman was so touched at the boy's sincerity that he climbed the fence and got the hat for the little lad, who said, "There, didn't I tell you the Lord would answer prayer?"

A TUMULTUOUS RABBLE AMONG THE AFGHANS

A few years ago a company of gospel workers in northwestern India desired to hold an afternoon street-service on Sunday. We made an application to the city officials for permission to hold the service. The officials refused to grant us this favor, stating that it was so near the border of Afghanistan that the Afghans were liable to give serious trouble and then flee across the border, and that the English Government had no way of punishing such intruders. They told us that we could hold meetings in some building and that they would see that we were not disturbed; but we insisted on having a meeting on the outside, if possible, telling the officials that it was impossible to get the people to come inside a building to attend our services. The officers finally

told us that if we held a meeting on the outside we should do so at our own risk and at the risk of our lives; that no matter what happened they would not interfere; and that only under those conditions would they give their consent, thinking that we would not assume such a risk. We thanked them for the privilege and selected a location under a tree near the street.

A brother told us that two years before this time, while the editor of *The Vanguard* was conversing with an English colonel not far from the place, one of the Afghans came up and shot the Englishman, killing him instantly, and then waved his gun in the air saying, "I am sure of heaven now."

In religion these Afghans are Mohammedans, of the schism called Sunnites. One peculiar feature of their belief is that if they have killed a Christian they have performed an act which gives them an assurance of heaven. They consider every one to be a Christian who wears American or European clothes. A man may be a horse-thief, yet should he fall into the hands of these Afghans, he would suffer as a Christian because of his style of dress or nationality.

As we were making preparations to begin a song-service, the people from the streets began to gather around us. A few rods away were a few Afghans, who were evidently preparing for a raid upon us. One of them, whom we suspected to be their leader, was a rough, burly-looking fellow. No sooner had our services commenced than these men began beating

on something with sticks and crying out at the top of their voices to make a disturbance.

After the song-service and prayer, our interpreter made a few remarks, but the sound of his voice was almost drowned by the noise of these enemies. At the close of his introductory remarks, I began speaking to the audience and he interpreting. By this time a large crowd had assembled. As they were standing in a semicircle, I turned my face in the opposite direction from the Afghans, facing the people to my left, and thus apparently ignored the attempted disturbance. All the Afghans began talking very loud in the language of Afghanistan, but I pitched my voice higher, and as they continued to increase their noise, I increased my volume of voice, for the interpreter would speak only in the same manner in which I spoke.

Our thus ignoring them seemed to anger them, and they moved around to the left of the crowd and began their noise, whereupon I instantly turned to those on my right as if I had not noticed the disturbers. Then they disappeared, but in a few minutes they returned accompanied by another gang of Afghans. By this time Brother Khan was speaking, and as they commenced their noise again with increased power, Brother Khan, with a motion of his hand, requested them to keep quiet. What they desired to accomplish was to attract our attention and hinder us from preaching the gospel. Brother Khan then turned to those who were standing on the other side, and the

disturbers became very angry and withdrew to a tree a short distance away for consultation. After some time had elapsed, during which they were earnestly engaged in counsel with considerable demonstration, they sprang to their feet as if they had reached a decision for action. Immediately they started towards us. I was standing half way between the minister and the front row of the assembled audience, which was only a distance of five or six feet. They came forward almost like warriors making a bayonet charge, and as they reached the outer edge of the crowd they roughly pushed them aside, making their way toward us in a ferocious manner.

What would happen next we had not the least idea. The minister was facing the crowd on the other side and did not notice their approach. We felt that the Lord had led us there to deliver the gospel message to a people who would not enter a building to hear it, and many of whom perhaps had never heard a gospel message before. Believing that we had acted by divine guidance, we were confident that the Lord would overrule everything to his glory; that if he permitted them to injure us or even take our lives, our service that afternoon would not be in vain, but in some way would result in the furtherance of the gospel.

As I stood with my arms folded calmly waiting for what seemed the inevitable, I breathed a prayer for protection and asked the Lord to give us wisdom

to know what to do under the circumstances. We had nothing with which to defend ourselves.

By this time they had almost made their way through the crowd; the leader was just back of the front ranks of the crowd and was still coming forward. He had in his hand a small open book, which he grasped tightly as he made violent gesticulations, backed by his passion for the blood of Christians. There was no time for meditation to consider what course was best to pursue; immediate action was necessary. As the leader thus thrust his book over the shoulders of the man standing nearest me and cried out something in Arabic at the top of his voice, I reached out, seized the book, and jerked it from his hand. Immediately he stopped and the entire mob became quiet. As I took the book in my hand I saw at a glance that it was printed in Arabic, and I was unable to read a word from its pages. However, I opened the book and turned a few pages as if familiar with it, not knowing the wisdom that I was manifesting, although I saw that they were much surprised at my action and that it caused them to be quiet.

After going over a page or two as if reading, I looked towards the speaker as if much interested. As soon as I observed a slight motion or tendency of the mob to cause further disturbance, I would turn a few leaves of the book and repeat the same performance as before, and then I would turn my attention to the

minister again. In this way I kept them quiet for some time.

Suddenly they all turned face about and walked hurriedly toward the tree again. Some of them went to another street and came back with others, who joined their bloodthirsty gang. For some time they continued in consultation, and then they started towards us with increased ferocity. This time, in his fury, the leader thrust forward his clenched fist as he reached the same spot where I took the book from him. At that instant I thrust the book toward him, and as he seized it they all turned immediately and went back to their consultation tree, where they were still in counsel when our services closed, and we left without further disturbance.

Just why my taking that book from his hand and pretending to read it should have such an effect I did not know, but I had asked the Lord for wisdom and protection. It was several years after that time before I fully understood the peculiar effect of my actions on that occasion. About six years later a missionary from that district came to my home and related some experiences among the Afghans. When I told him of our experience while there, he asked, "Do you know what kept them from injuring you at that time?" I replied that I knew nothing more than it was the protecting power of God. The missionary replied: "That book which you took from the hand of the leader of that mob was a Koran, or, in other words, their Bible; and according to their cus-

tom, if a traveler possesses a copy of the Koran and can read it, they are bound to entertain him as a friend and protect him, although he may be a Christian and one whom they would do almost anything to get to kill; but if he does not have the Koran or can not read it, then he must have a care for his life. You never knew half the wisdom you exhibited. Your taking that book was what saved your lives."

The Spirit of the Lord had directed us, and we are reminded of the scripture which says, "When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him," and of the Psalmist's words, "He shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways."

PRAY!

BY MARY J. HELPHINGSTINE

Pray! Men of old have pray'd
And wept in bitter tears;
By prayer were armies routed,
To life was added years.

Pray! Prophets pray'd. On Carmel
God sent the fire and rain;
Four hundred of the men of Baal
Were by the prophet slain.

Pray! Jesus pray'd. At nightfall
The throng he sent away,
Then went into the mountain
And pray'd till break of day.

Pray! When these sad disciples
 Lay sleeping for their grief,
 Behold him in the Garden—
 He prays till comes relief.

Pray! Early Christians prayed and wept;
 Nor was there praying vain;
 From Peter's hand in prison,
 The angel broke the chain.

Pray! Men at whose flaming presence
 Hell's darkness fled away,
 Were men who feared Jehovah,
 Were men who dared to pray.

Pray, then, O Christian soldier,
 Nor heed the din of strife.
 Pray! Fierce the battle wages!
 On prayer depends thy life!

RECEIVED HELP IN TIME OF NEED

A minister who had become involved in debt had given his note to cover the indebtedness. This note would soon become due, and he knew of no way by which he would be able to make the payment. It became quite a burden to him and a source of considerable uneasiness.

One day during a series of meetings he decided to take the matter more earnestly to the Lord in prayer between the morning service and the service to be

held in the afternoon, as the time had come that something must be done in order to satisfy the demand.

In relating the circumstance to me afterward, he said that he and his son walked silently to a field of corn. As they entered the field, one of them went in one direction and the other in another direction, so that they could be alone in fervent prayer. After the father had spent some time in earnest prayer, telling the Lord all about the circumstances and imploring his help in this time of need, he received an assurance that all would be well, and he arose to his feet feeling that the Lord would make a way for him to adjust matters satisfactorily.

When he came to the other side of the field, he met his son, who said to him, "Father, I believe that you will receive the money in time to make the payment."

"Why do you think so, my son?" the father replied.

"Because while in prayer I received such an assurance that all was well and that the Lord would open the way before us."

Then the father told his own experience in prayer. The two went from their place of prayer confident that the Lord had heard and answered their petitions.

When they came to the place of meeting, where the people were assembled for the next service, a lady came to the minister and said, "I have felt impressed to let you have a certain amount of money, and I can lend it to you if you need it." It happened to be

exactly the amount for which the minister and his son had been praying. She said, "You may give me a note for this amount, payable in six months." The minister thanked the lady and took the money and paid his indebtedness in full.

Just before the expiration of the six months for which the last note had been given, the lady called on him and said, "At the time that I was led to let you have that money, the Lord impressed me to give it to you as a donation, but as my friends were very much opposed to my making a donation for that purpose, I lent you the money and took your note. I have canceled it, and now present to you the canceled note."

DEBT PAID IN ANSWER TO PRAYER

Not long since a brother that was giving his time to evangelistic work without salary, had an obligation of \$91.80. During a camp-meeting in Indiana he was very much burdened over the payment of this debt, which was about due and had to be paid without fail. He had \$1.30, but did not know from what source the \$90 could be obtained in so short a time. He wrote to his wife to sell their cow. He had been praying without any special evidence that the money would be raised otherwise.

One night after he had preached an earnest discourse, a well-dressed lady accosted him as he was

about to leave the auditorium, and after making a few remarks concerning the sermon, handed him something wrapped in a handkerchief. He thanked her for the gift, knowing nothing of what the handkerchief contained.

After retiring to his room for the night he took the handkerchief from his pocket and opened it, and there was a beautiful brooch. He knew nothing of its value and perhaps would have taken fifty cents for it had any one offered him that amount. The next day he gave it to a young brother and asked him to take it to a jeweler and sell it if possible, and, if he got anything for it, to forward the money to him, as he was leaving for another place.

In a few days this young brother wrote him: "I have sold the brooch. Enclosed find \$5, and the other \$85 will be sent to you by draft, as I received \$90 for it."

The evangelist immediately informed his wife not to sell the cow, as he had the full amount with which to pay the debt. God knew the amount of money the brother needed, and in answer to prayer He impressed this woman to give the brooch.

DELIVERED FROM A SINKING SHIP

BY S. O. SUSAG

For the glory of God I desire to relate some incidents connected with my trip to Scandinavia in the year 1904-5. While I was engaged in evangelistic work in the State of North Dakota in the fall of 1904, the brethren in New York wrote to me about making them a visit. After praying earnestly for the Lord to make known his will in the matter, I decided to go, and felt that if I went to New York I also ought to make a trip across the Atlantic to Norway to see my parents and relatives, whom I had not seen for twenty-four years.

In the latter part of November it was made very clear to me by the Holy Spirit that I should go, and about the middle of December I left my home for New York City. On the 24th of December my wife took so seriously ill that she was not expected to live. She had faith that the Lord would raise her up; but the children were much distressed, fearing that their mother was going to die, and knowing their father was on his way to a foreign land, not intending to return for several months. They begged to have a telegram sent to me asking me to return. Finally, about two o'clock in the night, when she was getting very low and the children would not be comforted in any other way, she consented to have a telegram sent to New York in care of one of the brethren who was

living there at that time. But knowing as she did that it was God's will for me to go to Norway, and knowing also that if I returned so soon, I could not go if she should recover, she prayed earnestly that the Lord would in some way hinder me from getting the telegram, which he did. God heard her prayer and also healed her.

After stopping with the church in New York for some time, I went to Boston and thence on the 20th of January, 1905, sailed on the steamship *Saxonia* of the Cunard line for Liverpool, England. Everything went well, and I wondered how it could be otherwise, inasmuch as my family and many other people of God were sending up earnest prayers for my safe journey. My wife had asked the Lord to keep the ship on which I was sailing, on top of the waves because one of his children had embarked.

My journey from Liverpool to Hull was by railroad, but at the latter place I embarked on the steamship *Tasþ* of the Wilson Line, bound for Trondhjem, Norway. Everything went well until we were nearing the western coast of Norway. We were to make our first stop at Stavanger, but the weather was so stormy as we neared the coast that evening that we did not dare to sail in the dark, and consequently we anchored out in the North Sea for the night.

While the ship tossed up and down and back and forth through the night, I dreamed that our ship had stranded. I could hear the screeching when it struck the rocks and could see a large stone on the right-hand

side of the ship scraping against the side and preventing it from tipping, and a small stone steadying it on the left side. Finally the ship was turned to the left into deep water again, and in a little while we landed at our destination. In the morning I told my dream at the breakfast-table, and said, "We may have an accident before we get through." The people laughed at me and said, "You seem to be quite a dreamer," and asked if I believed in dreams. They thought there was no danger, for the reason that the ship was so large. "Well," said I, "it is very stormy weather, and the sea is full of rocks along the coast, so we do not know what may happen."

That day we landed safely in Stavanger and thence went to our next stop, Bergen. Everything went smooth from Bergen to Aalesund, which was our next stop. Then we encountered some of the roughest sailing I have ever experienced. We were unable to land that night at the dock, but had to spend the night in the open sea. The next morning we were able to land at the dock. Thence we went to Christiansund, which was our last stop before our final destination. It was a good harbor, between the high mountains, and we were ready to leave there at eight o'clock P. M.; but as the storm was still raging out in the sea, the captain decided to remain in the harbor until twelve o'clock; then we should land at our next place at eight o'clock in the morning.

At twelve o'clock we left the harbor. The storm was still raging, and a heavy snow was falling. At

1:15 I felt a shock and heard the same screeching noise that I had heard in my dream, and I knew at once what had happened. Immediately the steward came running through the ship and calling out: "Everybody up. Take nothing along. We are sinking." Quicker than I can tell you, the passengers were all on deck, some throwing away their tobacco, some leaving behind empty whiskey-bottles. I got up, dressed, and took my Bible and read a little, then knelt down and had prayer. The steward came back and said, "Aren't you in a hurry?" I said, "No, the Bible says, 'He that believeth shall not make haste.'" He looked at me and went on.

On deck the snow-storm was whistling wildly through the tackling of the ship, and the seamen were working with all their might to lower the life-boats. Others were running to and fro; some women were crying aloud; while the water was pouring into the sides of the ship. The pumps were working to their full capacity throwing out the water. It was indeed, a sad sight.

As a seaman was running by, I asked him to direct me to the pilot. He looked at me and answered in a harsh voice, "What do you want with the pilot?" and went his way. A little farther on I met another seaman and asked him the same question. He said, "the pilots are both over there with the captain," pointing to three men who were standing a short distance away. I walked over to where they were standing and conversing with each other, and told

them that I was looking for the pilot. One gray-haired, long-bearded man said, "We two," and pointed to another of the same type as himself.

Then I said, "We are off the rock now, are we not?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Did you turn to the left when you turned off the rock?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered.

"If that is the case, we need not go into the life-boats," I replied.

The captain looked at me and said, "Do you know anything about navigation, man?" pointing to the water that was being pumped out of the ship.

An English lady standing by crying, said, "Oh! now I shall never see my son in England any more."

I said, "Yes, mother, be quiet; you will see your son yet. I believe this ship will land us safely in Trondhjem."

Then I told my dream to the captain and those standing by, and when I finished speaking, I saw the tears running down the weather-beaten cheeks of the pilots, and one of them said to the captain, "This man may be more right than we, because as long as this ship can hold up, we are safe; but if we go into the boats in this fearful weather and dark night, we shall soon be dashed to pieces against the rocks."

Then the pilot said to me: "Our ship struck twenty-eight feet in the water, and the rock we struck was only twelve feet under the water; so, you see, it is a miracle that our ship is not in two and one end on

each side of the rock. Had that happened, no one would ever have known what became of us, because we are now in fifty-three fathoms of water." He went on to say that we were going only at half speed, and that he thought that helped some. Orders were then given not to lower the life-boats, but they hung ready a few feet from the sea.

During the conversation the first mate, a fine, tall Englishman, came and listened. When we ceased talking, he said to me, "Will you kindly go with me to the front of the ship and see if you can discern any lights?"

I said, "Sir, I do not understand anything about navigation."

He still insisted that I should go with him. As we came to the front of the vessel, I saw three lights, but he could not see them. So he said to me, "You watch for them, and I will go after the captain." They both came running and the captain could not see the lights.

Turning to me, he said, "You must be mistaken."

"No sir," I replied, "I can see them now."

He then asked me the color of the lights. After I had given him a description of the lights, he saw them himself and exclaimed, "They are steamers! Where are we?" Later I saw some other colored lights.

We remained there in the storm until about 6:15 A. M. and then moved out into the bay at full speed. The pumps were in full operation, but our ship was

tilting backward more and more, as if it were going to stand on one end. We landed in Trondhjem at 12:30, noon, and all reached the shore with our hand-satchels. In a little while the pump stopped, as the ship was filled with water, and it sank in the harbor.

I saw an account of the wreck in a Norwegian paper after the ship had been raised and placed on a dry dock. The paper stated that the cargo was almost a total loss and that the damage to the ship was about \$10,000; that nearly every plate from midship and to stern was torn loose, just as I had seen in my dream, and that it was a wonder or a miracle that the ship did not sink sooner.

The Lord verified his promise by hearing the prayers of his people to protect me and bring me safely to my destination. The blessings of salvation never seemed more real to me than at that time, as I was enabled to be calm and quiet through all the peril, having a sweet assurance that the mighty arm of God was upholding me and protecting not only me but those who were traveling with me. He hears and answers prayer. Those who trust and believe in him, he often saves from death and destruction.

Homeward Bound

My return home was just as eventful as my journey to Norway. For some time I had been praying earnestly for the Lord to direct me in getting the right ship across the ocean, as I was to sail during the stormy season of the spring.

On the 20th of March, 1905, I left the home of my father in Norway with the intention of sailing the next morning on an English boat bound for Hull, England, in order to reach the fastest boat on the Cunard Line bound from Liverpool to New York, as I thought that would be the best vessel to take.

Soon after leaving my father's home, I stopped at a little seaport called Levanger to visit a relative of mine for a few hours, expecting to leave on the evening train, but my relative persuaded me to stay and take the early morning train. He said I had ample time to reach my boat in Trondhjem; but when our train entered the station the next morning, the ship upon which I intended to sail was just leaving the harbor. I did not understand what this meant, but remembered the scripture which says that everything works together for good to them that love God. Had my plans of reaching the fast steamer from Liverpool to New York carried, and had the ship sailed on schedule time, I should have been in New York in ten days.

Now I had to make the best of the situation. I decided to embark on the steamship *United States* of the Scandinavian-American line from Christiana, which was due in New York just one week later than the other ship, and which, if run on schedule time, generally arrived at New York in nine days after leaving Christiana. We sailed from Christiana on time; but after being out in the sea for a day we found to our surprise and to the dissatisfaction of

many of the passengers that instead of going direct to New York we had to go to the Azores to pick up some passengers from another ship of the same line, as a shaft of that ship had been broken in a storm in the Atlantic Ocean and the ship had drifted to those islands. This made a very long, round-about voyage.

With the exception of about two days of storm, the weather was good, but the waves rolled exceedingly high every day. By this we knew that farther north in the ocean a terrible storm was raging. Finally, after fifteen days' rough sailing, we found ourselves just outside New York in the midst of a heavy fog, such as I had never before witnessed. The whistles and the fog-horns of the ship kept blowing and the bells ringing as we slowly proceeded in the afternoon, but finally we had to anchor, as a pilot from the shore entered our ship and forbade us to go any farther. He said the sea was full of anchored ships on account of the fog, which had been there for about three days. He said we could not move until the wind changed and drove the fog away. I felt quite satisfied, although, like many others, I had been very seasick while on the voyage.

Early the next morning I went on deck. There was so much unrest and grumbling among the passengers that it was quite unpleasant for me to stay on the ship any longer. The fog, however, seemed to be thicker than ever. It was so dense that a person could not see beyond his outstretched arm.

I went to my room and there, while lying across

the bed, prayed earnestly to God to take away the fog. Then I went up on deck and looked, but the fog seemed to be still worse. I went down and prayed the second time, but upon my return the fog appeared to be thicker than ever. The third time I went and prayed. While I was praying, a voice said to me, "Change your clothes." I knew what it meant; the Lord had heard my prayer. I arose and put on my best suit of clothes, for I expected soon to be in New York, and went to the breakfast-table.

The people were complaining on account of their having to stay so long on the ship. I said, "Before we have finished breakfast, we shall be on our way into the harbor." Some asked who had said so. I answered, "I have been praying to God, and he has assured me that such will be the case." They laughed in a loud voice at me and made light of my remarks; but while we were yet eating, we heard something rattle, and some one asked, "What is that?" I said, "I suppose they are raising the anchor." A number sprang from their seats and looked through the portholes, and, behold, the fog was gone and we were on our way to the port. Then one man, I do not know who he was, arose and said, "In a case like this it pays to pray to the Lord."

After that there was no more laughing and scorning. Thank God! he stood by me and showed himself mighty in answering my prayer and in lifting the fog to the astonishment of my fellow travelers. Our ship was the first one to pass into the port, although

some had been waiting there for three days for a chance to reach New York.

After landing I learned that the Cunard liner upon which I had intended to sail from Liverpool had not yet arrived. It did not arrive until the next day. According to reports, it had the worst voyage that any ship of that company had experienced for forty-six years, and a number of passengers were hurt by being thrown about by the rolling and tossing of the ship. A young man who came across the ocean on that ship informed me that some who were sick had to be tied to their beds.

After learning these things I perceived that the Lord had answered prayer in a wonderful way. He had hindered me from embarking on that ship and had thus spared me much unnecessary suffering. Thanks be to his precious and matchless name! It is safe to put our whole trust in God, because he knows how to protect and shield us from harm and danger. It is my prayer that the relating of these incidents of the Lord's dealings with me may prove a blessing and inspiration to others, and enable them to more fully put their whole trust in the Lord in time of difficulty and distress. He will surely hear and answer prayer when we call upon him in a simple childlike manner.

THE PRAYER OF FAITH

“Prayers of faith, that reach the portals,
Come from hearts that yearn, desire;
Hearts that will not be unanswered;
Hearts aglow with heavenly fire;

“Hearts that *pray*, not mere words utter;
Hearts not fainting, doubting, weak;
Hearts that *know* that God hath promised,
And his face expectant seek.

“Such are prayers that reach the heavens;
To these, God is always near:
‘Ere they call’ he sends the answer,
‘While they’re speaking’ he doth hear.

“Many prayers *seem* left unanswered,
For the Father knoweth best.
Fear not, soul, but calmly trusting,
On his bosom sweetly rest.

“Some day thou shalt know the answer;
And the pain delay hath given
Shall be recompensed with glory
In this life or up in heaven.”

“GO TO BAY VIEW, MICHIGAN”

One of the most striking messages from the Lord that it has ever been my privilege to receive was one that I received a number of years ago while I was on my way from Grand Junction to East Jordan, Mich., to help conduct a grove-meeting for three days. After

reaching Grand Rapids, the train was delayed for several hours on account of a strike in Chicago, which implicated the Chicago and West Michigan Railroad, over which I was traveling and the name of which is now Pere Marquette.

While thus delayed, I was walking along the street about mid-day, and as clear as any voice could have spoken it, this message came to me: "Go to Bay View, Michigan." While it was not an audible voice, yet it was so plain there could be no mistake concerning the message. I felt at once that it was a message from the Lord, but knew of no reason why I should go to Bay View, as it was perhaps two or three hundred miles from the place where I was at that time, and quite a distance from the place of the meeting. As I hesitated and pondered over the matter, the same words were repeated—"Go to Bay View, Michigan." And the same message came the third time.

So positive was I that it was from the Lord that I told the Lord I would do so if he directed and opened the way for me to go.

I had never been at Bay View, and why I should go at that time was a query in my mind. The only person I knew who was living there was Sister Josephine Courtney, and she frequently traveled in gospel work, and I had no means of knowing whether she was at home at that time. I tried to call to mind some other reason for my going and remembered that there was a large Methodist conference in session at that place, and that Bishop Foster was to be present.

Some time previously we had published in a tract a quotation from Bishop Foster's writings, and some people questioned the veracity of the quotation. We had written to the Bishop concerning the matter, but had received no reply. I had almost decided that it was for the purpose of meeting the bishop that I was being directed to that place; but after earnest prayer, that reason for my trip seemed to have but little weight.

Upon my arrival at the place where the grove-meeting was to be held, I told the brethren about my peculiar leadings to go to Bay View. One of the ministers said: "I wish you could go, as that is the home of Sister Courtney, and she is at home at the present time, I think, and your visit would be a great encouragement to her."

After the meeting closed, I went to Bay View, arriving at the depot about 10 A. M. I made inquiry for the Courtney residence, and learned that their home was at the opposite side of the town. The object of my visit was still a mystery to me. I well remember that, as I was walking along the street knowing nothing about the situation of affairs at their home, I communed with the Lord with much earnestness. While I was thus communing with him, a vivid impression came to my mind that perhaps some one was sick or in deep trial and needed help and encouragement. I seemed almost to forget my surroundings along the quiet street, and almost inadvertently stretched forth my arm and said in an audible voice,

"O Lord! stretch forth thy hand to heal." There was no one near to hear me, but it did truly seem that I was in the presence of the Lord, and I went on feeling that his Spirit was directing, and that I should soon know the meaning of the message.

A few minutes later I neared the house and saw Sister Courtney standing in the doorway. As I approached her I said, "Sister Courtney, I am here, but I do not know for what purpose I have come." "The Lord has sent you here," she replied. After hearing of my peculiar leadings, she began praising God aloud and said: "Surely the Lord has sent you. My sister Emma has been very sick for some time and nigh unto death. Her sickness has been so serious that we have despaired of her life, and, knowing that unless she received help soon, death would overtake her, we have talked the matter over concerning her funeral and burial."

For some time after entering the house we continued our conversation, until I had the details of her sickness and the situation of affairs in general. Sister Emma had been very devoted, and she was consecrated to God. It seems that they had been unable to exercise faith for her recovery, for they were in doubt as to whether it was the will of God to raise her up. One of them made a request that I should definitely find out the will of God concerning her recovery. Whereupon I retired alone to another room to pray, and at the same time Sister Courtney went alone to another part of the house. After a few

minutes' fervent prayer, we came into the room where Sister Emma was lying, both feeling confident that the Lord would honor our faith in her behalf. Just as I entered the room, the following words seemed very impressive upon my mind: "These signs shall follow them that believe," and I repeated them aloud. There was no longer any question in our minds in regard to her healing.

The instruction given in Jas. 5:14, 15 was obeyed, which says: "Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church: and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him." After anointing her with oil in accordance with this scripture, we laid our hands upon her (Mark 16:18) and asked God to send his healing power. Immediately healing virtue went through her body, and she arose from her bed, threw up her hands, and with much joy walked back and forth across the room praising God for his healing power. Health and strength were immediately given her; her sickness had departed. The room seemed to be filled with the power of God, and his glory not only pervaded the room, but filled our souls to overflowing.

Sister Courtney had been afflicted with chronic stomach-trouble for eighteen years, and she requested that prayer be offered in her behalf; and as we complied with her request, God sent his healing power

and delivered her from her affliction. Truly it was a time of great rejoicing in that home.

After I had taken supper with the family, it seemed my mission to Bay View had been fulfilled, and I returned on the evening train to my home, a distance of over three hundred miles.

FINANCIAL EXPERIENCES IN TRAVEL

In the year 1909 Bro. A. D. Khan and I had planned to take a missionary trip through Central America and the West Indies, as the publishing-work demanded that we have a better knowledge of the commercial laws and customs of these places. It was also our desire and intention to find new openings for mission work and the distribution of religious literature. One day my son Arlo, then a lad of fourteen years, came to me and said:

"I hear that you are intending to take a trip to Central America; I should like to go with you."

"I should be very much pleased to take you," I replied, "but I have no money to pay your expenses, and you have none."

It was evident that we should have to endure many hardships, and that we should encounter many unpleasant things in the tropics, where fevers and the bubonic plague abound. There would be ten voyages by sea, and considerable travel in the interior by land,

where we might have to go at the risk of our lives, and we should not want with us any one who could not pray the prayer of faith. Our object was the furtherance of the gospel, and not a pleasure-trip for the purpose of seeing the country. These things were pointed out to Arlo, but he felt that he was consecrated to meet whatever might befall us along the way.

He was urged to take the matter earnestly to the Lord in prayer and thus find out definitely whether or not the Lord would have him accompany us, if so, then to pray for the necessary money. I pledged him my earnest agreement in the matter according to Matt. 18:19, and then we separated. Each of us went to the Lord in fervent prayer, not knowing how the money for his expenses would be provided.

Two or three days later an old friend came to me and said: "I understand that you are going to take a missionary trip and that Arlo desires to go with you. If acceptable, I should like to pay his expenses for the trip. About what amount will be required?" "As near as we can estimate," I replied, "the ten voyages, and his board and other expenses for three months, if he exercises close economy, will require about four hundred dollars." My friend seemed to be very much pleased, feeling that the Lord was directing him in the matter. In a few days he came again and handed me a check for two hundred dollars, saying that a bank-draft for the remainder would be sent by mail in the near future.

The full amount was received in due time and transferred into travelers' cheques, which could be cashed whenever needed. Soon after leaving the United States, we decided to give one-tenth of the amount we had received, for charitable purposes along the way. There was no lack of opportunities for a distribution of means in liberalities of that nature. Many places were found where the promised blessings accompanied the giving.

Upon leaving Guatemala we were to go by ship on the Pacific Ocean to Panama. In planning the trip we had estimated the fare for this voyage to be \$25. The agent at the city ticket-office informed us that the fare was \$75 gold for each person. This would add to our total expenses \$50 each more than we had estimated. We applied for missionary rates, but the agent told us to apply to the purser on the ship.

The ship set sail about dark. The fare was not collected until we were well out at sea; then every one was summoned to the purser's office to make settlement for the voyage. When it came our turn to make payment, the purser said, "Seventy-five dollars gold each, sir." Then we presented our applications for missionary rates. He hastily glanced at them and replied, "You should have attended to this on shore, sir." He spoke in an independent, business-like manner. After we had told him that the city ticket-agent had told us to make application on the ship, he said he did not think he had any authority to grant

rates under the circumstances, and began looking in a book for instructions.

We had previously prayed that the Lord would move upon his heart and grant us favor in his sight, and we were believing and trusting that he would favor us. As many others were waiting to make settlement, we smilingly requested him to wait on them first, adding that we would pay whatever was required, and that he could take all the time necessary to find his instructions later. This seemed to please him, and he kindly thanked us, and, calling a steward, told him to take us to our cabin.

Soon after reaching our cabin we had our evening worship and offered a special petition that the purser might be moved to grant rates for all three of us, although our application to him was only for rates for two. About nine o'clock he came and knocked at our door and said, "It is all right about the rates, call at the office in the morning at your leisure for settlement."

At his office the next morning the purser very courteously gave us three tickets with a discount of 25 per cent. marked on each of them. Altogether, the discounts amounted to \$56.25. It seemed that the Lord had already begun to repay us for the decision previously made to give one-tenth of our money for charitable purposes, although up to this time only a small portion of it had been spent.

It may seem strange to some that such a small affair should receive so much attention; but to us it

was quite a weighty matter, as we were only beginning our long tour, and were in a foreign land among a strange people, and our expenses were running considerable above our original estimation, so that it would require the strictest economy to meet the demands. So it may not seem so strange that upon leaving the ticket-office we retired to our cabin and had a praise-service.

We had many interesting experiences along the way aside from those on financial lines. Not long after we embarked, the doctor told us that he intended to vaccinate everybody on the ship. Most of the ports were quarantined against the bubonic plague, and for this reason a sharp surveillance was observed. This gave us another occasion for prayer and trusting the Lord for deliverance, as we did not care to undergo the effects of vaccination while traveling in that tropical country. So we petitioned the Lord to enable us to escape that ordeal. The steerage passengers had to take their turn in the operation.

When our ship anchored at Panama, some more doctors came aboard, and all the first-class passengers were called into the dining-room for examination. A roll was called, and those who had not been recently vaccinated, or who could not show a satisfactory scar on their arm, were sent to another room to undergo the operation. One after another the passengers had to answer certain questions and bare their arms until there was only one person left besides us. As the man just before us responded to his name, he was

told to remove his coat, and after examination was told to retire to the other room for vaccination the same as those before him had done. The time had now come for a final test of our faith, as we had gone into our room for an agreement of prayer regarding the matter just a few minutes before roll-call. As this man was ordered into the other room, Arlo looked across the table at me and smiled, as he had never been vaccinated. Brother Khan had been vaccinated before, and I had been vaccinated when but a child. Next my name was called, and I was asked the same questions that the others had been asked, and was told to pass on through. Arlo and Brother Khan followed in like manner and were told to pass on. Not a word was said to us about vaccination, and we were not required to remove our coats or bare our arms. We were there made to realize a fulfilment of the promise, Matt. 18:19, where Jesus says, "That if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven." The next man, who was the last one on the roll-call, did not fare so well, but met with the same fate as the others. After being questioned, he was told to remove his coat, was examined, and ordered into the other room for vaccination.

While in Trinidad, British West Indies, which was our farthest point from home, we had another occasion for prayer concerning finances. While there we could calculate very nearly the amount of money re-

quired to take us home, and by so doing we found that we should have scarcely enough to land us in the United States in case we paid out the remainder of the tenth we had promised. The suggestion came to our minds that, as we were now so far from home and likely to have insufficient money for our expenses, it would perhaps be better for us to retain the amount mentioned; but like a flash came the words from the good old Book, "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again" (Prov. 19:17); and also these: "But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus" (Phil. 4:19). It was no longer an unsettled question. We had a number of opportunities to help poor brethren and others who were in need, and we also sent some to help rebuild a missionary home that had burned, and gave the remainder to be used for the furtherance of the gospel on the island.

Matters began to change to our favor almost immediately. As the second-class accommodations on the ships leaving there homeward bound were almost as good as the first-class, we very much desired to procure second-class passage, but we had been informed that no second-class tickets had been sold for several weeks on account of the strict quarantine regulations. Now, however, we felt like making another effort, as we were to leave in a few days, and in the meantime we were going to another part of the island. We were to return Monday morning, and the ship was to

sail Monday evening. First-class fare to Jamaica was \$45; second-class, \$27. When we called at the ticket-office on Saturday morning, the agent told us to call on Monday and said he would then sell us second-class tickets, as the quarantine would be lifted. But on Monday the agent told us that he could sell no more second-class tickets, as the baggage for second-class passengers had all been sent to the fumigation hospital, which was located about three-quarters of a mile from the shore, and that we were too late, and that the only thing he could do was to sell us first-class tickets. He said he had tried to get into communication with us, but could not do so.

For a time it seemed that our arrangements would be thwarted, after all, as the agent repeatedly and positively refused to change his mind in regard to the matter. After talking the matter over among ourselves and again silently agreeing in prayer, we asked the agent if he could sell us the tickets if we delivered our baggage and had it fumigated. At first he was not inclined to do so, but finally told us that, if we delivered our baggage and within an hour brought him a certificate stating that it had been fumigated, he would sell us second-class tickets. Our baggage was at our rooms more than a mile distant, and it was a very hot day. We lost no time, however, in getting a cab and in getting the baggage to the water's edge, where there were a number of boatmen-eager to row us to the hospital. Our oarsman was engaged to take Brother Khan and me with the bag-

gage to the hospital and return with us to the shore for a shilling.

After arriving at the hospital it was some time before we could procure a certificate of fumigation. When we stepped into the boat to return to the shore, we found that we had barely time to reach the ticket-office within the limit of the hour. Now we encountered another difficulty—a very common experience when dealing with that class. Our oarsman, knowing that our time was limited, thought to take advantage of the occasion to get some more money. When half way to the shore, he loosened his oars and was on the point of stopping when he said, “Mister, do you know how much you owe me?”

“Yes, sir,” I replied, “I know how much I owe you. Please lose no time in getting to the shore.”

“It is two shillings, sir,” he replied.

“I engaged you, and intend to pay you accordingly when I reach the shore.”

He still hesitated, but I told him that unless he went forward immediately I would not pay him. We soon reached the shore, and Brother Khan started immediately for the ticket-office, while I remained to settle with the boatman. When I handed him a shilling, he began to cry out, “Two shillings! Two shillings!” I had already decided I would give him an extra sixpence for his faithfulness, and as I did so I told him that was all we would pay him, as it was already a sixpence more than he had asked when we engaged him. He then got two or three others and

started after Brother Khan, who was then half a block away and was hastening toward the ticket-office. They ran after him crying out, "Police! Police!" while a crowd followed after them to see some thief arrested. I should not have hesitated to give the boatman an extra sixpence had I not known it was a very common trick among them to make a double demand from travelers under such circumstances. I did not feel inclined to yield to the demand, as it would only encourage him to treat the next man in a similar manner.

Brother Khan reached the ticket-office about two minutes before the hour had expired, and the agent sold him the second-class tickets, which meant a saving to us of \$18 each, or a total of \$54. When I arrived, the boatman was in the office trying to get the agent to compel Brother Khan to pay him another shilling. The agent turned to me and said, "Mr. Byrum, how is this?" After I had explained the matter, the agent said to me, "You have paid him too much already; do not pay him any more," and ordered him out of the office. Thinking that he could frighten me, the boatman said:

"You go with me to the first police."

"All right," I replied; "wait until we get our tickets, and I will go with you to the first police."

I had no sooner made the statement than he was out of sight and gone, as he did not care to see a policeman. The reason that I have mentioned this matter in detail is because travelers are so often

pestered in a similar manner and sometimes required to pay exorbitant sums of money or get into difficulties similar to that which we encountered.

Just before we left Kingston, one of the brethren handed us a package of money and said: "Here is a small bounty from the church in Jamaica. They have been greatly benefited by your visit and in the services you brethren have held, and ask you to receive this as a token of their appreciation." It was an unexpected donation, and all the more appreciated because of the brethren's sacrifice in thus expressing their gratitude for our labors among them.

In traveling through Cuba by train we were allowed a reduction of \$12.05 each. At the ticket-office in Havana, Cuba, we learned that the fare on the ship to Port Tampa, Fla., was \$25.65. The agent informed us, however, that he could sell tickets for deck passage for \$5 each. As the ship was to leave Havana at 3:30 in the afternoon and land at Port Tampa the next evening, and as we had thus far had no experience in traveling by deck passage, and as we could thereby save a total of \$61.95 in so short a time, we purchased the tickets for deck passage.

The reduction of fare in the four places mentioned amounted to more than \$200, which was much more than the tenth which we had paid out for charitable purposes. Thus the scripture (Prov. 19:17) was fulfilled: the money which we had lent the Lord had been returned to us with good interest.

UNDER THE WATER-TANK

Jonah once tried to run away from the Lord by taking a ship for Tarshish instead of going to Nineveh to deliver a message from the Lord to the people of that city; but he found it a very difficult matter to flee from the presence of the Lord, as the Lord was upon the sea the same as upon the land. The Lord caused the sea to become boisterous, and Jonah was cast overboard and in a miraculous way was brought to the shore, where he was again reminded of his duty to go and deliver the message to the people of Nineveh. Since that time there have been many Jonahs, or many people who have received messages from the Lord to go and deliver or leadings to give of their means to the work of the Lord, and who instead of being obedient, have tried to turn a deaf ear or to flee from the presence of the Lord, only to meet with reverses and difficulties.

The following incident in the experience of a brother who was called to preach the gospel has often been related by him in detail to public audiences. Only a brief account is given here. He says:

In my childhood days my home was in the backwoods, where there was but little chance to obtain an education. When the Lord called me to the ministry, I could scarcely read and my hearing was defective. When I heard the word of God preached, it sent conviction to my soul, and I yielded to the wooings of the Spirit, and he saved my soul and helped me to

learn to read. As I learned to read the promises in his Word, I was made to know that they were for me as well as for others. For twenty-three years it had been very difficult for me to hear on account of the affliction of my ears, but the Lord healed me, for which I give him all the praise.

After I began my work as a minister, I had many interesting experiences, one of which I desire to relate for the glory of God and the benefit of others.

On the 4th of July, 1901, I landed at Keystone, S. Dak., with the blessings of God upon my soul. On account of the drouth in Missouri where I had been living, I contracted debts that I was unable to pay when due. The next day after my arrival, I began to work in the timber and remained there in the Black Hills until April, 1902. The Lord blessed my labor and helped me to meet all my obligations. We then went to the plains and began working on a ranch for a cattleman. On going to South Dakota I left my family in Missouri, but sent for them about a month later. My work on the ranch was irrigating hay-land, branding cattle, etc., and my wife did the cooking for the workmen.

One day a Baptist minister came and asked me if I was a Christian. I told him that I was. Then he asked, "What church do you represent?"

"The church of God," I replied.

I told him that we believed in preaching and practising all the Word of God. He invited me to at-

tend his Sunday-school and be free to teach what the Bible says, as he said the Sunday-school was for that purpose. He further said, "If you have more of the Bible than we have, you are the man we want."

On the following Sunday we went to that place, and after Sunday-school the superintendent asked me if I ever preached. I told him that I had preached a few times, and he invited me to preach the following afternoon. I accepted the invitation, and God blessed the effort put forth in preaching the Word to the good of the people, and from that time we had services every two weeks the remainder of the summer. The people seemed to be very much interested and came for twenty-five miles to hear the Word of God. The cowboys would hang their spurs and revolvers on their saddle-horns and come in and listen with amazement to the preaching, while tears coursed down their cheeks. One Sunday afternoon after listening to a gospel message under the anointing of Holy Spirit, some of them came and requested me to preach this gospel in their neighborhood. I told them that I did not have time to do so, as I had hired to a Mr. Cox and I believed in being a good servant.

On our way home my wife told me how bad she felt when I told those men that I could not go and preach for them. She said she believed the time had come that God wanted us to get out of that place and preach the gospel. I replied: "Oh, wife, you are homesick. You may go home on a visit, and I will stay here and hold my good job down, and when you

get your visit out, you can come back." We went on with our work as usual until the next Sunday, when my wife said to me: "I want to read you some of the Word of God," and she read from Eph. 6:5, 6, 7, which reads thus:

"Servants be obedient to them that are your masters, according to the flesh, with fear and trembling, in singleness of your heart, as unto Christ; not with eye-service as men-pleasers; but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart, with good will doing service, as to the Lord, and not to men."

"Now, which are you going to do from the heart, obey God, or man?" she said.

"Oh, wife, you are homesick. If you want to go home, you can go, and I will not object."

"It is not me but you that God is after," she said.

But I kept repeating, "You are homesick. I have the best job I have ever had in my life and making money the easiest."

I did not wish to give up my good job. I had ten good horses, a new \$45 saddle, two new spurs, and a lariat rope, and everything necessary to eat.

My wife said to me: "You are not as spiritual as you once were. God wants us to flee out of here as Lot did out of Sodom."

Again my reply to her was, "You are homesick."

She rejoined, "If you do not get out of here, something will happen to you or to the children or to me."

The next day I went to haul water in a water-tank

with a four-horse team. The tank held six thousand pounds of water. After hauling one load and putting it in the cistern, I went back after the second load. While I was coming down the breaks of the Cheyenne River, the front wheel of the wagon dropped into a ditch, and the tank turned bottom-side up and caught me under it. I tried to jump, but my brake-rope, which was across my lap and was fastened at both ends, caught me and doubled me up. The tank fell across my back, leaving my head and feet outside.

When this happened, the first thing I thought of was what my wife had told me the day before—"If we do not get out of here, something will happen to you or to the children or to me." I saw that God had me fast so that he could talk to me, and I began to call upon him for mercy. I had told those men I did not have time to preach the gospel to them; but God said, "It is preach the gospel now or lose your soul," and I saw that to rebel meant destruction. I was now ready to listen to God. The relish for my good job had fled away as fog before the morning sun.

My little children who were with me came rushing to me, crying, "O Papa! Papa! what shall we do?" I told Minnie to go and tell her mama. The house was a mile away from where the accident happened. The child ran all the way and told her mother, who said, "I knew something would happen." She came to my rescue, and upon her arrival I saw the very same look on her face that I saw the day before when

she told me that she knew something would happen.

"You will obey God now, won't you?" she said.

"Yes, wife, and I ask your forgiveness for not taking your admonition yesterday."

I was helpless. Could move only my tongue and my right hand. I had been asking God to spare my life until I could ask my wife's forgiveness, having already asked God to forgive me; and when I did that and promised God to obey him, it seemed that Jesus and a host of angels hovered around the tank to deliver me.

It is not difficult to imagine my condition while there with a 6,000-pound tank on my back, and my head between my feet. I was then ready to say yes to God. I wish to say by way of warning to others, that if God is calling you to his service, or to help his cause with your means, you had better say yes to his will.

My wife took a new inch rope, doubled it, and pulled the wagon off the top of the tank; then she hitched the team of horses to the tank to remove it from me. It was a square tank made of two-inch plank and full of water. I had a steady team of 1,400 pounds weight. The tank had to be rolled up hill. My wife spoke to the horses, and they took a steady pull, lifting the tank perhaps ten inches, when the rope broke, letting the tank drop on me again. She then discovered a heavy log-chain, which we had not noticed before, and fastened it to the tank and rolled it off me, telling me to get up, but I could not move.

She then came around the wagon and pulled me away from the tank, and I fainted, and for a time it seemed that my life had fled away. My wife got some water, washed my face, and offered up a prayer to God, and he came to my rescue again. About this time one of the cowboys came and saw what had taken place, and at my wife's request he went to procure a wagon and a featherbed and laid me in the wagon and took me home. On the way we met another cowboy, who went back with us and helped carry me into the house. My wife wrote a request to The Trumpet Office, which was then at Moundsville, W. Va., asking for prayer in my behalf.

Mr. Cox, the man for whom we were working, came in and looked at me and suggested that we send for a doctor, as he said blood-poisoning would set in and kill me. I told him that we had no need for doctors or medicine, as we trusted in God. He then went out and told my wife that I was out of my head and did not know what I was talking about, and that mortification would set in and kill me; but she told him that I knew what I was talking about, and said, "We will trust God."

That night the cowboys did not want to go to bed. They said, "He will die before morning," but my wife told them to go to bed and said that she would take care of me and that if she needed help she would call them. They were very good to us and willing to do anything that they could for my comfort. The next morning Mr. Cox came to our room and

asked how I was getting along. I told him I was feeling as well as could be expected under the circumstances.

The next day the news began to spread among those to whom I had preached divine healing; and when they came to see me, they would ask me what I was going to do, and would tell me that my back was broken and that I could never walk again. I told them that whether I lived or died, I would trust God to the last. It took two men to turn me on a sheet, and, like Job's comforters, they gave me no help or encouragement in my trusting God.

This continued for about a week. I did not know which way the tide would go with me, but it was all submitted to God. I promised God while upon my bed that if he would raise me up I would spend the rest of my days preaching the gospel, even if I had to live on bread and water. After about a week, while I was lying on my bed talking with God, we received *The Gospel Trumpet*; and in looking over its pages, I saw the testimony, with eight names signed to it, of a sister who had been raised from the dead by the mighty power of God.

I said to my wife: "I am not dead yet, and if God can raise that sister from the dead he can heal me, and I am now ready to be healed. Your request for prayer has just about had time to reach the office at Moundsville."

We then called the children and prayed, and our faith took hold upon the promises of God, and he

healed me. I turned myself, got out of bed, stood upon my feet, and in the name of Jesus I began to walk. My limbs began to tingle as if pierced by a thousand needles, and from that day until this I have been walking. Whether or not my back was broken, I do not know, but I can say as did the blind man (John 9:25) that, whereas I could not turn myself in bed, I now walk. All glory to His precious name! He is the same yesterday, today, and forever (Heb. 13:8).

But the tempter was not through with me yet. Mr. Cox offered me every inducement to get me to stay and work for him, but my wife said, "We will not stay here for all his possessions." So we left that place, and from that time until the present we have been going forth preaching the everlasting gospel, earnestly contending for the faith once delivered to the saints.

—A. C. Bennett.

HELP IN SELLING BOOKS

One cold winter night a brother was traveling by train in Idaho. He had a large satchel filled with religious books and tracts. Late at night he arrived at a station where he had to change cars. The depot was well crowded with people. There was nothing special about their appearance that would indicate that they were interested in religious literature.

This brother had spent much time in canvassing

and selling religious literature, and he was generally successful wherever he went, but the secret of his success lay in the fact that he sought help from the Lord in all his undertakings. When entering a community, he always prayed that he might have divine help in disposing of his literature.

Upon this particular night he was much in need of money with which to pay his current expenses, which had to be met, and, moreover, he had a great desire to furnish the people with reading that would help those in need of spiritual help and instruct them in the Word of God. In fact, his situation was such that something had to be done. He felt that he must sell the books in order to complete his journey.

After silently communing with the Lord for wisdom and divine guidance, he opened his satchel and, taking out a bundle of small tracts and advertisements of his books, he circulated them among the people in the room. Then he closed his satchel and went outside. Standing against the end of the building where the cold winter wind could not strike him, he prayed earnestly for the Lord to get those people interested in the tracts, and after waiting about fifteen minutes he returned, believing that the Lord would grant him wisdom to present the books in the proper manner.

Glancing about the room, he saw that some had gathered in groups and were already discussing the contents of the tracts. He selected one who was apparently a leader among them, and approaching

him very courteously, called attention to one of his books on the same subject they were discussing among themselves. He was soon able to induce this leader to purchase a copy. Then others came flocking around for copies of the books, and they bought every copy. Thus, not only did the brother procure the amount of money he needed, but also he interested every person in that crowded room in such a manner that they had a desire not only to read his books but to further interest themselves in the Word of God and the welfare of their souls.

A STREET MOB IN PALESTINE

In the year 1904 I went with some missionaries to India. We had some interesting experiences along the way. Upon our arrival at Port Said, Egypt, we embarked on a ship for Jaffa (Joppa), Palestine. It was late at night before we sailed, and we were to arrive at Jaffa early the next morning. The vessel, however, did not stop there, as that port was closed against plague in Upper Egypt, and there were a number of Egyptians aboard. We were told that all on board would be taken to Beirut, Syria, for medical examination, and that then we could return with a certificate, which would permit us to land at Jaffa. On this ship accommodations were worse than upon any other ship we had been on since leaving America.

Late in the afternoon the anchor was dropped more than a mile from the city of Beirut. The Egyptians were sent ashore with all their possessions for inspection and fumigation of their luggage. All we had to do was to wait about two hours for our turn for medical examination, which consisted of answering a few questions, signing our names, and paying a pound apiece extra fare. Then they told us we could return on the same ship by paying another extra pound. We declined, feeling that the Lord had permitted us to take this extra trip and that it must be for some purpose. So we decided to land.

Two of us went ashore to arrange for a lodging-place. The sun was just setting in the western sky as we landed, and soon the signal guns were fired, which indicated a closing of the entrance to the city for the night. After the firing of the signal guns no one was supposed to enter the city without special permission, but the landlord at the hotel at which we stopped had already sent a messenger to the ship, who had the privilege of returning after the firing of the signal guns with any one who would stop at that hotel.

After remaining over night, we learned that we could leave Beirut the next day at noon on a Syrian boat on our way to the Holy Land. In the meantime we were anxious to procure a guide to conduct us through the Holy Land. A gentleman at the hotel directed us to some one whom he thought would be a suitable person. As we were passing along the street, we saw him sitting in front of a store smoking

a peculiar-looking pipe, the stem of which was a long rubber tube. When we were introduced to him as missionaries desiring a guide through the Holy Land, he straightened himself up with considerable dignity and said:

"Are you going there for the Lord?"

"We are missionaries," we replied, "engaged in the work of the Lord, and desire to travel through the Holy Land on our way to India."

"Very well," he replied, "I will act as your guide."

"What will you charge for your services?"

"If you are going for the Lord, there will be no charges. It will be left for you to pay any amount you desire, but there will be no charges."

Upon the recommendation of the other gentleman, we engaged this man as our guide. Many interesting things took place along the way, but the special incident which I desire to relate now occurred at the end of our second day's journey from Nazareth to Jerusalem.

Late in the evening we arrived at the city of Nablous, which has been built on the site of the old city of Shechem. While going through the city, we passed a Turkish school-building just as the young students were leaving the building. They showed us no little disrespect, knowing that we were Americans and what they call Christians.

We arrived at a monastery, however, without being harmed or further molested, and made arrangements to remain there for the night, as the monastery was

situated on the outer edge of the city. It was growing late in the evening, and it was necessary for us to procure provisions for the next day's travel. The guide went with me into the city to make the necessary purchases. After passing along the narrow streets for some distance, we came to a little shop or store where things could be purchased while the customer stood outside the building. But no sooner had we begun the selection of a few barley loaves and other provisions than a crowd of Turks began to gather about us, and it seemed that each one desired to have a part in the matter. When they began to make their suggestions and threats, the guide was unable to control his temper, and the Turks seemed to be itching for trouble. They laid hold upon him, and he struck at them, and they kicked one another for a time. There was much talking and loud exclamations and threats in the Arabic tongue. I could not understand a word, but the guide could readily converse in that language. The loud threats could be heard down the street, and it seemed that the men from every shop and store in hearing distance came running and soon filled up the street.

As they gathered around the guide, I leisurely stepped back, keeping on the edge of the crowd. The scene of the difficulty being centered at the shop-window, where the guide was standing, those who came later were not aware that I was connected with the affair, and those who saw me come with him were in the center of the conflict and could not see me now

on account of the large crowd that had gathered. In less than five minutes a crowd of perhaps seventy-five or one hundred persons had assembled, and all of them had a desire to enter the conflict.

Only once did they undertake to grapple with me, and I treated the matter with such unconcern that they turned their attentions to the guide. He finally grabbed his pile of provisions, which the proprietor had by this time laid aside for him, and jerked away from the crowd, and ran down the street at full speed. Some followed him a short distance, but returned to the crowd for consultation. This left me in a precarious situation. I was on the opposite side of this mob from the guide, and to go the other way led me into the city away from our lodging-place. There was only one thing to do, and that was to go through that howling mob. Up to this time I had received but little attention from them. I asked the Lord for protection and for wisdom, remembering the scripture which says, "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of the Lord, who giveth liberally." The street was narrow, and I noticed that on the opposite side of the street was not so much crowded, although the mob reached from one side of the street to the other. Taking advantage of this, I took my umbrella, which I was using as a cane, and began twirling it in my hand, looking up at the buildings, and whistling. As I came near the crowd, I twirled the umbrella before me, and the people began to step aside to keep from being struck by it.

I continued whistling and looking up at the buildings as if paying no attention to the mob. My apparent unconcern seemed to frustrate them for a time and prevented them from molesting me until I had passed beyond the bounds of the mob. For a moment they were amazed to find an American alone in their midst at such a time. Thus far, however, they had not associated me with the guide who had caused such a commotion among them; but after I had gone a few steps beyond them, some who were near the shop window recognized me as having been with the guide, and two or three made loud Arabic exclamations, I kept going forward without heeding them. Again they cried out, and two of their number started after me. I simply threw my head back, turned partly toward them, and laughed aloud, without stopping. This seemed to be a sufficient rebuff, and brought them to a sudden standstill for further consideration. By that time I was so far down the street that they considered it useless to follow.

When I reached the place where the guide was waiting for me, I said, "Why did you run?"

He replied, "You would have run too had you understood what they were saying."

I told him that this was one time when ignorance was bliss. But I surely realized that it was by the protecting power of God that I was delivered from those murderous Turks, as the guide had told me that they had threatened to kill us. We reached the monastery without further molestation.

THE DYING DRUMMER-BOY

BY DR. M. L. ROSSVALLY

Two or three times in my life God in his mercy touched my heart, and twice before my conversion I was under deep conviction.

During the American War I was a surgeon in the United States army; and after the battle of Gettysburg there were many hundreds of wounded soldiers in my hospital, amongst whom were twenty-eight who had been so severely wounded that they required my services at once—some whose legs had to be amputated, some, their arms, and others both the arm and leg. One of the latter was a boy who had been but three months in the service, and, being too young for a soldier, he enlisted as a drummer. When my assistant surgeon and one of my stewards wished to administer chloroform previous to the amputation, he turned his head aside, and positively refused to receive it. When the steward told him it was the doctor's orders, he said:

“Send the doctor to me.”

“When I came to his bedside, I said:

“Young man, why do you refuse chloroform? When I found you on the battle-field, you were so far gone that I thought it hardly worth while to pick you up; but when you opened those large blue eyes I thought you had a mother somewhere who might at that moment be thinking of her boy. I did not want

you to die on the field, so ordered you to be brought here; but you have lost so much blood that you are too weak to endure an operation without chloroform. Therefore you had better let me give you some."

He laid his hand on mine, and looking me in the face, said:

"Doctor, one Sunday afternoon in the Sabbath-school when I was nine and a half years old, I gave my heart to Christ. I learned to trust him then; I have been trusting him ever since, and I can trust him now. He is my strength and my stimulant. He will support me while you amputate my arm and leg."

I then asked him if he would allow me to give him some brandy, but this he also refused.

Again he looked me in the face, saying:

"Doctor, when I was about five years old, my mother knelt by my side, with her arm around my neck, and said, 'Charlie, I am now praying to Jesus that you may never know the taste of strong drink. Your papa died a drunkard, and went to a drunkard's grave, and I promised God if it was his will that you should warn young men against the bitter cup.' I am now seventeen years old, but have never tasted anything stronger than tea or coffee; and as I am in all probability about to go into the presence of my God, would you send me there with brandy in my stomach?"

The look that boy gave me I shall never forget. At that time I hated Jesus, but respected that boy's loyalty to his Savior, and when I saw how he loved

and trusted Him to the last, something touched my heart, and I did for that boy what I had never done for any other soldier—I asked him if he wished to see his chaplain.

“Oh, yes, sir!” was the answer.

When chaplain R— came, he at once knew the boy from having met him at the tent prayer-meeting, and, taking his hand, said:

“Well Charlie, I am sorry to see you in this sad condition.”

“Oh, I am all right, sir,” he answered, “the doctor offered to give me chloroform, but I declined; then he wished to give me brandy, which I also declined; and now if my Savior calls me, I can go to him in my right mind.”

“You may not die, Charlie,” said the chaplain; “but if the Lord should call you away, is there anything I can do for you after you are gone?”

“Chaplain, please put your hand under my pillow and take my little Bible. In it you will find my mother’s address; please send it to her and write and tell her that since the day I left home I have never let a day pass without reading a portion of God’s Word, and daily praying that God would bless my dear mother—no matter whether I was on the march, on the battle-field, or in the hospital.”

“Is there anything else that I can do for you?” asked the chaplain.

“Yes; please write a letter to the superintendent of the Sands Street Sunday-school, Brooklyn, N. Y.,

and tell him that the kind words, many prayers, and good advice he gave me I have never forgotten; they followed me through all the dangers of battle, and now in my dying hour, I ask my Savior to bless my dear old superintendent; that is all."

Turning toward me, he said, "Now, doctor, I am ready; and I promise that I will not even groan while you take off my arm and leg if you will not offer me chloroform."

I promised, but I had not the courage to take the knife in my hand to perform the operation without first going into the next room and taking a little stimulant to nerve myself to perform my duty.

While I was cutting through the flesh Charlie Coulson never groaned; but when I took the saw to separate the bone, the lad took the corner of the pillow in his mouth, and I could hear him utter, "O Jesus, blessed Jesus, stand by me now!" He kept his promise and never groaned.

That night I could not sleep; for whichever way I turned I saw those soft blue eyes, and when I closed mine, the words, "Blessed Jesus, stand by me now!" kept ringing in my ears. Between twelve and one o'clock I left my bed and visited the hospital, a thing I had never done before unless specially called, but such was my desire to see that boy.

Upon my arrival there I was informed by the night steward that sixteen of the hopeless cases had died and had been carried to the dead house.

"How is Charlie Coulson? Is he among the dead?" I asked.

"No, sir," answered the steward; "he is sleeping as sweetly as a babe."

When I came up to the bed on which he lay, one of the nurses informed me that about nine o'clock two members of the Y. M. C. A. came through the hospital to read and sing a hymn. They were accompanied by chaplain R—, who knelt by Charlie Coulson's bed and offered up a fervent, soul-stirring prayer, after which they sang while still upon their knees, the sweetest of all hymns, "Jesus lover of my soul," in which Charlie joined. I could not understand how that boy, who had undergone such excruciating pain, could sing.

Five days after I had amputated that dear boy's arm and leg he sent for me, and it was from him on that day I heard the first gospel sermon.

"Doctor," he said, "my time has come; I do not expect to see another sunrise; but I desire to thank you with all my heart for your kindness to me. Doctor, you are a Jew, you do not believe in Jesus; will you please stand here and see me die trusting my Savior to the last moment of my life?"

I tried to stay, but I could not, for I had not the courage to stand by and see a Christian boy die rejoicing in the love of that Jesus whom I had been taught to hate, so I hurriedly left the room. About twenty minutes later a steward, who found me in my private office covering my face with my hand, said:

"Doctor, Charlie Coulson wishes to see you."

"I have just seen him," I answered, "and can not see him again."

"But, Doctor, he says he must see you before he dies."

I now made up my mind to see him, say an endearing word and let him die; but I was determined that no word of his should influence me in the least as far as his Jesus was concerned.

When I entered the hospital, I saw he was sinking fast, so I sat down by his bed. Asking me to take his hand, he said:

"Doctor, I love you, because you are a Jew; the best friend I have found in this world was a Jew."

I asked him who that was.

He answered: "Jesus Christ, to whom I want to introduce you before I die. Will you promise me, Doctor, that what I am about to say you will never forget?"

I promised, and he said, "Five days ago when you amputated my arm and leg, I prayed for the Lord Jesus Christ to convert your soul."

These words went deep into my heart. I could not understand how, when I was causing him the most intense pain, he could forget all about himself and think of nothing but his Savior and my unconverted soul. All I could say to him was, "Well, my dear boy, you will soon be all right." With these words I left him, and twelve minutes later he fell asleep.

Hundreds of soldiers died in my hospital during

the war, but I followed only one to the grave, and that was Charlie Coulson, the drummer-boy, and I rode three miles to see him buried. I had him dressed in a new uniform and placed in an officer's coffin, with a United States flag over it.

That dear boy's dying words made a deep impression upon me. I was rich at that time, so far as money was concerned, but I would have given every penny I possessed to feel toward Christ as Charlie did; but that feeling can not be bought with money. Alas! I soon forgot all about my Christian soldier's little sermon, but could not forget the boy himself. I now know that at that time I was under deep conviction, but fought against Christ with all the hatred of an orthodox Jew for nearly ten years, until finally the dear boy's prayer was answered and God converted my soul.

• • • •

At the close of the American War I was detailed to be inspecting surgeon, and to take charge of the military hospital at Galveston, Texas. Returning one day from an inspection tour, and on my way to Washington, I stopped to rest a few hours at New York. After dinner I stepped down-stairs to the barber's shop (which, it may be remarked, is attached to every hotel of note in the United States). On entering the room I was surprised to see hung around it sixteen beautifully framed Scripture texts in different colors. Sitting down in one of the barber's chairs, I saw directly opposite me, hanging up in a frame on the

wall, the notice: "Please do not swear in this room." No sooner did the barber put the brush to my face than he began talking to me about Jesus. He spoke in such an attractive, loving manner that my prejudices were disarmed, and I listened with growing attention to what he said. All the time he was talking, "Charlie Coulson, the drummer-boy," came swelling up in my mind, although he had been dead ten years.

I was so well pleased with the words and deportment of the barber that as soon as he had done shaving me I told him to cut my hair, although when I entered the room I had no such intention. All the while he was cutting my hair he kept steadily on with his sermon, preaching Christ to me and telling me that he was a Jew himself and was once as far away from Christ as I then was. I listened attentively, my interest increasing with every word to such an extent that, when he finished cutting my hair, I said, "Barber, you may give me a shampoo." In fact, I allowed him to do all that one in his profession could do for a gentleman in one sitting. There is, however, an end to all things, and, my time being short, I prepared to leave. I paid my bill, thanked the barber for his remarks, and said, "I must catch the next train." He, however, was not yet satisfied.

It was a bitter cold February day, and the ice on the ground made it somewhat dangerous to walk. It was only two minutes' walk to the station from the hotel, and the kind barber at once offered to walk to the station with me. I accepted his offer gladly, and

no sooner had we reached the street than he put his arm in mine to keep me from falling. He said but little as we walked along the street, until we arrived at our destination, but when we got to the station he broke the silence by saying:

“Stranger, perhaps you do not understand why I choose to talk to you upon a subject so dear to me; when you entered my shop I saw by your face that you were a Jew.”

He still continued to talk to me about his dear Savior, and said he felt it to be his duty whenever he came in contact with a Jew to try and introduce him to one whom he felt was his best Friend, both for this world and the world to come. On looking a second time into his face, I saw tears trickling down his cheeks, and he was evidently under great emotion. I could not understand how it was that this man, a total stranger to me, could take such an interest in my welfare, and also shed tears while talking to me.

I reached out my hand to bid him good-by. He took it with both of his and gently pressed it, with tears still continuing to flow down his face, and said: “Stranger, if it is any satisfaction for you to know it, if you will give me your name or card, I promise you, on the honor of a Christian man, that during the next three months I will not retire to rest at night without making mention of you by name in my prayers. And now may my Christ follow you, trouble you, and give you no rest until you find him

what I have found him to be—a precious Savior, and the Messiah you are looking for.”

I thanked him for his attention and his consideration, and after handing him my card, I said rather sneeringly, I fear, “There is not much danger of my ever becoming a Christian.”

He then handed me his card, saying as he did so, “Will you please drop me a letter if God should answer my prayer in your behalf?”

I smiled incredulously; and said, “Certainly I will,” but never dreaming that within the next forty-eight hours, God in his mercy would answer that barber’s prayer. I shook hands heartily and said good-by; in spite of my outward appearance of unconcern, I felt he had made a deep impression upon my mind, as the sequel will show.

On my arrival at Washington I purchased a morning paper, and one of the first things that caught my attention was the announcement of a revival service in the largest church in Washington. No sooner had I seen that announcement than an inward monitor seemed to say to me, “Go to that church!” I had never been inside a Christian church before during divine services, and at any other time I should have scouted such a thought as from the devil. It was my father’s intention when I was a boy that I should become a rabbi, and I promised him that I would never enter a place where “Jesus the Impostor” was worshiped as a God, and that I would never attempt to

read a book containing the name, and I had faithfully kept my word up to that moment.

During the service, while the preacher was watching me, the thought occurred to me that he might be pointing his finger at some person behind me, and I turned around in my seat to discover who the individual was, when, to my astonishment, a congregation of more than two thousand persons of all grades of society seemed to be looking at me. I at once came to the conclusion that I was the only Jew in the place, and heartily wished myself out of the building, for I felt I was in bad company. As I was well known in Washington, both by Jew and Gentile, the thought flashed across my mind, "How will it read in a Washington paper that 'Dr. Rossvally, a Jew, was present at the revival services, not five minutes' walk from the synagogue he usually attends, and was seen to shed tears during the sermon' "?

Not wishing to make myself conspicuous (for there were faces that I recognized), I made up my mind not to take out my handkerchief to wipe off the tears; they must dry up for themselves; but, blessed be God, I could not keep them back, for they came flowing faster and faster.

After a while the preacher finished his sermon, and I was surprised to hear him announce an after-meeting, and invite all who could do so to remain. I did not accept the invitation, being only too glad for the opportunity to leave the church. With that intention I got up from my seat, and had reached the door,

when I felt some one hold me by the skirt of my coat. Turning around, I saw an elderly looking lady, who proved to be Mrs. Young, of Washington, a well-known Christian worker. Addressing me, she said:

"Pardon me, stranger; I see you are an officer in the army; I have been watching you all this evening, and I beg of you not to leave this house, for I think you are under conviction of sin. I believe you came here to seek the Savior and you have not found him yet. Do come back; I would like to talk to you, and if you will permit me, will pray for you."

"Madam," was my reply, "I am a Jew."

She replied, "I do not care if you are a Jew; Jesus Christ died for Jew as well as Gentile."

The persuasive manner in which she said those words was not without its effect. I followed her back to the very spot which I had just left so abruptly, and, when we came to the front she said:

"If you will kneel, I will pray for you."

"Madam, that is something I have never done, and never will do."

Mrs. Young looked me calmly in the face and said:

"Dear stranger, I have found such a dear, loving, and forgiving Savior in my Jesus that I firmly believe in my heart he can convert a Jew standing on his feet, and I will go on my knees and pray for that."

She suited the action to the word, and fell on her knees and began to pray, talking to her Savior in such a simple childlike manner that completely unnerved me. I felt ashamed of myself to see that dear

old lady kneeling near me while I was standing, and pray so fervently in my behalf. My whole past life floated so vividly before my mind that I heartily wished the floor would open, and that I might sink out of sight.

When she arose from her knees she extended her hand, and with motherly sympathy said:

"Will you pray to Jesus before you sleep tonight?"

"Madam," I replied, "I will pray to God, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, but not Jesus."

"Bless your soul," she said, "your God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob is my Christ and your Messiah."

"Good-night, madam, and thank you for your kindness," I said as I left the church.

When I arrived home, my wife, who was a very strict orthodox Jewess, thought I looked excited and asked me where I had been.

The truth I dared not tell her, and a falsehood I would not, so I said:

"Wife, please do not ask me any questions. I have some very important business to attend to. I wish to go to my private study where I can be alone."

I went at once to my study, locked the door and began to pray, standing with my face towards the east as I always had done. The more I prayed, the worse I felt. I could not account for the feeling that had come over me. I was in great perplexity of mind as to the meaning of many prophecies in the Old Testament which deeply interested me. My prayer gave

me no satisfaction, and then it occurred to me that Christians kneel when they pray. Was there anything in that? Having been brought up a strict orthodox Jew and taught never to kneel in prayer, a fear came over me that if I should kneel I might be deceived in thus bowing to that Jesus whom I had been taught to believe in childhood to be an impostor.

Although the night was bitterly cold and there was no fire in my study (it was not thought I should use the room that night), yet I never perspired so much in my life as I did then.

With unspeakable joy I arose from my knees, and in my new-found happiness thought that my dear wife would at once share my joy when I told her of the great change which had come over me. With that thought uppermost in my mind, I rushed out of my study into the bedroom, and said: "Wife, I have found the Messiah."

She looked annoyed, and pushing me from her coldly asked:

"From whom?"

"Jesus Christ, my Messiah and Savior," was my ready reply.

She spoke not another word; but in less than five minutes was dressed and had left the house, although it was then two in the morning and bitterly cold, and went across the street to the house of her parents, who lived immediately opposite.

On the following morning my poor wife was told by her parents that if she ever called me husband

again she would be disinherited, excommunicated from the synagogue, and accursed. At the same time my two children were sent for by their grandparents and told that they must never call me father again; that I, in worshiping Jesus "the Impostor" was fully as bad and as mean as he was.

Five days after my conversion I received orders from the surgeon general at Washington to proceed to the West on Government business. I tried all the means in my power to communicate personally with my wife and to bid her good-by, but she would neither see me nor write to me. She, however, sent me a message by a neighbor to the effect that so long as I called Jesus Christ my Savior I could not see her, for she would not live with me. I did not expect to receive such a message from my wife, for I loved her and my children dearly, and it was with a sad heart, therefore, that I left home that morning to travel thirteen hundred miles to my sphere of duty without being able to see either my wife or children.

For fifty-four days my wife would not answer any of my letters, although I wrote her one daily, and for every letter sent, I prayed that God would incline her to read at least one of them.

My daughter was the younger of our two children and generally considered her father's pet, and after my conversion to Christ a sense of duty to her mother on one hand and her love to her father on the other kept her mind in continual agitation. On the fifty-third night she dreamed she saw her father die, and a

fear came over her, and she made up her mind that, let come what would, she would not destroy the next letter in her father's handwriting. As the postman handed the letters to her, she took her father's letter and quickly ran up-stairs into her room, locked the door, and opened the letter. She read it three times before she laid it down. When she went down-stairs, her mother saw that she had been crying, and asked her the cause of her grief.

"Mother, if I tell you, you will be offended; but if you promise me not to be grieved, I will tell you all about it."

"What is it, my child?" said the mother.

Taking out my letter, she told her mother her dream of the night previous and added:

"I have opened my papa's letter this morning, and now I can not and will not believe what my grandma or anybody else says about my papa being a bad man, for a bad man could not write such a letter as this to his wife and children. I beg of you to read this, Mother," she added as she handed to her the letter.

My wife took the letter, and that afternoon she locked herself in her room and read it through five times before she laid it down.

After the last reading of the letter, my wife returned it to the desk and went back into the room she had just left. Her eyes were full of tears, and now it was my daughter's turn to ask, "Mother, why are you crying?"

"Child, my heart aches," was the reply.

One morning I received a telegram worded as follows:

"Dear Husband: Come home at once. I thought you were in the wrong and I was in the right, but I have found that you were in the right and I in the wrong. Your Christ is my Messiah, your Jesus my Savior. Last night, at nineteen minutes past eleven, while on my knees for the first time in my life, the Lord Jesus converted my soul."

After reading that telegram I felt for a moment as if I did not care one cent for the Government under which I served. I left my business unfinished, took the first express-train, and started for Washington.

When I got in front of my home I saw my wife standing at the open door expecting me. Her face beamed with joy, and she ran to meet me as I stepped out of my carriage, threw her arms around my neck, and kissed me. Her father and mother were standing at their open doors across the street, and when they saw us in each other's arms, they cursed both me and my wife.

One morning when the postman brought me my letters, I saw among them one bearing the German postmark, and in the old familiar handwriting of my dear mother. Needless to say I opened that letter first. There was no heading; no date; no "My dear son," as all her former letters to me began; it read as follows:

"Max: You are no longer my son; we have burned

you in effigy; we mourn you as dead. And now may the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob strike you blind, deaf, and dumb, and damn your soul forever. You have left your father's religion and the synagogue for that Jesus "the Impostor," and now take your mother's curse.—*Clara.*"

Although I had by this time counted what it would cost to embrace the religion of Jesus Christ, and knew what I had to expect from my relatives because I had turned my back on the synagogue, I confess I was hardly prepared for such a letter from my mother. My dear wife and I could now, however, more fully sympathize with each other in our new religious life; for, as stated before, her parents had already cursed her to her face for believing in Christ. It was not all sadness, however, for never before did the Psalmist's words seem so full of meaning and encouragement both to my wife and myself, "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

Let not any one think it is an easy thing for a Jew to become a Christian. He must be prepared to forsake father, mother, and wife for the kingdom of God's sake; for the considerations which appeal alike to his affections and self-interest are brought to bear upon every Jew who is suspected of looking with favor towards Christianity.

About eighteen months after my conversion, I attended a prayer-meeting one evening in the city of Brooklyn. It was one of those meetings where Chris-

tians testify to the loving-kindness of their Savior. After several of them had spoken an elderly lady arose and said, "Dear friends, this may be the last time it is my privilege to testify for Christ. My family physician told me that my right lung is very nearly gone, and my left lung is very much affected, so at the best I have only a short time to be with you, but what is left of me belongs to Jesus. Oh! it is a great joy to me to know that I shall meet my boy with Jesus in heaven. My son was not only a soldier for his country, but a soldier for Jesus. When he was wounded at the battle of Gettysburg, he fell into the hands of a Jewish doctor, who amputated his arm and leg, but he died five days after the operation. The chaplain of the regiment wrote me a letter and sent my boy's Bible. In that letter I was informed that Charlie in his dying hour sent for the Jewish doctor and said to him, "Doctor, before I die, I wish to tell you that five days ago, when you amputated my arm and leg, I prayed to the Lord Jesus Christ to convert your soul."

When I heard this lady's testimony, I could sit still no longer, but left my seat and crossed the room and, taking her hand, said: "God bless you, my dear sister; your boy's prayer has been heard and answered. I am the Jewish doctor for whom your Charlie prayed, and his Savior is now my Savior."

WILL YOU DIE WITHOUT A SAVIOR?

Will you die without a Savior,
 When the way is straight and plain?
 Just for sinful, wild behavior
 Will you fail to heaven gain?

Will you die without a Savior?
 Will you cross death's chilly tide
 Without sign of Heaven's favor?
 Oh, that river cold and wide!

Will you die without a Savior?
 Will you stand rejected there
 At the great white throne of heaven,
 Round those portals shining fair?

Will you die without a Savior?
 Never see the Savior's face,
 He who died for you on Calvary?
 Never know his fond embrace?

O dear sinner, think of Jesus,
 Think of all his love for thee;
 Hear again, "O God, forgive them,"
 In his dying agony!

M. J. H.

REWARD OF MY SACRIFICE

BY EVA M. WRAY

A number of years ago we could not afford to buy much furniture; so instead of a dresser in which to keep our clothes, we had a box with shelves and a curtain. The mice frequently climbed into our rude dresser and chewed holes in the clothing, I began to plan to get a dresser by some means myself. I had some hens and sold the eggs at a good price, and sometimes sold a few chickens, which increased my account. This was my only source of getting means for the Lord's work, and in this way I had been giving all my egg-money.

One week I had a larger amount on hands than usual and felt well satisfied when I gave \$2 to the ministry, but still I had \$1.50 left, with which I felt free to start a dresser-fund. But the next time I went to pray in secret, I became very much burdened for the missionaries. I prayed the Lord earnestly to supply their needs, when lo! I heard a gentle whisper. I had heard it before, and I knew it was the Lord. He reminded me of that \$1.50 I had. I answered, "Yes, Lord, but thou knowest how badly I need a dresser, and I have no other way to get it." So I prayed on for the Lord to give me some more money for the dear missionaries, but that was as far as I could get. The Lord held that amount before me till I could see nothing else.

He had prospered me with a good price for my eggs, which I had been giving to his cause; but because I got some extra, I was selfish enough to think I was the next one upon whom to spend it. But I could not get my prayer through nor get away from that voice till I said, "Amen, Lord, I'll give the \$1.50 to the missionaries, and do without the dresser." Then I finished my prayer with joy, and was so happy over my consecration and self-denial that I went about rejoicing, and lost the eager desire for a dresser.

That night I went to prayer-meeting, and I was still so happy over my experience of the day that I told it in meeting, which aroused such a missionary zeal that all began to make their offerings, and more than \$30 was raised that night for our dear missionary brethren. In a short time after this we moved into our new home, in which there was a gas-range, and my husband told me I could sell the old cook-stove and what coal we had left, as we should not need it now. I did so, and they brought me exactly enough to buy the new dresser that I desired.

Oh the wisdom and goodness of our God! After I fully obeyed his voice, and left my care with him, he, knowing what things I had need of, fully supplied them without any carefulness on my part; and with the dresser which I so much wanted, he threw in the new gas-range extra. He says that he will withhold "no good thing from them that walk uprightly," and that he will "do exceeding abundantly above all that

we ask or think." This I proved, for because of my small sacrifice to obey his voice, others gave twenty times as much to his needy ones.

"HAVE FAITH IN GOD"

BY R. BOTHMAN

Have faith in God, for he alone
Did for thy many sins atone.
No other name than Christ's is giv'n
To open wide the door of heav'n.

Have faith in God; for he alone
Can break the sinful heart of stone,
And soften with his melting grace
'Til meet for his own dwelling-place.

Have faith; no more by Jordan wait,
Cross boldly o'er, claim thy estate,
Where thou canst know thy heart is pure,
From sin's defilement kept secure.

Have faith in God, and thou shalt find
Thy great Redeemer ever kind.
He never will forsake his own;
He pleads their case before the throne.

Have faith, and let thy doubtings cease;
For He who spake away disease
Hath yet the power and the skill,
And he will heal—it is his will.

Have faith, for He who ruled the sea
Can calm the storms that trouble thee.
Thou yet shalt learn that all is well
For those who 'bide within his will.

Have faith in God, resist the foe,
And onward, ever onward, go.
To conquer ever is our right
While trusting in Jehovah's might.

Have faith, and in thy parting hour
Thy Savior dear will give thee power
To cross the valley deep and wide,
Forever with the Lord to 'bide.

A PLOT TO MURDER

Soon after entering the publishing-work, I had an experience which, through a train of circumstances that followed, I had reasons to vividly remember.

At the time mentioned, Brothers Speck and Kilpatrick, who were evangelists, were holding meetings in Kansas and Nebraska. A man named J. W. Wyrick attended one of their meetings. At that time he was making a high profession of religion and claimed to be a minister of the gospel. His life was not in accordance with his profession, and as the Word was preached, his evil deeds began to be revealed. The brethren found him to be more like a demon than a man of God. It became known, among many other

things, that he frequently beat and misused his wife. She very much desired to be saved from her sins, and for that reason, one night at the meeting she went forward and knelt at the altar for prayer. He came with a large stick, or cane, in his hand and demanded her to leave the altar and go home, and made quite a disturbance in the meeting. His wife begged one of the sisters in the church to accompany her home, as otherwise she was likely to receive a terrible beating. He further made an effort to break up the meeting and also threatened the lives of the ministers.

In writing a report of their meetings for publication, these ministers wrote an exposure of this man so that congregations in other places might not be imposed upon, as he had already made arrangements to go elsewhere to preach.

While publishing the issue of the paper that contained his exposure, I well remember the difficulties we encountered in operating our printing-press and other machinery that night. The brother who was with me in the work was young and inexperienced, having had only a few weeks' experience in the printing- and publishing-business. It was an old Country Campbell printing-press that we were operating, one that had been in use for over forty years, having, however, been rebuilt a time or two during that period. It was out of alignment, which caused a frequent breaking of the tapes which carried the papers to their proper place. The engine and boiler also gave us considerable trouble. The inspirator

would fail to work properly, causing the water in the boiler to fall below the water-gauge.

It was a cold night in the winter, and the large office-room became so cold that the ink did not distribute properly, and for this reason every few minutes a copy of the paper would stick to the ink-roller and become wrapped around it. We would then take the roller out and remove the paper from it, and by the time a few more papers were printed, a tape would break, which had to be sewed. A few minutes more of operation, and the engine gave us trouble, and later the water became so low that we feared an explosion. By the time these troubles were adjusted, the tapes and ink-rollers took their regular turns with a routine of difficulties which continued until about two-thirty in the morning. On account of our inexperience we had not discovered that one end of the press had slipped out of its proper place, which misplacement was the cause of much of our trouble. We toiled nearly all night amidst such difficulties, frequently asking the Lord to help us; and many times since then we have considered it remarkable that we were enabled to do any printing under the circumstances, except by the special help of the Lord.

We were both inexperienced in regard to many things concerning the workings of the Spirit of God and the manifestations of the power of the enemy. While encountering so many difficulties that night, we wondered if it could possibly be that Satan was hindering the operation of the machinery because of the

publication of the report exposing the man mentioned above, as he had threatened vengeance in case such was published. Just as we got a sufficient number of papers published to supply our subscribers, the press suddenly stopped, and we were unable to operate it further or to ascertain the cause of the trouble.

After retiring that night I fell asleep and dreamed. In my dream, I was in the city of Rockford, Ill., and while walking along the street, without any warning of danger, I suddenly came in contact with this man Wyrick. He seized a large knife or dagger and started at me with a determination to murder me. As I turned away from him, some one seized me by the arm and took me down the street at a greater speed than this man was able to go. When at a proper distance, or out of danger, the friend who had taken me by the arm, suddenly left me. I continued walking, and soon afterwards, while on another street, I met my adversary again, who rushed at me with more fury than ever. Just then my friend appeared at my side and hastened me to a place of safety and disappeared. My eyes were holden from seeing the one who was helping me, and it was as if the Lord had sent his angel to deliver me in time of danger. I awakened. It was but a dream, but the impression it left was not soon to be forgotten. I had never seen this man who sought to destroy my life; neither had I ever been to Rockford, Ill.

Making Threats

At this time I had never had any personal controversy with the man just mentioned. As I was only a young publisher at that time, his venom was mostly poured out against the editor and the ministers who exposed him. But about two years later he wrote me a large postal card (the kind we used to have) containing 535 words. Upon this card he made some threats against the brethren and even mentioned the editor and three ministers, whom, he said, were it not for the law, would be lying moldering in their graves, and he a murderer.

It was about seven years after I had the dream before I met the man. He came to a camp-meeting held near Grand Junction, Mich. Soon after his arrival at the depot, he took a position on the railroad-platform, and amidst the throngs of people who were arriving for the camp-meeting, and, the strangers who were changing cars, he began to tirade against the publishing company, the editor, and the ministers. He stated that they were guilty of all kinds of misdemeanor and that he intended to go to the campground, take the pulpit, and expose them, and invited the people to go to the morning service and hear the exposure.

Our office was near the depot, and some one informed me of his malicious intentions. I went to my desk and found the card formerly referred to, which he had written something over five years before. He had never seen me before, and as I approached him,

whilst he was in the midst of his talk to the people, I held a card in my hand and asked him if he recognized it. He glanced at it and said:

"Yes, sir, I wrote it myself."

"You wrote this card, you say?"

"Yes, sir," he replied, and reached out his hand to get it.

"No, thank you," I replied; "the contents of this card, having been sent through the United States mail, is sufficient to send you 'over the road.'"

"Let me have it," he insisted.

"No, thank you. You have admitted before these witnesses to having committed a penitentiary act."

I turned and left him, while the crowd of people roared and laughed and cheered until he was utterly confounded. He tried to make an explanation to the people and then started for the camp-ground, asking them to follow him.

Upon his arrival at the camp-ground, the song-service had just commenced, and the large auditorium was well filled with people. A few persons had followed him through curiosity. The usher escorted him to a seat near the pulpit, thus giving him an opportunity to carry out his desires as he had planned. After the minister had delivered his sermon, an opportunity was given for any one else to speak or testify, but this man sat spellbound. Three or four persons gave short talks, and the services were dismissed. The man went quietly out of the auditorium. Some of those who had followed him to the camp-

ground asked him why he did not take the pulpit and expose the people as he had said he would do. He replied that he did not have a favorable opportunity, but thought it best to wait until the afternoon. In the afternoon he did the same as he had done in the forenoon. When questioned again, he said he would wait until the night service, as he thought there would be a larger crowd on the grounds then. But during the night service he sat as quiet as before and was unable to cause any disturbance whatever because of the mighty power of God that was manifested in the meetings. He could not even cause a disturbance by talking against those whom he was intending to expose, unless he went some distance away. Finally he became so disgusted at his inability to carry out his plan that he left the grounds and did not return during the remainder of the camp-meeting.

A few weeks later he sent me a letter stating that he was about forty miles from our town and was about out of money. He said that he knew of some terrible things of which some of the ministers were guilty, mentioning some things but giving no details, and closing by saying that if we would send him fifty dollars he would leave that part of the country and would say or do nothing further about the matter, at least for the present time; otherwise, there would likely be some cases in court. His object was to intimidate or frighten us in such a manner as to furnish him the amount of money desired. I wrote him a postal card and told him that if he knew of any

one guilty of such things, the sooner he had them arrested the better, and that if he did not do so, he was laying himself liable to the law.

An Attempt to Put Me in Prison

After my card was sent, nothing more was heard from the man for some time. One day while I was sitting at my office-desk busily engaged at my work, a shrewd-looking gentleman stepped into the open doorway and greeted me with the following words:

"I am a United States detective and I understand you are doing a fraudulent business here, and I have come to investigate."

Like a flash the thought came to my mind that Mr. Wyrick was the instigator of the whole affair; but, knowing that the charge was false and that our business would bear a thorough investigation, I said to the detective:

"Come in. We are always glad to have people make investigations concerning our work."

When he was invited to take a seat and make himself at home, he gave us to understand that he had no time to spare and that his business was urgent and very important. After repeating his statement concerning his object in coming, he was told that we were only too glad to have him make the investigation, that the office was open from attic to cellar, and that everything was at his disposal. He could go alone and make his investigation in every nook and corner, or we would send somebody with him, or I would

go with him myself, and he could make a thorough examination also of our books and business affairs, and have the liberty of asking any questions he desired, and if we could not answer them, we would tell him our reasons for not doing so.

This seemed to put him at ease and to quiet any fears he may have had of not being able to make a thorough investigation. After a few minutes' conversation he was asked who had reported against us. He finally admitted that it was Mr. Wyrick. I took from my desk a letter which Wyrick had written to me some time previous, in which he had made threats that were not allowable to be sent through the mail; but when I presented it, the detective replied:

"No, sir, I have all the evidence I desire and do not wish to read the letter."

"I only wish you to know the character of the man who has manufactured and furnished the evidence which you possess," I replied.

He still insisted that he did not have any time to waste in examining such letters, as his evidence was completed, and that all that was necessary now was to make the investigation and carry out the plans according to his official duty.

"But," I insisted, as I held the letter before him, "you will readily recognize the handwriting of this letter to be the same as that of the letters in your possession."

"Yes, sir," he replied, "it is the same"; and he

listened while I read a few striking and convincing sentences. He then became more pliable.

Stepping into another room, I took a large postal card from my letter-files. It was the same card that Mr. Wyrick had written over five years before, and the one I had presented to him at the depot. This card was written from Geneva, Ill., and signed "A friend," and, as before stated, contained 535 words. As it was presented to the detective, he at once recognized the handwriting as being the same as that of the letters which were in his possession from this same man.

"Let me read what he has to say on this card."

"No, sir, I have no time for such matters," he replied.

"But you must hear it. You say you have an abundance of evidence against us, and the contents of this card will undoubtedly help to clear up matters in your mind, and you must hear it read." And without waiting for further reply I began reading, first calling his attention again to the fact that it was signed, "A friend," as though some one else had written it. The card began by telling what a good man Mr. Wyrick was. The writer stated that he was well acquainted with him and that Wyrick was a man who loved his wife and family and treated them with the greatest respect and provided for them. It continued with scurrilous statements against others and such praise of himself that when the card was half read the detective sprang to his feet saying, "Mr.

Byrum, I will tell you what to do. You tell that wife of his to go and take a course in athletics and bring her clubs home, and use them on him. That man is crazy. Good-by." And he started for the door.

"Hold on," I replied; "you came here with charges against us and for the purpose of making an investigation, and we wish to know what the charges are and also to have you make an investigation to your satisfaction."

"I am satisfied," he replied; "that man is crazy. I have no charges whatever against you or your company. However, had the charges been true and I had made my investigation and found things as reported, it was my intention to take you along with me to prison."

The detective then took the time to tell us many things concerning the matter and concerning his misgivings in regard to the truthfulness of the reports against us. He said, "Let me see that card again"; and after examining the date of it, he continued: "Were it not that it has been more than five years since this was written, this man would go to the penitentiary instead of your being prosecuted on account of the charges which he has made, as the penalty for sending such statements through the United States mail on a postal card is from two to five years imprisonment, and two to five thousand dollars fine, one or both, at the discretion of the court." We further

urged him to examine our books and make a thorough investigation of our business, but he refused to do so and went his way satisfied.

A Murderous Plot

The man who was determined to be our adversary, although having been thwarted in his former attempts to do us injury, was not satisfied to discontinue his efforts. A few weeks later he wrote me a letter from Rockford, Ill., at which place he was living at that time. In his writing he exhibited a very friendly attitude and gave me a special invitation to come to Rockford. He stated that on account of the circumstances he was not at liberty to tell me in detail the nature of the situation, but that he wished to see me on very urgent business and asked that I say nothing to any one concerning my going to Rockford and not to reveal to any one his name and connection with my going.

He gave instructions concerning the time to leave home so that I would arrive at Rockford on a train that reached that city about eleven o'clock at night. He would be there to meet me and would escort me to the proper place, where the business could be attended to in a very short time after my arrival.

To his mind, no doubt, the letter was shrewdly written and the plans well laid to entrap me; but as soon as I read the letter, I was reminded of the dream that I had seven years previous to that time, in which this man had tried to murder me, and I was

not so foolish as to take a trip under such circumstances even had I known that there was no malicious intentions back of it. I committed the matter entirely into the hands of the Lord, knowing that he would protect from the snares of the enemy and send deliverance from the hand of the oppressor.

The man made one more attempt to harass me with his threats and pernicious plannings, which were utterly ignored, and in answer to prayer the Lord thwarted him in such undertakings.

Then for several years we did not know of his whereabouts till finally one Sunday at the close of a morning service in Omaha, Nebr., a woman came forward and took me by the hand, telling me that she was the wife of J. W. Wyrick. After making some inquiry concerning her husband, I learned the following: For a few years he had been in an insane asylum, and a few weeks previous to this time he was at the point of death, and she requested the officials of the asylum to permit him to be brought home to die; but since his return home he had rapidly grown better in mind and in body, and was able to walk about the house. After I had expressed my desires to see him, she urged me to call at their home that afternoon.

During the visit she told me of many things concerning his past life and of his enmity against ministers and any one who preached the gospel in all its purity. She also referred to the time when he had sent for me to go to Rockford, and said that he

surely would have murdered me had I come at that time.

Before permitting me to go to his room, she said that he had been like a cage of demons and that he was possessed with evil spirits, and urged me not to tell my name lest he become unnecessarily enraged. I was anxious to see the man who had so bitterly opposed not only me but so many of the people of God, and felt a great sense of pity for him as I left the others who were present and entered the room alone with him. As he arose, and I took him by the hand, I shall never forget the demoniac look that he gave me, although I felt assured that God would protect me from any danger. And while he could talk in a rational manner, yet he seemed to have no inclination or desire to receive help from God. The man who had so often rebelled against God, cursed his people, and imbibed such a spirit of enmity, was led captive by the devil until the last, and a few weeks later he died as he had lived, and passed into eternity to meet his doom.

STARTLING INCIDENTS AND EXPERIENCES

MY FATHER KNOWS

"I do not know, but Father knows:

I often, often wonder why;

"Alas! I do not know," I sigh,

And in distress to Father cry,

Because I know he knows.

"I do not know, but Father knows,

Why some things wanted were denied,

Some things I asked were not supplied,

Some longings were not satisfied;

I know my Father knows.

"I do not know, but Father knows,

Why sickness oft must come my way,

Why often cloudy is my day,

Why, oh, so oft the answer, Nay;

But this—my Father knows.

"I do not know, but Father knows:

He loves his wilful, wayward child,

So often tempted and beguiled,

And so restrains, in accents mild;

Thank God! my Father knows.

"I do not know, but Father knows;

So in his comfort I'll repose;

Though oft I miss the way I chose,

And oft for me no firelight glows,

I'll rest, because my Father knows.

"I do not know, but Father knows;

And when I reach the better land,

And clasp my Savior's pierced hand,

I'm sure that then I'll understand

These things my Father knows."

SUCCESS UNDER ADVERSE CIRCUMSTANCES

Among those whose fame has become world-wide on account of their power with God to prayer, is Dorothea Trudell, who was born near the beginning of the nineteenth century and lived in Zurich, Switzerland. She was of humble parentage and passed through many privations. Judging from her natural abilities and capabilities, there was apparently nothing about her that would lead a person to think that she was likely ever to rise to prominence or renown before the world. She had a deformed body, was what is generally called a hunchback. And she did not possess what the world would call a beautiful face.

Notwithstanding all these things, there was something about her life that was really beautiful and winning. The early days of her childhood spent with her Christian mother helped to prepare her for a life of usefulness in later years. She was a lover of flowers, and her flower-gardens were admired by all passers-by.

In her childhood days she learned to pray and ask divine guidance in all the affairs of life. In later years, not only did she have a secret place of prayer in her home, but she communed with the Lord from time to time in secluded spots in her flower-gardens. She was wont to select some of the most beautiful flowers from her garden and carry them to those who were sick in the neighborhood. These acts

of kindness not only brought blessings to her soul, but also brought her more and more in contact with those who were afflicted and suffering, and from time to time she gave words of encouragement, and then retired to her secret place of prayer to ask God to relieve them of their suffering, sometimes having them to agree with her in prayer at a certain time. So remarkable were the answers and so great the benefits received by the sick, that it was not long until the effects of her prayers were known to such an extent that people would send for her to come and pray for them, while others would bring the sick to her home.

As she advanced in years, her faith became so strong in the Lord that she ventured to lay hands on the sick and asked God to heal them, and he honored her faith and raised them up. In a short time her house was thronged with sick folk, and as many were healed, the medical profession were stirred because they were losing customers.

She was arrested for treating the sick without license and was fined and ordered to dismiss her patients. As they were dismissed, her house was at once filled with others. In court she testified that she used no medicine and prevented no one from using medicines; that she knew nothing about diseases, but only knew that her Savior healed every sickness. Her friends urged her to carry the case to a higher court. For some time she hesitated to do so, but they made all arrangements for the trial, and after earnest

prayer she consented to have the case taken before the higher court.

The affair was published and republished in different countries. Many strangers wrote her that she had many staunch friends who were offering prayers in her behalf, and told her to be of good courage and stand for the truth. When the time came for the trial, there were people present from different countries who were anxious to see her win the case, while the medical profession was united in opposing her. When the evidence had all been produced and the time came for the final decision, the court decided that there was no law to prevent any one from praying and laying on hands for the sick. Consequently she was acquitted, and her accusers had all the costs to pay.

During the trial many persons testified in favor of divine healing, and instead of the doctors' putting a stop to the work, it spread a hundredfold more, and people came flocking from every direction to know more about the dealings of the Lord with the people. The secret of the success of her life was in her simple faith in God. In her places of prayer she learned to obtain the necessary help and strength from the Almighty. As she delighted in helping others, relieving them of suffering, and doing what she could to encourage them, the Lord rewarded her.

Many people are discouraged because they are not so well situated in life nor as wealthy as other peo-

ple, and for this reason consider themselves unable to become useful; therefore their lives are a failure. Whereas, were they to take advantage of their present opportunities, their labors would be crowned with success.

Among my many correspondents was a young lady about twenty-three years of age, who had already reached quite a place of prominence in the world and had bright future prospects, although she had neither hands nor arms. When she was a very small child, her father, while in a drunken condition, became enraged and in order to punish her held her arms and hands on a hot cook-stove until so badly burned that both arms had to be amputated at the shoulder.

One would almost conclude that her usefulness in life was forever thwarted, but not so. She began using her toes instead of her fingers, and on account of her poverty she was forced to work and make the best of life. In a few years she was able to do almost any kind of housework or office-work. She could comb her hair, dress herself, sew, do embroidery work, and handle carpenter tools with such skill and efficiency that at an early age she had quite an assortment of furniture which she had made, having sawed the boards and driven the nails herself. From these accomplishments she had obtained a fair education, and her penmanship was to be commended.

While reading her letters I often thought: "If under such adverse circumstances she has been able to make so great a success in life as to be able not only

to earn her own living, obtain an education, and to secure and hold important positions, surely others who have the use of all the members of their bodies should take courage, and especially should those who have learned to trust God lay hold on his promises with a determination to be faithful servants in his vineyard and bright and shining lights to the world."

THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW

During the early part of the war, one dark Saturday night in midwinter, there died in the Commercial Hospital of Cincinnati a young woman over whose head only two and twenty summers had passed. She had once been possessed of enviable beauty, and, as she herself said, had been "flattered and sought for the charms of her face." But alas! upon her fair brow was written that terrible word—prostitute. A highly educated and accomplished woman, she might have shone in the best of society. The evil hour that marked her downfall was the door from childhood, and having spent a life of disgrace and shame, the poor friendless one died the melancholy death of a broken-hearted outcast.

Among her personal effects was found the manuscript, "Beautiful Snow," which was at once carried to Enos B. Reed, at that time editor of "The National Union." In the columns of that paper on the morning following the girl's death, the poem appeared in print for the first time. When the paper containing the poem came out on Sunday morning, the body of the victim had not received burial.

Mr. T. B. Reed, one of the first American poets, was so taken with its strange pathos that he immediately followed the corpse to its final resting-place.

Such, according to the "Boston Standard," are the plain facts concerning her whose "Beautiful Snow" shall long be remembered as one of the brightest poems in American literature.

Oh the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and the earth below!
Over the housetops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet;

Dancing,
Flirting,
Skimming along.

Beautiful snow! it can do no wrong.
Fying to kiss a fair lady's cheek,
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak;
Beautiful snow from the heaven above,
Pure as an angel, gentle as love!

Oh the snow, the beautiful snow!
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go
Whirling about in their maddening fun!
It plays in its glee with every one,

Chasing,
Laughing,
Hurrying by;

It lights on the face and it sparkles the eye,
And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the crystals that eddy around.
The town is alive and its heart in a glow
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How the wild crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song!
How the gay sledges, like meteors, flash by,
Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye;

Ringling,
Singing,
Dancing they go

Over the crust of the beautiful snow—
 Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
 To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by,
 To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet,
 Till it blends with the horrible filth in the street.

Once I was pure as the snow—but I fell!
 Fell, like the snowflakes, from heaven—to hell;
 Fell to be scoffed, to be spit on and beat;

Pleading,

Cursing,

Dreading to die,

Selling my soul to whoever would buy,
 Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
 Hating the living and fearing the dead.
 Merciful God! have I fallen so low?
 And yet I was once like the beautiful snow!

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
 With an eye like its crystal, a heart like its glow;
 Once I was loved for my innocent grace,
 Flattered and sought for the charms of my face!

Father,

Mother,

Sisters, all,

God and myself, I have lost by my fall.
 The veriest wretch that goes shivering by
 Will make a wide sweep lest I wander too nigh;
 For all that is on or about me, I know,
 There is nothing that's pure but the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that the beautiful snow
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!
How strange it would be, when the night comes again,
If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain!

Fainting,

Freezing,

Dying alone;

Too wicked for prayer, too weak for my moan
To be heard in the streets of the crazy town,
Gone mad in the joy of the snow coming down;
To lie and to die in my terrible woe,
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.

FALLEN AND RESCUED

BY C. M.

Because I did not understand the meaning of the atonement and did not know what God's love meant, the enemy caused me to believe for eight years there was no reason for me to hope. Discouragements beset me continually.

When twenty years of age I met with a misfortune that brought into my life almost the entire catalog of sins forbidden by the Ten Commandments. I considered myself doomed to destruction. With such a doom hovering over me, I was at times very reckless, but always suffering with remorse. I often contemplated suicide, but felt that after I had destroyed the body, I should yet have the soul to contend with.

I fought many battles; tried, but always failed, to live right in my own strength. I thus suffered and sinned until I realized fully that no earthly power could bring relief. Then Jesus brought a great calm to my soul one day and whispered that he was very near, nearer than I could think. This was the sweetest experience I had ever had in all my life, and I told him that if he could only take me and make me pure I would consider no sacrifice too great to obtain this coveted blessing. He made the way so plain.

You laugh at God's power to heal diseases; but when God takes such a sinner as I was and cleanses him from all these sins, gives him power to live above these things, takes away even the diseases caused by the sins and establishes him in the way of life, then you have no more room to doubt or scoff.

God did all this for me and much more. I know what Jesus meant when he said, "To whom much has been forgiven the same loveth much." To the world I am dead, my affections are on things above. What I eat, what I wear, what I do—all is done with an eye single to the glory of God. I have only one aim in life, and that is to rescue souls for Jesus' sake and to do his bidding, for his way is best.

For the sake of others that are fallen and full of sin and disgrace and discouragement, I want to briefly tell my story. It may cause some one to see the way out.

The first nineteen years of my life were indeed "nineteen beautiful years." I remember them as I

would the life of a pure and ambitious girl. No one could have convinced me at that time that I should become a ruined girl. I loathed all things vile and had no sympathy for the weakness in a girl's character that would cause her to fall. I conceitedly considered it a lack of self-respect or purity. I have learned this is not always the case.

I consider the fundamental cause of my fall was disobedience to my mother, and this is how it was accomplished. A very popular sporting man came into our town. His manners, dress, and general appearance were very winning, especially to the young ladies. He was, of course, also popular with his class of men. I remember now that he was not popular with the mothers. I did not understand this at the time. My mother especially opposed, but she was always very busy and had little time for me. I was highly flattered by his attentions since they were so coveted by my companions. At first there was no love, but his methods of conquest soon began to have their effect. He saw that whatever I did, I did all to the glory of himself. He demanded all. I seemed to be entangled and yet had no thought of dishonor until when too late. I saw his design, nor was I the only victim. For at the same time in other towns he was practising this same power and these same methods on other girls.

Well do I remember the moment, the hour, the place, the surroundings, and every feature of the awful circumstances when I realized his demon heart

was yet unsatisfied, and I was alone and powerless to defend myself. I pleaded and offered everything in my power for my release, but in that hour I saw a life of honor, purity, and all my ambitions departing from me. God only knows, after I had been left and had lain unconscious for hours, how I finally recovered my senses to suffer agony, remorse, and anguish of soul. Then I realized that my life had been wrecked; that I was an outcast, a despised, indecent wretch. My only thought now was to spare my family and escape the powerful demon that now considered he had safely landed me. I escaped him personally, but found he was not alone. Many traps were laid for me. After a year of wanderings and intense sufferings, I could not help but see how the hand of God still often reached down in compassion and provided for me in wonderful ways; yet recompense for sin must follow, so concealed behind walls like a prison and in the upper chamber of an open door for outcasts, I became a mother.

If I had not been alone in the fight, my way might have been easier, but my greatest concern was that my own people should never suffer for my sake or for my misdeeds. They must never know. I must spare them if it meant death for me. I longed for life to end, but I was afraid the future would be worse.

But now the innocent girl baby looked into my wretched face. Although I loathed myself, I loved this little child. The unpleasant past, the present hard circumstances, nothing mattered now. She was

mine. No mother ever loved her babe better than I did mine. Alas! The only good thing I could do for her was never to let her know her mother. I felt that under no circumstances must she ever discover the truth. Some one came and loved her and took her away. She went to a minister's home, to a name and place unknown to me. They brought pretty clothes to dress her in and laid her—in the coffin? Ah, no, if they only had! They laid her in another mother's arms. Just three days before, this mother's babe had been placed in the coffin, and she wanted mine to fill the vacant place. What did it matter about the vacancy in my heart? As I sat and watched over her bedside that last night to catch the sound of every breath, to miss no mark of every feature, to live with her every minute that I could, my heart pained unceasingly. Every nerve in my body ached like the exposed nerve of a tooth. My bones and my flesh were sore. Yet they say such mothers do not care!

When she was gone, my heart and my life were gone. What mattered now whither I went? To be sure, I preferred purity, beauty, light, respectability. I kept up appearances because I had a chance to, and I yet desired to spare my relatives. However, evil was ever present with me, and while I was crushed and in despair when alone, yet in company I must always laugh and jest. I was alone in the world so far as the secret of my heart was concerned. In the company of pure men and women I felt my condition most, and therefore avoided them so far as I

could consistently or without comment. Impure men and women I loathed, but felt that this was my caste.

Life was such a burden that I finally gave up all the battle and hastened after that phantom, "the pleasures of sin," until I sunk to degradation and depravity, and still did not know of any power on earth to hold me up, and no one came to tell me. I often wished that time would turn backward so that I might be born again. I saw now the beautiful Christ but no way to reach even the hem of his garment. How beautiful to me were those people who said they had an experience of full salvation! How I wished I was worthy of even a prayer! Why could I not at this time have known that I was one of the kind that Christ left heaven to come and redeem? Why could I not have known that this defiled flesh would soon be returned to dust, but that the eternal soul might be born again? the flesh and heart cleansed and washed, but the spirit renewed?

"I do not know why He should His all resign
And suffer death to hide my wretched past;
But this I know: his priceless love is mine,
And his dear voice will tell me all at last."

At last I knew the meaning of the words, "Our God is able to deliver thee." His everlasting arms were able to support my blasted faith and make it strong. Neither was his arm shortened that it could not save even me.

Now I wish to say a few words to those who have

been overtaken along the way as was my lot, and have unfortunately fallen into sin and degradation. He can do the same for you. Do you not hear the faint whisper of Hope? Now, it doesn't matter how far you have gone in sin, how scarlet the stains, how your feet are entangled, nor how strong the shackles of habit are, *if you will believe you may receive* the power to rise above every blinding influence. For is it not written, "He hath sent me to bind up the broken hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives [sin's captives], and the opening of the prison to them that are bound [in sin]"?

"Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not: behold, your God will come with a vengeance, even with a recompense; he will come and save you." God's Word is full of promises. It was inspired and written for you. For you God's Son came seeking into a lost world. He places you on earth to fill a place—a mission; you have miserably failed, but he is still counting on you. Because you have failed others are failing. Will you turn their steps and take your place and lead them back? Resist discouragements. Resist sin. Accept the humble way and live the life of peace and satisfaction. Will you have the evil cast out of your heart? Will you have the room swept and cleansed that Christ may enter? Will you let Christ reign and abide in the temple?

"The Spirit and the bride say, Come."

PRAYING FOR RAIN

A woman in eastern Indiana who was very worldly during her early life, through illness and reverses of various kinds, turned to the Lord for help and in after-years became a very devout Christian. Although she continued to have severe trials, she learned to take everything to the Lord in prayer. Even the more minute things such as most people neglect to mention while in prayer, she would talk to the Lord about as one would to his best friend.

In her humble manner she would make known her needs and wishes with praise and thanksgiving, and her simple faith was honored from day to day by the manifestation of the power of God in answer to her petitions. The granting of one petition would encourage her to more boldly present her needs at the throne of grace. The enemy often sought to defeat her or to bring discouragements when the answer was delayed. Sometimes she was not able to understand the reason for the delay, but she learned to trust it all to him to whom she had made known the desire of her heart.

Though she made no display of her faith and though her prayers were very simple, nevertheless God heard and answered her humble petitions, insomuch that for many miles from her country home she was known as one for whom the Lord heard and answered prayer. So definite were her answers when praying for those

who were sick that she recieved many calls to visit the sick at their homes and offer prayer in their behalf.

It was my privilege once to visit the home of this woman during the time that a severe drouth was destroying the crops throughout that section of the country. While riding along on the train we saw fields of withered crops, for but little rain had fallen for many weeks, and the heat was intense; but when we came within a few miles of her home, we noticed a marked change in the atmosphere. There were signs of recent rains, and in the vicinity of their home we were amazed at the freshness of the air, the tall green grass, and the prolific corn-fields.

When mention was made concerning the drouth only a few miles distant, she told us that they had been having plenty of rain during the summer. "When we need rain," she said, "I pray for it, and the Lord always sends it. In times past when I would pray for rain, I always believed it would come, but often there would be only a sprinkle, or a very light shower. This was difficult for me to understand, as the Lord has promised to supply all our needs, and the Word of God says, 'What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.' Sometimes I desired rain, and we needed it, but the supply would not be enough to meet the demand, and I thought it was because it was not the will of God to send it just at that time."

But there was the promise to supply the need and

to grant the desire of the one who would pray and believe. Then, there was the example of Elijah, who prayed for rain at a time when it was needed, and he continued praying until he felt an assurance that the Lord heard and granted his petition; and not merely a few drops fell upon the parched ground, but that very day the rain fell in copious showers.

In consideration of these promises and evidences of answered prayer, this woman took courage and made her petitions with boldness. "I concluded," she said, "that when I prayed for rain and only a very light shower came, it was the enemy trying to defeat me in my efforts, and thereafter at such times I always rebuked the enemy and prayed earnestly, and the rain would come in abundance."

So definite and frequent were the answers to her prayers that some of the neighbors said to her, "The rain sometimes falls only on your own farm."

During our visit at her home, the crops began to show signs of the need of rain. In the morning of the day we were to leave, she and her daughter went into a room to pray for rain. In the afternoon the clouds began to gather, and their increased darkening aspect indicated an approaching storm, which was likely to hinder our driving to town to take the evening train. When her attention was called to it, she said they had asked the Lord to send rain, but to prevent its coming until after we were gone. Her prayer was answered. As our train left the station, the dark, lowering clouds were still hanging above the western

horizon ready to bring the refreshing shower in accordance with the petition offered and the promises of the Word.

PROTECTION FROM PLAGUE AND CHOLERA

A few years ago while I was crossing the Indian Ocean on my way to India, I picked up a newspaper and read a statement that during the previous week over thirty-four thousand people had died of bubonic plague in the Punjab district, in the northwestern part of India. As cholera and smallpox also were raging in that country, at first it seemed that my going to the Punjab would be a precarious undertaking; but, confident that my mission was one directed by the Lord, I had no feeling of anxiety concerning my safety. Like a flash came the words of Psa. 91: 10—“There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.”

Several weeks later as we journeyed to that plague-stricken district, we realized the assurance and the fulfilment of that promise. Along the way as we came to small villages where the plague had made its appearance, the natives, fleeing from its ravages crowded into our train with their luggage. Having been exposed to the disease, they were liable to be attacked by it while on the train, even in our crowded coach. A brother told me that on another train the

people were thrown out along the way as fast as they died. No one on our train was attacked nor in any dwelling where we stopped while in that district.

At one place in Calcutta where we spent a few weeks, soon after we left two or three persons contracted the disease, and one of them died. Under such circumstances we can truly say with the Psalmist, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me."

EATEN BY CANNIBALS

A minister of the Church of England in Guatemala related to me an experience he had a number of years ago with a tribe of Africans near the central part of Africa. He and a friend of his were traveling as missionaries. One night while they were stopping with this tribe, he was occasionally awakened by voices and noises, but did not know what the people were doing.

Upon awakening early in the morning he discovered that his friend was missing. He began quietly to make an investigation as to his friend's whereabouts and the general situation of affairs. To his astonishment, he soon learned that they were in the midst of genuine cannibals, a man-eating people. On the ground nearby lay the entrails of his friend, and in the backyard near by was a crowd of people around

a fire getting ready for a feast while the body was being prepared and roasted. They were arranging to have a jubilee, and the minister took advantage of the occasion to make his escape in another direction.

At another time the people of this same tribe planned to kill and eat the minister. When they laid hold upon him, he was enabled to break loose from them and fled with utmost speed with them following hard after him. For three-quarters of a mile he ran, straining every nerve and calling on God for deliverance, and was finally able to outrun them and reach a place of safety.

Missionaries had many trying experiences among them; but as they were little by little taught the ways of the Lord and told the story of the gospel, and as civilization made its inroads among them, the Spirit of God worked upon their hearts, and a great transformation took place in their midst. Later, through contact with travelers and other people from civilized countries, they learned many things about the people of other countries. But it was difficult for some of them to see the evil of cannibalism, and they remonstrated thus: "We kill people and eat them for food, but the people of your countries fight and kill one another in war and throw their bodies away and receive no benefit. You say it is wrong for us to kill people and eat them; yet your people kill one another and throw the bodies away. Why should the one be wrong and the other not be wrong?"

So it was difficult to show them their error and sin.

They had to be taught also that wars and fightings are cruel and sinful no matter where these take place, and that sin exists among people in every land, but that God has provided a way of deliverance whereby people of every nation can be saved and receive his blessings in this world and in the world to come.

WHERE CHRIST IS NOT NAMED

BY CLARA M. BROOKS

Where Christ is not named, lies a region of night,
And its souls have not heard of the day;
They eagerly wait for the breaking of light,
For the burst of the tiniest ray.

Can it be? Are there regions where He is not named—
His name of all names, the Adored?
Can they speak of all others on earth who are famed,
Nor mention the name of our Lord?

His name is more precious than all of earth's gold;
It bringeth salvation to men;
Though oft we have heard it, it never grows old—
It sootheth again and again.

None other in heaven or earth hath such power:
It maketh the soul white as snow;
Of it for the righteous is built a strong tower,
Where all for a refuge may go.

His name is a conqueror over all sin,
A healer of wounded and sore;
By faith in his name are the sick whole again,
And blest are the wretched and poor.

Oh, what must it be where this Christ is not named!
 To whom in distress can they go?
 Who healeth their sin-sick, their blind, and their maimed?
 Who comforteth them in their woe?

Alas, all is darkness! They wait for the light,
 Which some who might have it, despise.
 Soul, how can you tarry till falleth the night
 While one in such darkness still lies?

He purchased salvation's sweet riches for them;
 Yea, he was for all sacrificed.
 Haste, haste to the regions where he is not named,
 And tell them of Jesus the Christ.

TRAIN WRECKED

For many years I have been accustomed when boarding a train to breathe a prayer for protection, asking the Lord to give me a safe journey. During twenty-five years of travel in many countries, I have never been injured on the railways nor witnessed a serious train-wreck, although whole trains have been completely wrecked before me and behind me.

Once while traveling in Ohio, I arrived at Bradford Junction at 9 P. M., at which place I was to change cars. A train on the other road was due to leave in fifteen minutes, but the agent advised me to wait an hour and take the fast train. Upon entering the train at ten o'clock I asked the Lord to give

us a safe journey. As soon as the conductor took my ticket, I lay down in the seat and soon fell asleep.

A little later, when we were about seven miles beyond Piqua, a rail broke, throwing the engine and all the cars in front of the one I occupied into a ditch. Our coach came within about two or three feet of the broken rail and stopped. The engineer blew the signal whistle, and the wrecking-train came and took our car back to Piqua, and then returned to the scene of the wreck. During all this time I was sleeping and knew nothing about what had happened.

About one o'clock in the morning I was awakened by the loud talking and laughing of the passengers. After listening for a while to their many expressions about the wreck, I crossed the aisle and sat down near a gentleman and asked, "Where was the wreck?" He burst into laughter and said, "It never waked you up!" I told him that I had asked the good Lord to give me a safe journey, to which he replied, "He surely did give you a safe journey."

Many times have I thought of an expression made by an old brother when I was but a small child. While talking about a devout minister of his acquaintance, he said: "I always like to ride on the same train with that minister, for he always prays for safety on entering the car. I always feel secure, knowing that the Lord will not permit any evil to befall the train while that man of God is aboard; his presence is an assurance of safety."

The expression became so stamped upon my mind

that when I began to travel I thought of this man and concluded that as God is no respecter of persons he will help all who put their trust in him. "For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways" (Psa. 91:11).

RAISED FROM THE DEAD

BY NANCY (KING) TAYLOR

In January, 1899, I went to visit my niece, Sister Fannie (Hooley) Martin, at Moundsville, W. Va. This was near the Trumpet Home, which was then located in that city. While there I was taken very sick with typhoid fever and rapidly grew worse. Many prayers were offered in my behalf.

One evening while my niece and Sister Josie Hui- bert were in the room, I realized that the end of my life had come and requested them to sing. Soon afterwards I suddenly heard heavenly music, and the sweetest strains of angelic singing came down from glory. Such singing I had never heard. My soul was enraptured, and the scenes of earth began to fade away.

At this point two bright angels appeared and carried me gently upward. Many other angels soon appeared, and the way to heaven was one bright stream of golden glory, amidst the beautiful singing of myriads of angels. What I saw there no mortal

tongue can express. Oh the beautiful grandeur and glory of that heavenly land! Such singing and music no mortal ear has ever heard.

After a time two angels carried me in their arms and brought me back to earth. There lay my body, cold, and stiff. After my spirit entered the body again, I was enabled to open my eyes and speak. I said, "Oh, must I come back to this cold, sinful world again? I did not wish to live here after seeing the glory of that heavenly land."

When my spirit reentered my body, which the Lord touched by his mighty power, enabling me to sit up, it was a late hour at night, and the room was full of people. I had been dead for sometime. Judging from the lateness of the hour, I think it must have been several hours. Among those in the room whom I recognized when I was restored to life, were Bro. E. M. Byrum, Gideon Detweiler and wife, now of Bellefontaine, Ohio, my niece, and a number of others with whom I was acquainted. There were also a number of strangers present.

I was informed that during the time my cold form lay there constant prayers were offered that I might be brought back to life. My restoration to life was in answer to their earnest prayers. Then they anointed me and prayed, and I was instantly healed; but I was weak until the next morning, when I arose and dressed and went down-stairs. This ended my sickness.

After a short time I came home to Ohio, a distance of about two hundred miles, praising God all the way.

I praise God for what he has done for me and for the hope I have in my soul of that home in heaven, which is prepared not only for me but for all God's people.

Since this experience, I have witnessed some wonderful manifestations of healing power, one of which I will here mention. A man named Ellis Ziegler was taken to the hospital at Columbus, Ohio, for an operation. When the surgeons made an incision, they discovered that he was full of cancers and that there was no hope of his recovery. Without doing anything further, they sewed up the opening and sent him home.

He heard of my having been raised from the dead and sent for my husband and me. We went and at his request anointed him. God instantly healed the man. The cut which the surgeons made was about eight inches in length. This occurred several years ago, and he is a strong man today. The doctors afterwards said to him, "We were not particular in sewing you up, as we only intended to make a respectable corpse."

To God be all the praise, and he shall have the glory of my life.

R. D. 1, West Liberty, Ohio.

Corroborating Testimony

Soon after returning home from my office one evening in January, 1899, I received a message to come at once and pray for Sister Nancy King, who was then staying on Walnut Avenue in Moundsville, W. Va.

I went immediately. She had been sick for some time, but had now become much worse.

As I entered the house, a strange feeling came over me, which I could express in no other way than that it seemed as if I had been ushered into the presence of death. Sister Fannie Hooley, who afterwards married Bro. J. B. Martin, met me at the stairway and said, "I believe Sister King is dying."

After entering the room where she was lying, I examined her and replied, "Yes, this is death." I saw she had but a few minutes to live. Her tongue was stiff, but she seemed to be trying to tell us something. Turning to Sister Hooley, I said, "She desires to tell us something. Let us ask the Lord to loose her tongue that she may be able to do so." As we prayed, her tongue was instantly loosed so that she could speak.

"How is it with your soul, Sister King? are you ready to go?" I asked.

"My soul is all right," she replied. "I am ready to go, but there is one thing that bothers me; I have not arranged my property in the way the Lord desires me to arrange it."

Instantly her tongue became stiff as before, and she could say no more. I learned that some time before this the Lord had impressed her very clearly and definitely how to arrange her property so that it might be properly used after her death, but she had neglected to thus arrange it.

After writing a note to my wife, I also sent one to

Bro. W. G. Schell, who lived a few blocks away, and told him that Sister King was dying, and requested him to come.

By this time Bro. G. J. Detweiler and wife had arrived, and we gathered around her bedside. In a few minutes she breathed her last, and her spirit departed for that heavenly realm. The death-messenger had come and gone. Other friends came until the room was well filled.

While in meditation over the matter I could not understand why the Lord would answer prayer as he did in loosing her tongue and permitting her to tell what she did tell, and then let her die without having an opportunity of performing his will in regard to the arrangement of her property. The longer I considered the matter, the more I became convinced that the Lord had a design in permitting her to die thus—that he willed to glorify his name in raising her from the dead. She was not merely in a trance or swoon, but was dead and as lifeless as any one ever can be when laid away in the grave.

We continued in prayer for some time. There were others who felt she would be raised up in answer to prayer. Finally, while on my knees half way across the room from where she was lying, I asked the Lord for a sign. I was not in the habit of asking for a sign in order to be convinced that he would do whatsoever we asked, but as this was something more than the ordinary, I implored him to cause some part of her body to move as a witness that he would raise her

up. Though my prayer was silent communion with God, yet he heard and answered. I was looking directly at her lifeless form, my eyes resting especially upon her left hand, which I was expecting to see move. Soon I saw it slip off her other hand. It was in such a position that it would not have seemed strange for it to slip thus, as to do so required no strength nor action of muscle more than occasioned by the mere sliding off. As it happened, however, the movement was in answer to prayer; the hand was moved by the power of God. When my eyes beheld this, I was filled with faith for her to be raised from the dead. I began praying aloud, and every one in the room was earnestly praying with one accord.

After continuing in prayer for some time, some of us went forward and laid our hands upon her in the name of Jesus, rebuked the power of death, and asked the Lord to restore her to life again. While we yet had our hands upon her head, God sent his mighty power, and she raised her hands and brushed her hair back, immediately raised herself to a sitting posture, and said: "Must I come back to this cold, sinful world again? Oh! why did you call me back? I would have been in glory."

There was much praising God in our midst as she told us of the wondrous beauties she had been permitted to behold. At that time she was a widow about sixty years of age, and about two years later she was married to Bro. Isaac Taylor, with whom she lived a saved and happy life until August, 1910, when she

died, eleven years after her former experience as related. Her husband lives near West Liberty, Logan Co., Ohio.

STORY OF MY CONVERSION—A JEWESS

BY MRS. RACHEL WARSZAWIAK

I was born in 1867, in the city of Lodz, Poland, of an orthodox Jewish family. My dear father, at this time, was a man in the prime of life, and in ordinary circumstances. He gave his children the usual education that the average Jewish girl in Poland receives; but I was not eight years old when my father started in the real estate business, and in a very short time became quite wealthy. In the course of a few years he amassed so much wealth and property that he was soon counted among the richest men in the city. His chief aim was now, as is the case with every Jew when he acquires riches, to gain honor and fame. He then decided to engage me to a son of one of the noblest families in the country, cost what it might; and after considering various propositions from some of the best families of the country, Herman Warszawiak, grandson of the well-known rabbinical families of Gurah, from the city of Warsaw, was proposed, and after our parents had met together for several times and I was visited by his parents and he by mine, an engagement was formally made.

My father agreed to give a large amount of money

as 'Nadan' (dowry), and promised on a written agreement to provide us with a home and every other necessity for twenty years after our marriage, the wedding to take place at my father's house one year from the day of the engagement. At that time I was only a little over fourteen years, and Mr. Warszawiak somewhat over fifteen years of age.

During the year my father presented many gifts to his future son-in-law, while his parents also sent me presents of costly jewelry, etc., but we ourselves did not write to each other, and had not as yet even seen one another. My beloved father told me a great deal about my future husband, but when I asked him if I could not see Mr. Warszawiak just once, he said that owing to his being of such a high rabbinical family he would not be allowed to see his fiancée until the day of the wedding.

On the day before the wedding my dear father and mother gave a great feast for the poor in the city and vicinity, and at the close gave money to every one of them. The many blessings I received from this multitude of poor people so touched my heart that I shall never forget the scene.

To describe all that took place on the wedding-day is not necessary. Hundreds of friends of both families were present at the wedding, which was conducted by all the three rabbis of the city. A few minutes before the ceremony took place we spoke to each other for the first time, and as long as it may please my dear heavenly Father to spare my life, I

shall never forget the few solemn words that my dearly beloved husband spoke to me at this time. After our marriage my husband's time was taken up mostly with his studies, and I saw very little of him. I, however, soon discovered that his life was not altogether a happy one, owing to religious and spiritual perplexity, as he used to spend many days in fasting and much prayer, and seemed quite troubled in his mind, heart, and conscience, being shut up most of the time in his study, and leading a peculiarly consecrated life. On one occasion when we asked him why he was fasting so much, he replied that God could not forgive our sins unless we fast a good deal and pray very much so that with the loss of our blood and fat God might be pleased, as with the sacrifice our ancestors used to bring to the Holy Temple for the forgiveness of their sins. He pointed to the Scripture where it says: "If any man commit a sin, let him bring a sin-sacrifice unto the Lord, a young bullock without a blemish, and his sins shall be forgiven," and he said that, while there is no sin-sacrifice today, he was sure that God would not forgive any of our sins unless we bring ourselves as sacrifices to God and punish our bodies, so that God may accept the loss of our own blood as that of the bullock for the forgiveness of our sins. My father, I could see very well, did not at all agree with my husband's ideas, and, in fact, induced a number of his learned friends to urge him to give up his peculiar views and methods of life. We, however, soon realized that he

had his ideas and views most firmly fixed, and therefore paid very little attention to the advice of others.

My dear husband was greatly beloved by all classes of people in the city, especially by the "Chassidim" (the followers of his uncle, the Rabbi of Gurah), and our family was now greatly honored, much through my husband's popularity and the consecrated life he led, which fact spread in the city and soon became the topic of conversation in many homes.

My father had erected a beautiful synagogue in his own house, and my beloved husband delivered lectures there from time to time, and often preached on the Sabbath-day. Much might be said about his teaching and preaching, which some liked very much, while others not only disliked it, but openly accused him of speaking unsound Jewish doctrine, and circulated bad reports about him, saying that he was imbued with what was more the belief of the Christians than of the Jews, and some went so far as to point their finger of scorn at him, and called him "apostate" and other such names. There were, however, for quite a time two factions among my husband's friends and acquaintances. Some still believed in his earnestness as a Jew, while others denounced him bitterly.

At one Passover gathering in our synagogue, my beloved husband again spoke to the people with much fervency of spirit about the necessity of the shedding of blood for the remission of sins (as is also clearly

taught by the commemoration of the Passover sacrament), and pointed to certain prophecies of Isaiah and Jeremiah, saying, among other things, that as for him his hope and belief was in the Messiah of Israel, of whom the prophets spake as suffering for our transgressions and bearing all our sins. The congregation all became tumultuously wild and indignant, and used such language in expressing their feelings that, with tears in his eyes, my husband had at once to leave the synagogue. When I afterward went to his study to talk with him about the occurrence, he said: "My dear, please do not question me at all as to what I have said, for what I did say is nothing but the truth, and since God has revealed it to me, I must obey the voice of God." I, knowing my husband to be thoroughly sincere in all his ways, had, of course, nothing more to say. But, as a matter of fact, from that time on he was no more looked upon as previously, but bitterly denounced and disliked.

Soon afterward my husband was seen in company with a Christian minister of the neighborhood, and when this fact became known in the city he was persecuted on all sides, and my father and mother became also very much embittered toward him, telling him to leave the house and go back to his father's home. Their power and influence over me was so strong that I was not allowed to go with him. Yea! I was not even permitted to see him and wish him good-by. At this stage we had been married for nearly five years, and with two dear little children

(daughters) I was left in father's house so broken-hearted, miserable, and cast down that God alone knows what I suffered, but it is certainly not in the power of my pen to describe.

What became of my husband after he went to his father's home I know not; for although he wrote to me letter after letter, I afterward learned that my parents saw to it that no letter should fall into my hands, and I was kept in ignorance as to him and his whereabouts. I heard after a time that my husband had been called to enter the military service of the Czar, and as he was found serviceable, his parents advised him under the circumstances to fly to a foreign country rather than to serve in the Russian army.

One day we received the shocking news that my husband had been publicly baptized in the city of Breslau, renouncing the Jewish religion and embracing Christianity. My father fainted away when he first heard of it, and the news spread like a flash throughout the entire city. Our home became a scene of deep mourning, more than if the half of our household had been taken away by death, and I was put to so much shame and trouble that I could not lift up my head and dared not go into the street.

Although up to this time I had never doubted the truthfulness and sincerity of my husband, this act of his, embracing the Christian religion and forsaking me and the dear children, caused me, I must con-

fess, to believe all that my father said about him, and now readily agreed to my father's proposal urging me to become divorced from him.

In a few days afterward a printed pamphlet in German, entitled "The Testimony of Hermann Warszawiak at His Baptism," was handed me, and after I had read it over carefully my heart again began beating with love toward him. This pamphlet contained the address delivered by my husband on the eve of his baptism, explaining in detail to the Jews and Christians present 'his reason for forsaking Judaism for Christianity,' and after reading it over and over again dozens of times, and looking up all the Scripture passages mentioned, I became almost convinced that my poor husband was more right than wrong, and I constantly heard his words ringing in my ears: 'Since God has revealed the truth to me, I must obey His voice.' These words, together with what I had read in the pamphlet, gave me no rest, and I began to pour out my heart to God in prayer, asking him to reveal to me what is indeed 'the truth' which caused my husband to suffer so much and forsake us all because of it.

I now set myself to find out where he was living, and having secured his address, I wrote to him and gave him for my future address a private letter-box. A week later I received an answer, and should I attempt to translate every word he wrote, it could never possibly convey to the reader the half of what it meant to me. The simple story of how Jesus, his

precious Savior, had won his entire heart by sacrificing himself for our sins and transgressions, thrilled the depths of my heart through and through. One sentence in the letter read: "My darling wife, believe me, loving you as I do with my heart and soul, and the dear little children God has been pleased to bless us with, and bleeding as my heart does for having been obliged to forsake you all, yet having become through the Holy Spirit of God thoroughly convinced of the deep and wonderful love of my precious Redeemer, Jeshuah Hammushiach (Jesus Christ), I am counting it a privilege to suffer all this for his sake, and am, therefore, determined to leave you all in his loving hands until he in his great mercy shall reveal the truth to you as he has to me, and then reunite us again, body and soul in him."

A long and steady correspondence now commenced between us and the chief aim and object in most of our letters was concerning the truth as it is in Jesus Christ. And I need only to say that in the course of a short time I became quite convinced that the Lord Jesus, whom my husband loved so dearly, was also my own personal Savior. Still I had many questions to ask, and did not as yet understand many things. I, therefore, had now a double desire to see my husband, and finally concluded to open my heart to my father and tell him of our long secret correspondence, as I could not longer bear to hear them use such insulting language toward my husband, and it caused me great anguish to hear of their plans for

persecuting him, and also how they should secure a divorce for me.

“But oh, how my father and mother upbraided me when they heard of our secret correspondence and of what was really in my heart! How excited they became, and altogether unreasonable; for although I had always been the dearest to them and the pet of our home, I heard such harsh and bitter words that night that it seemed to me as if in the five or ten minutes past my loving father and mother had turned to be my enemies.

I will not go on to write here, beloved Christian friends, all that I have had to suffer since that time, as I have been freely confessing to all since that day that I believed with my dear husband and would never be divorced from him. My people, fearing that I might run away to join my husband, kept a constant watch on all my movements, and resorted to all sorts of tricks to embitter me against him, and when nothing seemed to succeed they went so far as to cause a letter to be sent to me telling the news of my husband being drowned at sea, in consequence of which I was in deep mourning for a few weeks, shedding bitter tears day and night; but when a little later I received a letter from my husband himself, and realized the cruel trick they had played on me, I told them in a decided way that I was determined, even at the cost of my life, if necessary, to go and see my husband, and that if I found him as I imagined him to be, I should certainly share my life

with him either in joy or sorrows. Every obstacle imaginable was again thrown in my way to divert me from my purpose, and though I were to write a large book I could not write all that I went through.

I, therefore, have to make quite a break in my story, as I must come to the concluding part of my experience. Eighteen months ago I heard from my mother-in-law that my husband had sailed from New York to meet her in London, and I determined, 'now or never,' to go and see him. None of my people knew anything of this until I had already left for the station, but just as I was purchasing tickets, whom should I see, to my great consternation, but my father and mother, and almost every one from the house. My parents took me aside and argued as best they could that I should not go. The other people of the house took away in the meantime all luggage I had with me. I told them that their arguing this time was absolutely to no purpose, as I must go to see my husband, cost what it may.

They realized their inability to prevent me from boarding the train, and thought that if I could not take my children with me I would not go away. (Many, many times before would I have gone to join my husband had it not been for my dear little daughters, whom they would never let me take with me, and from whom, with that love I have to them, I could not bear the thought of parting.) At the last moment they snatched my children from me, and said, 'Now, if you wish to go by yourself, you may do

so,' thinking that I would certainly not go away without them. I wept and cried bitterly, begging them to have mercy on me and give me back what was my own flesh and blood, but they only turned a deaf ear to my entreaties.

I now stood alone and did not know which way to turn, but just at this moment God visited me, and the words of my dear husband quoted so often in his letters, saying that Jesus said, 'Whosoever will not forsake father or mother, wife or child, house or land, for His sake is not worthy of me,' flashed themselves upon my mind, and I realized for the first time that, if ever I was to get nearer to the truth as it is in the Lord Jesus, and ever to unite with my husband, I had to make a great sacrifice, and though my heart was torn and bleeding, I stepped into the train, and at once fainted away. Upon recovering, I found myself in the moving train, already a number of miles from Lodz. In three days later I reached London, and saw my beloved husband for the first time after a separation of six years, which to me seemed to have been as much as a life time. I should mention that, as my father was taken sick, my mother, with a friend, followed me to London; but after I had met my husband, and had been in his company for several days, during which time he also clearly explained all the past, and I saw for myself what a man he was, I decided to remain with him for a few months longer, so as to thoroughly test both his life and his Christian religion. After traveling with him for a fortnight,

he spending most of the time teaching me from the Holy Scriptures the truth of his belief, and praying with me several times daily, he so won my heart, and the manner of his present life convinced me anew so much, that I there and then, on a Thursday afternoon, gave my entire heart to the precious Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. When my dear husband came into the room, and I told him of my decision, he fell on his knees, and so praised God as I had never heard him before nor have heard since. He then took me to his friends in Scotland, where we remained for over a month, during which time I was greatly moved by the remarkable love and kindness shown to me by those dear Christian friends. I sailed with my husband to his work in New York, and now wish to bear witness to my gracious and loving Redeemer, Christ Jesus, that, although at times my heart cries out for my dear ones at home, and if I could procure my loving children even at the sacrifice of my own blood for them I would do so; nevertheless, the dear Lord so comforts me when I think of what he himself suffered for me, that often it even seems a privilege to have been permitted to sacrifice all this because of him.

On Easter Sunday, April, 1894, I was baptized. All the fear and heart-struggles of past days were removed, and I felt the baptism of the Holy Spirit coming upon me, while I surrendered my entire self to my Lord and Savior forever. Amen.

Later

The above experience was written and published in *The Jewish Christian* some eleven years ago, since which time a dear son and daughter have been born to us here in New York, and after many efforts we also succeeded two or three years ago, by the help of God and the kind assistance of some friends, in rescuing the two daughters that I left behind in Russia at the time I fled from my father's home, and have brought them over to our home in New York. They are now grown-up young ladies, and, thank God, themselves true and sincere believers and followers of the Lord Jesus Christ.

I have been privileged to work with my dear husband in mission work among the 800,000 Jews of this city during these past many years. Great and varied indeed have been my lot and experience, and I have certainly suffered my full share of very bitter persecutions, and trials and troubles of all kinds; but, thanks be to God, I have also been allowed to witness, through our humble ministry for God, the conversion of large numbers of Jews and Jewesses, as well as to see with my eyes, year in and year out, all the time, hundreds of Jews gathered, listening most respectfully and sincerely to the preaching of the "glorious gospel" by my beloved husband five or six times every week, summer and winter, and, as has often been the case (especially on Fridays and Saturdays), crowds of Jews turned away from the doors of our mission for want of room.

Now, after seventeen years of hard work in this particular field, my beloved husband is almost helpless to have the work continue. Being weary and tired out from so much overwork, and crushed from the dreadful persecutions and troubles he has endured in the past few years, he is sick.

It pleased God, a few weeks ago, to take home our beloved youngest daughter, who died of brain-fever, and left a severe wound on my broken mother-heart, but as I lie before him on my knees, like a bird with broken wings, I must admit, I feel the heart of the Eternal is nevertheless very tender toward his children, especially so when they lie crushed and bleeding from many wounds. He pities as a father pitieth his children, and so, God helping me, I will trust in him, as do the sparrows of the air, and "though he slay me, yet will I trust in him," and nestle trustfully in the hollow of his hand, until it pleases the Lord to grant us more strength and faith to submit entirely to his blessed will, saying from a full heart, "Not my will, O Lord, but thine be done," knowing that it is written, "Be content with such things as ye have; for I will never leave thee nor forsake thee" (Heb. 13:5).

Jesus says, "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me; and he that doth not take his cross, and follow me, is not worthy of me" (Matt. 10:37, 38). By the help of God, I have tried my utmost to follow his teaching.

May he help me now to be "faithful to the end," even in the midst of our present bitter trials and troubles. Amen and amen.

New York, Dec. 28, 1905.

E. E. Byrum,

Moundsville, W. Va.

Dear Friend and Brother in Christ:

"Jehovah bless thee, and keep thee; Jehovah make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; Jehovah lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace." Amen.

I have received with much pleasure and delight your very kind Christian letter, and also the package of very valuable books, for which please accept my sincerest thanks. I have not been able as yet to read them all, but have read the major portion of "The Secret of Salvation," and by the grace of God, was much refreshed and stimulated in the blessed faith. Praise His dear name.

My dear husband does believe in divine healing, and although sick with locomotor ataxia and nervous prostration, never used any doctor or medicine; he relies on God and prays for healing, and even when in the greatest of pain, never murmurs, but says, "Thy will, O Lord, be done." It sometimes breaks my heart to see this good man suffer dreadful pain, and pray for death to deliver him.

Many people say that if he would go to Hot Springs and take the baths there, he would surely get well

again, and they say that even the Lord Jesus himself sent the lame man into the waters, and the blind too; but Mr. Warszawiak insists that God can heal him where he is, and has great faith. He is only "over-worked" and says if he could but go away for a couple of months' perfect rest he is sure he would become well again and able to continue the work for the Master. We have sacrificed everything we possessed for the cause of the Lord. Please pray for us, and pray for me, too, that I may be given strength from on high to be able to endure all that we are now passing through.

How right you are about the modern churches! I am more than disgusted, and our heart longs to be among God's true and faithful children. Thanking you again and again, believe me, dear Christian brother, yours faithfully in the blessed service of the Lord Jesus,

Mrs. Rachel Warszawiak.

A HEART CRY

BY CLINTON A. HERWICK

Dear Lord, I love thee best of all.

I count thee as my own;

I'll live for thee whate'er befall,

I'll live for thee alone.

My heart is fixed on thee, my Lord,

To do thy will replete,

And I am resting on thy Word,

That strong and safe retreat.

Of self I can not higher rise
Than feeble house of clay;
I need thy counsel just and wise,
To lead me all the way.
The arm of flesh is far too weak;
I've found it can not save;
But thine, O Lord, doth e'er prevail,
Through life unto the grave.

And now since thou hast paid the debt
Of love I owe to thee,
Help me, dear Lord, to ne'er forget
Thy servant true to be,
And like thyself be blameless found
In all thou dost adore;
Help me in love to more abound
And greater depths explore.

ENSLAVED BY ABNORMAL APPETITES

A lady once wrote an earnest appeal for me to pray for her husband. He was a prominent business man in a large city, holding a high position in several corporations and business institutions. In fact, he was classed as one of the foremost men in the city. After mentioning a number of important facts concerning their situation, she related, in substance the following: He was quite successful in some of his business undertakings and rose to considerable prominence; but after a few years of overtaxation and

strenuous activities in business life, he discovered that he was weakening under the strain and was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Harassed with weighty problems of business and too ambitious to lay aside the responsibilities, he sought help from the best medical advisors to be procured. The treatment, however, could not counteract his difficulties, and his physician prescribed old rye whiskey as a stimulant.

It was soon evident that he had another foe to encounter. The whiskey buoyed him up for a while; but he soon awakened to the fact that he had acquired an appetite for liquor, the coils of which were like those of a mighty serpent, and that he was facing the fate of an inveterate drunkard. Too proud-hearted to be found on the streets in a state of intoxication, he was closely guarded and allowed to become sober at home while he was reported to be ill or "indisposed."

Attacked with insomnia, he spent many nights in sleeplessness. In order to break loose from the habit of drinking whiskey, he began the use of bromid, which had an effect upon the system similar to that of opium. He neglected his daily duties, and in consequence suffered reverses in business and lost positions and influence. The last remedy only bound him more firmly as a slave to appetite.

It was while he was in this condition that his wife, a good Christian woman, made her appeal for prayer. They were advised to come to a camp-meeting which was to convene a few weeks later. At that meeting

he yielded himself to God, turned from his sinful ways, and was converted, and delivered from his abnormal appetite. After returning to the city he kept the experience of the peace of God in his soul and victory over his evil habits for four months. Then he became entangled with some questionable business affairs, lost the victory, and became a prey to his old habits. Sometime afterward he was again restored and made an effort to live a Christian life. For sometime he became closely associated with me, and bid fair to become a useful man; but from lack of spiritual devotion he again became enslaved as before, and his condition was desperate because of the control exercised over him by the evil one. At this juncture of his career we were requested to render aid in dealing with him.

His son, a noble young man, had often come to me for advice and counsel in spiritual affairs. Knowing that he did not fully understand his father's condition, I informed him that he might expect his father to become desperate under almost any provocation and that he should take the matter earnestly to the Lord in prayer, that he might be able to be a help to his father. The young man was very thankful for the information and was better prepared to render aid. The following day another brother and I were invited to the father's home. He had previously asked me what I thought of his condition and how he could get deliverance. I kindly instructed him and told him that the devil had undoubtedly taken possession,

and we advised him how to proceed in order to gain his freedom and deliverance. At the time he seemed pleased and anxious to have the necessary aid.

Among the evil spirits that seemed to have control of him, we discerned some that were of a desperate character and were liable to become manifest at any time. For a time he talked pleasantly; then he referred to our former conversation concerning his condition. It seemed that the evil one immediately had control over him. Looking across at me from his seat on the opposite side of the room, he said, "You tried to turn my son against me yesterday." I reminded him of his former appeal for spiritual help, and told him that my words to his son were only for the purpose of enabling his son also to be a benefit to him. He arose from his seat, repeated the charge, and said, "Don't you dare deny it." I replied, "I dare to tell the truth." He immediately started across the room towards me with a large knife drawn. His countenance showed desperation and murder. I silently breathed a prayer for protection, and in like manner rebuked the murderous spirit, and calmly awaited his approach without rising from my chair. When about half way to me, he suddenly stopped, quietly returned to his chair, apologizing for his rashness, and changed the manner of his conversation. Later he came forward for prayer in a small public meeting, but was unable to receive any spiritual help because of his unwillingness to give up some of his evil ways.

After several years had passed by, he wrote me

from another State, earnestly begging my forgiveness for the way he had treated me, and stating that every word I had told him concerning his condition was true; that for years he had suffered untold agony because he was unwilling to acknowledge his condition and meet the requirements in order to get saved, but that he had finally found deliverance and was out from under the devil's control and free from the things that had formerly enslaved him.

SECURING RATES FOR CAMP-MEETING

Application had been made to a railway association for reduced rates for those attending a camp-meeting near Grand Junction, Mich. In granting the favor a mistake was made; instead of making the rates good for three days after the close of the meeting, so as to give the attendants time to return to their homes, the order stated that rates were granted for only three days after the beginning of the meeting. As no one wished to leave the camp at that early date, the rates were of no avail.

A letter was sent to the railway authorities informing them of the mistake and asking them for an extension of time, but they replied that they had made no mistake and would make no change. A second letter was sent explaining to them the situation, but they replied very positively and emphatically that

they could not and would not make the change. It was a very heavy burden for me, as in advertising the meeting we had informed the people that reduced rates would be granted, so that they could return home for only one-third the regular fare. Some who were present did not have sufficient money to pay full fare for a return ticket. The amount that would be saved through the gaining of reduced rates was about five hundred dollars.

Another appeal was made to the railway authorities telling them that the time must be extended. After the letter was written, a few of us laid it before the Lord and asked that his Spirit accompany it on its mission and that, if they were inclined to be stubborn, or if Satan was in any wise controlling them in the matter, the Lord would put his rebuke on the enemy and so break his power as to defeat his plans and cause them to grant our request.

The meetings were glorious, and many lessons had been given from the pulpit on the subject of faith, and how to exercise it. At the morning service a statement was made to the audience concerning the situation in regard to rates and concerning the last letter that had been sent, and it was pointed out that those concerned would now have an excellent opportunity to put into practise some of the lessons on faith which they had learned. The audience knelt in earnest prayer. In the afternoon, while on my way to the camp-ground, I was still very much burdened over the matter, and it seemed I had not become fully

reconciled to the idea of so many being deprived of what had been promised to them; but while walking along the railway alone praying, I fully submitted the matter to God and left the responsibility with him, telling him that I had become perfectly willing for them to lose the amount that they would otherwise have saved, if he could get more glory thereby, and that I was willing for him to have his way about it, no matter which way it would terminate. Instantly came the impression by the Spirit of the Lord, as vividly as spoken words, "You can have it your own way, so it does not conflict with the will of God." I said, "Amen, Lord, we will have rates." My burden was gone, and I went on my way rejoicing.

During the afternoon service a messenger handed me a telegram from the railway authorities stating that they had granted rates and an extension of time according to our request. At the close of the service the telegram was read publicly, and the congregation offered praise and thanksgiving to God for his goodness.

AMONG THE LEPERS

In ancient times in the land of Canaan among the Israelites it was required of lepers when being approached by any one to cry out, "Unclean, unclean," as leprosy was considered a very loathsome disease. A leprous person was shunned and looked upon re-

proachfully. The disease generally thrives best in haunts of filth among the lower classes of people; but it is not confined to such people alone, as it has been known to make its ravages among those in the higher walks of life, as was the case with Miriam, the sister of Moses, and with Naaman, the captain of the king's army.

My first contact with lepers was at Jerusalem while on my way to the Garden of Gethsemane. Along the way, by the roadside, were many lepers. It was a pitiable sight to behold them in their deplorable condition. Here was leprosy in its worst form. The disease affected the entire system. Different members of the body had become rough and scaly; in some cases the joints had been severed, so that many of these unfortunate people had lost their fingers and toes; the hands or the ears of some had dropped off, or their noses had been eaten away; many were blind, their eyes having decayed. Yet they were all beggars by the wayside, pleading earnestly for "bakshish" (money) from the passers-by. These lepers were not required to cry out "Unclean," nor was any effort put forth to keep them from approaching strangers.

In India we not only saw persons diseased in like manner, but also saw some with large smooth white spots on their person, spots as white as snow, and having a resemblance of porcelain. The victims seemed to suffer little, if any, and they were permitted to mingle with the people, even in public gatherings.

Just outside the city of Port of Spain, Trinidad,

British West Indies, we visited a lepers' home and hospital, kept by Roman Catholics. Along the road was a high enclosure with a guard on the inside of the closed gate. At first no one answered our call; but after we gave a certain number of knocks and stated that we wished to see the Mother Superior, we were admitted and instructed how to gain admittance at the next entrance. Passing through it, we were in the main enclosure, where there were 256 lepers. After a few words with the Mother Superior, she detailed two nuns to accompany us through the various wards of the hospital, kitchen, dining-room, laundry, and other places of interest.

At this place the people did not have the white leprosy nor the kind that affects the joints, but had rough irritable eruptions on the face, hands, and other parts of their bodies. The nuns nursed them and dressed the afflicted parts without fear of contracting the disease.

To contract that dread disease means not only to be more or less isolated from society but to suffer the dread of deformity and of having a loathsome affliction the remainder of one's life. Physicians have failed to find a remedy to cure it, and the only hope for deliverance for such people is through faith in Jesus Christ, who has power to heal all manner of sicknesses and all manner of diseases.

JESUS ONLY

BY MINNIE G. MEYER

Nobody knows but Jesus
The burdens, the care, the pain,
The earnest prayers and longings,
The strivings to victory gain.

Nobody sees like Jesus,
None else could understand
And know me altogether;
He holds my trembling hand.

Nobody cares like Jesus,
Nobody loves as he,
None could so soothe and comfort,
None could so tender be.

Nobody helps like Jesus;
He gives me the grace I need;
He helps me through every struggle,
If I but his counsel heed.

I could not live without Jesus;
This world would be empty and vain;
But with him, what pleasure and comfort!
The purest of joys I gain.

I would not part with Jesus
For all that this earth could give,
For to me he's the fairest of thousands,
And for him alone I shall live.

I soon shall dwell with Jesus
In a world far fairer than this;
Then, oh, what joy to be near him,
And reign in supernal bliss!

A SALOON-KEEPER'S DAUGHTER SAVED

BY MISS BERTHA MACKEY

"And a certain woman, when she had heard of Jesus, came in the press behind, and touched his garment. For she said, if I may touch but his clothes, I shall be whole" (Mark 5:25-28).

My parents were Roman Catholics, Mother being French and Father Irish. I was kept away from Protestants entirely, not even being allowed to play with our neighbor children unless of the same faith. This made me very bitter against the Protestants. I loved the world and its pleasures. My being a Catholic made it possible for me to attend theaters, play cards, dance, drink wine and other liquors, without its being counted a sin. I traveled much about the world and saw much of life. My father was a saloon-keeper and one of the richest men in Detroit, Mich. He never withheld money or pleasure from me in any respect. When I was about the age of sixteen my oldest sister died of consumption. A year later my only sister left, was taken to meet her God. I was the only child left. They loved me very dearly. The custom of the Catholic church is to give one daughter to the church, usually the oldest. My mother had withheld her daughters. The priest told her that the death of my sister was a punishment sent from God because she had done so, and that our only salvation depended on their giving me to the nunnery as a nun,

which would mean separation from home, friends, and the world for life; in reality, it meant death. Even my parents could not see me any more, dead or alive, after I took the black veil. It meant a sacrifice to me, but in order to save my parents I was willing to go. So I entered the convent walls.

Shameful Discoveries

While there I saw many things I would not dare to print. I found twenty sisters in a dungeon, lying on huddles of straw, without covering, and getting only bread and water to live on. I was fortunate enough to plan the escape of one from the dungeon and saw her gain her freedom one year before I myself made my escape. I was severely punished one time for looking around in forbidden places. I chanced to run upon a priest in the convent, and I found that he had a secret passage from his home to the convent, underground. I was amazed. He was angry at my discovery. He showed me another part of the convent, taking me down-stairs, hanging me up by my wrists till my toes just touched the floor. My arms were pulled out of their sockets and the lining of my lungs was torn, and every cord in my limbs was strained, making them crooked to this day. They left me in this position for more than an hour marching all of the inmates in to see me. I was then taken down, and not being able to walk, was carried to my room, where I lay for over a month, suffering intensely. They also showed me a lime pit where they threw the

bodies of innocent babes and told me that if I ever told what I had discovered they would throw me there, also. I was then shown the rack-room, where if we did not obey we should be stretched. How I longed to be free from the awful life that was staring me in the face!

One sister in the chapel impressed me very much. I wondered why she was always praying there from six in the morning till six in the evening. She told me that because she was disobedient to the priest he had put her eyes out and that her life's work was to pray in the chapel those hours. She was fed on bread and water.. Oh, how my heart went out for her, but I could do nothing! I made up my mind to make my escape. I was soon to go home to see my parents, having a few more times to go before I took the black veil. I had the white veil, which made a full-fledged sister. I had also taken the blue veil and could teach school as a sister. Remember that my parents were to be saved at any cost, so I was to be a black-veiled nun, or a cloister nun, meaning about the same thing; both having the same duties. The visiting sister made preparations for me to go.

I tried not to seem overanxious, but could hardly contain myself. I arrived home about two o'clock and visited with my parents about an hour and then asked permission of Sister Francis to go to my room. It was granted. My mother always left my room just as I had it arranged. I entered my room, locked the door, and pulled the dresser and everything that was

of any weight against it. By this time I was exhausted and excited and, breaking down, began to scream, "Don't make me go back! Don't make me go back!" The sister ran up-stairs calling out what it would mean for her to go back without me. My father heard the noise and came running to see what was the matter. He asked me to let him in, but I would not. He then went for our family physician, and the sister telephoned for the priest to come at once. When he came in he asked if I had told anything. I answered, "No, Father." Mother plead for me to be left at home for six months. The doctor said if I went back death would follow, so I was granted six months. I was sick and sad and wished to die before the six months were up.

Providence Interfering

I used to sit at the window during the evening and watch the crowds pass to and fro. One night my attention was arrested by singing under the window and, looking down, I saw a little group of people called the Volunteers of America. They stood singing about Jesus and his power to save. It touched my heart. The shine on the face, the ring in the voice, seemed genuine. I continued to listen and, growing more interested, ventured out on the street-corner to be nearer them. I then followed them to their hall, listening to their testimonies and their songs. I was then twenty years old and had never read the Bible. One night they said there was only "one mediator

between God and man, the Man Jesus Christ." I began to wonder about my old teaching, about Virgin Mary, the Holy Apostles, Peter, Paul, and the other saints who were mediators between Jesus and me. God was talking to my heart, but I did not realize it then. He still kept knocking. Glory to His precious name!

I want you to notice that it was a sin to go to a Protestant church or false place of worship, as the catalogues of sins said. I began to wonder what punishment would be placed upon me for listening to the Bible, the Word of God. I grew anxious, fearing the priest as every true Catholic does. I made confession to the priest, telling him I had been to the Volunteers of America. He asked me if I believed anything that they said. I answered, "Some I do, and some I do not." He threatened to send me to the convent at once, but I plead, and he told me my penance would be to fast one week, drinking only water. I was sad in one way, but was still free to listen to the singing on the street-corner. I had almost ten hours of prayer to repeat each day, during the week. I arose early in the morning, did my penance of prayer, and then waited for the evening to come so as to hear about Jesus and his power to save from sin—that we could have peace and joy in our hearts continually and that if we died any time, day or night, all would be well with our souls. My heart longed for peace, but did not know the way to the blessed feet of Jesus. I groped in the dark day

after day. My week ended. I returned to my Father Confessor, told him I had done my penance, but would never come again until I was satisfied in my own heart about these things.

God had talked to me during my week of fasting. Praise his precious name! I see it now, but did not understand it at that time. The Holy Spirit was convicting me of sin, of righteousness, and of a judgment to come. I continued on some weeks unable to yield to the Spirit of God, afraid to drop my old profession for fear that I should not obtain the peace of God and I should be doomed for eternity. Oh the agony of soul! But God came to me on the night of March 18, 1905. I want to say right here that where there are honest souls, God will dig them out and bring them the light. I was under such deep conviction it seemed impossible to wait until the evening service. It was the longest day of my life. Hell seemed to stare me in the face. I waited for them to come upon the street as usual. I wondered how long they would be taking the offering. I took a good handful of money out of the cash-register and threw it upon the drum and followed them to the hall.

Gloriously Saved

They started the service with that beautiful song, "What can wash away my sins? Nothing but the blood of Jesus." I broke down immediately and, lifting my hands, cried out that I could not wait until the close of the meeting to be saved. I ran to the

front of the hall and fell on my knees at the altar. The people gathered around me. Oh, how I struggled to be free! But I did not know how to come to Jesus. I began to pray to the Virgin Mary and other saints to intercede for me. They tried to explain to me that Jesus alone was all I needed to confess to, but all grew darker and darker to me, but I was in earnest. When God sees an earnest soul groping in the dark, He will come to his relief. The light began to dawn upon my soul, and I saw Jesus crucified for me individually. My sins loomed up before me, and I confessed and repented to Jesus alone, and joy and peace flooded my soul, and his Spirit witnessed with my spirit that I was "born again." All seemed clear to me.

I was anxious for my parents at once. Like every new convert, I wanted to witness for my Savior, who had done so much for me. It was twelve o'clock when I got home, and, running into the house, I aroused my parents, telling them that Jesus had forgiven all my sins and filled my heart with love. I had always been very self-willed, had a high temper, and was never controlled except in the convent, then only through fear or punishment. But now all was broken, and I felt only love and compassion for my people, who were in such gross darkness. I tried to explain it, but this was impossible. They said I was crazy and called a doctor, who examined my eye-balls, as doctors always do when making an examination for insanity. He said I was not insane, but only excited and nervous, owing to my life in the convent. As

told them to humor me, and I would get over it soon.

The *Detroit Free Press* came out in the morning with a cartoon of me marching with the Salvation Army, and telling that the daughter of a prominent saloon-keeper and a Roman Catholic had joined the Salvation Army. This was a terrible blow to my father, who was a very proud man. He, feeling that it was excitement, allowed me to continue in my new found faith .

Persecution's Flame

I purchased three new Bibles, giving my mother and grandmother each one, keeping one for myself. I went upon the street-corner with the Volunteers, standing in front of my father's saloon, and there witnessed for Jesus. I began reading my Bible at once, so eager was I to learn of God, and continued to go on the street.

My father would stand it as long as possible and then would roll up his sleeves and take me off the street, kicking me every step of the way to my room. I tell you God had put such a love in my heart I felt no resentment, only love, and every kick made me love my parents that much more. This continued a number of weeks. The priest came every day, trying to persuade me to give up my foolish notions. But God had done a work in my heart that would stand the test. As a last resort they shut me up in my room, feeding me upon one loaf of bread and a pitcher of water a day, my father bringing it to me in the morning, but my mother never coming near.

Every morning he would ask me if I would recant. I would give my answer, "No." I kept reading my Bible. On the eleventh morning he came as usual. I had read a blessed passage of Scripture in Isaiah: "Your bread shall not fail and your water shall be sure." I asked Father to listen a minute until I read one verse. He listened; then he turned to me, telling me to come out, that he would never raise his finger towards me again. As we were coming down-stairs, Mother grew angry and excited and 'phoned for the priest to come at once. He came and commanded my parents to turn me out at once, telling them their only salvation depended upon immediate obedience. Remember he previously told them that their only salvation was that I should give my life to the convent ("Consistency, thou are a jewel.") My parents loved me, and loved me still. Separation was hard for us all. But the priest must be obeyed, and heaven must be gained at any cost.

I went up-stairs to pack my trunk, not knowing where to go or what to do. Never having worked a day in my life, I made preparation to leave my home and my loved ones. While packing my trunk the 'phone rang. The Captain's wife called me, telling me God showed her at family prayer that I was in trouble and needed a friend. I answered her I was packing to leave home, but did not know where to go. I was told to come over, because they had fixed a room that morning for me. "When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." God had

made a way for me. So I left home, Mother not even saying good-by to me, her only child living.

Father gave me fifty dollars, telling me to let him know if I was ever in need. I went and worked under the Volunteers of America, selling papers, collecting money in saloons in my own home city. God always lets us prove ourselves at home first. There was not one saloon-keeper who censured me, but all told me to go ahead, that I was on the right track.

I suffered much at the hands of the Catholics while in that city. One night a man held a revolver against my temple, threatening to blow my brains out. God had taken all fear out of my heart. I told the man to go ahead, that I would soon be with Jesus. My girl associates would come and point their fingers at me. God gave me grace to bear it all for him. Another time the Catholics pounded me until I could not see, and it was over two weeks before I was presentable to any one. Leaving Detroit, I wrote my mother my address in Chicago, telling her any time she needed me I would come to her. I was followed, and my every move was watched by Catholics. They tried hard to catch me alone. God always protected me. I wrote home every week to my precious parents, telling how God was taking care of me and keeping me from the sins of the world, never once mentioning their treatment towards me. They never answered me, but God kept me sweet and tender towards them, my love growing deeper for them every day.

Afflicted in Body

Moving to Omaha, I was stricken down with illness caused by the kicks received at home and the cruel treatment received at the convent.

I was operated on in Omaha, three times, this leaving me weak, especially my lungs which were terribly affected. One lung was entirely gone, and the other had a spot the size of a dollar. I thought my life about to go out, but God spared me. One Sunday morning, I went to a holiness mission and heard of a higher life and the deeper things of God. My heart being open to all the truth, I realized the need of more of God. I went to the altar, there consecrated my all, giving up worldly dress, gold, diamonds, lodges, and everything that drew my mind from my blessed Jesus. The woman who went with me rejected the light and went down, and today lives in sin. We never stand still—it is forward or backward. God helped me. Praise his name! I was more than a conqueror “through him that loved me and gave himself for me.”

Of course, ~~this~~ changed my life entirely. I did not feel led to go into saloons for money to carry on God's work, so I was not wanted any more by the Volunteers. I was again turned out of a home for standing for the truth, this time with only a dollar to move my trunk, get a room, and live until a position was found. The mission workers wanted to care for me, but I, like Jonah, tried to run away from God, by paying my fare to Tarshish, going to work

as bookkeeper in a box-factory. The girls kept holding on to God for me, and God swept away my position from me. My will was brought into subjection again to God, and oh, how I worked for my Savior who had done so much for me!

After being away from home over two years, I received a telegram calling me home, my mother being in very poor health. On arriving home, I found that my precious mother had read the Bible through twice. She told me it was not so much what she had read that convinced her of the truth, but my life while home the first few months after my conversion, showing it is not the Bible the world is reading but the lives of the professed Christians. I endeavored to point her to "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world," and I had the joy of seeing her enter into rest with Jesus.

She left behind her this testimony in the presence of the priest, that for fifty years she had prayed on her prayer-beads, going to confession, but never finding any relief until now, and that only through the blood of Jesus she was made clean. Turning to me, she told me not to let the Catholics touch her after death. As soon as life was gone, the priest tried to shove me out of the room and take possession, but I stood firm. He then called for a basin of water, washing his hands of her blood, as Pilate did Jesus. He then walked out, forbidding my father to follow my mother to her last resting-place, and would not permit her to be buried beside her two precious girls who

had gone on before. She was a heretic now, because she had accepted Jesus as her Savior. After being in the city eighteen years, I had to ask strangers to carry my mother to her grave. This almost broke my heart; only one person going with me to see her laid away. But there was joy in heaven because one sinner had repented and accepted Jesus.

Mother had left me a large sum of money, but the will was broken by my father and the priest, who testified that I had influenced her. I could have won the suit, but I let them take the money, knowing God would care for me. "If they take away thy coat, give them thy cloak also." Only one thing I asked for, and that was the Bible my mother had read, but my father clung to it because it was the last thing she had handled. He loved her dearly in spite of the priest. Priests can rule by fear, but they can not take love out of the heart. I again came west, but I had to hide for eight weeks before I dared to leave the city. The Catholics watched me and were bound to have me. I fled from one town to another until I reached Oklahoma. They traced me there. It being a new country, there were no laws yet, and they were warned to leave on the next train or the results would be disastrous. God always raised up friends for me and supplied my every need. I returned to Lincoln, my health being very bad by this time. I doctored with the very best physicians and specialists, but to no avail. I seemed to grow worse. Finding no relief, I would change doctors. At last,

one specialist told me that I could not live over a month unless I could be operated upon, and that he would hold out no hope of my ever coming through, being so weak.

Wonderfully Healed

I began to look around for some one who knew the worth of prayer and had faith for healing. I could find no one who trusted absolutely in God. A woman told me of some people who were having such wonderful healings in a humble mission on Twelfth Street, always following the preaching of the Word. I went at once, and they laid their hands upon me, praying the prayer of faith, and God's marvelous healing power went all through me. And one of the worst cases in Lincoln that the doctors had given up was healed by God. I had consumption, fibrous tumors, heart-trouble, nervousness, and stomach trouble. God healed me, and I give him all the glory. The devil contested my healing, but I held to the promises of God. I was taken with hemorrhages of the lungs, bringing me very low. I still held on to the promise and shouted victory, and I wanted them to know that I had it, telling them if I could not speak and they saw me move my fingers I had the victory. God honored my faith at once, healing me instantly. And I arose, went into the mission and led the singing.

Again, I was stricken with paralysis, my entire right side being perfectly helpless. I was not able to move or speak. The saints prayed for me. God indeed touched me, and healed me instantly.

I was hungry for more of God, and listened to His word. I began to tarry at the feet of Jesus. Oh, how sweet it was! Oh the joy there is in knowing all is well with our souls! I find there is much land ahead to be possessed, and I am going on to take new heights I have never attained. And I mean to let my light shine, warning men and women to get ready to meet their God. I am writing this, not that men may read about my persecutions, hardships or trials, but to show the power of God to save one who, looked at from the natural, could see no way of escape for either body or soul. But the all-wise God looked down into the dark convent and saw an honest soul, who, if light dawned upon her, would walk in it. He made a way of escape for me. Praise his precious name!

4400 Twenty-ninth Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

BEWARE OF THE FIRST DRINK

BY J. R. TALLEN

In the autumn of the year in which I was seventeen years of age, I planned a Western trip and was soon on a C. P. R. train speeding rapidly toward wheat-fields of Manitoba. Usually there are not men enough in western Canada to harvest the immense crops, so the railroads give especially cheap excursion rates to get men to go there as harvest-hands. Thousands

of men avail themselves of this opportunity to see the country and to make some money. Extra good wages are paid as an inducement to the men of the East.

On the train with me were three men from my home country. One was my old school-teacher, with whom I began the journey. The other two were young fellows, whom I knew to be lively and even rough. Being of a lively disposition myself, I did not enjoy the school-teacher's company very well; so before reaching Winnipeg I had taken up with the two livelier young men.

We arrived in Winnipeg one evening after seven o'clock. These young men had been drinking some along the way, but up to this time in my life I had never taken a drink of any intoxicating liquor. Immediately upon our leaving the train they proposed to go to a saloon. I went with them. On arriving at the door I told them I would wait outside, but they insisted that I should go in with them. At last I yielded to their persuasions to go inside. But this did not satisfy them; they urged me to take something "soft." Just as we stepped inside the saloon the bartender shouted, "All out; it is eight o'clock." (In Manitoba all barrooms must close at eight o'clock on Saturday night.) Of course, there was no further time then for discussing the matter; so I told them I would take something "soft." I stepped up to the bar with them and asked for a glass of lemon sour, while they ordered beer.

In the rush of clearing the saloon in time to comply with the law, the bartender either misunderstood my order or wilfully changed it. I was not paying particular attention to what he was doing, so the other boys called my attention to the fact that he was drawing off beer for me. Of course, the struggle between my past teaching and past resolutions and my pride was fierce though brief. On the spur of the moment I said, "Oh, well, let it go." The beer was placed on the bar, and I took my first strong drink.

The mere drinking of this glass of beer did me no particular physical harm, but somehow, somehow, it seemed to "break the ice" and to bring over me a feeling of "don't care" and "what's the use," so that it became easy for me to yield to the inducements of the future. It was the first step toward drunkenness and ruin, which I most certainly would have reached had it not been for the providential interference of the Spirit of God.

For some time I indulged in occasional seasons of drinking and revelry accompanied with kindred evils, and one night just before Christmas I attended a raffle. By the way, I had returned from the West. In company with another young man I went to a neighboring town to get liquor for the occasion, our home town being dry. On the way back we had what seemed to us then a good time. I had drunk so much that when we began to play cards for turkeys and other things my brain was so badly befogged that I was unable to play with any great degree of intelli-

gence. However, during the course of the evening I won a turkey.

We started for town about one o'clock in the morning and I reached my home somewhere near two o'clock. Upon my arrival I found my mother sitting up waiting for me. I shall never forget that picture as long as I live. She was sitting by the table knitting nervously and waiting anxiously for her boy. She asked me where I had been. I would not lie, so told her frankly. Of course, I did not tell her that I had been drinking; but as she knew the kind of people that frequented the place of these raffles, she guessed the rest, I presume.

There was something about her disappointed tone of voice and wounded look that made me feel most miserable. I wished that my turkey were most anywhere but there. I was absolutely ashamed of it, but I carried it through the house, hung it up, and hastened off to bed. Next morning I did not get up with the other members of the family; and when I rose, the picture of the night before and the Spirit of God and the shame of it all were so working upon me that I slipped out of the house and did not return again until toward evening, by which time I had resolved to end it all by giving my heart to God. This I did as soon as opportunity presented itself. Thus you see how I took my first and last drink.

I am absolutely unable to tell how glad I am that God in his mercy delivered me from the drink-habit for surely it would have meant the ruin of my

life in this world and in the world to come.

It is very dangerous to tamper with drink. In fact, sin of any kind is dangerous, for there goes with it a carelessness and neglect that is intended by the enemy of souls to keep a person dead to his own welfare until it is too late to retrace his steps.

A very forcible illustration of this is told by a minister in the State of Washington. While he was holding a series of meetings at a certain place, the Spirit of the Lord one night seemed to be especially working. As the altar-call was being given, some one remarked that he felt there were some present who should yield that night, as it might be their last opportunity.

There was a young man in that meeting who was very much under conviction. His parents were saved, and they had been praying for his conversion, but with the rest he put the matter off. Sometime later he went away from home to work with his father. While away he began one day to complain of not feeling well. There did not seem to be anything seriously wrong with him, but finally he decided to go home. Leaving his father, he returned.

That evening he went to bed, and although he did not feel well, he was not feeling seriously ill; but the next morning he failed to get up with the rest of the family and failed also to answer when called. Somebody went to his room and tried to awake him, but did not succeed. He was unconscious, and he never

again regained consciousness. This minister was sent for and stayed beside him until evening. About five o'clock he apparently died. His pulse was still, and he had every appearance of being dead. But suddenly his eyes came open and a most horrible look of terror filled his face. At the same time he gave vent to screams of most unearthly terror. This lasted but for a moment, after which he was gone. Those who witnessed this scene firmly believe that he got a glimpse of the fate that awaited him and that awaits all others who neglect to avail themselves of the salvation of the Lord Jesus.

THE BEVERAGE OF HELL

- “Go, feel what I have felt;
Go bear what I have borne;
Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt,
And the cold, proud world's scorn;
Thus strugglo on from year to year,
Thy sole relief the scalding tear.
- “Go, weep as I have wept
O'er a loved father's fall;
See every cherished promise swept,
Youth's sweetness turned to gall,
Hope's faded flowers strewed all the way
That led me up to woman's day.
- “Go, kneel as I have knelt;
Implore, beseech, and pray;
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay;
Be cast with bitter curse aside—
Thy prayers burlesqued, thy tears defied!

“Go, stand where I have stood,
And see the strong man bow,
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,
And cold and livid brow;
Go, catch his wandering glance, and see
There mirrored his soul’s misery.

“Go, hear what I have heard—
Tho sobs of sad despair,
As memory’s feelings fount hath stirred,
And its revealings there
Have told him what he might have been,
Had he the drunkard’s fate forseen.

“Go to my mother’s side,
And her crushed spirit cheer;
Thine own deep anguish hide,
Wipe from her cheek the tear;
Mark her dimmed eye, her furrowed brow,
The gray that streaks her dark hair now,
The toil-worn frame, the trembling limb;
And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith in early youth
Promised eternal love and truth,
But who, foresworn, hath yielded up
This promise to the deadly cup,
And led her down from love and light,
From all that made her pathway bright,
And chained her there, mid want and strife,
That lowly thing—a drunkard’s wife!
And stamped on childhood’s brow so mild,
That withering blight—a drunkard’s child!

“Go, hear and see and feel and know
All that my soul hath felt and known;
Then look within the wine-cup’s glow;
See if its brightness can atone;
Think if its flavor you would try
If all proclaimed, ‘ ’Tis drink and die!’

“Tell me I hate the bowl—
Hate is a feeble word;
I loathe, abhor, my very soul
By strong disgust is stirred
Whene’er I see, or hear, or tell
Of the DARK BEVERAGE OF HELL!”

A MINISTER’S EXPERIENCE WITH ACCUSATIONS

It is evident that ministers must by actual experience learn the wiles of the devil and be able to stand against his oppressions and oppositions with a real determination and steadfastness. It often happens that the enemy of souls will undertake to imitate the Spirit of the Lord and try to convince a minister that he is not being led by the Spirit of the Lord and must pursue another course—a course directly opposite to that in which he has been led or so nearly in line with his former leadings as to make him believe it is the Spirit of the Lord directing. If the enemy can thus turn a minister aside by his whisperings, he is then apt to bring in a flood of accusa-

tions followed by discouragements; but the one who is on the alert and goes forth with all humility of heart, need have no fears, for the Lord will come to the rescue of his own and will fulfil the promise spoken through the prophet which says, "When the enemy comes in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him." The minister may at times have some severe testings and trials, but by faithfulness and steadfastness in the truth, coupled with much prayer and a perfect submission to the will of God, he will soon learn to detect the enemy and to know the difference between the whisperings of the evil one and the direction of the Holy Spirit.

A few years ago an evangelist who had come through many testing times and had won many victories for the Lord, was holding a tabernacle-meeting in Illinois. The Word was being preached in all its power, souls were getting saved, the sick were being healed, and even devils were being cast out. This so stirred the evil one that he brought his power against the work that was being done at the tabernacle, the same as he did in the days of the apostles when such things were accomplished through the preaching of the word of God. Persecutions arose, the power of darkness gathered around to such an extent that it seemed the progress of the meeting was clogged, and for a few days there was apparently but little manifestation of any progress.

Satan whispered to the evangelist that all had been

done that could be accomplished at that place. The previous night a mob threw clubs and rocks on the tent and made great threats of breaking up the meeting. The outlook for accomplishing anything looked discouraging, and after one or two more services the thought presented itself that as there was an urgent call at another place it would be better for the evangelist to take his company and go there immediately. This course looked so plausible that he decided to follow it, although in some way he felt that he ought to stay at this place until the victory had been won; but as he was sick in body, the oppression of the enemy great, and the outlook very unfavorable, he decided to close the meeting and go to the next place.

Soon after the meeting was begun at the next place, the evangelist became dangerously sick, and the meeting had to be conducted by the younger workers of his company. The outlook for a revival at this second place seemed to be worse than at the other, although the opposition was not so great. The devil was there also to make his suggestions. He whispered that as the way was closed at this second place it was evident that it would be better for the evangelist to go on to the next place; that he was undoubtedly out of the order of the Lord in closing the meeting at the place he had just left; that had he stayed there a little longer he could have had victory and souls would have been saved; that his sickness was an evidence that he had disobeyed the Lord, as were also the apparently blocked condition of the meeting and the

small attendance. So the brother and his helpers closed this meeting and went to the third place.

There they found conditions about the same. Then the suggestion came that it would have been better for them to stay at the second place until something was accomplished, or for them to go back to the first place. Then came a flood of accusations and discouragements. Satan suggested that as the brother was out of God's order in all these places and did not know the leadings of the Lord, it would be better for him to give up the evangelistic work and go home and settle down to some other line of work; that otherwise he was likely to lose his life through sickness and being out of God's order.

The evangelist then remembered the clear leadings of the Lord he had experienced in planning his trip, and the blessings of the Lord upon his soul and upon the work in the beginning of the first meeting, and realized that the enemy of souls was trying to hinder the full gospel from being preached in the many places where he had planned to hold meetings. When he realized how the enemy had been working, he called his workers together, had prayer for the healing of his body, and rebuked the powers of Satan. The Lord healed him of his sickness and put strength in his body. He went to the place where services were to be held that night and with power and authority declared the gospel of Jesus Christ. The enemy was defeated, and there was a great awakening. From that time forth, he said, he had victory and success

everywhere he went, as he gave no place to the devil. He learned the lesson to know first that he was in the order of the Lord in going to a place, and then, no matter what happened, to assert his liberty in the name and power of Jesus Christ. Victory and success are sure to follow.

Another Experience

A young minister who had been successful in holding a number of meetings was engaged in another series of meetings. For a week there were no outward manifestations further than that several persons seemed to be under conviction. The minister became much discouraged, and the enemy suggested that his preaching did not amount to anything, and that he might just as well quit the business. Then came a flood of discouragements, and things did not look very brilliant for his future success in the ministry.

About that time he received a copy of a paper and read the field report of a minister who had held a meeting in which forty or fifty persons were saved. Instead of allowing this to have a discouraging effect upon him, he took courage and concluded that if somebody else could hold so successful a meeting he could do the same by the help of God. He dismissed all accusations and discouragements, laid hold upon the promises of God, went forth in the name and strength of the Lord, and was successful in his efforts thereafter.

DIFFICULTIES ENCOUNTERED ALONG THE WAY

BY B. R. MC DANDEL

In the spring of 1908 the Lord convicted me of my sins. Previous to that time I led a sinful life. I had a good Christian mother, but she died when I was a small boy. My father was a good moral man, but not a Christian. He died a few years after the death of mother.

As years passed by, I went deeper in sin until I lost confidence in Christianity and disbelieved the Bible; but God, who is merciful to all, was not forgetful of me in my weak and sinful state, and he sent his Holy Spirit with convicting power until I realized my lost condition. I remember that at this time I would go out at night and, looking up at the starry heavens with tears trickling down my cheeks, would there give vent to my feelings. "O God, the creator of all these, and thou who hast created man, I have sinned against thee." Then I would fall on my knees, pleading for mercy. Thank God! it was not in vain. He took away all my sin, and then I was at peace with God. During the past years I had acquired the habits of drinking whiskey and using tobacco, and had been ensnared into many other evils; but the Lord cleansed me from them all and gave me the blessing of his salvation.

But now, here I was in a world of religious confusion and confronted with the question, "Which church is right?" The more I pondered over the

question, the more confused I became. Some were teaching one thing and some another. There were two persons living about twenty miles distant with whom I was acquainted and whose lives had been such as caused me to have confidence in them as being Christian people. At this time I was making my home with my brother, and I decided that I would go and see those people.

Upon my arrival they gave me some literature published by the Gospel Trumpet Company. It seemed to be just what my soul was craving for, as I saw it was gospel truth. After remaining there a few days I left, taking with me a few tracts and a book entitled "The Kingdom of God and the Thousand Years' Reign." On my return home I purchased a Bible.

Those two persons whom I visited told me about the Gospel Trumpet publishing-work, and I desired to meet those people who taught the Bible so plainly. So I decided to start the following morning to pay them a visit. My folks at home thought it very strange to see me reading the Bible. It was strange because of the change that had taken place.

On Monday I bade farewell to my folks and started out like Abraham of old, leaving country and kindred. It was April 6, 1908, when I left Laclede, Mo., for the Gospel Trumpet Home. Upon my arrival at St. Louis at 6 P. M. that evening, I purchased a ticket for Anderson, W. Va.; for I supposed that was the place where the publishing-house was located, as the

tracts which I had were printed at Moundsville, W. Va., and as the persons I had visited told me that the company had moved from Moundsville to Anderson. I supposed, of course, they had moved to Anderson, W. Va. Therefore I went to that place. I arrived there at ten o'clock in the forenoon and found it to be but a small town in the mountains and coal-fields. After making some inquiry, I learned that there was no publishing company there, and I was advised to go to a town of nearly the same name some distance further; but I decided that I did not know where to find the Trumpet Office, and that I would take the first train for the West.

Thursday, 6 P. M., found me in Cincinnati somewhat puzzled as to what course to pursue. There I was in a strange city, far from home and disappointed, but trusting in One whom the Psalmist said orders the steps of the righteous. As I was pondering over the matter, the words "Anderson, Indiana," flashed through my mind, and I went and looked on the map to see whether there was such a place. At the depot I found I could get a train to Anderson, Ind., and the next morning I left for that place.

As I neared the city, I asked a gentleman near me if he was acquainted in Anderson and if he knew whether or not the Gospel Trumpet Company was located there. He said he did not know. He referred me to a man sitting just across the isle, who he said lived at Anderson. I asked this man, and he said he did not know of such a company .

It was 1 P. M. on Friday when I arrived at the depot, and the people were all strangers to me. I made inquiry of a man standing near, and he directed me to the Trumpet Home and accompanied me for some distance. It was not long until I was at the Trumpet Home, and with the exception of a few weeks I have been there ever since. These years have been the best and happiest years of my life. I deem it a pleasure to be here and consecrate my service in helping to send the gospel to all parts of the world. It just suits me. I am not looking for something better. For a few years my work has been to transfer the mail from the publishing-house to the post-office with a five-ton auto-truck.

The Lord keeps me by his power, and I know he will take me through if I trust him.

ON MY WAY

BY NATHAN C. MC NEIL

I have started for that city

Where the streets are paved with gold:

There no pain or death can enter,

Neither storms so fierce and cold.

There I'll meet with friends and loved ones,

Nevermore to say good-by,

For no parting words are spoken

In that home beyond the sky.

Jesus has prepared a mansion

In that city bright and fair;

On this earth there is no dwelling

Which with it could half compare.

So with hope and full assurance
I have started on my way,
And I know that I shall safely
Reach that city some sweet day.

Though the path be rough and dreary,
Jesus passed this way before,
So I'll follow where he leadeth,
Never fearing any more.

TRAIN STOPPED IN ANSWER TO PRAYER

Several years ago my wife was sick in Indiana, and I had made arrangements to meet her there the next day. The eastbound train that I was to take was due to leave Grand Junction, Mich., at 5 P. M., but it was behind time. It was due at Kalamazoo about 6 P. M., at which place, if the trains on both roads were on time, there would be fifteen minutes in which to change cars. The depots were about half a mile apart.

Some friends urged me to take a train on another road, but that would have necessitated several changes, with but little hope of reaching my destination on time. After praying I was very definitely impressed to take the eastbound train, believing that God, who is "a very present help in time of need," would help me through. At first I asked the Lord to speed my train onward, but, looking at my watch, and finding that the train on the other road was nearly due at Kalamazoo, I began to ask the Lord for

the other train to be delayed or in some way held until my arrival. It was not long until a restful feeling came over me, together with a sweet assurance that my prayer had been heard and my petition granted, notwithstanding the fact that our train kept losing time and was further behind time at every station.

Upon our arrival at Kalamazoo, I hurried through the depot to a taxicab-driver and said:

"Has the train on the other road gone yet?"

"Yes, sir," he replied. "To what hotel shall I take you?"

Remembering my petition and the heavenly assurance, I said:

"I wish to go on that train; will you take me to the other depot?"

"Why, the train went an hour ago," he replied.

"Were you at the depot when it left?"

"No, but I know when it was due to leave."

Once more I remonstrated, "Take me to the other depot as soon as possible, that I may take the south-bound train."

He laughed, and hurriedly took me as requested. As I paid him for his services, he said: "I will just wait here until you find out about your train and then take you to a hotel."

"No, thank you," I replied; "I shall not need your services."

Without further waste of time I went to the ticket-window and asked:

"How soon is there a train going south?"

"In forty minutes," replied the agent.

"Is it the regular passenger-train?"

"Yes, sir. About an hour ago a freight-car was derailed just outside the city. No damage was done otherwise, but they have been delayed in replacing it on the track, which has made the passenger-train late."

Remembering that the derailment of the freight-car was just about the time of my prayer for the passenger-train to be held back, I rejoiced, not because the trainmen met with such a difficulty, but because the Lord took note of my humble petition and deemed me worthy to grant me a favorable answer, so that I might reach the bedside of my wife, who was seriously ill.

EXAMINING MANUSCRIPTS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM

One of the great libraries of the world is at the British Museum, London. In the year 1904, while traveling with some missionaries to India, I visited this great library. My chief object in so doing was to examine the oldest Greek manuscript of the New Testament kept in that museum, which was Codex Alexandrinus. Upon our arrival, the librarian informed us that in order to gain admittance to the manuscript department it would be necessary for

us to take out a reader's certificate for three or six months, and that three days after the application was made the certificate would be mailed to us, and that then we could have free access to that department and enjoy the usual privileges extended to readers. We informed him that in three days we were to be in France and that our arrangements were such that we could not follow the regular routine according to their rules.

We had asked the Lord to help us and were believing that he would do so. When we informed the librarian that we had a letter of commendation and introduction to Lord Kinniard, and asked that the rules be waived so as to give us immediate admittance, he told us to go and see Lord Kinniard, as he was a man of considerable influence. We went alone in earnest paryer, asking God to move the heart of that man to favor us. Upon our arrival at the bank, we found the honorable gentleman overwhelmed with office duties; however, after some time he approached us with his hands filled with legal documents and hurriedly made inquiry concerning our mission. Brother Khan presented the letter of introduction, and in a few words we made known to him our situation of affairs regarding the library. Turning to his stenographer, he began the dictation of a letter to the librarian, but he had given only the address and the introduction when he turned to me and said, "You dictate this to suit yourself; I am busy," and he left the room at once. As the letter was already

addressed to the librarian, I dictated a few words, as follows:

“Please permit Mr. E. E. Byrum and Mr. A. D. Khan to have immediate admittance to the manuscript department of the library, and extend to them full privileges in the examination of the oldest Greek manuscripts of the New Testament, and grant them any other privileges necessary for their work.”

Upon his return to us he hastily glanced over the letter, signed it, and said, “At any time you are in need of a favor I shall be pleased to help you.” On account of the importance of our mission, it was with no little rejoicing that we returned to the museum, feeling assured that we should yet be able to accomplish our design. The librarian read the letter and issued cards of admission, which extended to us the right to immediate admittance with the full privileges of a reader.

A few minutes later we were in the manuscript department filling out an application for the original ancient volume Codex Alexandrinus. The librarian of that department brought us a facsimile copy—a large well-bound volume whose pages had been photographed from the original volume—and remarked that only the facsimile copy was accessible for examination. We referred him to our application for the original and to the rules of the library, giving a reader the privilege of examining any book or manuscript in the library, and told him of our letter of commendation, which was then in the librarian’s

office, at the same time kindly thanking him for his courtesy in bringing to us the other volume. Still he remonstrated by saying:

"My dear sir, very few people ever get to see that volume; it is considered quite a treasure."

"We are aware of that fact, sir, but we desire to be among those few," we replied. "We are here under peculiar circumstances, and our responsibilities necessitate an examination of that particular volume."

He went to the office of the first librarian and examined our letter. Returning, he said with a smile:

"You may examine it; but because of its value it is kept secure, and it will require some time to get it."

In about half an hour it was brought to us, but we were not permitted to handle it nor turn its pages. He kindly turned to any passage of Scripture we desired, and allowed us to make a thorough examination to our satisfaction, after which it was carefully returned to its secure resting-place.

Truly we felt constrained to praise God for opening the way before us, which at first seemed to be blocked on every hand. Doubtless those librarians scarcely knew why they changed their minds, waived the rules, and complied with our request with such kindness and courtesy, as we in no wise bribed them. God moved upon their hearts in answer to prayer, and we realized the fulfilment of the words of Jesus (Mark 11:24), "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them."

EXPLANATION OF SCRIPTURES

While I was visiting at the home of a Dunkard minister a number of years ago, he arose from his seat during our conversation, took a copy of the New Testament, and with his finger upon a passage started towards me saying, "I should like for you to explain this scripture for me."

At that time I was not only young in years but inexperienced in expounding the Scriptures. Knowing that he was quite a Bible student, and had some peculiar religious beliefs, and was also more inclined to argue than to seek help in the interpretation of scriptures, I was for a moment somewhat embarrassed; but as he was approaching me asking an explanation of some particular scripture, without my having a knowledge of what scripture he desired to have explained, I silently breathed a prayer to the Lord for help and light on the Word. I remembered the promise of the Lord that he would be mouth and wisdom unto those that put their trust in him, and as I received the book from the hand of the minister, I said, "It is a scripture that I have never heard explained and have never undertaken to explain, but I should think that the meaning is this."

As I spoke those words, I had not the least idea of what my next words would be, neither did I know how to explain it, but I believed that God would help me to give him the proper interpretation. The passage read as follows: "Agree with thine adversary quickly whiles thou art in the way with him, lest at

any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison. Verily I say unto thee, Thou shalt by no means come out thence till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing" (Matt. 5:25, 26).

The minister said he desired to know the spiritual meaning of this scripture. I said: "You will notice by the previous verses that Jesus was speaking of one's having trouble with one's brother. This scripture has a literal meaning, which is: A person must make right the things wherein he has wronged some one, lest he be brought before the courts and be cast into prison. The spiritual lesson to be learned is: If a person has wronged his brother, it is necessary to have matters adjusted as soon as possible; otherwise the brother is liable to bring the Word of God to bear upon the offender, as we are to be judged according to the Word and if he will not abide by the instruction or decision of the Word, he will be delivered over to the Spirit of God, who is the officer, and will be cast into the prison of sin, whence he can not come until he has paid the uttermost farthing by repenting and making all things right."

Whether or not I had given the exact interpretation Jesus intended to be given, nevertheless I felt confident that such a spiritual lesson could be drawn from it, and asked the minister if that was satisfactory.

"It will do," he replied.

A few days later a friend told me that this min-

ister had been making a hobby of that scripture to prove the doctrine of hell-redemption. From it as a foundation-scripture he taught that when people die they go to hell and suffer "according to the deeds done in the body"; that finally when they have suffered a sufficient length of time they will come out white and tried and fit for the Master's use. He meant that a person would go to hell and suffer the torments of that place according to the amount of sin he had committed while on earth, and would through this torture in flames of hell be purified and made a fit subject for heaven throughout eternity. This minister had lost sight of the plain teachings of the Word, that the cleansing from sin is to take place in this life and that the suffering in the future world is for those who neglect to make their peace with God while here on earth, and that there is no cleansing power in the flames of torment.

I learned afterwards that my explanation of that scripture put the man to seriously thinking and studying, and that from that time he discarded his hell-redemption theory

Another Interpretation

One Sunday morning a minister was instructing his class from the twelfth chapter of 1 Corinthians concerning spiritual gifts. The lesson was very interesting and instructive. In the latter part of the ninth verse was a statement which was of unusual interest. It reads, "To another the gifts of healing by the

same Spirit." The question was asked, "What is meant by the '*gifts* of healing'?" special attention being called to the fact that the plural form was employed. The minister stated that he had never before noticed that the plural word "gifts" was used, but had always thought it read "gift."

"However," said he, "I should think it means something like this: 'God gives different gifts of healing to different persons. For instance, one man may have a gift for the healing of such diseases as fever and similar afflictions, while another one may have a gift for healing rheumatism and like complaints, and another a gift for healing cancer, tumors, etc.'"

For some time I had been desirous of knowing the real meaning of that scripture, and I said to the minister: "In Jas. 5:14, 15, we are instructed to send for the elders of the church when we are sick, so that they may pray for our healing. Now, if your interpretation is correct, it is necessary for the sick person to know which one of the elders has a gift that suits his particular case." Instantly he saw that his interpretation was not correct, and he said, "No, that will not do." He confessed that he was unable to give a correct interpretation. It was some years after this before I was enabled to understand fully the meaning of that scripture. Many times I asked other ministers, but none of them seemed to have a thorough understanding of it.

Later I was conducting a series of Bible studies and had printed slips of paper containing several

questions for each lesson. On one of those printed slips was the question, "What are the 'gifts of healing'?" During the week I prayed and meditated over the matter, but could get nothing definite. When we came to that question in the class, I thought perhaps some student could throw some light on the subject. Different answers were given, and finally somebody in the class asked me for a correct explanation. Without taking time for further consideration, I said, "Turn to Matt. 10:1, and you will find the answer." That moment was the first time that a clear explanation had been presented to my mind.

Matt. 10:1 reads as follows: "And when he had called unto him his twelve disciples, he gave them power against unclean spirits, to cast them out, and to heal all manner of sickness and all manner of disease." This gives a complete explanation. The gifts enable one to have power to cast out evil spirits, and to heal every kind of sickness and every kind of disease. The answer was satisfactory to those in the class, and without question it covers the entire scope of the gifts required for healing.

STOLEN GOODS RECOVERED

For many years when meeting with difficulties of any kind I have been accustomed to making my needs known to the Lord and imploring his help, and thus have frequently found aid in a mysterious and miraculous manner.

Once while on my way from a large city I had to change my baggage from the boat-landing to the railroad-depot. It was very early in the morning, just at the break of day, when I left some of my parcels in the depot for a short time, until I could return to the boat to attend to some business. During my absence some one stepped in and carried off about twenty dollars worth of my goods.

On my return I noticed at once that the parcel was gone. There was no one in sight, no trace of the thief. After looking about for a few minutes, I took the matter to the Lord in earnest prayer, telling him that it was his property and that it would take just as much of his money to buy the same amount of goods again, and asking him to help me find the things whether or not I found the thief.

After remaining at the depot a few minutes, I went again to the boat, and about twenty minutes later, while returning, I was praying earnestly, asking the Lord to help me find the parcel. Somehow I felt it was my privilege to appeal to the Lord with

importunity until he enabled me to find the lost property, and as I was placing the matter very earnestly before the throne, I believed that in some way he would fulfil his promise.

I had not the least clew as to the whereabouts of the goods nor the one who had taken them, but as I walked along with my head down, earnestly praying, I said, "Lord, thou art able to help me find my parcel of goods. I will trust thee." Immediately after the utterance of these words, I looked up and saw a man coming hurriedly toward me.

As he approached he said, "Did you lose anything?"

"I did," I replied.

Then he made inquiry as to what the parcel contained and said, "Follow me and I will show you where it is."

I followed him past the depot, across the railroad, and beyond two or three buildings. Finally we came to a new house, and as we walked behind it, he pointed underneath and said, "You will find it under there." He then explained as follows: He was a night-watchman at the factory just beyond, and he had noticed me leaving the depot to go to the boat-house, and soon after I left saw somebody with a package come from the depot towards the factory and after coming to this house that was being built place a package underneath hurriedly and run away in an opposite direction. The watchman then went to the house,

drew out the package and examined it, placed it back again, and came in search of me.

While some may not be inclined to give God much credit for the restoration of a parcel in that manner, nevertheless it happened according to my petitions to the Lord and just at the proper time and in such a manner as many other things have happened in answer to prayer; therefore I do not hesitate to give God the praise and glory for hearing and answering my prayer. In many similar cases I have found the Lord a present help in time of need to find things that I was incapable of finding, although sometimes I have searched diligently for the lost article, asking his direction until it was found, and giving him the praise and glory.

EXPERIENCE IN GETTING AN OUTLINE FOR BOOKS

In making preparation for the writing of a book, authors differ widely in their manner of procedure. The manner also frequently depends much on the nature of the subject. Some writers have the entire book outlined in their minds before they begin to write; others must have the subject-matter outlined on paper; while still others begin a chapter, giving their whole attention to it with but little consideration of future chapters, except as former chapters are finished.

In the writing of books it has been customary with me to have an outline of all the subjects for the various chapters before beginning to write. Sometimes I have had a vivid impression of a subject, feeling that it should be presented in book-form, but perhaps for many months I would be unable to form an idea of the book sufficiently definite to enable me to make an outline. When, however, I was permitted to give the matter proper attention, I would be enabled to arrange the entire list of subjects in a very short time. I had a striking experience of this nature in making the outline for my book entitled "The Secret of Salvation: How to Get It and How to Keep It." For several years it had been on my mind to write such a book as would be helpful to people in obtaining the experience of salvation, and would tell them how to enjoy the blessings of the Lord and exercise faith in him; but being crowded in my work and oftentimes almost overwhelmed with responsibilities, I did not know just how to bring about an execution of the necessary preparations.

Having heard many people praising the book entitled "A Christian's Secret of a Happy Life," I concluded that my book should be written in a similar manner. I procured a copy of that book for my library and many times I undertook to read it, but was scarcely ever able to read more than two or three pages, being called away to perform some other task. I often spoke of my difficulty in reading that book. I was unable to read more than a few pages of it

until after I had completed the writing of the book in question. Then I could understand why I was prevented from reading it; for if I had, I doubtless would have followed a different line of thought and perhaps have left out many original thoughts that have proved to be helpful to precious souls.

Many times while sitting at my office-desk I would decide to finish the pile of mail before me and then try to outline my book; but perhaps before I could dispose of that pile of mail, a fresh supply would come from the post-office or I would be called away. Thus time went on until years had passed by.

In the year 1895 I took an evangelistic trip to the Pacific Coast and the Western States. Just after a camp-meeting in the eastern part of the State of Washington, some other brethren and I visited a children's home in order to rest for a few days. While there I said to a brother, "Tomorrow I think I shall go to the grove and find that good place to pray that they tell about, and ask the Lord for an outline for my book."

The next day I went to the grove, and after spending some time in earnest prayer concerning the matter I took my pen and paper and began writing down an outline of the subjects for the various chapters. In a few minutes I had written the subjects for more than one hundred chapters. These were written in proper order, insomuch that when the book was written a few months later only one change was made in the position of the subjects, and that was really un-

necessary. It seemed that the subjects were apparently given by a real inspiration from heaven. These subjects were written in a blank book which I had taken with me for that purpose, one subject on each page, so there would be space to record the necessary thoughts later under the proper headings.

For some time I carried this book containing the outline in my satchel.. One day I felt strangely led to recopy the outline and send it home, asking that it be preserved. A few weeks later when my satchel and its contents were stolen. I was able to understand better the strange leading I had had to copy the outline, as it would have been very difficult to reproduce it otherwise.

Another Experience

A few years after writing the book mentioned above, for a few days once I had some peculiar impressions concerning the writing of a book, but was unable to decide the exact nature of its contents. One day I left my desk and went into the office of the secretary of the company to get my mail. While there I made some remarks concerning the impressions I had and in the conversation stated that I felt almost as if I had a book in my head.

A few days later when I went for my mail, the assistant clerk at the desk asked, "How about that book in your head?" I replied that it was still there and that sometimes it seemed as though there might be two or three of them. The clerk suggested that I had

better go to writing and get one or two of them out, and said that I should then feel relieved.

I took the mail and went to my desk. Among the letters was one from a sister in a Western State, which read as follows:

“Brother Byrum: I have of late been very much impressed to ask you to write a book, ‘What shall I Do to be Saved,’ giving the promises of God to them that obey and the judgments of God to them that disobey. It will undoubtedly be helpful to many precious souls. Now, ask the Lord earnestly in regard to the matter and see if he would not have you write such a book.”

Immediately I could understand the strange impressions which I had about the time she was praying and making the request for me to write such a book. I went into the prayer-room and spent about twenty minutes in prayer. Then I sat down at my desk and immediately outlined the book entitled “What shall I Do to be Saved.” Then came a mind-picture of each of the illustrations, sufficiently vivid for me immediately to make note of each one and to write a few words of instruction to the artist, who made the drawings almost exactly in accord with the illustrations which I had in mind.

PRAYER OFFERED THAT IT MIGHT NOT RAIN

At one time the old prophet Elijah prayed that it might not rain, and a great drouth followed, as it is recorded that "it rained not on the earth by the space of three years and six months" (Jas. 5:17). Some people would think it very strange for any one in these days to presume to ask God, as Elijah did, to withhold rain; but there are some things to take into consideration for our encouragement in making similar petitions to the Lord at the present time.

In the first place, the Bible says, "that Elias [Elijah] was a man subject to like passions as we are"; that is, he was a man similar to those who have lived since that time. "And he prayed." He did not simply say over a few words in a careless manner, but he prayed "earnestly." He had a definite object in view, and that was "that it might not rain." The preceding verse in referring to this same incident says for our encouragement, "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." Then, in consideration of these facts, it would not seem strange for the Lord to heed the petition of one of his children in a similar manner in these last days.

A few years ago a grove-meeting was being held near New Pittsburg, Ind., not far from the present location of the house of worship known as Praise Chapel. A large concourse of people assembled on Sunday morning, and, as was the custom at such

times, many brought their dinners, so that they could spend the day and attend both forenoon and afternoon services. Soon after the beginning of the preaching-service, the sky was filled with dark clouds, from which issued peal after peal of thunder, and flashes of lightning, so that it was evident that a severe storm was approaching. It was coming from the west and reached from the north to the south, covering the entire sky.

Soon the wind began to blow, a few drops of rain to fall, and the people to scatter in every direction. For some distance surrounding the congregation were teams and vehicles of various kinds, and the people were making a rush so as to reach a place of shelter from the storm. Even those who had been seated as a congregation were in much confusion; but the minister, D. S. Warner, called upon them to sit down and be quiet, and said: "I have a message to deliver to this people, and God wants me to deliver it. Let the congregation be quiet while we ask God to keep back the rain." He fell upon his knees and prayed an earnest, fervent prayer for God to withhold the rain and permit him to deliver that message, and also prayed that the congregation might be quieted from their fears and remain to hear the gospel preached. As he arose, he told them to have no fears and assured them that if they remained there they would be safe from the storm, as God was not going to let the rain disturb them.

When those words were spoken, there was every

indication that a heavy storm would soon be upon the people; indeed, a few drops were already falling. But the request to remain was so positive that a large portion of the congregation sat down, while the others hurried away in every direction. In a few minutes the cloud parted, one portion of it going to the right, the other to the left; and the minister continued his discourse undisturbed. Those who remained did not get wet, but those who left the grounds were thoroughly drenched, as it continued to rain for some time, and the rain reached within a few rods of the place of meeting. There were unbelievers present who afterwards remarked: "That minister did not pray that prayer and ask the audience to remain because he saw the clouds parting and signs that the rain would go around in another direction. That was genuine faith." The outcome of that prayer was effectual in convincing many people that God would hear and answer prayer now the same as in times past, and the people were convinced of the truthfulness of Heb. 13:8, which says, "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, today, and forever."

After the discourse many came forward for prayer, confessing their sins and calling upon the Lord fervently for deliverance. The result was a wonderful turning to the Lord, whereas, if the prayer of faith had not been offered, the meeting would have been an entire failure.

COULD NOT BELIEVE IN JESUS

A business man once took me into his library and, pointing to his bookcase, said, "There are a thousand volumes of story-books and choice fiction."

While engaged in conversation he told me that for many years he was unable to believe in the reality of Jesus Christ or to have confidence in the narrations of the Bible. His wife was a good Christian woman and had often begged him to become a Christian, but unbelief would stand out as an impregnable barrier. Time after time he tried to comply with her wishes, and on account of his deep desire to please her he would frequently go alone and weep because he could not believe in Jesus nor have faith in the things necessary in order to become a Christian.

It was not until the Lord appeared to him in a mysterious manner by a dream or vision of the night that he was able to believe the promises. It seemed that Jesus appeared to him with his pierced side and hands, and with a loving, tender expression upon his face, and pointing to the Bible, said in a gentle, convincing tone, "Everything recorded in that book concerning me is true." The scene changed and he awakened to find it was a vision or a dream. Whatever it may have been, the Spirit of God seemed to have awakened within him something that was real, insomuch that he was afraid thereafter to discredit the Word of God. From that time he never questioned the genuineness of the narrations of the Bible,

and never doubted the reality of Jesus Christ and his saving grace. It was many months, however, before he was enabled to yield himself to God and obtain a change of heart which brought to him the joys of salvation.

He told me that he had never been able to fully understand his past hard-heartedness and feelings of infidelity and unbelief, since at times he had really desired to turn from such things. "The secret of the whole matter is here before us," I replied, pointing to the library.

Immediately he was able to solve the mystery. "Night after night for years I had read those books," he said. "The stories which they contain are intensely interesting, and the moral of each one is supposed to be elevating and instructive. They are the highest class of fiction. I read them, knowing that they were not true, although many of them are founded upon facts. I can now readily see that the reading of those books with the knowledge that they were only made-up stories created in me a spirit of unbelief, which caused me to doubt the narratives of the Bible and the incidents recorded concerning Jesus Christ and the apostles."

It was his continued habit of reading fictitious writings that caused him to question the truthfulness of the Word of God. One seemed to him to be just as real or unreal as the other until he became awakened to the situation and was enabled to believe in Jesus Christ and become a Christian.

JESUS SATISFIES

“There’s not a craving of the mind
Which Jesus can not fill;
There’s not a pleasure I would seek
Aside from his dear will.
From hour to hour he fills my soul
With peace and perfect love;
While rich supplies for ev’ry need
He sendeth from above.

“The joys which this vain world bestows,
Have lost their charms for me;
‘Once I enjoyed its trifles too,
But Jesus set me free.’
Its joys will perish in a day,
Its pleasures quickly fly,
Its mirth like mist will pass away,
And all its honors die.

“Christ stilled the angry tempest’s power,
Which raged within my heart;
And bade each sinful passion there
To speedily depart.
Oh! Jesus is my all in all;
He satisfies my soul;
For me he died on Calvary,
And now he makes me whole.

“Yes, Jesus is my Savior dear,
My Rock, my Strength, my Song;
My Wisdom and my Refuge safe—
To Jesus I belong.
He is my Advocate with God,
My Way, my Life, my Light,
My Great Physician, and my Friend,
My Guide by day and night.”

PROPOSED TRIP TO HONOLULU

Honolulu is a city of one of the Hawaiian Islands, out in the Pacific Ocean, about 2,400 miles from San Francisco. In the year 1893 I had a peculiar dream about going there as a missionary. While the dream was quite impressive upon my mind for some time, yet I did not fully understand the meaning of it just at that time. I have had a great many dreams which seemed to have little or no significance, while some others were very impressive, and through these the Lord made known to me his will concerning certain matters that I could not well understand otherwise. But when I have had a dream by which the Lord was trying to reveal something to me, I have generally been able to realize at once the divine inspiration. God has made known to his children many things through dreams, as was the case with Jacob when he saw a ladder let down from heaven and angels ascending and descending. It was through a dream that a warning was given Joseph to take Jesus into Egypt soon after his birth, and likewise other men of God were given dreams through the inspiration of the Spirit of God—dreams giving instructions and warnings necessary for the occasion.

At the time mentioned, I dreamed that I had taken a trip to the Pacific Coast. After I had arrived at Los Angeles and had met some of the brothers and sisters, with whom I was to remain for a few days,

I made preparations to go to the foreign field as a missionary. Among the first ones I met after our arrival at the depot at Los Angeles was Sister Caroline Robbins, who had in former years lived near my home, although I did not know that she was now living in that Western country. I went to the ship-landing, but did not know just what ship I was to take. In the harbor were to be seen the masts of many ships from different countries. As I viewed the long line of different ships, I saw, near the top of one mast, the name in silver letters. I said, "That is not the one." Further on was one with the name in letters of gold—Honolulu. Immediately I felt that was the vessel I was to take. I awakened, but could not fully understand what the dream meant.

Two years afterwards the Lord moved upon me to take an evangelistic trip to the Pacific Coast and the Western States to attend a number of camp-meetings. While I was preparing for this journey, it was impressed on my mind that possibly Honolulu was in this trip. Before starting on this Western tour I mentioned to my brother my feelings for the past few days that Honolulu might be included in the tour. But having never been engaged in missionary work in a city, not being a good public speaker, and knowing nothing about the language of that country, I keenly felt my inabilities. Then came before me the consecration I had made while plowing in a field a number of years before, that I would preach, go to Africa, or do anything else that the

Lord should call me to do. After reviewing my consecration I found it was complete and included Honolulu or any other place to which the Lord might direct me. The Lord desired to test me to the extent of my consecration, as he did Abraham of old.

Bro. J. W. Daugherty accompanied me on this evangelistic trip. My wife and children went on to California, where we were to meet them later. After our arrival at the camp-meeting in east Washington, Brother Daugherty decided to take the trip with me to Honolulu if the Lord so directed. We did not know what the expenses would be. We had only a few dollars, but the means were not bothering us, as we knew from past experience that God would supply our needs. We were not working for a salary, neither were we taking up collections, but were depending on our needs being supplied by free-will offerings unsolicited.

One day while crossing the camp-ground I found a piece of paper lying on the ground, which proved to be a time-table giving rates of a recent excursion to Honolulu. From this piece of paper was obtained the address of the general manager of the steamship company at San Francisco. The fare mentioned on the circular was about \$150 for a round trip from Portland, Ore. I said to Brother Daugherty, "The Lord must bring that down to \$25 one way for each of us," and remarked to another brother that if my dream had anything to do with it we were to start from Los Angeles. The brother laughed at me and

said, "Los Angeles is an inland town, and you can not sail from there."

We were about five hundred miles from San Francisco, whence the ship was to sail. Looking over the circular again, I found that one of the local passenger agents was located at Los Angeles. I wrote to him and found that the fare from San Francisco was \$75 first class, \$25 steerage, and that it would be the same from Los Angeles, transportation between the two places being given free.

At the camp-meeting we had a little prayer-meeting in regard to the matter of our going, and a brother prayed that if it was pleasing to the Lord for us to go our desire to go be increased, and if not, the desire be taken away. From that time we had an intense desire to go to Honolulu and an increased desire to work for God among the natives.

But there were some hindrances to be removed. I wrote to my wife regarding my proposed trip, and her reply was, "You can talk about going to Honolulu after I am dead and gone." We committed the matter to the Lord, asking him to make her willing if it was in accordance with his will for me to go. A few weeks later when we met her in California, she had become perfectly reconciled to my going and felt satisfied that it was in accordance with the will of God.

While on our way southward through California we read in a paper that cholera had broken out among the people in Honolulu. After reading the report

concerning this outbreak of cholera, Brother Daugherty said, "What do you think of that?" I told him that if we were only permitted to land there we should be all right. Soon we learned that the ports were closed. People were not allowed to land, but this did not seem to disturb us.

The time for the Los Angeles camp-meeting was drawing near, and we were to sail about the middle of the meeting. I had never visited California before, but upon arriving at Los Angeles, I found the scenery about the depot to be just the same as that which I had seen in a dream two years before. Among the first ones whom we met after getting off the train was Sister Caroline Robbins, whom we met as we were entering the tent where the meeting was to be held.

We were still preparing to set sail, provided the ports opened, although there were several things that had to be removed out of the way by the help of the Lord before we could go. Already a number of things had been brought about in direct answer to prayer. We had written for Bro. J. W. Byers to come and take charge of the meeting during our absence, but he wrote that he was four hundred miles away and that it would be impossible for him to come. We were to start on Sunday at noon. On Saturday morning we went to the Lord in prayer and told him that if he wanted us to go we desired three things. One was that the ports be opened; another, that we have \$40 more money; and the other, that Brother Byers be sent to us that morning.

Upon going to the post-office I received a letter from Michigan with a money-order for just \$40. Some one who had been owing me for some time had paid the money, and it had been forwarded to me. We went down to the ticket-office, and while looking for it along the street, we saw something that reminded us of the harbor with its masts of ships as seen in the dream heretofore mentioned. Although it was not a harbor, there was a bulletin-board giving a list of steamship lines in silver letters. But on that we failed to find Honolulu. Looking over the door near by, we saw there in large golden letters the word Honolulu. We went in, and the agent said the ports were open in Honolulu. Brother Byers did not come that forenoon, but he came in the afternoon. It seemed that almost every hindrance had been removed for our going, and the Lord had answered prayer in various ways.

That night I had another dream. I dreamed that we went to Honolulu and on arrival went immediately to a certain part of the city to begin work, very anxious to do something for the Lord. When I came to the door of a house, a man was standing in front, who said to me, "You can not enter here." I told him that I had come there to work for the Lord and that I would begin at that house. He repeated, "You can not enter; for there is a man sick in this house."

"A man sick," I said; "the Lord will heal him."

"You can not enter here," he again repeated. "The man inside has the cholera."

I then said, "Praise the Lord! He will heal cholera as quick as anything else."

The man, being an officer, was somewhat vexed at my persistency and said:

"I tell you, you can not enter here. If you want to work for the Lord, go back on the other side of that partition and work for him."

I looked and saw a partition which extended the entire length of the city, shutting off one part from the other. Going behind it, I found there were very small rooms, or booths, where I could do only private work and see but one person at a time. There I began my work. In another part of the city was another partition, and there I could have access among the people to some extent, but could neither hold public meetings nor distribute literature.

I was awakened from my dream and asked the Lord to reveal what it meant and also to give an assurance that he would make it clear to me. The next morning, which was the morning of the day we were to start, we went again to the ticket-office, and the agent said: "The ports are open at Honolulu, but I should advise you not to go now. It would be to my advantage to sell you a ticket, but if you go you can do but little, if any, work. Through a part of the city there is a line of special policemen, and no one can go beyond that line. In another part of the city you can do only private work, and while in the other part you could go among the people, you would not

be allowed to hold public services nor to distribute literature."

Instantly the Lord flashed into my mind the dream that I had had and the interpretation—that the special line of police was the partition I had seen, and it needed no further explanation. It was clear to me that he did not want me to go at that time. This put an end to my preparations.

A week later I went to San Pedro, eighteen miles distant where I took ship for Cayucos, at which place I landed after two nights and a day and half. This is a small town along the seacoast. There I was met by a brother and taken to his home fourteen miles distant. The next day we traveled twenty-two miles over the mountains and came to a large union meeting house, where a few brethren were anxiously awaiting my coming. They said they were not surprised at my arrival.

Some time before this I had written to them, in answer to a very earnest request to come, that I intended to go to Honolulu and should not likely have time to visit them. They said that upon receiving my letter they went in earnest prayer, had a special prayer-meeting, and fasted and prayed until the Lord assured them that I should come. It was Thursday evening when I arrived, and that night it was announced that on Saturday afternoon a special service would be held for divine healing. The people were requested to bring in their sick friends, that they might hear the Word of God preached and receive

faith for healing. At the appointed hour the house was crowded, and after a discourse on the subject of salvation and healing, an invitation was given to all who desired salvation or healing. Soon the altar, which extended clear across the house, was filled and the people began to kneel at their chairs. I said, "O Lord! what shall I do? How can I instruct all these people?" It seemed as if nearly the whole congregation was seeking help. I asked the Lord to speedily instruct them by his Spirit, and I gave them some pointed advice on how to believe the Lord. Many received the desired help before I came to them, and scarcely any one required more than one minute's instruction. After those who were seeking spiritual help had received the desires of their hearts, there remained fourteen who wanted special prayer for the healing of their bodies. The first one upon whom hands were laid, before a short prayer was completed sprang to her feet shouting and praising God for his healing power. In like manner one after another received the healing touch.

Finally we came to a little girl, probably twelve years of age. Her mother told me that the child was almost deaf and could hear only by being spoken to very loud in her ear. After prayer the impression came to me to act out my faith. Walking around to the steps of the high rostrum, or pulpit, I stood about ten or twelve feet from her and in a common tone of voice called her by name and told her to say, "Praise the Lord." She immediately repeated the

words. I then lowered my voice and stepping farther away, asked her to repeat the words that I should say, which she did. She could hear clearly and distinctly, to the astonishment of the congregation and the glory of God.

The next day being Sunday, a very large crowd assembled. After the sermon was delivered, a man arose and asked for the privilege of testifying. He said that he was an unsaved man, but that he believed in religion and believed in God, and desired to see his work honored. "Now," said he, "since that little girl was healed yesterday, I have heard it rumored among the people here that there was nothing the matter with her." Turning to the audience, he said: "I know better, and you know better. She was brought up in your midst, and you know that she was almost entirely deaf. You saw her tested yesterday and know that work was done by the power of God." He said he made no profession of religion, but knew that he ought to live right, and admonished the people to believe in God. His talk was quite effectual, as he was a prominent man in that community.

From that place I went to San Francisco. While in that city I concluded to go to the ship-landing and see the vessels that sailed for foreign ports. Being very much puzzled as to the leadings I had been having the previous few weeks, I was not just satisfied without a better understanding from the Lord why such things should be. While walking along the

dock with my head bowed in silent prayer, I asked the Lord why it was that he seemingly led me all the way along to go to Honolulu, and after so many hindrances were removed in answer to prayer and the way opened in a miraculous manner, then almost at the eve of my starting upon the journey he led me to do exactly the opposite. Could it have been the enemy leading at one time or the other? If so, how should I ever know for sure when the Lord was leading and when he was not leading? Therefore I desired that in some way he should make the matter very plain to me for my own benefit as well as for the benefit of others.

Immediately these words came to me by way of impression, yet apparently as vividly as if they had been spoken in an audible voice: "I, the Lord God, commanded Abraham to offer Isaac. I, the Lord God, commanded him not to do it, and it was none of Abraham's business except to obey." I comprehended at once that Abraham was following the leadings of the Lord when he was taking Isaac up to the place of sacrifice, and that, likewise, he was following the directions of the Lord when he refrained from slaying his son; and that if Abraham could be thus led by the Spirit of the Lord, and things of so great importance take such a sudden change in his case, surely it was nothing strange for me to be directed as I had been and then my plans suddenly overthrown, and yet it all be done by the direction of the Lord. This, together with the witness of the

Holy Spirit, made the matter so clear and satisfactory that I no longer questioned his leadings, but knew that he had so led me for a wise purpose. That experience has frequently been a source of great help to me.

Soon after that time I was enabled to know more definitely why such changes took place as overthrew my former plans, and never since have I questioned the wisdom of God in his direction and leadings concerning the performance of the things he had designed.

THE WOMAN WHO REBELLED

A woman who lives in one of the Central States had been religiously inclined throughout her life and for some years had been considered to be quite spiritual. She had, however, a stubborn will, with which she had to contend occasionally; but by the help and grace of God she was enabled to live a victorious life most of the time, and she enjoyed the fellowship of the people of God.

In the course of time something occurred that caused her to become antagonistic and somewhat stubborn; she was not willing to humble her heart nor be submissive in certain things, which were not only for her good but for the good of others. The pastor did what he could to bring about an adjustment and enable her to pursue the proper course concerning

the things in question, but she became self-willed and obstinate. In her opposition she decided to cease meeting with the congregation, against the advice of the pastor. During this time she felt wronged and believed that it was the duty of others to come to her and make acknowledgements and humble themselves before her; otherwise she would not meet with them.

The pastor was baffled in his repeated efforts to restore her to the fellowship of the others in his congregation. For about six years she refrained from attending the services. Finally an evangelist in his travels stopped in that vicinity, and the pastor asked him to accompany him to the home of this woman and aid him in a further attempt to restore her. When they called at her home, she at first gave vent to her pent-up feelings, expressing her mind in regard to the condition of others, and justifying herself. She was still as obstinate as ever. Finally one of the brethren asked for the privilege of having a season of prayer, and while prayer was being offered, the woman's heart was touched with conviction, and she arose from her knees weeping.

The ministers went their way. In a few days she sent a message to them, stating that she desired their help concerning her spiritual condition. During the week she had been praying and humbling her heart, and had found that she had been very rebellious and self-willed, and had thereby lost the grace of God. She had now become awakened to her real condition, which was lamentable.

For six years she had suffered torture of mind and a heavy burden of soul, believing that others were wrong and that she was the person injured. Her decision not to have anything to do with them until they humbled their hearts before her, had made her life one of misery and dissatisfaction. But now she humbled herself in prayer with these ministers. As they prayed, the powers of darkness which had enshrouded her soul seemed to break away, and with tears she confessed her condition, acknowledged her sin, and called upon the Lord for pardon of her sins. Then the blessings of heaven rested upon her, while the peace of God flooded her soul.

At the first opportunity she met with the congregation. She found them rejoicing in the love of God and learned that they had been having glorious meetings during her long absence. It was then that she realized what she had lost through her rebellion, although now her spirit blended in perfect fellowship with the others, and she rejoiced with them, and their supposed wrong had fled from her mind, so far as still holding them in error was concerned. She found that, when she had done her part in getting rid of the things that had broken the fellowship, the hindrances were gone. She was perfectly willing and ready to make her acknowledgements and warn others not to follow the course which she had pursued, and testified that for six years she had been denied the blessings of God because of her being rebellious and wanting to have her own way.

PROTECTION THROUGH OBEDIENCE

Bro. A. Schmitz, of Portland, Ind., recently had an interesting experience in his ministry. He had been holding evangelistic meetings in the States of Kansas and Oklahoma, and had been absent from home for about three months. He was anxiously looking forward to a time when he could return home to his family, and acknowledged that he was somewhat homesick. As he was just ready to start, he received a very urgent call to go to another place a few miles distant and hold meetings for a week, and also to pray for some people who were sick. The request was so urgent that it was difficult for him to refuse to go. After asking for divine guidance, notwithstanding his feeling of homesickness, he decided to respond to the call and did so.

God blessed his efforts in preaching the Word, so that conviction rested on the people, yet no one was converted during the entire week of his ministerial labors at that place. He could not understand why he should have made the sacrifice in going to that place and then should see no more visible results than had been manifested. However, after the close of the meetings, and just before he left for home, some persons came begging for prayer that they might be saved from their sins, and as they yielded themselves to the Lord, they obtained an experience of salvation.

He took the train for home just one week from the time he would have gone had he not responded to that

call. While he was traveling along the way through Missouri, the conductor said to him, "Just one week ago this train was wrecked near this place and thrown into the ditch, which was flooded with water, and twenty-seven persons were drowned."

It was then that he understood why he had been detained the week before and directed by the Spirit of the Lord to go to another place. Otherwise he would likely had added one more to the number of those who were drowned.

ORDER FOR HALF A TON OF LITERATURE

Just before leaving the United States for India, while making plans for the trip and the work to be accomplished, I felt a burden to be able to find some good distributing stations in foreign countries, where the literature from our publishing-house could be distributed to people in various parts of the world. Considering the matter in connection with our route, and finding that we were to change ships at Gibraltar, we were impressed that, as Gibraltar is the gateway from the Atlantic Ocean to the Eastern countries, and as all ships passing that way must stop there, it would be one of the best places to distribute literature, as it could there be put on the ships and sent to the various parts of the world. We concluded that

a special effort should be put forth to find some one at Gibraltar to distribute the literature.

While considering this matter, I said to the brethren in the business department of the Gospel Trumpet Company, "In case I should find the proper person in Gibraltar and take an order for half a ton of literature, would you furnish the literature to him free of charge?" They replied, "If you find the man and procure the order, we will furnish it free of charge." From that time my prayer to the Lord was that we might be enabled to find the proper person to distribute at least half a ton of literature.

While Brother Khan and I were on our way to North Africa, we were obliged to wait two days for a ship to Tangier. While thus waiting, we stopped at the Salvation Army barracks in Gibraltar. Upon our first inquiry in regard to finding a suitable man for the purpose, we were told that there had been a man there whose business was to distribute books and tracts on the ships, but that they had not seen him for some time. The next day, after prayer, we made further inquiry and late in the evening found that the man was somewhere in the vicinity, but our informant had no clew as to his whereabouts. We were to leave the next day about noon, and in the morning I was very anxious about finding this man. We started along the street and finally came to a gentleman who told us that he knew the man, that he was an old soldier, and that he thought he stayed somewhere along the mountainside about a mile and a

half distant, but was unable to give us the exact location. We continued our journey along the street, which wound up the mountainside for more than a mile, until we came to a place where there was the sign "Sailor's and Seamen's Mission." Ascending the steps to the upper room, we knocked at the door, and a kind old gentleman opened the door and invited us in. We told him we were looking for a man who distributed gospel literature.

"I am your man," he replied.

We then stated that we should like to furnish literature to be distributed on the ships that pass Gibraltar.

"I am the man you are looking for," he replied. "That has been my business for the past seven years. I belong to the British Army. They have given me that work to do, to which I devote my entire time. I visit each ship that passes here and distribute gospel literature, Bibles, Testaments, and such like. I am almost out of religious tracts and books, and have been praying for the Lord to provide me with a new supply."

We told him that our tracts were antisectarian and taught the doctrines of full salvation, divine healing, and the oneness of God's people.

He replied: "Those are just the kind of tracts and books that I desire. For many years I belonged to the Church of England, was confirmed in that church; but when I really got converted seven years ago, I

told them I had been a confirmed hypocrite instead of a confirmed Christian."

He further told us that since he had been enjoying the blessings of salvation, it was the delight of his heart to place gospel literature in the hands of the people and send it to the different parts of the world that souls might be led to Christ.

"How much literature could you use?" we asked.

"I can use half a ton," he replied.

We then took his order for half a ton of literature, which was shipped to him as soon as possible, and many months afterwards we received letters from people in different countries who had either received the literature on the ship at Gibraltar or from some outgoing ship that had reached a port in a distant land.

We were also much encouraged to meet a young English colonel of the British Army who some weeks previous to our coming had read the book entitled "Secret of Salvation: How to Get It, and How to Keep It," published at our office, which pointed out the way of salvation to him and enabled him to obtain the experience. He was very happy in the service of the Lord and had been anxiously waiting to meet us.

The man who received the order for gospel literature, invited us to let him take us in his launch to our ship, which was anchored some distance from the city. In this launch was a nicely arranged compartment made expressly for the purpose of carrying his

gospel literature. While he was praising God for answering his prayer by supplying him with literature, we were praising the Lord for answering our prayers by helping us find a suitable person for the distribution of the literature.

HARASSED BY THE ENEMY

A man from Canada once came to me for advice in respect to the wearing of a badge advertising Jesus. He said that he had been a very wicked young man, but that some time prior to his coming he became convicted of his sins and finally through earnest supplication to the Lord was saved and made to rejoice in the love of God.

Some time after obtaining the experience of salvation, the thought came to him that as he had been so wicked and had done so many things to advertise the works of the devil, of whom he had been a faithful servant, now since he had become a servant of the Lord, he should make a special effort to advertise the work of the Lord, or, as he expressed it, advertise Jesus.

As he was not acquainted with the wiles of the enemy, the suggestion came to him that he should wear on his cap the motto, "Come to Jesus." To do this seemed to be quite a cross for him; for, said he, "Peo-

ple will conclude that I call myself Jesus, and will think I mean for them to come to me."

About the time he decided to obey what he thought to be the leading of the Lord and wear this motto on his cap, the same spirit seemed to impress him that he ought also to wear a badge with a similar motto across his breast over his heart, to show that his heart was in the work in which he was engaged. He could not feel just right about following the dictates of this impression, and the matter became a very great burden to him. It continued day after day. He did not feel such joy and freedom as before, but instead a burdensome feeling of bondage.

Finally he decided to be obedient and wear the badge across his breast as directed. No sooner had he settled his difficulty by deciding to be obedient in this regard than the impression came that he must also wear a motto on his back, because if he did not the people behind him would be deprived of seeing the motto calling their attention to the service of God. The man was very much harassed and disturbed over the matter, fearing to bedeck himself thus with mottos and badges lest he be ridiculed and the cause of Christ derided. This restless, uneasy feeling disturbed his peace of mind day and night.

He finally sought advice from a Salvation Army captain, who replied, "Yes, wear one on your cap, in front, and behind, and advertise the Lord in every way possible." The man was willing to obey the Lord; but every time he decided to do such a thing, a

strange feeling came over him, which caused him unrest and unpleasantness, and he could not feel free in doing so.

When he presented the matter to me and asked for advice, he was soon enabled to see that he was only being harassed by the enemy, who was bringing him under bondage by trying to get him to do something ridiculous that would cast reflection upon the cause of Christ, and that people would conclude that if such was required of them in order to be Christians they would not care to make the consecration. When he learned that through following the dictates of this spirit he was led into bondage and unrest, and away from the joy and peace which he previously possessed, he was much relieved in mind and praised God for the power to resist and overcome the enemy, and was able to go forth and glorify the name of the Lord according to his Word.

It is a good thing to have a tender conscience toward God and to follow carefully in his footsteps, so that the conscience may be clear at all times; but many people allow themselves to be accused in ways that they should not be accused, and the devil takes advantage of their overconscientiousness and oft-times undertakes to get them to follow his leadings instead of following the leadings of the Lord by keeping in touch with his Word and using good common sense.

A man in southern Indiana was accustomed to attending religious services regularly with his family

every Sunday together. One Sunday morning as he went to the barn to get his team to take his family to the morning services, a peculiar silent voice seemed to tell him to go and lie down on the hay in the mow. This man was one of these overconscientious persons, and without further considering the matter he concluded that it was the Lord speaking to him. In his desire to be obedient in all things, he went to the mow and lay down upon the hay and asked the Lord what he would have him do. The message came, "Lie here until I tell you to get up." He continued in that position, praying and praising the Lord, until about eleven o'clock; then the message came, "Now, you can get up." It was then too late for him to attend services, yet he could not believe but that it was the Lord that had impressed him to act in this manner.

He learned afterwards, however, that he had missed a glorious meeting. Just the things happened in the services that morning that would have been a great benefit to him and his family. It was then that he began to question his leadings and sought the counsel of his pastor, who explained to him that he had been cheated by the enemy of his soul. He could then remember that even when this voice spoke to him an impression came that he should not heed the voice, and that every time that that strange voice had spoken to him, the Spirit of the Lord had urged him not to follow those strange leadings. Thus, had he acted upon those impressions that would have led

him in accordance with good common sense and with what he felt he should do, he would have at once dismissed the enemy with all his strange leadings.

THE MOST IMPORTANT POSITION

The prophet Zechariah at one time asked the question, "Who hath despised the day of small things?" Many failures in life are caused from a lack of considering the importance of small things, or such as are apparently insignificant. The smallest wheel in a valuable watch is just as important as the one many times its size. In our daily life the small things and the little acts of kindness bestowed upon others may be administered with but little thought except on the part of the one who is in need of such administration or favor. These little gifts and deeds of kindness, though seemingly so unimportant as to be almost unnoticeable, nevertheless lay the foundation for greater things, and without them the greater things can not be accomplished. Some whose highest ambition is to achieve greatness are unwilling to begin at the bottom and perform the smaller tasks necessary to build the greater structure.

Such conditions frequently edge their way into the life of the Christian. When there is a great work to be done, the enemy of souls often endeavors to discourage the one who is called to aid in the rescue of

others by pointing out to him his utter waste of time in performing trivial duties instead of being engaged in more important undertakings.

As an illustration of this fact, I am reminded of a young Canadian who came to the United States about twenty-five years ago for the purpose of engaging in the work of publishing gospel literature in the Gospel Trumpet Office, which was then located in Michigan. He had heard that those who were thus engaged at that place were donating their services, and he felt anxious to be one among them and thus put in action the consecrating of his time and talents to the service of the Lord. He was only a common laborer and was not competent to take a position at the editorial desk or to operate the machinery, but in making his application he stated that he was consecrated to do anything. He was sent to the woods to split some blocks that had been sawed from logs, and he began his work with considerable zeal.

After working for several hours, he sat down to rest for a few minutes and began to think over his calling and the work which he had been sent to perform. Then came the whisperings of the enemy.

"You are not in the gospel work. Those people have sent you out here to get rid of you and to have you do their drudgery while they sit in the office and have an easy time. The best thing you can do now is to return to Canada."

As he sat there further considering matters, feelings of discouragement began to be heaped upon him,

and as I passed by that way, I saw him sitting with his face in his hands, apparently in great distress. Upon my approach I asked:

“Are you in trouble?”

“Yes, sir,” he replied; “I came here to work for the Lord and help publish religious tracts and papers for the rescue of perishing souls, and they sent me out here to split wood.”

“Does that not belong to the work of publishing the gospel?” I asked.

“I do not see where it has any part in the publishing-work,” he replied. “I can not see that my time amounts to anything in gospel work out here splitting wood.”

“Let me tell you something. You have one of the most important positions of the entire publishing-work.”

“I do not understand how splitting wood is an important position,” he said.

“You know that large printing-press is operated by power from the engine, and the pile of wood that provides the fuel for making the steam to operate the press is almost exhausted, and when that pile of wood is gone, if no more can be procured the press will stop. The editor may prepare his writings for publication, others may set the type, the pressman prepare it for printing, but not a wheel will turn for lack of wood. The reader will fail to receive his paper, and thus the entire effort of spreading the gospel from our publishing-house will be hindered,

and unless fuel can be procured elsewhere, nothing can be accomplished. The work of the entire publishing-house and the spread of the gospel therefrom depends solely upon you—whether or not you split enough wood to keep it in operation.”

“I never thought of it in that way,” he replied, as he rose to his feet and began swinging his axe with all his might, realizing that he held a very important position in the work of the Lord, and that he could now fulfil the scripture which says, “Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men” (Col. 3:23).

DROP A PEBBLE IN THE WATER

Drop a pebble in the water,—just a splash, and it is gone;
But there are half a hundred ripples curling on, and on,
and on;
Spreading, spreading, spreading from the center, flowing on
out to the sea;
But there's not a way of telling where the end is going to be.

Drop an unkind word or careless, in a minute it is gone;
But there are half a hundred ripples circling on, and on,
and on.
They are spreading, spreading, spreading from the center as
they go.
And there's not a way to stop them once you've started them
to flow.

Drop an unkind word or careless, in a minute you forget:
But there are little waves a-flowing, and there are ripples
circling yet,

And perhaps in some sad heart a mighty wave of tears you've stirred,
 And disturbed a life that's happy when you dropt that un-kind word.

Drop a word of cheer and kindness, just a flash and it is gone;
 But there are half a hundred ripples circling on, and on, and on,
 Bearing hope and joy and comfort on each splashing, dashing wave,
 Till you'd not believe the volume of the one kind word you gave.

Drop a word of cheer and kindness, in a minute you forget;
 But there's gladness still a-swelling, and there's joy a-circling yet.
 And you've rolled a wave of comfort whose sweet music can be heard
 Over miles and miles of water, just by dropping a kind word.
—Anon

DANGER OF DRIFTING

BY A SISTER IN CHRIST

From my earliest remembrance after I learned to pray, my heart was burdened for sinners and with a deep desire to accomplish something for my Savior. My conversion was at the age of eleven years, when I received a sweet experience of salvation. How blessed to know that the dear Lord rewards every honest effort! My mother told me the necessity of being bap-

tized in order to follow Jesus, and gave her consent when she was thoroughly convinced that I understood what the ordinance meant. Well do I remember the feeling of holy reverence that came over me at my baptism. From that time I felt the weight of a responsibility upon my heart; especially did I feel the responsibility of being an example to the school children. I love to look back and remember how God blessed me in every effort.

At the age of thirteen I was made to realize what it meant to give my whole life to the service of the Lord, and I determined to devote myself more to spiritual things. The taste of heavenly joys which I had already received made me more desirous for a life of entire devotion.

For the glory of God and in the hope that others may take warning, I will relate an experience I had. Especially do I desire to impress this upon the minds of those who are not established in their calling from God. By taking a step out of God's order I came very near entirely upsetting my plans for the future, which I felt was a definite calling from the Lord. How necessary it is for us to keep entirely given up to the Lord, that we may keep in his order!

At the age of eighteen I was in a missionary home and was preparing to obey the definite impressions upon me. With a sad heart do I look back now and remember how I grieved the Spirit of God by neglecting prayer and other duties. This gave Satan a fair chance to take advantage of me.

In this missionary home I was in constant company with other young people. Among them was a young man with whom I entered into a matrimonial engagement. We were congenial from the first of our acquaintance. The thoughts of love or matrimony had not entered my mind, as I had never had a lover, and to me he seemed only as a fond brother. Different ones began to tease me about this young man, and I sometimes wondered if I really did care for him in that way. Then the thought came to me that no doubt such would be the will of the Lord, and others seemed to approve of it.

A decision was made to consent to such an engagement, but the minute I took this step, a strange feeling came over me, insomuch that I wished that I had not done so. I could not understand it, and instead of seeking the Lord earnestly in prayer, I concluded that the Lord had thus ordered it, but I did not feel satisfied; therefore I began to seek the Lord earnestly, praying that if there was a possibility of a mistake having been made, I should, at any cost, be hindered from taking the step of matrimony. Nevertheless, I went on, but soon found myself drifting away from God and became confused. I now look back and realize that the real cause of my confusion was that I spent more time visiting than praying.

I became alarmed at my condition, humbled myself before God, and cried until he heard me. My heart cried out, "O Lord, I must get back to the place spiritually where I can feel thy approval." I

cared not what the cost might be. I was miserable, but oh, how I do praise the dear Lord for his loving-kindness unto me! He heard my cry. How glad I am that I did not take that step! For many reasons I can never be thankful enough.

This young man proved later not to be what he professed to be, and unless he turns to God, he will no doubt fill a drunkard's grave. My soul rejoices in God for the witness of his Spirit that I am pleasing him. How sweet is our walk with the Lord when our will is yielded to his will! I do appreciate the bright future that is before me in the service of the Lord. Since the Lord has so mercifully permitted me to escape a life of misery and trouble, my heart aches for those who are going ahead and taking steps for which they no doubt will have to suffer.

“I love to think my Father knows
Why I have missed the path I chose;
And that I soon will gladly see
The way he chose was best for me.

“I love to think my Father knows
The thorns I pluck with every rose;
The daily grief I seek to hide
From the dear souls I walk beside.

“I love to think my Father knows
The strength or weakness of my foes;
And that I need but stand and see
Each conflict end in victory.”

FROM MISSOURI TO CHICAGO

BY J. R. HALE

In August, 1896, in the State of Kansas, I obtained the experience of salvation and immediately felt a call to distribute gospel literature from place to place. While thus engaged, I sometimes got only one meal a day and slept in livery barns. Later I began to feel the need of having an increase of faith in God for the supplying of my needs. I had a number of valuable experiences from time to time, but not until the year 1900 did I learn the lesson of faith that I desired.

In the early part of that year I made my home with the congregation in St. Louis, Mo., canvassing a number of towns along the Iron Mountain Railroad. The last week in April I was called to the home of A. J. Swayzee, near Saco, Mo., about one hundred and twenty-five miles south of St. Louis, and about seventeen miles from Frederickstown, which was the nearest railroad station. In answer to prayer the Lord healed one of his daughters. I tried to sell some literature, but was unable to do so.

On Saturday, the 5th of May, I received a letter from some one near Chicago, Ill., requesting me to come to that place within ten days. I had only about one dollar with which to make the trip of about 390 miles, but after considering the matter I concluded that along the way I could collect some money that was due me. While I was in prayer, the Lord made it

clear to my mind that it was his will for me to go. Immediately I began looking for some promises and soon became satisfied that the confidence spoken of in 1 John 5:14, 15 was sufficient for me to start on my journey. The scripture says, "And this is the confidence that we have in him, that if we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us; and if we know that he hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petition that we desired of him."

I made arrangements to start the next Monday, to stop at a few places on the way, and to arrive in Chicago the next Saturday morning. I made my plans as complete as possible and told the folks what I thought of doing. They made inquiry as to where I was going to get my money, as they were unable to help me. I told them that I felt very clear in attempting to make the trip, and started to Frederickstown with about \$1 in cash, and expected to sell a few books I had and get a ticket to De Soto, which would cost about \$1.80. I made a complete failure in selling books, but after going to the depot I found the train was behind time. My heart was encouraged to think that I had another hour or two in which to make some sales. The more I tried to get people interested in buying a book the worse I felt.

At last I went in earnest prayer, and it occurred to me very forcibly to go to the post-office, and I thought that perhaps some money was there for me. In going down the street I passed a bank, and the thought presented itself to me, "Were I that banker's

son, I should not be in this predicament." Then it immediately flashed through my mind that I was serving a Father who was able to supply my needs. I took courage and went on to the post-office, but received no mail.

In passing the bank, I decided to go in and borrow \$1, but upon making inquiry I found the cashier had gone to dinner, and as I did not feel impressed to talk with any of the others, I waited until he returned. After introducing myself, I told him of my desire to borrow \$1 payable within twenty-four hours. He told me that it was against the rules of the bank to lend money to strangers. After he had made inquiry as to who I was and why I was in that part of the country, I learned that he was a relative of the one who was healed a few days before. He became somewhat interested in me and seemed to be glad to know that the woman had been healed. After a short conversation he lent me a dollar of his own money, with the understanding that I should return it next day by registered letter. I promised to do so with the expectation of collecting some money at De Soto that was due me for books.

With rejoicing I continued my journey and arrived in De Soto, where I tried to collect the money, but failed. The next morning I did not have the dollar to send to the banker. I went to visit an acquaintance, who lent me a dollar, which I sent on the mail in time to keep my promise with the banker. I was sure that I could collect some money in another

community to repay this friend the next day; but after spending twenty-four hours trying to collect it, I had to return toward De Soto on Wednesday morning with no money to pay him.

With a sad heart because of my inability to keep my promise, I went to the Lord in earnest prayer, after which I felt impressed to go and see Brother and Sister McKee. Just as I was leaving their place, she called me back and said that they felt impressed to give me one dollar. I expressed my thanks to them for the money, and went on my way rejoicing to know that I was able to keep my word with my friend.

This was about noon, and I had planned to go to St. Louis that evening. After hurrying to the depot in De Soto, to my encouragement I learned that the train was about two hours behind time. I met a Christian lady who desired to know if I was the young man that had been there a few months before holding cottage-meetings. She said that she had heard of me and that she and her husband had often felt impressed to give me some money, but that I left before they became acquainted with me. She went on to say that they were talking about it just a few days before this time, and that if I would wait until she could go to her home, which was two or three blocks away, she would bring me the money. I told her I would wait. On returning she gave me a few dollars, and I went to St. Louis that evening and spent all day Thursday and part of Friday in St. Louis trying to sell some books, but without success. I did

not have the money to get a full-fare ticket for Chicago, and my plans were to leave Friday night.

Again the enemy suggested that I had made a bad mistake and that I should fail to go. In the afternoon I felt impressed to go to the west part of the city and see a Brother and Sister Judd, who had become interested in the truth a few months before, and with whom I had become acquainted. After arriving at their home I learned that he was in the city at his work as bookkeeper. Sister Judd made inquiry concerning my plans, and insisted that I should go to see Brother Judd, and as I was leaving the house, she handed me a note.

I took a street-car for the main part of the city and as it was almost five o'clock I knew that he would soon be out of his office. After reaching the main part of the city, I learned that the cars were all blockaded and could not get along very fast down in the city, so I left the car when within five or six blocks of his office and started to walk down a certain street that was not so crowded. To my surprise, I met Brother Judd on the sidewalk, who was equally surprised. I gave him the note. After he had unfolded the paper, he smiled gently and handed it to me. All that was on the paper was, "Remember the Golden Rule." He then asked concerning my plans, and I told him I was on my way to Chicago and was expecting to go out on the Wabash Railroad that night.

"Well, have you the money with which to go?"

"That is a pretty bold question," I replied.

"Well," said he, "I felt like making inquiry concerning the matter."

I explained to him that I did not have quite enough money. Then he said,

"If we hurry maybe we can get to meet somebody who can help us out."

It was five o'clock, and the railroad offices were supposed to be closed within a few minutes. We stepped into an elevator, were hoisted several stories, and soon stood before the president of the Wabash Railroad. After making an introduction, Brother Judd gave an outline of my work and stated that I was worthy of any favor the president could consistently extend. A few minutes later this railroad official gave me an order to present to the agent for a half-fare ticket to Chicago. This enabled me to have plenty of money to purchase my ticket and leave St. Louis that evening on the same train that I had planned taking, according to my arrangements several days before.

On Saturday morning I arrived in Chicago and had the privilege of taking breakfast with Bro. Geo. L. Cole and others at the missionary home. I told them my story, and we rejoiced together to know that God had answered prayer and that I had learned a lesson of faith.

PROTECTED FROM A MOB

It was a frequent occurrence in the ministry of Paul and the ministers of that day for the "baser sort" among the people to form a mob to disturb their meetings and persecute them severely, not because of their fanaticism, but on account of the preaching of the Word in all its purity and the manifestation of the power of God. The same spirit of persecution is frequently manifested now when the same gospel is preached as it was preached in those days. Sometimes such persecutions arise from the lack of wisdom on the part of some ministers, while, on the other hand, the opposition sometimes comes directly because of the signs that follow the preaching of the Word, and the holy lives of those who believe and practise the teaching.

A few years ago while traveling in the Southern States, I was engaged in a service near Tullahoma, Tenn. For some cause the "baser sort" at that place had become much prejudiced against the elder that had been having the oversight of the congregation.

During the night service while the congregation were singing at the close of the sermon, a small mob of those rude fellows gathered together at the door just inside of the room. As the signal was given from one of their number, their leader, who had his back to the audience, whirled around and with all his might threw a good-sized stone, which whizzed past my head, passed just over the head of the elder, who sat in

front of the pulpit, and barely missed the minister that had delivered the discourse. The mob hurried outside and made a hideous uproar for a time. They had threatened further violence, but prayer was offered for protection, and the meeting continued with real power and victory, and no further harm came to any one.

Mob could Not Cross the Creek

Soon after our meeting at Tullahoma, we held a series of meetings at Renfrew, Miss. It was winter, and the weather was unusually cold for that part of the country. The small stream just back of the meeting-house was frozen over solid.

There was quite an awakening throughout the community, and the people gathered together from every direction. As message after message went forth from the pulpit, conviction rested upon sinners, and many began to yield themselves to the Lord. Also, there were many wonderful answers to prayer. This seemed to stir the enemy of souls. Some of the people in surrounding communities were noted as ruffians and roguish characters. There were some indications of a mob spirit rising in opposition.

One day preparations were made to mob us and break up the meeting. That night just as we knelt in prayer at the beginning of the service, a considerably excited messenger quietly approached the pulpit where we ministers were kneeling and informed us that a mob of drunken ruffians were coming to break

up the meeting. While the congregation was yet kneeling, we arose and announced that it had been reported that a mob was approaching for the purpose of breaking up the meeting, and we advised the audience to be calm and not to become excited nor to give themselves any uneasiness, as the Lord was able, not only to take care of the audience, but in like manner to take care of the mob. Very earnest prayer was then offered that the Lord would hinder the mob from coming or doing any injury. Those who had been engaged in prayer arose with victory and many praises to God. That night the Lord seemed to give special anointing for the preaching of the Word, and again the Spirit of the Lord rested upon the people with conviction, and a number more came forward and sought salvation. The meeting was orderly and undisturbed.

The next day we learned that the mob had come within a few rods of the house of worship, but that when they reached the creek with its ice, which was as smooth as glass, they were unable to cross over. Being drunken, they would fall upon the ice, and could not walk on it. Some tried to crawl over to the other side, but made a failure. After spending about half an hour trying to cross and being unable to accomplish their desire, they went away and decided to wait until the next night.

In the meantime the children of God were earnestly praying that God might overrule and lay his hand upon them in some way and, if possible, save their

souls. The leader of the mob was a brother of one of the ministers in charge of the meeting; but, being a desperate character, he had no respect for his brother nor any one else.

That night the house was unusually crowded, every seat being filled and even the standing-room in the isles being occupied. The entire mob was present. Again the Lord anointed his messenger for preaching the word, and at the close of the discourse an invitation was given to those who desired prayer for the salvation of their souls to come forward. Almost immediately the long altar was filled with those imploring help from God, and one after another came until thirty-six had come forward, and, kneeling, they called upon God for help. Among the number was the leader of the mob. He was followed by two or three of his gang. It was not for mockery that they came forward, but because conviction rested so pun- gently upon them. Soon the leader arose and asked for the privilege of making a confession. He said:

"I am the worst man in this whole country. I, together with others, tried to break up this meeting. We formed a mob for that purpose, but the Lord would not let us cross the creek on the ice, and now I desire your prayers for my salvation."

Then he fell upon his knees and began to call upon God for mercy. In a few minutes he received the witness of his pardon and arose shouting the praises of God. Turning to those members of the mob that were in the back part of the house, he plead with

them to come forward for prayer and find deliverance as he had found it. Conviction rested so heavily upon them that nearly all of them came forward. Those who did not left the house.

A few years later I met the father of the leader of this gang and made inquiry concerning his son. He told me that two years after the meeting was held, his son died, and that while on his death-bed he could still shout the praises of God and testify to his goodness.

THE SIMPLICITY OF FAITH

Faith is not the monstrous thing that some people suppose it to be, nor need the exercise of it be a difficult matter. I once observed a man sitting in an assembly listening to the preaching of the Word of God on the subject of faith. He had never been able to exercise faith and receive many direct answers to prayer, because he had always imagined and considered faith a thing just beyond his grasp, and, like many other people, he had the idea that a person must be wonderfully favored of God above common people in order to be able to pray the prayer of faith. He did not realize that exercising faith is merely taking the Word of God and believing it.

While this man was thus listening to the expounding of the Word of God, he seemed to lose all thought of his surroundings and sat there straining every

nerve to grasp the promises that were read. The minister in addressing the audience, said, "Do you get that point? If so, hold fast to it." This man clenched his fists and, with nerves to the highest tension and with the greatest effort of mind, tried to hold on to the point, seemingly by main physical and mental strength, and in so doing he lost the next important point of instruction given by the minister. Thus the man sat throughout the service, straining himself to believe the promises of God. He had not learned the simplicity of faith—that he could sit quietly and comfortably and receive the promises and readily retain them in his mind. He afterwards received private instruction and became able, not only to listen to the Word of God in quietness, but also to exercise faith and receive answers to his prayers.

As an illustration of the childlike simplicity of the prayer of faith, I wish to relate the following incident, which took place a few years ago.

Two little girls, the elder but three and one-half years of age and the other eighteen months, were at home one Sunday morning. It was winter-time. On the Wednesday night previous there came a snow-storm, a regular Michigan blizzard, and from that time until Sunday the wind and snow blew furiously.

There was a brick wall under the house for a foundation. In some way a cat got under the house the night of the snow-storm, and no doubt the hole through which it entered was closed up with snow,

although we never could tell how the cat got under the house, whether through some hole under the ground or from the attic between the rafters. However, it was there, and during the remainder of the week it pitifully cried out, being cold and hungry.

On Sunday morning, while the remainder of the family were at meeting, these little girls came to their mother very much troubled and told her all about how the poor kitty was hungry and cold and was crying for help. Finally the elder said:

“Can’t the Lord get the kitty out?”

“Yes,” was the reply, “if you will go and pray and ask God to do it.”

She called her little sister, and they ran into the other room and, kneeling over the place where the cat was crying, with their faces in their hands down upon the floor, said:

“O, dear heavenly Father, bless the kitty. O, dear heavenly Father, make a hole. Take the snow away and let the cat out. Amen.”

Such was their prayer. Rising quickly to their feet, they stood a moment as if waiting to know what to do next. Then they started for the window and, pressing their faces tightly against the window-pane, watched intently to see the cat come; nor were they disappointed. Scarcely had a minute passed by until they began to laugh and shout and cry out, “It’s a-coming! It’s a-coming!” Sure enough, there was the cat coming through the deep snow toward them.

They were very thankful to the Lord because he had made a way for the cat to get out.

When the rest of the family arrived home, the little girls ran to meet them crying, "O Papa, we prayed the cat out! we prayed the cat out!" No one could make them doubt that the Lord answered their prayer; neither do we doubt it.

This is a beautiful illustration of the prayer of faith, and after it was offered to God they acted it out. When they had prayed, they expected nothing else than to see the cat, so they pressed their faces against the window-pane until they saw it coming.

A TRIP TO A CANADIAN CAMP-MEETING

BY J. R. HALE

In the summer of 1901, while I was at The Trumpet Office, then located at Moundsville, W. Va., an urgent call came for somebody to go from there to the Jordan Harbor, Ontario, Canada, camp-meeting, which was to commence August 22. I was in need of a vacation, and some of the brethren spoke to me about going. I was undecided about the matter, as I did not have over one dollar with which to pay my fare.

About the tenth of the month I felt impressed to begin to trust the Lord to open the way and requested the prayers of others that I might more clearly understand whether or not it was God's will for me to go.

On the fifteenth day of August I received a dollar or two through the mail, which was some encouragement to me, and which I considered an evidence that the Lord desired me to take the trip. On the next Saturday a message came from Brother Rowley, of Trail Run, Ohio, asking that some one come immediately to pray for a sick person and to remain over Sunday. I was the only one who was at liberty to go, but could not understand why I should go when I had so small an amount of money and needed all I could get to go to Canada. But after earnest prayer I felt clear to go and answer the call.

The Lord healed the sick person, and I spent Sunday in that neighborhood. During the afternoon Brother Rowley asked me whether I was intending to take a vacation that season, and if so, where I intended to go. I told him I thought of starting to Canada the next Thursday. He seemed to be somewhat surprised that I should go so far, but I told him my impressions in regard to attending the camp-meeting.

About ten minutes before the evening service he came to me and said that he had been thinking over the conversation that we had had about my vacation, and that he felt like asking me if I had the money for traveling-expenses. I told him that was committed to the Lord.

He said, "Brother Hale, I have felt impressed that you did not have the money at hand, and if you have not, let me know."

I told him that I felt led to make preparations to go and that I expected the Lord to see me through.

Toward the close of the service that night, Brother Rowley gave an outline of our conversation in regard to my vacation and stated that if any felt disposed to help me they should be free to do so. Before I left that room I had more than enough money to take me to Canada and back. My heart was so rejoiced that I could scarcely express my thanks.

The next morning while on the boat returning to Moundsville, I went in prayer to thank the Lord for his kindness, and while praying I was very clearly impressed to take some literature with me. I began to consider the matter and to reason that I could not do so, as the duty was too high on the literature, and that I could not afford to bother with it; but after a few minutes' meditation the Lord impressed me very forcibly how many books to take, which amounted to about seventy-five dollars retail.

The next morning I went over to the office and gave my order accordingly, but some of the brethren who were from Canada thought it very strange that I should take so much literature into Canada, as the duty would be so high that I could never sell the books. I was almost tempted to give it up, but after praying again felt that the Lord wanted me to carry out my plans.

On Friday, August 23, I arrived in Niagara Falls, N. Y., and spent the day sightseeing, and also

considered the matter of how I was going to get across the line. As I looked at the United States flag on one side and the Canadian on the other, I wished that I were across on the other side with my literature. I did not have the courage to undertake to cross that day. After remaining all night with a brother, on Saturday morning, with fresh courage, I crossed the river to the Canadian custom-house, where the packages of books were taken from me by the employees and carried into a room for examination. It was my intention to leave there about noon; but as I looked into the face of the custom-officer, my heart failed me to even try to approach him on the subject I had in mind. I learned that I could leave on an evening train, and therefore concluded to spend two or three hours walking around and in meditation.

About one o'clock in the afternoon I noticed the custom-officer leaving and another taking his place. I took courage, for I believed the time had arrived for me to mention the books. After I had presented the matter to him, he asked to see the best Bible I had, so that he might be able to form an idea of what they cost. The suggestion came to show him one of the poorest ones, but I decided to show him the best one I had. After examining it for a few minutes he wanted to know what I intended to sell it for in Canada. I told him that would depend upon the duty that I had to pay. He then asked what I would take for the Bible. My first thought was that I had better not tell the retail price, as it would make the

duty higher; but I told the officer it sold for \$4.75. "Would you take that much for it?" he asked.

I told him I would.

"That is just the kind of Bible I have been looking for to present to my wife," he replied, "As I promised her some time ago that I would give her one, but on account of my having been unable to go to Buffalo and find one I have been unable to fulfil my promise."

He then paid me the price asked for the Bible, and asked for my best Testament. Again the suggestion came to show him one of the cheaper ones. I resisted the thought and decided to show him the very best Testament I had. When he asked the price of it, I told him it was \$1.25.

"Would you take that much for it?" he asked.

I told him that I would.

"That is just the kind of a Testament I have been wanting myself," he replied, "as it has large print and will not hurt my eyes. Here is your money, young man."

About that time he looked at his watch and asked if I intended to catch a certain train for Jordan. "If you do," he added, "you had better hurry and catch the next car, or you will not make connections."

I told him that the books had not yet been inspected.

"According to the invoice you have shown me from the company from whom you bought them, and those books that I have seen, they will pass all right under the circumstances; so strap them up as quickly as you can, and the lads will put them on the car for you."

I obeyed orders and was soon on the road to the depot, where I made connections. I arrived in Jordan Harbor on schedule time, where the brethren met me. When they found that I had so many books with me, some of them thought I surely made a mistake by bringing so much literature, as the duty was so high it could never be sold. I told them that the Lord had directed in the matter and that I felt clear in bringing the books and told them to prepare to purchase what they wanted.

By the time the ten days' camp-meeting closed, I had sold every book and even my own song-book. I had nothing to bring back with me but my bible and the precious promises it contained. This experience increased my faith and courage in God more than ever before.

WINGS OF FAITH

“Does a storm beat wild around thee,
Dark and threat'ning are thy skies?
Be not fearful; Christ hath sent it;
He would have thee higher rise.

“He would have thee rise above it,
Spread thy wings and upward fly,
In the sunshine of his presence,
Till the terror passes by.

“Do not, then, sit weeping, struggling,
Nor for pity Christ implore;
Mount on wings of faith, my brother,
Till the raging storm is o'er.”

THE SUPPOSED LAST FAREWELL

About the year 1896, while Bro. John H. Merica, who at the present time lives near Topeka, Ind., was helping in a series of meetings in northern Indiana, he met with an accident one night while walking along a railroad trestle on his way to the home of one of the brethren. It was a very dark night, and when he came to the trestle, he fell through the trestle-work a distance of about fourteen feet, lighting upon a projecting rock below. The injuries from the fall were so severe that for some time he was unable to continue his journey or to be taken by those who afterwards found him to his lodging-place.

The next day it was found that his internal injuries were so great as likely to prove fatal, and his friends considered it necessary to have him sent to his home at Grand Junction, Mich., as soon as possible. The next morning after his arrival he felt that the time for his departure was near at hand. His sufferings had been intense, and now as he felt that the death-messenger was soon to make an appearance to summon him into the world beyond, he called his wife and children into his room and bade them farewell. As the children left the room weeping, he bade his wife farewell and said that he desired to be alone with the Lord for a few minutes before passing into eternity.

Before going into the room, however, his wife had

sent a messenger to my home, which was only a short distance away, asking me to come immediately. As I arrived at the home, his wife was just leaving his room. She related what had happened, and although she believed him to be dying, she told me that notwithstanding his request to be alone I should go in and see him.

As I entered he said, "Well, Brother Byrum, I shall have to leave you. I feel the time has come for me to go." For some reason I could not feel that he would die if fervent prayer was offered in his behalf. The last commission that Jesus gave to "them that believe" (Mark 16:18) came vividly to my mind, which says, "They shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover"; and also the words of Jesus, "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); and likewise the promise which Jesus gave when he said, "Have faith in God," and the wonderful possibilities given in the verse following (Mark 11:22, 23). Here was a case where help was needed, and one which required immediate activity of faith. It was one which was not beyond the promises of the Lord, and as there was no indication of any reason why a miracle should not be wrought in his case, as well as in the cases of other people at other times, a strong impression flashed through my mind that here was an opportunity for the manifestation of the power of God to glorify his name and restore this man to his family with health and strength.

"Well, what is your object in dying?" I said to him.

In reply he made some remark concerning his responsibilities being shifted upon the children, which he thought would cause them to be more settled and established. In his critical condition I could make allowances for his statement, and said to him:

"Yes, it would be very nice for you to shift the responsibilities which you ought to bear, upon your wife and children, and leave them to meet the conflicts of life, and also upon us who are left here toiling to get the gospel to this lost world, and you a minister, go to glory and have a good time praising the Lord. I should like to go along with you."

He began to look at the situation from the standpoint of his own responsibilities. After calling his attention to what he might yet be able to accomplish in this life, I said to him, "Perhaps we had better pray." At this I knelt by his bedside and with all the earnestness possible asked the Lord to have compassion upon him, and touch him with his healing power, removing his pain and putting every organ of his body in its proper position and normal condition. Quietly removing my hands from him, I told him that whenever he felt like it to come over to our office. I felt that the power of death had been rebuked, that the injured parts of his body had been touched by the power of God, and that we would soon realize the manifestation.

Soon after I left the house, he arose and ate his

breakfast, and before the day closed he called at our office to testify to the mighty manifestation of the power of God in his behalf.

ANSWER TO PRAYER IN MID-OCEAN

Before leaving the United States once on a missionary tour I was unable to arrange for taking with me a sufficient amount of money to meet the current expenses of my trip. When the ship was about the middle of the Atlantic, I fell to meditating over the matter one day, and I realized that it would be necessary for me to have at least a few more dollars for spending-money to meet the necessary demands along the way.

While I was thus in meditation, these words of the apostle came vividly to my mind: "But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus" (Phil. 4:19). Although I had read that passage of Scripture many times, yet there seemed to be something unusually inspiring about it just at this time. I fell upon my knees and in earnest prayer told the Lord that I needed some spending-money and asked him to supply it. I did not know, when, how, or where, but was confident that it would be supplied in accordance with my need.

After arising from prayer I went into the reading-room of the ship, and while I was sitting on one side

of the room, I noticed on the opposite side a middle-aged woman who was looking toward me. Soon after I noticed that she was still watching me as if she desired to speak to me. In a few minutes she walked across the room where I was sitting and said:

“Are you a missionary?”

“I am going on a missionary tour,” I replied.

She then asked me many questions in regard to my work, and finally held out her hand to give me something. As I received it from her, I found it to be a two-dollar bill. After thanking her for it, I felt it would be an encouragement to her to learn of the experience I had had a few minutes previous to that time in praying for spending-money. She said:

“I am so glad you told me of your experience, because I now know that it was the Lord who impressed me to give you this money. As soon as you came into the room, I felt strangely impressed that you were one of God’s messengers and was reminded that I had two dollars that I could spare and was impressed that you were in need of it.”

She went away praising the Lord and was very happy, realizing the fulfilment of the scripture which says, “It is more blessed to give than to receive” (Acts 20:35), and I had reason to praise the Lord for his direct answer to prayer.

The next night after arriving in England I attended services at St. George’s Hall. As we entered, a man whom I had met once before, in America, escorted me to the back part of the hall and, reaching

his hand in his pocket, gave me a gold coin, an English pound, equal to about \$4.87 of United States money. As he gave it to me he said, "Send me *The Gospel Trumpet* for one year and keep the remainder for yourself for spending-money.

Thus, the Lord answered my mid-ocean prayer from time to time, generally in a very unexpected manner, and to him was given all the praise and glory.

EFFECTS OF TAMPERING WITH SPIRITUALISM

About three years ago, while a revival meeting was being held in the city of Anderson, a man and his wife who were in attendance became much wrought upon by the Spirit of God. One evening after the services closed, they desired a consultation with the minister for the purpose of gaining information how to find deliverance from a peculiar binding power that seemed to prevent them from enjoying the liberties and blessings of a Christian life. Conviction had rested upon them so heavily that they had decided to give up their life of sin and become Christians, but there seemed to be a secret hindering influence.

As the minister made inquiry concerning their condition, the cause of their trouble was soon revealed. The man related that soon after their marriage his wife tampered with spiritualism while visiting with some of her friends who believed in spiritualism,

and that she had gone so far as to be able to handle the planchette and call up the spirits. In answer to her call for the spirits to make their appearance, three persons as spirits would appear. Two were Indians, one named Black Hawk and the other Silver Feather. The third one was a black man, who always kept in the rear.

These began to appear at various times both night and day. She became alarmed and would have nothing more to do with spiritualism. But through curiosity her husband concluded that he would like to investigate the matter for some pastime pleasure with "those fellows," as he called them. It was not long until the same three personages made their appearance, and from that time he was tormented by them. Almost at any time in the day or night they wanted to talk to him; even while he was engaged in conversation with some one else, they would make their appearance and try to interrupt the conversation by making suggestions. At night they would come about his pillow, always trying to talk or interrupt him, until it not only became disgusting, but a matter of torture. He would try to dismiss them, would ignore them, and longed to forget them. Sometimes he would succeed for hours at a time, but every night at a certain time they were sure to make their appearance, whether or not they had bothered him during the day.

He further stated that often when his little child about two years of age went into a room alone she

would suddenly begin screaming as if she had been caught by some stranger, and that this had continued until she was almost a nervous wreck.

He was told that if he would give up spiritualism and take a stand against it, God would deliver him from its power, as spiritualism was of the devil, and God would break the power of the devil that was binding them. When they knelt in prayer and the ministers laid hands upon them and rebuked the power of Satan and spiritualism, they were delivered from that Satanic power and influence. The next night they came to meeting and testified concerning their deliverance, and said that Black Hawk, Silver Feather, and the other evil spirit did not make their appearance at the regular time, and that they did not expect them to appear any more. Their deliverance was complete, and the man never had any more trouble with that binding power from that day until the day of his death.

A woman in central Ohio whose two sisters and one of their daughters were spiritualists, tampered with spiritualism to her sorrow.

One of the sisters and her daughter were spiritualistic mediums. They all sat in seances together until there were manifestations of various kinds, such as wrappings, tables and chairs moving about the room. This woman became very much alarmed and tried to break loose from the coils that were being entwined about her by the power of the enemy. She did not

realize the influence of spiritualism over her so much until she began to try to break loose from it. Then it seemed that the enemy of her soul was determined to destroy her if possible. For a time she seemed to be almost able to break away from that power, and then through the influence of her sister and others of her acquaintance who were spiritualists a special effort was made to keep her in its clutches.

Evil spirits began to torment her at night and even to follow her in the daytime, so that finally she came a distance of a few hundred miles to have us pray for her. After a prayer was offered and that power rebuked, she was not disturbed for a number of weeks, when those spiritualists came to visit her and remained until she was again bothered in like manner. Again she had special prayer, and the Lord delivered her from the power of the enemy and set her free. She stated that at times she had almost been driven to desperation by the torments brought about through tampering with spiritualism.

A few years ago I met a lady who had been in an insane asylum for fourteen years. She had formerly possessed a good sound mind. Soon after her marriage some of her friends and neighbors who were spiritualists invited her to participate in the spiritualistic circles and seances. At first she declined, as she did not believe that spiritualism was in harmony with the Bible, and as she had a great desire to have

a close walk with the Lord and live according to the precepts of his Word.

Her spiritualistic friends told her that accepting the belief of spiritualism was the best possible way to become spiritual and to know more about God, as thereby she could commune with departed spirits and come in more direct contact with the unseen world. In order to be more spiritual, she was advised to make every effort possible to commune with departed spirits, and was instructed to participate in the seances, or spiritualistic sittings, until she could call up the spirits of her departed friends and commune with the beings of the unseen world. She was further told that she would soon become a spiritualistic medium and would thereby enjoy special privileges of becoming better acquainted with God and the mystery and heavenly environment of things beyond this life. So she consented to participate.

Notwithstanding her earnest desire to do good and her ignorance of the delusion she was about to enter, her attempts to gain a knowledge of the spiritualistic realm in that manner was accompanied by fears and a repulsive feeling. She was urged forward, however, by her friends. Little by little a strange power came over her, which, instead of bringing her in closer relationship with things divine, separated her farther and farther from God. She began to realize this, but soon became helpless in her efforts to break the binding chain.

Her mind became affected on account of these

things until she became a raving maniac. She spent many years in an insane asylum, and it was only through the prayers of the faithful children of God that she was ever enabled to find deliverance from such a place.

In order to become successful spiritualistic mediums, it is necessary for persons to yield themselves completely into the hands of the devil. He can then use them at his will, send them delusions, and make them believe that they are communing with the spirits of their departed ones. The apostle Paul tells us that Satan will appear as an angel of light.

Recently while I was in conversation with Mrs. S. M. Worden, formerly of Battle Creek, Mich., she related her experience with spiritualism a number of years ago. I have been acquainted with this woman for many years and have heard others who were present at the time of her conversion relate the same things concerning her experience. Before her conversion she was anxious, she said, to be a Christian and to be useful in the service of the Lord, and in reading her Bible found that it taught divine healing. She believed that the Bible was true and that what the Lord could do centuries ago he was able to do at the present time. The enemy of souls suggested to her that the way to have these manifestations at the present time was through spiritualism.

She was ignorant of the delusions of spiritualism and knew but little about the leadings of the Spirit

of the Lord in the divine life; and, not having proper instruction in divine things, she became an easy prey to the delusions of the enemy and fell into the snare of spiritualism, as she had been instructed that thereby she could be useful as an instrument of the Lord in the healing of the sick. Yielding herself to the strange power and influence, she began her work of treating the sick through the power of spiritualism, and in a number of cases was successful, insomuch that people came a great distance for treatment.

After some time she attended an evangelistic meeting where the Word of God was preached the same as in the days of the apostles, and as she heard the Word of God expounded, she began to realize her spiritual condition. Her hungry soul longed for deliverance; but when she began to call upon God for help, there seemed to be a great barrier between her and her God. Her prayers seemed lifeless, and she was powerless to grasp the promises of God as her own.

The minister realized her condition, saw that it was a case of devil-possession. He laid his hands upon her in accordance with Luke 4:40, 41, and Mark 16:16-18, rebuked the devils, and commanded them to depart from her. Immediately she had a choking sensation in her breast and throat, and her throat became swollen as the devils departed from her. It was only a few minutes until she obtained deliverance and was enabled to yield herself fully to the Lord and receive his blessings upon her soul.

Then she went home. When she entered her house, it seemed, she said, to be full of devils, and immediately she went back to inform the minister of the situation. He told her to go back home, adding that he and somebody else would come at once. When they arrived, they had prayer for her again and rebuked the devils, commanding them to leave the house to return no more, and asked the Lord to protect her from the power of the enemy. From that time she had perfect freedom in her soul and victory over all the powers of the enemy, having been entirely delivered from the binding power of spiritualism and the tormenting influence of evil spirits.

CRIPPLE TOM OF LONDON

To some readers the narration given herein of Cripple Tom may appeal as fabulous, but to those who have frequently taken a stroll in that part of the city among the missions and the tenement-houses, or have read General Booth's book entitled "Darkest England," wherein is depicted the heart-rending scenes of London, the story will not seem at all incredible. The story is given here as it was related to me.

In one of the deplorable miserable East London homes, in a dark, wretched room at the top of a house, lay a cripple boy. He had lain there for over two

years, greatly neglected and comparatively unknown. When he was quite young, his parents had died, leaving him to the mercy of an aged relative, whom he called "Granny."

Born a cripple, he had always been a sufferer; but as long as he was able, he had swept a crossing on his crutches, or gone short errands to earn a few pence. But soon after his parents' death, the boy had to take to his bed. Very ungraciously the old woman allowed him to occupy the top room in her house, which room he never left again.

His mother had taught him to read and write, and sometimes, on a snowy night, the lad had crept into the mission-hall merely for the sake of getting warm. Numb with cold, and weary in body, he took little heed of what he heard on those nights; but, lying alone day after day, there came into his mind the memory of it, and by degrees he was possessed with a great longing to know more about the things of God and to have a Bible of his own. He knew that it was from the Bible that the speakers had gathered their knowledge, and that was all. So, summing up courage, he one day consulted Granny about it. His only encouragement in that direction was an ironical laugh. "Bibles aren't in my line! What does a lad like you want with Bibles?" So the matter dropped for a time, but the lad's desire to possess one did not grow less.

One day up the creaking stairs came noisy, boisterous Jack Lee, the only friend the cripple had in the

world. "Hurrah! hurrah! Got a new box. Off north tomorrow! Come to say good-by, Tom," he cried, all excited, seating himself on the bed, and wiping the perspiration from his brow. "But I've got a real beauty present for you, my lad," taking from his pocket something wrapped in a greasy bit of brown paper.

Tom raised himself on his elbows, not at all gladdened by the news he had heard.

"A bright new shilling for you, Tom. And you're not to spend it till yer wants suffin real particular."

"O Jack! you are good, but I want something now very, very particular."

"Yer do? What's he?"

"I want a Bible."

"A Bible! well I never! Who ever heard of a poor lad spending all that on a Bible, when I had to scrape months and months to save it in coppers."

"Don't be angry, dear Jack," cried the crippled boy. "You're going away, and I shall be lonelier than ever, and oh! I do so want a Bible. Please get it, Jack—now—this very evening at Fisher's, before the shop closes. Granny never would; she'd spend it in gin, if I let it get into her hands."

"What can yer want with a Bible, Tom? Only scholars understands them there things," he answered rather crossly.

"Maybe so, Jack, but I'm hankering after one, for I must find out whether them there folks in that mission-hall you and I sometimes used to go to, told

true about some one they called Jesus. Let it be your parting gift, Jack, and you will make me so glad."

"Very well, lad, then I'll go, but I knows naught of Bible buyin'.

"Fisher has 'em at a shilling, for I saw 'em marked in the window when I used to go by. Quick, Jack, or the shop will be closed!"

Jack complied very ungraciously, and descended the stairs less rapidly than he had mounted them. But he got over his disappointment before he returned with a beautiful shilling Bible. "Fisher says I couldn't leave you a better friend, Tom, and he declares the shilling couldn't be 'vested better; and says he, 'It may be worth a thousand pounds to the lad!' So 'pears there's suffin we ought to know about."

Tom's joy and gratitude were unbounded. "I know it, Jack, I know it!" hugging the book to his breast. "I'm happy now. Oh, how kind you were to save that shilling!"

The lads never met again; but if the honest errand boy could only have known what a precious treasure that Holy Book became to his cripple friend, he would have been amply rewarded for the sacrifice he had made to save the shilling. After a month's hard reading, cripple Tom knew more about his Bible than many who have professed to study it for twenty years. He learned the way of salvation, his only teacher being the Holy Spirit; he learned also that obedience to God's will meant helping to save others.

"It won't do to keep all this blessed news to myself," he said; so he thought and thought, until at last a simple but very beautiful work was decided on for the Master. His bed stood by the window sill, which was low, and somehow he got a pencil and paper, and wrote out different texts, and then dropped them into the noisy street below, directed: "To the Passer-by—Please Read."

He hoped that by this means some one might hear of Jesus and his salvation. This service of love, faithfully rendered, went on for some weeks, when one evening he heard a strange footstep, and immediately afterwards a tall, well-dressed gentleman entered the room and took his seat by the lad's bedside.

"So you are the lad who drops texts from the window, are you?" he asked kindly.

"Yes," said Tom, brightening up. "Have yer heard as some one got hold of one?" "Plenty, lad, plenty! Would you believe it if I told you that I picked up one last evening, and God blessed it to my soul?"

"I can believe that God's Word will do anything, sir," said the lad, humbly.

"And I am come," said the gentleman, "to thank you personally."

"Not me, sir! I only does the writin'; He does the blessin'."

"And you are happy in this work for Christ?" asked the visitor.

“Couldn’t be happier, sir. I don’t think nothin’ of the pain in my back, for shan’t I be glad when I sees Him, to tell Him that as soon as I knowed about Him I did all I could to serve Him? I suppose you get lots o’ chances, don’t yer, sir?”

“Ah, lad, but I have neglected them; but God helping me, I mean to begin afresh. At home in the country I have a sick boy dying. I had to come to town on pressing business. When I kissed him good-by, he said, ‘Father, I wish I had done some work for Jesus. I can not bear to meet him empty-handed,’ and the words stuck to me all day long, and the next day, too, until the evening when I was passing down the street and your little paper fell on my hat. I opened it and read, ‘*I must work the work of Him that sent Me, while it is day: the night cometh when no man can work*’ (John 9:4). It seemed like a command from heaven. It startled me and brought me to my knees that night, and I could not sleep until I could sing:

‘Oh, the cleansing blood has reached me!
Glory, glory to the Lamb!’

“I have professed to be a Christian for twenty-two years, my lad, and when I made inquiries and found out who dropped those texts into the street, and why it was done, it so shamed and humbled me that I determined to go home and work for the same Master that you are serving so faithfully.”

Tears of joy were rolling down the lad’s face.

"It's too much, sir," he said, "altogether too much."

"Tell me how you managed to get the paper to start it, my lad?"

"That warn't hard, sir. I just had a talk with Granny, and offered to give up my hap'orth o' milk she gives me most days if she would buy me paper instead. You know, sir, I can't last long. The parish doctor says a few months of cold weather may finish me off, and a drop of milk ain't much to give up for my blessed Jesus. Are people happy as has lots to give him, sir?"

The visitor sighed a deep sigh. "Ah, lad, you are a great deal happier in this wretched room, making sacrifices for Jesus, than thousands who profess to belong to him, and who have time, talents and money, and do little or nothing for him."

"They don't know him, sir. *Knowin' is lovin', and lovin' is doin'. It ain't love without.*"

"You are right, Tom. But now about yourself. I must begin by making your life brighter. How would you like to end your days in one of these homes for cripple lads, where you would be nursed and cared for, and where you would see the trees and flowers, and hear the birds sing? I could get you into one, not far from my home, if you liked, Tom."

The weary lad looked wistfully into the man's kind face, and after a moment's silence answered:

"Thank'ee, sir; I've heard tell of 'em afore, *but I ain't anxious to die easy when He died hard.* I might

get taken up with them things a bit too much, and I'd rather be a-lookin' at Him, and carryin' on this 'er work till He comes to fetch me. Plenty of joy for a boy like me to have a mansion with Him up there through eternity."

The visitor felt more reproved than ever.

"Very well, my lad; then I will see that you have proper food and all the paper you need while you live. I will settle it all with one of the Bible women. Now, before I go, I want you to pray aloud for me," and as he made the request the strong man knelt down by the dying boy's bedside, scarcely suppressing a sob as he covered his face with his hands. The lad trembled at having to do such a thing, but when he saw that bowed form and heard that half-stifled sob, he knew he ought to comply with the request.

There was a seraphic light on the poor pale, up-turned face, as he said in a tone of the deepest reverence: "Lord Jesus, I know you're a-listin', and I'm much obliged to you for sendin' this friend here to cheer me in my work. Now, Lord Jesus, he's a bit troubled about not havin' worked for thee enough in the past days. Will you help him to see to it that there's nothin' left undone in the comin' days, and please, Lord, make him go straight away and tell them other rich men that they don't know thee if they aren't a-workin' for Thee. And I'm grateful to you, Jesus, for all the paper and the food that's a comin' to me while I live. Maybe I'll hold out a bit longer to write these texts for thee. Now, Lord Jesus, please

bless this kind friend, always and always. I ask this for thy name's sake."

"Amen," said the deep-toned voice.

Then the gentleman rose and said farewell. Before leaving London he made every arrangement for the lad to be cared for, and then with a gladder heart he went back to his beautiful country home and lived for Christ. As soon as he could he built a mission-hall on his own grounds, and preached Jesus to the villagers. When he confessed his sin of negligence towards them, and told them of his second conversion through the cripple boy and his text, many of them were led to "seek Jesus."

News of the dying lad reached them from time to time through the Bible woman; but it was not till winter set in, and the snow had fallen and covered the earth with its crystal whiteness, that they heard that the dear lad "had gone to be with Jesus." The same post brought a parcel which contained Tom's much-prized and much-used Bible. What a precious relic was that marked Bible in that beautiful home! For when the cripple boy's friend lent it to his youngest son to read—the careful marking, the short, simple prayers written by the cripple lad on the margin, and his dying wish on the fly-leaf, written about a week before his death, that "this Holy Book may be as great a friend to some one else as it has been to me, made such a deep impression on the youth that he gave himself to the Lord, and later on to mission work in foreign fields, and out in central Africa

he has shown that worn Bible to many a native Christian, when telling them about Cripple Tom and his texts.

This beautiful incident of consecration in lowly life teaches us that the most adverse circumstances, coupled with intense suffering, need not interfere with a life of the most ardent devotion to Jesus Christ. Thousands of sad, weary hearts are wanting the little ministry of love that we might render. Shall we then take our ease, enjoy our pleasure, or indulge in our luxuries? Millions of dark, benighted souls are crying out for the light; they continue to grope in darkness, while many of us who profess to love Christ, live self-centered and self-indulgent lives. Today—without the help of the world—the Christian church could easily send out enough missionaries to evangelize the world; but the dark blot of “it won’t” stains its fair name. Oh, that the Spirit of God would, by his mighty power, cleanse away all the slothfulness, unreality, and self-complacency from our lives! for following Christ means self-sacrifice, and there is no such thing as holiness without it. If a dying lad in suffering and destitution could joyfully deny himself the little sip of milk which cooled his parched lips and partly fed his weary body, surely it is possible for us to do more!

“Who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?” (1 Chron. 29:5).

THE LORD STOPPED HIM

A man by the name of Holmes was once staying at a place about a mile from the town in which I lived, and he frequently attended our meetings. While he was a talented man in many respects, a good Greek and Latin scholar, telegraph operator, and expert cabinet-maker, yet there was something very strange and peculiar about him—something that was difficult to fathom or understand. He seemed to be a good-natured fellow and to have a desire to be a Christian. He would sometimes go so far as to make a profession of religion, but for some reason made but little success in that respect.

One day, when he was about to leave for Ohio, he came into my office and asked for a private interview. He said to me, "Now, if you can discern anything wrong in me or tell me anything that will help me to become established in my Christian experience, I shall be pleased to have you do so." After having prayer and further conversation with him, I was enabled to point out to him some things that stood in his way, but still there was a mysterious feeling about him.

Among the things that I pointed out to him was that he possessed a murderous spirit. I could scarcely tell why I should tell him this, but it was so clearly impressed upon my mind that I had no doubt as to the truthfulness of my statement. "Oh, no," he replied; "there is nothing of that kind. I am of

a very quiet, harmless disposition and could not be induced to injure any one." He departed with a good feeling toward me, but said he would further consider the matter.

After thanking me for the instruction I had given him, he went directly to a place in Ohio and posed as a preacher. Some persons in that community, feeling that he was an impostor and knowing that he had come directly from our town, wrote us concerning him, desiring to know whether he was a recognized minister. When he learned of the correspondence, he became enraged and decided that he would go to Grand Junction, Mich., where I lived, and kill those who were responsible for his exposure. He wrote a letter in which he feigned repentance and said that he was in a miserable condition spiritually and that the Lord had made it clear to him that he could not get salvation without coming to Grand Junction for Brother Schell and me to pray for him. The letter contained no indication whatever of any intention of evil. When he wrote the letter, he said, he was then on his way to see us. The letter was received on Wednesday evening and read to the congregation who had assembled for prayer-meeting. In the letter he expressed his wretchedness and desire to be right with God at any cost, and requested earnest prayer.

While some one else was praying that night, the Spirit of the Lord flashed upon my mind the impression that he was coming for an evil purpose and had murder in his heart, and that his apparent repentance

and expressions of humility were only a blind. As soon as the meeting closed I called Brother Schell into another room and told him my impression. "What shall we do about it," he asked. "Let us kneel in prayer," I answered, "and agree upon the Word of God that if he is coming for an evil purpose he be prevented from coming."

We learned afterwards that the night we received the letter he had come as far as Lagrange, Ind. Not having the money to travel by railroad, he was walking. The next morning he started on his journey, but after going about a quarter of a mile he found it very difficult to proceed further. Believing, however, that his ill feeling would soon pass away, he made a special effort to go on, but his knees began to quake, and after going a few feet he fell to the ground. After lying there for a short time he rose to his feet and made another effort, but fell as before. After repeated efforts he concluded that he must be afflicted with some serious ailment, and decided to make an effort to crawl back to the house where he had spent the night, but soon found that he was able to stand on his feet and walk. After going a few steps he could walk as well as usual. He then concluded that if he could walk in that direction he could also walk in the other direction and so turned about to continue his journey; but as soon as he reached the place where he had fallen before, down he went again. After repeated efforts, he returned to the house. The next morning he started out again, but upon reaching that

spot he could go no further. This was repeated for several days.

Finally he met a brother who was acquainted with him, and confessed that God had stopped him and kept him from going any further, and revealed his intention of murder. He left the place, and nothing more was heard of him for almost a year, when he returned to Grand Junction. One day he came into my office with the most dejected countenance I had ever seen. I treated him with kindness, and in our conversation he told me that he desired to meet all the workers of the Trumpet Home, and said that he had some acknowledgements to make to them.

Arrangements were made for him to meet the family at 12:45 P. M., at which time he made some very humiliating statements and asked their prayers for his salvation. As it was then time to resume work for the afternoon, I requested the workers to breathe a prayer in his behalf whenever they thought of him during the day, but further stated that while his acknowledgements were humiliating, something was kept back, though I did not know just what it was, and that in the evening some of us would meet with him and have special prayer for his benefit.

About eight o'clock in the evening a few of the brethren gathered together in earnest prayer in his behalf. Notwithstanding the fact that I had said there was something he had not yet revealed, he said to us: "I have told you everything. There is nothing that I have kept back." After three of us had offered

prayer he began to pray, but his prayer seemed lifeless. Finally I again said: "There is something in the way. Let us agree in prayer that the Lord reveal it." While we were praying, he said: "Hold on. I can never get an experience until I confess something. What you told me before when you said I had a murderous spirit, is true, although you knew nothing of the circumstances. I must tell you that I have followed a man for eleven years to kill him. Eleven years ago he did an irreparable injury to our family, and ever since that time I have sought an opportunity to put an end to his life, and all that has prevented it was the proper opportunity. That is the thing that you felt that was unrevealed." Then we laid hands on him and rebuked that murderous and lying spirit, and he was then able to repent of his sins and obtain peace to his soul.

A STORM AT SEA

A college professor, while giving a lecture a few years ago, described a storm at sea. He related his experience while on the ocean at such a time, and, speaking of the waves during the storm, he said, "Words can not express the grandeur of the scene." But as near as he could give a description, "It was like the entire north end of Indiana rolling up to meet the sky."

From the time that I was a small boy I had a desire to be on the ocean in the midst of a terrible storm, with the understanding, of course, that I should get through in safety. Many years afterwards when I did have an opportunity to cross the Atlantic, I had reason to think of the words of the college professor.

The ship was in mid-ocean. The waves began to roll higher and higher as the storm approached, and the large ship rolled from side to side until it dipped water on the upper deck. I stood on the deck alone, holding to the railing, and enjoyed watching the great waves. On the one side a wave would rise towards the sky, mountain-like, and soon I could look down on the other side of the ship into the deep ravines and valleys between the waves.

Finally the captain ordered me inside, and the doors were locked to prevent the passengers from going on deck. It was not long until the waves began to roll over the top of that great ship. At one time a door was burst open by the weight of the overflowing waves, and a great volume of water came flooding down the stairway and along the hallways.

I remember one brother said, "This ship will not go down, for there are a thousand prayers hooked on to it from those who are on the land." "Yes, ten thousand," some one remarked, "and they make a secure cable." We could rest assured that God would hear and answer prayers for our safety and for the safety of the vessel.

Most of the passengers retired to their cabins, and for two days and nights but few were able to go to the dining-room. Those who went, did so with no little difficulty. The tables were covered with panel-work, or a framework which covered the entire table with partitions about two and one-half or three inches in height and fourteen by twenty-two inches in size. These were to hold each person's plate, cup, and side dishes, to keep them from sliding off on the floor. The ends of the tables were towards the sides of the ship, it would roll so far to one side that the dishes would slide from one of those partitions to another until frequently some of them would fall off on the floor before it would begin to turn to the other side. Then as the waves rolled the ship to the other side, the dishes would slide from one panel to another to the other end of the table and off on the floor, except where some one was sitting at the table to hold them in their places. The tables and seats were bolted to the floor.

A person sitting at the table during the storm would brace himself with one foot against the lower part of the chair and the other against a table-leg, and with his hands would hold the dishes in the panel until the table reached a level in its swaying from side to side, when he would improve the time by taking a bite of food, and then would chew his food between times.

To most passengers, however, such a storm at sea is a thing of considerable unpleasantness, either be-

cause of seasickness, being thrown about in their cabins, or their constant fear of impending danger and the liability of going to the bottom of the sea.

Notwithstanding the rolling of the great waves, we were by the favor of God, landed safely on the other side of the ocean and were enabled to fulfil the mission of our journey according to our former plans and arrangements.

MY DECISION AMONG COLLEGE STUDENTS

It is often said that a decision is half the battle. Many persons make a failure because of a lack of decision, others because they will not stand by the decision when once made.

I was reared in a Christian home, but there came a time when I was about to leave home to enter school, and I was well aware that the environment was likely to be such as would not be conducive to spirituality. I was naturally reserved, of a quiet disposition, and somewhat bashful. Nevertheless, before leaving home I made a firm decision that, should I spend a few years in school, at the end of my school-days I would have as good a religious experience as when I entered school, if not better. With such a positiveness and definiteness did I make this decision that afterwards when I came in contact with some of the realities of life, I was able to go bravely through every conflict.

Many times I should no doubt have yielded, or turned aside from standing for the right, had it not been for that firm decision. When I entered school at one place, I was given a room with two young men from Tennessee. They were very hospitable young men and could act gentlemanly when they tried to do so; but when away from refined society they gave vent to the other side of their life, so that they would naturally be classed among the vile and baser sort. Their language between themselves and among those of their class was vulgar and profane to the extreme, and their most intimate associates were of very questionable character. One of these young men nearly always carried two revolvers and the other three when they went out at night.

At once I was made to realize that I must exercise a good influence over them and turn them from some of their evil ways, and that if I should fail to carry out my decision, they were sure to exert an evil influence over me and lead me astray.

The first evening at bedtime I took my Bible and said to them, "I am a Christian and have been in the habit of reading something from my Bible and kneeling at my bedside in prayer before retiring," and asked if they had any objection to my doing so in their presence. They very courteously told me to go ahead and follow my inclinations.

I silently read a chapter from the Bible and knelt in silent prayer at my bedside in their presence. Instead of openly scoffing at me and deriding me,

they afterwards told me that they respected my position and action in regard to such matters, and ever after that they respected me as a Christian, although many times they fully tested me in various ways to see whether I would break over the line of my religious principles. Sometimes they even went so far as to make engagements for me, such as they knew were not proper for me to fill. But my firm decision made it always easy for me to kindly refuse, insomuch that many times had I yielded to their requests they would have been very much surprised.

At a later date, during one term, I had a Christian roommate, and we made it a practise to read aloud each night and morning some portion of the Word of God and then pray together. Ofttimes the students in an adjoining room, who were infidels, would pound against the wall, laugh loudly, or make some sarcastic remark in order to disturb us in our Christian duties; but we never permitted such things to deter us from our morning and evening worship. These things only helped to embolden me in my Christian work and to make me able to take other religious responsibilities. So when my school-days closed, I found that the Lord had enabled me to make an advancement in my spiritual life and to become more established in the ways of truth and righteousness.

There are many young men and young women who begin their college-life with an intention of continuing their service in religious matters, but who in the midst of school responsibilities and circumstances and

environment that tend to lead away from spirituality, neglect prayer and the reading of the Bible, and in consequence soon they find themselves in a low state of spirituality or in a graceless condition. But such need not be the case. If a proper decision is made with a true determination to do that which is right, there is no more necessity for one's drifting with the tide of worldliness and infidelity at college than in places where the surroundings may be more favorable in regard to religious instruction and development.

“BY FAITH”

A few years ago a special offer was made by a publishing company to send *The Gospel Trumpet* ten weeks for ten cents, and solicitors were permitted to obtain personal subscriptions with names and addresses or to pay for a certain number of subscriptions and have the publishing company furnish the names and addresses.

At that time I was traveling in evangelistic work in California. One day at the close of the morning service at Lodi, California, I presented the matter of the special offer and stated that I could furnish subscription blanks to any who desired to procure subscriptions. A middle-aged woman came forward and asked for three blanks, which contained space for twenty-four names each. Later in the day she came

with the blanks filled out, having written the names and addresses of seventy-two persons to whom she desired the paper to be sent. She was a woman of few words, and as she handed me the blanks she quietly said, "By faith." Not fully understanding her meaning, as she gave me no money to pay for them, I made inquiry concerning her expression; and she again quietly said, "By faith," and turned and walked away. For a moment I was somewhat puzzled, but soon I saw her go to a small enclosure at the far end of the room, and after she went behind the curtain, I could see that she was kneeling in prayer. No one else seemed to take notice of her action.

In a few minutes a brother came to me and said, "Brother, I have no list of names and do not care to fill out any of your blanks, but I have some of the Lord's money which I feel impressed to give you for that purpose, and perhaps you can furnish the names." Thereupon he threw upon the table the sum of \$7.20, the exact amount to pay for the seventy-two names which the sister had written on the blanks.

Just before this happened, the sister came out from her place of prayer with her face beaming as if she had gained a wonderful victory. She did not know that this man intended to pay for her subscriptions, neither did he know that she had furnished the names and was praying that the means might be supplied. Nevertheless, she made her petition in faith, and the Lord caused somebody who had the money to answer

her prayer, thus verifying the promise in Mark 11:24 —“What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.”

IN A TURKISH PRISON

A few years ago a man named Daniel Protoff, who had been a priest in the Greek Orthodox Church in Russia, came to visit us and remained several weeks. He said that in the country where he came from, none but the priests were allowed to read the Bible, and that if the common people were found with a Bible, they were sent to jail.

About two years after he became a priest, the “Holy Synod” asked him to go to the Holy Land as a missionary of their church. The bishop told him that his mission to Jerusalem would be to see after the books which the pilgrims from Russia were receiving from the Protestants in the Holy Land, and that he was to take the Protestant books away from the pilgrims and burn them and to arrest those who were giving them to the pilgrims.

On the ship were 1,700 pilgrims who were intending to visit the Holy Land. Along the way this priest spent considerable time drinking and playing cards with the captain. When they came in sight of Palestine, the pilgrims began praying and weeping, calling on God for mercy, as they felt they were not in a con-

dition to look upon the place where Jesus gave his life.

Upon their arrival at Jaffa the sea was so rough that they could not land until the next morning. There were so many on the ship praying and calling upon God for help that the priest was touched, and that night he began to call upon God. The next day he claimed to have been converted, and instead of burning the Bibles and other religious books as was his intention, he began to read the Bible to the pilgrims.

The priests in Jerusalem were accustomed to reading something to the pilgrims and charging them a great price for their services. These priests would also offer for sale, for great sums of money, pieces of wood which they said were a part of the cross upon which Jesus was crucified, and likewise bones which they said belonged to the donkey, or ass, upon which Jesus rode; and the ignorant pilgrims were foolish enough to pay the price and carry such things away in great numbers.

This priest said he began reading the Bible to the pilgrims free of charge, and exposed the doings of the other priests. This brought him in disfavor, and he was reported to the Russian Consul. "Then," this priest went on to say, "I had to appear before the Consul General, who had sent for me. He was a Greek Orthodox, but his wife was a Roman Catholic. I asked the Lord to give me wisdom that I might know what to say when brought before the official.

He tried to persuade me not to say anything against the priests nor the Protestants.

"After leaving there, I thanked the Lord for his goodness and presence, and for having told me what to say and how to answer. At the same time I asked the Lord to guide me and to protect me from my enemies, as some of them were anxious to take my life. Then I took the New Testament, and the first thing I read was, 'If any one will live godly in Christ Jesus, he shall suffer persecution.' This made me tremble so I could not go out of my room. I knelt down and began to pray. Tears came into my eyes, and I cried to God for help; then the words came to me, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.' I said, 'I do believe thee, O Lord.' My heart was refreshed, and I felt the blessing of the Lord upon me.

"A few days later the secretary of the Russian Consul met me in the garden and asked me questions about religion and about the priests. I told him that the pilgrims liked to hear the gospel and that over one thousand of them had purchased copies of the New Testament, loved to hear it read, and desired me to be with them and read it to them during their stay in Palestine.

"Finally he said to me, 'You are a Protestant and ought to have been arrested long ago.' He told me that the Consul was after me and that I should be arrested and had better try to escape, that the Consul was with the Patriarch, and that both of them were on the look-out to arrest me. I told him that I would

have to pray and ask the Lord to direct my going or staying. He put his hand upon my shoulder and said, 'For that very thing you are going to be arrested; for you teach the pilgrims to believe as you do, and many of them denounce the holy images and do not worship them at all, and they also refuse to buy the holy candles.' He then told me the time of my arrest, saying, 'You will be arrested tomorrow evening at your home when you return from the Cross Convent.'

"After we separated I went home, where I took my Bible and read a few verses. One was, 'If any man will live godly in Christ Jesus, he shall suffer persecution.' Then I read about where Paul said that when all men forsook him, the Lord stood by him; after which I had a short prayer. The tears came to my eyes, and I wept for two hours, after which I went to sleep. As I slept, I dreamed that a number of soldiers and officers came to my house and took me with my Bible in my right hand, and carried me to the prison, where they put chains on me. There I saw many people.

"In the morning when I awoke, I remembered the dream and said, 'Thy will be done, O Lord.' After a short prayer I went down where the pilgrims were waiting for me to take our journey. As we came to the Convent of the Cross (so called because it is alleged on that spot they cut down the tree to make the cross of Christ) the priests were selling small pieces of old wood, telling the people that they were from the cross on which Christ died. Some of the

pilgrims bought a few pieces, but it was very expensive. Some were sold for from \$200 to \$500, and very small pieces from \$20 to \$50.

“At noon we had our lunch, and I asked the blessing upon the food, and after we were through eating, we had a short prayer. Then I read the gospel to them that Christ was crucified because he went about doing good and that the people would do the same thing today if any one went among them to do them good; that Jesus knows this and tells those who follow him they will have to suffer for his name’s sake. I told them that I might never see them any more in this world after the setting of the sun.

ARRESTED

“As the sun was going down, we separated. While I was walking, I suddenly became unable to move or go any further. I looked up and said, ‘Lord, thou art my strength.’ Then I began to walk, but my whole body shook insomuch that I was not able to walk at all. I knelt down to pray to God, but my lips could not move. My tears were flowing like rain, and I was in such a condition that I could not move or do anything. The words of the Lord came to me, ‘My soul, my soul, why art thou so troubled? Trust in thy God.’ Then I stood up again and went home.

“At the door I found four Turkish soldiers and two officers with arms, awaiting me. One of the officers took me by the right arm and the other by the left, and held their guns ready to fire if I tried

to run away. The officers said, 'You are arrested according to the Russian General Consul, and the Governor of the State, and we must take you to prison.'

"I asked them to have my Bible, to which they agreed, and I was glad to have the Word of God with me to feed my soul on the bread of life. 'When thou awakest up, it shall lead thee; and when thou goest, it shall lead thee; and when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee.' It was dark when we were going to the prison and the officers took my money and watch away from me. When we were inside the prison, I saw the prisoners. Many of them had on only a shirt and some underclothing. They had chains on their hands, neck, and head. The prison had no beds. All had to sleep on the stone floor, and all they got to eat was a loaf of dry bread and tea.

"There I took my Bible and read to them how Jesus came into the world and how he opened the door for the people to escape from the prison of uncleanness, poverty, and all kinds of disease, and called them out unto the riches of salvation, health, and life.

"The next morning very early a man came and took me to the Consul and I had to stay in a small room where there was no light at all. At eleven o'clock I was taken to the Consul. He looked at me with anger and said, 'That is what you need'; and he gave orders that everything should be taken from me, and a man came and took from me all that I had. Then the Consul said I should have to stay in the

Russian prison, which is in connection with the buildings of the Consul.

"I was taken to the prison, where I remained for some time, living only on dry bread and water, knowing not when it was day or night. One day at five o'clock in the morning, the prison door was opened, and two men took me out and put me in a carriage. I heard the officers tell the driver to go to the station. Then I knew they were taking me away from Jerusalem. At the station were the Consul and the Greek Patriarch and some other priests of my country.

"The Consul remained in front of me and said, 'Did I not tell you that you would be bound and sent away if you did not stop that teaching of your foolishness?'

"Then the Patriarch came forward and, lifting up his cross in his right hand, said, 'I curse you today on behalf of your religion, whose holy doctrines you disbelieve.'

"The Consul then said to the officers, 'If Daniel tries to jump from the boat into the sea, I give you the liberty to shoot him.'

"We left Jerusalem for Jaffa. The Consul at that place met us at the station. As soon as he saw the chains on me, he knew who I was and told the officers to take me to the Turkish prison until further orders and also told them to be careful not to permit me to escape.

"I remained in that prison some days, until the boat was ready to sail, after which time I went to-

wards Constantinople. My room was small where I was chained on the boat, and a man watched me day and night. Some of the sailors who loved the truth would come and give me some nice soup and beef to eat. The water was bad, and the officers gave me nothing but bread and water.

“Before we reached Constantinople, after a long voyage, some of the sailors came and gave me twenty dollars to keep for time of need and also told me that I would be taken to a Turkish prison for some time. After arriving at Constantinople, I was taken to the Russian General Consul. The Mohammedans were shouting at me, saying, ‘The man without a God; a spy.’

“After coming to the Consulate, I was in prison for some time; then I was called to see the Consul. After some time I was taken to the Russian Ambassador. He asked me a few questions about my conversion and said, ‘That will do.’ I was then told that I had been transferred from the Russian Government to the Turkish authorities and that I was no more a Russian citizen.

“A Turkish officer came in to see the Consul, and ten minutes later he came with a document in his hand. He rang a bell and the officers, with soldiers, came in. Two of them took me by my arms, the others surrounded me, and I was taken in a carriage. After going over the bridge, we came to a place where I saw the underground prison. Then I was taken down and shown where I had to stay. The stone prison is very large. No beds to sleep on and

nothing to eat but two loaves of bread a day. Men were dying daily and being thrown into the sea to feed the fish. Each day the Turkish priest came with his *Toura* (their Bible). He would read a chapter to the prisoners, then ask them how many would become Mohammedan, giving them promise of house, land, horses, money, and pardon for all wrongs. I saw many poor men become Mohammedans.

"I remained in this prison for about two years. My clothing was worn out; only a short coat was left on my body, and it had many holes in it. I became very weak and was in a critical condition physically.

"Early one morning the officer came and called, "Pappos Moskob" (Russian priest). I came out, and he took me by the hand to the court, where a man stood with a big camera. There they placed me in a chair and took my picture, after which they took me in a carriage to the seashore, where a Turkish boat was ready to sail. We went aboard. The next day we came to Smyrna, and the next day we sailed toward the Island Patmos; afterwards we came to Pireas, Greece, where I used to study Greek. The boats remained there over night and the next morning sailed toward the Island of Crete, where Timotheus preached the gospel to the Greeks. As we came near the island, I saw American, English, French Austrian, Italian, and Russian flags floating over the harbor. I knew that the island had been taken away from Turkey. As we came nearer, the officer called a and began to break the chains from my hands and

blacksmith, who came up with a hammer and chisel legs. The officer then took me by the hand and put me on the land, saying, 'This island is international, and you are now free. You can go where you like.'

"As I stood upon that island, half-naked, I lifted up my eyes and my arms saying, 'My Lord, thou art good. I do praise thee for thy goodness to me, and thou knowest what I need today.' When I opened my eyes I saw a Russian officer coming down with a horse. He stood in front of me and asked, 'Are you a Russian?' I said, 'Yes.' Then he said, 'Come and I will give you some clothing.' My heavenly Father knew what I needed.

"When the officer learned who I was, he gave me some money and more was collected for me on the Russian man-of-war. I took the international passport and went to Macedonia, where I began to preach the gospel in the city of Filippopel, where the apostles were imprisoned. Going through the streets with Testaments in my hands, I heard a little bell begin to ring, and the people were saying, 'Protestant carrying Testaments.'

"There the enemy was much against me, and I was arrested and imprisoned for three months. At the end of that time the Governor told me I must leave the city in twenty-four hours. With two officers, I took the train and went to Varna, a seaport of Bulgaria. There the officers put me on a boat, and I sailed toward the Holy Land, where I was first arrested.

“The boat reached Jaffa, and the Russian Consul was there, and he told the police to arrest me at once. The police took my passport and, looking over it, told the Russian Consul that he had no right to arrest me as I was no longer a Russian citizen. I went by train to Jerusalem. The Consul sent a telegram there, and upon my arrival I saw about six Turkish policemen and two Russians and the secretary of the Russian Consul with a Turkish officer. At first I did not want to go through the door, therefore remained until the crowd had passed through. As I was coming, they were watching for me.

“Every one had to show his passport. I took mine and was ready to go through the door, when I heard the officer say to the soldiers who were with him, ‘Take him.’ They took me by the arms and said, ‘Stop.’ I stopped and gave the passport. The officer examined it and said to the Russian secretary, ‘This man is now under our protection, and the Russian Consul has nothing to do with him.’ I was then taken to the Governor’s house, where I was received very kindly. The Governor told me that the Greeks and the Russian Consul were my enemies, and that if I mixed with the Greeks and the Russians, they would kill me.

“That night I went to stay with one of my friends, and he told me many things about the pilgrims who were my friends. He said that when they heard I was arrested and sent away they went to the Consulate and told the Consul about the gospel, and that

many of them were arrested and sent bound to Russia. These things caused me much sorrow, for I knew the trials and tribulations that awaited them. We knelt down and asked God to bless them and protect those who were on their way to Siberia.

“The Russian Consul forbade me to travel with the pilgrims and the spies were after me day by day. Somehow the Lord opened the way, and I went to Nazareth, where I could preach to the pilgrims. There I met opposition, and complaint was made to the Governor of Damascus, and I was obliged to leave the city in twenty-four hours.

“After this I came to Jaffa and went to Egypt, after which I returned to Jerusalem. From that time the spies followed me insomuch that it was impossible for me to do anything at all. I began to write a book, ‘How We Know Him.’ This book was especially for the pilgrims. There were 20,000 copies published in Jerusalem. I took some copies and went to Jaffa, where I visited the Russian boat, and there the Lord gave me a friend who was converted. He took some of the books, saying, ‘I will have to find some way to take them to Russia.’ I told him that the books would not be allowed in Russia for they had not passed the Russian Censor.

“We bought two loaves of Syrian bread, took the heart out of them, and put the tracts inside. He took them to Russia. In a custom-house at Odessa the officers asked him about the bread, saying, ‘What is that you carry?’

"He said, 'Syrian bread for my wife.'

"They said, 'All right.'

"He brought the bread home and told the story to his wife, saying, 'I have here two kinds of bread; some for this life and some for the life to come.' He then took the books and went among his friends and gave them the books to read. Thirty-seven of the men who read them were arrested and sent to Siberia for life. The Russian Governor sent to Jerusalem asking the Governor to stop the sale of the books, and, if possible, destroy them.

"All the book-stores had them, but most of them had already been sold. The price of the book was ten cents. As soon as the Russian came to Jerusalem, he sent twenty-four men from shop to shop to buy every book he could find. For some of them they had to pay eighty cents a copy. Then the books were brought to the Russian Consulate and burned before the eyes of the officer.

"The Russian Governor and Greek Patriarch wrote asking that I be arrested, and the Turkish Governor said that if he did not arrest me the Russians and Greeks would kill me. The next evening two officers and four soldiers came and arrested me. They took the chains out of their pocket and held my arms and tied my hands and took me to prison. There I had to stay for a few weeks waiting for the book to be translated into the Turkish language. The man who translated it was a Frenchman. When I was brought before the Russian Consul, Greek Patriarch, Austrian

Consul, German Consul, Italian Consul, and twelve bishops, the Turkish Governor showed me the book and asked if I wrote it. I told him I did. He then asked me what it contained. I told him it contained the story of my conversion, how the Lord saved me. Then he asked if there was anything in the book against the Turkish Government.

“I said, ‘No.’

“Then the secretary who had translated the book stood up and said, ‘There are many things in your book against the government.’

“I asked him to show it to me, but he did not.

“Then the Governor asked me if I desired to be judged there in Jerusalem or by the chief Governor of Beyrout.

“I told him to send the book to Beyrout to be translated, and they would find that I did not have anything about the government.

“The Greek Patriarch said, ‘This man is making division between us and our people, and, as you know, we had to arrest many of those who began to follow him and leave our religion.’

“Then the Russian Consul said, ‘I had more trouble with my people during the time of his stay here in Jerusalem than during all the rest of my stay here, and I had to arrest, not only men, but a good many women, and send them bound to Russia. If this man stays here, we can not keep our own people together; there will be division among them.’

“The Consul General asked if any of the pilgrims had made complaint against me.

“The Governor stood up and said, ‘All the Pilgrims are his friends, and say that he does all the reading of the gospel without money.’ The Governor also said he had purchased one of the New Testaments of the pilgrims.

“There was silence for some time, after which the German Consul stood up and said, ‘No man ought to be arrested who would stand up for Christ and preach the gospel.’ After that he took his hat and went out.

“Then I was taken to prison, where I had to remain until the answer came from Beyrout. After a few weeks the answer came, and I was called to the City Hall, where the letter was read to me, saying that there was nothing in it against the Turkish Government, and I was told that I had better move to Egypt.

“The next morning the captain of the prison took me to the railroad station, and I went to Jaffa, where I remained in prison a few days, until the arrival of the boat, and with some soldiers I sailed for Egypt. Upon our arrival in Egypt, the officer took the chains and told me I could go where I liked. I applied for a position, and they wrote to Jerusalem about me. The American General Consul sent a recommendation in which he said he could recommend me to any Christian society. Then the British and Foreign Bible Society gave me work as an evangelist to visit the people and put the gospel in their hands.

“After spending some time in different places I went to Port Said, Egypt, where I distributed among the sailors and seamen over 3,000 Bibles and Testaments in seventeen different languages. From there I came to New York and did missionary work for the American Tract Society. During the year I was able to sell and give away 53,000 copies of the Word of God in seventeen different languages.

“During the time of my missionary work in New York City I had many interesting experiences and some persecutions. I did visiting and preaching both in the United States and Canada, but was much hindered by the sectarians. Therefore I had a desire to go and study Protestant theology. I began to study at the Lutheran Theological Seminary in Philadelphia, Pa., and was examined there, ordained, and began work among the Slavs. I began my work preaching in the streets. Some Lutherans said that I was a Methodist.

“One evening I came to a Free Methodist Mission in Pittsburg, where I gave my testimony. Two strangers were present who were not Free Methodists and who gave a clear definite testimony, and I very much desired to see them. After the services closed I met them and told them who I was. They took me to their home, where they began to reason together with me, and while they were not Lutherans, I found that they belonged to the same church that I got into when I was converted, as they said they were born into the church by a spiritual birth (Acts 20:28).

I shall never forget their kindness, and I learned that God has a people throughout the world who are living up to the precepts of the Word. In the school of tribulation the Lord has often taught his servants the things of God which cometh by no other means."

BEYOND TODAY

BY C. LOUISE BELL

If we could see beyond today
As God can see;
If all the clouds should roll away,
The shadows flee,
O'er present griefs we would not fret,
Each sorrow we would soon forget,
For many joys are waiting yet
For you and me.

If we could know beyond today
As God doth know,
Why dearest treasures pass away
And tears must flow,
And why the darkness leads to light,
Why dreary paths will soon grow bright;
Some day life's wrongs will be made right,
Faith tells us so.

"If we could see, if we could know,"
We often say,
But God in love a veil doth throw
Across our way;
We can not see what lies before,
And so we cling to Him the more,
He leads us till this life is o'er;
Trust and obey.

EXPERIENCE WITH A FALSE SPIRIT

Ever since our foreparents were deceived in the Garden of Eden, the people of God have from time to time encountered the deceptions and allurements of the enemy of souls. The same old deceiver came to Jesus with his temptations after Jesus had fasted for forty days and become hungry, and when He could not be tempted to make bread to satisfy His hunger, Satan tried to draw Him away with the allurements of this world and to get Him to bow down and worship him—anything to defeat the plan of salvation.

The apostles had to contend with many of the wiles of the enemy. Once while Paul was preaching at a certain place, a damsel began crying out, "These men are the servants of the most high God, which show unto us the way of salvation." She was possessed with a spirit of divination and no doubt pretended to be religious. It seemed that for some time Paul was puzzled to know just what to do, as it is said that "this she did many days; but Paul, being grieved, turned, and said to the spirit, I command thee in the name of Jesus Christ to come out of her." The apostle said that in the "latter times some should depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils, speaking lies in hypocrisy."

The devil is just as much of a deceiver and division-maker at the present time as he was centuries ago. Sometimes he works through somebody who is really

possessed with devils and makes havoc in a congregation or community, while at other times he works through the influence of a false, deceptive spirit in connection with a false doctrine to draw people under the evil influence of such and thereby cause division and confusion.

For the glory of God and with a hope of helping some burdened souls, I wish to relate an experience we had with a false spirit in the latter part of the year 1895 and 1896 at Grand Junction, Mich. At that time our publishing-house was located in that village and there was a children's home and a camp-ground one mile north of that place. At that time there were about seventy persons helping in the publishing-work, and about six or eight ministers and gospel workers, including the school-teacher and his wife, were living on the camp-ground.

The leader among those latter workers was a man who had been a minister for several years, and who has been dead for a number of years. Although at this time he became entrapped in a spiritual sense by a false spirit, we were glad to learn that a few years after he found deliverance from its power, he was able to preach the gospel again with power and authority, and to be able to be a help to many souls up to the time of his death.

Some years before he came to Grand Junction he had been under the power of a false spirit which was accompanied by a false doctrine, but he had apparently been free from that spirit for a long time.

He had, however, rather cherished some things which had been propagated through its influence and by thus not fully extricating himself, he became an easy prey to the same spirit later. He was considered a good teacher in expounding the Word along the line of faith, and helped many people to obtain an understanding of the Word and in receiving an increase of faith.

After he came to Grand Junction, his meetings for some time seemed to be spiritual; but soon he began in a quiet way to propagate some of the things that he had taught when under a delusion a few years before, and soon a false, deceptive spirit began to manifest itself through him and his work. The devil is very shrewd and does not always work by getting people to go into deep, open sin, but, on the other hand, sometimes works under the garb of professed deep spirituality, going over the border-line into extremism and fanaticism. Such a spirit is not confined to any one place, but its influence spreads like wild-fire from one community to another and even to other countries.

At the time mentioned, before any effort was made to set forth false doctrine, about the first manifestation of the workings of that spirit in the preaching was to inform all that they were lacking in humility and needed to seek humility. That seemed very plausible, and those who desired to be very spiritual had a desire also to be very humble. He began to invite the people at almost every service to come forward and seek humility. No difference how good an

experience they possessed, he insisted that they needed to come and seek that grace. In this way they began, little by little, to follow his instructions and to be drawn under a wrong influence.

The next thing presented, first privately and then publicly, was that no matter how long a person had been saved from his sins or sanctified, he needed to seek God for a closer walk with him, and that in order to do so it was necessary for a person to be "dug out," as he expressed it, which required a confession of the past life. A few who had been wavering in their experience from time to time, and who at the time were claiming to be saved, concluded that the way for them to become established would be to follow such instruction. They began seeking and claiming more humility, and were taught that the humiliating act of confessing their past life not only would increase their humility, but would help them to be "dug out" and to reach spiritual heights to which they had never before attained. Some of them made the confessions, and it was marvelous how some who had always been quiet and so often, as they expressed it, "down in experience," would now stand up before the audience with boldness, leap and shout, and tell how happy they were, and also admonish others to seek a similar experience.

As most of these meetings were held at the children's home, I did not for some time have the privilege of being in them; but later when I heard some of the testimonies, I noticed that notwithstanding the

apparent happy feelings there was a sadness back of it all, accompanied by a heavy soul-burden, which they mistook to be a burden for the spiritual welfare of others. Even while they were testifying, there was sometimes a noticeable gathering of darkness.

One day when I was at one of these meetings, a sister testified, and although she said many good things, yet in her testimony I saw a tendency to drift into fanaticism and extremism. Before this I had not known that a false spirit was working. In a short exhortation following, I gave, in the kindest possible manner, a caution and warning against the impending danger. At the time my words seemed to cause no friction, but a few months later the sister told me that when I gave the words of warning there was resentment in her heart, but that afterwards when she went to pray alone the Lord very clearly made known to her that I was right and that it was a timely warning that I had given. When she went into the presence of those who were under the influence of that false spirit, she again felt that same resentment in her heart.

I had not yet learned of their teaching relative to confession, being "dug out," and such like. A few days later one of their number called on me and while in conversation referred to the teaching of confessing their past life. I replied that it was not according to the Word of God, and said that when God forgives our sins he forgives them all and separates them from us as "far as the east is from the west"

and "remembers them no more against us forever."

The one who had been conversing with me went and told those who were teaching the public confession of one's past life, and immediately a solid faction was formed ready for opposition and battle. From that time I was one of their principal targets. They said concerning me, "He has something in his past life that he is ashamed to have brought to light; therefore he opposes spiritual advancement."

After learning of their expressions concerning me, I was one evening meditating over the matter and communing with the Lord. I told him that I did not believe that such confessing was in accordance with his Word, but that I was willing to do anything that he required, but was unwilling to do that which I believed to be contrary to the teaching of the Bible. And as they were using many scriptures to uphold their teaching, scriptures which seemed so plausible to them, I asked the Lord to make the matter clear to me.

That night as I slept I dreamed. In my dream I was in a straight, narrow path, about two feet deep, leading down the mountainside. It seemed that down in the valley below was what was called the Valley of Humility. I had my Bible open in my hand and was progressing nicely down the mountainside. Suddenly I heard a voice. It seemed familiar and yet strange. It was so nearly like the voice of the Lord that I stopped, and the voice said, "You can never reach the valley below, which is the Valley of Humility,

unless you confess your past life." So eager was I to be obedient to the Lord that I said, "All right, Lord, I will confess."

Just then the voice said, "You must lay your book down and step outside the path in order to make the confession." I was just about to let go of the book and was raising my foot to step outside of the path, when I almost slipped, and had I done so I should have fallen headlong down the mountainside to instant death. I quickly tightened my grasp on the Bible, put my feet down in the pathway again, and said, "I will stay in the path." Again I began to descend with rapidity and with perfect ease, when I awakened.

I realized that it was but a dream. Then the Lord brought to my mind the prayer I had offered at my bedside, asking for understanding and divine guidance and I was plainly given to understand that in order to pursue the course that these people required in confessing the past life which had been forgiven, I should have to lay my Bible aside, step out of the narrow way, fall under the power and influence of that spirit, and meet an instantaneous spiritual death, or, in other words, go contrary to the teachings of the Word of God and perhaps lose my soul.

From that time I opposed such teaching, and they doubled their diligence in setting it forth, accusing me and every one who did not fall in line with them as being compromisers. Their leader told me one day that he wished all the ministers and gospel workers of

this reformation could come there and go "through the mill." By the mill he meant his little band of workers. He further said that he believed so many of the ministers and gospel workers were on a compromise line that he doubted whether one could find a dozen of them, besides his band of workers, clear in their souls, and that likely most of them were possessed with devils.

He believed that *The Gospel Trumpet* and the "whole reformation," as he expressed it, was on a compromise, and that his little band and such others as they could find to fall in line with them, must make a desperate effort to "save the reformation." He believed that he and a few others were far in advance spiritually of anybody else on the face of the earth, and I rather think that if the apostle Paul and his coworkers had been there they would have been asked to take a back seat. It was an exalted, lying, deceptive spirit.

They began to lay plans to capture the publishing-work in some way in case the editors would not fall in line with them and their teaching. It was surprising how rapidly such an element gained influence and foothold in communities hundreds and thousands of miles distant. It not only caused confusion among the people, but confusion of mind and burden of soul.

As an illustration of it being a lying spirit, I will relate an incident. One Sunday morning before their services a brother and I were called into a room where

three or four of their number had assembled. In the room was also a good reliable young brother, whom they had invited in without informing him of their reason for doing so. Finally they brought in three other persons, who stood before this young brother and made a charge against him. Each one ended up by asking his forgiveness and telling him that he would have the sin to meet in the day of judgment. He boldly declared that he knew nothing about the affair and did not know what they were talking about.

As they left the room, those who had invited us in asked what we thought about it. We suggested that we first have prayer, and during the prayer we rebuked the lying spirit, not knowing for sure whether the young man had told a falsehood or the others. But before we arose from prayer, it seemed very clear that the accusers had fallen under the power of a lying spirit and that the whole thing was a made-up affair.

At my earliest convenience I took the young man aside and urged him to be truthful, assuring him that we desired to be all the help to him possible. I said, "If you are guilty of the charge, frankly acknowledge it; this will open an avenue for your receiving help." But he declared there was not a word of truth in it, that it was the first intimation he had of any such a thing. I could not help believing him, but decided then and there to make a thorough investigation and to fully expose that spirit.

Upon investigation we learned that there was no

truth whatever in the charges, but that they were instigated by a false, lying spirit, which had so controlled the accusers that they made up the story and told it until they actually seemed to believe it to be true. In like manner many other untruthful things were told by those under that influence, not only about others but about themselves. Indeed many times when acting under the influence of that lying spirit, they found it was easier for them to tell a falsehood than to tell the truth, notwithstanding the fact that before they fell under that influence they were reliable and truthful persons. The leader and his band of workers soon reached a place where they branded almost every one who would not fall in line with them as being possessed with devils.

One day I was sitting in a room talking with a brother who had fallen under their influence. As he began to see the snare that the enemy had laid for him, he told me about their thinking so many were possessed with devils, whereupon I remarked that it would be nothing strange if they decided to come and try to cast devils out of me. Just then he looked out of the window and said, "There they are now on the other side of the street, and are coming for that purpose." They entered a house nearby, and sent for me, requesting an interview.

I met with them, realizing that they could do me no harm. Before coming they had entered into a special agreement and prayed God to bind every evil

spirit in me which they supposed was controlling me. They had a long list of questions to ask, by which they thought to get me confused and thereby ensnared. I treated them with the utmost kindness, and did not let them know that I knew their intentions. They asked a few questions and were utterly confounded and speechless, and finally when they could think of nothing more to say, the leader said, "Well, you are willing to have prayer, are you not?" "Certainly; I am always glad to have prayer," I replied.

After kneeling he told us that we should have prayer for him first, that God might anoint him and give him any help needed. There were five of them kneeling in a circle, so after the first prayer was offered for him, a suggestion was made that prayer be offered for the one next to him and so on around the circle. When they reached the one next to me, who was a sister, the leader said, "I think we had better lay hands on her." I saw that it was a made-up plan among themselves to pray in that manner and then lay hands on her so as to get to lay hands on me next.

After they prayed for her, the leader suggested that they lay hands on me also. I knew that their object was to cast out devils. I also knew that I had the victory over all evil spirits and that by laying hands on me under the circumstances they could put no devils in me, and I thought that if I consented to their having their own way about it, something might take place that would help later to bring to light

the situation of affairs and expose the false spirit that was controlling them.

As they laid their hands on me, I silently resisted the power of the enemy. They began rebuking the devil and every spirit that they thought possessed me, and soon they began to shout and praise the Lord. As they took their hands off, one of them said, "There seems to be an entirely different atmosphere here now," and asked me if I did not think so. I told them that the atmosphere in my soul seemed entirely clear, and they shouted and praised the Lord. Then I said, "There are no devils in me now; neither were there before you prayed." The one who had previously spoken said, "Be careful, be careful now;" and they began to have grave fears for me again, lest I should, in their estimation, fall back into the same condition as before.

During the short time spent in that room with them, I got, by the help of the Lord, a better understanding of the workings of that spirit than I had ever had before, and I went out determined to expose it and to do what I could to rescue souls from its clutches. I found that, though many who were under its influence believed that they were in the right and that all Christian people, with the exception of a favored few, had drifted and were compromising with the world; yet they themselves, notwithstanding their efforts to appear happy and full of power, were burdened, tried, and tested, and so confused mentally that at times their reason was almost dethroned;

indeed, if they had continued in that condition much longer, many of them would have been subjects for the insane asylum.

From this time the object of the enemy, it seemed, was to try to intimidate those who were likely to expose publicly his deceptions, by in some way bringing them under bondage or accusation. They brought no accusations against us of a criminal nature nor charges of immorality or anything of that kind.

The next day after my experience related above, a brother who had been with them walked into my office, threw a note upon my desk, and walked out without saying a word. After he had gone out, I stopped writing, picked the note up, and read as follows: "The Lord shows me that you are liable to become possessed with the same spirit from which you were delivered yesterday." I tossed the note in the wastebasket and began writing as before, utterly ignoring the warning.

Just then I had an experience that I had never had before. It seemed that some kind of a power and influence began to settle down over me, and for a moment my head felt as if it were in a vise, and something silently said to me, "I am going to take possession of you." If ever I have felt the powers of the infernal world, I felt them then. I could not write another word, could not think of anything to write. Just then with a stroke of my clenched fist I said aloud, "You will not take possession of me," and it

seemed like a flash that power left me and never returned.

I continued my writing, and soon after this the same brother came again and said: "I believe God wants me to do my duty by you, and I must deliver my soul. You are exalted and need to humble yourself and get in line with the Lord." I kindly thanked him for his admonition, and as he went out of the room, I went to the prayer-room and humbly submitted myself to the Lord. I told the Lord that so far as I knew I was in harmony with his will and perfectly submitted to it, but that if there should be anything about me of an exalted nature, I desired him to make it known to me. The Lord gave me such a sweet assurance of my acceptance with him that I resumed the work at my desk, realizing his approval upon my soul.

In about fifteen minutes another brother whom I knew to be under the same false influence came in and in like manner felt that he must deliver his soul. In a few words he told me that I was exalted and said, "God is going to bring you down off your high stool." After he had made a few more statements, I thanked him also; and after he left the room, I went the second time to the prayer-room, and as before I very earnestly laid the matter before the Lord and received the same sweet assurance of his approval.

Not more than fifteen minutes later a German brother came in, and, like the others, informed me

that he must also deliver his soul, and said, "Bruder Byrum, God wants me to tell you that you have a poofed-up spirit." I thanked him very kindly as I had the others, and went a third time to the prayer-room with the same result as before.

After I had resumed my work, the Spirit of the Lord began to commune with my soul and asked if I would go and inform those brethren of their condition and help them to see the delusion into which they had fallen. At first that seemed a very difficult thing to do, because it would appear as if I were retaliating, or turning on them because they had come to admonish me. I went to the first one who called on me. At first he was quite obstinate, but finally he was made to realize the situation insomuch that he began to take steps to extricate himself from that power and influence.

Later, at a special meeting, that spirit and its workings were fully exposed before the entire audience. The exposing was like drawing a veil aside, and those who were under its power and influence began to realize their dangerous situation and to discern the spirit that was actuating them, with the exception of the leader, who made one more desperate effort to lay the entire blame of the whole trouble upon me and a few others by describing a false spirit which he said I was under. But his deception having been so exposed, his words had but little influence; and as it had received such a rebuke publicly and privately, and as the others were making their escape from its

clutches, the leader himself soon began to yield and see himself and the depths of the delusion. Little by little he reached the point where he could be made free from its power and influence.

After he and his band of workers had realized their condition, and had begun to get out from under the influence of that false spirit, they found that the trouble all the way along had been with themselves; that *The Gospel Trumpet*, the publishing-work, the ministers, and those who had opposed that element were not on a compromise as they had supposed, but were standing firm and faithful, "contending for the faith once delivered to the saints."

It is difficult for me to draw a word-picture of the workings and manifestations of that deception and the influence that it had upon those who fell under its power. Suffice it to say that this was only one of the many attempts the enemy of souls has made against the church since Jesus Christ began preaching his gospel in the beginning of the Christian era. Though that influence had reached many congregations, yet when it was exposed and rebuked at that time, its power seemed to be broken everywhere. Those who had been so unfortunately overtaken, even the leaders, were dealt with in all love and tenderness for their restoration; and instead of continuing to be a crushing blow to the church, this attack of the enemy resulted in a general victory and a firmer establishment in truth and personal experience .

MISUNDERSTOOD

BY MARY J. HELPHINGSTINE

Misunderstood? Ah, soul, there's One
Who understands thee well;
Take comfort in the thought of him,
To him thy burdens tell.

Full well he knoweth all thy heart,
Full well he understands;
He sees the struggling tear-drops start,
He sees thy broken plans.

Misunderstood? He knows thou'rt true,
He sees thy faithful soul;
And he is faithful, friend, to thee,
He'll help thee reach thy goal.

He'll bear thee up on eagles' wings,
Above the storm and strife.
O soul, take courage in the Lord;
There's hope and joy and life!

Misunderstood? What matters now?
Commit it all to Him,
Commit thy wounded, troubled soul,
Thine eyes with weeping dim;

Commit it all to One who cares;
Thy sorrows all he feels:
O soul, lift up thy weeping head;
There's balm in God that heals!

A MESSAGE BATTLING WITH THE WAVES

A sister in Denmark writes of a peculiar way in which a message was sent over the rough seas to its proper destination. She says:

"The fishermen were returning from their day's toil out on the deep, and were busy drawing their boats ashore. One by one they returned to their respective homes, taking with them a part of their day's catch. Walking along the seashore, one man noticed at the water's edge something which apparently had been washed ashore. At first he thought to pass it by, but something seemed to captivate him, and he stopped to investigate. It was a dark bottle, of about a quart size, and was covered with seaweed and moss, which it had gathered from its long journey. He gave the bottle a kick, breaking it; and to his surprise, he found that it contained, on a small sheet of paper, the following message, written in Danish:

To the Church of God, at Loekken, Denmark:

Fight the good fight of faith. Be true a little while yet, for Jesus is coming soon. All is well. I am decided to live and die for the truth. And to you, Bro. Carl Christensen, do I send special greetings as elder of the church. Be true. Your humble brother in the Lord,
 Morris C. Johnson.

"The man was surprised; for although not a friend of the truth he recognized the message as being from the well-known missionary who had labored among

them the greater part of the winter, and who a few months before had left for his home in America.

“The news regarding the bottle found at the seashore was soon known all over the fishing village, and soon the message was in the hands of the elder. Many questions and expressions like this were heard from all around: ‘Is it possible that this has come all the way from England?’ ‘Is it Brother Johnson’s own handwriting?’ ‘I can not believe until I see for myself.’ ‘It is surely a miracle,’ etc.

“Brother Johnson had thrown the bottle overboard as he was nearing the coast of England on his way to America. This was in the early part of the month of May. As he did so, he breathed a prayer, asking God to convey the message to the little church that he loved so dearly.

“There are hundreds of seaports on the English and other European shores, and there are thousands of miles of seacoast. The little bottle was on its rough voyage over the North Sea for over three months, but it did not rest until it reached its destination. The people of God rejoiced when they heard the encouraging words from their beloved minister, and they praised and thanked God when they saw the working of his mighty hand, which controls even the wind and the waves.”

Some months afterwards I had the privilege of hearing Brother Johnson tell of his experience on board the ship and of his throwing overboard the bottle containing the message.

TRUSTING AND RECEIVING

A sister in the State of Washington once wrote as follows concerning some of her experiences in trusting the Lord:

“Soon after the Lord called me to his service, I became burdened for the work of the Lord in India, and, learning of the financial needs in one of the missionary homes, I had a great desire to do something towards its assistance. While I was pondering over the matter, a deep impression came to pray for one dollar to send to India. I prayed that it might be supplied in such a way that I should know it came directly through my prayers. My desire to that end increased as the days passed by, and I continued to pray and believe that God would grant my request.

“After a few days a sister gave me a dollar and said, ‘I felt like giving you a dollar for your own use.’ I thanked God for the money and felt it was the one that I had been praying for, and soon it was sent to India.

“Soon after this, while talking with the sister who gave me the money, I told her that I had been asking God for a dollar to send to India and that she had been used of God to answer that prayer. She said nothing, but walked away. The next day she came again and said: ‘I felt so sorry that you gave that dollar away. I meant for you to use it yourself. Here

is another dollar for you, which I feel like giving you.' Oh, how I thanked God! for he had clearly answered my prayer, giving me just what I asked for, and not only so, but giving a dollar for my own personal use, for which I had not asked.

"This experience greatly encouraged me, insomuch that many times since I have proved God's promises true. Sometimes when I would learn of places where money was needed to help along the gospel work, and I had no money, I would conclude that for that reason the responsibility of giving or purposing to give to supply the demand did not rest upon me. But when I would take the matter to the Lord in prayer, I would generally be impressed that I had some responsibility and would also be impressed as to the amount to obligate myself to give.

"At one time I felt impressed to obligate myself to pay \$10 to the publishing-work. At that time I was donating my services at the Trumpet Office and had no way of earning money and did not know where a penny of it would come from, but still I felt that God wanted me to obligate myself to pay the \$10. I also had another obligation of \$10 to pay, with no knowledge of how I could get the money; but I knew that God was able to help me. At this time I had had but little experience in trusting God for money. A sister told me that I should not expect the Lord to send me \$10 or \$20 all at once, but that I might get it in smaller amounts, and that as I received it, I should apply it on my purpose. A friend sent me a letter

which contained \$2, which I at once applied on my purpose.

“Not long after this I was talking with another sister who had a similar obligation, and we entered into an agreement of prayer and believed God would give each of us money for that purpose. About five days later I met this sister and asked her if she had received any money. She said, ‘No. I wonder what is the matter. I knew that we prayed the prayer of faith.’ We parted, believing that it would surely come.

“The next day I received a letter from my aunt who lived about three thousand miles distant. Enclosed in the letter was a money-order for \$2. She said that she had a dress-waist which she desired to give me, but thought it would hardly pay to send it so far, and that as she had opportunity to sell it, she did so and sent me the money. I rejoiced, because I knew God had answered prayer. Before deciding what to do with it, I went in earnest prayer, thanking God for the money and then asking his direction in the matter. He reminded me that two of us had prayed, and at once I understood that half of it was for me and the other half for the other sister. We rejoiced together, as we learned that this woman had sent the money the very day that we had our agreement in prayer.

“Later I had another experience in trusting God for money. Soon after the Old People’s Home at Anderson, Ind., burned, a meeting was called to make

arrangements for rebuilding it. Special prayer was offered, and every one was to inquire of the Lord what He would have him to do. It was in December, and the amount purposed was to be paid by the first of April. I had only \$1.50, and was in need of some article of clothing, but under the circumstances I was about to decide to defer the purchase of anything for myself and give the \$1.50. As we arose from prayer, however, I was very strongly impressed that the Lord wanted me to give \$5. Having no chance to earn the money, I was almost astonished to think of obligating myself for \$5 under the circumstances. Then the impression came that I could give \$1.50 and trust the Lord for \$1 a month and have it all paid by the first of April. So I then signed the purpose slip for \$5.

“Soon the Lord began to supply my needs in the way of clothing, and he also enabled me to meet the payment in full according to my purpose. He supplied every need and also a sufficient amount of money to buy two of my Sunday-school pupils a good Bible. To God be all the glory, who does more for us than we are able to ask or think.”

A GAMBLER, COWBOY, AND PRISONER

BY W. B. HALL

I was born and reared on what was at that time known as the West Texas frontier. The early part of my life was spent with the cowboys. While yet in my youthful days, I learned to gamble, drink whiskey, and participate in horse-races, and I lived a very sinful life. While young I became disgusted with religion and knew very little about the teachings of the Bible until I was twenty-eight years old. The majority of professed Christians I met in those days would slip around and drink with us boys, and should we meet one who was trying to practise what he preached, he always left the impression that he had something that was a real burden to him.

I really enjoyed what we boys called the "butterfly life," until I woke to see that it had been misrepresented to me. Surely the way of the transgressor is hard. I lived the life of a cowboy, working with cattle and horses four or five months each year. The remainder of the time I spent in what we called "having a good time." I continued thus until 1895, when I said to myself, "A man who works and gambles is a fool." So I decided to give up one, and I lived the life of a professional gambler until 1898.

On the morning of the 8th day of January I killed a fellow gambler. This man was a desperate character, was under bond for shooting a man, and was looking

for trouble when I killed him. Feeling that I had done a good thing for the community, I walked about a mile to the sheriff's home and gave myself up. In less than three months I was tried and sentenced to hang, and I lay under the death-sentence for nineteen months, and lacked only three months and five days of spending ten years behind prison-bars. Only the good Lord knows what I suffered.

I did not feel that I was a murderer when I went on trial, but I was one at heart when the death-sentence was read to me. I cursed God, the professed Christian world, and myself for letting my attorneys appeal my case, for I would rather have been hung than spend six months in a dungeon waiting for the Supreme Court to pass on my case. Oh, what a load of sin and guilt there was upon me! I really thought God hated me, but, dear reader, I soon found God to be a God of love and mercy, and when I found all earthly help had failed, I began crying out to him to have mercy on me a sinner, and when I met the conditions laid down in the Bible, God for Christ's sake forgave all my sins and spoke peace to my soul. All my burden of sin and guilt was rolled away, and I was made a new man in Christ Jesus.

I tried to read the New Testament before my conversion, but it was the most uninteresting book I ever tried to read. But after God spoke peace to my soul, the Bible was a new book to me, and I found it was the bread of life for which my hungry soul had been starving for twenty-eight years.

The remainder of my time in prison was spent in reading and studying the precious Word of God. After I had put my trust in the arm of flesh (lawyers) for over six years, God opened my spiritual eyes to see and to know that Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever, and that I was worshipping the same God that delivered the three Hebrew children out of the fiery furnace, Daniel out of the lion's den, Peter, Paul and Silas out of prison, and that if I would take my stand upon the promises of God's Word, he would deliver me.

The New Mexico Supreme Court had turned me down for the last time, and my attorneys fixed up briefs to take my case to the Supreme Court of the United States. I tried to get my loved ones and friends to stop giving my attorneys money, telling them that I wanted to place my case in the hands of God, but they would not listen to me, but looked on me as being crazy.

When my attorneys brought the briefs for me to sign, I told them that they could consider themselves dismissed, as I had placed my case into the hands of a living God. Judge Freeman, one of my attorneys, told me that unless I would sign those briefs they could do no more. I told him I was worshipping the same God that delivered the three Hebrew children out of the fiery furnace, Daniel out of the lion's den, Paul, Peter, and Silas out of prison, and that God had showed me plainly that if I would take my eyes off the arm of flesh and take my stand on the promises

of God's Word, he would deliver me. Judge Freeman became very angry, and everything was done through my attorneys, preachers, and my loved ones to get me to sign those briefs; but God's grace was sufficient and enabled me to put all my trust in Jesus.

I had written a letter to the Gospel Trumpet Company asking the prayers of the people of God throughout the world in my behalf. No one but the dear Lord knows the condition I was in. I was mocked and looked on as crazy by professed Christians, officials, and loved ones. Even the poor prisoners mocked me. They would call to me: "Hall, how are you and your God getting along? Has he taken you out of prison yet?" But again the grace of God was sufficient, and I would look up and say, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

God often spoke to me through his Word, his Spirit, and through visions and dreams, and many times he opened the windows of heaven and poured out a blessing upon me until there was no room to receive it. Many times I felt the effects of the prayers of his saints.

One evening while I was lying alone in my little dungeon, 5½ by 9 feet, reading my Bible, the dear Lord opened the windows of heaven and poured out the greatest blessing ever bestowed upon me. I could not understand it at first. My little prison cell was just filled with the glory of God, and I thought of the time when the wicked king looked into the fiery furnace and said, "Lo, I see four men loose, walking

in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt, and the form of the fourth is like unto the Son of God." With the blessing came a light brighter than the sun. No electric light could have lighted up that little dungeon as it was that evening. No, it was lit up by the presence of my dear Savior and Deliverer. Praise God forever and ever! Soon afterward everything was calm, and I would look up and say, "Father, what does it mean? Why should unworthy I be so wonderfully blessed?"

A few days later I received a letter from a sister in New York, which began something like this: "Dear Brother: Hold on to God. Prove true to God. Stand on his promises and put all your trust in Jesus. The congregation at this place set aside a day for prayer and fasting in your behalf, and God has witnessed here with his Spirit that he is hearing prayer and that he is going to deliver you."

I counted back and found that the very day this congregation in New York were praying and fasting for me was the day God so wonderfully blessed me. I then remembered how while Peter was in prison the church prayed for him, and the dear Lord answered and delivered him.

Well, praise the Lord! Soon after this, when it seemed from an earthly view that the world was against me, affairs among the authorities suddenly changed to my favor, and the prison-doors swung open about November 6, 1906, and I walked out a free man. Hallelujah to our King!

I am now at work for Him who loved me and gave himself for me and delivered me out of the hands of my enemies. Dear reader, if you are one of His, remember me in your prayers. If you are still in sin, prepare to meet thy God.

PRAYED OUT OF PRISON

At one time the apostle Peter was in Prison. James had been killed with the sword, but Peter was cast into prison to be kept until after Easter, and it was no doubt the intention of those who had him incarcerated to kill him also. "But prayer was made without ceasing of the church unto God for him" (Acts 12:5).

While these prayers were being offered, Peter was sleeping between two soldiers and was bound with two chains. Suddenly an angel came and awakened him, and his chains fell off. Then the angel commanded Peter to follow him, and as Peter did so, the prison-doors were opened before them, and soon they were out in the streets of the city. When the angel departed, Peter could hardly realize that it was true that he was free again. He concluded, however, to go to another part of the city, where the people of God were having a prayer-meeting in his behalf. So remarkable was his deliverance that those who had

been praying could scarcely believe that it was Peter who was knocking at the door of the gate for admittance. But he soon made known to them how the Lord had sent his angel in answer to prayer and delivered him out of prison.

A few years ago I received a letter from a relative of my wife's stating that his brother-in-law some time before had been arrested, tried before the courts, and sentenced to the penitentiary for twelve years. He said that a lawyer had offered to make an appeal and have a new trial for the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars, that the relatives were trying to raise that amount of money, and that he had written to me for the purpose of asking my aid to that end.

He said further that the man had lived with him for a long time, and that he attended the trial and did not believe his brother-in-law to be guilty of the charge. In considering the matter I told my wife that if I knew the man was innocent I should be glad to help him, but that if he was guilty he ought to pay the penalty, and that I had little confidence in sending money to lawyers under such circumstances. At that time we had no way of making further investigation to find out whether or not he was guilty; consequently, we knelt in prayer, asking the Lord in regard to it. During the time of a short earnest prayer, three scenes came before me. As we arose from prayer, I told my wife that he would not serve his twelve years in prison, for the Lord would deliver him either by pardon or through death. Then I told

her of the three scenes that came before me while praying.

One was of Peter when he was cast into prison and in answer to prayer was delivered by an angel. The second was of Paul and Silas when they were singing and praising the Lord at midnight in jail at Philippi and the following things occurred: the Lord sent an earthquake, which caused the prison-doors to open, the jailor got saved, and Paul and Silas were set free. The third was of Jesus when he was arrested and brought before the rulers and was delivered through death.

We sent some money as requested and a letter stating that we had but little confidence in having it turned over to this lawyer, and advising the pursuing of a different course. Our advice was not followed. A few months later we received another letter, which said that the money had been paid to the lawyer and that he had left the country.

The young man in prison then wrote requesting me to pay him a visit and to do what I could towards his release from prison. I first visited the mayor of the city and some of the officers who knew the young man where he remained in jail before his trial. They all said that he was a good Christian young man and that they did not believe him guilty of the charge, as they were well acquainted with the circumstances. I visited the governor, who said he would sign a pardon if the prosecuting attorney and the judge who sentenced him would give their consent. I learned

that the prosecuting attorney was dead and that the judge had been bribed, and he refused to consent to the pardon.

Going to the prison, I made inquiry as to the character of the young man. The officers stated that he was one of the best prisoners under their charge and that they were very anxious to see him have his freedom. It was the first time I had ever met the young man, and he felt very grateful for the efforts that were being made for his release. The judge warned the governor not to release him.

A few months later this prisoner wrote to me and said. "I wish you good people would pray that the Lord deliver me out of this awful hole." His letter was read at one of our meetings, and prayer was offered that he be delivered. In a few days I received a letter from him written at a prison in another part of the State, where he had been transferred. He said that he had received the privileges of a "trusty" and that he was working in a fifty-acre potato-field. The Lord had heard and answered prayer according to the young man's request—that he be delivered out of that "awful hole."

We heard but little from him for six months, when he wrote again and said, "I believe that if you will have the praying people at your place pray for me that I receive my freedom from prison, the Lord will hear and answer your prayers." This letter was received late Wednesday evening. That night at our prayer-meeting it was read, and our attention was

called to the Lord's delivering Peter and others out of prison in the days of the apostles, to his having helped this young man out of the other prison to a place where he could have more liberty, and to his being able to deliver him out of this prison and set him free.

We all knelt in earnest prayer. As we arose from prayer, some one said, "I believe that God hears and answers our prayer." There seemed to be a real anointing of the Holy Spirit upon the entire congregation, and one brother leaped and shouted and said, "I know the Lord hears and answers now." We expected to hear from the young man within a few days at least that the Lord had set him free. Early the next morning he sent us a telegram saying, "I have just received my liberty." The Lord heard and answered our prayers, for which we give him all the praise and glory.

AN EXPERIMENT WITH MISERABLE FEELINGS

There are people who fret and worry and have a deal of unnecessary trouble, when the fault lies at their own door. Were they to put forth as great an effort to get the victory and keep it as they do in petting their troubles, there would be a wonderful change, and the enemy of souls would be defeated.

A few years ago I met a brother who was weighted

down with troubles and sorrows much more than with the glory of God. He spent much time mourning over his trials and temptations until his lot really seemed to be a sad one. During my Christian experience I had been having sweeping victory over the powers of the enemy, even through the severe trials and temptations, because I kept my eyes stayed upon the Lord and looked for victory instead of trials.

In considering the case of the brother, although it was in the early days of my gospel work, I concluded that if people were in such a condition it was their own fault, and that I could feel as bad as anybody if I so desired. I concluded to make an experiment, but first asked the Lord not to permit me to fall into the hands of the devil. I had nothing whatever to feel bad about, but threw myself on a couch and began to sigh and groan and try to feel bad over something. At first I could think of nothing to disturb my peace, but it was only a few minutes until I really did begin to feel miserable. Somebody came into the room and desired to know if I was in trouble, but I turned away and would not answer. It was not long after that person left the room until I was feeling miserable enough to weep and moan and even bewail my condition.

Some one else came and made inquiry concerning my troubles, but I refused to answer. This made me feel worse than ever. I then went to my room, fastened the door, and began to call mightily upon God for deliverance from such a condition. I had to put forth

a strong effort and take God at his Word to gain the victory over the powers of Satan. I there learned the lesson that any one can feel bad and have a sorrowful time whether or not he really has anything to feel bad about, but I never had a desire to repeat the experiment. I have also learned that God not only has power to deliver one from such a condition, but can keep the soul filled with glory even through the most severe testings.

TWO INCIDENTS OF ANSWER TO PRAYER

BY S. O. SUSAG

For the glory of God I wish to relate two very definite instances of answer to prayer. Once while I was holding services nine miles north of Kerkhoven, Minn., the meetings were very good, but I was under a very severe trial, or test, and it seemed very difficult for me to learn the will of the Lord as to whether at the close of the meeting I should go home or to Grand Forks, N. Dak.

I learned that my fare from Kerkhoven to Grand Forks would be \$3.22. Then I went out in the grove (I think it was on Friday), and three times asked the Lord that on Sunday forenoon at the close of the services he would put it in the mind of somebody to give me exactly \$3.22 if he wanted me to go to Grand Forks. No one but the Lord knew

about my needs. After I had prayed the third time, the Spirit clearly witnessed to me that the Lord was going to answer my prayer by giving me the money asked for.

On Sunday after the services, while I was shaking hands with the people, a brother put some money in my outside coat-pocket. When I left the house, I walked out in the grove to the same spot where I had prayed, and thanked God for \$3.22 in my pocket; and when I counted the money, I found that it was the exact amount for which I had prayed. He not only supplied my car-fare, but had in this way made known his will to me.

Before I left the next morning, the brethren had given me more, so that I had something to send to my family.

The second incident that I desire to relate occurred at the time when the Lord made it very clear to me to go to a certain place in South Dakota where the full gospel had never been preached. This also was on Friday, and I knew that the Lord was directing me to go on the following Wednesday. I was in need of some clothes, as my suit was not fit to wear in public, and I was also in need of the car-fare.

An old sister who is now at the Old People's Home at St. Paul Park, Minn., was with us and, together with my wife, we had a season of prayer and agreed that the Lord would supply this need before Wednesday morning. While we were in prayer, the Lord made it clear and definite that he would grant

our petition. As we arose from our knees, I said, "Thank God! I have the money by faith," and the old sister said, "Well, I suppose you have to write to some of the well-to-do-brethren and tell them your need." She knew that quite an amount of money would be required.

"No," said I, "the Lord will tell them. I may make a mistake if I undertake to write to any one."

"You will not have the money, then," she said.

"Yes, Mother, "I said; "you will see before Wednesday morning that I shall have all I need."

But she doubted and said she would see.

The Lord poured out his Spirit upon me with such an assurance that I went out of the house and leaped and praised the Lord, not knowing that any one but the Lord saw me. But the old mother happened to look through the kitchen window and saw me, and she said, "What is the matter with the brother?" My wife replied, "I suppose he is happy because he knows that the Lord has heard his prayer," and so I was.

The following Sunday we went to Colfax, Minn., and held a service, at which place I received one dollar and said, "Thank God for one dollar."

On Monday I received a letter from a brother who lives at Sisseton, S. Dak., which contained a check for seven dollars. The check was from a man whom I did not know that I had ever seen, and he did not know my address, but gave the check to a brother at that place who knew my address, and told him

to send it immediately, as he was impressed to send it to me. The old mother knew this brother and said he was wealthy and could well afford to send it. I said to her, "Did I not tell you that the Lord knew to whom to speak?" She was very much astonished.

I received another letter, in which was a check from a brother whom I had not seen for four years. He wrote that while he was coming from Brookston, Minn., where he had been working, and was nearing Wadena, Minn., the Spirit of the Lord told him to hurry to the bank before it closed and send Brother Susag a donation. In his letter he said that he thought I must be in great need, and that he hurried and reached the bank in time to get the money. He further said, "May the Lord bless you and use you to his glory."

By Wednesday morning I had my car-fare, a suit of clothes, and an extra pair of trousers, and when I landed at Arlington, S. Dak., I had forty-eight-cents left for postage-stamps. Thank God, his Word is true, which says, "Before you call I will answer."

May this encourage some one in need to call upon God, who is always a very present help in time of need.

BETAKE THYSELF TO PRAYER!

“When bitter winds of trouble blow,
And thou art tossing to and fro;
When waves are rolling mountain high,
And clouds obscure the stedfast sky,
Fear not, my soul, thy Lord is there;
Betake thyself, my soul, to prayer!

“When in the dull routine of life
Thou yearnest half for pain and strife,
So weary of the commonplace,
Of days that wear the selfsame face,
Think softly, soul, thy Lord is there,
And then betake thyself to prayer!

“When brims thy cup with sparkling joy,
When happy tasks the hours employ,
When men with praise and sweet acclaim
Upon the highways speak thy name,
Then, soul, I bid thee have a care,
Seek oft thy Lord in fervent prayer!

“If standing where two pathways meet,
Each beckoning thy pilgrim feet,
Thou art in doubt which road to take,
Look up, and say, ‘For thy dear sake,
O Master! show thy footprints fair;
I’d follow thee.’ Christ answers prayer.

“The tempter oft, with wily toil,
Seeks thee, my soul, as precious spoil;
His weapons never lose their edge,
But thou art heaven’s peculiar pledge.
Though Satan rage, thy Lord is there;
Dear soul, betake thyself to prayer!”

THOUGHT HE HAD COMMITTED THE UNPARDONABLE SIN

A man once came three hundred miles to be prayed for that he might get right with God. He was determined to be made a free man, if possible. After he had stated his sad and, what seemed to him, hopeless condition, we told him that there was hope for him and appointed an hour in the evening when we would meet together and have a special season of prayer in his behalf. He was kindly requested to make himself at home as best he could until the hour of prayer. He seemed very much pleased to know that the brethren would make an effort to help him that evening; but in the afternoon, as he went to the depot nearby, the enemy of his soul began his temptations and brought this suggestion to his mind: "Now, these people do not care for you, or they would have quit their work immediately and rendered any help possible. The best thing for you to do now is to take the first train for home, as there is no hope for you even if you do remain longer."

The more he pondered over the matter, the worse he felt and the more decided he became to carry out the suggestion. He finally decided to take the next train, and sat down behind the depot to await its coming. As he sat there battling with his bad feelings and the suggestions from the evil one, the train arrived; but he was in such deep meditation that he

failed to notice the train until it was leaving the station. He then learned that there was a later train in the evening and decided to wait for it; but when this train came in, it also in some way escaped his notice until too late. The next day being Sunday, there were no more trains that stopped at that station until Monday morning.

Before the hour of prayer arrived, however, the enemy had made all preparations possible for battle and fortified himself to gain a victory. The man submitted himself to a sullen, stubborn spirit, and was not willing even to have prayer offered in his behalf. At first he refused to go to the room for prayer, saying that he had sinned away his day of grace and that hence there was no help for him. He finally was induced to go to the place of prayer, but he continued his argument in strongest terms that there was no salvation for him, that hope had departed and fled away, and that it would only be wasting time and breath to try to help him out.

We told him that there was salvation for him through the power of Jesus Christ. He replied that we were not acquainted with him and his ways, as we had never met him before. We told him that we were acquainted with him in a round-about way at least; for we were acquainted with God, and God was acquainted with him, and we had made our inquiries of the Lord and learned the truth of the matter and could speak with authority.

With a fierce expression on his face, he turned and said, "I could hurt you if I wished, as at times

I have amazing strength." With glaring eyes he thought to scare us out, but we thanked God for victory over all the powers of Satan, and told him that the enemy of souls could not touch us unless God permitted it for his glory, and that in such a case we were perfectly willing to suffer, but that we were not afraid of what man could do unto us.

He continued to declare that he had committed the unpardonable sin and blasphemed the Holy Ghost. We then read from Heb. 10:29, and explained to him that, according to that verse, the unpardonable sin is for a person to count "the blood of the covenant wherewith he was sanctified, an unholy thing, and to do despite unto the Spirit of grace"; that is, for a person who has had that experience to say that there is no more virtue in the blood of Jesus Christ than in the blood of some animal, thus denying the efficacy of the blood and the power of the Holy Spirit. He said he had not done that. We told him then that he had not sinned away his day of grace. He replied, "You need not waste any more time on me. There is no hope."

After talking for some time to get him to yield his stubborn will and bow with us in prayer that he might find deliverance, we who were with him in the room bowed in prayer and rebuked the powers of Satan, imploring God in behalf of his soul. But the man would not even bow with us in prayer, but sat in a sullen mood and with a stubborn will, in his chair.

When we arose he declared that he was still in the same condition and under the power of the enemy and that there was no hope for him. We told him that we had prayed the prayer of faith and that the devil had been rebuked and had no binding influence over him to keep him from getting saved, if he desired to be saved. To this he replied;

"A man can not be saved except the Spirit of the Lord draw him."

"No," we replied, "but you are unwilling to be led by the drawings of the Spirit. Suppose we were to try to lead a horse. If, when we began to draw, he should set himself stubbornly and pull back with all his might, could such a horse be led?"

"No."

"Why not? Because the devil is in him? No; because he has set his will against being led. But let the horse put his will in line with our will, and we could lead him without any trouble, and he would feel all right over it and could move along in a happy mood."

"We told the man that the only thing in his way was his will now, as the powers of the enemy had been rebuked, and the Lord says, "Whosoever will may come," and that if he was one of that class he could be set free in a very few minutes.

He began to realize that it was within his power to be saved and that if he was lost it would be because he willed it so and wanted his own way. As we bowed in prayer the second time, he knelt with us,

and in a few minutes he arose praising God for freedom in his soul, realizing that all his sins were taken away.

His was an extreme case, but God can handle extreme cases. There are none too hard for him. .

WEeping MARY

“Mary came to Jesus’ tomb,
 Came at early dawn,
 Bringing spice and sweet perfume;
 But the Lord had gone.
 Angels sat upon the stone,
 Saying, “He is risen”;
 In the tomb the clothes alone
 Kept the silent prison.

“Weeping stood she by the grave.
 “Mary,” said the Lord:
 Fléd the terror and the gloom
 At that heavenly word.
 Soul, why weeping standest thou?
 Turn, thy Lord behold;
 Jesus stands beside thee now,
 As by her of old.”

GAINING ADMITTANCE TO THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING

Many prayers are unanswered because of a lack of importunity and persistency. When Elijah the prophet went out on Mt. Carmel to pray for rain, the drouth would have continued had he ceased his efforts after his first prayer was offered. But he went up the mountainside to that place of prayer feeling that it was his right and privilege to pray for rain and to have his prayer answered. There was no sign of rain, not even after he had offered the sixth petition, but his persistency and importunity brought an evidence at the close of his seventh effort, and soon there was an abundance of rain.

An incident occurred a few years ago when my son was traveling with me on our way from Central America, that I have often used as an illustration of persistency when speaking on the subject of prayer. On our way home from Florida we had to wait a few hours in the city of Washington, the capital of the United States, and decided to make use of the time by visiting some of the most interesting places of the city, including the Capitol.

After spending some time in the various places, we came to the Capitol. As we ascended the steps at the front entrance, a guard said, "This building is closed; you can not enter." We saw at once it was useless to remonstrate and went to the end of the

building, thinking perhaps we might find another part of the building where we could gain admittance, but at the end the door was locked. As we proceeded toward the other side of the building, we saw a man leaving with a law-book under his arm. "He looks as if he might be a Congressman," I said, "and he has just left the building, and where he came out we ought to be able to get in." Soon we came to the side entrance where there was a large revolving door. I said, "Let us get into this thing and see where it will land us." We entered and gave it a push and landed on the inside.

A colored janitor came hurrying forward and said:

"Hol' on thar, sah; no one allowed in heah."

"We wish to go through the building."

"Can't do it, sah; no one allowed in heah."

"But we are already in here," we replied. "We gave this door a push, and it landed us inside; what are you going to do about it?"

Heah is the captain; you can see him.

The captain came forward, and we kindly asked him for permission to go through the building.

"I am sorry," he replied, "but it is against the rules to go through the building after it is closed."

"I understand, but there are exceptions to most rules, and we want to get in on the exceptions."

"There are no exceptions to these rules," he replied. "This is a government building."

"Well, we belong to the Government. Is there not

some way whereby we can have permission to go through?"

"No way in the world."

We did not believe in being persistent about the matter in a way that would be obnoxious, but knew that there was a way to get permission to go through the building if we only could find it; therefore we smiled at the captain.

"The Government orders are very strict in regard to the Capitol, you know," he replied, "and we would not dare to disobey orders and get into trouble."

"But what we want to know is the way by which we can have an opportunity to go through the building."

"I am very sorry," he replied, "but there is no way whatever by which you can gain admittance to the building after it is closed."

"Now, look here," I said, "we have come all the way from Central America. We live in the United States and are on our way home. So far as I am concerned, I have gone through the building at different times, but my son has never gone through, and we should like to know how we can get through."

"All right, sir," he replied; "I will tell you what you do. Just go around to the other side of the building to the end of the steps at the front entrance; there you will find the lieutenant's office. He will let you in."

We thanked the captain and started for the lieutenant's office. As we entered the basement door at

the end of the steps, we came to the room of a young officer on the right. He immediately informed us that we could not be admitted into the building, but we told him that the captain told us that if we would come to the lieutenant's office he would let us in. He pointed to our left and said, "There is the lieutenant's office; you can see him."

We went over to the lieutenant's office and made known our request. He said, "Go to the room opposite and tell that young officer to take you through." We told him that the young officer had already refused to do so. The lieutenant sprang from his seat and told us to come with him. When he came to the door, he said to the young officer, "Take these gentlemen through the building." The officer bowed with considerable reverence and said, "Thank you," and took us through the building.

It is not generally wisdom to approach officers and business men with such persistency nor to insist upon having our requests granted when refused, but in this case we were confident that there was a way whereby we could gain admittance if we could only find the way and present our request to the proper authority. Our importunity and persistency caused no friction or ill feelings on the part of any one. In like manner can people come to the Lord with the same determination and persistency when they are sure that their request is in line with the will of God and within the limit of his promises.

An illustration of our privileges through prayer

and supplication was given by Jesus when he told of the man who came to his neighbor at night and asked for loaves. At first his neighbor did not care to arise and give them to him, but the man importuned until the neighbor arose and gave him all he desired. So it is with us and the Lord: if our petitions are in accordance with his will and his Word, it is our privilege to come with such a determination that they will be granted.

EXPERIENCES ALONG THE WAY

BY WM. A. BIXLER

About the year 1880 we learned of a people who claimed to believe the Word of God and practised its teachings. A few years after this time my father and brother became very much afflicted. Remembering that these people advocated divine healing, Father sent them a request for prayer, and the result was that both he and my brother were healed. We had a desire to live near these people so that in case of sickness or any other need we could have our needs supplied. Several years after this we had the privilege of meeting some of them in Michigan and found that it was by obeying his Word and believing his promises that they obtained answers to their prayers.

I wish to relate a few incidents of my life, trust-

ing that it may be helpful to others. About two years after I had become a Christian, while I was yet but a boy, I was sent on an errand several miles distant. The road being long and tiresome, I decided to cross a large field at the edge of the woods. When I reached the center of the field, I heard a rumbling noise, which somewhat frightened me. Looking about, I saw several hundred steers running toward me. They were some distance away, but were coming very fast. I hardly knew what to do. To run would mean death, as the fence was too far away, and there were no trees near. Almost too much frightened to pray, I stood in almost breathless horror. Then I asked God to save me from death and promised my life to him if he would but spare me. On they came, and it seemed that God was surely going to forsake me in this time of need, but I stood still and called loudly, and when within only a few rods of me, the herd parted, and there was a general stampede. The cattle at once began to run back toward the woods, and I escaped to the fence.

About a year after this incident I was walking on a railroad. At this place the Chicago and Alton Railroad had a double track. Seeing a train coming down the track on which I was walking, I changed to the other. After walking for some distance I did not realize my danger, I felt impressed to look around, and it was well that I did, for had I remained upon the track a few more seconds I should have been killed. The fast passenger-train was coming up behind me, and I could not hear it on account of the train on the

other track. I have always felt that God warned me and thus saved my life.

About this time my brother Adelbert was working in a coal-mine. One day while he was upon his knees cutting away the earth beneath the vein of coal, he was suddenly and strangely impressed to get away from there. He jumped up, picked up his tools, and stepped back several feet. No sooner had he done this than several tons of rock caved in at the exact place where he had been working. He felt sure that God had warned him. Soon after this he began ministerial work, in which he continued until his death several years after.

Shortly after my brother Adelbert's death, which was caused by diptheria, my brother Abram contracted the same disease and was quarantined. The responsibility of his care fell upon me. As it was a dangerous disease, prayer was offered to keep it from spreading, and although we were tested, yet no one contracted the disease.

During a storm in Michigan in the year 1893, the wind wrought great havoc and tore down many buildings. At that time I was on the Grand Junction campground and was awakened in the night by the rain beating through the cracks of the building in which I was sleeping. The thunder and lightning, as well as the wind, were terrific. I could hear the sound of falling trees here and there, and asked God to protect me. After lying down again, with my head at the foot of the bed on account of the rain, I fell asleep. In the

morning I saw there was a large tree nearby lodged in the boughs of another tree and leaning against the building next to the one in which I was sleeping. Had the tree fallen through, it would have crushed both buildings. Though about thirty trees were blown down in the grove that night, yet practically no damage was done to the buildings.

In November, 1913, one of our daughters had sore throat, which afterwards developed into diptheria. The health officer who examined her pronounced it a bad case and placed us under quarantine. We scarcely knew what to do. Our six children were all exposed, and they were dear to us, and we knew of so many who had been called upon to give up their children who were just as dear to them as ours were to us. It was a critical hour to us, as it seemed as if death stared us in the face. Soon two of our girls lay in a very serious condition. We knelt in prayer, asking the Lord to help and direct us. As we arose from our knees, my wife asked, "What shall we do?" I said, "I feel like trusting the Lord." She said that she also felt like trusting him, and from that time we were at ease in regard to the matter and rested on the strong arm of the Almighty. God not only spared the lives of the girls who were sick, but arrested the disease in our home, although four others had symptoms of the first stages of the disease.

In March, 1914, my wife was called to California on account of the sickness of her father. She took the baby, Thelma, aged three, and Virginia, aged seven.

On the way Virginia took sick, had high fever, and began breaking out. The child became very sick, but my wife did not know what was the matter with her. She knew nobody on the train who could help her pray, but she trusted the child in the hands of the Lord and took care of her as best she could. When she arrived at the end of her journey, she went to the home of her sisters and brothers in whose families were several children. About the same time that Virginia was sick on the train, two of the children that remained at home took sick. The sickness proved to be scarlet fever. We at once prayed the Lord to put a rebuke upon the disease and prevent its spreading in California where my wife had gone. My wife was ignorant of the nature of the disease. But the most remarkable part of it was that to our knowledge no one ever contracted the disease from Virginia, although she played and slept with her cousins, both while she had fever and while scaling.

A few years ago our daughter Virginia was thrown from her little wagon, and her arm was broken at the elbow. The surgeon who placed her arm in a case said there was no chance of her arm being perfectly healed, as it was sure to remain stiff on account of the position of the fracture. I consulted another surgeon, who told me the same. We then went to the Lord in earnest prayer, asking him to overrule this injury and restore her arm to its normal condition. After four weeks her arm was taken from the case, and in a short time she could straighten it the same as the

other, and nobody could tell that it had ever been broken.

Once when a number of brethren were purposing different amounts to be used toward a certain need, I was impressed to give twenty-five dollars. I did not do as I felt impressed, but excused myself on the ground that we had many needs and that it was my duty to look after my family first. A few days later, as I was going to my work, I was caught in a rain-storm, and before evening I went home with a burning fever. I had a severe case of pneumonia. I lost as many days in sickness as my wages would have come to had I given the twenty-five dollars and worked during the time I was sick in bed.

These are but a few of the many cases in which God has wonderfully answered prayer in our behalf. We give him all the praise.

IN THE TRENCHES ON THE BATTLE-FIELD

A German soldier in the European War writes to friends in America under date of Dec. 10, 1914, that at that time he was in East Prussia in the trenches directly in front of the Russians. He says:

I am here in the shelter of a little dug-out with the collar of my military cloak turned up. I am sitting on some straw with my Bible on my knees, and in this position am writing this letter. The height of this

dug-out is about one yard and the entire size three square yards. Its furniture consists of a blanket, a knapsack, cooking-utensils, and a bread-pouch. My evening meal consists of peas and potatoes. This place offers me some protection against the severity and inclemency of the weather. The walls consist of red sand. The roof is an old door, and the floor is covered with damp straw.

This may sound discouraging, and yet under the prevailing conditions a person becomes accustomed to it. This place makes a good prayer-closet while the shrapnel and the bombs fly back and forth over me by the hundred, piercing the air with hissing sounds, some exploding in the air and others on the ground with a terrific thunder. In the midst of it all I can enjoy the sweetest communion and prayer with God. I feel as if the faithful, invisible God stands at my side holding his hand on my defenseless head and whispering, "Be of good courage; fear not; I am with thee; nothing shall harm thee; only trust me." How wonderful in such times of danger is the precious consciousness of peace with God!

My wife is about three miles from here awaiting my return. She prays while we are here in the trenches in front of the enemy. She visited me from Tilsit. I had been absent from her since the 2d of August. She brought me cake, apples, nuts, a pocket-lamp, clothing, and other necessary articles. Oh! this was a joyful meeting. Weeping for joy, she fell upon my neck, praising God to see me again. How many never

return! How many never see their wives and children again! How cruel is war!

Two days and nights without interruption we are obliged to spend in the trenches; then we are relieved by the reserves for the same period of time. On being relieved we return to an improvised quarter. Straw is spread in the hall of a tavern, and thereupon lie the men of our company, about two hundred and forty in number. Some who could not find a place sought shelter in the near-by farm-houses. Since no one can approach the trenches in the daytime, we always receive our dinner in the evening. This evening we are to be relieved. My wife promised to cook me some cabbage when I return. Oh, how sweet the word "home" sounds!

Through the providence of God, I was fortunate enough to find shelter outside of the tavern, in the house of an old lady sixty-five years of age. She is a child of God. She also received my wife in a loving manner when she visited me.

I did not know that my wife had come until five minutes before the alarm suddenly sounded for reinforcements in the trenches. I could talk to her only a little while and then had to depart to the trenches, where I had to remain for three days and three nights. But through the grace of God they passed rapidly, and I could hasten into the open arms of my wife. There were awaiting me warm shoes, hot water to bathe my feet, and also cabbage, potatoes, and pork-chops. We could converse freely with each other, while my dear

comrades had to lie in the crowded tavern, wedged in without taking their clothes off. They had not had their clothes off for from four to six weeks, and some were already troubled with vermin.

These are experiences which we meet daily. The seriousness of the situation and death are always before our eyes. Unceasingly one hears the roar of the cannon.

My duty consists of patrolling at night. These nightly patrol-walks are very dismal. The eyes and nerves are strained. The breathing is suppressed. The steps are very soft. The ear is eagerly listening to discover the enemy. Continually this prayer is in my heart: "Oh heavenly Father, protect me. Spare my life. I promised thee to be true in my work." It seems to me that I can hear the words, "Fear not; I have loved thee with an everlasting love."

Here and there arise sky-rockets, and the rays of the searchlights illuminate the darkness. One gives a sigh of relief. Suddenly only a few hundred yards away a battery fires a death-dealing salvo. One is startled and frightened. The fiery missiles go hissing over our heads. Next there is a bright glare in the air, and one after another the shells explode with a terrific report. For a moment everything is quiet; then the Russians answer. A number of shots are heard, and in a gruesome manner the destructive missiles approach. The hissing sound tells us that they were meant for the artillery. as an answer to the attack.

How often we wonder how long the siege will last!

Shall we be able to spend Christmas at home with the loved ones, or must we stand here in the open, freezing in the cold weather? These are thoughts that are passing through our minds, together with a prayer, "O heavenly Father, put an end to this work of destruction." And then again we are startled by more terrific reports, and a relentless artillery duel is in progress.

A young officer of our company fell while on patrol duty. I aided a comrade in digging his grave. This officer passed into eternity unprepared. The people are so deep in sin; rum and cigars are furnished to them.

I have many opportunities of telling my dear comrades of the great salvation. Only a few have an understanding of these things. I am known in our company as the missionary. They are friendly and obliging towards me and often ask me to sing some of our beautiful gospel songs from my song-book "*Evangelium Klaenge*." Once I had the opportunity of holding a meeting in a waiting-room, and the blessings of the Lord were upon me, for which I give him all the praise.

As I am writing, our heavy batteries are now in desperate action, and the roaring of the guns is awful. In the midst of it I am made to realize the presence of the Lord, and can say with the Psalmist, "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God: in him will I trust." *Ludwig Wehking.*

A WORK OF FAITH AND PRAYER

After leaving the university at the close of the school-year, I attended a camp-meeting at Bangor, Mich., held by the church of God. It was the first one of the kind I had ever attended. It was at that meeting that I first met the editor of *The Gospel Trumpet*, which was then published at Grand Junction, Mich., about seven miles distant.

As the man who was publisher and business manager of the publishing-work was intending to leave for the West soon after that meeting, it was necessary for them to find a man to take his place. Somebody who had known me for a number of years recommended me to the editor as one suitable for that position; but when the editor approached me on the subject, I was much surprised and felt incompetent to take the place. As I had never done any work in a publishing-house, I thought that to begin as publisher and business manager would be beyond my ability; but when I would try to find excuses, the Lord would vividly bring to my mind the consecration I had made a few years previously, that whenever he called me into the work, let it be whatever it might, I would obey.

The brethren informed me that all the workers, including the manager, were expected to donate their services, that is, work without salary. As I was anxious to be useful in the service of the Lord, the thought of working without wages was no hindrance whatever to me. I told them that what I desired to know was

the will of God, and that when the Lord made known his will to me, then I would let them know. A few of us had a prayer-meeting in regard to the matter, and the next morning while I was praying, it was made very clear to me that I should accept the position. From that camp-meeting I went directly to the publishing-house and entered upon the duties of my position. At that time five persons did the office-work housework, and outside work. We carried our mail to the post-office in a basket, and when an edition of *The Gospel Trumpet* was printed, it was taken to the post-office in a wheelbarrow.

During the twenty-seven years of my work at the office since that time, many things of interest have occurred, and we have had many opportunities for the exercise and the development of faith. The work, under the blessings of the Lord, developed and increased until now, 1914, instead of the mail being taken to the post-office in a basket or a wheelbarrow, it is transferred on a five-ton autotruck, and more than twenty car-loads of literature are sent out during the year. There are more than two hundred and fifty consecrated persons donating their services, as in the beginning. Many of them are talented persons, and some have been thus donating their services from ten to twenty-five years to help send the gospel to all parts of the world. The present office-building occupies more than one acre of floor-space. Hundreds of thousands of papers, tracts, and books are constantly being sent out of the various parts of the world, teaching the

full gospel as Jesus Christ and the apostles taught it.

There are about thirty different departments in the publishing-work, one of which is the prayer-request department. Requests for prayer are received from people who are in need of spiritual help or physical healing. These come from different parts of the world by cable, telegraph, telephone, and letter. The letters containing requests for prayer are sent to that department, and the one in charge arranges them in order and presents them before special and general meetings every day, where they are remembered by those who can pray the prayer of faith. Telegrams and cablegrams receive immediate attention in the prayer-room.

There are no paid-for advertisements in any of the papers or books published. Aside from what is received from the sale of literature, the work is carried on largely by free-will offerings from those who are favorably disposed. A Free Literature Fund has been established, through which many tons of religious literature are sent to home and foreign missionaries for distribution, and distributed among the poor, in prisons, and in other places where most needed. This fund is kept up entirely by free-will offerings from those who have a desire to help send the gospel to all nations.

The publishing-work outgrew the little village of Grand Junction, Mich., and was moved to Moundville, W. Va., and later, in the year 1906, was permanently located at Anderson, Ind. Its operation by faith in

God has been a wonder to many. There is nothing to require those engaged in the work to remain as workers except their love for helping to spread the gospel, and their responsibilities to God.

The workers are all supplied with the necessities of life by the publishing company, and none of the officers, managers, or workers can otherwise appropriate any of the money received, to their own personal use. All above the actual expense of carrying on the business is used in sending out literature free to the various parts of the world. From day to day there is a necessity of prayer being offered for the necessary supplies, and there is always an opportunity for a development of faith by those who are engaged in the work.

As the blessings of the Lord rest upon the efforts being thus put forth, he giveth the increase, and to him be all the praise and glory.

DISOBEDIENCE AND JUDGMENTS

It is very dangerous to become antagonistic to the will of God or refuse to obey his commands or wilfully persecute his people. The judgments of God are sure to be upon those who do so, either in this world or in the world to come, and maybe in both.

Pharaoh and his people had to suffer almost unbearable judgments because they persecuted the Israel-

ites, and because he did not obey God nor acknowledge them as the people of God and permit them to have the rights and privileges due them.

Because David disobeyed the Lord by numbering the people at a certain time, he was given his choice of one of three severe judgments of God upon the people.

Herod, who opposed Christianity with bitter persecutions and committed many atrocities against the followers of Christ, spent his last days in terrible suffering and torment, being eaten with worms.

A few years ago Bro. B. F. Roe and another minister were holding a series of meetings in southern Indiana. In that community was a man who at first received them into his house, but who was not willing to walk in the light of the Word of God and therefore turned to be a bitter opposer to the preaching of the Word in its fulness and a persecutor of these ministers and of any one who believed their teaching of full salvation.

Brother Roe had been staying at the home of this man. One morning as he was coming towards the house, the man threw his satchel out of the window, met him at the door, and kicked him from the door to the yard-gate. About three o'clock that afternoon, while this man was sitting in his comfortable home, he told one of his daughters to light the lamp, as it was growing dark. She replied that it was not dark yet, but he insisted that it was growing dark, and in a few minutes the sight went from his eyes never to re-

turn again. Blindness had struck him because of his wickedness.

Not long ago two ministers that had been engaged in preaching the gospel for several years were conversing in regard to their future support. They had been going forth preaching and trusting the Lord for the necessities of life, and the Lord had been supplying their needs. One of these ministers said to the other one: "What are we going to do when we grow old? If we continue giving our time and talents without salary or remuneration and lay up nothing for old age, who will support us when we are too old to preach? We have no funds for superannuated preachers, and because of such a lack of system, we are likely to be left out in the cold in our old age."

The conversation was not brought about because of his not being properly supplied at that time nor not having been in times past, but he seemed for a time to turn away from the wonderful promises of the Lord, not considering that He could care for His faithful ministers just as well in their old age as in their younger days. It seemed that it became necessary for the Lord to teach this man a lesson by withdrawing his protecting power from him and letting him act on his own responsibility.

A few days after this minister had so expressed himself and apparently lost sight of the many precious promises in the Word, he arose from his seat, he told me, and deliberately walked to the edge of the porch and fell to the ground, breaking his knee in such a

manner as to make him a cripple for life. He said that he at once realized that it was a judgment from God who had withdrawn his protection to teach him a lesson in regard to the protecting power of God, and that even in his younger days he could not prosper without the blessings and favor of the Lord upon him.

Many people have met with unnecessary trouble and disaster because of their complaints and failure to heed the warnings and commands of the Lord. God, in his love, endeavors to help people and bestow his blessings upon them, but some refuse to be helped and refuse to take warning. Sometimes the mere withholding of his blessings causes an awakening that brings them to their senses in time to escape impending dangers and calamities, though many go on heedlessly. Such will reap their judgments in the world to come.

NINE YEARS OF DOUBTS AND ACCUSATIONS

BY W. E. LONGBRAKE

There are people whose efforts to serve the Lord seem to be almost in vain on account of their doubts and accusations. It is for the benefit and encouragement of such persons that I undertake to relate my experience.

When about thirteen years of age I repented of my sins and called upon God for mercy. He forgave me and filled my heart with his love and grace. The change was so great that everything seemed different to me. There were new beauties on every hand, inso-much that the sunrise and the sunset were more glorious than ever before. Even the rustling of the leaves, the chirping of the birds, and the beauties of nature seemed to tell me of the wondrous love of God to them. As I walked with the Lord in humble obedience to his Word, his richest blessings fell upon me. Oh! the sweetness of the grace of God that I enjoyed, none but the Christian knows. When I would lie down at night, it was with the sweetest assurance that I was saved and ready to go home to be with Jesus.

This sweet experience continued for some time, and it did not seem to me that my faith would ever waver nor my peace be marred by the accusations of the enemy. But there came a time when my joy began to abate, and I did not feel that nearness and sweetness of his presence as before. Not knowing just how to

trust God and walk by faith in these times of testing, I allowed my feelings to be the standard of my salvation. This left an open door for doubts and accusations to come in, and here began a spiritual warfare which continued almost constantly for years.

I had thought that temptations and depressing trials could hardly reach me, but now they surrounded me on every hand. There were times when in answer to prayer the blessings of the Lord would seem to be upon me, and my feelings would rise to heights of courage, and I would realize his presence and loving-kindness. But again feelings of depression would come, and I would feel as if I had lost my experience, because I did not realize that same exultant feeling as before.

Right here is where many people have made the same mistake that I made and have had to suffer accordingly—by trying to walk by feelings instead of by faith. Obedient children need no special feelings to convince them that they are still owned and cared for by their loving parents. I had not yet, however, learned the precious lesson of faith and trust, but took my feelings as a criterion by which to govern my standing with the Lord.

The enemy's accusations were accompanied by depressions, and my feelings would drop to a very low ebb; and when I did not have good feelings, I would think that there was something wrong with my experience. This gave me much trouble. I concluded that I had not walked close enough to God and that he had

deserted me, and I believed that the depression of feelings was a sure sign that I had lost the victory.

From this time I became more or less up and down in my experience. I was sincere and very conscientious, and the enemy took advantage of me and tried to make me believe that the mistakes I made were sins and that God would punish me severely. My mind became confused, my soul was crushed beneath the burden of accusations, and, thus oppressed by such a galling yoke, I became miserable.

In agony of soul I would cry to God for help, but doubts had so filled my mind that it seemed evident that God had cut me off and would no longer hear me when I prayed. Finally, being deprived of attending religious services, discouragements overwhelmed me, and with a sad heart I gave up the struggle for the victory, thinking it better to give up than to go on professing to be saved when I did not know whether I was or not.

For about two and one-half years I remained in a backslidden condition, yet retained a tender conscience toward God and had a desire to do what was right. But now instead of seeing the Lord as a tender, compassionate Father, I began to consider him as a judge sitting upon his throne, looking down upon this world in vengeance, ready to deal out punishment.

In times past I had realized the glory of God in almost everything; now I imagined judgment without mercy, which I could even hear in the solemn tones of musical instruments, and the whistling of a distant

train seemed to sound forth the awful judgments of God upon this cold, dark world. Many times after hearing a train I would repeat to myself what I thought it had said, which was, "Woe! woe! unto the inhabitants of the earth!"

Such was the conception that I formed of God, who in my former experience had been such a loving, compassionate father to me. I had formed a wrong conclusion; I was mistaken; the change had taken place in me, while God remained the same. He was just as loving and kind as before, but I did not know it. He had not condemned me for my mistakes and weakness, but in my ignorance of the wiles of the enemy I had let doubts take the place of faith and truth, and I found that I had forsaken the Lord instead of him having forsaken me.

During the fall of the year 1900 a revival meeting was held near where I was living, and I decided to seek God again. I did so until I knew that, according to the Word of God, my sins were forgiven, but I did not realize the same ecstasy of joy that I did the other time. Scarcely had I claimed the victory when the enemy of my soul began to harass me by bringing before me a comparison of my feelings of joy before and my experience of calmness now. Notwithstanding my laying claim to victory, I soon became confused and was soon face to face with the dark, discouraging, crushing powers of Satan again. Thus my experience continued to be up and down. Finally I decided to be baptized, but I desired to become better established

first and began to seek the Lord earnestly to that end.

While at work in the field I would battle with the accusations and crushing influence, and would retire to some secluded spot and pray earnestly for help. At times the Lord would brush away the oppression and dispel the darkness, and let sunshine into my soul; then I would be encouraged and rejoice in the Lord. But I would scarcely go one round across the field until I would become accused and cast down as much as ever. This experience would be repeated many times a day.

At last I took courage sufficiently to go and be baptized, but this by no means ended my trouble. The accusations, discouragements, and oppressions of the enemy only grew worse, despite my efforts to gain a satisfactory experience.

At nearly every protracted meeting, also at other times, I would cast away my confidence in my experience and go to the altar, only to find myself left to struggle along as before. My frequent casting away my confidence and yielding to discouragements caused me to become very much weakened in my resistance, or stability, and individuality, insomuch that I was unable to keep the decisions I would make from time to time.

When the enemy would come with his suggestions, I would be afraid to take a stand against him, for fear it was the Lord and I should do wrong in resisting him. First the enemy would tell me that the decision

I had made was wrong, and would point out some seeming defect in it. The more I searched for the defect, the darker and more gloomy things became; and, being unable to locate the defect, I would see my mistake and conclude to take my stand again. Then the devil, as an angel of light, would change his tactics by trying to make me afraid to retake my stand, telling me that the stand I had previously taken was right and approved of God, but that in letting down my faith and searching and digging for defects I had doubted that I was saved, and then he would quote to me Rom. 14:23—"He that doubteth is damned. . . . for whatsoever is not of faith is sin." I did not know the true interpretation of this scripture; but, knowing that it was the Word of God, and remembering that Jesus said that we should be judged by the Word in the last day (John 14:48), and seeing what I had done, I thought I did not dare to maintain the stand, lest I should be hypocritical in so doing and lose my soul. It would then seem that I was neither fit to live nor fit to die. The future was very dark to me. The Lord would encourage me not to give up the struggle, although sometimes all hope would seem to disappear; yet by his help I would again decide to fight for victory until death.

While listening to a sermon I would become accused, sit in judgment, and criticise myself until it seemed there was but little good in me. At the close of the sermon I would go to the altar, thinking that there must be something wrong somewhere with my experi-

ence. In my earnestness the Lord would again come to my rescue, and for a time I would be able to keep above the accusations to a certain extent; but I was never able to get to a place where I was at perfect rest, and I would soon be as greatly oppressed and accused as ever. Being thus weakened, I was unable to discern between the impressions of the devil and those from the Lord.

One day while at work in the field I was accused of being impatient with the horses even when I had spoken to them kindly. I was unable to reason the matter out satisfactorily, for my feelings arose and testified against me. Then I went to the woods to pray and claim the victory, only to be accused as much as ever before I reached the place where I had left the plow. This was repeated time and again. Then would come an accusation that I was not enough in earnest; and even if I did seem to get the victory, the spirit would tell me that I had not had godly sorrow and that therefore my victory did not amount to anything, and soon my courage was gone.

Soon after this there was to be an ordinance-meeting, and I was anxious to be in the proper spiritual condition to partake of the ordinances; therefore I sought the Lord earnestly for pardon and believed that he granted it. No sooner had I partaken of the Lord's Supper than the enemy began to accuse me, saying that I had only taken it for granted that the Lord pardoned me, that the work was not done, that therefore I had partaken unworthily and had eaten

and drunk damnation to my soul, and that now there was no hope for me, quoting 1 Cor. 11:27-29.

This struck terror to my soul. The more I thought about it, the more I became enveloped in dense darkness until I could no longer believe that God would help me. The devil would tell me that I had sinned away my day of grace, and that my soul was doomed, eternally doomed. My state continued to grow worse and worse until it seemed that the torments of hell could not be more terrible. In my anguish of soul I prayed earnestly, but the heavens seemed sealed against me. Oh, how I longed for one more chance to get saved! but it seemed that every hope had been severed and that there was no chance of my ever meeting God in peace.

In my desperation I informed a brother and sister of my condition. They were unable to help me, but sent for another brother, who came and talked and prayed with me. He told me that these accusations were from the devil, who was trying to deceive me; that there was hope for me; and God was the same loving God as in times past, ready to extend mercy and compassion. But I had lost hope and gone so far under the influence of the accusations of the devil that while this brother was talking with me I said within my heart, "He does not know to what extent I have gone, or he would not talk this way." But after further talking we knelt in prayer, and I decided to be agreed with him, so that if there was any help for me I should not stand in the way of obtaining it.

The enemy was rebuked, and from that time I began to be more encouraged, for I could see more and more that it was an imposition of the devil, but it was some time before I was enabled to get entirely out from under the power of accusations.

Sometime after this I again became accused and dissatisfied with my experience, and felt like giving up my profession and beginning at the bottom again, but did not wish to make a mistake, for I did not know for sure but that I was saved, and I feared that if I willingly threw away my experience, I might commit the sin mentioned in Heb. 6: 4-8. I thought, however, there must be some sin or transgression somewhere on my part that caused all my trouble, and I longed to find out what it was, that I might be justifiable in throwing down my experience. As I was seriously meditating over the matter, the enemy accused me of consenting to throw away my experience, and said that the consenting was just as bad as actually giving it up, that I had lost all and committed the sin mentioned in Heb. 6: 4-8, and that it was now impossible for me to be renewed again unto repentance. He made it appear that I had "crucified the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame," and that there now remained for me "no more sacrifice for sins, but a certain fearful looking-for of judgment and fiery indignation" (Heb. 10: 26-29).

This took such a hold upon me that I became convinced that it must be so, and darkness once more settled upon my soul. Down, down, I went into dark-

ness, feeling that my hope of heaven had forever been forfeited, and in this sad, lonely, forsaken condition I felt as if I did not have a friend on earth nor in heaven above.

My mind reverted to the time when I was in a similar condition, and I remembered that I had promised the Lord that if he would only give me another chance I would forever be true. That chance was given and was followed by another failure, and now it seemed reasonable to me that my damnation was just, which only added to my torment.

All my hopes in life now seemed blighted and all chance of doing good cut off. But I kept calling upon the Lord for mercy, and after about a month a ray of light pierced through the dense darkness that surrounded me, by which I was assured that the Lord had not forsaken me. Oh, what joy this brought to my sad heart! From that time I began to see that the enemy of my soul had been imposing upon me and that my listening to his suggestions had caused me all this trouble.

As months and years passed by, I continued to have an up-and-down experience, walking by feelings instead of by faith. My individuality, the power of stability, seemed to become more and more weakened.

Later, through the guidance of the Lord, I secured a position in a carshop near Chicago. There I was promoted from one position to another and became foreman over different departments, with a very strict superintendent over me. Here I was obliged to assume

responsibilities, exercise authority, and develop along the line of individuality and stability, which in many ways has proved to be a great benefit to me since that time. Just before I went to this place, the Lord made it clear to me that if I would be obedient to him and do what he wanted me to do, even though I could not fully understand everything, he would undertake for me and be responsible for my experience. This was the beginning of the source which led on to victory, although it was a long time before I fully learned the lesson of faith and trust regardless of my feelings.

I had always wanted to repent out of my troubles and kept searching to find some transgression against God or some person that would have to be made right, thus living in constant fear and dread.

Once while I was meditating about the coming of the Lord, the enemy suggested that if the Lord was to come then I should not be glad to see him and should not be ready to meet him. This suggestion bothered me for a few minutes; then something seemed to rise up within me and assure me that all would be well, and I said, "Yes, I would be glad to see him;" for I knew that if I could only get to him and tell him all he would gladly help me.

This experience assured me of the fact that my trouble was not because of sin but because of the accusations and impositions of the devil. Various experiences of this kind enabled me to change my conception of my trouble and of God, and to accept him as my friend. It was then that hope revived within

me, and I began to realize that the dawn of my deliverance was near at hand. The Lord made known to me that if I would tell him my troubles and difficulties just as they were he would help me. My struggles had not yet ceased; but as time passed the Lord made me to understand that I must not accept an accusation unless he made known to me that it was sin; that I should ask him whether or not a thing was wrong; and that he would take the responsibility until he made it clear to the understanding of my heart that it was sin. This I felt safe to do, since I now considered him my friend and adviser.

The time came when I yielded and decided to trust him. I ceased trying to repent and bewailing my condition, as I knew of no evil things that I had done. I acknowledged my confused condition and told him that I did not know whether or not I was saved. Therefore, in order to have confidence in my experience, I asked God to forgive me *if* there was anything that stood between me and him. Confidence and assurance arose as I stepped out by faith on the promise of Mark 11:24, to the extent that I knew that he heard my prayer and that all was well with my soul.

When my decision was made to make faith in God the standard of my salvation, it did not matter whether my feelings were at a low ebb or reaching to the mountain top. I trusted my case fully with the Lord and continued to believe that he faithfully kept that which I had committed to him. Thus I became established

in the grace of God, and sanctified by the Holy Spirit to do his will.

Trials and temptations still come, but I have learned to heed the instruction of the apostles who said, "My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations" (Jas. 1:2, 12; 1 Pet. 1:6, 7). In so doing I make my trials stepping-stones to deeper depths in my Christian life, and a source of greater enjoyment. I love the Lord with all my heart, and am devoting my time to his service. He keeps me constantly by his power. There is no more struggling within, but peace, for I am simply trusting. The last few years of my life have been years of peace and contentment. All doubts have been swept into oblivion, and I am kept hid away in the secret of His presence.

TRUST IN GOD AND DO THE RIGHT

BY NORMAN MAC LEOD

Courage, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble—
"Trust in God and do the right."
Though the road be long and dreary
And the goal be out of sight,
Foot it bravely, strong or weary;
"Trust in God and do the right."

Perish policy and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light;
Whether losing, whether winning,
"Trust in God and do the right."

Fly all forms of guilty passion,
Friends can look like angels bright;
Heed no custom, school, or fashion;
"Trust in God and do the right."

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee;
"Trust in God and do the right."
Simple rule and surest guiding,
Inward peace and shining light,
Star upon our path abiding—
"Trust in God and do the right."

STRANGELY KEPT FROM DANGER

BY DELLA FRY

In November, 1901, while I was conducting a meeting in Winchester Ill., I received an urgent call to come to Woodson, Ill., to hold a few days' meeting. Before leaving Winchester, I was informed that in order to make the change of cars at Jeffersonville, it would be necessary for me to get off my train at the first station and take a hack to the other depot, as my train was not likely to arrive there on time. During the entire trip on the train, I felt sure that I was going by the direction of the Lord, and he witnessed time and again by his divine presence and approval upon me, and I felt thankful and safe.

When the conductor called Jeffersonville, I did not even make an effort to get off. I knew that I ought to do so, and I asked the Lord to help me bestir myself, but I only settled back in my seat without concern in regard to reaching my other train in time. I felt so contented and peaceful, and said to myself, "I do not know why I act in this manner, but it is precious anyway. Some passengers got off the train and others got on, and the hack drove away; then I hurriedly left the train, but immediately after reaching the platform at the depot I experienced the same feeling of indifference. I made no effort to go on my way, but walked slowly into the depot and sat down. My first thought was, "Surely it is the Lord directing me thus," and gratitude filled my heart. "But why is it? and for what purpose?" These thoughts were impressed upon my mind, and still I had no desire to go on.

After a time I arose to go and asked the agent what time my train left for the other depot, and as he looked in that direction, he said, "It is leaving now." I did not know why I should feel so thankful. When I arrived at the other depot, no one was in sight. After a short time the baggage-master came running up the track. I said to him, "Well, my train has gone." He said, "Yes, and you are left, and a good thing for you that you are left, because the train is wrecked. It ran into an open switch scarcely half a mile distant." Just then the telephone rang, and he was ordered to send doctors at once. The train was badly

wrecked, and many were seriously injured. The man did not seem disposed to give me much information concerning the accident, but he gave me enough to enable me to see that I had escaped great danger, and it was all through the providence of God. Oh, how precious the words of the Lord spoken to Benjamin, "The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by him"!

A HOUSEMAID'S PRAYER

A young woman who had spent most of her life in the country was engaged as a housemaid. The mistress of the home where she was engaged was in ill health. The young woman found the duties of a housemaid at this farm-home to be very arduous, being obliged to toil constantly from early morn until late at night. Thus she spent day after day until finally she became not only weary and worn, but feverish and threatened with illness.

It was near the close of the week. There were milking and churning and washing, cooking and baking for hired hands, the children to look after, the lady of the house to care for, and many other duties. As all these loomed up before her, it looked as if she could not possibly accomplish what she was expected to do. As she viewed the situation, her strength failed, and she was just at the point of yielding to dis-

couragement when the precious promises of the Lord began to be brought vividly to her mind: "I will be with thee," "I will not fail thee." She remembered the many times during the past when the Lord had so graciously helped her in time of need. Then came the quotation from the Word of God, "The Lord is a very present help in time of trouble."

She went to the Lord in earnest prayer and thanked him for his blessings and help in times past and implored his help in this present time of need. As a little child would make known its desires to a loving mother, so she made known her need of strength and courage for the day. Immediately she felt a refreshing influence pervading her entire being. The threatening illness had vanished away, and with it went every feeling of discouragement. She was filled with strength and courage and went about her work with a feeling of joy and gladness, frequently rendering praises to the Lord for his goodness. She afterwards remarked that she seemed to perform her work with ease and with such rapidity, that she was almost surprised to know that she could accomplish so much in one day, and yet at night she felt refreshed in mind, soul, and body.

Her experience is only an example to others of what may be achieved by any one who will in like manner take the trials and difficulties of life to the Lord in humble, believing prayer.

THE PETITION OF ONE WOMAN

Many things could be accomplished that are not achieved, many obstructions removed that still remain, many opportunities are undeveloped and lying dormant, because somebody has not made use of personal privileges and earnestly and persistently petitioned the throne of grace. The following is one example of the manifold opportunities whereby one can by faith have a fulfilment of the desire of the heart and thereby turn the tide of the affairs of men.

The great revival work of D. L. Moody in England was the result of earnest, fervent prayer, and, we might say, of the importunity and supplication of one woman. Previous to that time Moody was a hard-working young minister in America. He delved into gospel work as if his life depended upon his success. He had gained enough prominence so that this English woman had read of his success as a young minister. She became very eager to have him come to England and start a revival such as she had read of his conducting in America. She began praying to that end; and for many months her daily supplication to the Lord was, "Send Moody to England."

Moody, broken down in health, was advised to take a trip to Europe. His friends in America insisted that he should not assume any ministerial duties until he was fully recuperated in body. Soon after landing in England, he attended a Sunday morning service.

The minister in charge of the service noticed a brother minister in the audience, and, inviting him to the pulpit, requested him to address the congregation for a short time. Before the meeting closed, Moody was requested to preach at night. Remembering his weakness and the admonition of his friends in America, he accepted the invitation with considerable reluctance.

The woman who had been praying for him to come to England was not present at the service that morning; but as the members of the family who had been at the morning service sat at the table for the noon-day meal, one of them remarked that a young American minister was present at the morning service and would preach for the congregation that night. She felt immediately that her prayer was answered; and when she was told that the preacher's name was Moody, she praised God aloud, saying that the time had come for the revival. She excused herself from the table, told the family that she did not care to partake of the meal, retired to her room, and spent the afternoon in fervent prayer. She believed not only that God had sent this man in answer to her prayer, but that He would also send a revival in their midst.

That night Moody arose with considerable fear and trembling, and at the close of his remarks felt that he had made a failure. After a song he requested those who desired to become Christians to arise to their feet. Almost the entire congregation stood up. He then had them sit down, and told them that they surely had not understood his words, and explained

to them that he meant that those who did not feel right in their souls and desired to become Christians should arise. Again almost the entire congregation rose to their feet. He turned to the pastor and asked what they meant by such an expression in compliance with his request. Thinking that surely they must have misunderstood him, he asked that those who desired to give their hearts to the Lord, retire with him to the inquiry-room at the close of the service. Nearly the entire congregation made an effort to crowd into the room. Then he became awakened to the fact that through his sermon the Spirit of the Lord had really started a great revival. This proved to be, not only the beginning of a great soul-stirring time in England—one of the greatest revivals that England has ever witnessed—but also the beginning of Moody's world-wide success as an evangelist. These great events, it is said, can be traced back to the fervent prayers of that one woman.

AGAINST A THORN

“Once I heard a song of sweetness
 As it cleft the morning air,
 Sounding in its blest completeness
 Like a tender, pleading prayer;
 And I sought to find the singer
 Whence the wondrous song was borne,
 And I found a bird, sore wounded,
 Pinioned by a cruel thorn.”

“I have seen a soul in sadness,
 While its wings with pain were furled,
 Giving hope and cheer and gladness,
 That should bless a weeping world;
 And I knew that life of sweetness
 Was of pain and sorrow born,
 And a stricken soul was singing,
 With its breast against a thorn.”

“Ye are told of One who loved you,
 Of a Savior crucified;
 Ye are told of nails that pinioned
 And a spear that pierced his side;
 Ye are told of cruel scourging,
 Of a Savior bearing scorn;
 And he died for your salvation,
 With his brow against a thorn.”

“Ye are ‘not above the Master’;
 Will you breathe a sweet refrain?
 And his grace will be sufficient
 When your heart is pierced with pain.
 Will you live to bless his loved ones,
 Though your life be bruised and torn,
 Like the bird that sang so sweetly,
 With its breast against a thorn?”

SUNSHINE AND SHADOWS IN LIFE

It often occurs that just beyond the brightest sunshine there is a dark shadow, and on the stem of a beautiful rose, a sharp thorn. But the brilliancy and the loveliness are not marred because of the shadow and the thorn hidden away behind the presentation of beauty. Somewhere in the career of men and women whose lives have been crowned with success and whose characters shine forth before the world as brilliant lights or beautiful sunbeams, are to be found waymarks of tribulations or severe ordeals, which polished the stepping-stones that led to deeper depths and greater heights in the realm of usefulness.

The other side of the beautiful life of the Messiah while here on earth is taught in these words: "The man of sorrows"; and just back of the majestic scene of the ascension and his being crowned in glory, lies the cross. The caldron of boiling oil is almost forgotten because of the life of the loving apostle John. Behind Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" is the old Bedford jail.

At a teachers' and parents' meeting a few months ago, I heard one of the teachers relate an incident of unusual interest, which reminded her audience that one's unavoidable personal troubles and discouragements can be hidden away, insomuch that only a life of sunshine and usefulness will be visible.

During the summer months, while she was attend-

ing a teachers' institute in another city, this teacher learned, she said, a beautiful lesson from the life of one of the lady instructors in the institute. This lady always seemed to be happy and had a pleasant smile for every one. Day after day when she entered the schoolroom, there was something about her presence that brought a wave of encouragement, and her cheerful manner made others feel cheerful and happy, even under adverse circumstances. She was always in a pleasant mood.

The one who related the incident said that she often heard remarks among the attendants of the institute regarding the beautiful life of this instructor and the sweet influence that emanated from her daily and silently, as the flowing stream of sparkling waters. One day the speaker and another teacher, while in conversation, were wondering whence came such a flow of everlasting happiness and where was the source of such a lovely fountain. Surely there must be a secret about her life well worth knowing. They decided to make an effort to find it out, if possible, so that they themselves might become partakers of such unceasing happiness. Accordingly they agreed upon a time to make a call at her home.

At the appointed time they went, hoping that they should find her alone and also reach her home at a time when she would not be expecting visitors, and thereby learn whether or not her cheerfulness pervaded her home and home life as it did the schoolroom. When they reached her door and knocked, they

thought they heard a noise within, then all was silent. They gave another rap at the door, but all was silence within. They waited and waited, and finally concluded that she was not at home. As they were about to leave, they heard a noise in the room, and soon the door gently opened, and there she was with a lovely face beaming with sunshine and bearing the same sweet smile as before. As they entered, they were made to feel such a welcome that they at once made known the object of their visit. They noticed that her cheeks were stained with tears and that her eyes gave evidence that she had been weeping, but now this had all been cast aside and had given place to smiles, and her eyes sparkled with lovely rays of sunshine.

“We have become fascinated,” they said, “with your sweet life, your lovely disposition—always in a happy mood and the fragrance of your presence, which drives discouragements from others, and we concluded you must have one of the most lovely homes, one which so far excels the ordinary home that it causes you to be laden with a loveliness that lasts all day long. Therefore we have come to ask you to please explain to us the secret of your happiness, for we do not have it in our lives as we see it portrayed in and through you. Will you tell us the secret of your life?”

The lady burst into tears, buried her face in her hands, and wept bitterly for some time. When she became composed, she said, “Oh, if I only knew that he is not suffering!” Then she wept and sobbed as if her heart would break. When she was again able to

control her feelings and resume the conversation, she said:

“Once I had an ideal happy home, a devoted husband, who did everything possible to make our home what it should be, and the outlook was very bright for a life of happiness together. One night he met with an accident in a train-wreck. His brain became affected by the fright or injury received, and he fled from the place in the darkness of the night, and I have never heard from him since that time. Whether or not he is suffering in some hospital for the insane I do not know. Oh! it would be such a relief even to know that he is dead and thereby free from suffering. It almost breaks my heart. It is the dark shadow of my life. Upon my return from the schoolroom, when alone in my home, I give way to my grief and sorrow and sometimes spend hours in weeping and praying. If I only knew that he is at rest or free from pain, what a relief it would be to me! The burden has seemed too great to bear. It was evident that the world could not understand my grief and sorrows; therefore I determined that they should never know them.

“In my desperation, I appealed to the God of heaven for help and consolation, with a decision that instead of my casting a shadow or gloom over the lives of others on account of my own troubles, there should be only a reflection of the Christ-life from my troubled heart, something that would throw rays of sunshine in their pathway. In other words, I would meet the

world with a smile. To be able to accomplish this, I have prayed to the Lord to help me, and day by day he has comforted me in bearing my burdens and has given me grace and strength to go from my room with a light heart to cheer the lives of others. Now, you have the secret of my life."

The sorrows and sadness in the life of this lady were not sufficient to cast a shadow dark enough to prevent the sunshine of loveliness and happiness from reaching the lives of others. The turning-point towards a life of usefulness is frequently some misfortune or sorrow of such enormity or depth and prolonged existence that one must decide to look upon the bright side of the situation with undaunted determination to be successful. It is then that the prayers and petitions to the Almighty will become effectual and the heart of the humble person encouraged and uplifted and endued with strength to go forward in the performance of every duty. Every one should be of good courage, remembering the words of the Psalmist "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. . . . For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways" (Psa. 91: 1, 11).

GIVE TO THE LIVING

“Give your sunshine to the living;
Do not wait till they are dead.
Oh! there’s joy in constant giving—
Human hearts are comforted,
And the giver feels the sunshine
Of the heart’s responsive smile,
Knowing that another’s pathway
Has been brightened all the while.

“Give your blossoms to the living;
Let them have their fragrance now,
Ere their eyes are sealed in slumber,
And like marble is their brow.
Often for some loving token
Human hearts have asked and bled:
Give your blossoms to the living;
Do not wait till they are dead.

“Give your sunshine to the lonely,
Though they seem but cold and proud;
Oft, perchance, some hidden sorrow
Makes them shun the cheering crowd.
Give a loving word or token,
Just a pressure of the hand,
Let them know your love is tender,
Though you may not understand.

“Give your heart’s love to the fallen;
Oh! they need the tenderest care;
Though you see not their temptation,
They must meet it everywhere.
Oft a word, a smile, a hand-clasp
Gives the needed strength and cheer,
Helps them in the bitter conflict
When the tempter lingers near.

“Give your sunshine to the living,
Scatter flowers with willing hand;
You may wake the chords responsive
That will vibrate o’er the land.
Lavish smiles upon the aged,
Cheer the sad ones on their way;
You can make this world an Eden
By the kindness of today.”

