

FAITH TONIC

L. L. PICKETT



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Faith Tonic,

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BEING A

SERIES OF ARTICLES BY DIFFERENT WRITERS,
EXEMPLIFYING GOD'S DEALINGS WITH
THOSE WHO TRUST HIM.

Compiled by L. L. Pickett.

"All things are possible to him that believeth."

Mark 9:23.



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FAITH TONIC.

PENIEL MISSIONARY WORK.

BY

MANIE PAYNE FERGUSON.

Many times from many friends the request has come for a little history of this work. What is it? Who is it? How is it, and where is it going to grow? These are some of the inquiries that often greet our ears.

Hitherto we thought it best to say but little on the subject, but of late have been convinced that a simple record of the Lord's goodness and dealings with us would glorify Him.

For this end we attempt a brief history of the missionary work, now bearing the above name, Peniel.

In March, 1886, my husband and I returned to Los Angeles, driven southward by a severe cough that had troubled me through the winter. Very balmy were the soft spring days, and very bright and fresh the trees, lawns and flowers. Things were wonderfully lively all around in those days, for it was the time of the great real estate boom, that boomed Los Angeles from being a respectable-sized town to a respectable-sized city. Ordinary accommodations bore no proportion to the influx of people

that crowded everywhere, and they were sleeping on floors, in R. R. cars on the switch, and many more comical places. The sidewalks were thronged in the day time, and the whole thing looked like a holiday. Bands of music on big busses went often through our streets, not advertising minstrel troupes or theatrical performers, but carrying interested speculators, oftentimes to some remote hill or dale, where would-be town lots were sold off by auction to the highest bidder. Fortune seekers were excited almost as much as the real estate agents, who certainly reaped a rich harvest for the time being. Every hole in the wall was occupied. The familiar two words, "Real Estate," seemed to be everywhere, and even desk room was at a premium in the numerous offices of the city.

This moving throng of intensely eager, interested people had a strange attraction for me. I used to stand at the corner of First and Spring streets and watch them o'er and o'er. The Lord was talking to me. The Salvation Army had not yet found our town. The churches had services on Sabbath and on prayer-meeting night. All the rest of the week there was not a door open for God. He had laid a nightly aggressive work upon my heart, but how to get at it, that was the question. I could pray, and I did lots of that, but there was no place, no money, no strength. In short, *nothing*. Yet there was the Voice in my soul and the pressure on my heart. My husband was full of love and zeal for God, but my chest seemed to be going to pieces, and I could see

that a laborious Mission did not look very practical to him. A graveyard seemed much more in line with appearances, nevertheless the gentle pleading of the Spirit continued with me all the summer. We attended some camp-meetings through the country, and did what we could for Jesus. By October, prayer was answered, and my cough was gone. We came into the city to wait on God for an open door and our mission work. Things were booming away, and I had not heard of anything to rent in the center of the city for eight months. On the first of November, my husband came bounding up the stairs and threw open the door, "The Masonic Hall is for rent," he said, "vacated this morning, they will not lease it, and it is seventy-five dollars a month." "How much have you?" I said. He emptied the mixed contents of his purse on the table, and counted thirty-seven dollars and some cents. We were living on the rents of our three cottages, but bills had been paid up, and if I remember rightly, we would get no more rent for a couple of weeks, so there was nothing to do but pray. Very marvelous, considering the rush, the hall remained vacant four days. On the fourth morning, we decided to fast as well as pray.

We continued to wait on God till 3 P. M., when we heard a wagon stop at the gate and a familiar voice calling "Hallo." This good brother from the country came straight in with the question, "What are you two going to do this winter?" "Have a Mission in Los Angeles," we replied, "Can you get a hall?" "Yes." "How much is the rent?" "Seventy-five

dollars a month.” “Have you any chairs?” “Yes, there are sixty that go with the hall.” “That won’t be enough. How much money have you?” We told him, and, would you believe it, he sat down and wrote a check for one hundred dollars, and handed it to me. I am afraid there were some demonstrations a little like the healed man in Acts 3:8, and I assure you my husband went wonderfully quickly up town and secured the old Masonic Hall, on Spring street, and on November 11, 1886, the work long known as the Los Angeles Mission was opened. Friends and strangers flocked around, and from the very beginning salvation began to flow. Fellow laborers helped for a shorter or longer period, to pray and preach and sing, and God saved many souls.

The first convert was killed in a land-slide on Temple street, where men were working at this time—a few days after he had been brightly saved—so, you see, we began to lay up treasure in heaven from the very beginning. Many were converted and many sanctified. The Lord had right of way, and it always seemed to me our chief business was to keep out of His way, and watch His working with intense joy. Our street meetings were held at the junction of Main, Spring and Temple streets. Crowds were large, and many followed to the hall. One night a lady asked me if we wanted some tracts, and gave me six big dollars to start a tract fund, telling me their touching history. She was a wealthy woman, living in an eastern city, and had recently lost a lovely little daughter, about eleven years old. This child had

been blessedly saved for some time, but somehow failed to make her parents understand about the rest that Jesus gives. She saved her pocket money for tracts and missions, and after she had gone to the upper fold her mother found these six dollars carefully laid away for God by her lost lamb. Wild with grief, her husband had brought her to California for a change, "But change," she said, "could not bring me back my darling." Distracted with sorrow, they were walking on Spring street and followed our crowd to the hall where she found her daughter's Savior, and the sainted child's sacred savings began our tract work. It seemed like money from heaven.

The Lord permitted us to move a number of times during the next few years. Rents, like "lots," were expected to increase in value, so we could not lease anything. In less than three months we lost our first hall, and the question was where to go.

Somebody said the basement of the Nadeau Hotel was for rent, but every one seemed to shrink from "going underground." However, going underground seems to be the inevitable for poor humanity, and it was thus in this case. There was no where else to go. The converts looked a bit sober as we went *down* but the walls were made very white, and some nice clean saw-dust was strewn on the cold cement floor, and plenty of gas jets made it light and cheerful, and the narrow stairway admitted lots of folks apparently, and we had a glorious time. I have had a mania for basements ever since. We did not tell anybody, but I believe there were over a thousand saved that year.

In the fall of '87 I had an awful siege of typhoid fever and my husband nursed me, but the work went on just the same. Our absence of six weeks made no difference. The Lord put others right in the gap and helped them to do grand and glorious work. Many were the reasons assigned by Job's comforters for my sickness. It came because the work was not run on certain lines or put under certain auspices or organizations, and one editor put it in his paper that it was because I did not want him to preach in the mission.

Well, "out of all the Lord hath brought us by His love." Many prayers were answered and I was restored to labor a little longer, though I had no physician but Jesus Christ, and no nurse but my dear husband. We did not understand it all, but we can *trust* where we do not *know*. I could not walk for three months after I got up, but kind friends carried me in and out, and it was delightful to watch the Savior's blessed working as of yore.

You can imagine how badly we all felt when we learned that some barbers had offered double our rent and our beautiful basement was gone. Not only had we come to regard it as the best spot on earth, but there was not a vacant corner. At last somebody looked at the four charred and roofless walls of the M. E. church, South, which had been sold and turned into business property and burned out some time previous. A row of the incorrigible real estate offices had been built in front, for one of which, seven feet wide, they asked one hundred dollars a month for

entrance and twenty-five for the charred walls, which it would take three hundred dollars to line with white cotton and roof with iron, etc., and we could only get this privilege for six months, as it was to be torn down at the end of that time. Well, the Lord sent every cent of it—\$300 for repairs and \$125 each month.

On the question of finances, I simply state that we took collections in the meetings, but never asked any one for aught then, or since then, except in this general way of public collections. Many brought free-will offerings but there was no subscription, and no personal solicitation for money. Out of the collections we paid rent, gas, janitor, took care of any workers that helped us, and whatever was left gave to the poor and sick around us.

Our own support we had through some small private rents, and have never had to appropriate a nickle of the people's money for personal use during all these years, but have endeavored to be faithful in the outlay of all that has been entrusted to our care.

In the summer of '88, we were without a hall to move to again. And this time, though nobody knew it, we were without the money to rent one. The rent of the burnt church was so heavy that when the six months were up there was nothing left over lights and janitor. Nevertheless we had searched faithfully for a hall but could find nothing. The building was to be torn down on a Monday morning and the Sabbath before was a glory day. The lack of money perplexed us both. No hall, no money; could it be God wanted the work to cease?

My husband would not look for a place to store the chairs, etc. He said, "God will arise for our help." We broke up late on Sabbath night, and no one knew where we would meet next. At the close of the service a gentleman handed me a note from his wife, which I thrust into my pocket and forgot all about until after I had retired for the night. As soon as I remembered it I got up and lit the lamp, as she was a very frail woman, and I thought she might be wanting me to come see her. A check for fifty dollars dropped out of the envelope, and then I knew we would get a hall.

We were down bright and early next morning, but the workmen began to tear down at 7 o'clock, and mortar and dust, etc., was all over the comfortless looking little chairs. We tried to keep the debris out of some type, the organ, etc., but my husband said, "I just can not look for a place to store these things; God must open a door." So we watched as well as prayed, while the work of destruction went on. About eleven o'clock a lady whom we did not know came in through the dust and asked me my name. When I told her she said, "I felt impressed to let you have the back part of one of our new stores. We have rented one window and expect to rent the other. You can have the doorway entrance and the hall for seventy-five dollars a month." I said to her we would take it, but to the Lord I said, "What about that twenty-five dollars?" This was not aloud, but the lady continued of herself, "We always like to collect rent on the first of the month, and *if you don't mind*

that will be fifty dollars until the 1st." I told her *I did not mind*, and endorsed the check, and as it was only a few doors, we were moved for noon meeting. The dust was soon wiped off the chairs, and off our faith, too, for had not the Lord provided a way?

And thus He sent deliverances; when halls were scarce, He found us a place, and when rents were high, He sent in the means. At the end of six years we were both very tired. We had had insufficient help in the work and some cares at home too, all of which told on our strength. My nerves were at war, my husband's chest had given out, so we suspended week day meetings, but the Sabbath services went right on, and very blessed they were, those afternoon meetings at 107 N. Main Street.

About eighteen months before this temporary suspension, in the summer of '91, it seemed to me the Lord had laid the world upon my heart. I was burdened in soul for all tribes and kindreds, and entered into suffering sympathy with the Redeemer of this world in a sense I had never known before; in sleep even I could see millions of heads, with faces of every color, going down in a stormy sea, and sleeping and waking I could hear the wail of the perishing keeping time with the pulsations of my own heart, like the moan of the surf beating ceaselessly upon the shore. These exercises of soul were a mystery to me. I wept much before the Lord, but could not tell why the vision, nor what, nor how to do. One morning about 4 o'clock, my soul was in an agony of prayer for the lost world. It was unbearable; I cried

out to the Lord to help me to be of use some way. I told Him I would take the first train or steamer, and start for anywhere in the world; I would do *anything*. In that quiet hour lying on my face on the carpet of my own room. I heard the voice of the Lord in my soul saying: "Help others to go." I got my orders that morning straight from heaven, but how to execute them I was at a loss to know.

O, the goodness and patience of God! In looking backward or around, that which surprises me most is the long-suffering that continued to use His blundering children, despite all their defects of service. I see so much to make me humble and ashamed, and so much to thank God for. I only write these personal details *because I believe He wants me to*. I have kept them long years.

We kept waiting on the Lord about it all, and in November felt impressed to drive down to San Pedro which had a hard name for sin. About twenty-five miles from Los Angeles, pleasantly situated on the sea, we found a town of about twelve or fifteen hundred inhabitants. The business and saloon part (the latter seemed the principal business) was on the flat, and the neighborhood or homes on the Bluffs around it. A number of boats were in and some sailors ashore, and we stayed over night and took a walk around to see how our brothers and sisters down there spent their evenings. A week later we repeated our visit, and this time took a hall, afterwards shipping down some chairs, etc., from Los Angeles, and on Nov. 20, 1891, the first branch Mission was opened

at San Pedro. This Mission has always sailed in a stormy sea, but it has never ceased and never sunk, and souls will be in glory who have been born there.

In July, '93, I spent three weeks in San Francisco, and was much moved with the need of that great city. A good way to *see* a need is to *look* at it. I had the time and took advantage of my opportunity. Alas! Alas! the pitiless beasts of prey and the pitiful prey, they are all there. I was in all the saloons around the water front, gave them tracts and talked to them. Nobody ever was rude to me. What a wreckage of hearts and lives and souls!

I was alone in the city, and took a nightly look at my lost brothers and sisters, returning to my lodging to cry myself to sleep. The sights and sounds would move any heart.

I felt something must be done, but there seemed nothing to do with. That same old blank *nothing* that had so often looked at me out of empty space, and said, "It is not in me," and yet I loved and believed in my tender, compassionate God, and cried mightily unto Him for help, but I also looked at surroundings, for I had not practically learned that where God is, there is *everything*.

I am greatly indebted to the application of Job 26:7 in the last report of the Bristol Orphanage: "He * * * hangeth the earth upon nothing." The earth hangs first rate, you see, but it is all in the One *who hangs it*. If we are sure of God in any enterprise, *all else is included*. This He is teaching me.

My husband joined me at the first Cazadero camp-

meeting at the end of the month, and in August we went East to pay a long-promised visit to my mother; but amid the beautiful redwoods of Cazadero, or the variegated hues of a Canadian forest, the lost faces from the dark places of San Francisco kept gazing at me. I knew the Mission was coming, and we kept waiting on the Lord. One night, at mother's, I heard the voice of the Lord in my soul again, quiet but distinct: "I want you in San Francisco Oct. 28." I was so glad. We started westward, and got to San Francisco the night of the 27th. At breakfast next morning with a lady, she asked me if I knew a dear friend in San Francisco had been very sick. We had not heard it, and hastened to his office to make inquiry. He was not there, but we met Mr. Dennett there, who welcomed us warmly, saying he thought we were East, and was just wishing we were here, that he was so impressed to take a tumble-down looking store on Grant Avenue for a Mission, and if we would run it, he would take it right away. Now the facts were, we had to go to Los Angeles indefinitely and very soon, but we said: "If you take it, we will put workers in it, and take the responsibility of looking after it." He agreed, and went directly and rented 308 Grant Avenue, that humble place so dear now to many in this wide world, the birthplace of many souls—and this was *October 28th*.

Miss Ella Shaw, Mrs. Leach and Mrs. Yorba were the first workers there. Two of them have other names now, and are far apart, one in Alaska, one in New York, and one in India, all in Peniel Missions.

thank God. Just five years and a half ago; how they have scattered!

What a dirty place that store was! I counted twelve thicknesses of rotten paper on the wall, but it was scraped, and scrubbed and papered and painted, and soon looked neat and bright.

For God's glory I will tell some details for He answers prayer. We had our overland tickets to Los Angeles and seventeen dollars over. But God had begun to hang the San Francisco Mission on Nothing, and grandly He carried it through. Our friend, Mr. D., paid the rent of a hall, hired an organ, bought chairs and paid for cleaning hall. That was fine, but three workers, and two of them had each a child, had to have rooms, and said rooms had to be furnished. Finances remained a dead secret. Nobody guessed them.

Miss Shaw kept telling me, girl-like, just what she wanted. As far as I remember, she got all the articles she mentioned. She had been visiting at the "Home of Peace" and took a fancy to her iron bedstead. "They are so strong and clean," she explained. "We must have iron bedsteads." "Where do they get them?" I asked. She did not know, and promised to ask Mrs. Montgomery where they got them, but forgot it. I met Bro. M. one day and asked him where they got beds for the "Home." He told me and politely inquired why I wanted to know, adding, "Are you going to get furniture for the Mission workers? because if you are I want you to leave that part to me," and three iron bedsteads, mattresses and pillows, were sent up

to the Mission. There were three hard looking rooms over the hall, like an old rookery, but the girls named them "the palace," and set about fixing them up. "Now," said Sister Ella, "we want a stove with two holes on top, an oven underneath. The name is _____, I saw one down town for \$10." I just said, "All right," and as it was night, went home to supper. The kind lady where we dined asked us if we were going to furnish rooms for the girls. We just said, "Yes." "Well," she said, "I have a stove here I bought for a tenant that never used it. It has two holes on top, oven underneath. The name is _____, and the pipe is all there, too. It is taking up room in a closet, and I will gladly give it to you." We thanked her, of course, and felt more blessed over it than she knew. We had been buying little things out of small capital, when a letter came from one of the missionaries, asking for ten dollars' fare. Just seventy-five cents more than that left. It seemed real sweet to give your last ten dollars to the Lord, and my husband went to the office for a P. O. order, while I put some finishing touches on the hall, almost ready to open. A kind brother came in and, after looking around, said: "I would like to have a part in this work," and handed me a \$20 gold piece, so when my husband returned, I told him it was a speculation to give God \$10, and get \$20 instead.

This enabled us to get the "three big tables and three small rockers, etc.," requested. Mrs. Leach brought bedding and a carpet, and on Nov. 11, '93, on the seventh anniversary of the opening of the Los

Angeles Mission, the San Francisco work was started. Nobody that attended there need be told of the wondrous work the Lord did in Grant Avenue the next year. It was simply marvelous. Salvation flowed like a river. The odd nights I was privileged to spend with them are a delightful memory of grace and glory too.

In 1894, Peniel Hall, Los Angeles, was built, and opened by a prayer meeting on October 20th of that year. It is a fine auditorium, well lighted and ventilated, and capable of seating 1,000 people. Two short stores, one at either side of the front entrance, half a dozen suites upstairs and a row of very small bedrooms around the skylights on the roof of the audience room, afford a precarious rental, which does not always pay the expenses of the building itself. These are heavy. The taxes are between seven and eight hundred dollars yearly, and light, water, janitors, repairs, etc., consume the small rents in this expensive city. Of course, now that this much needed building is up, a few thousand dollars' outlay would serve to make some income for spreading the work, but the money did not come and we thought it best not to go in debt.

This hall was built almost entirely by one donor, whose name would gladly be given here but for his own modest request to the contrary. The large donation was given in 1890, to build a permanent place for the Los Angeles Mission, but a suitable lot not being found at the time, the money was placed in the Southern California Savings Bank "in trust," until we bought the present location and built Peniel.

Surely this was answered prayer, for the giver was almost a stranger, who had held this money for God a long time, watching for a place where he felt led to put it. The same donor added \$4,000 later, that the hall might be finished out of debt.

All the other money donated to this building amounted to \$1,384.75, and this included a gold medal, "an alabaster box," sold for \$78.40, and a ring from one of our missionaries that brought \$5. The largest sum was from a most precious friend, now in glory, who had volunteered \$5 a month when we started in '86, and only paid \$15—and when it became possible to bring this \$500 to Peniel it was done with great joy and the exclamation, "Now I am out of debt to the Los Angeles Mission." One hundred and twenty dollars was given by the same dear brother, who gave the first \$100 in '86. The next largest amount was from a good German brother, who gave \$40 to Peniel, even though he belongs to a church in another tongue. Three gave \$25 each, two Methodist brethren and a lady who still drops in to noon meeting, and has done so for a dozen years. There were four twenties, one from an old friend, a Professor up north; one from a loved Presbyterian brother, now in heaven; one from an Italian brother, and one from some dear holiness workers whom we meet on the field betimes ever since 1880.

The rest was in smaller sums. Two \$15; a few tens; eight dollars each from several friends who heard that a window cost that much. A number of fives, and many little sums, presumably the precious

offerings of the poor, \$1, 50c., 25c., 10c. Many of these are warm friends to the work and workers today. Some have gone home to God. Some are scattered to distant places; some were strangers whose names we do not recognize, and some worship elsewhere, but we pray that we may meet them all again "in the land beyond the river, where the mists are cleared away."

We ought to mention here that while the above is a correct statement of all cash donations to this building, yet different dealers gave discounts off material used in it, which was a great help and much appreciated. Also that the cash record given above contained several subscriptions from the workmen that labored on it. God bless them all.

We had endeavored to keep the cost of building within the money on hand, and Peniel is unfinished in many places, though you would not know it by casual observance. Notwithstanding our care, however, when the job was done there were about a thousand dollars for "extras," on which we had not calculated. Each line of work brought in extras—carpenter, brick-layer, plasterer, etc.—so we borrowed \$1,000 from a friend on our personal note in January, '95, at 6 per cent. interest. Some months afterwards we requested the lender to accept \$30 a month, interest and principal, which they did. This has been quite a heavy tax on the rents, and of course was reckoned in the expenses of the building.

It was at the opening of Peniel Hall that Mr. G. B. Studd really united with the work, although he

had been a loved inmate of our home for sometime previous, and assisted in meetings, etc. But ever since the fall of '94 he has been actively engaged in labors at the Hall, and has won many souls and many friends.

Early in '95, the Lord began talking to me about a Mission in San Diego. For a whole month I prayed and listened, but with me it often spoils things to talk about them until I am *sure*. So I never mentioned it. One Monday morning I was *sure*, and told my husband I must go to San Diego (I had never been there), and had better start next day. Naturally enough he said, "What for?" I told him to look over the ground for a Mission. He said, "Where is the money?" I replied, "I don't know, but I must go." He knew very well I would not do that way unless I believed God sent me, so simply answered, "If you can wait till Wednesday morning I will go with you," and I did. As Monday is rest night, we spent the evening with some friends. On leaving, the host asked me if the Lord was bidding us do anything new. I told him yes, we were going to San Diego to see about work there. He handed me \$20, said that would help. We just thanked him and drove away, but my heart rejoiced, for I knew it was the Lord. On Tuesday a brother came almost running after me on Second street, and said he was so impressed to give me \$5.

On Wednesday we went to San Diego and looked around until Saturday, when we decided on a Hall. The agent said it was \$25 and would not be ready for

ten days. I felt like the child of a King as I laid the gold the Lord had sent me on the table, \$25, and we took the receipt and returned to Los Angeles to help on Sabbath.

I confess to feeling a bit concerned the next week—an empty hall 125 miles away, and not a stick to put in it. On Tuesday, while praying very earnestly, the Lord told me distinctly He would send me \$100 for San Diego. I believed Him, and watched for my money all week, but not a cent came. I told my husband about the definite answer to my soul, and we knew it would come. On Saturday we went to the beach to see a dying woman, and Mr. Studd drove to meet us on our return. With a bright smile he said the first thing, "I've got something for you." "O," I said, "I know what it is; it is \$100. Who brought it?" I can see his astonished look as he replied, "How could you know? That is exactly what it is, and a man brought it twelve miles and said it was for you."

I explained how the Lord had promised it to me for San Diego. How good is God! Two blessed missionary girls were waiting to take charge of the Mission, and the next week we went down, got things in order, and opened the work on March 3, '95.

Of course, more money was needed, but some way it came. A loved brother gave us a small organ, and we fixed up the hall with chairs and a platform, and some living rooms cheap and fairly comfortable, as we had some beds, etc., to send from Los Angeles.

A blessed work has been going on there ever since. To God be all the glory.

For about eight months Alaska had been laid on my heart to pray for. I got some reading matter about the place and conditions, and the desire to help grew upon me, but I saw no way, no missionary, *nothing*—that same old *nothing* again. In the spring of '95 Mrs. Leach came to visit me, after the death of her little girl, and one day, to my great astonishment, told me she believed the Lord was calling her to Alaska, *but only for a time*. At once confided I to her about the exercises of my own heart, and we used to pray together over the map down on the carpet. Then we knew it was the Lord, and began to make preparations. Fares had been very expensive—\$70 from San Francisco to Juneau, but there arose some competition and they were suddenly dropped to \$24. Very like the San Diego work, two brothers in San Francisco gave me one \$20, the other \$5 for Alaska. So \$25 was the nucleus from which it grew. We take the Sabbath afternoon collections in Peniel Hall for outside Missions. They are usually small, but during Dr. Carradine's meetings I said we would take a collection for Alaska, and that fine audience responded with \$60. A girl gave me \$20, and so it came. Many sent in furs and flannels for the far north. In the end of May three sailed from San Francisco, and on June 1st, '95, opened the Peniel Mission in Juneau, Alaska. Later on, Douglas was started. Brother and Sister Evans wanted to go there, and while we were praying over the matter, my husband brought up an envelope one night after meeting, such a heavy envelope, I said, "there is lead in that." It contained four twenty

dollar gold pieces, and as eighty dollars was about their fare from here, we took it as an answer to prayer and sent them. None of us ever knew who brought the heavy envelope. Douglas was started, October, '95.

In the same month, October 20, the first anniversary of the opening of Peniel Hall, Misses Shaw and Vansant farewelled for Port Said. About fourteen months before, Miss Shaw had told me how this wicked place was laid upon her heart, and kept writing to me through the year. About two months before they left, we had a long prayer together, and I believed they would go. The girls were very clear. Of course there was no money, but Miss Vansant said, "Ella, you and I are going to Port Said, if the Lord has to put wings on us both." I kept telling the Lord the day of the month each succeeding morning as the autumn wore away. Such silly little children are we. It was getting late for them to go, I thought.

In the beginning of October, that unfailing God told me to send them and fear nothing.

I had sold some lace a lady had given me for Missions for \$17. A young lady said she had \$3 for the "Egypt girls;" another girl, now in Alaska, gave \$5. This was the capital on hands when we wrote to Miss Shaw, one Friday night, to farewell at San Diego, where they were stationed, take the steamer for San Francisco the next Wednesday, farewell there, and be at the All-day Anniversary at Peniel Hall, on October 20th, on their way east. I told her plainly I had just \$25, but God had the rest. On Monday morning, a gentleman whom she knew slightly called and told

her he was impressed to give \$300, but would like to see me, and if I approved of such a wild looking affair as two girls going to Port Said, he would give me the money. He came to see me and doubled the amount, others gave smaller sums, and our girls started for wicked Port Said, arriving there the end of November.

In February, 1896, the Mission in San Bernardino was started. The chairs were loaned, Missionaries had their own furniture, so this opening only cost \$50, which was in the treasury.

In April the Mission at Stockton was opened. / Some precious souls living in the town prayed and worked, and actually got it going themselves, with God's blessing. I was in San Francisco that month, and one Monday morning, from the front window of the girls' rooms, off California street, I saw a lady looking up at the houses, as though seeking somebody, I remembered the face, and ran down stairs to meet a blessed child of God whom I had met at camp-meeting. She told me she had two hundred dollars in the bank for India, and, while in our holiness meeting the day before, the Lord told her to give it to me. I felt a little scared, I am afraid, and told her we had no work there. She said she could not help that, she knew the voice of the Lord, and would send me the money in June, after she got to her home. I told her I could put it in the bank and be honest anyway. In June it came, on a Tuesday, and the next / Friday a beloved brother gave me 1700 rupees, which he had in India. The Lord made it very plain to me

that Mrs. Leach was to go, but I thought it better to let her find it out herself. She had told me when going to Alaska that her final destination was among the heathen.

I think it was in August I received her letter, "Mrs. Ferguson, it is India, dear India." On October 20th, our second Anniversary, she farewelled at Peniel, and with Miss Rhodabaugh arrived in Bombay in December, '96.

1896 was a great year for starting Missions. In April, Dr. Cullis' Chinese work, at Bakersfield, was turned over to Mr. Studd by Mrs. Cullis.

A beloved brother had sent us \$200 for Eureka, and my husband went up with some workers and opened that point, August 11th. Some dear friends in Sacramento had promised rent and furniture for a Peniel Mission, and my husband held the first meeting there, on his return from Eureka, August 15th. In this month also Bro. Dennett turned over a second Mission in San Francisco to Peniel, the one we now call No. 2.

Dear Mrs. Hunter, though frail in body, started a successful work in Memphis, Tenn., in December, and labored in it till she could go no longer. We are looking to God for some one with the same love and fire, and more strength, to take up the banner there again. How gladly she would do it, if health permitted.

In the spring of '97, Miss Shaw, whose health had broken down in Egypt, came over to New York and started a small Mission on 14th Street, which was

superseded by the large Peniel, 39 Bowery, in December of that year.

May 14, '97, the third Mission in San Francisco was opened on Sacramento Street, afterwards moved to Pacific Street (with forty-nine saloons within two blocks) and now at Kearney and Montgomery streets. This was a hard field, but brave hearts took it, and God has saved precious souls.

The Oakland work was opened June 29, '97. A lady had given me \$100 for this some months before. Away up in the mining camps of Colorado, the Victor Mission was opened, November 20th, and in Fresno, California, on December 18th, another little Peniel shone out for God. The last hundred dollars in this institution went to start that. Also, on October 30th, of the same year, our little door for Jesus swung back in Pasadena. Vallejo is a naval station and had been much on the hearts of several of our workers. They wrote me an urgent letter, and I replied that I had \$50 taxes money, but did not need it yet. How would that do? Full of zeal and courage they took it, and three brave girls left San Francisco for Vallejo, to rent a hall and rooms and furnish both and live all out of \$50.

If you want to get fifty cents made into a dollar, try some of these Peniel Missions. Many records of self-denial, unwritten on earth, are registered on high. The Vallejo girls had the most *convenient* quarters I ever visited in. I assure you, while I sat at breakfast, I had my Bible on the bed beside me, reached something off the stove at the other side, took something

out of the cupboard, and put away my empty mush bowl behind me on—well, we will call it a sideboard. Now, was not that *convenient?*—for I did not have to stand up at all. It was crowded as a ship's cabin, but clean; and love was in it. This Mission had a struggling time from the beginning, but God gave many souls, especially among the Navy men and sailors. It was opened March 16, '98.

On the 6th of May, the same year, the Long Beach Mission was opened under Peniel. The furniture had been turned over by the people there, and we only had the expense of renting a hall, etc. God is blessing Long Beach.

In August, '98. I was in San Francisco, and greatly burdened for the fallen there. The streets are bright and thronged until very late, and we had long desired a midnight meeting in San Francisco. It seemed to me also we must have a little home, where some mother's lost girl could find shelter and comfort any hour of the night, right down in the city, and connected with the midnight work. I am getting used to having nothing to start on, and really it makes no difference *if God bids you go*. That is the point to make sure of. You will get left if you don't.

My heart was burdened. I knew it must come some way and very soon. I went to see a matured woman, who had been writing to me about service, to ask her if she could engage in such work, and while talking with her some dear friends standing by slipped a twenty dollar gold piece into my hand. There was nothing said at all about money or needs in our

conversation. This worker did not go to the midnight mission, but another. Now I really got into a hard place. It seemed as if we ought to return to Los Angeles, but I felt as though I could not take that gold piece out of the city. Neither could I get rid of it. It was too little to rent a house in the city with, and furnish it, yet it seemed like a mill-stone in my pocket to hold me in San Francisco. Meanwhile a good woman called on me and offered herself for midnight work, and rescue work too. I told her to look for a little house and report to me. After faithful searching, she told me of a nice, clean flat in a good location, \$17.50 a month. I knew that she was poor, and asked if she had any bedding, etc., of her own. She said she had a mattress and bedding of her daughter's, and a blue flame oil stove. "Well," I said, "there is an old bedstead and wire mattress at one of the mission homes, and a rag carpet that needs cleaning at another, neither in use. That is all I know of obtainable. If you can take this twenty dollars, pay a month's rent and start a rescue home on the two dollars and a half left, and GOD, you can go ahead." She answered very decidedly, "Sister Ferguson, I *can*." I gave her the *capital*, and left for Los Angeles. And the midnight meetings were started at one of our Mission halls in San Francisco, September 17th, '98, and have been held every night since; and the little rescue home has sheltered a few of God's weary, lost lambs, and many have been led to Him.

It was about this time that a beloved lady told me

she had \$350 for Honolulu, and if I had the workers, I could have it. This fairy land seemed to be on the minds of the people, for something like \$45 had been given us in small sums for work there. They must have had faith for "they called the things that were not as though they were," and when a lady in San Francisco handed me \$10 shortly before "for the Honolulu Mission," I said, "My dear, there is no Honolulu Mission," she simply answered, "O, but there will be." We waited a good while for workers, but at last they came, and on March 25, '99, the Peniel work was opened in fair Hawaii, and salvation has been flowing in a living stream.

Wrangel, Alaska, came next, where one of the Juneau converts has built a hall, mostly with his own hands, opened May 7th. And Skaguay, Alaska, followed in quick succession, where two of our missionaries began the work May 16, '99. Blessed beginnings in both places.

When last in Sacramento a beloved friend offered the **rent** of a Rescue Home, and a suitable house was **taken** from April 1, '99. The place was very much in need of repair, which was done by the dear Mission converts, a free will offering. There was some delay in getting it started, but it is going and God is blessing, praise His name.

This is but a hurried sketch. Hundreds of incidents of suffering and salvation, toil and triumphs, need and supplies, could be given. Humble and unknown below, but honored of God, the little Peniel Missionary girls are toiling on, many of them in their

teens, unsalaried, oft-times unappreciated; but God is giving them hundreds and hundreds of souls.

The Missions are sustained very much as they are started. We keep looking to the Lord. Collections are taken in the nightly mission meetings, partly because we believe it is a means of grace to give, and in this way, or some other, God puts it into people's hearts to help. There are no subscriptions and no promises from rich friends. Somebody said this kind of living was "like eating out of the Lord's hand." As money comes to Peniel Hall, we pass it on as faithfully as we know how. It comes mostly in small sums, and from different parts of the world. Our little Missions, some of them very poor, take Sabbath afternoon offerings for foreign work. This is supposed to be their best collection, and as postoffice orders come to Peniel, to be passed on, from this source, they look very precious in our eyes. I remember visiting one Mission, when the weather was very warm, and the girls showed me their new, thin waists, "only 16 cents apiece," they said, "as we made them ourselves," but they brought me \$25, the afternoon collections of months, for India and Port Said. Don't you think God will bless that kind of giving? I DO. Oddly enough, three precious women gave the only large sums for carrying on this work—one about \$1,600, one over \$1,200, and one \$900, and two other women sent, one \$200 and one \$100, which makes over \$4,000 altogether. I mention this partly because people say the Missions are all "*manned by women,*" and I want you to know that God has allowed them

to be somewhat supported by women, too, especially foreign work. I believe I ought to mention that one of these donations, (\$1,500) was really given as a nucleus to build a home for working-girls, but as it lay quite a while, and no more came, * with the donor's full consent, it was spent in Mission work. I might add, too, that while there is a perfect understanding between that lady and myself about this matter, and this expenditure is all right, whether I live or die, yet I hope to be able to put this money some day into the enterprise for which it was originally given. Next to the spread of the gospel, nothing has ever lain on my heart like this. There is no plea from voice or pen made by the imperilled girlhood of to-day, but I know and God knows, that in this city, and I suppose in thousands more, there are few places where pure, sweet girls, without home or mother, can obtain *safe, clean* lodging and board, and dress themselves out of the pittance they receive in stores and elsewhere, and that vice is brazenly suggested to them to supplement their inadequate earnings. O God of the helpless, put it in the hearts of the people to shelter those *dear, defenseless little heads*. While the Missions are in charge of women and girls, mostly the latter, they are wonderfully helped by the Christians and converts who stand by. In singing, testimony and street meetings, "our Mission boys" have ample opportunity to work for God and souls. Many of them are real soul winners, too, and many a self-denying

* This home has to be central, and would take much more money but if I had learned the lessons at that time, I have learned since, I believe I would have dug a cellar and started.

dime or dollar is thrown in from their hard earnings for the support of the work.

It may be one of God's distinctive movements for young women to preach the gospel and win souls; I do not know, but I do know His grace makes them faithful and efficient, and "out of weakness they are made strong."

The sending and placing and supervision of these girls naturally falls to me, and I have a direct calling on that line. If any devoted women or girls want an open door to work for Jesus, be free to write to me, for I know many places just waiting for laborers, and the time is short.

I have often heard that all mothers think their own children the best, and I know their Missionary mother thinks there are no bairns quite like our Peniel girls. Beloved, pray for us, that this humble agency may abundantly glorify our God. This is all our heart's desire. Perhaps I ought to add for the encouragement of some tried fellow-laborer that the difficulties have been great, and, as is usually the case, the greatest have not been even suspected, but the gracious Lord has gently carried us through. For His glory let me state that this work was never planned by any human being, so far as I know. A divine pressure kept pushing us out, and is pushing still, and where we have listened carefully to His voice, got our orders clear, and followed the details of His "pattern," though trials have arisen, we have only needed to hold steadily on, and watch the Lord make a way, but when we were not clear, and leaned to our own

understanding or any one's else, we got into lots of trouble. Do you wonder we feel our dependence upon God, and are determined by His grace to follow the Lord FULLY. I do not refer to any wilful waywardness; there was none of that, but only to a lack of clearness and carefulness.

While part of this article was in print, through one of the eastern gates to the golden city, Anna M. Leach went from India, April 23, 1899, the first of the Peniel missionaries to enter the presence of the King. Brave, true and like Jesus, we can not express how much we miss this precious one. On May 22nd, almost a month later, Beth Thompson followed from California. Young, gifted and faithful, she laid down the cross for the crown.

In closing I want to confess that the personal reference in this record has been a real pain to me. I just had to die to it. Every Mission and every Missionary seems to have passed through my own heart and hands, and how else to write this history I did not know. The glory is all the Lord's the defects are all ours, and while the management, correspondence and personal dealing has fallen to me, naturally, I suppose, as the workers are precious *girls*, yet the service rendered by my dear husband, Mr. Studd, the dear girls themselves and many, many others who labor and give and pray, is all known to God and will not fail of its reward. I have not meant to slight anybody, all the more because my own little part has been done in weakness on every line, but it has also been done in love, and has given me unspeakable joy.

Beloved, pray for us. Expenses are heavy. Fares alone to different fields have run into thousands of dollars. Many places are calling for help and new missions, and work seems to be increasing more than workers. Pray for laborers, and for us, that we may be found faithful to our trust. *Faithful, faithful* that is our hearts' great big desire, that God may be glorified and we may finish the work He has given us to do.

Psalm 25:22: Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee: He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved.

Psalm 37:35, 36: The wicked borroweth, and payeth not again; but the righteous showeth mercy, and giveth; I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree. Yet he passed away, and lo, he was not: yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.

Psalm 56:3: What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee.

Psalm 12:2, 3, 5, 6, 9: Praise ye the Lord. Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord that delighteth greatly in his commandments. His seed shall be mighty upon earth: the generation of the upright shall be blessed; wealth and riches shall be in his house: and his righteousness endureth forever. A good man showeth favor, and lendeth: he will guide his affairs with discretion; Surely he shall not be moved forever: the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance. He hath dispersed, he hath given to the poor; his righteousness endureth forever; his horn shall be exalted with honor.

Psalm 41:2, 3, 5, 6, 9: Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble; The Lord will preserve him, and keep him alive; and he shall be blessed upon the earth: and thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies. The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing: thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness.

SACRIFICE

I leave my sweet home in this land of the dying,
 That many may dwell where no homeless are crying,
 Earth's comforts and friendships and loved ones denying,
 For love of the Lord and the lost. [me,
 O frail human heart, though thou sometimes wouldst fail
 Temptations to ease and to comforts assail thee,
 The songs of the rescued in heaven shall regale thee,
 I'll win them, whatever the cost.

How lonesome the pathway that Jesus went over,
 On sea and on mountain and desert a rover;
 No roof but the ether His tired form to cover,
 No home where to lay His dear head.
 So misunderstood e'en by those who revere Him,
 How lonely His heart when the thousands stood near Him,
 How little He found in the dark world to cheer Him,
 How weary the life that He led.

To tread our rough streets He left those that were golden,
 Unrecognized, walking 'mid eyes that were holden,
 That perishing lambs to His heart might be folden,
 He wandered and suffered and died.
 O love so unselfish, thy zeal has inspired me;
 I'm glad, as a laborer, that love ever hired me,
 Ashamed at Thy feet that the cross ever tired me,
 I choose the lone way Thou hast tried.

It might be a pathway less lone and laborious
 Would lead just *myself* out of danger, victorious,
 But I want to win souls for the mansions all glorious,
 Win thousands for God and for home.
 For this let me wake while companions are sleeping,
 For this, while they laugh, at the altar be weeping,
 For this, while they rest, in the harvest be reaping.
 That loaded with sheaves I may come.

I die to the good things, for Jesus is calling,
 I die to myself to save others from falling,
 "I will not go free" when the yoke that is galling
 Is keeping the millions from rest.
 But—wonders of grace—how my soul is receiving!
 To keep was to lose; I got ALL by my giving;
 I lost my own life, but I ne'er had such living;
 The joy of my Lord is the best.

—M. P. FERGUSON.

“THE MAN THAT DIED FOR ME.”

BY MRS. J. K. BARNEY.

Him that cometh unto me I will in nowise cast out. John 6:37. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved. Acts 16:31.

Many years ago, I wanted to go as a foreign missionary, but my way seemed hedged about and as the years came and went, I went to live on the Pacific Coast. Life was rough in the mining country where I lived. I heard of a man who lived over the hills and was dying of consumption, and they said: “He is so vile no one can stand it to stay with him, so the boys place some food by him and leave him for twenty-four hours.” And added, “They’ll find him dead sometime, and the quicker the better. *Never had a soul I guess.*”

The pity of it all haunted me as I went about my work, and I tried for three days to get some one to go and see him and find out if he was in need of better care. As I turned from the last man, vexed with his indifference, the thought came to me, “Why don’t you go yourself? Here’s missionary work if you want it.” It had not occurred to me before that I could go.

I’ll not tell how I weighed the probable uselessness of my going, or how I shrank from one so vile as he. It wasn’t the kind of work I wanted.

At last one day I went over the hills to the little adobe cabin. It was just one room. The door stood open and up in one corner on some straw and colored blankets I found the dying man. Sin had left awful marks on his face, and if I had not heard that he could not move, I should have retreated hastily. As my shadow fell over the floor, he looked up and greeted me with a dreadful oath. I stepped forward a little and there came another oath. "Don't speak so, my friend," I said. "I ain't your friend. I ain't got any friends," he said. "Well, I'm yours and"—but the oaths came thickly as he said, "You ain't my friend. I never had any friends and I don't want any now."

I reached out at arm's length, the fruit I had brought him, and stepping back to the doorway I asked him if he remembered his mother, hoping to find a tender place in his heart; but he cursed her. I asked him if he ever had a wife, and he cursed her. I spoke of God, and he cursed Him. I tried to speak of Jesus and His death for us, but he stopped me with his oaths and said, "That's all a lie. Nobody ever died for others."

I went away discouraged. I said to myself, "I knew it was no use." The next day I went back again, and I went every day for two weeks, but he did not show the gratitude a dog would have shown.

At the end of that time I said, "I'm not going any more." That night when I was putting my little boys to bed, I did not pray for the miner as I had been accustomed to do. My little Charley noticed it

and said, "Mamma you did not pray for the bad man."

"No," I answered with a sigh.

"Have you given him up Mamma?"

"Yes, I guess so."

"Has God given him up, Mamma? Ought you to give him up before God does?"

That night I could not sleep. The man dying, and so vile, with *no one to care*. I got up and went away by myself to pray, but the moment I touched my knees I was overpowered by the sense of how little meaning there had been to my prayers. I had had no faith, and I had *not really cared*, beyond a kind of half-hearted sentiment. *Oh, the shame, the sham* of my missionary zeal! I fell on my face literally, as I cried, "Oh, Christ, give me a little *glimpse of the worth of a human soul*." Did you ever *ask that and mean it*? Don't do it unless you are willing to give up ease and selfish pleasure, for life will be a different thing to you after that revelation.

I stayed on my knees until Calvary became a reality to me. I can not describe those hours. They came and went unheeded, but I learned that night what I had never known before, what it was to *travail for a human soul*. I saw my Lord as I had never seen Him before. I stayed there until the answer came.

As I went back to my room my husband said, "How about your miner?" "He is going to be saved," I said. "How are you going to do it?" he asked. "The Lord is going to save him, and I don't know as I shall do anything about it," I replied.

The next morning brought a lesson in Christian work I had never learned before. I had waited on other days until the afternoon when, my work being all over, I could change my dress, put on my gloves and take a walk while the shadows were on the hill-sides. That day, the moment my little boys went off to school, I left my work and, without waiting for gloves or shadows, hurried over the hills, not to see "that vile wretch," but *to win a soul*. I thought the man *might die*. There was a human soul in the balance and I wanted to get there quickly.

As I passed on, a neighbor came out of her cabin and said, "I'll go over the hills with you, I guess."

I did not want her, but it was another lesson for me. God could plan better than I could. She had her little girl with her, and as we reached the cabin she said: "I'll wait out here, and you hurry, won't you?"

I do not know what I expected, but the man greeted me with an awful oath; but it did not hurt as it did before; for I was behind Christ, and I stayed there. I could bear what struck Him first.

While I was changing the basin of water and towel for him, things which I had done every day, and which he had used but never thanked me for, the clear laugh of the little girl rang out upon the air like a bird note. "What's that?" said the man eagerly.

"It's a little girl outside who is waiting for me."

"Would you mind letting her come in?" said he, in a different tone from any I had heard before.

Stepping to the door I beckoned to her and then taking her by the hand, said, "Come in and see the sick man, Mamie." She shrank back as she saw his face and said, "I'm 'fraid;" but I assured her with, "Poor, sick man, he can't get up and he wants to see you."

She looked like an angel; her face framed in golden curls and her eyes tender and pitiful. In her hand she held the flowers she had picked off the purple sage brush, and bending toward him she said: "I'm sorry for 'ou sick man won't 'ou have a posy?"

He laid his great bony hand beyond the flowers on the plump hand of the child, and the great tears came to his eyes, as he said, "I had a little girl once and *she died*. Her name was Mamie. *She cared for me*. Nobody else did. Guess I'd been different if she'd lived. I've hated everybody since she died."

I knew I had the key to the man's heart, and the thought came quickly, born of that midnight prayer service. "When I spoke of your mother and your wife, you cursed them, and I know now that they were not good women, or you could not dave done it, for I never knew a man who could curse a good mother."

"*Good women!* Oh, you don't know nothin' 'bout that kind of women. You can't *think* what they was."

"Well, if your little girl had lived and grown up with them, wouldn't she have been just like them? Would you have liked to have her live for that?"

He evidently had never thought of it, and his great eyes looked off for a full minute. As they came back

to mine he cried, "Oh! God, No! I'd *killed* her first. *I'm glad she died.*"

Reaching out and taking the poor hand I said, "The dear Lord didn't want her to be like them. He loved her even better than you did. So He took her away where she could be cared for by the angels. He is keeping her for you. Today she is waiting for you. Don't you want to see her again?"

"Oh, I'd be willing to be *burnt alive* a thousand times over, if I could just see my little gal once more, *my little Mamie.*"

Oh, friends, *you know* what a blessed story I had to tell that hour, and I had been so close to Calvary that night that I could tell it in earnest!

The poor face grew ashly pale as I talked, and the man threw up his arms as though his agony was mastering him. Two or three times he gasped as though losing breath. Then clutching me he said: "What's that, woman, you said t'other day 'bout talkin' to somebody out o' sight?"

"It's praying. I tell Him what I want."

"*Pray now, pray quick.* Tell Him I want my little gal again. Tell Him anything you want to."

I took the hands of the child, and placed them on the trembling hands of the man. Then dropping on my knees, with the child in front of me, I bade her pray for the man who had lost his little Mamie and wanted to see her again. As nearly as I remember, this was Mamie's prayer:

"Dear Jesus, this man is sick. He has lost his 'ittle girl and he feels bad about it. I'se so sorry for

him and he's so sorry, too. Won't You help him and show him where to find his 'ittle girl? Do, please. Amen."

Heaven seemed to open before us. There stood One with the prints of the nails in His hands and the wound in His side.

Mamie slipped away soon, but the man kept saying, "Tell Him more 'bout it, tell Him everything; but oh, *you* don't know." Then he poured out such a torrent of confession that I could not have borne it but for the One that was close to us that hour. *You* Christian Workers know how He reached out after that lost soul.

By and by the poor man grasped the strong hands. It was the third day when the poor tired soul turned from everything, to Him, the Mighty to save, "*The Man who died for me.*"

He lived on for weeks as if God would show how real was the change. I had been telling him one day about a meeting and he said, "I'd like to go to a meetin' once. I never went to one of them things."

So we planned a meeting and the boys came from the mills and the mines and filled the room.

"Now boys," said he "get down on your knees while she tells 'bout that Man that died for me."

I had been brought up to believe that a woman shouldn't speak in meeting; but I found myself talking, and I tried to tell the simple story of the cross. After awhile he said: "Oh, boys, you don't half believe it or you'd cry; you couldn't help it. Boys, raise me up. *I'd like to tell it once.*"

So they raised him up, and between his short breathing and coughing, he told the story. He had to use the language he knew.

"Boys," he said, "you know how the water runs down the sluice boxes and carries off all the dirt and leaves the gold behind. Well, the blood of that Man she tells about, went right over me, just like that; it carried off 'bout everything. But it left enough for me to see Mamie, and to see the Man that died for me. Oh, boys, *can't you love Him?*"

Some days after there came a look into his face that told the end had come. I had to leave him and I said, "What shall I say tonight, Jack?" "Just good night," he said. "What will you say to me when we meet again?" "I'll say, 'good morning,' up there."

The next morning the door was closed, and I found two of the boys sitting silently by a board stretched across two stools. They turned back the sheet from the dead and I looked on the face, which seemed to have come back nearer to the "image of God."

"I wish you could seen him when he went," they said. "Tell me about it." "Well, all at once he brightened up 'bout midnight an smilin' said, 'I'm goin', boys. Tell *her* I'm going to see Mamie. Tell *her* I'm goin' to see the *Man that died for me,*' an' he was gone."

Kneeling there, with my hands over those poor cold ones, that had been stained with human blood, I asked to come to understand more and more *the worth of a human soul* and to be drawn into deeper sympathy with Christ's yearning compassion, "Not willing that *any* should perish."

SPECIAL PROVIDENCES.

My God shall supply all your need according to **His** riches in glory by Christ Jesus.—Phil. 4:19.

“Then you don’t believe in a special providence, Mr. Macdonald?”

“Well, that is putting it rather baldly. Oh, yes, I think there is such a doctrine in the Bible—in fact, I remember several passages that seem to indicate it. But I should say they are more especially intended for those ‘unlucky dogs’ who are always in low water. Now, I have never needed them. Things have gone smoothly with me, and I ought to be very thankful; but, then, I am a great believer in the old saying (is it in the Bible, too?) ‘God helps those who help themselves;’” and Mr. Macdonald folded his plump hands and smiled complacently.

Mr. Gray looked at him with an expression of pity that needed the influence of his fine nature to preserve from a dash of contempt. He had called upon the prosperous merchant that bitterly cold winter’s morning to ask his help in a case of pressing need—almost starvation—and had been met with the usual platitudes about “the danger of indiscriminate giving,” and of “pauperizing people,” etc.—often a convenient barricade behind which selfishness and parsimony entrench themselves.

In bygone days Mr. Macdonald and he had been fellow members and workers in a Christian church, before riches increased and his friend’s heart had

been set upon them to his grave spiritual detriment. But Mr. Gray felt that this case of soul famine was more pitifully needy than even the cause he had come to plead.

"Am I interrupting any work just now?" he asked, "if not, I will give you an incident of my own experience."

"Oh, no, my dear fellow," said the other, visibly relieved by the change of subject; "you could not have come at a better time. I am quite glad of a chat with you, for it reminds me of old times—very pleasant ones they were," he added, with a tone of regret, "but as we get on in the world, new duties push out the old—a rising family, you see, and fresh social claims. But tell me this incident; I am sure it will be interesting."

"You say, 'God helps those who help themselves,'" Mr. Gray responded quietly. "I am sure He does. But sometimes that help comes in strange disguises, and tests the faith pretty sharply. There are many 'steps of bewilderment' in the path of life, and some stiff climbing: and though it develops muscle, we don't enjoy it while it lasts. I had a time like that a few years ago. I have never been a rich man, but neither my wife nor I troubled about that so long as we could pay our way and make the home bright, in an unpretending way, for the children. I do not think anyone could say I did not help myself, by real steady work and care, to keep down expenses; and my wife—well, I never could tell anyone how she helped me in that struggle.

"But I had what some call 'a run of bad luck.' A large stock of furniture like mine needs extensive premises, and I could not afford to pay the rent in the best thoroughfare; so men who could get more than their share of the trade. Still, I could have got along if people who bought my goods would have paid for them honestly, but some kept me waiting for years and others never paid me at all. Thus it came about that a bill for a heavy amount was falling due, and I did not know how to meet it.

"I shall never forget the terrible days I passed through when this difficulty faced me, and I could not see a way through it. Not to be able to pay my debts seemed to me worse than death, and for a time I clung firmly to the confidence that God would never permit such a disgrace to fall upon me. I knew that he could easily send some good customer my way—and, oh, how I did plead with him to do it. But so far as I could tell, there was no voice, nor any who regarded.

"It was a time of year when trade was always dull, and the days dragged on until I came to the very last one before the bill was due. I had never before kept a secret from my wife, but all this time I had hid this trouble from her, for I thought it would almost break her heart. However, at last I lost all hope, and grew so desperate that I think if I had not told her, my reason would have given way. After a long preamble, I had to tell her straight out; and then I was sorry I had not told her sooner, for though at first she turned so white that I thought she would

faint, she brightened up and, with a brave light in her eyes, said, 'Thomas, you haven't forgotten God?' 'No, but I think he must have forgotten us,' I was wicked enough to answer. 'No, dear,' she said, 'we know better than that. This is just the time he has warned us of and told us how to act in it: 'Call on me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee.' You know,' she went on, 'we can not always ask confidently for temporal relief, because it might not be good for us: but to be able to pay our just debts must be according to God's will, and so we will call on Him, and, Thomas, He will deliver us!' It amazed me to hear her talk so, for she was so retiring, and always seemed to lean on me in everything, and now she was my helper. But her words came with all the more power on that account, and my faith began to revive.

"We knelt down, and, as we prayed, all dread left me. I no longer saw my circumstances, I only saw my Deliverer. I knew from that time the meaning of the words, 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee,' for during the rest of the day all my burden was gone, and I found myself continually humming the familiar words,—

" 'March on then right boldly,
The sea shall divide.'

"I did not feel quite so restful and satisfied next morning, when the way still seemed shut in; yet as I went into the shop I had a curious feeling of wonder how God was going to divide the sea, for with a desperate faith, I believed He would do it.

"About 11 o'clock a well-dressed gentleman came in, and after inquiring in a business-like way for expensive pieces of furniture, selected one thing after another. Suddenly he said, 'I must not buy anything more this morning; if you will make out the bill I will write a check; but I hope it will not inconvenience you to keep the things until I need them, which may not be for a few weeks.'

"I was trembling so that I really could not write, but called a clerk. That morning I had gone carefully over my bank book and cash to see how much was still needed to meet the bill, and when the account was totalled, I saw that it came to the very amount required. I fairly broke down and greatly astonished my customer by bowing my head on the desk and bursting into tears. It was only a momentary weakness, and then I explained to him that his purchases that morning had been nothing short of a divine deliverance from a most pressing need. His benevolent countenance lighted up as he listened.

"'It is indeed, wonderful,' he said, 'for I must tell you that I have had your address in my pocket for several days, given to me by a friend who recommended you. But not needing the goods at once I almost forgot the matter until this morning. Being in the neighborhood, with an hour to spare between two appointments, my attention was suddenly attracted by your name, and I thought it would be a good opportunity to look at your stock.'"

Mr. Gray paused. "Thank you very much," Mr. Macdonald said, with a slight huskiness of tone.

"That story has done me good. I am afraid prosperity does materialize us a little, and it must almost be worth a little strain to see the hand of God stretched out like that. You might let me look at that subscription list again."

Mr. Gray took away with him a substantial proof of the "good" that had been done to his wealthy listener—a good that would be largely multiplied if there were fewer murmurs at the 'mysteries' of God's providence, and more joyous praise of His manifested love and guardian care.

HOW GOD ANSWERED MY PRAYER FOR NINETY DOLLARS.

"Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee and thou shalt glorify me."—Psa. 50:15.

"Suffice it then, I was in debt. I was owing the large sum (large for a poor home missionary) of \$90. Expecting soon to be called upon for the payment of it, and not seeing any way to meet it, *I went to the Lord with it.* Early in life I had made this resolution: that no man whom I was *owing* should ever ask me for money, and I not pay him; but now, I could see no way out; and if, as I expected, it should be demanded, I was not in a condition to meet it. Such was my condition when, on a certain day, the demand came. I took the letter from the office at noon. What now was to be done? Again I took the case to the Lord, and asked him to help me pay it, so that my word need not fail, or *his*

cause suffer reproach. I first determined to pay a part; but, as no letter could be sent out that day, I awaited the results of the day following. From the northern mail, which first arrived, I took a letter containing an unexpected draft of \$50 to my wife, from parties whom we did not know, and had never seen, nor they us. Within twenty minutes more I was presented with a *surprise* of \$40, from a people where I had preached for the six months past. Here was my \$90, and, before the mail went out, I had my letter written and in the mail. Both were as unexpected as if they had come from heaven direct."

CAST OUT INTO THE STREET, YET NOT FORSAKEN.

"Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble."—Psa. 41:1.

A piteous wail was heard on the street one day, and a poor Scotchman crossed over to see the trouble. A widow and three children sat on their few articles of household furniture. Put in the street, when they could no longer find five dollars for the rent of the kennel in which, for six months, they had not lived, but existed. He had just received five dollars for a piece of work, and was hurrying home with it to his sick wife, crippled mother and two children. He thought of the piece of meat—a long untasted luxury—he meant to buy; of the tea his mother so much craved, and hesitated. Could he give these up? But the streaming eyes of the children, and the mute

despair on the face of the mother, took down the scale. He ran several blocks and found an empty basement; hired it for four dollars; enlisted the sympathy and help of a colored boy to carry the furniture; put up the stove, bought a bundle of wood, pail of coal, and some provisions with the other dollar; held a little prayer-meeting on the spot, and left with the benedictions of the distressed ones filling his ears. The recital of his adventure obliterated for the time all sense of their own desires, and they thanked God together that their loss had been the widow's gain. The next morning, while taking their frugal meal, a tea dealer for whom this man frequently put up shelves, came to say he was short-handed, and if the Scotchman was not very busy, he would give him a regular position in his establishment, at a better salary than he could hope to earn. Meanwhile, hearing his wife was sick, he had brought her a couple of pounds of prime tea, and it occurred to him that venison steaks were a little out of the ordinary run of meat, and as he had a quantity at home, he brought a couple. Thus the Lord answered the prayer of the poor, and repaid the generous giver who sacrificed his money for the Lord.

A PRAYER FOR FIFTY DOLLARS.

"Cast all your care upon Him for He careth for you."—
I. Pet. 5:7.

A clergyman writes *The Christian* as follows:

"The winter of 1872 I spent in missionary work, carrying the glad tidings of the kingdom of God into

new fields in the 'regions beyond.' With my devoted wife, I labored ardently for the salvation of men 'from the wrath to come.' We were full of comfort to be thus engaged, though without pledge from man for support, or promised salary for preaching.

"In spite of our rigid economy, I had contracted some debts for the necessaries of life. I have since learned to go without what the Lord does not provide means to pay for at once. I needed the money to pay the debts, and felt impressed to pray for fifty dollars. I said to my wife: '*I am going to pray for fifty dollars.*' 'Well,' said she, 'I will join you;' and we bowed before God and told Him our needs, and unitedly asked Him for fifty dollars; so that we might not bring ourselves or the truth we preached, into reproach, by being unable to pay debts. We were agreed in asking, and thus claiming the promise: 'If two of you shall agree as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven.' (Matthew 18:19). We had the assurance that money would come; but from whence we did not know, nor care, for we knew the 'silver and gold' are the Lord's, as well as 'the cattle upon a thousand hills,' and He could easily cause some one to give or send us the money.

"We felt full of peace; for we knew it was for God's glory to answer that prayer. No one outside of the family knew we were praying for money. We did not go around among our friends and tell them we were praying for fifty dollars, in hopes that they

would take it upon themselves to answer the prayer. We told none but the God whom we serve.

"Some little time passed, and no money came, but we did not lose our faith or assurance. One morning, at family prayer, I was led out to pray that we might see the Lord's working in our behalf that day, and I rose from my knees with perfect confidence that our hearts would be made to rejoice in God that day. When I came in to my dinner I asked my wife if any one had brought our mail from the postoffice. She said, 'Yes there are some papers on your table.'

"'What!' said I, with surprise, 'no letters?' I saw a peculiar expression on her countenance, and I asked no more questions, but sat down to the dinner table and turned over my plate, and there saw a letter she had put beneath it; and as soon as I saw the handwriting I felt, there is money in this, though of all sources, this was from the one least expected. I opened the letter, and there was a draft for *fifty dollars* 'a gift to aid in preaching the gospel.' If I ever recognized the hand of God in anything, I did in this; and if there was ever a time of devout thanksgiving to God and a humbling of self before Him in my house, it was that day. Since then, it has been easier to trust in Him than before. He has said, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.' He has also said, through his apostle, 'Be careful for nothing; but in everything, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God.'"

THE DRUMMER'S DREAM.

Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed. Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart. Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.—Psalm 37:3-5.

"I am not a strong believer in dreams," the drug drummer remarked as he drew his chair closer to the stove, "but I can tell a circumstance that happened to me a few years ago, which has remained a mystery to me to this day. I will relate it to you if you care to hear it." I nodded my assent and he began:

"I have been traveling for a large wholesale drug company in St. Louis for a number of years, and I have met all sorts of customers and have had a varied experience with many of my patrons. On my run in the Southwest I had one very particular old friend whom I will call Brother Benton, because everybody in his section called him by that name. He nearly always had an order for me, but whether he did or not I always felt better after having made my call on account of his cheerful ways and pleasant words. I could only see my customers twice a year, at best, and I looked forward to my visit to this old customer as one of my rest days. On one visit I sold him a much larger bill than he ever made before, but I had no hesitancy in recommending the house to fill the order. I had learned that he was universally loved and respected in his town as a sincere Christian. He would not keep ardent spirits, nor would he hear for

one minute to giving space in his house for tobacco in any shape. 'My church,' said he, 'condemns both whisky and tobacco, and I will have nothing to do with them.' No amount of persuading and liberal terms and discounts could induce him to deviate from his rule. About six months after I had sold him the large bill, I was notified by the house that the bill was unpaid, and that I should call as soon as possible and collect it. I hastened over my territory and called in person to see after the matter. I found a new face behind the counter, and I learned that a short time after I sold the bill my old friend had taken the smallpox, and he and his family had been under quarantine for a long time. His sickness had lasted for several months and he was still confined at his home with the measles. I did not see him, but he sent me word that matters would come up all right in the end.

"To make a long story short, he had suffered more losses than he thought, and six months went by and still the bill was not paid. I wrote the house and told them the condition of affairs, and they were holding up all proceedings against him. Six months went by again, and I was ordered to go at once and collect the bill or to enter suit. I had but one thing to do, though I confess I had some rebellious thoughts. The night before I arrived at his town, I spent several weary hours rolling and tossing on my bed, trying to contrive some plan to avoid closing out my old friend. He lived some eight miles from the railroad, and I should see him on the morrow. I

knew that if I brought suit in all probability others would do the same, and a good man would go to the wall for no fault of his own. While tossing on my bed—I must have fallen asleep. I thought that I had called upon my old friend, and we were sitting in his family room with all his family about him. He turned to me and said: ‘We are just about to have our morning prayers, and we shall be glad to have you join with us.’ I replied, ‘With pleasure.’ He announced that he would read the twenty-third Psalm. He began to read, but I was astonished at the words I heard. I had learned that Psalm in Sunday-school when a boy, and while I had not read my Bible as much as I should have done, still I will never forget that ‘the Lord is my shepherd.’ The words were read in a round, clear voice, and my heart rejoiced, though I had never heard it that way before. He read:

“The Lord is my banker; I shall not fail.

He maketh me to lie down on gold mines: he giveth me the combination of his tills;

He restoreth my credit: he showeth me how to avoid lawsuits for his name’s sake.

Yea, though I walk in the very shadow of debts, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy silver and thy gold they rescue me.

Thou preparest a way for me in the presence of the collector; thou fillest my barrels with oil; my measure runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will do business in the name of the Lord forever.’

“Having read this Scripture he knelt down and prayed. I thought I had never heard such a prayer in all my life. He fairly took my breath from me when he asked his heavenly Father to bless me, his friend. With his amen I awoke with a start. I concluded that I would call on my old friend early in the morning at his own home. I arose in time to procure a team and was knocking at his door just as the sun was coming over the eastern horizon. He met me at the door with a hearty hand-shake and said:

“Come in; come right in. We are just going to have our morning prayers, and we shall be glad for you to join us.’ He took me into his family room, and there he introduced his wife and children. He took up his Bible and said: ‘We will read the twenty-third Psalm.’ He read it in a rich and clear voice, but read it as it is written in the book. I cannot tell you my feelings and thoughts while he read. It was not wholly unexpected, yet I could not explain it. After reading his lesson he invited us to kneel with him. In a very humble prayer he made known his wishes, but it did not sound like the one I had heard in my dream, though he appeared to go over the same thoughts. In addition he told the Lord that he owed some money, and that it was past due, and he asked that a way might be opened for him to pay it that very day. He then prayed for me, and while on my knees I resolved that for one time in my life I would disobey orders. I felt sure that my old friend would not be closed up by me at this time.

“After prayers we both went direct to the drug store and just as we entered the door a young man met us and said: ‘Brother Benton, father sent me over here this morning to tell you that he would take that house and lot you spoke to him about a few days ago. He told me to hand you this money and that he would pay the balance on delivery of the deed.’ The old man received the roll of bills, and tears began to roll down his cheeks as he turned away. He wrote the young man a receipt for the money and gave it to him. He then turned to his ledger and began to figure. He turned to me and said, ‘Will you please receipt this statement?’ I saw that he had added all the past interest on the bill, and I told him that the house had instructed me to remit the interest. He declined to receive it and said he desired to pay all of his just debts. I took the money reluctantly and sent it in. The house wrote him a very complimentary letter, thanking him for the remittance. Today no order from my territory receives any closer attention by the house than my old friend’s. In a great measure my dream came to pass, though as I said in the beginning, I am not a strong believer in dreams. Can you tell me why I had such a queer dream?”

“At the time you were tossing on your bed,” I said, “your old friend was on his knees in his closet pleading with his Banker for a loan. I am very much gratified to know that he got it.” “So am I,” said the drummer.—*Rev. J. W. Pearson, in Cumberland Magazine.*

THE HEALING OF MARY THEOBALD.

“Himself bare our sickness.”—Matt. 8:17.

The following incident is related by her pastor, at Woburn, Mass., who, for three and a half years, was well acquainted with her physical condition, and who testified, in *The Congregationalist*, that no medicine, or physician’s aid or advice, was of any avail:

“From the first of my acquaintance to the last, she had an unswerving confidence in her recovery. Many times she said to me: ‘I believe I shall be well. Jesus will raise me up. I shall hear you preach some day.’

“But, in common with the friends who were watching her case, and with the physicians who had exhausted their skill upon her in vain, I had little or no hope for her. It seemed to me that her life was to be one of suffering; that God was keeping her with us that we might have a heroic example of what His grace could enable one to bear and to become.

“A few days ago I received from her lips the following statement of the origin and progress of her sickness: ‘My first sickness occurred when I was about sixteen years old. This illness lasted for a year. Indeed, I was never well again. That sickness left me with a very bad humor, which for two years kept me covered with boils. When the boils disappeared, the trouble was internal. Physicians feared a cancer. For ten years I was sick, more or less—sometimes able to work, sometimes utterly prostrate.

“‘My second severe illness began in the Autumn of 1871. I had been failing for two years. Then I was obliged to give up. I was on the bed five months

From this illness I never recovered so as to labor or walk abroad. When not confined to my bed, I have been on the lounge, as you have known me. No one can ever know the suffering these years brought me.'

"My acquaintance with her began in the Spring of 1873. Several times since I have known her, she has been carried so low that we have thought her release near at hand; and, indeed, the general tendency has been downward. I recently asked an intelligent physician, who had attended her for a year or more, to give me the facts in the case. He replied: 'She is diseased throughout. Her system is thoroughly soured. It responds to nothing. Almost every function is abnormal. There is no help for her in medicine.' Other physicians had tried their skill with the same result. It was generally admitted by doctors, friends and family, that nothing more could be done for her. While all saw only suffering and an early death in store for her, yet she confidently expected to be well, and her faith never waned.

"It was her custom to spend a few weeks each year in the family of one of the sisters in the church. At her last visit, it was evident to this lady that Mary was not so well as in former years. One day, when conversation turned upon this topic, she felt constrained to express her fears. But Mary was hopeful. A proposition was made, and arrangements were perfected to visit Dr. Cullis, to secure the benefit of his prayers. But her feebleness was so great that the plan was abandoned. 'If,' said Mrs. F., 'faith is to cure, why go to Dr. Cullis, or to any one?'

Let us go to God ourselves; and, Mary, if you have faith that God can and will cure you sometime, why not believe that He will *cure you now?*

"She felt herself cast on God alone. All hope of human help was at an end. She had thought it, hitherto, enough **patiently** to wait His time. She saw that, after all, she must not dishonor God by limiting His power. Again her Bible opened to the familiar passages, '*the prayer of faith shall save the sick;*' '*according to your faith be it unto you.*' She felt that the time for testing her faith had come. She would dishonor the Lord no longer. Requesting the prayers of the family that God would now grant healing and restoration, she tottered to her couch, and asking that in the morning she might be well, calmly closed her eyes in the assurance that it would be so. *And according to her faith, so it was. She came forth in the morning without a remnant of the pain which had filled a decade of years with agony.* That Sabbath was to her, indeed, 'a high day.' A week later the frequent prophecy that she should **hear** me preach was fulfilled.

"*Not a vestige of suffering remained.* So far as that is concerned, there was not a hint left that she had been an invalid for almost a score of years.

"*She immediately took her place in the family as a well person.* Two days after, I saw her. She came to meet me with a step light and strong, and with a face written all over with thankfulness and joy. Since that time all the abandoned duties of active life have been resumed. When last I saw her, she

was in bounding health and spirits, declaring that she could not remember when she had felt so happy and well. That night—one of the coldest of the winter, the roads at their iciest—she walked more than half a mile to and from the prayer-meeting.

“It is difficult for those who are not conversant with the case to believe it, yet there is no illusion in it. *That she went to sleep a suffering, feeble, shattered woman, and awoke free from pain, and that she has been gaining in strength ever since, are facts that can not be doubted.*”

EXACTLY EIGHTY DOLLARS—“THEY ARE SAFE THAT TRUST IN THEE.”

“Ask and it shall be given you.—”Matt. 7:2.

A clergyman somewhat advanced in years recently related to a correspondent of *The Messenger* an incident in his own life, which well illustrates the provident care of our heavenly Father over His children.

“His first church was at V——, and, though he labored diligently, working with his own hands for his support, he became eighty dollars in debt. It was a grievous burden, and all his efforts to remove it proved unavailing. One day, when he felt especially cast down, he retired to pray over the matter, and on his knees he besought the Lord to aid, as he despaired of help from any other source. He felt strengthened and hopeful when he left his closet, and entered his church on Sabbath morning with a lighter heart than usual. As he passed the door a young lady met him, and placed in his hand *fifty*

dollars, saying that *twenty* was to go for the Sabbath-school library, and the remaining *thirty* was for himself. He was so surprised that he scarcely trusted his senses, and asked her not less than three times, that he might not be mistaken. As he preached that day, God seemed 'a very present help.' At the close of the service, a young man noted for his free-hearted, impulsive character, stepped up and requested that he would perform a marriage ceremony for him the next week. He did so, and received a bill, which he placed in his pocket, and, on looking at it afterwards found it *fifty dollars*, thus making up *exactly the eighty* he had prayed the Lord to send him."

We too often forget that God is as willing to listen to our temporal wants as to our spiritual, and that "no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly."

BISHOP SIMPSON'S RECOVERY.

"The prayer of faith shall save the sick."—James 5:16.

Bishop Bowman gives the following instance from his own experience:

"In the Fall of 1858, whilst visiting Indiana, I was at an annual conference where Bishop Janes presided. We received a telegram that Bishop Simpson was dying. Said Bishop Janes, 'Let us spend a few moments in earnest prayer for the recovery of Bishop Simpson.' We kneeled to pray. William Taylor, the great California street preacher, was called to pray, and such a prayer I never heard since. The impression seized upon me irresistibly, *Bishop Simpson will not die*. I

rose from my knees perfectly quiet. Said I, 'Bishop Simpson will not die.' 'Why do you think so?' 'Because I have had an *irresistible impression* made upon my mind during this prayer.' Another said, 'I have the same impression.' We passed it along from bench to bench, until we found that a very large proportion of the conference had the same impression. I made a minute of the time of day, and when I next saw Simpson, he was attending to his daily labor. I inquired of the Bishop, 'How did you recover from your sickness?' He replied, 'I can not tell.' 'What did your physician say?' 'He said it was a miracle.' I then said to the Bishop, 'Give me the time and circumstances under which the change occurred.' He fixed upon the day, and *the very hour*, making allowance for the distance—a thousand miles away—that the preachers were engaged in prayer at this conference. The physician left his room and said to his wife, 'It is useless to do anything further, the Bishop must die.' In about an hour, he returned and started back, inquiring, 'What have you done?' 'Nothing,' was the reply. 'He is recovering rapidly,' said the physician; 'a change has occurred in the disease in the last hour beyond anything I have ever seen; the crisis is past, the Bishop will recover.' And he did.'

The doctor was puzzled; it was beyond all the course and probabilities of nature and the laws of science. What was it that made those ministers so sure; what was it that made the patient recover, at the exact hour that they prayed? There is only one answer, "*The ever living Power of a Superior Spirit which rules the world.*"

"SOMETHING IN CHRISTIANITY AFTER ALL."

An aristocratic, cultured lady was converted, and it was a genuine conversion. Immediately she dropped her worldliness, revolutionized her household, and altered her gay attire. Instead of the theatre, concert, or ball room, night after night she was found at the mission service, the prayer meeting, or Bible reading.

When her husband found out that his beautiful wife was really in earnest, he persecuted her, and stung her with bitter reproaches, which, unfortunately, too frequently aroused her passionate temper, or occasioned an angry retort. Instead of being less irritable, she became more so, and knew not that she was undermining her influence with her husband and household.

'Why were not her prayers answered for them?' she asked herself again and again. 'Why was there not more blessing resulting from service rendered?' 'Why was she not making progress in the divine life?'

One day, God used her husband's bitter words to teach her why. 'When your Christ can do something more for you, Isabel,' he said, 'I may let Him try to do something for me—not before.'

'Wherein do I fail most?' she asked. 'In you temper and tongue, which are sourer than when I first knew you. You come home from your preachings and prayer-meetings, and conventions, but your talk about holiness

is all cant; for I have watched you, and ten chances to one you are more irritable the next morning than ever, and more uncharitable against Mrs. B. who was at the ball instead of the convention, and more exacting with those wretched domestics. There is no reality in the thing, and I liked you better before.' 'Is this really so?' she asked herself when alone. 'If so, O God, forgive me,' was the sob which burst from her lips. 'What! is it possible that my hastiness may be keeping my husband from God? How terrible! Away with it, Lord! Give me, I pray Thee, victory over all sin.' God answered her prayer; but the testing time had yet to come.

When her husband found persecution no longer irritated her, he let jealousy get the better of him—jealousy of their little lad, their only child, who monopolized so much of his mother's time, and filled a large place in her loving heart. The child almost idolized his mother. He was never happier than when her tender arms were nursing him, and her sweet voice singing to him the hymns he loved so well. Suddenly he became much worse, and of course needed his mother more; but the father's wicked jealousy insisted that the child could be left with the nurse very well, and that his wife's evenings should be spent with him. Mrs. N.'s uncomplaining compliance with her husband's wishes seemed, however, rather to irritate than satisfy him, and it needed much grace to answer not a word. But her gentleness, forbearance and Christ-like silence when provoked was making headway in the home, and in the hearts of those by whom she was surrounded.

One evening, when Mr. N. returned home irritable

and morose—perhaps the worse of wine—she was singing softly, ‘There’s a beautiful land on high.’ The patient little sufferer had just said, ‘I’d like to be there, mother, if I could take you with me,’ when Mr. N. entered the nursery and said irritably, ‘Put that child down, Isabel. Norton has come home to dinner, and you are to come and entertain him.’ ‘Our little laddie is worse, Edgar,’ she said, ‘may I not stay with him?’ ‘No;’ and taking him roughly from her knee he handed the child to the nurse. ‘All nonsense about his being worse.’ But, as he spoke, a loud moan escaped the lad’s lips. His father had caught his head accidentally against the corner of the table, and he cried out piteously to go back to his mother again. “The child is not hurt much, Isabel; leave him at once, and come and attend to my guest.”

With an aching heart Mrs. N. obeyed, trembling lest the blow might prove serious. Before dinner was over she was summoned to the nursery. The child was worse. Both the doctors had been sent for, and they shook their heads at his condition. “It was not so much the blow,” they said, for it was very slight, but the crying for his mother, and the grief of the little heart over his father’s neglect of him, which had seriously affected him.

In the midst of the confusion and excitement Mr. N. went out with his friend, heedless of the message which had been sent to him from the nursery to come and see the child. He did not return until long after midnight. About midnight his little laddie died. Isabel N. was childless. There she knelt alone by the bedside, where lay her little darling’s lifeless form. He had gone to that “beautiful land on high;” but she was be-

rest of that little, clinging, loving form. Would it be possible to describe her feelings, or to understand the conflict through which she was passing? As she knelt, giving vent at first to wild sobs of grief, the Refiner was looking on—watching intently to see the effect of the fire through which He was causing His child to pass. Would it burn up the dross? And subdue the will?

Oh, how it gladdened His heart to finally hear, in tremulous tones, “O Lord, it is hard! It is hard! and I can hardly bear it; but Thy will be done. Bind up my broken heart, Lord. Help me to forgive my husband.”

A few minutes later his step was heard in the hall, and Mrs. N. knew the butler would tell his master all that had happened. The grief-stricken woman listened for him to come to her at once; but she heard him enter the library and shut the door. In the stillness which followed, she cried unto the Lord for guidance and strength. Pride said, “Let him come to me—he has wronged both you and the child;” but Love said, “Go to him—be the first to forgive.” Love conquered, thanks be to God.

Mr. N. was sitting by the table, his head buried in his hands, when he heard the library door open, and in another moment felt his wife’s loving arms encircling his neck, and her lips pressed to his heated brow, while a voice of gentle sweetness said, “The Lord Jesus has taken our darling to be with him, Edgar; but I will love you more, dear.’ No stinging reproaches—no hard, hasty words—not even a tender rebuke. The man could hardly believe he heard aright. What a miracle! what wonderful love! yes, and that love broke his heart.

'Come upstairs and see our boy, Edgar.' Without speaking he followed her. While the two knelt alone in that still room, and her tremulous voice pleaded that the sorrow might be sanctified, and that one day they two might join their little one in the better land, the proud, stubborn man yielded his heart to his God. When he arose he said calmly, 'Isabel, Christ has done so much for you, dear, that I mean to ask Him to do as much for me. There is something in Christianity after all.'

Something! There is everything—yes, everything. And if we would only let the Lord have His way with us at the outset, and work through us mightily, these husbands of ours, these children of ours, these servants, and many outside would be won to Him by that all-conquering power. It need not be years of impotence and failure—years of lost opportunity and regret. '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 xv. 7. Christ can and will keep us if we abide in Him. He can give us the victory over sin and self. We suffer greatly and sin greatly by not trusting moment by moment, to His wonderful keeping power, and letting him rule us, and fit us to shine as bright and beautiful lights for Him. 'Ask what ye will.' Is there anything to hinder our asking now?

To be 'Out and out,' we must be 'Through and through,' and not have it said of us, 'Ephraim hath grey hairs and he knoweth it not.' 'God will help us, and that right early.'—Mrs. W. Searle.

CARLETTA.

Two gentlemen were conversing together. One of them, John H., did not believe in the religion of the Lord Jesus. As they walked along in the city, on a dark, rainy night, returning from their business, for they were merchants, their conversation turned upon religious subjects.

Mr. H. remarked:

"If I could have your faith, friend B., I should be glad; but I was born a sceptic. I cannot help doubting. I cannot look upon God and the future as you do. Prayer is but the result of superstition. I have been hardened in unbelief for thirty years, and expect to die as I have lived."

"But," replied his Christian friend, "God can change a sceptic's heart. He has more power over your heart than you have, and I mean to pray for you."

They stepped into an elegant dining room to get some supper. They had nearly finished their supper, when a strain of music came through the open door.

"Upon my word, that's pretty," said H. "There is great purity in those tones."

Just then they saw the shadow of a child, and at the same moment, they heard the waiter of the saloon say, "Out of here, you little baggage."

Said H., "Let her come in." They drew her into one corner of the long dining hall. On her slight figure she

had a thin dress and a patched, old cloak. Her head was covered with a ragged hood and on her feet were a pair of shoes from which her little toes peeped out.

Her cheek was of olive darkness, but a flush rested there; and out of the thinnest face, under the arch of broad temples, looked two eyes whose softness would have touched the hardest heart.

"That little thing is sick, I believe. What do you sing, child?" he added.

"I sing you Italian, or little English," she said softly.

H. had been looking at her shoes. "Why!" he exclaimed, and his lip quivered, "her feet are wet to her ankles."

By this time the child had begun to sing, pushing back her hood and folding up her little thin fingers. Her voice was wonderful, and simple and common as were both air and words the pathos of the tones drew together several other persons. The little song commenced thus:

*"There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day."* ,

Never could the voice, or the manner, of that child be forgotten, and when she finished her great speaking eyes turned toward H.

"Look here, child, where did you learn that song?" he asked.

"In Sabbath school, sir."

"And you don't suppose there is a happy land?"

"I know there is; I'm going to sing there," she said, so decidedly that the men looked at each other.

"Going to sing there?"

"Yes, sir. My mother said so. She used to sing to me until she was sick."

"Well—and what then?"

"And then she died, sir," said the child, tears brimming up and over on the dark cheek, now flushed scarlet.

John H. was silent for a few moments. Presently he said."

"Well, if she died, my little girl, you may live, you know."

"O no, sir! no, sir!" very quickly, "I'd rather go there, and be with mother. Sometimes I have a dreadful pain in my side, and cough as she did. There won't be any pain up there, sir; it's a beautiful world!"

"How do you know?" faltered on the lips of the sceptic.

"My mother told me so."

John H., too, once had a praying mother. His chest labored for a moment—the sobs that struggled for utterance could be heard, even in their deeps—and still those large, soft, lustrous eyes, like magnets, impelled his glance toward them.

"Child you must have a pair of shoes."

Several hands were thrust in pockets, purses were pulled out, and the astonished child held in her little palm more money than she had ever seen before.

"Her father is a poor consumptive organ-grinder," whispered one. "I suppose he's too sick to be out to-night."

Along the sloppy streets went the child under the protection of H., but not with shoes that drank the water at every step. Soon she had on good new shoes. Warmth and comfort were hers. Down in the deep, den-like lanes of the city walked the man, a little, cold, child-hand in his. At an open, broken door they stopped; up broken and creaking stairs they climbed. At last another doorway opened, a wheezing voice called out of the dim arch, "Carletta."

"O father! see what I have brought you! Look at me! look at me!" and down went the hoarded silver, and, venting her excessive joy, the child fell, crying and laughing together, into the man's arms.

"Did he give you all this, Carletta?"

"They all did, father; now you shall have soup and oranges."

"Thank you, sir," said the father addressing himself to H., who had entered just behind the child. "I'm sick, you see—all gone, sir—had to send the poor child out, or we'd starve, sir. God bless you, sir! I wish I was well enough to play you a tune," and he looked wistfully toward the corner where stood the old organ.

These gentlemen provided for Carletta. One day they met again, by agreement, and walked slowly down town. They came to the gloomy building where lived Carletta's father.

No, not lived there; for as they paused a moment, out came two or three men bearing a pine coffin. In the coffin, the top nailed down so that no mourner might open, slept the old organ-grinder.

"It was very sudden, sir," said a woman who recog-

nized his benefactor. "Yesterday the little girl was sick, and it seemed as if he dropped right away."

The two men went silently upstairs. The room was empty of everything save a bed, a chair, and a nurse, provided by H. The child lay there, not white, but pale as marble, with a strange polish on her brow.

"Well, my little one, so you are no better?"

"Oh, no sir! father is gone up there, and I'm going."

Up there! H. turned unconsciously toward his friend.

"I wish I could sing for you," she said, and her little hands flew together.

"Do you wish to sing?"

"Oh, so much! but it hurts me. It won't hurt me up there, will it?" Where was the child looking that there seemed such wonder in her eyes?

"Did you ever hear of Jesus?" asked B.

"Oh, yes!"

"B., this breaks me down," said H., and he placed his handkerchief to his eyes.

"Don't cry, don't cry; I can't cry, I'm so glad!" said the child exultingly, and she looked up as if heaven's light were already dawning on her.

"What are you glad for?" asked B.

"To get away from here," she said deliberately. "I used to be so cold in the long winters, for we didn't have fire sometimes; but mother used to hug me close and sing about heaven. But I did have to go out, because they were sick; and people looked cross at me and told me I was in the way; but some were kind to me. Mother told me never to mind, when I came home crying, and

kissed me and told me if I trusted in Jesus, who had died on the cross for me, He would save me, and one of these days would give me a better home; and so I gave myself to Him, for I wanted a better home. And oh, I shall sing there and be so happy."

With a little sigh she closed her eyes.

"H., are faith and hope nothing?" asked B., pointing to the little face taking on such strange beauty, as death breathed icily over it.

"Don't speak to me, B.; to be as that little child, I would give all I am worth," was the broken response.

"And to be like her you need give nothing—only your stubborn will, your sceptical doubts, and the heart that will never know rest till it finds it at the feet of Christ. O, my friend, resolve, by the side of this little child, who is so soon to be 'singing in heaven,' that you will be a follower of my Savior. Let reason bow here, before simple, trusting faith."

There was no answer. Quietly they sat there in the deepening shadows. The hospital doctor came in, stood off a little way, shook his head. It needed no close inspection to see what was going on.

Presently the hands moved, the arms were raised, the eyes opened—yet, glazed though they were, they turned still upward.

"See! see!" she cried. "Oh, there is mother; and there are the angels! and they are all singing."

Her voice faltered, her arms fell, but the celestial brightness lingered yet on her face. Feebly she turned to those who had ministered to her, feebly smiled—it was a mute return of thanks for all their kindness."

“There is no doubting the soul-triumph here,” whispered B.

“It is wonderful,” replied H., looking on with tenderness. “Is she gone?”

He sprang from his chair as if he would detain her, but the chest and forehead were marble now, the eyes had lost the fire of life; she must have died as she lay looking at them.

H. stood as if spell-bound—there was a touch on his arm; he started, and turned.

Said his friend B., “Shall we pray?”

For a minute there was no answer—then came tears; the whole frame of the man shook as he said—it was almost a cry—“Yes, pray! pray!”

And from the side of the dead child went up agonizing pleadings to the throne of God. That prayer was answered—the miracle is wrought—the lion is a lamb—the doubter a believer—the sceptic a Christian.

This little Carletta had drawn the stout-hearted sceptic to the Savior. She had preached a more effective sermon to him than he had ever before heard. He had interpreted the child’s faith and had seen it bear her safely through the last hour. He felt that he needed Carletta’s faith—he sought and found Carletta’s Savior.

Does not a touching story like this, which I have reason to believe is true, as I learned from a New York gentleman, impress every reader with the power of child influence when sanctified by the grace of God.

May the Lord help us with redoubled earnestness and faith to labor for the salvation of the little ones, whether living in lanes or palaces.—*Rev. E. P. Hammond.*

“WON'T YOU LOVE MY JESUS?”

When in Scotland I heard a touching story, showing how the above simple question was used in leading a scoffing sceptic to the feet of Jesus. It is a true story. I was acquainted with the father of the child. I pray that many of our readers may seek to lead some one to the Savior. A simple question like this may cause a proud heart to feel that Jesus has “loved us and given Himself for us,” who in after years may be able to relate an experience like the following:

“As I stepped upon the platform at the railway station a hand was laid upon my arm, and a voice said, ‘Norman, is this you?’

“I turned and looked at the speaker. It was an old class-mate, Richard —, with whom I had agreed to pass a few weeks, and had not seen for years. After we had pushed our way through the noisy crowd and were seated in his carriage, I looked at him again, and exclaimed:

“‘Richard, how you have altered! how different now from the wild youth of old.’

“‘Yes, Norman, there have been many changes with me since we parted; but the greatest has been here,’ said he, smiling, and gently touching his breast.

“‘Humph,’ was my ejaculation, which elicited no reply.

“That evening as he, his wife and myself were walking in the conservatory, and I was admiring some jes-

samines, he said to me, 'Norman, I have yet a little treasure to show you, and although it is small, it is greater than all these, almost the greatest one I have. Can you guess?'

"When we went back to the drawing room he showed to me his beautiful little girl, his only child, his little Bessie. I was not fond of children, at least I thought so, but strangely did the little maiden win her way to my heart. Eight cloudless summers of her sunny life had passed, and had each one as it gently glided by left with her all its charms, she could not have been more beautiful.

"That evening, sweet in memory to me, we became firm friends. She loved me, because when she asked papa he said he did. She sat with me a little while, and I told her an old fairy story which most strangely came to my remembrance, and then, after we had a frolic, she went to bed.

"The next day we all went out for a drive, which was a delightful one. Little Bessie was bright and beautiful as the day, but sometimes there was a strange thoughtfulness of expression upon her face which troubled me as being beyond her years.

"As I was talking to her father, I said something jeeringly about Him who had led the only pure life on earth. Richard said not a word in reply, but motioned me to look at Bessie. She was looking into my face with a look of mingled horror and surprise—an expression such as I never saw before nor since, and which I shall never forget. It was for a moment. No one spoke. Then the little maid burst into a flood of uncontrollable

tears, and I felt a certain shame that in the presence of one so pure, I should have spoken what she had never heard before. Then she looked at me in a sort of pitying way, and said, 'I thought you loved my Jesus; oh, how could you have said that of Him?' During the rest of the drive she lay upon her father's bosom in perfect silence. No one spoke.

"The next morning I was alone in my room thinking of all that had occurred, and a strange unaccountable feeling of seriousness was creeping over me, a sort of longing to be like her, when suddenly the little one was at my side. I started as I saw her, and met the tender gaze of love and pity which she bent upon me. Her head was laid upon my arm, and for a moment both were silent. Then the silence was broken with the words, 'Won't you love my Jesus?' and she was gone.

"I could not ridicule that lovely spirit, and yet some demon within me tempted me to do so. The next morning, and the next and the next, the little girl came in the same way, said the same words and disappeared. I never answered her, and at no other time did she allude to the subject, but she never failed to come at that morning hour.

"One day I said to her, almost unconsciously, 'Tell me how, Bessie.' She looked at me a moment and the next was seated on my knee, and the words that flowed, those simple, childish words, in which she told the story of Christ's love, never shall I forget. My eyes were far from dry when she went away, but there was less sorrow on her face than usual. Morning after morning she came, and never seemed weary of telling the sweet tale.

But one morning she did not come, and I waited a long time in vain. No little feet came pattering along the hall, no little hand was clasped in mine, no little words of instruction were lisped in my ear. Presently there came a hurried knock at my door. It was opened without waiting for permission, and her father was with me.

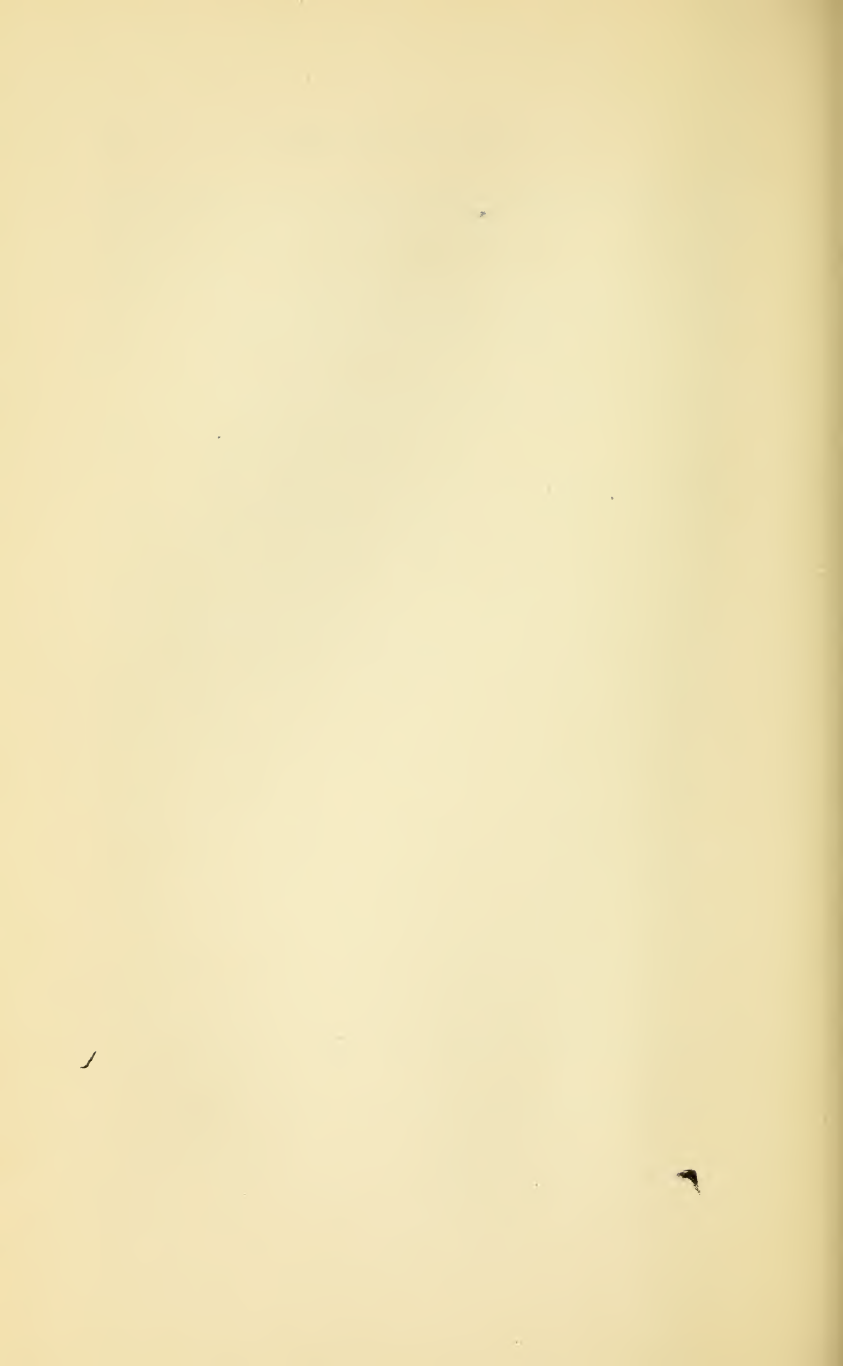
“‘Norman,’ he said, ‘she has just waked from a long and heavy sleep, and is fearfully ill. Will you come? Tell me if you know what it is.’

“I went. There lay the little one with eyes closed, and in a sort of stupor. I knew at a glance it was scarlet fever. How I told those two aching hearts I know not, but they were wonderfully calm in their anguish. The doctor soon confirmed my statement, but there was so painfully little to be done for the dear sufferer that two days passed almost in silence as we watched over her precious form. We knew from the first that she was no longer of the earth, and, indeed, it was a heavy burden for us to bear to think that she no longer would be the light of our hearts. I say we, for though I was perhaps mistaken, the little one had so taken possession of my heart that it seemed to me that she could not be dearer to those who had the first earthly claim upon her affections. At the end of the second day her life seemed partially to return. She opened her eyes, and, smiling a little, said, ‘Dear Uncle Norman, won’t you love my Jesus? Mamma loves Him, papa loves Him, and I love Him, and am going to Him, and I want to tell Him that you will love Him.’

“‘Bessie,’ said I, ‘tell Him my heart and life are His forever more.’

“Mamma, papa, I am so happy now. Now I have all I want. Now I come, I come, Lord Jesus!” and the youthful spirit, so pure, so holy, returned whence it came. God’s little messenger had turned a soul to righteousness and was called home.—*Rev. E. P. Hammond.*





FAITH TONIC, NO. II.

KEPT BY THE POWER OF GOD.

A few days ago, I paid a visit to Mrs. Bella Cooke, "the good Samaritan," "the kind, sick lady," as the people in the neighborhood call her, and whose life story John Stephenson described as a marvelous life of physical disability and suffering, mingled with peace, joy and usefulness, seemingly combining the extremes of human possibilities.

Mrs. Cooke lives in the rear of 492 Second Avenue, in a modest three story brick structure. Her little home is hemmed in on every side by tall buildings, and from her upper window the only view she has is a stone-paved yard, the rear entrance of a saloon, and the narrow, dark passageway leading to the street.

In answer to my ring at the bell, the door opened noiselessly. I was just about to enter, when I found the right of way contested by a huge bay horse which I had noticed being unharnessed as I walked up the street. As the hall was too narrow for both of us, I stepped aside while the horse trotted briskly through.

"Don't be skeered, it's all right. If you want to see Mrs. Cooke, you just follow the horse, he won't hurt you, and then you go up the stairs to the second floor in the rear house," said a voice from somewhere.

I obeyed instructions, and passing through another doorway like the horse, I found myself in the yard where a dozen or more chickens were cackling. The horse turned to the right into a neat one-story stable, which stands between the front and rear buildings, while I went up a pair of neatly oil-clothed stairs, and knocked at a lattice door covered with a green baize curtain.

A low, sweet voice bade me "Come in," and I entered the room. Mrs. Cooke's bed is directly opposite the door, and the visitor is greeted by a warm smile of welcome, and a cheery, "How do you do?" from the invalid, lying on a narrow bed, propped up among snowy pillows.

Her face is an inspiration in itself, the ideal of brightness, patience, and perfect rest.

To attempt to describe Mrs. Cooke's room so as to give any idea of its immaculate sweetness seems an almost hopeless task. The walls from floor to ceiling are covered with engravings, portraits, and texts. There are two windows looking westward, draped with snowy curtains tied back with bright ribbons. At the window near the head of the bed a sort of little conservatory has been erected to hide the objectionable view of the saloon, and this is filled with growing plants and freshly cut flowers.

At one side of the woman is a highly polished stove, where all the cooking is done, and where the tea kettle is always in readiness; for Mrs. Cooke is very hospitable, and many a tea party with some of New York's wealthy and fashionable women has been held in that little upper chamber.

Seated in a comfortable rocking chair by Mrs.

Cooke's bed, I made my errand known, and she smiled as she answered, "Tell your good readers that I am still kept by the power of God as I have been during all my life, and that all I ask is that He will use me for Himself every moment of my life.

Then, continuing, she said, "You wouldn't think, would you, to look at this house, now, that when I came here it stood back from the road in a green field, where cattle grazed! There was a great green tree, too, that shaded my window, and gave it an air of seclusion and quiet. But that was forty-five years ago, and, naturally, many changes have taken place. When I came here, the owners promised that, during my lifetime, this house should never be torn down, but the place was almost in the country then, now it is in the heart of the city."

For a year before coming to Second Avenue, Mrs. Cooke had been at the Woman's Hospital, where the physicians had pronounced her disease incurable, and so kind friends had brought her to that little room to pass the remaining days of her life. Eight of her doctors have died since then, but she still lives. During all these forty-five years she has been confined to her bed, but though each day has been one of pain and suffering, she has not only endured her affliction patiently, but has ministered to the spiritual and temporal necessities of others; not only of those in her immediate district, but of a circle that has gradually increased till it embraces a large area between First and Fifth Avenues.

The missionary spirit was early born in Bella Cooke. When only a child in England, she would gather poor men around her, and, bringing them home to

her mother, would remark, "Ma, here are some hungry men." Once she noticed a little beggar girl shivering with the cold, and took off her own pretty green silk petticoat to give her.

She was the youngest of nine children, of whom she was the pet and plaything, and from a generous, impulsive girl, she grew into an earnest woman, and later became a Christian wife and mother. The death of her husband in 1849 left her in America homeless and penniless, with three little ones, depending on her for support.

It was at this trying time that she made a solemn vow to consecrate two hours daily to God's work. Her first labors were among the poor in Bellevue Hospital, and in First and Third Avenues to the river. She had nothing to give, and so she would beg food and clothes for the needy cases from the store keepers, who never refused.

These two hours which she took from her daily work were made up during the evening, when the busy fingers would stitch all the harder; for she supported herself and little ones by sewing.

In 1855 her health failed, and at the urgent entreaties of friends she went to the Woman's Hospital. There she inaugurated morning and evening prayers. All those who were able would gather around her bed, and there she began the work of exhorting and praying from her bed.

When after a year she was brought from the hospital to the two little rooms which she now occupies, her heart yearned toward those whom she had formerly visi-

ted, and one by one they came to her little room, and sitting at her bedside would pour out their troubles to her in the old way. And while practical advice was given, practical help was also generously bestowed.

She wrote to the friends who had learned to love her at the hospital, telling them of the necessities of her poor friends, and few could resist her appeals on their behalf. It was as if the voice of God spoke through her pen.

Her influence increased with her spiritual growth; her earnestness and zeal communicated itself to all who fell under her influence, and from all over the land remittances began to come for her poor.

She numbers on her list one hundred and seventy five families who are looked after personally.

Mrs Cooke is accessible at all hours of the day to those who need help, and her little room has become a sort of refuge to her neighbors when they are in trouble; her sympathy is of a most practical kind.

While I was there, a timid rap was heard at the lattice door, and in response to Mrs. Cook's "Come!" a little Italian woman burst into the room, in a perfect frenzy of despair. She was in a dark calico dress, with a woolen shawl over her head, and the great tears were streaming down her cheeks.

"Well, well," said Mrs. Cooke, cheerfully, "my good friend, what's the trouble now?"

"It's my husband again, Mrs. Cooke; I can't do nothing with him. He's just awful. He came home to-day while I was out, and scared the children, and went all through my bureau drawers, and took out the few pen-

nies I'd hidden away to get milk for the baby, and he says he's coming to-morrow when I go out to work, and he is going to sell all my furniture. Oh, dear Mrs. Cooke, you won't let him do it, will you? You'll stop him. Oh, please do! What shall I do if he sells my furniture? And I've got to go to work, or the children won't have anything to eat." And the poor little woman wiped her eyes on the corner of her shawl.

"Now, don't you worry. Go right home and get your dinner, and to-morrow go to work as usual. Your husband shan't sell your furniture, and he shan't annoy you again," said Mrs. Cooke, decidedly. "I'll attend to it." And, as she shook the woman's hand before she left, she slipped something into it.

"Oh, thank you, Mrs. Cooke," said the woman, gratefully. You are awful good, and you don't know what a load you have taken off my mind." And she was almost cheerful as she left the room.

Later I met her, and questioned her, asking her if she was not afraid her husband might sell her furniture as he had said.

She looked at me in surprise, as she answered: "Why, Mrs. Cooke won't let him."

"What can she do to prevent it?" I continued.

"You don't know Mrs. Cooke, do you?" she asked in turn.

"Oh, yes, quite well," I answered.

"Well, it don't seem like it, because if you did you'd know that when Mrs. Cooke says a thing won't be done, it won't, and when she says it will be done, it will. We

don't know any more about it than that, but that's enough," and with these words she left me.

Mrs. Cooke gives excellent Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners to her poor friends, with clothes and money and candies and toys for the little ones.

She has a most original and characteristic method of distributing her Christmas dinners to her big family. She obtains lists from ministers and doctors of deserving people who would otherwise be unable to have any holiday cheer, and each receives an invitation to call for a personal interview. After a frank conversation, in which Mrs. Cooke endeavors to help her visitor by encouragement and advice, a memorandum is made of each one's special requirements.

Then before the appointed day of distribution cards are sent out, inviting these persons separately to call, each at a specified hour. In this way there is no crowding, but a continuous procession of women through the narrow passage way leading to the house in which Mrs. Cooke lives.

For these occasions a room is rented on the first floor of the house, and the turkeys and bundles are arranged in piles on long tables. Each one is carefully labeled, and a bit of suggestive literature, a religious paper, or a pretty text is always included in the bundle. In the hall are barrels of potatoes and turnips, cans of tomatoes, and an immense trough of bread.

Each woman as she enters presents her ticket, which bears her name and requirements, and is given her portion. She then departs with an upward glance and wave

of the hand at the bright face looking from the upper window.

The following extract from Mrs. Cooke's journal gives a practical exposition of the work done during one year from her busy corner:

I have had 2,894 visitors, besides the visits of my poor. I received and gave away \$2,024. On Thanksgiving I gave out 1,085 pounds of turkey, 259 pounds of chicken, 32 1-3 pounds of geese, 31 1-2 pounds of duck, 169 pounds of sugar, 169 pounds of rice, 5 barrels of potatoes, 4 barrels of apples, 169 loaves of bread, 30 pounds of tea." And she adds: "All the recipients come to me personally, in order that I may know them well, and hold out to them the bread of life."

Mrs. Cooke distributes from thirty to forty tons of coal every winter. Certain women call regularly for their rent, while others receive a small weekly stipend; erring children are returned to their homes, the sick are sent to the hospitals, and work is found for the unemployed.

This is all very remarkable, when it is considered that the work is originated and planned and the money collected by a woman, who has been unable to leave her bed for the past forty-five years. But Bella Cooke possesses rare executive powers, keen judgment and wonderful intuition.

She keeps her books with great accuracy, and her character and consecrated life exert a powerful influence on all who become acquainted with her.

Bella Cooke is now nearly eighty years old. Time has left few lines on the calm, beautiful face, lying

against the white pillows. Grace has glorified it with an inner radiance that shines out and sets it apart as belonging to one of God's saints.—*N. Y. Weekly Witness.*

A PRINCE IN ISRAEL.

WILLIAM CLOWES—one of the founders of the Primitive Methodist denomination—was born at Burslem, Staffordshire, England, March 12th, 1780. His conversion, in many respects, resembled that of John Bunyan. For many years he had been a most notorious sinner, but now he became as eminent for piety of the deepest type. The enemy of all good assailed him on every hand, and frequently “came in like a flood;” but through faith he maintained the victory. He rapidly “grew in grace.” All the powers of his being were devoted to God, and he laid himself out with all his might to save souls from eternal woe. It was not long before he became noted as a mighty man of faith and prayer. Many were the signal victories which he won in answer to believing prayer. Mr. Clowes says: “Several of us at Tunstall consulted together how we might more effectually carry on the prayer-meetings in order to accomplish the grand object of our anxious desire—the conversion of sinners to God. We agreed that the person who should first address the throne of Grace should *believe* for the particular blessing prayed for, and that all the other praying laborers should respond, ‘Amen,’ and exercise faith also; and if the blessing prayed for was not granted at once, still to

persevere in pleading until it was bestowed. We conceived we were authorized by the Holy Scriptures to pray and believe for certain blessings, and to expect to receive them in this way; but that it could not answer any useful purpose to pray for a hundred blessings, and go away without any. Thus Jacob, when he wrestled with the angel, persevered until the breaking of the day; and his believing, unconquered importunity was successful (Gen. 32:28). The Canaanitish woman cried after our Lord in behalf of her daughter; but the Lord answered her not at first. Yet she cried again and again, until Jesus said, 'O woman! great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt.' (Matt. 15:28). And so of others."

Mr. Clowes was soon after this appointed class-leader. In this capacity he was so successful that ere long he was appointed to the leadership of a second class. His method of conducting them he thus describes: "In leading my classes I used to get from six to ten to pray a minute or two each, and thus get the whole into the exercise of faith; then I found it a very easy matter to lead thirty or forty members in an hour and a quarter; for I found that leading did not consist so much in talking to the members, as in getting into faith, and bringing down the cloud of God's glory that the people might be truly blessed, as well as instructed in divine things."

He also frequently exercised himself as an exhorter, and distributed Bibles and other religious books and tracts.

Day by day he hungered and thirsted after righteousness, and, as in all such cases, the Spirit of the Lord led him into the experience of Christian holiness. It is not

too much to say that, from this time forward, he moved among men as a flame of fire. His labors were truly apostolic. Having heard from Lorenzo Dow a favorable account of the American camp-meetings, he, with other devoted men, assisted in holding what is supposed to have been the first camp-meeting ever held in England, May 31st, 1807. Great results followed this meeting. The origin of the Primitive Methodist body, in a very important sense, dates from this memorable occasion.

Other camp-meetings followed, and God set His seal of approbation on them by converting many souls. For the active part which Clowes and Hugh Bourne took in these meetings the ministers of the Wesleyan body, of which both of these devoted men had been members, cut them off from church fellowship. This was shortly after, no doubt, seen to be a great mistake. The classes, which had been under the spiritual care of Clowes, went with him. And, as these men could not refrain from pursuing their open-air work, which God was so signally blessing, and from otherwise engaging in zealous efforts to convert souls, and as ~~the~~ Wesleyans were determined not to countenance a ~~movement~~ which they strangely enough considered irregular, there was no alternative but to form the fruits of their labor into classes, with regularly appointed leaders and stewards.

Rev. Geo. Lamb, in his memorial of William Clowes, observes: "Thus the professed followers of the venerable Wesley, *the great field preacher*, expelled from their communion a humble man of God for preaching the Gospel *in the open air*, though by these efforts a number

of the vilest sinners had been converted from darkness to light." Wesley saw there was a danger of open-air worship being given up, and therefore solemnly enjoined his people to attend it, not only in the new places, but in old-established circuits. He says: "The greatest hindrance to open-air preaching you are to expect from rich and cowardly, or lazy, Methodists. But regard them not; neither stewards, leaders, nor people. Whenever the weather will permit, go out, in God's name, into the most public places, and call all to repent and believe the Gospel."

Mr. Clowes was now employed by *two workingmen* as a missionary. They agreed to give him ten shillings (English currency) per week, to go out and labor at large in the work of the Lord. Never were labors more arduous and success more glorious than those of this remarkable man. He went in every direction, preaching a free, full and present salvation. And God was with him in power.

On a certain missionary tour he walked one day twenty-four miles, and while on the road, he says: "I fell into a profound meditation on the fall of man, his departure from original holiness, the depth of iniquity into which sin had sunk him, and the impossibility for any power but that of God to restore him. These reflections I pursued in my mind until I was brought into great sorrow and distress of soul. I felt the travail in birth, and experienced an internal agony on account of the millions of souls on the earth who were posting on in the way of death, whose steps take hold on hell. I wept much, and longed for some convenient place on the road

where I might give vent to my burdened soul in prayer. In a short time I arrived on the borders of the wood, and then I gave way to my feelings, poured out my soul, and cried like a woman in the pangs of childbirth. I thought the agony into which I was thrown would terminate my life.

“This was a glorious baptism for the ministry; the glory of God was revealed to me in a wonderful manner; it left an unction on my soul which continues to this day, and the sweetness which was imparted to my spirit, it is impossible for me to attempt a description of.”

Space will not allow us to follow this apostolic man as he went through the principal counties, the cities, and towns of England; nor to detail the wonderful displays of divine power which took place under his ministry. Persecution raged against him; his name was cast out as evil; and he had to endure many and severe hardships. But wherever he went the work of God broke out in power, sinners were converted, believers sanctified, and classes organized.

Rev. J. Dodsworth says: “It was my happiness to become acquainted with Mr. Clowes about the year 1834. It was my great privilege to sit under his occasional ministry, which, unadorned as it was, was the most spiritual, Scriptural, and mighty I ever heard. Few ministers, if any, since the days of the apostles, could have said to their hearers, with greater propriety than Mr. Clowes, ‘our Gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance.’ His truly apostolic ministrations were such as I should have anticipated from a legitimate successor of the Apo-

tle Paul; they were thrilling with power from on high, and resulted in the conversion of multitudes of sinners to God. Having a body of divinity in himself, he was superior to most books, and but sparingly read uninspired authors. He, however, studied the inspired writings, had 'an unction from the Holy One,' and was mighty in the Scriptures; hence the great solidity, the point, the overwhelming power and amazing success of his ministry.

"Mr. Clowes was remarkable for his power in prayer. He abounded largely in 'the grace of supplication.' It has never fallen to my lot to experience such baptisms as I never failed to feel, while kneeling with him before the mercy-seat. Perhaps it will be seen, in the light of eternity, that much of the success which has crowned the labors of the Connexion was graciously vouchsafed in answer to his 'fervent and effectual prayers.' The results of the midnight devotions which he rendered to God, and of his wrestlings 'until break of day' when 'as a prince, he had power with God and prevailed,' are yet to be revealed; the witness of these holy exercises is in heaven, and their record on high.

"Streaming eyes, broken hearts, cries for mercy, and joyful deliverances were ordinary effects produced when he drew nigh to God in public prayer. I was present at a love-feast conducted by him and his friend, the Rev. I. Holliday, in Mill Street Chapel, Hull, at the conclusion of which about forty souls were professedly converted to God.

"Great as Mr. Clowes was in the pulpit, and mighty as he was in prayer, he was equally conspicuous for his

strong and unwavering faith. 'I *have* believed, I *do* believe, and I *will* believe,' he would say; and he soared to what he called the 'mountains of frankincense, and the hills of myrrh,' and regaled himself with fruits and flowers in the garden of the Lord; bathed in its crystal fountain of purity; and basked in its blissful bowers of holy serenity and heavenly joy. His strong faith enabled him to make his constant abode where only a few of even good men pay an occasional visit; he lived at a great spiritual altitude, a sort of Pisgah's mountain life, on lofty banks of high and holy regions. If ever he pitched his tent, he shifted it higher still; he was a spiritual mountaineer. 'His religious life appears to have been one rapid ascent from grace to grace.' No wonder that one who thus walked with God in spiritual climes, 'where peace sheds its balm, hope bends its rainbow, and the soul dwells at ease,' should be able to say, as he did, and to the honor of grace and the glory of God, be it recorded, "*I have never had a doubt for forty years.*"

"In the social circle he was serious without gloom; cheerful without levity; and perhaps no man could have passed half an hour in his fellowship without feeling that he was breathing in an atmosphere of holiness, in contact with a spirit near of kin to 'just men made perfect,' and living for the time on the verge of heaven!"

Joh. Nelson, in describing his introduction to Clowes, says: "There was a most impressive gravity in his demeanor when he received me. His eyes were devoutly lifted up to heaven, while he implored a blessing upon me. 'Let us pray a minute,' said he, and the next moment he was on his knees, pouring out the desire of

his soul for me, in a manner which I cannot fully describe, nor shall I ever forget. Among other things which he fervently asked, this was one—that the spirit which used to come upon Samson at times in the camp of Dan, might, in all its energy, come upon me; and that, aided by that power, I, too, might so smite the Philistines that they might fall before me heaps upon heaps. While he thus pleaded, the fire of the Holy Ghost fell upon me, and I was more fully endued with a power which, to a greater extent, prepared me for the work for which I was fitted, and from which I had shrunk with trembling and apprehensions.

“Mr. Clowes had several prominent characteristics; but the most prominent of all was his *constancy* and power in *prayer*. In all things through which he was called to pass, he had one never-failing resource, and that was prayer. Oft on these occasions his manner was very singular. There was no sign of agony, no conflict, no wrestling, no stirring up himself to take hold of God. In those days his hallowed spirit abode in a region far above all this. Sometimes when sojourning in the home of pious poverty, where there was not a second room where he could enter, he would say to the good woman of the house, ‘Now I want to pray; pursue thy work, never mind me’; and then, without one word more, he would quietly kneel down in the most retired corner to which there was access, where he would remain for an hour. Generally, in such seasons of hallowed converse with the Deity, there was no audible expression, no groaning, no sound heard—no, not even a breath. There was an awful stillness, which some survivors whom these

lines may reach, will well remember. He somehow, in this solemn quiet, sweetly sank into God, till he became as motionless as a statue, and often, at these times, there was an inward whisper to his heart, which said, 'Be it unto thee even as thou wilt.'

"But it was in public prayer, when conducting divine worship, that he towered to his most lofty height, appeared to the greatest advantage, and witnessed the most glorious results. In this I never met with his equal; and do not expect to meet with his equal again on earth. I never knew a person anything like him; there were such fine bursts of glowing imagery, such an appropriate use of Scripture language, such delicate and striking allusions to the furniture and worship in the temple of Jerusalem, such a taking hold of divine help, such solemn familiarity with God, and such an unshaken confidence, in the exercise of which, like the princely patriarch, he would say, 'I will not let thee go unless thou bless me,' and such immediate results, as cannot be accurately described, and of which a correct idea can be formed only by those persons who were present at such seasons."—*Rev. A. Sims, Abridged.*

READING THE APPOINTMENTS.

I was sitting in the wing-slip, close beside the altar rail,
When the Bishop came in softly, with a face serene, but
pale,
'And a silence indescribably pathetic in its power,

Such as might have reigned in heaven through that
"space of half an hour,"

Rested on the whole assembly as the Bishop rose and
said:

"All the business being finished, the appointments will
be read."

Not as one who handles lightly merchandise of little
worth,

But as dealing with the richest, most important things
of earth,

In the fellowship of Jesus, with the failings of a man,
The good Bishop asked forbearance—he had done his
best to plan

For the glory of his Master, trusting Him to guide the
pen

Without prejudice or favor; and the preachers cried,
"Amen!"

"Beulah Mountains—Henry Singer"—happy people,
happy priest,

On the daintiest of the Gospel through the changing year
to feast;

Not a church trial ever vexed them, all their preachers
stay three years,

And depart amid a tempest of the purest kind of tears.

"Troubled Waters—Nathan Peaceful"—how that saint-
ed face grew red!

How the tears streamed through his fingers as he held
his swimming head!

But his wife stooped down and whispered—what sweet
message did she bear?

For he turned with face transfigured as upon some
mount of prayer.

Swift as thought in highest action, sorrow passed and
gladness came

At some wondrous strain of music breaking forth from
Jesus' name.

"Holy Rapture," said the Bishop, "I have left to be sup-
plied,"

And I thought—You couldn't fill it, Mr. Bishop, if you
tried.

For an angel duly transferred to this Conference below
Wouldn't know one-half the wonders that those blessed
people know;

They would note some strain of discord though he sang
as heaven sings,

And discover some shortcomings in the feathers of his
wings.

"Grand Endeavor—Jonas Laggard." Blessed be the
Lord! thought I;

They have put that Brother Laggard where he has to
work or die,

For the church at Grand Endeavor, with its energy and
prayer,

Will transform him to a hero, or just drive him to de-
spair.

If his trumpet lacks the vigor of the Gospel's charming
sound,

They will start a big revival, and forget that he's around.

“Union Furnace—Solon Trimmer”—what a Bishop he
must be!

They have got the kind of preacher that will suit them to
a T;

Metho-Congo-Baptist—Uni—in one nature, blithe and
bland,

Fire or water, hell or heaven, always ready on demand.

“Consecration—Jacob Faithful”—hand in hand the two
will go

Through the years before them bringing heavenly life
to earth below.

“Greenland Corners—Peter Wholesoul”—but he lost his
self-control,

Buttoned up his coat as if he felt a cold wind strike his
soul,

Saw the dreary path before him, drew a deep breath, knit
his brows,

Then concluded to be faithful to his ordination vows.

In the front pews sat the fathers, hair as white as driven
snow—

As the Bishop read the appointments they had filled long
years ago,

Tender memories rushed upon them, life revived in heart
and brain,

Till it seemed that they could travel their old circuits
o'er again.

“Happy Haven—Joseph Restful”—how the joy shone in
his face

At the thought of being pastor for three years in such a
place!

“Hard-as-Granite—Ephraim Smasher”—there the stew-
ards sat in a row,
And they didn’t want that Smasher, and he didn’t want
to go.

“Drowsy Hollow—Israel Wakim”—he is sent to sow and
reap
Where the congregations gather in the interests of sleep,
As they sit on Sabbath morning in their softly cushioned
pews
They begin to make arrangements for their regular week-
ly snooze.
Through the prayer a dimness gathers over every mortal
eye;
Through the reading of the Scriptures they begin to
droop and sigh;
In the hymn before the sermon, with its music grand
and sweet,
They put forth one mighty effort to be seen upon their
feet;
Then amidst the sermon, throbbing with the Gospel’s
sweetest sound,
They sink down in deepest slumber and are nodding all
around.
But I guess that Brother Wakim, on the first bright
Sabbath day,
When he preaches to that people, and is heard a mile
away,
Will defy both saint and sinner on a breast to lay a chin
Till he strikes the strain of “lastly,” and I’ll warrant
him to win.

For by all who ever heard him it is confidently said,
If 'twere possible to mortal, he would wake the very dead.
Then a mist came o'er my vision as the Bishop still read
on,

And the veil that hides the future, for a moment was
withdrawn,

For I saw the world's Redeemer far above the Bishop
stand,

On His head a crown of glory, and a long roll in His
hand.

Round His throne a countless number of the ransomed,
listening, press'd—

He was stationing His preachers in the city of the blest.
Some whose names were most familiar, known and rever-
enced by all,

Went down to the smaller mansions back against the city
wall.

One who took the poorest churches, miles away from
crowds and cars,

Went up to a throne of glory, with a crown ablaze with
stars.

How the angels sang to greet him! how the Master cried,
"Well done!"

While the preacher blushed and wondered where he had
such glory won.

Some whose speech on earth was simple, with no argu-
ments but tears,

Nothing novel in their sermons for fastidious, itching
ears,

Coldly welcomed by the churches, counted burdensome
by all,
Went up to the royal mansion and were neighbors to St.
Paul.

Soon the Master called a woman, only known here in the
strife
By her quiet, gentle nature, though a famous preacher's
wife,
Praised and blessed her for the harvests she had garnered
in the sky;
But she meekly turned and answered, "'Twas my hus-
band, Lord, not I."
"Yes," the Master said, "his talents were as stars that
glow and shine;
But thy faith gave them their virtue, and the glory,
child, is thine!"

Then a lame girl—I had known her—heard her name
called with surprise,
There was trembling in her bosom, there was wonder in
her eyes.
"I was nothing but a cripple; gleaned in no wide field,
my King;
Only sat a silent sufferer 'neath the shadow of Thy
wing!"
"Thou hast been a mighty preacher, and the hearts of
many stirred
To devotion by thy patience without uttering a word,"
Said the Master, and the maiden to His side with wonder
press'd—

Christ was stationing His preachers in the city of the blest,
And the harp strings of the angels linked their names to sweetest praise
Whom the world had passed unnoticed in the blindness of its ways.
I was still intently gazing on the scene beyond the stars
When I saw the Conference leaving, and I started for the cars.

—*Rev. Alfred J. Hough, in Zion's Herald.*

A MINISTER'S CONSECRATION.

At my request we went into his empty church, and sat down in the pulpit. I told him the sad story of all my past; of rebellions, and wanderings, and ambitions; of God's crosses and burdens upon me; of my unworthiness and nothingness, till the whole was unfolded. We agreed to a mutual consecration, and together knelt in prayer. He poured out his soul for me and my people, as for himself and his own. Then I opened my heart to God. At the very outset he took my soul into his hands, and bore me up to the presence of ineffable glory. Through this, the spirit of His Son, with a clearness and definiteness of tone that spake with power in my heart and through my lips, asked me for each and every one of my life's cherished treasures: Will you give up to me your beloved wife, for me to take her from you if I will, by separation or death? Will you put your chil-

dren, not their bodies only, but their minds, into my hands, and be willing to have them know nothing, and be nothing, if that shall glorify me? Will you employ all your time, and devote all your talents, even the smallest, and seemingly the most useless, to my service? Will you resign your reputation, personal and professional, to me, so that, if I require, you may be disgraced, condemned, even by your friends and brethren as by the world? Will you part with your people, be ready to suffer reproach from them, and be discarded by the most attached? Will you yield to me your few possessions—your books and your home, that you may become destitute and shelterless? All *all*, ALL, will you now and forevermore, without condition, without reservation, without any expectation of earthly good, without any return but my own life, consecrate thus yourself and your all to me? Ah, Lord, how those questions came with searching, shifting power! They burnt into my bones; they ate my flesh; they flayed my heart. I plead with God, and reasoned with Him at every step, to let me keep but one gift. “No! all or none!” I yielded all, and He took all. Oh, in that hour I felt like an outcast seaman, left on a desert island in mid-ocean! Inwardly I suffered the loss of all things much more keenly than if outwardly they had been in reality taken away; for then I had still retained the affection and anticipation of them. But now all ties of life were broken, all interests of time lost, all joys of earth quenched. God’s great hand seemed driven into my breast; His fingers grappled my heart, and twined with its inmost fibres. Then I felt as if He had torn it out,

and held it up, bleeding at every pore, and quivering to its centre, to scathe and peel it, to cut it into shreds, to blow it all away. I had no heart of nature left. When this was done, the voice said, "Go now and preach the Gospel, baptizing men with truth and love, in power." In that hour my future spread before me; my path of duty lay plain, and my mission henceforth was definite to my view. In that hour I saw before me in the world only tribulations, sneers, censures, oppositions; but in Christ I beheld inwardly truth, love, and divine glory as mine. That was the "sealing of the Spirit." Under that process, a fiery ordeal indeed, I cried like a babe torn from its mother's heart. I sobbed like an orphan at the grave of both parents. I shrieked like a wounded frame under the surgeon's blade. That was the death of nature, begun, at least, if not completed; the serpent's head was crushed, his fang was bruised, and his life was smothered, though his form might coil, and his tail rattle till the sundown of life. All hopes, all ambitions, all interests, all affections—everything of life—then stripped off, passed completely into God's hands. That was the "inward crucifixion"—"the circumcision of the heart." The will of self then fell into the will of God, as a rain-drop or snow-flake falls into the sea, and becomes a part of its current.

Thus began the union of the human soul with the divine nature. What were the results of all this? Let others speak of those external to myself. Nothing do I see to glory in or to commend. Only of that which is within can I tell, and that imperfectly. At first I felt as if a besieged city, overcome and prostrate, lay in my

life, amid ruins; as if a dissected frame were mine, yet intensely alive and sensitive to every touch of evil, every word of error. Men frowned, and I wept; lips cursed, and I warned. One thing was still needed after that burning, the anointing of love, the oil of God, to soothe the seared humanity. It came slowly; out of the dark sepulcher the smitten frame rose; into the sad, broken heart life began to breathe. From the scattered fragments of the old, God built up the new Jerusalem, a temple within more glorious than the first. Physically, the extremities of my frame were still endowed with what seemed superhuman strength, yet at the centre, in the heart's place, all was vacancy and weakness, as if a sword had there divided me in twain. Intellectually, thought was quick and intensified, conceptions of truth were clear and strong, speech was fuller and truer; only the old habitudes of mind hampered the utterance. The former poetic and ornate sentences, which gave pleasure to the earthly taste, with just enough truth in them to save from damnation, were gone to ashes, were burned up as hay, wood, and stubble. In their place, plain speech, simple thought, yea, even sometimes common-place expression, entered, displeasing to minds who think that popularity and success with ministers depend upon beauty and not upon truth. Preaching became and now is attractive and glorious! The Sabbaths come not often enough. Study, and prayer, and converse on religious themes are intense delight unceasingly. The interests of earth excite but little; it is child's play to talk of or attend to them. Time is a shortened duration, in which all the energies must be enlisted to the utmost.

Oh, it is a glory thus to live! I never knew before what that term "*glory*" meant. It has been like the flashings of a rocket-wheel, expiring in the moment that it shines. Now it is the pathway of suns, the sweep of comets through my soul's firmament. Night and day God *realizes* himself to my soul. Spiritually, this life is indeed beyond description; truly, its peace passes understanding; its joy is unspeakable. Amid trials, tests of faith and sincerity, which God has brought to me over and over again; by seeming death-agonies of my beloved; by insults to my face, and slanders behind my back; and by desertions and distresses multiplied and severe, I am still kept, sustained by all-sufficient grace, with the harmonies of God's truth, the great choruses of His promises in my soul, with the pulsations of love in deepening tides beating evermore into my central life. God be praised! The tempter comes, hisses with hate, allures with smiles, assails with questionings. In vain! Knowing the victory is sure, though the battle is keen, I am never overwhelmed. Blessed be God, who causeth me to triumph! Though weaknesses, defects, and infirmities abound; though ignorance and failure and difficulty retard, the step is progressive, the movement upward.

How can I unfold all the sweet, transcendent blessings of this new life in Christ? Dark passions, appetites, and propensities; keen bitterness and vain suspicions; all the host of inner evils that before only cowed under the foot of will or the frown of truth; that slept amid worldly peace, but were awakened in power at the touch of temptation; where are they? God only knows.

He has taken them in hand, making the wolf dwell with the kid, the leopard with the lamb, the calf, the young lion, and the fatling together, and the little child Jesus leads them. God shall use them all for His glory. I aspire after no applause of men; it is as painful now as once it was pleasing. I shrink from sight. Only by the definite will of God I give this record. Like Abraham, I take this only and beloved child of my heart to the top of Moriah, where, bound on the altar, a knife of earth in my own hand may slay it, if God so will. Whatever He commands, I obey, though it be to stand in the fire with the three. Ah! I know that the form of the fourth will be there, and that the smell of fire, even, shall not be found upon me. If God be with me, who can be against me? If Christ be my *all*, how can I need more? No! the world may take from me all its own; I claim and need it not. The church, yet half-born, in the twilight of the valley may grope and doze; may cast the spawn and slime of its earth-life along my path; my soul shall be cleansed therefrom by the ever-cleansing blood of Him who walked that path before; my feet shall tread the air as though they were wings, and the mountain-tops only shall be my stepping-stones of glory, my ascension ladder to the mid-heaven of God's great city. There and thence shall I cry, "O Church of God! O souls on whose lintel the blood of Christ is sprinkled, be ye wholly cleansed! Zion, arise! Israel, come out of Egypt; pass from the wilderness; possess the land of rest in the blaze of God's shekinah, and shout, 'Enter thou, O, Lord, with us and dwell in thy Temple evermore. Amen!'"—*Experience of Rev. Henry Belden.*

BANKING ON OATMEAL.

G. D. WATSON.

Some years ago I met a very godly man who had learned many lessons of faith, for salvation, for health, and for financial supplies. He gave us a very interesting and amusing account of a lesson that he had to learn when he first began a life of faith on all lines. He and his wife felt called of God to go into religious work, and to give up his position where he was receiving a salary, and take up mission work in a city. He felt called to trust the Lord entirely for his support, but he had to learn some very important lessons, as we all have to learn who live a life of real faith.

He thought it might be sometime before the Lord began sending in supplies to meet his needs for daily living, and having a little money on hand, he thought it best to invest in a supply of some cheap food, so that if the Lord should neglect to send in supplies, he would have something on hand to fall back upon. So he bought five dollars worth of oatmeal, as a sort of bank, on which to depend in case the Lord should neglect him. The Lord, of course, saw the motives of His servant, and that he really meant to live a life of faith, but did not yet know how to spread his wings, and actually launch out on the air of an invisible God; so the Lord took the good man at his word, and failed to send in any supplies of money; so, sure enough, the man and his family had to live on that oatmeal day after day until it was all gone. He said it was like the Jews eating quails in

the wilderness—that they had so much of it, and for so long a time, it became almost disgusting to them.

At last he saw his mistake and unbelief, and went to God in prayer, confessing the blunder, and asking forgiveness, and promising his heavenly Father that hereafter he would not try banking on his own foresight, or on laying up a store, as a substitute for the promises of God. When the oatmeal was all gone, that same day the Lord began sending in abundant supplies of good food and in ample variety.

At another time this same brother said his carriage needed repairing, and he prayed the Lord to give him five dollars to pay for having it done. He soon received a gift of five dollars, and then Satan tempted him to take the money and use it to buy some clothing which he very much needed, and he was almost on the point of doing so, when the Holy Spirit reminded him of the oatmeal, and whispered in his heart, "Did you not ask for this money for the special purpose of repairing your carriage, and now God has given it to you, why can you not trust Him to supply you with clothing beside?" So he used the money for the very purpose for which it had been prayed, and a few days after he was supplied with the very clothing that he needed.

There are many things just like this, that people have to learn who deal intimately with God, and trust Him in all the little details of life. It helps us to read remarkable answers to prayer, and the instances of God's dealings with His servants, both in spiritual and temporal matters, but after all we have to learn these lessons in our own lives, and they have to be burned into

us through our actual experiences which no one else can have for us. God watches our motives and deals with us according to the intents which He sees in the bottom of our hearts. If He sees that we are putting away anything as a substitute for Himself, that we are depending upon any plan, any storehouse, any wisdom of the creature, or any earthly property, instead of perfect, implicit repose in His word and in His Fatherly love, it is very grievous unto Him; and He must and will chastise us for such unbelief, until we learn to trust Him not only in theory and profession, but literally and absolutely.

EXPERIENCE OF MRS. LIZZIE R. SMITH.

I was rocked in the cradle of Methodism, and put to sleep under the grand old hymns of Mr. Wesley. I was taught the Scriptures from my youth up, and believed the Bible to be the word of God, because I was so taught by my parents. My father was a minister of the gospel, and a member of the Philadelphia Conference; he died when I was in my early childhood. My mother was a very godly woman; she fell asleep in Jesus in the year 1890.

From my earliest recollections I had religious impressions, and whilst a Sunday-school scholar in Haines St. M. E. Church, I sought religion, but was not converted.

Some years afterward, during a revival in Third St. M. E. Church, Camden, N. J., I again sought religion.

I was moved to decide to seek God at once, by a sermon on the text, "Behold, he cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him; and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him. Even so, Amen." My conviction was so great that I trembled like a leaf in the wind, and for one week I went every night to the altar, but did not get saved. A brother said to me, "You are saved if you only believe it." I then arose from the altar, ceased my struggling, and concluded that the people were tired of seeing me come to the altar. I then joined the church on probation, and tried to perform my religious duties as best I could, but no joy came into my soul, and I had no assurance of my acceptance with God. In this state I continued, attending class and prayer meetings, also the preaching services, for about fourteen or fifteen years.

In the year 1867 my husband and I attended a watch meeting in the Eleventh St. M. E. Church, Philadelphia, and just before midnight, while we were kneeling in our pews, we sang the old covenant hymn,

"Come, let us use the grace divine,
And all with one accord;
In a perpetual covenant join
Ourselves unto the Lord."

And when we came to the second stanza,

"Give up ourselves through Jesus' power,
His name to glorify;
For God to live and die."
And promise in this sacred hour,

I then saw clearly that all these years I was trying to save myself by my works. Just then the Holy Spirit applied this Scripture, "Behold these three years I come seeking fruit on this fig tree, and find none : cut it down ; why cumberest thou the ground?" And then I seemed to hear Jesus pleading for me, and saying, "Let it alone for this year also ; and if it bear fruit, well ; and if not, then after that, thou shalt cut it down." I then felt that if I did not follow the light, and find a satisfactory experience, I would be cut down as a cumberer of the ground.

I left the church with the conviction that salvation was within my grasp. The new year's day dawned bright and beautiful, but peace did not come. On the second day of January as I was walking across my sitting-room, I felt that I could no longer bear the burden, I fell upon my knees, and with tears flowing freely, I looked up, and said: "O Lord, if I am ever saved, you will have to save me ; there is no one else to tell me I am saved ; Jesus, save me now."

"And then by faith I saw him hanging on the tree,
And heard the still, small whisper, 'tis for thee.
And from my weary heart the burden rolled away."

And then the Spirit bore witness with my spirit that I was born of God. I then knew the truth of the Scripture, "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

I then saw the difference between believing the truth and knowing the truth.

I remained in a clear state of justification, and lived

a happy Christian life. But I had a man-fearing spirit, and it was a great cross for me to speak in class-meeting or pray in public.

My good class-leader, who was a sanctified man, assured me that Perfect Love would cast out all fear that hath torment. I said to him, as I had been a Christian only a few months, "After I have shown the Lord that I am faithful and true, then I will dare ask the Lord to do something more or greater for me."

In July, 1868, there was an announcement made in the Home Journal that the Second National Camp-Meeting for the Promotion of Holiness would be held at Manheim, Lancaster county, Pa. After reading the announcement, there was a strong desire in my heart to attend the camp-meeting. I asked my husband if he could arrange his business so that we could go. He replied: "I don't think I can; I don't care to go to that kind of a camp-meeting; they like to go off and have a good time, but don't care about sinners." I said, at this time, no more to my husband about the matter, but began to pray for the Lord to make him willing to go, and after a time I asked him to go." He replied: "For your sake I will go." We went, reaching the camp-ground on Saturday afternoon. The heat was intense and the dust very great. As we entered the camp-ground, the first thing that attracted my attention was a large piece of canvas stretched above the entrance, bearing this inscription: "Worship the Lord in the Beauty of Holiness." My husband said, "See what a display they make of their religion." I said, "I think it is beautiful."

The first meeting I attended was at six o'clock p. m., in a large tent from New York; it was filled with ministers, as the meeting was for them only, but others were allowed to sit on the outside of the tent, and we could hear all that was said. Some of the ministers gave testimony to a wonderful experience they had received. I said to myself, whatever they have, it meets the want of my soul. Others who gave testimony were seekers for I knew not what, but I was passing through the same exercise of mind, and as I sat and listened to these experiences, my eyes were overflowed with tears, and I said to a sister, "I don't know what this is, but I intend to know more about it before I leave the ground." On Sunday morning I listened to a wonderful sermon by Bishop Matthew Simpson; and in the afternoon Rev. John Inskip preached a very stirring sermon. In the evening I found myself looking in at a meeting in a tent; Rev. Joseph F. Lane was leading the meeting, and he beckoned me to come in; there were penitents at the altar, and he asked me to speak to an unconverted lady. I said, "I can not." He said, "Why? You are a Christian, are you not?" I said, "Yes, sir, but I need help myself, and until I get it, I can not help others." He said, "Kneel down at the altar." I said, "No, sir." He said, "Why not?" I answered, "There is a mountain of difficulty before me." To this he replied, "I would advise that you surmount every barrier, and get to Jesus as quickly as possible." I then left the meeting and walked down the avenue. I met my husband, who, taking me by the hand, said, "I have been to hear Rev. Alfred Cookman, who had two sermons prepared, but

would not preach either of them, but in a very tender and impressive manner, related his own experience of entire sanctification." My husband said, "All the props have been knocked from under me, from this time I will seek it with you."

On Monday morning the sermon was preached by Rev. William H. Boole, on "The Blood on the Door-Post, and the safety of God's Children Under the Blood." I drank in every word. At the close of the sermon, he gave an invitation for all who felt their need of heart purity to arise. I was now able to define my position, and arose, hundreds were on their feet, and each one made his or her own altar. Kneeling at my camp chair, a great darkness came over me, there was no condemnation, but an intense hunger for God; then the meeting closed. In going to my tent I met Rev. M. A. Day, who said, "I am glad to see you." I replied with streaming eyes and trembling voice, "Brother Day, I want the Lord! Brother Day, I want the Lord! Bro. Day, I want the Lord!!" He said, "Go to your tent, this is for you." Seated in my tent, I read the eighth chapter of Romans, and the Holy Spirit applied the word, which became "sharper than a two edged sword." The Holy Spirit then questioned me and I said, "Yes, Lord," to every question, until no more questions were asked. I had reached the end of my consecration. It was a conscious experience.

At this time Bro. Day came into my tent and said that he had been praying that he might find me alone. He asked me to give him in detail what had passed through my mind and after I had done so, he said, "I

believe you are wholly consecrated." My reply was, "Bro. Day, I know I am." Then I repeated this verse.

"Nothing on earth do I desire,
But thy pure love within my breast:
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest."

He said, "Let us pray." "We kneeled at our camp chairs, but I never heard a word he uttered. I was not conscious whether I prayed audibly or not. The suggestion was then made to me by Satan, "The Lord will give you this blessing, but don't expect it now, wait for another sermon, or another meeting; or where there are more people." I then said, "If there was ever power in Jesus' blood to cleanse from sin, I believe there is now; and if ever the Holy Ghost was ready to apply the blood, He is ready now; and Lord, I would rather die on this spot, and I will die on this spot, rather than get up without the knowledge of inward purity." Then the powers of darkness gave way and I repeated these lines,

"Nor bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away."
"Jesus, thy blood, thy blood alone,
Hath power sufficient to atone,
Thy blood can make me white as snow,
No Jewish type can cleanse me so."

I said, "Thy blood does;" at that moment the Blessed Holy Ghost came upon me in Pentecostal power, and in a moment I was on my feet, out of my tent, and crying, "It is a weight of glory," and felt that the Scripture was applicable to me, "And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white," and a white stone had been given me, and purity seemed to stand out in letters of gold. I went to tea; my husband saw me and said, "When did all this happen?" I was too happy to eat. I sprang up from the table and said, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul." At this moment a waiter fell upon his knees, crying aloud for mercy, and the Lord converted him on the spot. The people shouted and praised the Lord aloud, and some were so filled with the Spirit that they could not eat supper, and the supper was untouched by about three hundred people, who went from the table to the stand shouting and praising God for the mighty Pentecostal baptism which had come upon them.

In the evening services, scores, and perhaps hundreds, of sinners were converted, and hundreds of believers sanctified, and all over the audience, penitents, smitten by the convicting power of the Holy Spirit, cried aloud to God for life and salvation. My husband was sanctified a few days after this wonderful feast of tabernacles. I went home from this remarkable camp meeting all aflame with divine love, to work for God and souls as I had never done before.

“Praise the Lord, the fire still burns
 With Pentecostal flame;
 The altar of my soul’s aglow;
 All glory to His name.”

Philadelphia, Pa.

AN HOUR WITH GEORGE MULLER.

BY PASTOR CHARLES R. PARSONS.

A warm summer day found me slowly walking up the shady groves of Ashley Hill, Bristol. At the top there met my gaze the immense buildings which shelter over two thousand orphans, built by a man who has given to the world the most striking object lesson in faith it has ever seen.

The first house is on the right, and here, among his own people, in plain, unpretentious apartments, lives* the siantly patriarch, George Muller. Passing through the lodge-gate, I pause a moment to look at House No. 3 before me, only one of five erected at a cost of \$600,000.

The bell is answered by an orphan, who conducts me up a lofty stone staircase, and into one of the private rooms of the venerable founder. Mr. Muller has attained the remarkable age of ninety-one. As I stand in his presence, veneration fills my mind. “Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man.” Lev. 19:32.

*He has since gone to his reward.—Ed.

He received me with a cordial handshake, and bade me welcome. It is something to see a man by whom God has accomplished a mighty work; it is more to hear the tones of his voice; far more than either to be brought into immediate contact with his spirit, and feel the warm breath of his soul breathed into one's own.

The communion of that hour will be forever graven on my memory. This servant of the Most High opened his heart to me, counseled me, prayed with me, and gave me his blessing.

In that hour was manifested to me the source of Mr. Muller's great spiritual strength. The aged saint, with all his faculties unimpaired, was eloquent the whole time, on one theme, the praise of Jehovah, the great Hearer and Answerer of his people's prayers. My own words were few:

"You have always found the Lord faithful to His promise?"

"Always; He has never failed me! For nearly seventy years every need in connection with this work has been supplied. The orphans, from the first until now, have numbered 9,500; but they have never wanted a meal. Hundreds of times we have commenced the day without a penny; but our Heavenly Father has sent supplies the moment they were actually required. There never was a time when we had no wholesome meal. During all these years I have been enabled to trust in the living God alone. One million four hundred thousand pounds have been sent to me in answer to prayer. We have wanted as much as £50,000 in one year, and it has all come when needed. No man can ever say I asked him

for a penny. We have no committees, no collectors, no voting, and no endowments. All has come in answer to believing prayer. God has many ways of moving the hearts of men to help us all over the world. While I am praying, He speaks to one and another, on this continent and on that, to send us help. Only the other evening, while I was preaching, a gentleman wrote me a check for a large amount for the orphans, and handed it to me when the service was over."

"I have read your life, Mr. Muller, and noticed how greatly, at times, your faith has been tried. Is it with you now as formerly?"

"My faith is tried as much as ever, and my difficulties are greater than ever. Besides our financial responsibilities, suitable helpers have constantly to be found, and suitable places provided for hundreds of orphans constantly leaving the homes. Then often our funds run very low; only the other week we had come nearly to the end of our supplies. I called my beloved helpers together, and said to them, 'Pray, brethren, pray!' Immediately £100 were sent us, then £200, and in a few days £1,500 came in. But we have to be always praying and always believing. O, it is good to trust in the living God, for He hath said, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.' Heb. 13:5. Expect great things from God, and great things you will have. There is no limit to what He is able to do. Praises forever to His glorious name! Praise Him for all! Praise Him for everything! I have praised Him many times when He has sent me 6d., and I have praised Him when He has sent me £12,000."

"I suppose you have never contemplated a reserve fund?"

"That would be the greatest folly. How could I pray if I had reserves? God would say, 'Bring them out; bring out those reserves, George Muller.' O no, I never thought of such a thing! Our reserve fund is in heaven. The living God is our sufficiency. I have trusted Him for one sovereign, trusted Him for thousands, and never trusted in vain. 'Blessed is the man that trusteth in Him.'" Ps. 34:8.

"Then, of course, you have never thought of saving for yourself?"

Not soon shall I forget the dignified manner with which I was answered by this mighty man of faith. Hitherto he had been sitting opposite me, with his knees almost close to mine, with clasped hands, and eyes that betokened a calm, quiet, meditative spirit. Most of the time he leaned forward, his gaze directed on the floor. But now he sat erect, and looked for several moments in my face, with an earnestness that seemed to penetrate my very soul. There was a grandeur and majesty about those undimmed eyes, so accustomed to spiritual visions and to looking into the deep things of God. I do not know whether the question seemed a sordid one, or whether it touched a lingering remnant of the old self to which he alludes in his discourses. Anyhow, there was not a shadow of doubt that it roused his whole being. After a brief pause, during which his face was a sermon, and the depths of his clear eyes flashed fire, he unbuttoned his coat, and drew from his pocket an old-fashioned purse, with rings in the middle separating

the character of the coins. He placed it in my hand, saying: "All that I possess is in that purse—every penny! Save for myself! Never! When money is sent to me for my own use, I pass it on to God. As much as £1,000 has thus been sent at one time; but I do not regard these gifts as belonging to me; they belong to Him, whose I am, and whom I serve. Save for myself! I dare not save; it would dishonor my loving, gracious, all-bountiful Father."

I handed the purse back to Mr. Muller. He told me the sum it contained, and what he had himself given to the Orphanage and the Scriptural Knowledge Institute; but these matters, with a few others, I am not at liberty to disclose.

There was a glow of holy enthusiasm in the face of this aged, faithful man as he related some of his preaching tours in forty two different countries; and how, in traveling from place to place, in some instances thousands of miles apart, his every need had been supplied. Hundreds of thousands of men and women of almost every nation came to hear him, and his great themes were the simple message of salvation and the encouragement of believers to trust in the living God. He told me he prayed more about his sermons than anything else, and often the text was not given until he ascended the pulpit, though he had been praying for it all the week.

I asked him if he spent much time on his knees.

"More or less every day. But I live in the spirit of prayer. I pray as I walk, when I lie down, and when I rise. The answers are always coming. Thousands and

ten thousands of times have my prayers been answered. When once I am persuaded a thing is right, I go on praying for it until the answer comes. George Muller never gives up!"

The words were spoken in an exulting tone. There was a ring of triumph, and his countenance was all aglow with holy joy. He had risen from his seat while uttering them, and had walked round to the side of the table. He went on:

"Thousands of souls have been saved in answer to the prayers of George Muller. He will meet thousands, yea, tens of thousands, in heaven!"

There was another pause; but I made no remark, and he continued:

"The great point is to never give up until the answer comes. I have been praying for fifty-two years, every day, for two men, sons of a friend of my youth. They are not converted, but will be! How can it be otherwise? There is the unchanging promise of Jehovah, and on that I rest. The great fault of the children of God is, they do not continue in prayer; they do not persevere. If they desire anything for God's glory, they should pray until they get it. O, how good, kind, gracious, and condescending is the One with whom we have to do! He has given me, unworthy as I am, immeasurably above all I had asked or thought! I am only a poor, frail, sinful man; but He has heard my prayers ten thousands of times, and used me as the means of bringing ten thousands into the way of truth. I say tens of thousands, in this and other lands. These unworthy lips

have proclaimed salvation to great multitudes, and very many have believed unto eternal life."

I asked Mr. Muller whether he had an idea where-
unto the work would grow when he first began? After
speaking of its commencement in Wilson street, he said:

"I only knew that God was in it, and was leading
His child into untried and untrodden paths. The as-
surance of His presence was my stay."

"I can not help noticing the way in which you speak
of yourself," I said, conscious that I was approaching a
subject at once tender, sacred, and closely allied with
his deepest spiritual moods and personal relationship to
God, and I half reproached myself as soon as the words
were uttered. He disarmed my fears by exclaiming,
"There is only one thing George Muller deserves, and
that is hell! I tell you, my brother, that is the only
thing I deserve. By nature I am a lost man; but I
am a sinner saved by the grace of God. Though by
nature a sinner, I do not live in sin; I hate sin; I hate
it more and more; and I love holiness; yes, I love holi-
ness more and more."

I said to him, "I suppose, through all these long
years in your work for God, you have met with much
to discourage you."

"I have met with many discouragements; but at all
times my confidence has been in God. On the word of
Jehovah's promise has my soul rested! O, it is good to
trust in Him; His Word never returns void! 'He giv-
eth power to the faint, and to them that have no might,
He increaseth strength.' Isaiah 40:29. This applies
also to my public ministrations. Sixty-two years ago I

preached a poor, dry, barren sermon, with no comfort to myself, and, as I imagined, with no comfort to others. But a long time afterward I heard of nineteen distinct cases of blessing through that sermon."

I told him a few of the things that had discouraged me, and expressed a hope to be used more of God than ever.

"And you shall be used of God!" he exclaimed. "Yea, my brother, God Himself shall bless you. Toil on! toil on!"

"May I venture to ask you to give me some special counsel in regard to my own work for God, also that I may pass it on to other Christian toilers in the great harvest-field of souls?"

He answered: "Seek entirely to depend on God for everything. Put yourself and your work into His hands. When thinking of any new undertaking, ask, 'Is this agreeable to the mind of God? Is it for His glory?' If it is not for His glory, it is not for your good, and you must have nothing to do with it. Mind that! Having settled that a certain course is for the glory of God, begin it in His name, and continue it to the end. Undertake it in prayer and faith, and never give up! Pray, pray, pray! Do not regard iniquity in your heart. If you do, the Lord will not hear you. Keep that before you always. Then trust in God. Depend only on God. Wait on Him. Believe on Him. Expect great things from Him. Faint not if the blessing tarries. Pray, pray, pray! And, above all, rely only upon the merits of our ever adorable Lord and Savior, that, according to

His infinite merits, and not your own, the prayers you offer and the work you do, will be accepted."

I had no word to answer. Indeed, what was there to say? My eyes were filled with tears, and my heart was overflowing, and besides—

"There was the speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love."

Mr. Muller fetched from another room a copy of his life, in which he inscribed my name. His absence afforded me an opportunity of looking round the apartment. The furniture was of the plainest description, useful, and in harmony with the man of God who had been talking to me. It is a great principle with Mr. Muller that it does not become the children of God to be ostentatious in style, appointments, dress, or manner of living. Expensiveness and luxury are not seemly in those who are the professed disciples of the meek and lowly One, who had not where to lay His head. On the desk lay an open Bible, of clear type, without notes or references.

This, I thought, is the abode of the mightiest man, spiritually, of modern times—a man specially raised up to show to a cold, calculating, selfish age the realities of the things of God, and to teach the Church how much she might gain if only she were wise enough to take hold of the arm of Omnipotence.

I had been with this prince of prayer one whole hour, and only once there came a knock at his door. It was opened by Mr. Muller, and there stood one of his orphans, one of the largest family on earth, a fair-haired maiden. "My dear," said he, "I cannot attend to you

just now. Wait awhile and I will see you." Thus was I privileged to remain uninterrupted with this father in Israel, this prevailer with God, this latter-day hero in the fight, this traveler of ninety-one years in life's rough pilgrimage—a man who, like Moses, speaks to God as a man speaketh to his friend. To me it was one of the hours of heaven come down to earth.

His prayer was short and simple. Bending lowly upon his knees, he said: "O Lord, bless Thy dear servant before Thee more and more, *more and more*, **MORE AND MORE!** And do Thou graciously guide his pen that he may write in regard to this Thy work and our conversation today. I ask it through the merits of Thy dear Son, our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. Amen!"

I KNOW THAT JESUS HEALED ME.

Mr. George Evison, of Grimby, England, who was instantly healed at Grimby, Boardman Hall, on March 31, 1890, could say, "I know that Jesus healed me."

Listen to his wonderful testimony as given by himself and corroborated by Mr. W. M. Watson:

"My sight was deficient from birth. I could never see more than two yards before me: a thickness always seemed to be over my eyes. This was a hindrance to my learning at school. When about seven I was taken to a doctor and treated for a cataract; but this was a failure. From fourteen to nineteen my eyes were at their best: the pain was less than at any other time; but the

sight was no clearer, and I could not see any better. The day I was twenty-one I was suddenly blind for half an hour. When sight returned, I could not see more than an inch before my eyes. I saw Dr. Taylor, of Nottingham, twice in November, and once in December, 1888. The third time I called, he said the eyes were wasting away, and he could do no more. A few days later I was quite blind. After this my eyes began to gather and break. The pain was so intense that I could not sleep. I cannot say that I had what might be called sleep for eighteen months. By January, 1890, the eyeballs were quite gone, and the sockets empty. I could lift the lids and place my fingers in the sockets. March, 1890, I was asked by a member of the Faith Home Mission, how I lost my eyes. I told him. He asked me if I would go to the Home. I laughed and said, 'What good is it, as I have no eyes?' and he replied, 'Is it not as easy for the Lord to make new eyes, as for a watchmaker to make a new wheel?' This was a message from God. It went to the bottom of my heart, and I promised to go Friday night.

"I went home and prayed. I had often prayed about my sight before, but never with a believing heart, as I was not converted. I kept my promise, went to the Home March 21, and was anointed with oil. I was not benefitted by going as regarded my physical sight, but my spiritual eyes were opened wide, and I was born again of the Spirit. I went home, prayed all night, and felt that my request was heard.

"March 31 I placed my fingers in the empty sockets, as I went to breakfast. After breakfast I returned

to my room to pray. When on my knees, about half past ten, I felt my sockets become warm. As they were always cold, I sprang to my feet and said: 'Praise God, my eyes are growing.' They continued to come all that day. The next night I went to a meeting, and could see the gaslight. Wednesday the eyeballs felt much larger. Thursday I was led by Satan to doubt, and all day the eyes receded. This was the effect of unbelief. I cried over my sin, but the sweet thought came, 'He will forgive me.' I kneeled and asked God to forgive, and to replace what I had lost. When at prayer, about three-quarters of an hour after, I again felt that my eyes were growing, and I lifted my eyelids.

"At night, at Boardman Hall, a quarter to ten o'clock, I heard a voice say, 'It is finished.' Thank God, it was finished. My eyes came open wide, and I sprang to my feet and shouted, 'Thank God, I can see everybody, and everything.' I came home after a thanksgiving meeting and opened my Bible. The first words I saw there were, 'The Lord openeth the eyes of the blind' (Psalms cxlvi.) Thank God He does: My eyes, both eyeball and sight, are as good as any one's. It is my great pleasure to tell about God's wonderful work."

And so this man could say as definitely as the blind man whom Jesus healed, "One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I can see."—*Christ's Healing Wings.*

HOW THE LORD CONTROLS EVEN THE LOCOMOTIVE AND THE RAILROAD TRAIN.

A remarkable instance of how the Lord controlled circumstances for the detention of one train, and speeded the arrival of the other, in answer to the prayer of a poor widow, who was in anxiety and distress, is thus known to the editor of *The Watchman and Reflector*.

“Not long ago an engineer brought his train to a stand at a little Massachusetts village, where the passengers have five minutes for lunch. A lady came along the platform and said: ‘The conductor tells me the train at the junction in P—— leaves fifteen minutes before our arrival. It is Saturday night, that is the last train. I have a very sick child in the car, and no money for a hotel, and none for a private conveyance for the long, long journey into the country. What shall I do?’ ‘Well,’ said the engineer, ‘I wish I could tell you.’ ‘Would it be possible for you to hurry a little?’ said the anxious, tearful mother. ‘No, madam, I have the time-table, and the rules say I must run by it.’

She turned sorrowfully away, leaving the bronzed face of the engineer wet with tears. Presently she returned and said, ‘Are you a Christian?’ ‘I trust I am,’ was the reply. ‘Will you pray with me that the Lord may, in some way, delay the train at the junction?’ ‘Why, yes, I will pray with you, but I have not much faith.’ Just then, the conductor cried, ‘All aboard.’ The poor woman hurried back to her deformed and sick child, and away went the train, climbing the grade. ‘Somehow,’ says the engineer, ‘everything worked to a

charm. *As I prayed, I couldn't help letting my engine out just a little.* We hardly stopped at the first station, people got on and off with wonderful alacrity, the conductor's lantern was in the air in half a minute, and then away again. Once over the summit, it was dreadful easy to give her a little more, and then a little more, as I prayed, till she seemed to shoot through the air like an arrow. Somehow I couldn't hold her, knowing I had the road, and so we dashed up to the junction six minutes ahead of time.' There stood the train, and the conductor with his lantern on his arm. 'Well,' said he, *'will you tell me what I am waiting here for? Somehow I felt I must wait your coming tonight, but I don't know why.'* 'I guess,' said the brother conductor, 'it is for this woman, with her sick and deformed child, dreadfully anxious to get home this Saturday night.' But the man on the engine and the grateful mother think they can tell why the train waited. God held it to answer their prayers."

Think of this wonderful improbability according to natural circumstances. These trains never connected with each other, nor were intended to. There was no message sent ahead to stop. There was not the slightest business reason for waiting, yet the second conductor, on arrival of the first, asks this question, "*What am I waiting for,*" and the answer of the first is more singular, "*I don't know.*"

THE WONDERFUL CURE OF MRS. SHERMAN.

There are many cases of healing in answer to prayer, but the following incident is so minute, and resulted in such a radical change of the physical constitution, that it is necessary to relate it in detail. It is too well proven to admit the possibility of a doubt.

“Mrs. Ellen Sherman is the wife of Rev. Moses Sherman, and at the time of this occurrence, 1873, they were residents of Piedmont, N. H. She had been an invalid for many years. Shortly after she was fifteen, she fell and hurt her left knee, so that it became weak and easy to slip out of joint. Six years later she fell again on the same knee, so twisting and injuring the ligaments that it became partially stiff and, the physician said, incurable.

“The next Summer, by fast walking, one day, she brought on special weakness, which no physician was able to cure. From that moment she was subject to severe neuralgia, sick-headaches, at least monthly and sometimes weekly.

“In December, 1859, she slipped, by reason of her stiff joint, and fell, striking near the base of the spine, directly across the sharp edge of a stone step. This caused such sickness that she was obliged to leave school.

“Three years afterward, (January, 1862), she fell from the top of a stairway, striking as before, and sliding to the foot of the stairs. This nearly paralyzed the spinal cord, and caused permanent spinal disease. After this she was up and down for many years, attended by various physicians, yet nothing bettered, but rather

worse. It seemed that every organ of the lower body became chronically diseased, while the headaches increased in violence.

“In September, 1872, through a severe cold she took to her bed, where she lay, except when lifted from it, till August 27, 1873. She was unable to walk a step, or even stand. She could sit up only a short time without great distress. The best medical skill procurable gave only temporary relief. The spine grew worse in spite of every appliance, and the nervous sensitiveness and prostration were increasing. During the two or three weeks immediately preceding her cure she was especially helpless, two persons being required to lift her off and on the bed. On Monday before she suffered from one of her severest neuralgia headaches. During Wednesday she began to be relieved, but was still so sick that when she tried to have her clothes changed, she could only endure the change of her night-dress.”

From this will be seen her utter helplessness, and there was not the slightest hope of any amelioration. During the night of August 27th, she enjoyed a blessed time of communion with her Lord, giving herself, in all her helplessness, wholly to Him to do as he wills.

With feelings beyond all expression, she felt the nearness of her mighty Savior, and the sense of a new and most delicious pulsation of fresh life. At last, though she had been bed-ridden for twelve months, and incapable of any self-help, she felt a great impulse to throw off the bed-clothes and, springing out of bed upon her feet, started to walk across the room.

“Her husband first thought she was crazed, and

would fall to the floor, so he sprang forward to help her. But she put up her hands, saying with great energy, 'Don't touch me? Don't touch me!' and went walking back and forth across the room, speaking rapidly, and declaring the work which Jesus had been doing.

"Her husband quickly saw that she was in her right mind, and had been healed by the Lord, and his soul was filled with unutterable emotion.

"One of the women of the household was called, also their son, and together they thanked God for the great and blessed wonder he had wrought.

"In the morning, after a sleep of several hours, she further examined herself to see if entirely healed, and found both knees perfectly well; and though for sixteen years she had not been able to use either, now she lifted the left foot and put it upon the right knee, thus proving the completeness of her restoration.

"At the end of two years, inquiry having been made as to how thorough had been the work, she gave full and abundant evidence. 'I cannot remember a Summer when I have been so healthy and strong, and able to work hard. I am a constant wonder to myself, and to others, and have been for the two years. The cure exceeded my highest expectations. I did not look forward to such a state of vigor and strength. No words can express my joy and gratitude.

"The parents of Mrs. Sherman also testify of the wonderful change:

"Before, her appetite was always disordered, but on the very morning of the healing it was wholly changed, and food, which distressed her formerly, she ate with a

relish and without any pain following; and she so continues. For years before a natural action of the bowels was rare. From that day since, an unnatural one is equally rare.

“For fifteen years, with few exceptions, she had had severe sick headache monthly, or oftener. From that time she has had no return of the headaches, except a comparatively slight one once, from overdoing and a cold taken through carelessness.

“There was also at that time an immediate and radical change in the action of the kidneys, which had become a source of great trouble before. Moreover the knee which had been partially stiff for so many years was made entirely well. In fine her body, which had been so afflicted became at once free from pain, and full of health.

“The week after healing she went fifty miles to a camp-meeting, riding five miles in a carriage, the rest by cars. A neighbor said, ‘She will come back worse than ever.’ Though the weather was especially severe, she came back better than when she went.”

These are but few out of many expressions respecting her extraordinary recovery, which will fully satisfy the believing Christian that *the Great Physician* is with us now, “*healing the lame,*” and curing the sick. It is faith only, unyielding, which the Lord requires ere He gives His richest blessing.

The unbelieving one simply sees in it “*something strange,*” which he can not understand, but the faith-keeping Christian knows it is the sign of his *Precious*

Lord, in whom he trusts and abides forever.—Wonders of Prayer, Revised.

HOW THE LORD BLESSES THOSE WHO GIVE LIBERALLY TO HIS CAUSE.

A disciple of the Lord Jesus, poor in this world's goods, but rich in faith, became greatly perplexed in regard to the meaning of the forty-second verse of the fifth chapter of Matthew. The words are: "Give to him that asketh thee; and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away." After a season of prolonged mental inquiry, as to whether the language was to be regarded as literal or not, she suddenly paused and exclaimed: "It is easy enough to find out; test it and see."

It was Saturday. Her money, all but two dollars, had been expended in providing for the Sabbath. The amount left, which was absolutely needed for the following Monday, she put in her pocket, and went out.

On the street, a friend, whose husband had been for some time out of business, met her and stated their distresses, and asked if she could lend them *two dollars to last over the Sabbath*.

She was surprised. The test had come sooner than she expected, but, without hesitation, the money was "*lent to the Lord,*" and the now penniless believer went home to wait and see.

Now mark the result. Monday came, and with it the needs to be supplied. While pondering what course

to pursue, a knock was heard, and on opening the door a lady, with a bundle in her hand, inquired if she could do a little work for her. Replying in the affirmative, and naming the price, the lady took from her pocket-book two dollars, and handed it to her, saying: "It is more than you ask, but you might as well have it." "I was never more astonished," said this true disciple, "and literally shouted for joy. I had tested and proved that the promises of God are yea and amen in Christ Jesus. Glory to God. I have never doubted since; and though often in straits, I have always been delivered."

Would it not be well for Christians to "test" where they cannot understand? "Ye are my friends," said the blessed Lord, "if ye do whatsoever I command you." Obedience will solve difficulties that reasoning cannot unravel. Try and see.—*Selected.*

*THE AID OF THE LORD IN BUSINESS. WON-
DERFUL DELIVERANCE OF DAN-
IEL LOEST.*

John Daniel Loest, a celebrated German tradesman of Berlin, Germany, was, by the aid of the Lord, so prospered in his worldly circumstances, that by steady industry, he raised himself to rank with the most respectable tradesmen of Berlin, where he kept a well-frequented fringe and trimming shop.

He was always benevolent, willing to help others, and both fervent in spirit and constant in prayer, ask-

ing the help of the Lord in the minutest details of his business.

Yet there once occurred in his experience a season of severest trial, which demanded his utmost trust and unflinching confidence in God. He seemed almost forsaken, and circumstances almost impossible to overcome. But his deliverance so astonished him that he was lost in wonder at the mysterious way in which the Lord helped his business and sent him all that he needed.

By means of acquaintances of high social character, whom he fully trusted as good Christians, never supposing there could be any degree of hypocrisy, he became security for a professedly Christian lady of good property to the amount of *six hundred thalers*. The attorney assured him that there was not a shadow of a risk in going security for her, as her property would be more than ample to cover any claim.

Months elapsed, and the circumstances forgotten, when Mr. Loest was most unpleasantly reminded by receiving an order from the Court to pay in on the following Tuesday the *six hundred thalers* for which he had become security, under the penalty of execution.

He now discovered that he had been designedly mystified, and there was no escape. The six hundred thalers must be paid before the next Tuesday. He had just accepted a bill for *three hundred thalers*, to be paid for on the ensuing Saturday. And in his first thoughts of his perplexity, he hoped to get out of his dilemma by hurrying to a rich friend to obtain a loan. On his way to his friend's home, he stumbled on another acquaintance who had lent him *four hundred thalers* on a mere

note of hand, and he saluted him with the news that he must try for repayment of that sum on the following Friday, as he required it to pay for a parcel of goods which would arrive that day.

"You shall have it," said Loest, as he hurried on to his friend. The friend was at home, but before Loest could speak his errand, he is addressed thus: "It is lucky you came, my friend, for I was just going to send for you, to request you to make provision to pay me back the *five hundred thalers you owe me*, for I must needs have it on Wednesday to pay off a mortgage on my house, which has just been called up." "*You shall have it*," replied Loest, calmly, yet his heart became heavier every moment.

Suddenly it occurred to him that the widow of a friend just dead was possessed of large means, and she might be inclined to help him. But alas, disappointment thickened fast upon him. Loest owed the deceased friend five hundred thalers for note, and three hundred thalers for goods just delivered. As he entered the room of the widow, she handed him an order from the court of trustees, under which he was bound to pay up the *five hundred thalers on Thursday*, and, continued the lady, before the poor man had time to utter a word, "I would earnestly entreat you to pay the other three hundred thalers early on Saturday to me, for there are accounts constantly pouring in on me, and the funeral expenses," here her voice faltered. "It shall be cared for," said Loest, and he withdrew, not having had opportunity to utter one word as to the business that took him thither. He had failed at every turn; not one thing was

for him, all seemed against him. But though the waves surged, and rose, and oppressed, yet they did not overwhelm his hope; the more the discouragements, the greater became his faith that all things were appointed for his good, and though he could not guess, yet even the trial would result by God's own working hand, to the honor and glory of his great name.

Yet here was his situation. *Six hundred thalers to be paid on Tuesday, five hundred on Wednesday, five hundred on Thursday, four hundred on Friday, three hundred Saturday morning, and three hundred on Saturday afternoon; in all, two thousand six hundred thalers.* It was already the Saturday just previous, and his purse contained only *four thalers*. There was only one prospect left, and he went to a rich money lender, and in response to his request for relief in money difficulties, was met with this reply of irony and sarcasm from one who loved to indulge his enmity to the Christian faith. *"You in money difficulties, or any difficulties, Mr. Loest! I cannot believe it; it is altogether impossible; you are at all times and in all places boasting that you have such a rich and loving Master! Why don't you apply to him now."* And the unseen face could not conceal his pleasure at this opportunity of testing a Christian.

Loest turned away; hard as the random taunt and remark of his opponent was, yet it recalled him to a sense of his duty, and his forgetfulness of the fact that he had not hitherto asked of God for special help in his circumstance. With cheerful steps he hurried home, and in long and imploring prayer, asked for help and

forgiveness in this, his neglect of trust in one so rich and generous. He was refreshed and comforted, and the Sunday was one of peace and sweetness. He knew and felt assured, "*That the Lord would provide.*"

The eventful week opened, and on Monday he arose with a cheerful thought in his heart; ere he had had full time to dress, he noticed with great surprise, that both his sister and the assistant in the store, seemed, notwithstanding the earliness of the hour, to have full as much as they could do in serving customers and making up parcels, and he at once hastened into the shop to give them assistance, and thus it continued all day. *Never, in all his experience,* could Loest remember such a ceaseless stream of customers as poured, on that memorable Monday, into his rather out-of-the-way shop. Cooking dinner was out of the question; neither masters nor maid had time for that; coffee and bread, taken by each in turn, served instead of the accustomed meal, and still the customers came and went; still three pairs of hands were in requisition to satisfy their wants.

Nor was it for new purchasers alone, that money came in. More than one long outstanding account, accompanied by excuses for delayed payment, and assurances that it had not been possible to settle it sooner, enlarged the contents of the till; and the honest-hearted debtor, on whom this unwonted stream of money flowed in, was tempted every minute to call out, "*It is the Lord.*"

At length night came, when Loest and his literally worn out assistants, after having poured out their hearts in thankful adoration in family prayer, sat down to the

first meal they had that day enjoyed in common. When it was over, the brother and sister sat themselves to count over the money which had that day been taken. Each hundred thalers was set by itself, and the result showed *six hundred and three thalers, fourteen silver groschen.*

This was sufficient to pay the first debt due the next day, and leave but ten shillings and eight pence over, a trifle less than they commenced the day with. Loest was lost in wonder and grateful emotion at this gracious testimony of how faithful his Lord could minister to him in his earthly necessities.

“How countless must be the host of his ministering servants, seen or unseen, since He can employ some hundreds of them, and send them to buy of Daniel Loest to-day, or pay him that bill which thou owest. What a wondrous God is ours, who in the government of this great universe, does not overlook my mean affairs, nor forget His gracious promise, “Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee.’”

Tuesday was a repetition of Monday’s splendid business, and brought in the five hundred thalers which he needed the next morning to pay off the mortgage of his friend’s house, due that day.

Wednesday’s sales gave him five hundred more thalers, which he was obliged to have ready to pay on Thursday morning into the court of trustees.

Thursday’s sales brought him four hundred thalers, just the amount he had given promise to pay the next day for goods delivered.

And Friday’s sales gave him just three hundred tha-

lers with which to honor the widow's demand on Saturday, to pay funeral and contingent expenses.

During these days of wonderful business and deliverances, after each indebtedness was discharged, there still was not left cash in hand a sum exceeding three to five dollars.

On Saturday morning, after he had sent the three hundred thalers to the widow, he had left precisely two thalers and twenty silver groschen (six shillings eight pence sterling), the smallest balance he had yet had; and what seemed most alarming, the rush to the shop seemed to be entirely over; for while during the five days past, he had had scarcely time to draw his breath from hurry and bustle, he was now left in undisturbed possession of his place. Not a single customer appeared. The wants of the vicinity seemed to have come to an end. for not a child even entered to fetch a penny-worth of thread, or a few ells of tape. This utter cessation of trade was as unusual and out of the accustomed shop business, as the extra rush had been.

At five o'clock on Saturday, was due the debt of three hundred thalers to his scoffing and tantalizing money lender. Three o'clock came, and still there was but six shillings eight pence in the till. Where was his money to come from? But Loest sat still, and "*possessed his soul in patience,*" for he knew the Lord would choose the best time, and he desired to be found waiting and watching for the Lord's coming. The trial was severe. It seemed hopeless, and if it should happen that the creditor came and went away unsatisfied, his commercial character would be injured, his credit shak-

en, and his reputation severely suffer. That last hour ran slowly on. At a quarter to four, almost the last few moments of painful suspense, a little old woman came in, and asking for Mr. Loest, said to him half in a whisper, "I live here close by, quite alone in a cellar, and I have had a few thalers paid me, and now I want to beg of you to be so good as to keep them for me. I have not slept over night since I had them; it is a great charge for a lone woman like me."

Loest was only too glad to accept the money, and offered interest, which she declined. She hurried back, brought in her money, counted it out on his table, and there were just three hundred thalers, six rouleaux of fifty thalers each.

She had scarcely left the house, with her receipt in her pocket, ere the clerk of the creditor with his demand in his hand, rushed into Loest's presence. He received his three hundred thalers, and both parted speechless with amazement.

Loest was lost in wonder at the marvellous way and exactness of time in which the Lord delivered him, while the creditor was astonished thus to find Loest's Mighty Friend had not failed him in his hour of need.

Thus in one short week, from a beginning of less than five thalers, God had so exactly supplied his business needs that he had paid all his obligations of two thousand six hundred thalers, saved him from failure, saved his honor and good name, and now all was peace.

The history of Loest and other providences which helped him in his business, are still further given more at length in a little book, "*The Believing Tradesman,*"

from the records of the Religious Tract Society of Berlin.

This sketch illustrates the necessity of looking to God daily for help, and strength, and success, and deliverance in our business occupations as well as the concerns of our soul, and must effectively prove that those who use their business and the means from it to honor the good works of the Lord on earth, will be blessed on earth with the favor of the Lord. It teaches the sublime lesson that *money and prosperity are gifts from the Lord*, and must be considered as such, acknowledged with thankfulness, and used to please the Giver.

Whenever the Christian learns to love the gift more than the Giver, the Lord often takes it away to remind him of his need of dependence upon *Him*. But whenever the Christian loves the Giver because of His gifts, and spends his means again to please his Heavenly Father, he becomes the Father's steward, and his lap is filled with bountiful blessings, such an one finds by true experience, "*The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.*"—*Wonders of Prayer*.

CHARLIE COULSON, A 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 hundred wounded soldiers in my hospital, amongst whom were twenty-eight who had been wounded so severely that they required my services at once—some whose legs had to be amputated; some, their arms; and others both their 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, had 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 battlefield 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 now 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:

"One Sabbath 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 a little 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 down to a drunkard's grave, and I promised God, if it was His will that you should grow up, that I should try to influence you by His help, that you should warn young men against the bitter cup.' I am now seventeen years old, but I 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 on my stomach?"

The look that boy gave me I never shall forget. At that time I hated Jesus, but I respected that boy's loyalty to his Savior, and when I saw how he loved and trusted Him to the last, there was something that 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 often 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 me chloroform, but I declined it; 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 a letter, and tell her that since the day I left home I 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 on the march, on the battlefield, 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 have 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 cutting through the flesh, Charlie Coulson never groaned, but when I took the saw to separate the bone, the lad took the corner of his pillow in his mouth, and all that I could hear him utter, was, "Oh, 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 been carried to the deadhouse.

"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 where 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 sang a hymn. They were accompanied by Chaplain R——, who knelt by Charlie Coulson's bed and offered up fervent and 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, thank God, I am ready to go; and before I die 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 sitting 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 I cannot see him again."

"But, doctor, he says he must see you once more 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, so 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 was that.

He answered, "Jesus Christ, to whom I want to in-

roduce you before I die; and 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 to 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 boy, you will soon be all right." With these words I left him, and twelve minutes later he fell asleep, "safe in the arms of Jesus."

Hundreds of soldiers died in my hospital during the war, but I followed only one to the grave, 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 if I could have felt toward Christ as Charlie did; but that feeling cannot be bought with money. Alas! I soon forgot all about my Christian soldier's little sermon, but I could not forget the boy himself. I now know that at that time I was under deep conviction of sin, but I 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 as Inspecting Surgeon, and to take charge of the military hospital at Galveston, Tex. Returning one day from an inspecting tour, and on my way to Washington, I stopped to rest for a few hours at New York. After dinner, I stepped downstairs 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 round it sixteen beautifully framed Scripture texts, in different colors. Sitting down in one of the barber's chairs, I saw directly opposite to me, hanging up in a frame on the wall this 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 and loving manner that my prejudices were disarmed, and I listened with growing attention to what he said. All the while 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 thought or intention. All the while he was cutting my hair he kept steadily on with his sermon, preaching Christ to me and telling me that, although not a Jew himself, he was at one time as far from Christ as I was then. I listened attentively, my interest increasing with every word he said to such an extent that, when he had finished cutting my hair, I said "Barber, you may now 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, however, he broke the silence by saying:

"Stranger, perhaps you do not understand why I chose to talk to you upon a subject so dear to me. When you entered my shop I saw from your face that you were a Jew."

He still ~~continued~~ continued to talk to me about his "Dear Savior," and ~~said~~ said he felt it his duty whenever he came in contact with a Jew to try to introduce him to one who 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, should take such a deep interest in my welfare, and also shed tears while talking to me.

I reached out my hand to tell him good-bye. He

took it in both of his and gently pressed it, the 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 card or name, 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 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 note or 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 his hand heartily and said good by; but 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 newspaper, and one of the first things which caught my attention was the announcement of a revival service in Dr. Rankin's First Congregational Church, 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 service, 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 I would never enter a place where "Jesus, the Impostor," was worshipped as a God, and that I would never attempt to read a book containing that name, and I faithfully kept my word up to that moment.

I omitted to say that, during the service, and whilst 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 round 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 societies 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 had got into bad company. Being 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 of 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 of the opportunity to leave the church. With that intention I got up from my seat, and had reached the door, when I felt that some one held me by the skirt of my coat. Turning round 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," I answered, "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 these words was not without its effect. I followed her back to the very spot from whence I had just left so abruptly, and when we came up 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, child-like manner as completely unnerved me. I felt ashamed of myself to see that dear old lady kneeling near me while I was standing, and praying 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 to-night?"

"Madam," I replied, "I will pray to my God, the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob but not to 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 rather excited and asked me where I had been. The truth I dare 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 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 as 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 at 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, "Found 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 syna-

gogue, 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 worshipping 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 West on government business. I tried all the means in my power to communicate personally with my wife, and to bid her good-bye, 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 should not call her my wife, 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 1,300 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 with every letter sent I prayed that God would incline her heart 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 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 her 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 cannot and will not believe what my grandpa or grandma, or anybody else says about papa's 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 took my letter and read it through five times before she finally laid it down.

After the last reading of the letter, my wife returned it to the desk and went back to 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 to the front of my home I saw my wife standing at the open door expecting me. Her face beamed with joy. 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 also standing at their open door 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 on it; no date; no "My dear son," as all her former letters to me began, but it read as follows:

"Max:—You are no longer my son; we have buried you in effigy; we mourn you as one 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 fully counted what it would cost me in embracing 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 to his self-interest are brought to bear upon every Jew who is suspected of looking with favor toward 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 Christians 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 nearly gone, and my left lung is very much affected, so at the best I have but a short time to be with you, but what is left of me belongs to Jesus. Oh! it is a great joy 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 Christ; he was wounded at the battle of Gettysburg, and 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 my Charlie, in his dying hour, sent for that Jewish doctor, and said to him, 'Doctor, before I die, I wish to tell you that five days ago, while you were amputating 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. I left my seat, crossed the room, and, taking her by the 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."

In October, 1887, Dr. Rossvally wrote: "With great joy and thankfulness of heart occurred the conversion of my dear son. I pray that God may spare my life, that I may be permitted to hear my only son preach the Gospel of that dear Savior whom he had so long rejected, but who is now his all in all; for, in his last letter, he informs me that he is now preparing himself for evangelistic work."

Dr. Rossvally lived to see his children all converted to Christianity, and after his arrival in England, he wrote the story of the drummer boy, of which millions of copies in different languages have been circulated, a large part of which were gratuitously distributed by himself. Aided by Mr. Cory, J. P., of Cardiff, Dr. Rossvally

opened a free medical mission in Leeds early last year, selecting the Jewish quarter of the town for its location. To sufferers, both Jew and Gentile, the mission was always free, and thousands profited through his large-hearted philanthropy.



THE STORY OF NELLIE CONROY.

I had been holding meetings in a small room right in the midst of the slums of Baxter Street, going out into the streets, saloons, and dives of the neighborhood, and literally compelling the people to come in. God gave me favor in the sight of the people and the keepers of the dens of iniquity. It became customary to visit "Hell Gate," "Chain and Locker," and "Bottle Alley," resorts for sailors and low characters, and invite them to the meeting. The proprietors, though in a bad business, were good-natured men, and always treated me with courtesy, though I sometimes succeeded in taking nearly all their customers over to the meeting.

One evening I had just come out of the place appropriately named "Hell Gate," when I first met Nellie Conroy. She was supporting herself against a post, as she was much intoxicated. Tall and thin, one could see then that consumption was doing its fatal work. She had no hat, no shoes; a dirty calico dress was all the clothing she had on, and that was not in condition to cover her nakedness. Her hair was matted and tangled. Her face bruised and swollen. Both eyes were blackened by the fist of a huge Negro who held her as his slave, and had beaten her because she had not brought him as much money as he wanted. I invited her to the meeting and passed on. Near the close of the meeting she came in. With tearful eyes she listened to the story of Jesus, and was one of the first to request prayers. After the meet-

ing she expressed a desire for a better life; but she had no place to go, save to the dens of infamy, from which she came. I decided to take her to a home for fallen women; and, accompanied by a friend who had assisted me in the meetings, we started.

Arriving at the home, I helped her up the steps, and rang the bell. She turned to me and said, "You will be proud of me some day." I smiled then, as I thought the chances of being proud of her were slim; but how many times since, when an audience has been moved to tears by the pathos of her story, or spellbound by her eloquence, have I indeed been proud of her. But I anticipate.

Nellie was admitted to the home, and, in time, secured a place.

The work in the dance-halls had attracted the attention of the gentleman to whom this tract is affectionately dedicated,* and the work, through his liberality, was moved to larger quarters, and classes, with a home for fallen women at 21 and 23 Bleecker Street, called the "Florence Night Mission." I gave my life to the Master's work as all-night missionary. Word had reached my friend that Nellie had left her place, and gone back to her old haunts in Baxter Street. He left a card with the address of "The Florence." The whole matter was forgotten, until late one night there was a ring at the bell, and the poor, wretched object admitted proved to be Nellie. At the meeting the next night she was the first to come forward. When asked to pray, she lifted her pale

* Evangelist Chas. N. Crittenton.

face to heaven, and quoted, with tearful pathos, that beautiful hymn :

“The mistakes of my life have been many,
The sins of my heart have been more ;
And I scarce can see for weeping,
But I’ll knock at the open door.”

Her life from that time, until her death—nearly two years later—was that of a faithful Christian. She gave satisfaction to her employers. She was blessed of God in her testimony at the mission, and soon she was sought after by Churches, temperance societies, and missions to tell what great things the Lord had done for her. She spoke to a large audience of nearly 3,000 people in the Cooper Union, New York, holding them spellbound with her pathetic story. One of the daily papers, writing of her, said: “Miss Conroy is possessed of a wonderful gift of language and a natural Irish wit. This, with her thrilling story, makes her one of the most interesting and entertaining speakers before the public.” She was uneducated, but had a remarkable memory. She soon became familiar with the Bible, and many were won to Christ through her testimonies. Her pale face would become flushed with a hectic glow as she spoke of the wonderful things God had done for her.

“Glory be to His great name!” she would say. “It was no common blood that washed Nellie Conroy from her sins, and no common power that reached down and took her from the slums of Baxter Street after nine years of sin and dissipation. It was no common blood

that washed and cleansed her and gave her back purified to the bosom of virtuous society. It was the precious blood of Jesus. Glory to His name! Won't many be surprised, when the roll is called in heaven, to hear Nellie Conroy answer to her name?"

Her life has been a peculiar one. Her parents were Roman Catholics. At an early age she came to America. Her father died, her mother became a drunkard, and sold Nellie, at the age of twelve, to her own paramour; then, becoming jealous of her, drove her from the house. She came to New York, hoping to earn a livelihood as a servant; but, being young and pretty, she was enticed into one of the gilded palaces of sin in the upper part of the city, and there began the downward course that left her, at last, a wreck in Baxter Street. Here, for nine years, she lived, becoming a victim to all the vices that attend a dissipated life. Writing of her past, she said: "I never enjoyed much of my parents' love. Heaven deprived me of one of the kindest fathers, and left me a mother. But O, poor mother!—the victim of the rum-god, the quiet, gentle woman in her sober moments, the one who ought to have been the guide of my youth and innocence next to God—she turned into a living demon, and so basely forgot her child, and cast her out in her tender, innocent years, upon the waves of a cold and heartless world. If she had been a mother, I would not have been here to-day. Then I was young and healthy; now I am a wreck, and she struck the first blow. O, if she could only look on the wreck her own hands have made! My soul often cries out, O mother, are you living or dead? It seems you can not rest and think of

your poor girl, whom you helped to murder. These thoughts often come to me, but I have sweetly learned to say: "Father, forgive poor mother! It was rum did it. O may God save my poor, drunken mother, if she be in the land of the living!"

Her life was indeed a changed one. From idleness, filth, drunkenness, and sin she was transformed into a neat, industrious, sober, godly woman. But sin had sown its seed, and she must reap the harvest. She grew weaker, until, at last, she went to the hospital, to linger some months in great suffering and pain; but all was borne with a spirit of Christian resignation. Her testimony was:

"The love He has kindled within me
Makes service or suffering sweet."

A friend, visiting her, read the "Sermon on the Mount." As she listened to the Beatitudes, she repeated them after the reader; and when the last one was uttered, she said, "There is one more, blessed." "No, Nellie," replied her friend, "I read them all." "No, one more," she insisted, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

One day a visitor said, "Nellie, you are nearing the river." "Yes," she said, "I have already stepped in; but God's Word says, 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee.' The promise is true. I am dryshod."

At the last she could scarcely speak. She knew her

end was near, and when the fourteenth of John was read to her, she said: "My mansion is there. The Comforter is here. The promise is fulfilled. Sing at my funeral, 'I am going home to die no more.'"

Summoned to her bedside, the nurse bent down to hear her faintly whisper: "Jesus, precious Jesus! I love Jesus, and Jesus loves me. Hallelujah!" These were her last words. Her face lit up as she seemed to catch a glimpse of the King in His beauty; and with a shout of "Hallelujah!" the spirit of the once poor, despised Magdalene took its flight to the bright mansions of whose possession she had been so sure.—*Anon.*

*AN ACTOR'S CONVERSION RELATED BY
HIMSELF.*

I had lost my parents at an early age. From my childhood I was filled with a passion for the theatre, and made up my mind to become an actor, cost what it might. When I had finished my time at school, I got permission from my teacher to apply for a position in a small theatre. My appearance and my manners made a favorable impression upon the manager, possibly he saw in me an aptitude for the vocation I wished to embrace, for he engaged me at once.

I need not enlarge upon the first years of this life which was so much in accord with my desires; suffice it to say that I labored at it with an ardour and energy, which made me one of the first actors of a great city; one of the favorites of the public. I will add, through the mercy of God, which I was not then conscious of, I was restrained from falling into the dissipation and irregularities to which a theatrical life is exposed and to which the solicitations and examples of my companions would have led me. A sort of personal pride made me despise those who gave themselves up to diversions which seemed to me so degrading. I even avoided taking a part in plays which contained equivocal expressions.

After about five years I noticed among the spectators

a young man about fifteen years of age. The regularity with which he came every night to the theatre struck me, as well as his expressive appearance; his large blue eyes, and the blonde locks which encircled his face. He was always in the same place and standing; following my play with intense attention, and an undisguised admiration of all that he heard and saw. He at the same time both interested and pleased me. Sometimes a lady accompanied him, but he was usually alone. During two years he came regularly, then little by little less frequently. At the same time I perceived a change in him. Deep red spots showed themselves on his pale cheeks; he seemed agitated and nervous; and his look had an expression of suffering and unhappiness. All at once he ceased coming, and I forgot him.

I now come to a turning point in my life. I had on one occasion to act in a piece the part of a fanatical preacher. I desired, as always, to act my part in the most natural manner possible.—There was at that time, in that city, a man who was much spoken of, renowned for his piety, and zealous to a degree that many thought exaggerated. It seemed that I should find in him the living model of the part I was to present. I resolved to visit him under some pretext in order to study his manner of speaking, his gestures; in a word, his whole person, in order to transfer it to the stage. I went to his place one afternoon, but as he was out and his return soon expected I was asked to wait for him. While I was there a young lady was brought into the room where I was, in a large chair. I arose, saluted her, and prepared to depart, but she begged me to be reseated,

telling me that her brother would not be long away. I thus learned that she was a sister of the preacher I wished to see.

I shall never forget the lovely countenance of this young person, who seemed hardly more than eighteen or nineteen years of age; and although disease had impressed its fatal seal upon her pale face, and the shadow of death was cast upon her, her features were marked by a sweetness and peace I am unable to describe. I seemed to be in the presence of a heavenly apparition. I cannot tell the impression she made upon me.

She began to speak with simplicity of her brother; she recounted to me his life of toil, and entire devotion to his ministry; how he had consecrated to it all his time, and all his powers. In thus hearing her I could have wished I had been a hundred miles away. Wretch that I was! Had I not come with the intention of studying the tone and manner of this man, so worthy of respect, in order to ridicule him upon the stage? My torture increased every moment. I knew not how to keep my countenance. I sought a pretext to go away. Making an effort, I said to the young lady,

“You have, doubtless, Miss, had much suffering?”

“Yes, sir,” she said, with a sweet smile, and a look which illuminated her countenance as a ray of the sun, “Yes, I have suffered much. For many months I have given up all hope of recovery, but I am so happy—I sigh for my heavenly home, and I know that I shall soon be with my beloved Savior.”

All was real in those eyes turned towards heaven; in

those clasped hands; and the joyous tone of that sweet voice of the sick young girl.

In listening to her, it seemed that a dagger was piercing my heart. I felt humiliated and ill at ease, in her presence; and my conscience condemned me. But who can describe my embarrassment, when suddenly the door opened, and her brother entered the room.

What should I do? A terrible struggle was raging within me; the clever and admired actor had become as confused as a scholar taken in a flagrant offence. The severe look of the preacher, who had not failed to notice my embarrassment, was fixed upon me. My hesitation was soon terminated. I frankly confessed for what purpose I had come, and how the short conversation I had had with his sister had opened my eyes to the outrageous character of my procedure. There followed a long and serious conversation between me and this man of God, whose character I had so misapprehended; they were solemn moments, and the remembrance of them remains ineffacably engraven on my mind; the turning point of a complete change in my life.

I had entered that house a proud man, indifferent to the things of God, and with perverted thoughts; I left it humiliated, repentant, and ardently desiring to know that which illuminated with such intense happiness the face of the young invalid. Ah! how marvelous are God's ways of grace!

Shortly after my visit to the preacher, I found peace by faith in Jesus Christ. When my conversion became known it raised a storm of indignation among my friends, and the admirers of my talent. They sought

by all possible means to retain me in the way which I had followed up to that time; but the Lord gave me power to resist all solicitations. I abandoned completely a vocation in which I could not glorify God, and with it the luxury and ease which I had enjoyed; I became a poor man, but what matter since I had become rich in God.

For some time I applied myself to the study of, and meditation on, the Word of God, and then the Lord gave me the grace to be able to announce to others the good news of salvation which I enjoyed in my own soul. Christ and His cross were the sole themes of my exhortations, and of the appeals I addressed to sinners. In His love I found an ample compensation for all I had left.

Six months had passed from the time that the Lord had brought me into this new life. In the midst of many sorrowful and distressing circumstances He had also given me much consolation. He had deigned to make use of me as an instrument to lead many sinners to the possession of salvation and eternal life.

One day, a servant, dressed in rich livery, came to me, sent by his young master who was very ill, desiring me to go and see him. The message was pressing, and as quickly as possible I made my way to the place indicated. It was a large and sumptuous mansion where everything indicated wealth and luxury. A servant conducted me to a chamber richly furnished. There lay, stretched upon a couch, a young man who seemed very near his end. His beautiful locks of hair fell upon a forehead white as marble, and in his restless look was

apparent an expression of profound despair. I seated myself quietly near him. Suddenly the dying man fixing upon me an indignant and irritated look, said to me in a harsh and broken voice,

“You have come here!—yes—come to see the ruin which is your work.”

I trembled on hearing him, for instantly I recognized the features which at first had not appeared familiar to me. Yes, I had often before seen those blonde locks and those eyes fixed on me, but with a wholly different expression. How should I be able to forget them!

Before, in my surprise, I had recovered myself to say a single word in reply, the invalid continued:

“Yes, you, now a preacher of the gospel, undo your deadly work. Before evangelizing others, return to me that which you have made me lose, the peace and happiness of my soul.”

These words were uttered with such bitterness that I felt struck to the heart. With a grief, impossible to describe, I recalled the time when he went to the theatre, where he hung upon my lips, wholly absorbed by the scene which passed before him.

“My young friend,” I said to him, in a voice trembling with emotion; but he violently interrupted me as he cried:

“Your friend? Do not apply that name to me; you have ruined my soul I tell you! I am here upon this bed of sickness, surrounded by all the devils of hell, more terrible than imagination can conceive, and unable to pray. I am dying in despair! Ah! You have been my destroyer! Fascinated by your art I followed you like a

slave, until I could not be happy in any place but in the cursed theatre—yes, cursed, for it conducted me along the path of vice; it has robbed me of pure thoughts and of peace; it has caused my ruin; and now,” added he, with a bitter smile, “as I have already said, undo your work! Is it just, I ask you, that you who have been the cause of my ruin, should be saved, and that I should go to hell? Is it just?”

Breathless and exhausted by this effort the dying man was silent, while my heart was broken by an inexpressible anguish.

“Oh! do not speak thus. I have regretted sorrowfully enough my past life. I have deeply felt that to many I have been the cause of evil instead of doing them good. But God has pardoned me, and I entreat you to forgive me also. Oh! if you would only listen to me! The Lord is near to forgive your sins, and to give peace and rest to your soul. Be convinced. Throw yourself into his arms as I have thrown myself. I cannot efface the past; would to God that I could! I have repented with humility and brokenness of heart. How I long that you should come to the Savior who received a sinner such as I was, and who would also receive you!”

He looked at me earnestly for a long time; then, gradually the hatred and resentment which had at first filled his features disappeared, his lips trembled, and covering his face with his hands he burst into a torrent of tears. I wept also. Never had a visit to a sufferer produced such an impression upon me. I reflected upon the fatal influence which a man may possess over the future of his neighbor.

“Ah!” sighed the young man, after a moment, “I have lost all; all that adorns man. I have lost my good sentiments; one after another I have banished them from my heart. I might have lived many happy years, but now I go to the grave just as I reach my twentieth year. I have been the shame of my mother; I have tarnished my name, and each day lying here I think of you, and recall how the admiration I felt for you drew me on, and how I learned to love you—then to hate and curse you.”

“I deserve it,” I said, “but I cannot bear that you should curse me on your dying bed. How I long to carry salvation to your soul! Oh, be assured, however culpable you have been in your own eyes, and in the eyes of God, the Lord Jesus can cleanse you from all sin. He has come to seek and to save that which was lost, and resting thus upon the word of God, I can assure that there is for you a present salvation. Let me conduct you to Him, the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world, and who has died for you.”

“Oh! yes, lead me to Him,” he cried, giving me his thin hand, wet with tears. “Give me hope, alas! only a little hope, that God will be merciful to me. Pray, oh! pray for me, and I forgive you willingly.”

I knelt and prayed, but my prayers were only groans and cries to God. I could not bear the thought of his dying thus without hope. The thought that this soul would be claimed at my hands, and that I should have been the one to bring him to this, rent my heart. I prayed and implored the Lord with tears. Deeply moved, I was leaving, when, to my great joy, in taking leave of me, the poor dying one assured me that now he rested

entirely upon Jesus. The short interview beneath the Lord's eye, had brought forth its blessed fruits.

The next morning I hastened to the house where I had experienced such intense and sorrowful emotions. But the solemn calm which reigned, the closed shutters, told me before hand that death had accomplished its work. A servant conducted me to the room where I had been the previous evening. My young friend was lifeless, but with an expression of perfect peace on his face. He seemed in a calm sleep, and I could see that at the moment of passing away, the peace of God had filled his soul.

"He was quite happy," his mother said to me, staying her great anguish for a moment. "One could scarcely say that it was death. He told me to tell you that he was happy in seeing the approach of his departure, having the certainty of the forgiveness of his sins, and that all anguish had gone out of his heart. He will see you again in heaven. But pray for me, for I am now childless."

I prayed with her, and when I looked for the last time on the remains of my young friend, instead of the terrible words, "You have been my destroyer," I seemed to hear, "You have brought me salvation."

Dear reader, in placing before you this account I cannot but plead with you the merciful ways of God. He had compassion on this poor young man, drawn into sin and reduced to despair. He brought him salvation through the means of one who, without knowing it, in his godless days, had done him much harm. Divine grace foiled the devices of Satan, as it is written, "Mercy

rejoiceth against judgment." Jas. ii. 13. Where are you as to this? Have you ceased to seek satisfaction in the ways of the world and its corrupting amusements? Or perhaps you flatter yourself with the hope that there will be time later to think of your salvation. Will you wait for that? Fatal delusion, produced by Satan himself! If the young man was saved on his death bed, that is no reason why you should be drawn away. You cannot count on the same issue. Eternity is before you.—
The Sower.

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