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# FOLLOWERS of THE GLEAM



CHARLES L. GOODELL

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FOLLOWERS OF THE GLEAM  
OR  
MODERN MIRACLES OF GRACE

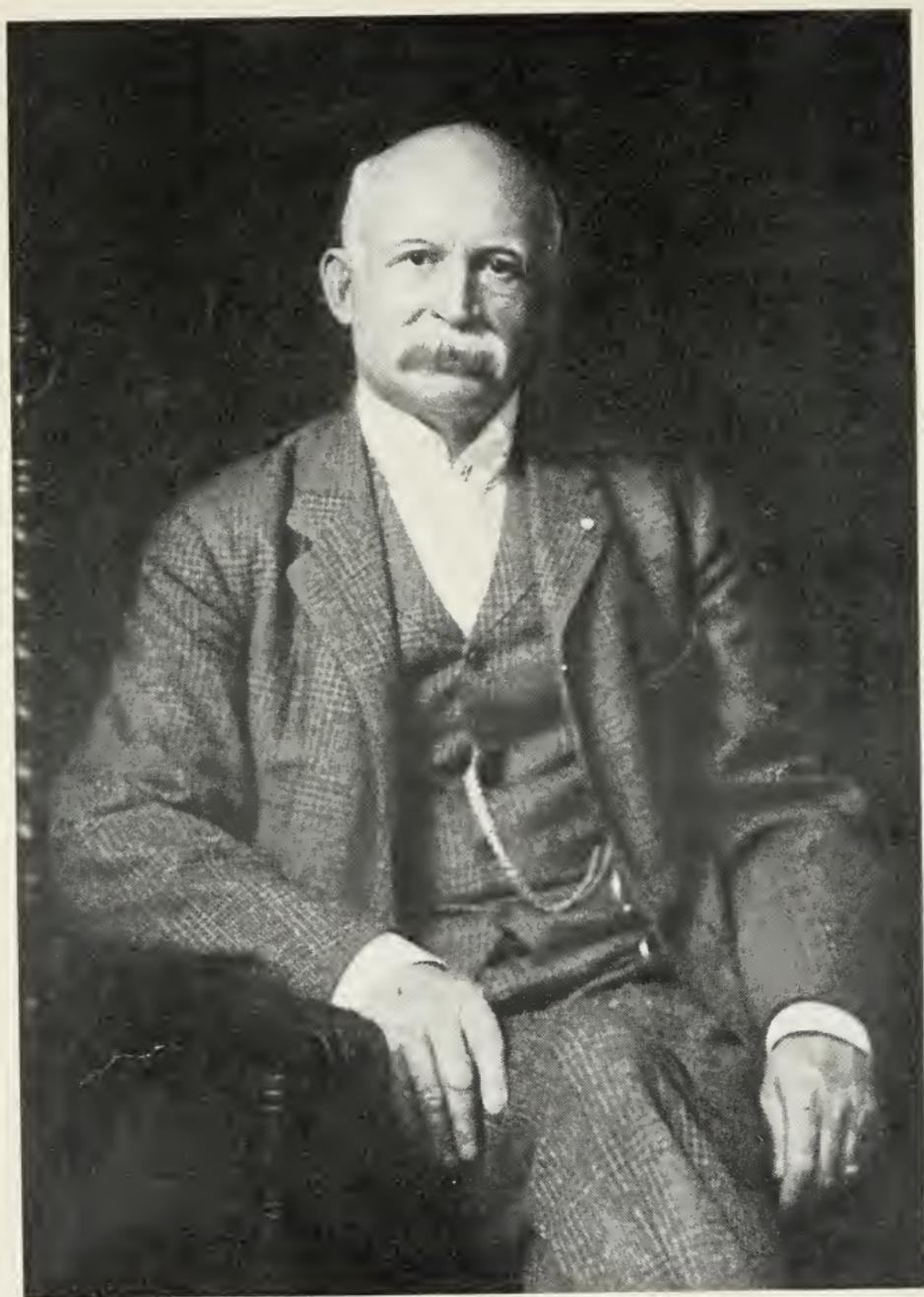


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JOHN S. HUYLER

# FOLLOWERS OF THE GLEAM

OR

## MODERN MIRACLES OF GRACE

BY

CHARLES L. GOODELL, D.D.

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AUTHOR OF "PATHWAYS TO THE BEST," "THE OLD DARNMAN," "MY  
MOTHER'S BIBLE," "PASTORAL AND PERSONAL EVANGELISM,"

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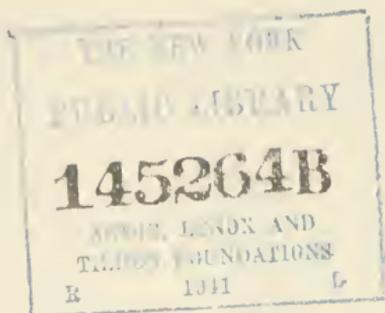
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TO

WILLIS McDONALD

A KING'S SON AND A FOLLOWER OF THE GLEAM

IN TOKEN OF

A LONG AND SPIRITUAL FELLOWSHIP



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## PROLOG

“No, there is no fit search after truth which does not, first of all, begin to live the truth it knows. Alas! to honor a little truth is not in the doubters, or they do not think of it, and so they dishonor beforehand all the truth they seek, and swamp it, by inevitable consequence, in doubts without end.”

*Bushnell.*

I do not know what glorious light  
Makes this heart thus to glow,  
And why my spirit longs and cries,  
I vow I do not know.  
But when my Saviour touched my sight,  
My slumbering soul awoke in light,  
And since that day I've known no night.

*McGirt.*

Strange that when we once find out how a thing is done,  
we at once conclude that God has not done it.

*Francis Power Cobb.*

## PROLOG

THIS book will be found to differ from most books on conversion—notably those of Mr. Begbie,—in that it contains the record of Christian experience as voiced by representatives of all classes and ages. The miracles of grace which are seen in the transforming of the vilest lives will never cease to hearten the Church and give hope to the profligate and the abandoned. The Church will be right in saying: “A Gospel that cannot reach the last man is not adequate for any man.” It will remind itself how frequently the Savior used the words “the *least*, the *last*, the *lost*,” and will make no mistake in preaching salvation to the uttermost. Thrilling examples of that Gospel will be found in this book. In the rounds of pastoral labor, however, this fact has been imprest upon me; that the number of such cases to which one is called to minister, is comparatively small. For every one whom we seek to rescue from a life of shame or debauchery, there will be a score and possibly a hundred for whom the

language and experience of such a conversion as we have indicated, is an unknown tongue and the facts are unreal and almost incomprehensible.

This book is an attempt to put into language the spiritual experiences of the average individual, to the end that those who find themselves so circumstanced may hear in their own tongue the wonderful works of God. It is the story of those who followed the Gleam; "which is the *Light* which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Then, too, the need of the hour seems to be some inspiration toward the *formation* of character, which shall make *reformation* unnecessary. The best treasure house for religious experience is the mind that has never lost its purity. The more we have known of evil, the less our capacity to know God is likely to become. The wounds of the soul may be healed, but to eradicate the scar is a long process. "The mind that has shunned evil may not be able to testify to startlingly definite crises, but the settled conviction of such a life is to the reality of the presence of God as a superlative evidential value."

## PROLOG

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“ Broken Earthenware ” is the figure which Begbie uses to describe those who have marred in themselves the image of God. It is an unspeakable comfort to feel that a shattered vessel may yet be so mended that it may be fit to bear the water of life, but ah, if some hand could have been outstretched before it fell, if only the fair vase had never been shattered!

In the incidents which are related here, those of childhood and the home have a large place, and this with the definite purpose to accentuate in every way possible, the religious life of the home and of the young. Our parents must realize that they cannot delegate to the pastor or the Sunday-school teacher the work which is peculiarly their own. In the place of all places where they should be helped, many of our young people find the negative influence of a careless religious life,—if not a life of outbreaking wickedness. We cannot look to our public schools for any religious training. The Sunday-school has but a few minutes out of the week to exert whatever influence it may have for good. Of the young people who come under

## FOLLOWERS OF THE GLEAM

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its influence only two out of five are won to Christ. The pastor is even more limited in his personal relation with the children. So that the Church must put greater emphasis on the home life and must set itself with definite purpose to influence the motherhood and the fatherhood and the childhood of the community.

I am quite aware that many of the incidents which I shall relate are almost wholly lacking in spectacular interest. We do well to remind ourselves that after all most of life's truest experiences are not spectacular. Occasionally a thunderstorm disturbs the ordinary course of events, and the heavens are riven by fiery bolts. The hearts of men are terrified as the awesome battalions of the sky ground their arms among the mountains. But there is no commotion attendant upon the rising of the sun; the day breaks noiselessly, and night sounds no "Taps" when it is time for the bivouac. The dew and sunlight fall gently, to enliven and replenish the earth. We will, therefore, be interested, not so much in the form of the conversion, as in what flows out of it. But we will still insist

## PROLOG

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as to the value of that experience. "Blame not the word conversion," says Carlyle. "Rejoice, rather, that such a word, signifying such a thing, has come to light in our modern era, though hidden from the wisest ancients." There has been no religion without conversion, and where philosophy replaced religion, you still have conversion. But it is impossible to standardize conversion, because you cannot reduce human nature to a uniform level. As long as a man has an individual history and individual characteristics, there will be differing forms of conversion.

So Professor James, in his "Varieties of Religious Experience," sounds the whole gamut, from the experience of the matter-of-fact soul, to that of the mystic; tho it is fair to say that the Professor is not so much interested in the religious, as in the psychologic side of that experience. We will not find serious fault with him, even when he says: "If the *fruits for life* of the state of conversion are good, we ought to idealize and venerate it, even tho it be a piece of natural psychology; if not, we ought to make short

work of it, no matter what supernatural being may have infused it.”

In the cases which are here presented, we shall not have much to say about the psychology or philosophy of them. A little by way of prolog, and a little by way of epilog, will be sufficient. These are, for the most part, personal incidents which have come within the range of the writer's experience, and they are offered for what they are worth. Each reader is at liberty to have a philosophy of his own, and to get out of these events such teaching as he is able. All we vouch for is the fact of the changed life which grew out of the events here described. In each case we bear testimony to the “expulsive power of a new affection,” whether it was in the case of the child or the prison bird, or the banker's clerk. Each man is bound to look at the whole matter from the standpoint of his own experience, and hence, of his own capacity.

It may be objected that the writer has given too much time to what follows after conversion, and that he has been rather more interested in the development than in the beginning of the Christian life. To that soft

## PROLOG

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impeachment, we must plead guilty, for we are quite convinced that the value of the experience which we call conversion, is to be wholly rated by what flows out of it of spiritual and ethical power. In some of these cases, therefore, we have given larger space to the fruit than to the seed; to the harvesting, than to the sowing.

There will always be some who think of the world itself as the product of purely natural causes; and some who will even go so far as to speak of life as "struck out by impinging worlds"; or "the product of the fortuitous concourse of atoms." It will always be true that

"Some call it Evolution  
And others call it God."

Let me give a parable to the critics. "Yesterday," says Kepler, "when weary with writing and my mind quite dusty with considering these atoms, I was called to supper, and a salad I had asked for was set before me. 'It seems, then,' said I aloud, 'that if pewter dishes, leaves of lettuce, grains of

salt, drops of vinegar and oil, and slices of eggs had been floating about in the air from all eternity, it might at last happen by chance, that there would come a salad!’ ‘Yes,’ said my wife, ‘but not so nice and well-dressed as this of mine is!’” To the critic of conversion I need but add: “He that hath ears to hear, let him hear!”

I

CHRISTED LIVES

The truth in God's breast,  
Lies trace upon trace on ours impressed;  
Though He is so bright and we so dim,  
We are made in His image to witness Him.

“CHRISTMAS EVE”—*Browning.*

“We must work out our own salvation. There is a Promised Land, but God is in no hurry to have it occupied, except by people of the right sort.” *Bowne.*

“Have we not a right to know and to know that we know? Faith is not credulity. Our hope is not a brilliant and beautiful and shadowy ‘perhaps.’ It is an assurance, a conviction. We are in the grip of a great unyielding certainty. ‘We have doubts enough, now,’ said the old Scotch farmer to his new minister; ‘tell us, mon, what you do know.’”

*Malcolm J. McLeod.*

# I

## CHRISTED LIVES

THE most colossal and unbending thing to face is a fact. So long as the matter in dispute is a theory, one opinion may be as good as another. A man may guess at half and multiply it by two, and stand by the product against all comers. But when a fact strides into view, every theory that opposes it must at last bite the dust. The realm of religious experience is not a realm of theory, but a realm of fact. St. Paul was as certain of that as he could be of anything. We presume he was accustomed to say about many things, "I *know*." And no one has any fault to find with that. But Paul insisted that there was one thing which he knew with greater assurance than anything else, and we must let him finish out his sentence without interruption and without criticism: "I know whom I have believed."

The source of all spiritual knowledge is Christ. The Christian religion is not a phi-

losophy nor a system of ethics; it is not founded upon a dogma nor even upon a book. It has its Alpha and Omega in Jesus Christ. We have been treated in the past with great discussions between Science and Religion, like a discussion between Poetry and Mathematics, carried on for the most part as has been well said, "between religious people who knew little about science, and scientific people who knew less about religion." But neither religion nor science was much benefited by the discussion. Jesus Christ stands in religion where no man stands in science. In religion He is able to say the last word. The world has never had but one Jesus Christ and it will never need another.

It is interesting to note what changes and improvements have been made in art and in science, in philosophy and psychology. The world has outgrown one after another of its systems, but Jesus Christ is still supreme. "No word of His has fallen to the ground, and as we look over the threshold into the next era, we can see the end of our perplexities, our plans and our desires, only in the better following of the counsels that He gave

in the beginning. In Him God speaks, and we listen." The problem of doubt is solved in the word of Jesus Christ. It has been the coming of Christ into the life that has transformed it—the consciousness that in some way a power not its own was working within the soul. If a bee builds its cell according to a wisdom greater than its own little ken, why should it be thought a thing incredible that the soul itself should feel a divine instinct and illumination which it may profoundly realize, tho it cannot explain? It is only the life which has been *Christed* that becomes superior to earthly temptations and vacillations, and that to the extent to which the Christ-life dominates it. To the reality of this fact, all ages since the days of the Nazarene bear testimony. By the might of their own feebleness, the early Church conquered, and in every age the anvil broke the hammer, and the things which were not brought to naught the things which were. It would be sad if the assurance of His presence grew less with the passing years, and that those who were nearest to Him in point of time were also most assured of His presence.

But the reverse of that seems rather to be true. The multiplication of the happy experiences of men and women seems never to have been so wonderful as now. Much is made by some people of the miracles recorded in the Gospels. Some others will have it that the Gospels float the miracles rather than the miracles the Gospels. There are many of us who have never been disturbed above measure with all that materialism has had to say against the miracles of Jesus' time. For at almost any time we have had a few fresh miracles of our own that were sufficient to make possible to our thought any miracles which might have preceded them, and were so blest and real in themselves as to give us infinite heart and courage for any future exercise of faith.

All literature is being filled with the glorious testimony of miracles of grace. There is no question as to the possibility of degeneration. It is everywhere, in nature and in human life. We see how men can regenerate the face of nature; is there no way of regenerating the soul? Is the path to ruin the only one open? Has God ordained that men

may go freely in that path but never turn, to set their faces toward the blest heights of perfection? Washington Gladden forcefully says: "The fact that man can deteriorate is a fact that sometimes calls loud for explanation. If you would couple with that the belief that improvement is impossible, that there is no turning back from the downward road, the stars would be blotted from the sky. No right-minded man would want to live in such a world as that." He gives us many reasons for believing that it is possible for men to turn from the ways of death to those of life.—There is a God, and He is good; all literature and language assume the possibility of such a change; it is the witness of consciousness. But one of the great reasons for believing it, he says, is that "we have seen the thing taking place. We have seen men under the influence of the highest motives, with the expression of trust in God and prayer to Him, turning from evil courses and beginning lives of faith and virtue." Some of us have the record of scores and hundreds of such cases; we have seen the

better life, thus consciously begun, go on without interruption, till the day of death.

Conversion, as we shall show in this book, takes many forms. It may come from a single word, as in the case of Savonarola; or from a sunrise, or a sunset, or the tear of a friend. Whatever the act was, it was the door through which Christ came into the life, and ever after a man is changed. To be used of God to open the closed doors of the hearts of men is a dignity and promotion high enough for man or archangel. It is something to snatch a child from the hot breath of the flame and give him back alive and well to his mother. It is something to rescue man or maid from the rushing train; or, breasting the billows at the risk of one's life, to save from a watery grave the dear object of human love and devotion. But, measured by consequences, seen in the light which will not go out when the stars have paled and the heavens are no more, the greatest business into which a man can venture, is to put himself in the hands of God, to be used of Him when the lives which will tread the eternities, are wavering in the balance.

In her "Scenes of Clerical Life," George Eliot has written the story of "Janet's Repentance." It is a good story for both the lovers and critics of evangelism to read. George Eliot, we may suppose, was not much in love with what she calls "evangelicalism." But the record she gives of the humble labors of Edgar Tryan, Curate, is enough to make conversion real to every reader and to hearten every man who is willing to throw his life away in the rescue of his kind. While she thinks it possible that some of Mr. Tryan's hearers had gained a religious vocabulary rather than a religious experience; that folly mistook itself for wisdom; ignorance gave itself airs of knowledge; and selfishness, turning its eyes upward, called itself religion; "nevertheless," she says, "evangelicalism had brought into palpable existence and operation in Milby society that idea of duty, that recognition of something to be lived for beyond the mere satisfaction of self, which is to the moral life what the adoption of a great central ganglion is to animal life." She admits, what we are all willing to do, that it is possible some men make the idea of a

heaven in reserve for themselves, a little too prominent. But they at least believe that fitness for that heaven consists in purity of heart, Christ-like compassion, and the subduing of selfish desires. Perhaps in their Puritan zeal they called some things sin which were not so, but when they thought a thing was sin, they let it alone. "Color-blindness, which may mistake drab for scarlet, is better than total blindness, which sees no distinction of color at all." Concerning the criticism which fell like a flood upon the Curate and his methods, she says, "the blest work of helping the world forward happily does not wait to be done by perfect men; and I should imagine that neither Luther nor John Bunyan, for example, would have satisfied the modern demand for an ideal hero, who believes nothing but what is true, feels nothing but what is exalted, and does nothing but what is graceful." Even George Eliot will not be a critic of such a man. "I am on the level and in the press with him, as he struggles his way along the stony road through the crowd of unloving fellowmen. He is stumbling,

perhaps; his heart now beats fast with dread, now heavily with anguish. His eyes are sometimes dim with tears, which he makes haste to dash away. He pushes manfully on with fluctuating faith and courage, with a sometimes failing body. At last he falls. The struggle is ended, and the crowd closes over the space he has left . . . yet surely, surely, the only true knowledge of our fellow-men is that which enables us to feel with them, which gives us a fine ear for the heart pulses that are beating under the mere clothes of circumstance and opinion. Our subtlest analysis of schools and sects must miss the essential truth, unless it be lit up by the love which sees in all forms of human thought and work, the life and death struggles of separate human beings."

It is not necessary to give the details of the changed life of Janet Dempster. It was the old miracle, which, thank God, will always be necessary and always possible, so long as ruddy drops visit the sad hearts of men, and the dust of the flying years and the mists of doubt do not obliterate from human eyes the truth of the deathless

page: "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." This is the way George Eliot closes the story of "Janet's Repentance": "There is a simple gravestone in Milby Churchyard, telling that 'in this spot lie the remains of Edgar Tryan, for two years officiating curate at the Paddiford Chapel of Ease, in this parish.' It is a meager memorial, and tells you simply that the man who lies there took upon him, faithfully or unfaithfully, the office of guide and instructor to his fellowmen.

"But there is another memorial of Edgar Tryan, which bears a fuller record: it is Janet Dempster, rescued from self-despair, strengthened with divine hopes, and now looking back on years of purity and helpful labor. The man who has left such a memorial behind him, must have been one whose heart beat with true compassion, and whose lips were moved by fervent faith."

Dr. Jackson, in his "Cole Lectures," "The Fact of Conversion," makes the Church his debtor by a most interesting array of the

facts which cluster about the phenomena of conversion, and differing somewhat from the point of view presented by Professor William James, in his "Varieties of Religious Experience." He reminds us that Mr. Stead, the well-known journalist, describes in detail the definite religious experience through which he passed when a school-boy twelve years of age. He says, "It is forty-three years since that revival at school, and the whole of my life has been influenced by the change which men call 'Conversion,' which occurred to me when I was twelve years old. That potent thing, whatever you may call it, and however you may experience it, which enables me to resist temptation and bear burdens which otherwise might have crushed me with their weight, came into my life then, and abides with me to this hour."

Every man who knows anything about revival work has seen men come to the altar, anxious and restless, feeling after God in the darkness and give testimony, as Dr. Dale did at Birmingham, "they went away at peace with God, and filled with joy. I have seen the sun rise from the top of Helvellyn

and the top of Righi, and there is something very glorious in it; but to see the light of heaven suddenly strike on man after man in the course of an evening, is much more thrilling." These men are to be found in all the churches and their experiences are not the least part of the case which Christianity presents to science for inquiry and for judgment. John Henry Newman, near the close of his life said that he was as conscious of his conversion at fifteen as of any fact of his life. He said, "I look back at the end of seventy years on what I was, as if I were looking on another person."

The great scholar, Delitsch of Leipsic, said, in his "Last Confession of Faith," "My spiritual life finds root in the miraculous soil of that first love which I experienced with Lehmann and others; still to me is the reality of miracles sealed by the miracles of grace which I saw with my own eyes in the congregation of this blest valley." The great professor, Gaston Frommel, speaking of his own conversion, says, "That day lies a long way behind me in the past; but it shines there as the day of a new birth." One of the great

historians wrote years ago, "It is not uncommon for men and women suddenly to awake to the fact that they have been sinners and to determine that henceforth they will keep God's commandments, by the help of Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit. And they did it."

A man who knows the life of John Wesley, cradled from his youth in every virtue, would be inclined to ask what was the need of conversion for John Wesley. The answer to that is that John Wesley himself says if it had not been for that one golden hour on May 24, 1738, when his heart was strangely warmed with what he calls his "conversion," there would have been no world-wide Methodism, and the eighteenth century would never have known its greatest power for righteousness. Mr. Augustine Birrell asked a Cornish miner how it happened that his people were all temperate. His answer was, "There came a man among us once, and his name was John Wesley."

We talk about the evidence of Christianity. Christianity is its own evidence. It proves itself. It is a demonstration, not by argu-

ment but by what it does. Christianity will hold its own in the study or in the witness box. But if you wish to see it in its greatness, you must see it at work. Now, as of old, the record is written: "And beholding the man which was healed standing with them, they could say nothing against it." There is a great deal of flippant and critical talk about the Gospel records and the Gospel story, but the Gospel itself remains the one thing on earth which has power to cast out devils, to tame the wild lusts and passions of the human heart, and no weapon that is formed against it can prosper.

Here are two men as wide apart in training and experience as men could well be. But their testimony is in substance the same. Samuel H. Hadley of Water Street fame, gave almost the last testimony of his life standing at the altar of our church. He quoted the words of a Lancashire drunkard, who said: "Religion has changed my heart, my home, and you can all see it has changed my face. I hear some of these Londoners call themselves 'Positivists.' Bless God, I am a 'positivist.' I am positive God for

Christ's sake has pardoned my sins, changed my heart and made me a new creature."

Far removed from such men in critical acumen, was George Romanes. When he was slowly feeling his way back to Christian faith, with a scientist's instinct for facts, he said, St. Augustine, after thirty years of age and other fathers, bear testimony to a sudden, enduring, and extraordinary change in themselves called "conversion." This experience has been repeated and testified by countless millions of civilized men and women in all nations and all degrees of culture. It is a great comfort to know that Romanes came himself to admit, that it was reasonable to be a Christian believer, even before the activity or habit of faith had been recovered; but it is a greater joy to be assured that before his death, he came into the full, deliberate communion with Jesus Christ, for which his soul yearned. With him "the pure in heart," after a long period of darkness, was allowed to "see God." But greater than even the testimony of men, is the reality of conversion in their own consciousness, in the altering of human thought and judgment and

action. For conversion has a life to show as the result of it. We are concerned not so much as to what conversion is, as to what it effects. The best thing that history has to show is that conversion, in the words of Romanes, "is not a mere change of belief or opinion. The point is that it is a modification of character." Browning paints again and again the transformation which comes from a gleam of God, and he is the great poet-apostle of conversion. Hear him say:

"So may the truth be flashed out by one blow,  
And Guido see one instant, and be saved."

"Conversion is the soul's return to God. Therefore let every man journey by the road that lies open to him."

It is Christ in you that is the "hope of glory." The knowledge which we are to seek after is "that we may know Him, whom to know aright is life eternal." The only life which waves the banner of triumph over the world, the flesh and the devil, is the *Christed* life. Well says Borden P. Bowne: "Christianity is a religion for all sorts and condi-

tions of men, for all ages and temperaments. There is a bright and cheery religion for childhood and youth, and a more somber and deeper-toned religion for later years. It has matin bells for life's morning and vesper songs for the night. Work and prayer, contemplation, obedience, aspiration, communion, all mix and mingle in the complex experience of the Christian community; but the one thing common to all, the one thing with which all may begin and which none may ever outgrow, is obedient loyalty to the spirit and commands of our Lord."



II

THE CONVERSION AND LIFE OF  
JOHN S. HUYLER

Goodness outranks goods. A bursting barn and a godless heart proclaim a fool without hope. Life is more than meat and the body than raiment, and a soul outweighs the world. So character must come before comforts and God before bread. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and *all these things* shall be added unto you."

*M. D. Babcock.*

It is really not so wonderful that religion should transform character and give new birth to personality as that it should inspire pure and holy people with a love for the degraded, the debased, and the lost. That is, it seems to me the great testimony of conversion, the love and the faith of those good and gentle souls who gave their lives in rescuing the outcasts of society. Religion alone can create this sublime impulse.

*Bigbie.*

## II

### THE CONVERSION AND LIFE OF JOHN S. HUYLER

It is probably true that never in the history of Methodism has there been a layman whose gifts to the Church and humanity have been so many and so varied as those of John S. Huyler. I shall be glad if I may help to inspire, by the record of his life, other laymen to imitate, according to their ability, his consecration and benefactions.

Measured by its influence upon the world, it was a great day when John S. Huyler gave his heart to God, and felt the transforming power of a new affection. So deep was his sense of obligation to God that he only thought of himself as a steward, called for a little time to use for His glory, and for the good of men, that which God put into his hand. For years his gifts aggregated more than a thousand dollars a day. He felt that he was trusted of God, and often said that he

feared to be recreant to the great trust. He was peculiar among philanthropists in that he looked through the cause, to the individual. With his money he gave himself. He fairly wore himself out day after day, listening to individual cases of sorrow and of want. If a man had a cause that promised to help humanity, it seemed almost impossible for Mr. Huyler not to help it. Often, when I had apologized to him for presenting some cause to his attention, he would respond: "Never feel troubled about that: God has called me to the work of helping people, and I am glad to do it."

We are all of us especially interested in how such a great life and influence came to be; and before I give further illustration of the beneficences of his life, I must speak of that in which we are especially interested—the experience by which he was transformed so that the things he once loved he hated, and the things which had no charm for him became his chief concern.

It is true that John S. Huyler, before he was converted, had a kindly heart. It is true that he loved to help everyone who was un-

fortunate; that he could not bear conflict; that he would do almost anything rather than fight. But it is true that he never found himself, never opened his heart to the needs of the great world, until God touched it. His remedy for all weakness and wickedness was conversion. He believed in the cleansing power of the grace of God, the transforming power of a holy affection. There were no men at the Water Street Mission so far gone that he did not believe that the grace of God could reach them. There were no men so cultured, so cold, that he did not believe that a miracle of grace should be wrought and could be wrought in them, if only the blessed Christ might touch their hearts. His favorite and crafty prescription for men whom all the world had forsaken, was to tell them that he would give them two dollars a day if they would go down every night to the McAuley Mission on Water Street, see the service through, and write him the next morning what happened, and what their impressions were with regard to the value of the services. Again and again what they saw smote them to the heart and they who went

as critics came away converted. They went to make a scanty living, they found a new and abundant life.

Mr. Huyler was born in a godly home. His father, David Huyler, and his mother, were devout Methodists, of large influence in the Methodism of New York. For many years they were connected with Jane Street Church, where Mr. Huyler went in his youth. They moved later to the Harlem district of the city, and at once identified themselves with the religious life of the community. "Mother Huyler" was long known as a woman of deep piety and consecration. Mr. Huyler loved to tell how the keeping of the Sabbath had really been at the bottom of his success in business. His father had a bakery and in connection with it, sold candy and ice-cream. At last his customers requested that they might have their ice-cream delivered on Sunday morning. He refused to do that, and some of his customers said: "We are sorry to leave you, but other men will deliver us the cream on Sunday, for our Sunday dinner, and if we buy of them the cream, we shall also buy of them the cake." So he saw many of his cus-

tomers leaving him. Rather than give up his principles with regard to the observance of the Sabbath, he gave up the ice-cream business.

On one occasion, as we were passing the door of a most successful ice-cream company, Mr. Huyler said to me, "We might have had that business if it had not been for keeping the Sabbath." Trained in such a home as I have indicated, Mr. Huyler grew up with strong ideas as to the value of a Christian life. He had no question that there was such a life, for he had seen it exemplified day by day in his own home, where they would stand by a principle at any cost. Altho he had been accustomed to church attendance, and felt the solicitude of an anxious father and mother, the temptations of the city had ensnared his feet and as he came to manhood, he had drifted away from the teachings and practises of his father and mother, altho he still went to church. It was a great sorrow to their hearts, but they never ceased to pray for him, and they never ceased to believe that God would answer their prayer. His own

conversion, as he related it to me more than once, was after this fashion.

A generation ago, New Year's was a great day with the young men of New York. There was a round of festivities which began with New Year's eve and did not terminate until New Year's Day had passed. Mr. Huyler always had plenty of money. He was phenomenally successful, even as a boy, in any business venture. Before he was out of his teens, he was getting a salary which many a man in his maturity might have envied. As he left his store on the afternoon of the last day of 1886, the bookkeeper handed him a check, which represented his profits for the year. He was so careless with regard to its amount that he put it in his pocket without reading it. Some of his friends joined him on the street, and he came up to Harlem in jolly company. After he and his friends had spent some time together, they parted, having made arrangements to meet downtown and pass the old year out in the same fashion in which they had celebrated it for years.

A little later, as he passed along One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, he re-

called the check which had been given him, and, taking it out of his vest pocket, stopt under a street lamp to read it. When he saw the amount, it was so great that it fairly staggered him. Up to that time he had not cared particularly to lay up money. The size of this check brought home to his consciousness the fact that he was now standing at the crisis in his life. With so much money at his disposal, he felt that nothing but the grace of God could save him from the awful temptations which wealth presented. It seemed to him that it was the turning point of his life. He became so much impressed with this idea that, instead of going downtown as he had planned, he went to a Watch Night Service which was being held in a hall on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street—the beginning of what is now Calvary Church. There he found his mother with others kneeling at the altar, praying for him. He went and knelt beside her. That was the beginning of his Christian purpose.

There was nothing spectacular in the change of life of which that Watch Night

Service was the beginning. He had expected a conversion after the manner of St. Paul's, but it did not come that way. At the close of the service, he felt, still more profoundly that he had reached the turning-point in his life, and prayed that he might have power over temptation and that God would lead him to a clearer understanding of His will concerning him. Perhaps he owed, in part, to his ancestry and to his training, his strong sense of his obligation to God. Very frequently, when I expressed to him my surprise at the extent of his benefactions, he said: "I cannot do otherwise. My sense of duty will not allow me to shirk a responsibility which I feel." The responsibilities which were upon him in a business way, demanded the utmost of his time and energy. For the next few months, he seemed to be dwelling most thoughtfully on his religious condition. It was a great thing to turn from his life-long associations and habits. Conviction and purpose were gathering and strengthening, which one day would rise up, by the help of God, to take a stand which no temptation of self could overthrow. In the following sum-

mer he went to Europe with some friends. His partner, who was, perhaps, more closely in touch with him than any of his companions, tells me that the real crisis in his life came one day in Paris. A proposition was made that they should witness the usual round of gaieties in Paris to which travelers are frequently taken. When the time for decision came, Mr. Huyler said: "I will not go: I have decided that henceforth, by God's help, I will be a godly man." His partner bears testimony that from that hour he never changed his purpose or lowered the standard which he had set up.

On February 5, 1888, he was received on probation in Calvary Church, and on January 6, 1889, was received in "Full Connection." In his religious life, he was throughout, the most modest of men. He constantly depreciated his own attainments, and shrank from any publicity. He believed the one essential for all Christian service was a change of heart. He often wished that he had had an experience as striking as that of some men whom he knew. It always gave him delight when men testified with definiteness to a

certain place and a certain hour, and celebrated the anniversary of that kind of a religious experience. It may strengthen some other heart to know that he often experienced times of religious depression when he would say to me: "I sometimes wonder if I have been really converted." But that mood would soon pass, and he would speak with great assurance of the mercy of God, which had been exercised so blessedly in his behalf. Nothing seemed to give him quite so much comfort religiously as to take a hand himself in bringing Christ to some discouraged man or some man whose life had been thrown away in the service of evil.

One beautiful result which seemed born of the mercy of God in his own behalf, was that Mr. Huyler seemed to get the spirit of the "seventy times seven" of his Master. I never knew a man whose faith in men surmounted so many obstacles, or continued so long after the faith of others had reached the breaking point. When I spoke to him about it, and sometimes queried whether, in the language of the street, he was not allowing them to "work" him, he would smile,

and reply: "God bore long with me, and we must bear long with such poor fellows as these." You might think he would say to a man who had abused his kindness thrice over, and gotten into trouble besides, "I told you what to do, and you refused to do it. Now you must lie in the bed which you have made." But he never said that. In connection with his experience, I often thought of Ian Maclaren's "Doctor of the Old School." You remember how Drumsheugh prays over the dying doctor:

"Almighty God . . . dinna be hard on Weelum MacLure, for he's no been hard wi' onybody in Drumtochty. . . . Be kind tae him as he's been tae us a' for forty year. . . . We're a' sinners afore Thee. . . . Forgive him what he's dune wrang, and dinna cuist it up tae him."

So Mr. Huyler would never twit a man on his mistakes. He would never "cast it up" to him. He loved to tell everybody there was a chance, and it was a great gospel he preached by his life. One could tell by the hour instances showing how he refused to give up men in whom he had once become in-

terested. His family tells an interesting story of a man whom Mr. Huyler took from his cups and gave a position in his factory. Soon the man said that his wife was sick and must be taken to the hospital and it would cost ten dollars a week to keep her there. Mr. Huyler paid for the taking of the woman to the hospital, and contributed regularly each week ten dollars, for several months. One day the man told him, with tears, that his wife was dead, and he had no money to bury her. Mr. Huyler gave him a liberal allowance to cover all funeral expenses. A few weeks afterward, the man said that his wife's sister was sick and must be taken to the hospital. Mr. Huyler started in with the usual contribution for hospital treatment, when it was suggested by his family that he go to the house and see how the man was getting on at home. When he rang the bell, he was surprized to find the man's wife at the door. "Why, woman," he said, "I buried you three weeks ago!" Then she learned for the first time, the deception that had been practised by her husband. Instead of throwing off the man who had imposed upon him,

he continued him in his employ, with the stipulation that his wife should come each week and get his wages.

He was accustomed to have men go around to his house and get a ticket which would entitle them to a supper and lodging. The number of these men so increased that the policeman called upon him and told him that the people in the neighborhood of his elegant home were objecting to the presence of so many of those rough fellows, and he must make other arrangements to meet their needs. On a cold or stormy night he would often go to the window of his beautiful home and, instead of turning to say to himself: "How nice and comfortable we are in here! We ought to be very happy and enjoy ourselves together," he would press his face against the window-pane and say: "This is a bad night for the boys on the street! God help the poor fellows without a home. What will the poor tramps do who have no place to sleep?" Then he would call up the missions and make arrangements so that every poor fellow who came within their reach could be accommodated with food and shelter.

John S. Huyler was a born gentleman. He was at home in any society, and knew the amenities of social life. Instinctively he did the kindly and gracious thing. Through many years of intimate personal relation with him, I never heard him say an unkind thing, or knew him to do anything that would not befit a gentleman. In his personal appearance he was the soul of neatness and good taste. Now, to see such a man throw himself with utter abandon, into the work of bringing a poor, lost soul to Christ, was a beautiful thing: to see him put his arm over the shoulder of a poor wretch with the filth of the street still upon him, and to tell a man whom all men seemed to have forgotten, that God was interested in his behalf, and that good men still loved him and wanted to help him to his feet, gave to some of us a new sense of the yearning of soul which ought to characterize the true Christian.

It was no less beautiful to see him at the altar of his own church, bowing with those who were seeking Christ and urging upon them the need and the blessedness of a Christian life. He loved to see the young people

gathered there, and often said to me: "How I wish I had given my heart to God in my early youth!" When any invitation was given for church members to come to the altar to speak with those who were seeking Christ or to pray for them, he was always among the first to respond. He arrogated no superiority to himself, but often said, "I wish they would pray for me." He did not like to be called upon for public prayer, but very frequently his heart cried out to God most tenderly for those who were seeking Him.

In showing how a Christian faith was the basis of every beautiful thing in Mr. Huyler's life, perhaps I cannot do better than to give a fact which is to me one of the most significant and typical in his career. Those who have received checks from him in recent years, to assist in any Christian and philanthropic work, have noticed, after the name to whom the check was made payable, the note "M. P. Account." "Write it large," he said to his secretary, "and write it on every check!" If the recipient noticed the mystic letters and ventured to inquire to what they referred, he was told that "M. P." stood for

“My Partner,” and this was a check that was turned over to that account. “My Partner” was He who loved him and who gave Himself for him, and who had said: “Inasmuch as ye did it unto these, ye did it also unto me.” When I express my marvel at the volume of the checks in that account, he said: “That is no virtue of mine; the money is my Partner’s and I am only giving it for Him.”

A very large amount of his giving was done in such a way that he hoped nobody would know who had made the gift. He seemed constantly to fear that he might be found lacking in some way: that he might not measure up to the fulness of his duty. Perhaps I could not give a better illustration than this simple incident. He was very much interested in a book which I was writing, “Pastoral and Personal Evangelism.” He was anxious that I should urge upon all pastors and churches, the importance of special evangelistic work. When I asked him if I might dedicate the book to him, he gave his consent, and I wrote what seemed to me to be the simplest possible dedication. It read:

“TO MY DEAR FRIEND  
JOHN S. HUYLER.

A LOVER OF MEN AND A GOOD  
STEWARD OF THE MANIFOLD GIFTS OF GOD.”

He was with me when the proofs came from the office, and I passed over the first pages with the remark that perhaps he would be interested to read them. His eye fell upon the dedication, and he said: “Doctor, you will have to change that. ‘A lover of men’—yes, but ‘a *good* steward of the Lord Jesus Christ!’—when I think of all His gifts to me, I do not feel that I could lay claim to that!” And so I was obliged to leave that page with the simple inscription:

“TO MY DEAR FRIEND  
JOHN S. HUYLER.”

With the beginning of his active Christian life, his idea of his stewardship became strong and commanding. How that idea grew until it dominated his life, may be seen

from the Resolutions which were adopted by the New York City Church Extension and Missionary Society. These state that in 1891 Mr. Huyler paid fifty dollars to its current funds. The next year, to clear off an indebtedness, he paid five hundred dollars. A few months later he was one of several who subscribed five thousand dollars to the Forward Movement, and he increased his regular offering from fifty to fifteen hundred dollars. A few years later he gave twenty-five thousand dollars to make possible the Jefferson Park Italian church. When the Century Thank Offering Movement began, he made a gift of a hundred thousand dollars. In another place where he cared for children in a Home which he named after his mother, he sustained a work which cost him over forty thousand dollars a year.

As God prospered him, he continued to enlarge the proportion of his gifts. He told me that in the early days he heard the preachers say that a man ought to give a tenth of his income to the Lord, and he began that way. After a while it seemed to him too small an offering to make, in the face of God's abun-

dance, so he increased until it was a fifth, and a little later it was a quarter, and after a while he was giving half of his income. One day, when he was telling me how he came to give proportionately, a sweet smile crossed his face, and he used a phrase which was so modest and unique that I cannot forbear to quote it. It was the only thing I ever heard him say which had in it the least expression of contentment over his gifts. He said: "I really believe, Doctor, if I should die tomorrow, the Lord would say to me, 'Well, John, you are a few dollars ahead!'" He meant to say that he had kept religiously every contract which he had made with his Lord, as the steward of His gifts.

There were a few great principles which were born within him when God transformed his own life, and which molded that life to the use of men and the glory of God.

First of all was the feeling that he must himself be the steward of the wealth that God had given him, and that with that wealth he must give his own life and service. Many a man has given his money, but he gave himself. For years the greater part of every

business day was spent in listening to the story of the unfortunate, the sinful and the broken-hearted. And it is not too much to say that in that work, as in the case of his Savior, "Virtue went out of him." No man can bear that strain and not suffer physically, as well as mentally; and in some sense he was a vicarious sacrifice to the love he bore to men.

When he desired to know how best he could follow in the footsteps of the Master, he read his Bible. It was of no use to tell him that God did not care for humble folk for he read in the blessed Book how, when Jesus set up His "Temple of Fame," He put on its chief pedestal a poor widow with two mites in her hand. It was of no use to tell him that God did not care for the footsore and the weary, for he had seen Jesus with a towel around His loins, washing His disciples' feet. It was of no use to tell him that God did not care for the prodigal and for the wayward, for he read how Jesus painted the picture of a bad boy coming home, his father waiting for him and refusing to begin the feast until the

prodigal was clad once more as his father's son, and seated at the head of the table.

Second; because of this personal element, he loved the Church of Christ and felt that its influence was the one saving thing in a weak world, and it was the pastoral side of the ministry of the Church which most deeply imprest him. No layman was ever kinder to his pastor; no one ever more helpful by kindly suggestion and personal solicitude.

To see the children giving their hearts to God; to see families coming together to the House of the Lord, made his heart glad. And it was an unspeakable comfort to him to feel that every member of his own family was a member of the Church.

Third; tho he himself had not had the advantages of a liberal education, he was a great friend of all educational institutions. He was especially interested in those who were seeking, in the formative period of their lives, to lead our cultivated youth to the joys of Christ. Many of our Seminaries received large gifts from him, and they will sorely miss him now that he is gone. He not only gave his money, but he visited the in-

stitutions, and was full of helpful suggestion for the carrying forward of their work. Years ago he heard a sermon on "Higher Education," which profoundly imprest him, and aroused a new interest in educational matters of the highest grade. He sent two of his own sons to college, and another is now fitting. Many thousands of dollars were given by him annually for higher educational work.

Fourth; among spiritualizing influences, he gave the chief place to the Word of God. Of late years he had grown increasingly fond of the Bible. To him it was the Book of books. He often said to me that he would like to have a Sunday-night service every now and then, when there should be nothing done except reading selections out of the Good Book without note or comment. It seemed to him that God had supplied all wisdom and direction in His Book, and that human words were needless where God had spoken. He never packed his traveling bag that he did not put in the blest Book, and no night passed, in car or hotel, where the Bible was not produced and some passages read, as a pillow

on which one might rest his head in peace as he committed himself to slumber. Very frequently, in his own home, when sleep refused to come to his eyes, he would take the blest Book and read far on into the night, often quieting his spirit and falling to sleep with the Book lying upon his breast.

Fifth; it was comparatively recently that his thought went out to the great Foreign Mission Field. It is to him that we owe the beginning of Methodist Missions in France, and to write the story of his helpfulness in Italy, Africa, and in the Far East, would be to write a chapter which might, of itself, well be the epitome of the gifts and interests of a great life.

In this description of the beautiful character of John Huyler, as it flowed out of that great central experience in his life, transforming all his soul, I am aware that I have drawn but a partial picture of the man. With all his devotion to God and every holy thing, he was yet a man among men. No one ever had a friend more alert, more interested in everything, or with a deeper sense of fun and humor. His bright eyes flashed, and he was

easily the center of any group where he happened to be. He showed in his life that deep piety and every human interest could go hand in hand. His religion was the happiest and merriest thing in life. He was brother to all men: at the same time one of the most human and one of the most religious I have ever known. To such a man there could come no harm, living or dying. As he neared the end of his life, he said: "I should like to live. But it will be all right in any case. The Lord's will be done." When his wife suggested to him that the Lord might have some work for him in the future life, he said, with a smile, "I shall be glad to undertake it."

I should like to have seen John Huyler when he met his blessed Lord in Heaven. I should like to have seen his wide-eyed wonder when Jesus said: "Come ye blessed of my Father. I was an hungered and ye gave me meat. I was thirsty and ye gave me drink. I was a stranger and ye took me in; naked and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye visited me." I should like to have heard him doubtfully questioning: "When saw I *Thee* sick and in prison and came unto *Thee*?"

And it would have been blessed to see his face as the Savior said: "Inasmuch as ye *did* it unto one of the least of these, ye *did* it unto me."

It is lonely since he went away, and the days drag on with added sense of loss. It is true that he has

"Fallen like some giant cedar,  
And left a vacant place against the sky."

In spite of all his attainments, his intellectual ability, and his high position, I think he would be quite inclined to adopt for himself the words of Sam Walter Foss, and say:

"Let me live in my house by the side of the road,  
Where the race of men go by.  
They are good, they are bad, they are foolish and  
weak,  
And so indeed was I.  
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat, or wield  
the cynic's pen?  
Let me live in my house by the side of the road,  
And be a friend of men."

From the standpoint of his fellow-workers this man's great value to the world lay in

this, that while he gave much he asked little or nothing in return. Some there are who give much and require much. Their opinions must be acted upon and their suggestions considered as imperative. It was not so with him. No man ever had more plans and suggestions than he. He thought enough about good things to have well-formed opinions, but while he had opinions he was not opinionated. To his pastor he would say, "I am full of plans; some are good and some are bad; some may work and some may not. I will tell you fully all that is in my heart, you can think them over. If you turn down any of them or all of them it will not abate a jot of my interest in His work or my confidence in you." His action throughout the years proved that he meant exactly what he had said. It would be a heartening thing for pastors and workers if all men of wealth and power were so considerate and unselfish as he.

He was so tender, and at the same time so strong and true that he evermore stands before us as the lineal descendant of Mr. Valiant-for-Truth.

In his great allegory Bunyan tells us how Mr. Valiant-for-Truth went home. Said he: "I am going to my Father: and tho with great difficulty I am got hither, *yet now I do not repent me of all the trouble I have been at to arrive where I am.* My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to *him that can get it.* My marks and scars I carry with me to be a witness for me that I have fought His battles who will now be my rewarder." When the day that he must go hence was come, many accompanied him to the riverside, into which, as he went, he said, "Death, where is thy sting?" And as he went down deeper, he said, "Grave, where is thy victory?" So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

Hail and farewell, my brother! When the trumpets sound for you on the other side may they be blown by lips which you have taught to pray, and may I be there to hear!



III

A KING'S DAUGHTER AND HER  
SONS AND DAUGHTERS—  
MARGARET BOTTOME

We may learn to walk by faith more steadily by perceiving that in this universe in which we live only he who is willing to walk by faith can walk at all.

*Prof. William North Rice.*

“Talk faith. The world is better off without  
Your uttered ignorance and morbid doubt.  
If you have faith in God or man or self  
Say so; if not, push back upon the shelf  
Of silence lower thoughts till faith shall come.

“Though time may dig his grave of curds  
And dogmas wither in the sod,  
My soul will keep the thought it words—  
Its swerveless faith in God.”

But still I feel that His embrace,  
Slides down by thrills through all things made.  
Through sight and sound of any place,  
As if my tender mother laid  
On my shut lips her kisses, pressure  
Half waking me at night, and said:  
Who kissed you through the dark, dear guesser?

*Mrs. Browning.*





MRS. MARGARET BOTTOME

### III

## A KING'S DAUGHTER AND HER SONS AND DAUGHTERS— MARGARET BOTTOME

I HAVE had much to say during the years of my ministry on the matter of home religion. The great discovery of the fifteenth century was printing. The great discovery of the eighteenth century was the application of steam. The great discovery of the nineteenth century was the application of electricity. We are told that the great discovery of the last generation was the discovery of childhood. I wish that this generation might be the discoverer of the home. As I have elsewhere said, the greatest influence in the life of a child is not the school, or even the Church: it is the home. The kind of religion that we need to-day is not so much a doctrinal religion, or a formal social or ethical religion; it is a home religion, applied and illustrated by those who love and serve

in the tenderest and dearest relations of earth. Anything that looks like religious instruction is banished from our Public Schools, and the religious instruction of the Sunday-school is so limited and so partial, and—as we who are trying to do our best there, must sorrowfully admit—often put into the hands of religious bunglers, to say nothing of those who are unfit, either by character or training, to do the work. If we have any adequate training of our children, it must be the training of home. It has pained my heart to realize that when the Church had done her best in the few hours in the week that she could come in touch with her children, they must then be turned over to the influence of a degenerate home, where every action nullifies the teaching of the Church, and all its tempers and purposes work out the ruin of any high and noble character. The seeds of grace, like the seeds of the garden, must be sown in the Spring.

In his lecture on “The Religious Conquest of the Child’s Mind,” President G. Stanley Hall says: “Childhood is the very best period of human life. Then all faculties are at

their best. It is the Paradise from which growth is always more or less of a fall. In all its activities, physiological and physical, a child is nearer the type of the species and has less of the limitations of the individual. The doors of the prison house have closed upon him far less tightly than they have upon us. You will remember how Wordsworth puts the same thought, and Wordsworth is the master-interpreter of childhood:

“Hence in a season of calm weather,  
    Though inland far we be,  
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea  
    Which brought us hither,  
    Can in a moment travel thither,  
And see the children sport upon the shore,  
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.”

The home is the guardian of childhood. Every student of psychology and pedagogy understands the marvelous richness and possibilities of those early years. If parents only knew, and would consider! Now is the time when life takes on whatever form you will for it. Now is the time when you can mold and fashion it in such a way as to bless

it and the world. Now is the time to make a strong constitution; a pair of lungs that will help to make pure blood; a stomach that will nourish a great brain, and a great heart; a heart that will bear the strain of the dusty valley or the mountain climb, and not break down in middle life to leave its owner a wreck on the shore, or a Hercules in a rotten boat. Now is the time to form habits—those gossamer threads which will one day harden to steel. Now is the time when devotion can be nourished, when holy things can be set in the sky of a child, like stars which go not out forever.

When they asked Napoleon what was the great need of France, he said, "Mothers." If you ask me what is the great need of America, I answer, "Homes." A home implies a loving mother and a faithful father. It implies a tender solicitude and yearning which will follow with infinite patience the footsteps of the child, and will not be satisfied until they are turned into the paths of peace. You may board and clothe your children; you may give them a place to sleep and a place to come in out of the storm, but you

have not given them a *home* until you have surrounded them with such blessings as will bring to birth all the graces of a spiritual life. I make my plea for Christian homes where a family altar is set up and the day is bounded on the East by supplication, and on the West by thanksgiving to God. We must give more time to our children. They will soon be gone from us. Strange, as says Socrates, that we spend so much time to gather property and so little time on those to whom we shall leave it. While the clay is plastic we must mold it.

That is a beautiful story which ex-President Roosevelt tells of his own father's home, and how he gave himself to his children, with such splendid success. Here in our city to-day, is a man, well born, and who in his early manhood came into a large business inheritance. There seemed to open up to him a great field of opportunity, but he was the father of four sons. If he went into his business ventures, he might gain a great fortune, but it would require his frequent absence from home, and would engross his time and strength to their fullest capacity. He

debated in his own mind whether he would give himself to the amassing of a fortune, so that each one of his sons might have enough to start well in the race of life; or whether he would give himself to the personal care and training of his sons, doing the best he could to form good habits intellectually, morally and religiously. He decided to take the second course. He retired from business and in all their studies and sports, he was the companion of his boys. He watched them at every point, that they might develop a true and noble character. He has lived to see them universally respected in the city. They have gained fortunes, quite as large as any he would probably have won for them, and they gained them by virtue of their own ability and character. He will insist that he made a wise choice, when he decided that to develop a noble character was a wiser thing than to give a fortune to a child whose character had been neglected.

All that I have said thus far may pass as a twice-told tale, a homily trite and commonplace. But I have a story to tell which I wish might be heard and heeded in every home in

America. My story is most impressive to myself, because most of those whom I shall name were my personal friends, and some of them my parishioners. We have discust together the deep things of the kingdom, and I know the spirit which has animated their hearts, and I am bound to say that there have been few families in all my experience, in which the things of God were so vital, and devotion to the noblest things in life so truly without struggle or affectation. I question if there has come from any home in America influences which have so shaped the womanhood of the nation, as the influences which came from this home, and in the field of business activity, achievements have been made which satisfy all human needs and which leave a record which any might envy, and all this flowed in large measure from the life of one well-balanced, clear-headed, pure-hearted Christian mother.

The home that I shall describe was a humble Scotch home, the home of the McDonalds. On a cold, bleak night in February, 1852, in Brooklyn, New York, a widow folded the

hands of her dead husband and knelt to pray. Seven children knelt with her, their ages running from three to fourteen years. When the widow rose from her knees, her face seemed transfigured. She had little money, but she had love, and she had courage, and she had faith; and with seven children clinging to her skirts, she turned to face the world. Dr. Daniel Curry was her pastor. He comforted her heart as best he might, with those consolations which are eternal, and she took up her lot without complaint. The funeral was held on Saturday; and Sunday morning, before breakfast, as was her wont, she gathered her children about her, read a chapter out of the Good Book, and led in prayer. When the hour for service came that morning, instead of spending it in agonizing grief at home, she took her seven children and filed into her accustomed pew.

Is it not a mistaken custom which keeps us from the house of God when we most need the help of worship?

Her faith failed not, for in the quaint translation of Martin Luther, she "held

on to Him whom she saw not, as if she saw Him." And, as her son says of her, "she never let go." Her faith held her until she looked into the face of her Lord in the New Jerusalem.

I shall have much to say about this Christian mother, but I wish to say here, that the man who had fallen on sleep was worthy of her. While not a man of large means, he was a man who was interested in many important matters, an Alderman of the city for many years, and interested in all civic matters. At the time of his death he was a candidate for the mayoralty of Brooklyn. He married early in life, his wife being eighteen and he only two years older. She deferred to him in general matters, and he deferred to her in matters of the religious life. As the children came, these parents devoted themselves and their household to God, and "built an altar unto the Lord," where they evermore worshiped, they and their children. Mr. McDonald was hardly forty-five years of age when he died. He had gone on a mission of mercy for a poor man who lay under

sentence of life imprisonment. Evidence which was secured later, sent Mr. McDonald to Albany to intercede for the man. He returned, bearing the Governor's pardon for the man, but had himself taken a cold which passed into pneumonia, and the day on which the prisoner was liberated, opened the gates of another world for him who had set the prisoner free. Special prayers were offered for him in many of the churches of the city, but he saw his end approaching, and set his house in order. In "The Old Arm Chair," his daughter gives a touching description of his last hours. "Mary," said he to his wife, "get the children together and let me see them alone. I have something to say to them before I go." The summons was quickly answered, and the family drew to the bedside and took the family Bible, for which he had asked. He opened to the first Psalm, and with full, rich voice read with great unction the whole of it, and then said: "That is true, my children. I have proved it in my own life." Returning again to it, he commented on each paragraph, remarking

## A KING'S DAUGHTER

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with great fervor, "How the Lord has blest me! And it will be so with you, my children, if you follow the instructions of this Psalm." Then, as they each knelt by his side, commencing with the eldest (Margaret Bot-tome), he put his hands on their heads and blest them, giving to each his special benediction. Then dismissing them, he wished to be alone with his Mary, and going over all the past, he again reminded her of God's great goodness to them and their mutual benefits under His grace. The poor broken-hearted wife, for the first time completely overcome, threw her sobbing head upon his bosom, exclaiming, "Oh, William, what shall I do when you are gone?" "Mary," he said, "I give you God's promises, and He will keep them. And remember He has said, 'I will be a father to the fatherless and a husband to the widow.'" His priestly duties were ended. For a few hours he seemed to be standing at the gate of heaven, pausing on its very threshold, to pour out exclamations of ecstasy, in parting salutations to the throng of dear friends who prest around him for the last time, till the word came from

within, and with a whisper of glory on his sealing lips, he passed away.

From that hour she was a changed woman. Not that a revolution had taken place, but the hour had wrought sudden development and decided manifestation of a strength of character which few would have credited her with, if they had not seen her as she came from her Gethsemane to bear the heaviest cross of human experience, the days of widowhood. It was then that the decided positiveness of mind, which was really the underlying element of her character, exhibited itself, and rose to support her under the circumstances which bereavement had thrown around her.

Among the sweetest memories of life to those devoted children are the recollections of the dear old home. Theirs was a happy home. When they gathered about the piano, singing the sacred songs of the Church, the mother was the most pleased and satisfied object of the group, and the special admiration of her children. As the evening advanced, the old family Bible was placed in the hands of one of the number and family prayer in-

icated the rule of the household, an early retirement. And so her children grew around her, held by her without knowing it, and keeping close to her side because they loved her better than anything else. They had no disposition for amusements or fellowships which were questionable. They had better at home. She held a firm hand in her government, but it was a soft hand. Strong and dominant though she was, there was no spirit of contradiction in her, and no one ever heard her speak ill of another, or even uncharitably. As her children passed to homes of their own, this woman of sorrowful heart lived not only in her own children, but in their husbands, their wives, and their children. And she reaped what she had sowed, the universal love of her children and her children's children, and of anyone who came by any means within her circle of unselfish relationships.

She had a playful humor in her early days, and when her years multiplied, and she began to feel that it was almost time for her to go home, she was so happy at the thought that she made merry with those who came

to see her, and crowded such an element of gladness into her sick-room that it was more like a bridal chamber than a place of death. Shortly before she passed over, she said: "I must give something to each one of the children." One of them said, "I wish I could choose mine." And when she asked what it would be, the daughter replied, "Oh, Mother, if you could leave me your patience!" "Ah," said she, "I cannot do that. You will have to learn patience, as I did!" When Dr. Buckley, visiting her, said, alluding to God's legacy to the righteous, "Your children's children will be blest." "Ah," said she, "it's further than that. It's not only to the third and fourth generation, I have great-grandchildren on the sea."

Her passing over was unspeakably sweet, and it warms one's heart like a breath from heaven. "Your head is clear, Grandma," said a friend. "Yes," said she, "but that's nothing. It's the heart you want clear; a clean heart and clean hands." When someone remarked how very feeble she was, she quickly responded:

## A KING'S DAUGHTER

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“In age and feebleness extreme  
Who shall a helpless worm redeem?  
Jesus, my only hope Thou art,  
Strength of my failing flesh and heart,  
Oh, could I catch a smile from Thee,  
And drop into eternity.”

To another who remarked how rapidly she was sinking, she said: “I am rounding the cape, soon to drop anchor; and when I do, it will be home!” And so, surrounded by those who loved her, whose lives she had helped to make beautiful and useful in the world, she closed her eyes to the scenes of earth and passed, with a smile upon her face, over the stormless sea, into the ageless land. The city was moved at her going out. Many of the leaders of the Church came to bring their personal tribute to her splendid character. There were scores besides her children who could have taken the stand of the mourners by the side of Dorcas, who showed in their own characters, the beauty of the garments which she had helped to weave. It is because she was the fountain-head of such streams of blessedness for the Church and

the community, that I have written at such length concerning her life and work.

Now let me call your attention to the children which came forth from such a home. There were eighteen of them—only one less than came from the home of Susanna Wesley. The eldest was Margaret, Margaret Bottome! At the time of her father's death, she had just married the Rev. Frank Bottome. The influence of the home had culminated in the conversion of Margaret at the altar of Sand Street Church, when she was a girl of twelve. She began an active Christian life at once, and gave herself, as a girl, without stint, to Christian work. At twenty-one years of age she became the wife of an itinerant Methodist preacher.

Is there any woman since the days of Susanna Wesley and Hester Ann Rogers and Lady Huntington, who has done more to develop the spiritual life and character of the womanhood of the world? Or did even these great names accomplish as much by personal touch, by voice or pen, or personal power at first hand, as did she? For nearly thirty years the wife of an itinerant Methodist

## A KING'S DAUGHTER

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preacher, giving herself to that work as a helpmeet for her husband, inspiring him by her splendid devotion, making the parsonage a holy place and at the same time a happy place, with infinite vivacity and humor, smoothing out the rough places in life, and showing religion to be not a thing for the ascetic, but something for the happy heart and busy life, a thing for boys and girls, for young men and young women, the most natural thing in the world. Her own son converted in youth is now an Episcopalian rector. After almost a generation spent in that work, God led her out to still greater fields of privilege and toil. She became the founder of The King's Daughters. What a power that organization has been; and she was the heart and inspiration of it. She had the entrée of the best homes of our great cities, and there she gathered about her not only those who were known as interested in Christian work, but she gathered the petted daughters of fortune and talked to them until they grew ashamed of a selfish life, until the noblest thing on earth seemed to them to be the discipleship of Christ. In hundreds of cases

where they were never known outside as Christian workers, it marked a new era of consecration, so that the women of wealth took up work for the unfortunate, and they dedicated millions of dollars and hundreds, probably thousands of lives to the blessing of the world. God had touched her lips as with a coal from off his altar and she had a prophetic message. What a speaker she was, and how contagious was her enthusiasm! And then he touched her pen. In the column of the "Ladies' Home Journal" she gave her "Heart to Heart Talks" to millions of readers throughout the world. In many other publications, as well as in the literature of the King's Daughters, she gave her thrilling message to the souls of men. Her work is so well known, and is so vital in the lives of the present generation that we need not dwell especially upon it. Enough to say that she gave a new significance to the words, "Saved for service." She showed the world that it was the disciple's business to be as his Lord. She proved that the inspiration of every noble endeavor was to be found in Christ Himself, and so she sent out the motto: "In

His Name," as the talisman of victory. The little cross with its "I. H. N." has gone into hospitals and prisons, into hovels, and into palaces, into Africa and India and China and Europe, into every civilized and every missionary State on earth, carrying unconsciously additional seed to sow for the harvest which will yet come forth from a consecrated mother's life.

But Mrs. Bottome, glorious as was her life, was only one of that consecrated household. There was another, the wife of Dr. Pearne, a Methodist minister of wide reputation in Ohio, who by her devotion and interest in Christian work, was a fit sister of Mrs. Bottome. She too, gave her heart to God as a little child. Her twin sister, Mrs. Moore, the embodiment of the combined strength and tenderness of father and mother, the head of a beautiful Christian home, also came to God as a little child. Her seven children all united with the church at a very early age. Two of them are preachers, all successful. Mrs. Tate, for many years one of our most faithful workers in the Methodism of Brooklyn, is another sister, who shows the charac-

teristics and exemplifies the life of her noble mother.

And then come her sons, Edgar and Willis, converted, like the rest, in their childhood. Mr. Edgar McDonald is the President of the Nassau Bank of Brooklyn, and was converted at fifteen. He was a class leader in Sand Street Church before he was twenty-five. Enthusiastically devoted to the work of Christ, an official member for many years of Grace Methodist Church, and a loyal and royal supporter of his pastor; interested in the salvation of men, believing that the faith of his mother is the faith for him, and that with tremendous financial interests at stake, and temptations multiplying on every side, the power which is greater than any other power, is the grace of God, which hath appeared unto men in the face of Jesus Christ, and that He will help men in the midst of all temptations. To this day he, with the other children go on stated pilgrimages, month after month to a holy shrine. Though the flowers have bloomed and faded for thirty years over her grave, her children still gather where their mother's sacred dust is ly-

ing, in beautiful Greenwood, and sing there the songs she used to love.

Last, but by no means least, I must mention that noble Christian layman and stalwart Methodist, Willis McDonald, for thirty-four years one of the leaders of Hanson Place Church, and for many years a member of the Missionary Board of the Methodist Episcopal Church. For most of his life in Hanson Place, he has been a Sunday-school teacher and a Class Leader, standing always for the things of vital godliness and always holding up the example of his father and mother, as an evidence which could not be disputed of the power of God in transforming life and holding it steady under all burdens. I bear grateful testimony to the royal support he has given to his pastors and to a generosity which has been unstinting for every good cause. No man ever appealed to him in vain for his sympathy and help. Many days and nights we have spent together, talking over the great things of Christian faith. We have sung together the songs of Zion, and not infrequently have closed our interviews with the sweet old hymn:

## FOLLOWERS OF THE GLEAM

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“And if our fellowship below  
In Jesus be so sweet,  
What heights of rapture shall we know  
When round His throne we meet!”

So the children of this noble father and mother all came into the fellowship of the Church of Christ and into vital connection with the things of the kingdom. But I am not quite through with the story of this family. What has been true of two generations still follows on. The children of those children have also given their hearts to God in their youth, and are taking up the burdens in their manhood and womanhood, which their parents and grandparents bore so nobly. Nor is this all. *Their* children have given themselves to God, nearly every one before they were ten years of age, and are enrolled in the fellowship of the Church of Christ. So here is the story of four generations that signally fulfil the promises of God.

The annals of criminology show us families that have filled our prisons from one generation to another. For five generations the Jukes family in England, out of 709 de-

scendants sent seventy-six to prison for one crime or another. If vice is hereditary let us thank God that virtue also perpetuates itself. And let every father and mother be tremendously imprest by the fact that unborn generations are to come into the world blest or curst by their example and tendency. Our scientific studies are making more and more certain and overwhelming the part which heredity plays in the program of the individual and the world. While there are doubtless those who would so far overestimate its power as to make any struggle against it seem useless, we cannot go astray if we insist on having every child so well born that he may be at least capable of a new birth. There will be few skeptics and no atheists in such a home as I have described. Faith in God and in all things good will come easy then. Tho the children may sometimes stray there will always be a tug at the soul which cannot go unheeded, and I have seen it draw so strongly across the continent of the years that it brought the boy back to the feet of his mother's God. Over against the Jukeses I put the McDon-

alds. Sin carries in its bosom the seed of its own undoing, but righteousness hath God at the heart of it. In the end the McDonalds will win, and the Christian home will produce a Christian nation and a Christian world.

IV  
JIMMIE

Conversion is the soul's return to God; wherefore let every man journey by the road which lies open to him. Many will come by the Slough of Despond and the Wicket Gate and the Hill Difficulty; but that is not the only road to the Celestial City. Many will come by ways worn by the feet of multitudes and some by a lonely way, pilgrims of whose progress no man has yet written. But any road is the right road that reaches the goal at last.

*Prof. George Jackson.*

The stronger the form of temptation the stronger character you will be. The people in this world who are doing the best work for humanity are people who have known the power of temptations.

“The mark of rank in nature  
Is capacity for pain,  
And the anguish of the singer  
Makes the sweetness of the strain.”

Fight your fight, gain your victory, and wear your crown of triumph. Be kingly! Walk the earth a conqueror! Stand with those who have overcome.

*Margaret Bottome.*

## IV

### “ JIMMIE ”

JAMES NOBLE was well brought up, and he was by nature a gentleman. He was in touch with the best representatives of Methodism in the days when the old cockerel stood high on the spire of Hanover Street Church, and such men as Samuel Upham stood in the pulpit, and such men as E. R. Dunn sat in the pews of that historic church. He was one of a company of men who gave a good account of themselves in the days when Methodism went forward with leaps and bounds. There was a social life at Hanover Street which challenged the attention of the clerks and young professional men of the city, and E. R. Dunn had a Bible Class of those splendid young men. He trained them to be pillars in the Church, to accept the responsibilities which were laid upon them in the providence of God, and to this day Methodism feels the impulse which came from that Sunday-school

class almost half a century ago. Among those splendid young men there was no one more genial and companionable, and whose fellowship was more sought by his associates, than James Noble. In joke and repartee, as reader and elocutionist, he was among the brightest and the best. He was full of sympathy for the unfortunate, full of ambition to do his best socially and in business life, and altogether he was a young man who promised well and had hosts of friends. But, as is the case with many a strong character, his very excellencies became his stumbling-block; his good fellowship led him into company that was not always helpful to him. Flattery pleased him, and there were not wanting those who took advantage of this fact to lead him to the excesses which were at last his undoing. He went rapidly ahead in his business, and had plenty of money. He was a wholesale fish-dealer, and his name was well known on the wharves where the fishermen of the Cape brought the returns from their ventures on George's Banks; and on the wharves which were the Mecca of the mackerel fishermen. Men took advantage of his

genial nature and his full pocket. He had friends by the hundred who were willing to enjoy his good fellowship and his affluence no matter at how great cost ultimately to himself. In after years Jimmie once said to me, as he threw back his head and opened his mouth, and a quizzical look came into his eye: “ Look down my throat, Doctor, and see what you discover.” I complied with his request, but said, “ I see nothing unusual or abnormal, Jimmie.” “ Well,” said he, “ you didn’t look far enough. If you had looked a little farther and a little more carefully, you could have seen fourteen schooners and as many fishing-smacks, two pairs of horses, and half of T—Wharf, and other things too numerous to mention; for they all went down that way and I never could get them again.” What Jimmie said was all too true. He drank himself sick, and he drank himself poor, and he almost drank himself friendless. After he lost one fortune, his friends rallied about him and steadied him, his old associates of the Sunday-school put their arms about him and set him once more upon his feet. After a while he rehabilitated himself. More than

one fishing-vessel was named after him, and once more he stood well in society. But in an evil hour the same temptations and evil friends assailed him, and he lost his fortune a second time. For years he drifted around the wharves, picking up a little something to do now and then, and subsisting for the most part on the friends of his better days.

In moments when his better self asserted itself he would turn to the old friends of the Church and Sunday-school. First Church, Boston, is a lineal descendant of Hanover Street, and it was here, on the occasion of one of his periodical returns to the old friends, that I met him. The once dapper young man had grown gross and heavy, but much of his old-time suavity and good manners remained. He had an ingratiating way, and I found myself very much interested in him. He liked to sing, and the Friday-night prayer-meeting, as well as the Sunday-night service, found him on the back seat singing lustily when he was sober enough to do it. I often passed him as I went into the service and spoke kindly to him. But for a year or more he only smiled when I urged him to give him-

self to a better life. He had more than once, through the kindness of friends, taken the “gold cure.” One Sunday night, during special revival services, I saw him come into the church, and instead of sitting on the back seat, as usual, he came nearly half way up the aisle. I saw from his movements that he had more of a load on than he could well care for. But I was imprest that he was not so much under the influence of liquor but that he realized the nature of the service and the force of much that was being said. As I went on with the sermon, I felt especially impelled to speak of the wasting of a life such as his, and the best I knew how, I laid emphasis on the necessity and possibility of an immediate change through the grace of God. He seemed to listen attentively, and I hoped that some impression had been made. It was our custom, after the singing of the last hymn, to pass to the vestry for an after-service, the congregation passing down at one end of the church and I at the other end. As I was going down the stairs to the vestry, I said to myself, “If Jimmie goes down and comes up past the middle of the room, I shall feel that

he is under conviction and shall have hope that this may be the night of decision for him." When I reached the desk in the vestry I began singing, and as the audience came in I was surprized to see Jimmie making his way to the front as best he could. At last he threw himself heavily upon the front seat. After some testimonies and a brief exhortation, I asked those who desired to begin a new life to come forward to the altar. Jimmie was among the first to move. He fell upon the altar railing, evidently deeply moved. I did not know how much was the effect of his drinking, and how much the result of real spiritual interest. At the altar were several others to whom I wished to speak, and I asked a friend of Jimmie's to speak to him and hold him until after the service was over, so that I could have a chance for a full talk with him. When the altar service was over, I dismissed the congregation, and found Jimmie seated on the front seat. I sat down beside him and threw my arm over his shoulder. I looked him in the face with much concern, and simply said: "Jimmie!" He turned toward me and said:

“ Doctor, I meant it, every bit of it, and I have made up my mind to be a different man. But,” he said, “ before I begin a Christian life, I have got to have *just one more drink*. Now,” he said, “ I want to ask you a question. Which do you think would be better; for me to go down here to the Revere House where I should find a lot of my old cronies? They would ask me to drink and I would ask them to drink, and it would end by my getting as full as a tick and being carted off by my friends to my room, or being carted off by the police to the lock-up. Now, which do you think would be better, for me to do that or *for you to slip out and get me a drink?* ” My surprize at the proposition can be better understood than exprest. As a matter of argument, I saw that Jimmie had made out a strong case; but an inspiration came to me, and I said: “ Jimmie, you don’t want anything to drink, you want something to eat.” He started up as if he had a new idea and said rather thickly: “ I guess you are right about that, Doctor; to tell the truth, I haven’t had anything to eat to-day. I got up this morning and took a ‘nipper’ before I was

out of my room. Then I called a cab and started to see the boys out at the 'gold cure.' I took a drink on the way out, and another after I got there. When I was coming back I took still another, and yet another after I got into town, and I really have not had anything to eat to-day." "Just what I supposed," I said. "Now come with me and you shall have a square meal." I called one of his friends and we started out with Jimmie, one on either side. When we reached the sidewalk he said: "Where are you going to take me for a square meal?" "Oh," I said, "I know a nice clean place where they keep open late. We'll go there." He said, "Do they have anything to drink?" I said, "Nothing but tea and coffee and milk." "Well," he said, "you can't get me to go there; I won't go!" He pulled away from us and started in the opposite direction. It took some time to coax him to go with us, but at last, by dint of some argument and a little physical constraint, we got him along to the door of the restaurant we were seeking. As we entered the door he pulled away from us and went to the cashier and asked if they had anything

to drink. She assured him they had only temperance drinks, and he started for the door. But at last we got him to a table and ordered for him steak and black coffee. He covered the steak with pepper and salt and it seemed to furnish an agreeable surprise to his stomach. After he had finished his steak and two or three cups of coffee he said he felt fine, and seemed to be quite himself. After his appetite had been satisfied, we went out, and as we reached the sidewalk he said: “Now this has been a good night for me, and I am glad you came down here with me. I think I will be all right now. Good night!” But I said, “No, Jimmie, if it is all the same to you I will go up with you to your boarding-place and see you safely home.” He mildly objected that it was not necessary, but finally yielded to my persuasion, and I accompanied him to the house. When we reached the door he said, “Good night” again, but I said: “Jimmie, I have never been to your room, and if you don’t object, I would like to go up with you.” He said, “It is very late now, and you have already given me too much time. I have only a little side room. Don’t

bother to come up." But I still insisted that I would like to go up with him, and he reluctantly consented. As we entered the room, I saw he was rather clumsy about taking off his coat, and I said: "If you don't mind, Jimmie, I will help you a little and see you safely in bed." So after a little he was nicely tucked in and I bade him good night and went downstairs. What follows is his own story.

He says that as soon as he heard my footsteps echoing up the deserted street, he jumped out of bed and said to himself: "Now for a good time. I will go down and meet the boys and we'll have a lot of fun before the break of day." Then he stopt and thought: "I had no claim on this man. He came home with me and would not leave me until he had tucked me nicely in bed. I am a mean man, but I am not mean enough to go back on a fellow who has been as kind as that to me." So he went back to bed and fell asleep. When he awoke in the morning, strange to say, for the first time in years he felt no longing for drink. He went to his breakfast and to his work and did not take a drop. He finished the day as sober as he

began it. What was true of the first day was true of the second and the third, and the days that followed. He came to the prayer-meeting and the class-meeting, and expressed his astonishment at the change which had taken place within him. He said that he was a new man; that a new life had taken possession of him. And he looked it. His very face seemed transfigured by the light which shone within. Many months thereafter he continued with unabating zeal to give his testimony and to show forth in his life “the peaceable fruits of righteousness.” In the following autumn he was taken seriously sick, and the doctors prescribed some alcoholic stimulant. This seemed to stir up the old demon that was in him. As soon as he was able to get out of the house he went off on a debauch that lasted nearly a week. Then he came back—back like a prodigal and penitent. He told in the public service how he had fallen, and blamed nobody but himself. He said he felt that God had forgiven him and asked if the Church could also forgive him. I had changed meanwhile, to another pastorate,

and he wrote to me, telling me all about it and asking my forgiveness.

In the months that followed, he rarely spoke that he did not tell his experience—told how he had fallen and how Christ had lifted him up. He seemed painfully conscious of his frailties, and in his prayers ceaselessly acknowledged his weakness, and importuned the saving power of God. One Friday night in June he rose and gave his testimony, as usual, and then said: "I am so helpless of myself that I dare not boast. I don't know what may befall me in the future, but my hope is in God. Whatever may come in future days, I want to bear testimony now, that at five minutes to nine o'clock on the fourteenth of June, Jimmie can read his title clear to mansions in the sky." The next day he went to Providence on his usual round of business. At noon he went to a restaurant where he was accustomed to go, gave an order for his lunch to the waiter, and sat thoughtfully in his chair. The waiter heard a noise, and, looking back, found that Jimmie had slipt from his chair to the floor. They raised him up, but the

vital spark had fled. They brought back all that was mortal of him, and his old friends gathered to pay their last tribute of respect. To this day they talk of Jimmie in that old historic church, and his memory is “as ointment poured forth.” Whatever were the mistakes of the sinful years, it is an unspeakable comfort to those who loved him, to know that on the last night of his life he could read his “title clear to mansions in the skies.”



V

KID HALL OF JOLIET

We must believe in the recoverability of man at his worst. When we declare "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners," it must be with no kind of reserves. To falter here will be to find our sword arm wither when we are in the hottest of the fight. Unless we can be sure that we have a gospel for everybody, we can never be sure that we have a gospel for anybody.

*Prof. George Jackson.*

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,  
Where the race of men go by;  
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,  
Wise, foolish. So am I.  
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,  
Or hurl the cynic's ban?  
Let me live in my house by the side of the road,  
And be a friend to man.

*Sam Walter Foss.*

O, this mortal house  
Which we are born into, is haunted by  
The ghosts of the dead passions of dead men  
And these take flesh again with our own flesh  
And bring us to confusion.

*Tennyson.*

## V.

### KID HALL OF JOLIET

THE story which I am about to relate is one which in many important particulars differs from any which I have ever read or experienced. I shall relate it as nearly as possible, in the words in which it came to me. It gains a chief part of its value from the fact that it is a real chapter from the underworld, and it is a citizen from that world, almost an alien and foreigner in the ordinary walks of decent life, who speaks. The language is his own, the mental processes, facing a marvelous and hitherto incomprehensible experience, are a corroborative lesson in the power of the spiritual upon the human soul, which might put the best of us to school and strike the simple solemn. I would give much to know how it all came out, but I saw and bare witness that, face to face with the gnawings of hunger and the anxieties of self-preservation, the gleam did not fade out of his

life, and that he went out of my presence in the strength of the same purpose which took St. Paul to the block, Huss to the flames, and has sent men and women in all the Christian ages to face, unblanched, the worst that could be brought against them, and to hail the sword and the fagot and even wild beasts as a bridegroom might hail his bride. I have nothing now to say about the psychology of conversion. I have been so busy all my life among the marvels of the grace of God and have felt such holy triumph in the transformations which grace has wrought that I have been but slow to enter the laboratory to analyze and dissect the emotions which have culminated in these wondrous transformations. The lessons which it teaches, I shall not take time to indicate. Each man who is sufficiently interested to think at all concerning them, will get lessons of his own. I simply show the fact. Let each man take it from his own angle. But any angle will furnish evidence enough that it is a fact. You shall judge for yourself as I tell my story.

It was a day in the springtime. I was busy

at my desk, and the sexton, who stood guard at the study door—may his tribe increase!—was anxious to keep me from needless and useless interruption. He opened the door and stood for a moment, questioning and irresolute, but a moment later said, with some diffidence: “There’s a fellow here who wants to see you. I tried to see if I couldn’t save you from interruption, but there’s something about him that makes me think that you had better see him if you can. I am almost afraid of him, but I think he will not do you personal harm.” I answered, “Show him in, George, at once.” George returned after a minute or two, bringing with him a short-haired, red-headed, thick-set young man, as fine an animal as I had seen in a long time. There was a sinuosity in his movements combined with a certain speed and deftness, which arrested my attention at once. He was large-framed, and there was not a spare ounce of fat upon him. He was built for business, and his whole movement of eye and face and body reminded me of some beast seeking to evade or foil an antagonist. “Is this a Gospel shop, and be you a man who

peddles out the goods? Somebody told me about you, and told me as how you was a good-natured guy as wouldn't blow on a feller, and would give him a chance. So I made up my mind I'd size yer up and see if I could trust yer. I guess you'll do." All this while he was looking, part of the time at me, and part of the time with a restive glance he swept the room. He seemed to be calculating as to its dimensions and the facility with which its windows could be opened or closed. And he seemed to be running me over and sizing me up, physically as well as otherwise. "You don't know me," says he, "But I am Kid Hall. I'm just out of prison. Was you ever in prison?" I assured him that I had occasionally visited prisons, but didn't pretend to any intimate relations. "I have got to talk with somebody," said he, "and I am going to tell you how I came to be in prison, and how I came to be here. You never seen my kind before, but there's lots of us. My father and mother sent me out to steal when I was three years old, and I was a buster at it. I swiped things right along and nobody ever thought of suspecting a little kid like

me. But by and by they got on to me. They took me up for one thing and another, and because I was so little they let me go. But when I was eleven years old they sent me to the reform school to stay there till I was growed up. You don't s'pose I did that, do yer? Not much! I was good for a little while and then, when they trusted me, I skipt. A little while later they took me in again, and this time they sent me to prison. My father and mother both died in prison under life sentence. I had a brother, and he was the only one I ever cared about anyway, but I shot him. We stood at a bar drinkin' a social glass. Neither of us were ever intoxicated, and we weren't drinkin' nothin' strong that time; just a little beer. He said somethin' I didn't like. I said, 'Bill, have you got a gun?' 'O' course I've got a gun!' 'Pull it, then!' We pulled together, but I got the drop on him. I shot him and he fell, and I put three bullets into him as he lay on the floor. He got well and died years after with consumption. After I got out of jail one time, I went back to the house where we used to live. I don't know why I did it, as

there was nothin' pleasant that ever happened to me there. I guess my mother loved me: I don't know about that. Had a queer way o' showin' it. Somethin' seemed to kind o' tug in me. I just don't know what it was. Don't know as I ever felt it before, but I looked up at the windows of the old house and thought of all the damnable rackets that had gone on there, and thought of all I had suffered on account of them, and all other folks had suffered on account of them, and somehow I made up my mind that I would try to live a decent life and be honest. I could steal—steal cents from dead men's eyes or a billy from between a policeman's knees. It seemed pure waste not to use a talent like that, but I really made up my mind to play fair. So I went across the street to the priest's house. My father was a friend of the priest. Part of the time he sold liquor, and he almost always had a thousand dollars about his clothes. Once when they raised a big purse for the priest, my father gave three hundred dollars toward it. I thought the priest would know me and be interested in me. So I rang the bell. The priest came to

the door and I said, 'Can't you get me a chance to work?' 'Work?' said he, 'you don't want to work, you want to steal. That's all you ever did and that's all you want to do.' He started to shut the door. I put up my hand to keep it from closing. As he shut it my finger was caught in the jamb and crushed. Then I felt an awful feeling right here inside o' me. I s'pose it was the devil. It seemed to come up in my throat as big as a baseball and stuck there, and something seemed to say, 'Kill! Steal! Nobody cares for you; make everybody hate you and fear you!' And I started in to do it. I have often walked my room nights grinding my teeth, a pistol in each hand, wishing somebody would come to the door that I could kill them, or get killed, I didn't care which.

"I am a crook. My name and my picture are in all the Rogues Galleries. Once a reporter wrote me up. He covered the side of a newspaper with his story. In one corner he had my picture, and in the opposite corner a picture of a bulldog. That did me more harm among the police than anything that ever happened to me. He tried

to make out that I was not a man; only a beast. He compared my jaw and eye and everything with the dog's, and made me out more brutal than the dog. Maybe he was right. I guess I am more of a brute than a decent dog. Six weeks ago I was pardoned out of Joliet prison. I was sent in for fourteen years and was pardoned at the end of five and a half years. When I left jail and went to Chicago, the police told me that I better move on, so I went to H——, a small city. Going through the depot I met the Chief of Police. He recognized me and said, 'Hello, Kid!' I said, 'Haven't you made a mistake?' I had been in his care more than once, and he said, 'Well, I guess not! Who are you going to crack here?' 'Not you, Cap,' I said, 'you always used me fair.' 'Well, Kid,' he said, 'about next Monday you'd better move on.' 'Is that an order?' I asked. 'Yes, you may consider it that way.' I went out of the depot and met a man well dressed and good looking, who stopped me and said: 'Well, you Kid, where did you come from?' I was mad to see a well-dressed guy like him make fun, and I said, 'What do

you know about me? Better be careful how you talk to folks as you don't know!' 'Well, I ought to know you. Don't you remember Jack who was two years with you in Joliet?' 'You ain't Jack; Jack was no guy like you!' But I seen pretty soon as it was Jack sure enough, so I says, 'Well, what are you at now?' 'I'm in a bank.' 'How much is there in it?' 'There's sixteen a week in it for me.' 'Oh, come off! when are you goin' to crack it?' 'Never. I am trusted and respected. I carry thousands of dollars for them safely every day. I have given up all the life I used to live. I've got a wife.' 'Oh, maybe you've got some other man's wife, but you ain't got any that belongs to you, that was married to you, have you?' 'Yes, and I've got a little boy two years old. Come with me and see them and have dinner.' I didn't believe him, but I went. His wife met him at the door with the little boy, and they all seemed happy. I couldn't understand it. I thought there must be something crooked somewhere, but I couldn't find it. So, while I ate my dinner I was looking and guessing. When we got through I said, 'Now, Jack, is this all

straight, or are you just kiddin' me?' 'Yes, Kid, it is all straight and right. I am just what you see. This happy home is mine and all our love is pure and true.' 'Tell me, then, how did you come to this?' 'Well, when I came out of prison the last time I made up my mind I would do differently. One night I went to church and heard about a chance for such men as I had been. The minister said that a man whose heart and hands had been stained with sin might yet be cleansed and his evil heart become tender and pure. That seemed too good to be true, and I thought there must be some mistake about it. But I went the next night and the night after, and he seemed so sure about it and sang the old hymn

The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day,  
And there may I, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.

You know what a thief I had been and I thought I knew something about that other thief and that seemed as if it were written for me. So I went again and again, and at

last the blessedness of it all came upon me like a great light, and I felt that I had lost all my old desires, and I had a new set of longings, and I hardly dared to go to sleep at night for fear they would slip away from me before morning.

“‘But my life was really changed; and that is just what you need, Kid. If you had what I got at the church you would be another man.’ ‘Well, I would like to be another man, sure enough. I hate to think of the past, and there is nothing to hope for ahead; but a poor fellow like me nobody wants. The decent people all turn from me and I have to go back to the old way. Do you really think there is any chance that I could get what you have got?’ ‘Oh, yes, I’m sure you could.’ ‘When do you s’pose I could get it?’ ‘Well, I think you could get it now if you really want it. If you are really willing to pray and to give up the old life. Will you pray now with me?’ That made me laugh to hear the man talk about my praying. What would God care about my prayers? But I finally said if he thought it was any use, I would. So we got down on

our knees and prayed. He prayed first, and then I said a few words myself. I don't remember just what they was; couldn't say now; just asked for help for a man as was a beast. I don't know what happened to me, but when I got up that baseball had gone out of my throat, and for the first time since the minister crusht my finger, I felt kind to folks. But I said: 'Jack, it ain't no use. Two days after I got out of prison I robbed a store. I got \$750 there, and the next night I robbed another and got \$1,400. Now what would you do?' 'Don't ask me what I'd do. I might be weak, but you and I know what you ought to do. You ought to send it back.' 'But I haven't got it all: I spent \$500.' 'Well, send back what you have.' I had a few diamonds and I pawned them and some other things, and I got together enough to pay the full amount except \$61. And Jack took that out of the little he had saved, drew it out of the bank and gave it to me. Then Jack wrote to the men I had robbed, told them the whole story, sent a check and asked if they would let up on me. They both said they would never bother me and hoped I

would do well. Then Jack said, 'I'll get you a place to work.' But I said, 'It's no use. The Chief told me to move on next Monday.' But Jack said, 'I have a friend who is rich, a millionaire maybe, and the officers do what he says. I'll ask him to get the Chief to let you stay.' I knew it was no use, but Jack wanted to try, so I let him. His friend told the Chief that he must let me stay, but the Chief said 'I would be glad to do anything you want, but I can't do this. I know the Kid. He's only coddin' you. He'll be decent a few days and then some night there'll be a big bank robbery and the Kid will do it, and folks will say the Chief knew he was in town and let him stay, and I shall lose my office and everybody will say it served him right, he is too old to be a tenderfoot. No, Kid can't stay.' I knew it would be so; my name is on the books in a dozen States, as an habitual thief. When I strike a town the police know me, and it is 'Move on! Move on!' I tried three times to get to Canada, once at Buffalo, but the police were on to me and I could not get over. Then I tried it in a little town on Lake Ontario, but when I got on the

boat they sent me back to land, and I could not get across there. Now here I am. I cannot go toward Chicago, or toward Philadelphia, and here I am in New York, where they have given me till noon to-day, and my time is up this minute while I am talking to you. I can go back to my old life and make money. I can make more money in a night than you can make in a year. Only yesterday I saw a man in Jersey City. He was full as a tick and I saw him count out several hundred dollars and put the roll in his outside pocket. I could have got it in a minute, and he would never have known. My old longing seized me, and I followed him three blocks. I thought one spell I would simply have to rob him, but I finally went up to him and put my hand on his shoulder. 'My friend,' I said, 'I saw you put some money in your coat. Somebody will steal it if you don't look out.' That seemed to bring him to his senses, and he clapped his hand on his pocket and said, 'Maybe somebody did steal it.' But he found it was still there and he put it in the inside of his vest. Now look at me. See how nervous I am. I shake as if I was seventy-five years old. I

don't know what is the matter with me. I am not afraid of anything when I am at my work. I can get out of any place, and if I don't I don't care. Once in Virginia I had a rope around my neck. A hundred men were around me, but I wasn't afraid. I kept my wits, and soon my chance came. While my captors were planning what they would do with me, I cut the rope and beat the crowd."

"Tell me," I said, "did drink have anything to do with your keeping on in crime?" "Drink? What would a man in my work do with drink? He wants all his wits in his fingers and his heels. He has to walk a chalk mark, or stand on his head on top of a fence. Drink? I haven't had a glass of liquor down my throat in years. Once in a great while a glass of beer, but never but one, and that seldom. I don't drink, smoke, or lie, and see how nervous I am. Now if I was back it would be different. Twenty-five years a crook, and a few weeks an honest man, and more trouble in those few weeks than in all the other years."

He began to grip me, and my heart went

out to him, and I said, "Have you had anything to eat to-day?" "I have not had a mouthful to eat for forty-eight hours. I met an old pal on the street yesterday and he said, 'How is trade?' and I said, 'No trade.' He said, 'Got any swag?' I said 'No.' He pulled out a fifty-dollar bill and offered it to me. I said, 'I am done with this business. I just sent back two thousand dollars that I stole, and I won't take fifty dollars that you stole.' I left him, but I heard him say, 'What's done Kid Hall?'"

I said to him, "It's too bad for you to have to face such a condition. I know people here and I think I can get a chance for you." And he said, "You? You're only a little one 'longside o' the big fellers! What could you do? The big fellers know me. I could send some o' them to jail for life. Some o' them would help me, but they can't. I am marked. I've got to move on. There's no other way. It's always the same old story, move on! move on! move on! So I shall move on. To what, God knows. Boston is the only direction I can go in to-day and I must leave now."

While we were talking, the deaconess

stept on a register overhead, and he noticed that it had been open. He sprang into the middle of the floor, clenched his hands and said, "Am I trapt? Are you going to run me in?" I assured him that he was perfectly safe and that only friends were about him. In a few minutes the deaconess appeared at the study door and asked about some sick people who were to be visited. He seemed to be reassured and satisfied. "You are a guy," said he, "but you are a good one; I can see that. I believe I could trust you. I haven't asked you for anything, have I?" And I was obliged to say "No, you haven't asked for anything, and you have refused every offer of help that I have made." He said: "I don't want any help. Do you know why I came here to see you? Well, I'll tell you. When I left Jack he gave me forty dollars. I had borrowed sixty, so I owe him a hundred. He said to me, 'Kid, if it comes hard with you and you have to move on and can't find work, I want you to promise me that when you are at the end of your wits, instead of giving up and going back to the old life and taking out

of your heart the peace that you feel, that you will go to some minister and just talk it over with him and tell him how you feel. Even if he can't help you, it will give you strength. He will be glad to see you, and then you will feel more like being a man at any cost.' I promised him I'd do it, and the only reason I came to you was that I'd got to the end of my rope. I've kept my promise to Jack, and now I'll move on. You can't help me, and I don't want anything. I will keep straight as well as I can." He pulled a plain gold ring out of his pocket and said: "That belonged to one of my prison pals. He was a crook like myself. There are less than fifty of us in the country. Plenty of thieves, of course, but we don't associate with thieves. It takes some brains to crack a bank and get away with the loot, and there aren't more than fifty of us that are up to the job. This pal o' mine was a good one; nerve like a steel bar. One day he shot his guard and vamoosed the ranch. They got after him quick. The whole yard full of men chased him hard. He shot at sixteen men, wounding some and killing some. It was up against

him hard. They got a hundred men around him in a swamp, and he knew there was death at both ends as well as in front of him. So at last, rather than go back at the end of a halter, or be riddled by the guns of those he hated, he sent a bullet through his own heart. His folks gave me this ring. Whenever I look at it I think of Jack." And then a far-away look came into his face and he said, more to himself than to me: "If worse comes to worst I can follow Jack, and I will do it rather than go back to the old life."

All the time he had been talking to me he had walked up and down the study, his face a picture of conflicting emotions. As he told some story of the old life of sin, his face would blaze with the old passion and his hands would work convulsively, as if they were still clutching the jimmy. But that emotion would pass when he recalled the new stand he had taken, and his exultation was changed, not so much to remorse, as to a look of wonder at the transformation of his own soul. At one moment he would throw back his head and look down at me as if he pitied a man who had never killed anybody and car-

ried no lead in his tissues as a reminder of some wild scrape. But in another moment that look faded out and he seemed to be wondering how a man could go through life unscarred and uncondemned. The old pride of his profession gleamed in his eye as he told me of his hair-breadth escapes and how he had outwitted the keenest detectives and evaded the hottest pursuits. But all that was only the involuntary rush of the past. It was plain that I was looking into the face of a man who was a new creature by the grace of God, not made into my model or yours; as strange to the surroundings of a pastor's study as a pastor might be in Leadville when "Left-handed Jack" mounted the table in the barroom and the rest hid behind the bar and under the table, or went out to shoot up the town.

Kid Hall had told me his story and I believed every word of it. No man could have looked into his face and doubted him. But the evidence which men cannot simulate, the message of one yearning soul to another, smote me full in the face and struck my questioning dumb. When a man who is at his

wits' end comes to you for help, there is only one kind of help that is worth while; and that is not man's but God's. So I said to him: "I wish I could help you." I reached out my hand to shake hands with him and in my palm was a bill. As soon as he felt the touch of it he drew back, and I said: "It would be a comfort to me to feel that I had helped you on." But he said: "I didn't come to you for money, and I won't take it. I am keeping a pledge which I honestly made. I have been a thief but I am not a liar, and I won't take money from a guy like you. I know you mean it well, but I'll go out as empty-handed as I came." It was then that I reminded him of a help higher than mine, and I said: "Let us pray." He went to his knees and buried his face in his hands, and I felt that the heavens were bending low. I prayed for him, and, I presume, gave God some information about him which was altogether unnecessary. The great burden of my prayer in his behalf was that his hope and courage might not fail and that his faith might not be overwhelmed. Then I asked him if he would pray. I have wished many times that I had

written down that prayer. I cannot quote it, for most of it was in a vocabulary that neither you nor I have ever mastered. Part of it was like the language of a thief talking to a judge ere he sent him to merited punishment; and part of it was like the language of a thief who was talking with a brother who had been tempted in all points like himself, but had not sinned; and part of it was like the cry of a home-bound prodigal who had caught sight of a yearning father and realized, though late, that the father had loved him even when he was a prodigal. The transformation of his own face was beautiful to see. Before he finished he had lifted his face, which was buried in his arms as he began, and he was looking up toward the heavens with his eyes open as if he saw the throne of God and the scarred Brother of suffering men sitting on the throne. When he rose to his feet there was a new light in his eyes and a spring in his step that betokened a hope that could not be quenched. He said: "I'm late. The Chief told me I must be out of the town before now, and perhaps I'll get in trouble by staying."

As I thought of what he had said to me, my indignation was in a blaze. Because a man has done wrong is he never to have another chance? And when a man comes out of prison does he have the mark of Cain on him? Is he to be forsaken of all men? Forever crying as he hastens toward a hopeless grave, lashed by those who are more successful but less soulful than himself: "My punishment is greater than I can bear"? When the law and society have exacted punishment to their hearts' content on a transgressor, is not that enough? When a man is sent to prison for ten years or twenty years, cannot society be content with that awful price and waste? Must they make every prisoner a leper? and must he cry "Unclean! Unclean?" Is there no door of honest toil open to him? Will the good and the pure give him no chance for uplifting fellowship? Will the church say: "I am sorry. Be ye warmed and be ye fed," but not touch him with so much as the tip of its lean and spotless finger? Would it not really be better to make every sentence a life sentence, so that every transgressor may be at least sure that he will not

starve, and he will not have to face the scathing contumely of the sleek-faced and full-waisted souls, "the unco' guid"? These are some of the thoughts that were with me then and are with me still.

I went with him to the door. I begged him once more to let me help him. He shook his head sadly, but with determination. As I opened the door he peered out for a moment and the habit of a lifetime took possession of him. He cast a furtive glance up and down the street and stepped back. He waited a minute or two and then stepped forward for another look, and almost instantly retreated. Then he pulled his cap lower over his eyes, and seemed to settle his head a little lower on his shoulders. He looked at me with a mute appeal, but did not answer my "Good-by!" As he stepped to the sidewalk he glanced up and down the street, and walked away. I watched him until he turned the corner and disappeared. I had asked him to write to me and tell me how he got on, but I have never heard from him since. I would give much to know how it fared with him. I have thought of him these years as the "Wander-

ing Jew," forever told to "Move on!" I have never had any question as to the genuineness of his conversion, and I have never doubted that he is faithful now, or was faithful to the end. I have wondered how he stood the strain

"Left to the fate of the darkening years  
And the little mercy of men."

When I have read in the papers of some unknown body cast up by the sea, or when I have read of some body unclaimed at the morgue, I have wondered if it was he. And if he has really gone on and the body which was scarred has gone to the same place where the body of Lazarus went, I am sure his soul has gone to the place where the dying Lord promised to keep tryst with a man whose lips were parched like his own on the fateful cross, and I should like to have heard the conversation between that thief and mine when they met in Paradise!



VI

A SKEPTIC'S CONVERSION

THE EXPERIENCE OF

BISHOP ROBERT McINTYRE

The ordinary agnostic has got his facts all wrong. He is a non-believer for a multitude of reasons; but they are untrue reasons. He doubts because the Middle Ages were barbaric, but they weren't; because Darwinism is demonstrated, but it isn't; because miracles do not happen, but they do; because modern science is moving away from the supernatural, but it isn't; it is moving toward the supernatural with the rapidity of a railroad train.

*Chesterton.*

Jesus is not the door into a little life; He leads us into the largest, fullest life. To live for ourselves is to die. To make life an end in itself is to end life; to love your life is to lose it. But lose your life and you save it; lay it down all at once, if God should so will, or a little at a time every day, for Jesus' sake and the Gospels, and you will find it lifted up in power to draw men to Jesus.

*Babcock.*





BISHOP ROBERT McINTYRE, D.D.

## VI

### A SKEPTIC'S CONVERSION

THE EXPERIENCE OF BISHOP ROBERT McINTYRE

As I was walking up Seventh Avenue on a recent Sunday, with Bishop McIntyre, who was to preach that morning in my pulpit, our conversation turned to the great work of saving men. We were speaking of the varieties of Christian experience. I told the Bishop that I had in mind the preparation of a book which would contain the life-story of men who had come by different paths, to find the same peace, through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. I said: "I have read somewhere of your experience, and I wish I had it in form, so that I could present it with others." The Bishop said: "I should be pleased to give it to you, and I shall be glad to have you spread it as widely as possible, to the end that men who are naturally skeptical, as I was, may be led to make the ven-

ture, as I did. I am sure they will find the satisfaction and conviction which I found. Soon after my election to the Episcopacy, I was asked to give an after-dinner speech at a large gathering in St. Louis. I had gone to the meeting with the usual round of pleasantries in my mind and a purpose to make a conventional speech of that sort. But my mind was ill at ease, and I thought of the opportunity and of my duty. All at once it occurred to me that the best thing I could do would be to turn entirely away from such a line of thought and give my own Christian experience. When my turn came, that was the thing I did. It was a great comfort to my own heart, and I have reason to believe that it was a blessing to others, and I shall be glad to send my message out as widely as possible."

He then told me where I could find a report of his address, and what I give now is his experience as he has spoken and written it. As a preface to his message, "From the Trowel to the Pulpit," the Bishop says: "Here is my religious experience, as shaped by the spirit. My heart, hot with love, lying

on the anvil of the law under the hammer of the Word was fashioned amid the swinging rhythm of Methodist hymns into the likeness of our Lord. In talking to wage-earners, I feel like the cross-eyed teacher when a bad boy vexed his soul till it spilled in the stern command, "Let the lad I am looking at come forward at once"; whereupon thirteen boys rose and came slowly to the front. If those who knew me as a mechanic would rise and come out on the Lord's side, how glad I would be. I helped build Chicago after the fire, worked on the Palmer House and Madison Block and others; also in Philadelphia and St. Louis I am known among the dinner-pail brigade. My story herein is not a new one, but it is an authentic one. Love's tale was told under the palms, in the purple dusk of Eden, yet every twilight it is retold, as new now as then. The miners of '49 hid the golden grains cradled from the gravel of Eldorado in queer places; fit receptacles were few. Even a wrinkled boot-leg often held a store of yellow dust. He who reads will find this story full of the precious "truth as it is in Jesus."

“I was reared in a Presbyterian family. My parents were very careful about my religious education, and sought to bring me up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. It became such a strong habit with me to say my prayers before going to bed, that even after I became an infidel I could not shake off the practise. I accepted without question the faith of my father and mother, but had no personal experience to confirm it. When death took them both from me and I was left head of a household of little children, while only a boy in years, my hereditary religion was too weak to bear the strain. This was the first great calamity of my life, and had a marked effect both upon myself and upon my brother, who was four years my junior. It made us both very thoughtful, but the result of our meditations was decidedly different. My brother’s heart was softened, and his thoughts turned toward religion, but I became rebellious and was soon plunged in skepticism. I grew rapidly in self-conceit and soon imagined myself a youth of unusual discernment. I fortified myself with the arguments of Tom Paine, and succeeded pretty

well in persuading myself that religion was a humbug. I lapsed into blank atheism for a time, and declared that a God who would rob a poor, helpless family of its natural support was no God at all. In bitterness I renounced all my mother's teachings and denounced as hypocrites or deluded fools all who worshipped my father's Savior. For years I scoffed at the Bible, scorned the Church, and tried to hinder others in the way of life. I was utterly miserable in my soul, even while uttering my Pharisaic boasts that I was morally clean and far superior to the weak Christians whose limitations and defects I decried. Shame flushes my face as I recall my mean censure of struggling church members, and a sinking sense of my ignorance and cruel misjudgment of humble folk far better than myself comes over me as I think of it. Oh, the spiritual tragedies all around us! Oh, the pitiful struggles unseen by us in the hearts of those we meet! Good people prayed for me all this time, but I rebuffed all efforts to lead me aright, and gloried in my godlessness, but His loving-kindness endureth forever. Slowly I was forced

out of my atheism by the proofs of design in Nature, and became a Deist. I fell under the spell of Thomas Paine. I carried his book 'The Age of Reason' in my pocket, and was ready for a debate with anyone. Working as a bricklayer, I infected my fellow-toilers with infidelity and in our boarding-houses was the leader in spreading the poison of doubt and denial. When the light broke on my darkened reason my first strong cry in prayer was that I might undo this evil, and bring as many into the Kingdom as I had turned away from the gates, and to this day, I beseech the Lord to nullify my unholy influence and cancel all the harm I did to my young companions in those black days when Satan led me captive at his will.

"Depths of mercy, can there be  
Mercy still reserved for me?"

Soon after father's death, my brother was converted in a Methodist revival, and I was enraged over it almost to frenzy. Busybodies came to me with exaggerated accounts of the meetings my brother had been attending,

and made me believe that everything accomplished there was the result of an overwrought excitement. I didn't believe in anything of the kind, and was indignant that my brother's fears had been worked upon until the poor boy had been induced to regard himself as a great sinner. I reasoned that his mind was disturbed and probably somewhat out of balance from having brooded so much over father's death, and I thought that religious fanatics had taken advantage of his condition to produce the sad effect which I witnessed in him. His old-time cheerfulness and buoyancy of spirit was all gone, and he had suddenly become extremely sober and thoughtful. I watched him closely, and daily grew more and more alarmed at his condition. I felt sure the boy was going crazy, and felt it my duty, as the natural head of the family, to do all I could to save him. I therefore had a brotherly talk with him on the subject, freely confest my fears, and told him that he must not attend any more of the meetings. He replied in a very meek spirit, that he was ready to obey me in all things except in matters of conscience which concerned the

safety of the soul, but in these he did not think I had any right to interfere. He therefore continued to go to the meetings, in spite of my protest. At this stage of the Christian experience, he fell into the habit of putting a too-literal construction upon scriptural matters, such as, for instance, retiring to an actual closet and closing the door whenever he wanted to pray.

At that time we were both apprentices, learning our trades, he in a printing-office, and I upon the scaffold of a bricklayer. He would come home in the evening from his work, wash and dress himself, and then after supper set out for the church. One evening I got permission from my boss to quit at five o'clock. That night I kept my brother at home from the meeting by sheer force. The next night I again quit at five o'clock, but that evening he did not come home! He remained at the printing-office, without his supper, and went to church in his every-day clothes. I can't tell you how devilish and uncomfortable I felt in my mind all that evening. I began to be almost angry with my poor brother. The hours dragged along

slowly, and after what seemed a very long while my brother came home from the meeting. I then took him into our room, and proceeded to talk to him in a very stern and dignified manner. I said, "You have defied my authority and refused to obey me, and now you must suffer for it. I cannot permit you to indulge in such gross insubordination without punishment, and I must therefore enforce my control over you by giving you a thrashing." And I did. I gave him a hard drubbing, but he did not even raise his hand in remonstrance. It was a hard thing for me to do, and I am satisfied that every lick I struck him hurt me a great deal more than it did him. It was only through the strong sense of duty that seemed to rest upon me that I was able to do it. After the whipping, we went silently to bed, but I could not sleep. My thoughts troubled me a great deal, and my conscience upbraided me for what I had done. I couldn't understand why my brother had behaved so patiently. I knew that I would have acted quite differently had I been in his place. After a while my brother, thinking I was asleep, crept softly from the

bed, and went to a large closet which he had been using for his devotions, and, closing the door he lifted up his voice in soft but distinctly audible supplication for me. I could hear every word of his prayer, and it was so full of touching earnestness and uncomplaining submission to the will of God that it melted my heart, and I resolved never to put another straw in the way of his being a Christian. He talked to the Lord as tho He was right there in the closet with him, and prayed that He would have mercy upon me. He said that I did not mean to do anything wrong in trying to prevent him from going to church, but that I had done what I had because I thought it was right and best. He prayed that God would open my eyes so that I might see what I really had been doing, repent and be forgiven. A long time he communed with his Heavenly Father in that closet, and then quietly returning to bed he soon sank into peaceful sleep. It was a long time before I could join him in the land of dreams. I have never yet told my brother that I overheard his prayer for me, and the effect it had upon my after

conduct toward him. He, too, is now preaching the blest Gospel of the Son of God.

But altho my brother's prayer that night touched my heart, I was not converted for several years afterward. I continued to glory in unbelief, and found delight in getting the best of weak-kneed Christians in argument. At the places where I boarded I always had a good deal to say against Christians, and must have caused a good many heart-pangs to such Christians as were obliged to listen to me. When Chicago was laid in ashes I was among those who went there to help rebuild the destroyed city. I often went to church, but it was only to hear men of intellect and known ability. I was never at any time a dissipated or openly immoral man. In fact, I prided myself upon this fact, and used to boast of it in a most vainglorious manner. "Look at me," I would say; "I make no pretensions to being good, and yet I am head and shoulders higher than a good many of your so-called Christians. I never drink. I never swear. I never lie. I never cheat. I behave myself and pay my debts. That's what I do. Why don't all you

Christians do that?" And then I would strut around like a peacock, with my head so high I couldn't see that my feet were very black. One day I went into a tent where a mission worker was holding forth, and responding to a challenge which he threw out, I openly contradicted him, and brought upon him such confusion from the arguments I advanced, that he had to close his meeting.

Time passed on and I at length found myself in St. Louis. I promised a friend, with whom I had had a good many controversies on religion, that I would attend the first revival I heard of every night, for at least a week, including Sunday. One cold February night in 1877, as I passed First Methodist Episcopal Church, South, on Washington Avenue, near Eighth Street, I heard singing and went in. There was a revival service going on and only about fifty people present. The pastor of the church was Dr. Finney, but Dr. Bushong, of Central Methodist Episcopal Church of the same city, happened to be there, and Dr. Finney asked him to preach. He consented to do so, and as I sat listening to this stranger, a curious sen-

## A SKEPTIC'S CONVERSION

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sation crept over me. I had heard many sermons, but this one was address to me. The Holy Spirit had given the speaker a map of my wanderings, and he swiftly opened my stubborn mind. For the first time I saw sin as it is, and the sight shook me like an aspen. When he presented Christ to us, tears wet my face and divine love gloried within me. A man who knew me, and sat near said, "Go to the altar," but the mood of rebellion was dominant, and I whispered, "No." After repeated calls I was still rebellious, and as the congregation went out my friend said, "Come up and meet the preacher." I did so. He noticed my agitation and asked if he could help me. I said, "I would like to talk with you." He said, "Come to my study at three P.M. to-morrow."

I was there and we two discuss the problems of salvation for a long time. As the short winter day closed and darkness crept into the room, he rose and said, "How do you feel now?" I said, "Doctor, I feel worse than when I came here." He had allowed me to use my familiar arguments and I had talked myself back into my bewildered and muti-

nous frame of mind. I said sadly, "There is no hope for me." He said, "Have I failed, then?" I said, "You have." Serenely he replied, "Very well, I have a Friend who never fails in a case like this." I thought he intended to send me to another man and said, "Where is he?" He said, "He is here; kneel down with me." I did so, and in one moment realized I had lost my battle and was in another sphere of teaching. I could not speak, or make reply, quote scriptural difficulties, or recite shortcomings of others. I could only listen, and oh how he pleaded for the sinner, and entreated God to help me, and when I began to pray, too, the Friend came into the twilight place where we bowed and both were deeply affected. When we rose he said, "Are you saved?" I said, "No, sir, but I must go farther in this matter. Will you be at the church to-night?" He said, "I will be there if you attend." He was there, and as I recall the scene, he preached that evening. Dr. Cunningham of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was present and thinks he preached the sermon. This may be, as, my

mind being highly wrought up, I may have forgotten. It is possible both men spoke that night as it was the custom then for one to preach and another to exhort after him. At any rate, Dr. Cunningham was there and well remembers all the facts. God bless them both for their aid to me! When the call for penitents was made I was deeply convicted, yet in stiffnecked defiance, I refused to go; I had often ridiculed the "altar" and would not surrender. I was violently exercised, a psychological storm raged within, my deepest nature seemed rent and torn. I held fast to the seat and said, "If I get out to the street I will keep away from this place." Thus I struggled pale and trembling, until the preacher raised his hands for the benediction. Then I heard a voice saying, "Young man, if you leave this place unsaved, you are forever lost." Then the flood of pent-up feeling burst the dike, and I ran to the chancel and fell prone. I recall nothing for some moments, but soon heard above my sobs the sweet old hymn,

"Come to Jesus just now."

A mountain of guilt prest me to the floor. I could scarcely live; my spirit seemed to rive my very flesh; with laboring breath I prayed the Deist's invocation, "O God, help me!" A saintly, white-haired woman heard my plea, and divined my difficulty, which was to accept Christ as Lord and Savior. She said to me, "You don't pray right, young man. God can never hear you while you pray that way. Pray this way and God will hear you: Lord, help me for Jesus' sake!" I did it, and on the word the mountain fled away and a sea of heavenly love swept over me. I, even I, was pardoned, reborn, adopted. I saw the Father's face over me, I knew the Father's arms under me, I felt the Father's heart against mine. All the world seemed new and all the dear ones round me rejoiced as with streaming eyes I tried to tell in my first stammering rapture what a glorious Redeemer I had found. I slept but little for joy that night, and the next morning I preached my first sermon in my boarding-house, while we waited in the sitting-room for the breakfast-bell. I said to the men who knew me as foremost in opposition to the

Gospel, "Friends, you know my past, how outspoken I was against religion. Now I am a Christian, converted last night, and resolved to serve Jesus with a glad spirit and obedient will. I hope I have your good wishes, and that you will go with me on the heavenly way." Some wished me well and shook my hand fervently, some scoffed at me, even as I prayed for them. Then I tasted the bitterness I had given others, and thus began the pilgrimage of one who goes "sorrowful, yet always rejoicing."

In a few days after my conversion it began to look to me as tho I would have to give up all my cherished plans for life. A short time before the way had opened for me to begin the study of law. Judge ——, who had heard me speak a time or so, had become interested in me, and made me an offer to come into his office and read law, and this thought just then was the day-star of my life. Already fancy was busy in constructing some very commodious and highly ornamental aerial castles for future occupancy. But one night, when I was talking in the church, the old lady who had taught me how to pray, came to me as I

sat down, and taking me by the hand said impressively, as she looked me straight in the eyes: "The Lord wants you in the ministry. He calls you for a preacher."

This came to me almost like a clap of thunder, altho faint thoughts of that kind had already come to me, tho I had hardly dared to entertain them. The remark of the old lady made me think on the subject more deeply than I wanted to. It seemed a great cross to give up my cherished plans to go into the ministry; I tried to persuade myself that I had no gifts for the calling, and would be sure to make a failure in it, but I couldn't drive the subject from my mind. It would keep coming up, in spite of all I could do to keep it out. In going home from church one night, I found myself saying that the question must be settled. Just then I was in front of the Polytechnic Institute building, on Seventh and Chestnut streets. It was a building with large stone columns along the front, somewhat close together. Between the columns and in front of them the street-lights shone brilliantly, but behind them it was very dark. Going up and concealing my-

self in the darkness, I kneeled down on the cold stone, and proceeded to consecrate myself to God in a fuller sense than I had yet done. The last barrier of resistance was overcome, and I said, "Lord, I am yours for whatever you will. If you want me to preach I'll do it the best I can, if you'll only open the way." A sweet peace came into my soul, and I had the assurance that God was going to put me in the Christian ministry. I don't think I was ever happier in my life. Instead of finding it a cross to give up my cherished plan of becoming a lawyer, it suddenly became a joy for me to do so. Very soon afterward the way opened for me to go to school and prepare myself for the pulpit, and in due course of time I found myself in the ministry. I never expected to stand before large audiences. All I wanted was to be where God would have me to be, and I felt that the poorest circuit was more than good enough for me. It has pleased God to cast my lines in pleasant places, and to continually make His face shine upon me, and for all His great mercies I hope I shall never cease to be grateful. My chief desire now is to stand by

the well of the water of life, as in boyhood I stood by the wayside spring where the ferny runnel broidered the dusty road, and cool catalpas showed their blossoms in the pool, offering a cup of the refreshing water to those who came that way.

I give this simple recital of the old, old story, hoping to hear some one say, "He seems sincere, I will try that religion myself"; then looking to Jesus cry, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief."

VII

DANIEL WEBSTER AND  
JOHN COLBY'S CONVERSION

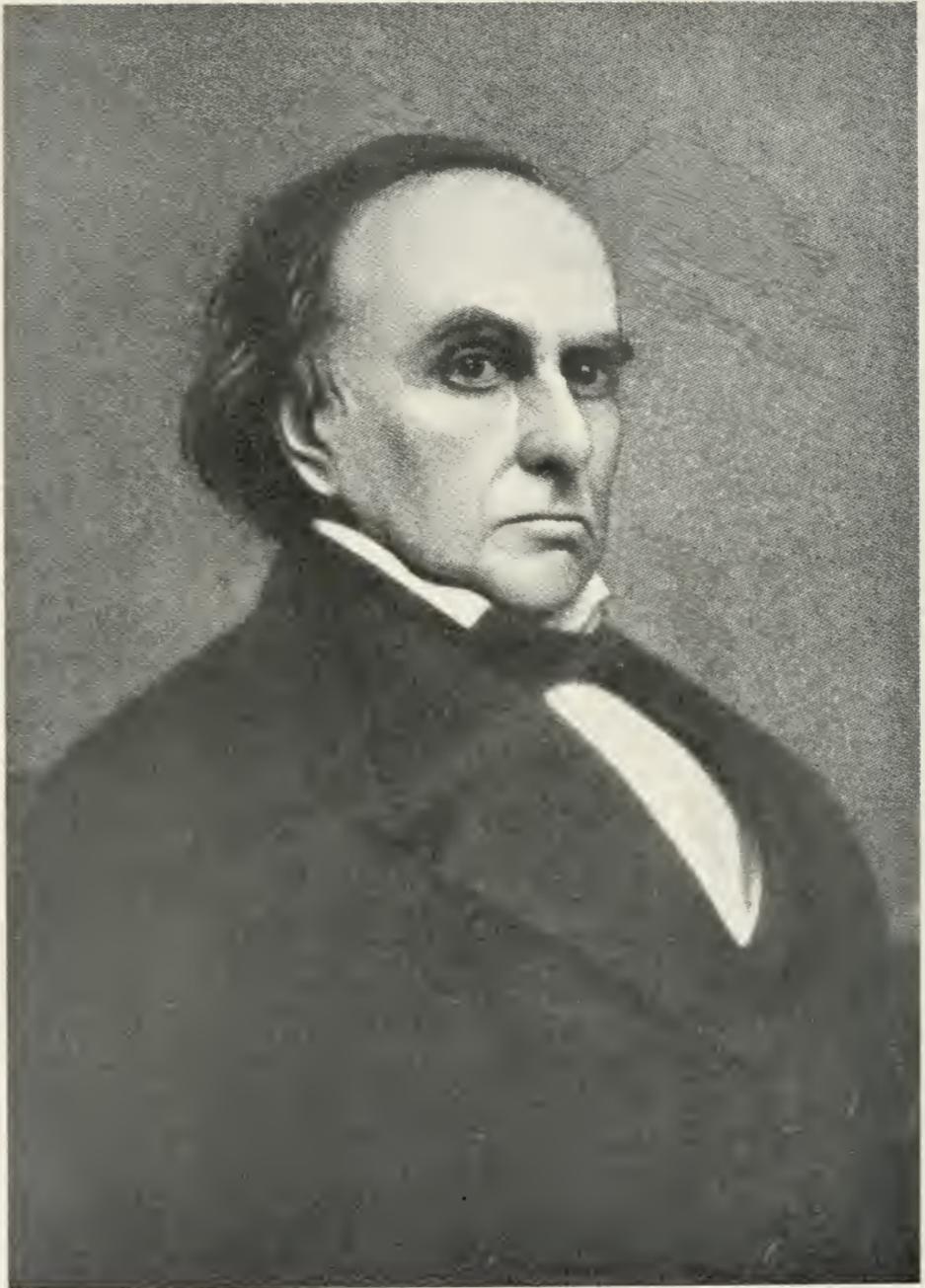
The supreme danger of the Christian religion comes not from outside but from within. No attack of a merely imaginative materialism could so undermine and totter this heavenly edifice as the inclination of those inside to sponge away from its internal walls the ancient testimony of a divine origin. Christianity is either the first essential of life or it is a poor philosophy. It is either a Revelation or a Theory. It is either the Spirit of God or the dream of men. It is either superhuman or a mere guess.

“SOULS IN ACTION”—*Bigbie.*

In a general way, then, and, on the whole, our abandonment of theological criteria and our testing of religion by practical common sense and the empirical method leave it in possession of its towering place in history. Economically, the saintly group of qualities is indispensable to the world's welfare.

*Professor James.*





DANIEL WEBSTER

## VII

### DANIEL WEBSTER AND JOHN COLBY'S CONVERSION

THE friendship between Daniel Webster and Peter Harvey was most interesting and intimate. Harvey's devotion to Webster was touching in the extreme. He was a Boswell to Webster's Johnson, but he was something more. While he did not lay claim to great intellectual abilities which might in any wise match those of Mr. Webster, he was his faithful friend to the very last, and Webster leaned upon him and gave him every mark of personal affection. In Harvey's "Reminiscences of Daniel Webster," there is a chapter on Webster's religious thoughts and feelings, which to me is most interesting and touching. We may be sure that we have here the real Webster. With all the restraint thrown off in the intimacy of the most fraternal relations, he talks out of his heart.

By the kindness of Little, Brown & Com-

pany, the publishers of that interesting book, I am permitted to use a part of the chapter to which I have referred. It serves a double purpose. It gives an account of the conversation of a man who had been a swearing, reckless, godless farmer, known as, in some respects, the wickedest man in town; and it also gives the testimony of Daniel Webster concerning the reality of that change. Daniel Webster was accustomed to examining witnesses. He knew an argument when he saw it or heard it, and both the experience and the testimony are to me most impressive. The account, as Mr. Harvey gives it, is as follows:

The year before Mr. Webster died, in the autumn of 1851, I was spending a few weeks with him at his place in Franklin. One pleasant morning he said to me:

“I am going to take a drive up to Andover, and I want you to go with me.”

Andover was about ten miles from his place in Franklin. He added:

“We can start after breakfast and it will take us about an hour and a half or two hours to go. We shall only want to stay there an

hour or so, and we will return in time for dinner. When we get into the wagon I will tell you whom I am going to see."

The horse was harnessed, and we started off. As we rode along, Mr. Webster had a great many reminiscences called to mind by different objects that we passed. Such a man used to live here, he would say, and such a man lived in such a house, and there I remember such a man lived; and here he himself lived when a boy, and there he used to pitch quoits, and in another place he used to play with John Holden's boys.

. . . . .

After Mr. Webster had recounted various pleasing reminiscences of this kind, he said:

"Now I will tell you the object of this trip to-day. I am going to see a man by the name of Colby. John Colby is a brother-in-law of mine. He married my oldest half-sister, and was, of course, a good many years older than myself,—as she was. I have not seen him for forty-five years, as near as I can recollect. My sister, his wife, has been dead many, many years; and any interest I may have had in John Colby has all died out; but I have

learned some particulars about his recent life that interest me very much, and I am going to see him. I will tell you something about him. When I was a lad at home, on the farm, John Colby was a smart, driving, trading, swearing yeoman, money-loving and money-getting. In that rather rude period, when there were not many distinctions in society, when one man was about as good as another, and when there were very few educated persons, he was considered a very smart, active man. I remember him, however, with a sort of terror and shudder. He would pick me up when I was a little fellow, throw me astride of a horse bareback, and send the horse to the brook. The horse would gallop, and I had to hold on to his mane to keep from being pitched into the river. Colby was a reckless, wild, harum-scarum daredevil sort of a fellow. Well, John Colby married my oldest half-sister. She was a religious, good woman; but beaux were not plenty, and John Colby was a fine-looking man. His personal habits were good enough, laying aside his recklessness; he was not a drinking man, and he was, as the world

goes, a thrifty man. Any of the girls in town would have married John Colby. After he married my sister, I went away to college, and lost sight of him. Finally, he went up to Andover and bought a farm; and the only recollection I have about him after that is, that he was called, I think, the wickedest man in the neighborhood, so far as swearing and impiety went. I used to wonder how my sister could marry so profane a man as John Colby. I think she herself was very much shocked; and I know her father was, who was a religious man. And still Colby was considered 'a good catch.' I came home from college during vacation, and used to hear of him occasionally; but after a few years—perhaps five or six years—my sister died, and then, of course, all the interest that any of us had in John Colby pretty much ceased. I believe she left a child—I think a daughter—who grew up and was married, and also left a child.

“Now I will give you the reason why I am going up to-day to see this John Colby. I have been told by persons who know, that, within a few years, he has become a convert

to the Christian religion, and has met with that mysterious change which we call a change of heart; in other words, he has become a constant, praying Christian. This has given me a very strong desire to have a personal interview with him, and to hear with my own ears his account of this change. For, humanly speaking, I should have said that his was about as hopeless a case for conversion as I could well conceive. He won't know me, and I shall not know him; and I don't intend to make myself known at first."

We drove on, and reached the village—a little, quiet place, one street running through it, a few houses scattered along here and there, with a country store, a tavern, and a post-office. As we drove into this quiet, peaceable little hamlet at midday, with hardly a sign of life noticeable, Mr. Webster accosted a lad in the street, and asked where John Colby lived.

"That is John Colby's house," said he, pointing to a very comfortable two-story house, with a green lawn running down to the road. We drove along toward it, and

a little before we reached it, making our horse secure, we left the wagon and proceeded to the house on foot. Instead of steps leading to it, there were little flagstones laid in front of the door; and you could pass right into the house without having to step up. The door was open. There was no occasion to knock, because, as we approached the door, the inmates of the room could see us. Sitting in the middle of that room was a striking figure, who proved to be John Colby. He sat facing the door, in a very comfortably furnished farmhouse room, with a little table, or what would perhaps be called a light-stand, before him. Upon it was a large, old-fashioned Scott's Family Bible, in very large print, and of course a heavy volume. It lay open, and he had evidently been reading it attentively. As we entered, he took off his spectacles and laid them upon the page of the Book, and looked up at us as we approached, Mr. Webster in front. He was a man, I should think, over six feet in height, and he retained in a wonderful degree his erect and manly form, altho he was eighty-five or six years old. His frame was that

of a once powerful, athletic man. His head was covered with very thick, bushy hair, and it was white as wool, which added very much to the picturesqueness of his appearance. As I looked in at the door, I thought I never saw a more striking figure. He straightened himself up, but said nothing until just as we appeared at the door, when he greeted us with—"Walk in, gentlemen."

He then spoke to his grandchild to give us some chairs. The meeting was, I saw, a little awkward, and he looked very sharply at us, as much as to say, "You are here, but for what I don't know: make known your business." Mr. Webster's first salutation was:

"This is Mr. Colby, Mr. John Colby, is it not?"

"That is my name, sir," was the reply.

"I suppose you don't know me," said Mr. Webster.

"No, sir, I don't know you; and I should like to know how you know me."

"I have seen you before, Mr. Colby," replied Mr. Webster.

"Seen me before!" said he; "pray, when and where?"

“Have you no recollection of me?” asked Mr. Webster.

“No, sir, not the slightest”; and he looked by Mr. Webster toward me, as if trying to remember if he had seen me. Mr. Webster remarked:

“I think you have never seen this gentleman before; but you have seen me.”

Colby put the question again, when and where?

“You married my oldest sister,” replied Mr. Webster, calling her by name. (I think it was Susannah.)

“I married your oldest sister!” exclaimed Colby; “who are you?”

“I am ‘little Dan,’” was the reply.

It certainly would be impossible to describe the expression of wonder, astonishment, and half-incredulity that came over Colby's face.

“*You* Daniel Webster!” said he; and he started to rise from his chair. As he did so, he stammered out some words of surprize. “Is it possible that this is the little black lad that used to ride the horse to water? Well, I cannot realize it!”

Mr. Webster approached him. They embraced each other; and both wept.

“Is it possible,” said Mr. Colby, when the embarrassment of the first shock of recognition was past, “that you have come up here to see me? Is this Daniel? Why, why,” said he, “I cannot believe my senses. Now, sit down. I am glad, oh, I am so glad to see you, Daniel! I never expected to see you again. I don’t know what to say. I am so glad,” he went on, “that my life has been spared that I might see you. Why, Daniel, I read about you, and hear about you in all ways; sometimes some members of the family come and tell us about you; and the newspapers tell us a great deal about you, too. Your name seems to be constantly in the newspapers. They say that you are a great man, that you are a famous man; and you can’t tell how delighted I am when I hear such things. But, Daniel, the time is short—you won’t stay here long—I want to ask you one important question. You may be a *great* man: are you a *good* man? Are you a Christian man? Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ? That is the only question that is worth asking or answer-

ing. Are you a Christian? You know, Daniel, what I have been. I have been one of the wickedest of men. Your poor sister, who is now in heaven, knows that. But the spirit of Christ and of Almighty God has come down and plucked me as a brand from the everlasting burning. I am here now, a monument to His grace. Oh, Daniel, I would not give what is contained within the covers of this Book for all the honors that have been conferred upon men from the creation of the world until now. For what good would it do? It is all nothing, and less than nothing, if you are not a Christian, if you are not repentant. If you do not love the Lord Jesus Christ, in sincerity and truth, all your worldly honors will sink to utter nothingness. Are you a Christian? Do you love Christ? You have not answered me."

All this was said in the most earnest and even vehement manner.

"John Colby," replied Mr. Webster, "you have asked me a very important question, and one which should not be answered lightly. I intend to give you an answer, and one that is truthful, or I won't give you any. I

hope that I am a Christian. I profess to be a Christian. But, while I say that, I wish to add—and I say it with shame and confusion of face—that I am not such a Christian as I wish I were. I have lived in the world, surrounded by its honors and temptations; and I am afraid, John Colby, that I am not so good a Christian as I ought to be. I am afraid I have not your faith and your hopes; but still, I hope and trust that I am a Christian, and that the same grace which has converted you, and made you an heir of salvation, will do the same for me. I trust it; and I also trust, John Colby—and it won't be long before our summons will come—that we shall meet in a better world, and meet those who have gone before us, whom we knew, and who trusted in that same divine, free grace. It won't be long. You cannot tell, John Colby, how much delight it gave me to hear of your conversion. The hearing of that is what has led me here to-day. I came here to see with my own eyes, and hear with my own ears the story from a man that I know and remember well. What a wicked man you used to be!"

“Oh, Daniel!” exclaimed John Colby, “you don’t remember how wicked I was; how ungrateful I was; how unthankful I was! I never thought of God; I never cared for God; I was worse than the heathen. Living in a Christian land, with the light shining all around me, and the blessings of Sabbath teachings everywhere about me, I was worse than a heathen until I was arrested by the grace of Christ, and made to see my sinfulness, and to hear the voice of my Savior. Now I am only waiting to go home to Him, and to meet your sainted sister, my poor wife. And I wish, Daniel, that you might be a prayerful Christian, and I trust you are. Daniel,” he added, with deep earnestness of voice, “*will* you pray with me?”

We knelt down and Mr. Webster offered a most touching and eloquent prayer. As soon as he had pronounced the “Amen,” Mr. Colby followed in a most pathetic, stirring appeal to God. He prayed for the family, for me, and for everybody. Then we rose; and he seemed to feel a serene happiness in having thus joined his spirit with that of Mr. Webster in prayer.

“Now,” said he, “what can we give you? I don’t think we have anything that we can give you.”

“Yes, you have,” replied Mr. Webster; “you have something that is just what we want to eat.”

“What is that?” asked Colby.

“It is some bread and milk,” said Mr. Webster. “I want a bowl of bread and milk for myself and my friend.”

Very soon the table was set, and a white cloth spread over it; some nice bread was set upon it and some milk brought, and we sat down to the table and ate. Mr. Webster exclaimed afterward:

“Didn’t it taste good? Didn’t it taste like old times?”

The brothers-in-law soon took an affectionate leave of each other, and we left. Mr. Webster could hardly restrain his tears. When we got into the wagon he began to moralize.

“I should like,” said he, “to know what the enemies of religion would say to John Colby’s conversion. There was a man as unlikely, humanly speaking, to become a Chris-

tian as any man I ever saw. He was reckless, heedless, impious; never attended church, never experienced the good influence of associating with religious people. And here he has been living on in that reckless way until he has got to be an old man; until a period of life when you naturally would not expect his habits to change; and yet he has been brought into the condition in which we have seen him to-day—a penitent, trusting, humble believer. Whatever people may say, nothing,” added Mr. Webster, “can convince me that anything short of the grace of Almighty God could make such a change as I, with my own eyes, have witnessed in the life of John Colby.”

When we got back to Franklin, in the evening, we met John Taylor at the door. Mr. Webster called out to him:

“Well, John Taylor, miracles happen in these later days as well as in the days of old.”

“What now, squire?” asked John Taylor.

“Why, John Colby has become a Christian. If that is not a miracle, what is?”



VIII  
THE CHALLENGE

Look after a sinner's gospel, one that brings you God Himself. Understand the tragic perils of your sins and think nothing strong enough for you but a tragic salvation. Require a transforming religion, not a pleasing. Refuse to sail in the shallows of the sea; strike out into the deep waters where the surges roll heavily, as in God's majesty, and the gales of the Spirit blow. Man your piety as a great expedition against God's enemies and yours, and hope for no delicate salvation, not to be won by great sacrifices and perils.

*Bushnell.*

That is the most urgent necessity of our day, a Church of the superlative order immeasurably heightened and enriched—a Church with wings as well as feet, her dimness changed into radiance, her stammering changed into boldness, and presenting to the world the spectacle of a permanent marvel which will fascinate and allure the inquiring multitude drawn together, not that they might see Jesus only, but Lazarus also, whom He hath raised from the dead.

*J. H. Jowett.*

## VIII

### THE CHALLENGE

AN event which happened in the early years of my ministry, when I was hardly more than a boy, has come back to me through the experiences of later years with gracious and reassuring force. It is possible that I would hesitate now to take such a public, spectacular risk, and I am not sure that I would advise another to follow in my footsteps. But all the circumstances that surrounded it made it such a challenge to me that I did not stop to measure what might be the possible outcome. I was in the midst of what was, up to that time, the greatest revival I had ever experienced as pastor. Not far from two hundred had already professed their purpose to lead a new life. These people were from various walks in life. Several were students in school and college. Some were people of wealth and position, and some were from the ranks of the vilest and most

abandoned. A few of these cases were so remarkable as to be the talk of the street. There the opinion seemed to differ, as to the possibility and the value of such conversions. Some said such men were too far gone to be saved; that what was left was really not worth saving. And others said that the profession of Christ was a sham. I was very decided in my own conviction as to the need and the power of the grace of God. I was very sure that unless we have a Gospel for everybody, we could never be certain that we had a Gospel for any particular case. I could find, nowhere in the New Testament, any suggestion of a class of incurables. I had noticed that Jesus seemed to have a passion for "hard cases," and that that passion had been shared by those whom the world adjudged the most faithful followers of Him. Some one has said that in Wesley's Journals "every page is bordered with a pale edge of fire, the spiritual passion of the great Apostle's soul." It was because John Wesley had faith in the power of God to save unto the uttermost, that, by God's help, he wrought such a transformation among the English

miners, that four generations have not blotted it out.

Was there ever a man who shared the yearning of his Master more truly than Spurgeon? Hear him say, "Tho thou hast raked in the very kennels of hell, yet if thou wilt come to Christ and ask mercy, He will absolve thee from all sin." "The next day," writes Wesley, "I went to the condemned felons in Newgate and offered them free salvation." There seemed to him nothing incongruous in this, but, on the other hand, the depth of their need made him a supreme debtor unto them, until he had brought what he had to offer, and what would meet their need. This incident of Wesley in Newgate leads me to the story of my challenge.

It was a Sunday night in a crowded service. Every seat in the auditorium was taken and many were standing, filling all the available space in the rear of the church. I had preached from the text: "Whosoever cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." I was giving an impassioned invitation to every one to make the supreme test for themselves. Several had already risen and come forward

to the altar, when a man with close-cropped hair stepped out from the mass of people who were standing, and, walking half way up the aisle, stopt and addrest me. He seemed to be perfectly sober, but was evidently stirred by deep emotion. He said: "I am just out of State's Prison. I have finished a sentence of several years. I was guilty of all that was charged upon me and of other things which were never found out. I took all that was coming to me and I did not complain. I made my bed, and it was right that I should lie in it. I have no vindictiveness toward anybody. I am now a free man. I have a good trade and a fairly good education. I can make my way. I came here out of curiosity. I saw the crowd coming in, and I followed. I do not know much about religion. My people were not Christian people; but I have often felt that there must be a different kind of life from what I have lived. I have envied people who kept the laws and seemed to be happy. And then, I have felt within me something which I did not understand. I never went to church as a boy, and I wondered what the churches were for. I heard

the chaplain in prison, but much of the service was a ritual, which seemed to me only a matter of form. Something within me has been telling me that I ought to be a different man—a good man. But something else said: ‘You cannot be a good man, you are a criminal. Nobody will trust you; nobody will believe in you; nobody wants you, and God does not want you. You have sinned against Him, and He is done with you.’ I never felt as I feel now. You have been saying things here which are either tremendously true, or terribly false, and the matter about which you talk is a matter of life and death to me and I must speak up. You have been talking about Someone who could save people from their sins. You said He was able to save to the uttermost, and it made no difference how weak or how wicked a man had been if he sincerely repented; that his sins would be blotted out, and he would love to sin no more. You said he would know he was forgiven, and the sense of condemnation and guilt would be gone. Now, if you are saying what you do not know to be true, you ought to be ashamed. If you are holding out to a man

like me a hope, when there is no hope, you ought to stop it. And if what you say is true, and can be shown to be true, every man here, whether he is a vile sinner like me, a thief and a reprobate, or just an ordinary, godless man ought to settle it for himself."

By this time the air was fairly electric. Those who were standing prest up the aisles a little farther, and many who were seated rose to get a view of this strange man, while others were leaning forward to catch every word of his thrilling speech. Then, coming a little nearer to me, the man stretched out his right arm with a gesture of appeal, and said, with a voice that was vibrant with suppressed emotion: "I want to know, sir, whether you believe that this religion which you are preaching can save a man like me? Do you think there is any chance for me? You said that Jesus saved a thief when He was on the Cross. Do you believe that Jesus is still alive and that He can save a thief now?" My man stood there in the aisle, his eyes fairly aflame with anxiety, and his arm still outstretched. I did not hesitate an instant. I leaned over the chan-

## THE CHALLENGE

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cel rail and stretched out my hand toward him. I said: "My brother, I have honestly declared a message in which I believe. I am as much interested in the truth of it as you are. I have witnessed the transformation which the grace of God has wrought in many lives, and I believe there is no case so hard that God will not forgive a truly repentant man. I cannot afford to preach a Gospel that is not true, *and I will not*. I am ready to make this contract with you. If you desire to be saved from your sins, and are willing to pay the price, the matter can be settled here and now. If you will meet the conditions which are laid down in the Bible, by which a man may come to God, and you *do not* find salvation, I will never go into this pulpit again to preach!" The man and the congregation were convinced that I meant what I said, and the tension of the moment was almost unspeakable. I thought of Carmel, and I also thought of the epileptic and the faithless disciples. There was also a vision of the Blind Bartimeus and the sick of the palsy, and the lame man at the Beautiful Gate of the temple, and the returning prodigal, and

other prodigals that I had known. I have been in many hours of crisis, in public and in private, but I am not sure that I ever passed through quite such an hour as that. The prisoner walked up toward the chancel rail and said: "I will do anything that you ask me to do. God knows I am honest and in earnest." I turned to the congregation, saying: "Brethren, I mean just what I have said. If God cannot save *this* man there must be many others like him, and I have been preaching a Gospel that saves to the uttermost. If God *can* save this man and does save him, it ought to increase the faith of every person here, and it will mightily increase my own faith. Now we are going to prayer. If anybody here has faith, let him exercise it!" I turned to the man and said: "Kneel with me here at the altar." I asked the entire audience to kneel and to unite their petitions with mine. Then I prayed for the man, under circumstances such as I had never prayed before. My soul was greatly moved. I do not know just what I said. I only know I cried to God for help in that man's behalf. If it had been the case of a

man about to be shot, and the one who had power of pardon stood before me, I could not have prayed with greater earnestness. I felt in my heart a strange peace and holy confidence, in spite of the great test that was upon me. When I had finished, I asked the man to pray. It was the prayer of an honest but benighted soul. He had evidently seldom, if ever, prayed. It was a groping after God, but there was the spirit of the publican in it, and I could ask no more. When we arose from our knees, I asked him if he had any message for me or for the people. He said: "It is all strange. There is something within me which I never felt before, and which I do not understand. I know there is a God, in a sense in which I never knew it before. But I do not see clearly—I do not understand. I see Christ as the Savior of the world, but I am not sure that He is my Savior, and this is the one thing that I must have." I talked with him more at length and explained to him as best I could, the way of faith, and dismissed the congregation, saying that there would be a service the next night, as we had planned, but that I would not preach that

night, or ever again, until this man saw all things clearly, and knew for himself that he was a saved man. After the meeting was over, I talked with him and prayed with him, and he seemed to be drawing a little nearer to God. But he left, without entering into the joy of the saved, promising me that he would seek God ceaselessly and without reserve, and would be present at the service the following night. I let him go, saying only to him in substance:

“Who comes to God an inch through doubtings  
dim . . .  
In blazing light; God will advance a mile to  
him.”

That was a hard night for me. Some of the brethren thought I had acted impetuously and had taken a position which I might be forced to give up, but I assured them that nothing short of that man's conversion would absolve me from my vow. I went to bed, but not to sleep. At first I was conscious of a strange peace, and then, later, all sorts of questions presented themselves. Something said that I had been very foolish, if not abso-

## THE CHALLENGE

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lutely sacrilegious in my act. I began to question what I would do if worse came to worse. And I questioned whether I had taken a stand which might do harm in the community to the Christian faith. Was this man really honest? and would he make a sincere test? Numberless questions of this sort presented themselves. But at last my own faith had triumph in my own soul, and I was so certain of the result that before morning I fell into a quiet and dreamless sleep. When I went out upon the street, I found that the news of the night before had spread among the people, and I was questioned as to whether I knew the man. When I told them that I did not, many good people looked at me with a kindly commiseration for my folly. But "none of these things moved me." All day long I was conscious of perfect repose, and as the day wore on, I found myself getting ready to preach. I had my theme selected, and it was a note of triumph. When the time came for the evening service, I went to church, but I did not go into the pulpit. I sat inside the chancel rail, directly in front of the aisle where most of the people entered.

## FOLLOWERS OF THE GLEAM

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We sang a few hymns and the people began to crowd in. We had not had so many people present at any week-evening service during the revival. There was a tense atmosphere that seemed to pervade the gathering. My man did not appear, but I still felt perfectly at ease. We had a season of prayer. It was time to preach. I gave out the hymn, "There is a fountain filled with blood," and we were in the midst of the singing, my eyes riveted upon the door, when it swung open, and in strode the man for whom I was looking. Altho it was winter, his face was covered with sweat and his hair disheveled. He walked quickly up the aisle, and one sight of his face settled my questioning. As soon as he could catch his breath, he cried out: "The car broke down, and I thought I should never get here. But you can go ahead and preach!" When the people saw his face, they knew what I knew, and some one broke out in singing: "Praise God from whom all blessings flow!" Then, as soon as he could be heard, he told, in a few sentences, what had happened. He had taken home with him a New Testament, in which I had marked

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some passages that I thought would help him. He spent the hours after he reached home in alternately reading and praying. He said that the thing which brought him light was the thought that he could be born again, so that a *new* life would be within him, and he would be no more the man he was than the fruit and the grain on the stalk would be the dull husk hidden in the ground. With tears and with smiles, he told how at last all his fears passed away and the sense of his guilt; and a peace unspeakable came into his heart. He was certainly a new creature in Christ Jesus. He was a good illustration of Lacordaire's words: "I was unbelieving in the evening; on the morrow a Christian. Certain, with an invincible certainty." James Martineau will not be accused of irrational bias toward conversion, but he states a great truth when he says: "It is quite true that instantaneous regeneration of the mind is not a phenomenon of the commoner sort, especially in the present day; but it is also true, that of all the remarkable recoveries that occur (alas! too few at best), almost the whole are of this kind. It is quite true that

the upward effort of the will, when it exchanges the madness of passion for the perceptions of reason, are toilsome, and, if successful, tardy; and if all transformations of conscience were of the deliberate and reasonable sort, philosophers could not say too much about their infrequency and slowness. But the process springs from a higher and more powerful source; the persuasion is conducted by some new and intense affection, some fresh and vivid reverence, followed, not led, by the conscience and reason. The weeds are not painfully plucked up by the cautious hand of tillage reckoning on its fruits, but burnt out by the blaze of a divine shame and love. That which is impossible to the *man* within us, may be altogether possible to the God. The denial of such changes under the affectation of great knowledge of man, shows an incredible ignorance of men." He further says, "The history of every great religious revolution, is made up of nothing else, the instances occurring in such number and variety, as to transform the character of whole districts and vast populations, and to put all skepticism at utter defiance. And if some

more philosophic authority is needed for the fact, we may be content with the sanction of Lord Bacon, who observed that a man reforms his habits either all together or not at all."

Whether my action in this matter was a wise one, there may be difference of opinion. But there could be no question as to the effect of this conversion both on myself and on the people. The question will be asked, What was the effect on the man himself? With him it was "the transforming power of a new affection." He set up a home which his evil course had broken down, and he dwelt therein in peace. His wife, who had loved him in the early days, and been driven from him by his wickedness, came back to him, to be so cared for and treasured, as to make her unspeakably happy. She said it was marvelous to see the transformation in his disposition, as well as in his habits. He came to be a careful student of the Bible, for he was a man of more than usual intellectual ability. So long as I ministered within reach of him, he was faithful to his high

calling, and the last I heard of him, he sent me a message of Christian faith, and expressed his gratitude to God for the challenge which brought us together, and which made him a free man in Christ Jesus.

IX

THE FINDING OF ANDREW

Uncounted hosts of human beings—men of the loftiest intellect side by side with men of the most lowly heart and the most saintly life—have what may be scientifically described as a personal verification of the existence and of the divinity of Jesus Christ. They are conscious of being saved by Him. They feel every moment the pulse of a life that beats direct from Him.

*Fitchett.*

He taught me all the mercy, for He showed me all the sin,  
Now though my lamp was lighted late, there's One will  
let me in;

Nor would I now be well, mother, again if that could be,  
For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for me.

“MAY QUEEN”—*Tennyson.*

He rises, and it is as if he had gotten wings. The whole sky is luminous about him—it is the morning, as it were, of a new eternity. After this all troublesome doubt of God's reality is gone, for he has found Him! A being so profoundly felt must inevitably be . . . There is a story lodged in the little bedroom of one of these dormitories (Yale College) which I pray God His recording angel may note, allowing it never to be lost.

*Horace Bushnell.*

## IX

### THE FINDING OF ANDREW

IN some of the incidents which are related in this book we shall simply tell the story as it was told to us by the person most deeply interested. In others we shall attempt to describe the unfolding of the spiritual life as we saw it and had some humble share in that unfolding. We would make them all impersonal but for the fact that the personal element is often of great importance in the impressiveness of the incident and is a voucher for the effects which have followed. In such incidents our own concern and importunity have been simply those which every faithful pastor feels and we are sure that these incidents could be duplicated by the thousand in the lives of those who have been called into the Christian Ministry, and who have felt that the winning of souls was the supreme evidence of the reality of that call. The miracle which takes place when a man of a notoriously

wicked life becomes sober, true, and pure, is a matter of astonishment to every beholder and strikes the simple solemn. But there are those who are telling us that such things are to be looked for; that we might expect a wicked man would sound the whole gamut of wickedness, and at last cloy of the very abundance of his iniquity. However ill-considered such a statement is, there are to be found those who make it.

I am one of those who are glad to believe that the transformations of Grace which are wrought in more quiet ways, and upon subjects whose outward life has been above reproach, may still exemplify in most potent force the transforming power of a new devotion. The incident which I am about to relate falls into this latter class. I shall give names and places, and in doing that, I shall be fulfilling a promise which I made long ago.

One Monday evening, during my pastorate in Brooklyn, a young man somewhat under the influence of liquor, came to the parsonage. He seemed anxious to do better. He asked an opportunity to sign the pledge, and just as I was about to pray with him, the

doorbell rang. As I opened the door, a fine-looking young man touched his hat and asked if he could have a few minutes' private conversation with me. We went to the back parlor and he said: "I was at your service last night. You were preaching on the responsibility which we have for others, and if I understood you correctly, you said in substance, that the example of a man of upright life, morally, who did not acknowledge Christ, might by virtue of that very uprightness, turn others from an open acknowledgment of the Christ, and his example be more harmful to young men than the example of a drunkard in the gutter. That seemed a very strange statement to me, and at first I was inclined to be angry over it. But the thought has laid such hold upon me that I cannot shake it off, and I slept very little last night on account of it. I mean to be an upright young man, but I have never acknowledged Christ as my Leader, or come into any vital connection with the Church by membership."

I tried to explain to him that a man who depended upon his morality was really say-

ing to every young man that Christ was not a necessity in any successful and well-ordered life, and that others, seeing that such a man stood well in society, might be convinced that if he could get along without the Christian life, they could. And so many might be turned away from vital Christianity to their life-long detriment and sorrow. What I said seemed to impress him, and he told me his story. He said he was the secretary of the Sunday-school in Cuyler Chapel, and he could not bear to think that in such a position he could be doing harm by his example. He said: "I have tried to live a life beyond reproach. I have honestly desired to do the things that are right, but when I have heard men talk about Divine help and a consciousness of the nearness of God; when I have heard them say they have experienced religion, all that has been an unknown tongue to me. I confess I have rather looked down on some of my friends who have made such profession. But I have also been conscious of a real lack in my life. I could not understand the ardor of my friends, and I have been indifferent about all this matter of

Church fellowship and interest. Is there any way that I can be satisfied in my own soul? Is there some great need of my nature that I have not met? And is there a personal reality to be had by me in this matter of 'experiencing religion' of which I hear you speak?" I told him I was certain that there was just as great a possibility before him, religiously, as before any of his friends. I gave him instances of those I had known whose life had been largely as his own, and who had shared his feelings, but who had come at length to a most profound religious experience. I told him that the method of that experience greatly varied. For some there was tragic intensity, profound conviction for sin, followed by heights of ecstasy. To others again, an experience as valid as the first, but unaccompanied by great emotional disturbance; a calm surrender, followed by a perfect satisfaction and trust. I tried to show him that each man could have that which fitted his own nature, making the experience complete for himself, and that I was so satisfied that there was a completeness of that sort for him, that I would be

willing to surrender my ministry if he did not come into that experience, provided he would comply with the plain conditions which God had set forth in His Word.

I then called the man who was waiting in the other room, and, after introducing them, I said: "You are both here on the same errand, tho you have come by very different paths. However wide apart you may be socially, and however little either of you can enter into the experiences of the other, you now need an experience which will vary one from the other in form, but which must come to each of you by full surrender to God." I asked them to kneel with me in prayer. I prayed earnestly for each of them by name. I tried to make plain to them in prayer the condition of their own surrender to God, and asked God to show them the sole conditions of surrender and faith. The importance of the hour fell upon my own soul with smiting force and I was greatly moved as I prayed. The profligate followed with the publican's prayer, and "as he prayed the fashion of his countenance was changed." As he lifted his heart to God, his faith began to kindle. He

seemed to feel the Infinite love and sacrifice of Him who died between the thieves, and he appropriated that sacrifice for himself. It was beautiful to see how he brushed past all the doubts and difficulties of life and laid hold on Christ by living faith. Before he had gone far, his praying had changed to praising. He showed that he had been in touch before with Christian truth and the glorious affirmations of the songs of faith; for, before he had finished he quoted with deep feeling, and in the present tense,

“The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there (do) I, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away!”

So the shadows fell from off his soul, and the praise of God was on his lips.

It was different with Andrew Herlin, the gentlemanly bank clerk. I do not think he quite liked it to kneel there with the prodigal and seek for mercy on the same terms. There was something of the Pharisee's spirit, which he struggled hard to keep out of sight. We were still kneeling, and in silence. After

a pause that seemed to me quite too long, I asked him gently if he had not a word of petition to offer in his own behalf. After a moment he began, timidly, as if afraid of the sound of his own voice. At first, his prayer seemed to be very much like the Pharisee's prayer, a justification of himself in the sight of God. He told God, without very much of expectancy in his voice, that if there was anything which God had for him, he would be willing to take it. But the prayer did not reveal any especial conviction or any deep longing. When it was over I offered a short petition, and we rose. The first man was fairly radiant, but Herlin was distraught and troubled. He glanced at the other man with a questioning look which seemed to have aversion in it, and his eyes dropped to the floor. "Is there any light?" I asked. "I hardly know. I do not feel like this man, but I never felt before quite as I do now. There is something very strange about it all. I wish I could feel as you do, but I don't. But I shall have to go on somewhere and somehow, for I can't be comfortable or at peace any more until I know about this. I feel

worse than I did when I came here." I made the way of faith as plain as I could. I assured him that it was not a matter of emotion at all, but a matter of honest surrender to the will and purposes of God; that he needed to reach a place where love should be supreme—love for his fellows and love to God: that a heart of flesh must take the place of the stony, unresponsive heart. And so we separated, he promising that he would come to the parsonage after bank hours the next day. He kept his promise, and for more than an hour we talked about the necessity of the Christian life. At first he seemed to have buttressed himself afresh against the idea of any necessity on his part to have a change of heart. The supernatural element in religions seemed to disturb him, and his arguments were the old arguments in favor of an ethical rather than a spiritual life. I tried to show him that the spiritual should be the foundation of the ethical; that without the ethical the spiritual would prove itself spurious; and without the spiritual the ethical would have no adequate and abiding foundation. Before we were through, it seemed

to me that the fog had lifted a little, but he was by no means satisfied. We prayed together, and his prayer disclosed more of the open mind than he had displayed at first, so that I felt encouraged for him, but I was increasingly anxious lest something should turn him from the path before the day should break. I exacted from him a promise that he would play the part of an earnest man in this whole matter and be satisfied with nothing short of a decision of some sort that would carry conviction with it. I was glad to find that he was a young man of such strong nature and so utterly honest that he would not be satisfied with anything short of absolute conviction and assurance, and that he would not shade, by so much as a hair, the experience through which he was passing. He was evidently thinking much and reading much, and later I saw that he was praying much. There were two other interviews in which we talked the matter over with perfect frankness, and at last the gray of the morning broke into the day, and he had what Thomas wanted. When conviction did come, it was a profound one. There was a new joy

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in his face; the sad look had gone. He moved eagerly, like some one about some high and imperative business. He was as quiet as before, so far as any emotional expression was concerned, but anyone could see that he was living a new life. Physically, he was tall and spare, and I had wondered whether his health was of the best, altho no word had passed between us in reference to it. For two weeks I did not see him. One day a messenger came hurrying to me and told me that Herlin was dead. It seems that he was taken with a sudden hemorrhage. It had come entirely unexpected and was an unspeakable shock to his family. He lingered for a few days and passed away. The messenger told me that his father had a message for me, which he would come the next day to deliver. And this was the message: "Tell Dr. Goodell," said the dying man, "that I was never able to go to the Chapel and tell the young people how I found Jesus and ask them to forgive me for being so long a stumbling-block in their way. I want to be buried from the Chapel and I want Dr. Goodell to stand by me and say for me what I would have said

if I had been permitted. I wish you would ask him, for the sake of other young men who are morally good but do not know Christ, to please tell my story each year at his revival meetings." I may add that this last request of Herlin's has been religiously kept by me to this day. When the day of the funeral was come I went to the service from another meeting, and was a little late. The chapel was a room one flight up from the street. Every inch of standing-room seemed to be taken. The stairs were crowded with people standing and the crowd extended into the street. It was only after I was recognized that I was able to press my way through the crowd and reach the casket. Never in my life had I stood quite so literally between the living and the dead. And never had I been more overwhelmed with the message that I bore. I found that Herlin was universally respected and beloved. He had been a leader, by virtue of his ability and spotless character. He attached his friends to himself by bonds that could not be broken. Every person present seemed to be a mourner, and each felt he had lost a per-

## THE FINDING OF ANDREW

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sonal friend. I told the simple story of his conversion to the hundreds of young people who had loved him, and delivered to them his thrilling message. I described the steps which he himself had taken and which he urged them to take. I made expression of his own conviction concerning the Source of the peace which filled his life, and delivered to them his dying exhortation. The great company, the banks of flowers, the silent form resting there, the peace of God in all his looks, and the deep personal message, all combined to make the hour one of the most impressive of a lifetime. The only fitting thing to follow such a service, actually took place. A revival began at once among the young people, and went on until the great majority of those connected with the school had yielded themselves to Christ. Tho years have passed, the pastor recently told me that the influence of Herlin's testimony was still felt throughout the community, and that a splendid company of young men and women came to feel that it was their duty to give that life an immortality among them. They

went to their work with a conviction which has borne most remarkable fruit.

This type of experience is as far as possible removed from such experiences as are to be found in such books as "Twice Born Men," but I believe that it appeals to the young men of to-day with great power, and presents an experience which it is possible to duplicate by tens of thousands. I trust the incident may influence many another splendid young man to accept for himself the pardon and peace which come from honest surrender to the will of God as revealed in his own soul, and that whether by little emotion or by much, he may move his friends and his times up to God!

X

CHRIST AND THE BOYS

Then there came a new minister, a young man of simple ways. He asked me to his home and inquired concerning my religious state. I told him that I had come so far that I did not know how to go further. He told me what to do. Under his instruction, I went to my home, and there, in a boy's own room, I knelt by a yellow chair and said a word like this: "Here, Lord, I give myself away: 'tis all that I can do." The answer quickly came: "My dear boy, that is all you have to do." It was all. I felt that I was Christ's boy—a new feeling was in my soul. I went down the street the next morning repeating words for which I had not cared before: "Bless the Lord, O my soul." It was the new song, and I have sung it ever since. I have taught others to sing it. To this teaching I have given my life.

*Alexander McKenzie, D.D.*

I remember a time when I was very idle. . . . Of that great change of campaign which decided all this part of my life and turned me from one whose business was to shirk into one whose business was to strive and persevere, it seems to me as though all that had been done by some one else. . . . I came about like a well-handled ship. There stood at the wheel that unknown steersman whom we call God.

*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

## X

### CHRIST AND THE BOYS

AMONG the stories in which the marvelous power of God is revealed to strike men down in the highway of their sin or to bring men who had passed on into the years and into what might seem to be a final fixedness of habit and character, it gives me pleasure to place at least one in which I may tell of the sweet unfolding of that spirit which hath not left itself without witness in the lives of all. This will take form as a religious awakening rather than conversion, in the form in which we are accustomed to see it in the lives of men and women. When will the Church come to understand that the child belongs to God, that it is as natural for him to love God as to love his own parents, and that a religious life is not a creed to be understood, but a life to be lived? When a boy or a girl stands at the altar and the pastor solemnly says: "Dost thou believe in God the Father

Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord," and so on through the full declaration of the Apostles' Creed, you will see men and women shaking their heads and saying to one another: "Poor child! he doesn't understand what he is assenting to. The minister ought to know better than to ask him such questions, and he really ought not to receive anyone into the Church who does not understand them!" The answer to that is not far to seek. The poor critic himself does not understand the Creed. And it really makes no difference whether he understands it or not. Most men know more truth than they act upon. We are not saying that it might not be better to have a simpler method of reception into the Church. It is no doubt true that much theological baggage has come down out of the past ages and still acts as impedimenta to the Church. But, as a matter of fact, those who make the most crooked paths in the Christian life are not children, but adults. The child needs a child religion. When he is an adult he will change the form of it, but he will be fortunate indeed if he

keeps through all his years the same sincerity and purity which characterized the religion of his youth. The Kingdom of Heaven in the soul, as well as in the world, is the problem of the mysterious seed: a problem of growth. Let the child understand that the happiest work in the world is the growing of a Christian character, that it has in it laughter and song, as well as stress and struggle, that true religion has as much for youth as for age, and that the best recipe for a blest old age is a pure and useful youth. Teach them that the period of the blade and tassel is beautiful chiefly because of the prospect of harvests which they foretell. If, perchance, some child shirks religious duty and does not seem to enjoy God's work, if he gets angry and is not always truthful, it is well to ask: "whose child is he, and how came he by such inclinations?" Are not some ministers selfish and wilful? Do not some officials get angry? Are there not many Church members who are careless of the truth? Do all official meetings minister to growth in grace? This is not offered as apology for un-Christian conduct in children

or adults, but simply as a reminder that we must not expect more of the child than he sees in the example of his elders. We have been long enough in the Christian ministry to see the unfolding of the characters of the children whom we took into the Church. It is true that not all the thousands we have received into the Church as children, have remained faithful, but the percentage of faithful ones among those who gave themselves to Christ in their youth is far beyond that of those who broke through the habits of a misspent life and in the fulness of their years tried to begin where they ought to have begun as little children. Not only so, but the type of Christianity which they have shown to the world is the best type that we know. There is a stedfastness about it which is the comfort of every pastor. If there is less of exultation, there is also less of depression. In point of attendance upon the means of grace and of devotion to the interests of the Church, social, financial, and spiritual, the very best results, as a class, come from those who have been trained in Christian homes and in the Sunday-school, and early gave

themselves to the fellowship of the Church. Through many years of association with children and youth, the conviction is forced upon me that when a child is old enough to love father or mother, he is old enough to love God. Samuel and John were sanctified unto God from their birth. Timothy knew the Scriptures from a child. Polycarp, dying at ninety-five, had served God eighty-six years. Baxter was converted when a child; Jonathan Edwards at seven years of age; Isaac Watts at nine; Matthew Henry at eleven, and Robert Hall at twelve. Many of the mightiest of God's servants to-day were received into the Church before they were twelve years of age. Language precedes grammar; flowers precede botany; life precedes biology. So a Christian experience precedes theology. And the question is not How much do you know? but How truly do you love and obey? To illustrate these convictions, I wish to tell the story of three country boys who in a most simple and natural way, after training in Christian homes, gave themselves to Christ and His Church.

I tell this story the more eagerly because it

is a story which I would like to see multiplied by the thousands among the young people of our Church and time; and especially because it is in part my own life-story and therefore of supreme personal interest to me.

These boys were born in a New England village not far from one another and were accustomed to go to school together. They attended a little Methodist church where were a band of men and women of deep and earnest spiritual life. When Zion prospered they were happy, and when Zion languished they were disconsolate. They went with the pastor to the schoolhouses of the town and held weekly meetings. They tramped through miles of drifted roads in the chilly winters, that they might reach some hearts and bring them to Christ. They were known far and near as past masters in the art of bringing men and women to God. Often hard cases were brought from the neighboring towns that they might show them the way of Life. I have never forgotten those spiritual clinics, the sharp, clear diagnosis of the case, and the application of the infallible Remedy—and the Remedy did the rest.

They long ago fell on sleep, but I can see them coming in, as of old, to the great farmhouse kitchen, knocking the snow from their feet, while the leader stands at the door with radiant face, and, rubbing his hands together, shouts with glee, "Glory to God! See the troops gather!"

It was under such circumstances as these that these three boys were born and bred. To be Christ's seemed the most natural thing in the world. So, at eight or nine years of age, without any great emotion, but with a sweet sense of God's presence, and with the understanding that religion was a thing for a little child, they gave themselves to their blest Lord. The only thing which was manifested in their lives was an eagerness for the means of grace and especial delight in all the services of the Lord's house. To have stayed away from a prayer-meeting or class-meeting, they would have felt was a personal affliction. And nothing short of the positive action of their parents forbidding them, on account of sickness or for other reason, to go, would keep them away from these gatherings which were so delightful to

their souls. With the beginning of their Christian life, they seemed to feel an increasing desire to make the most possible of their time and opportunities. As the years passed, each one of them gave himself a careful preparation for his life-work. The means of each of them was limited, and they were obliged to work their way through college. Two of them took the full college course and one the theological course. Their religious experience had never been marked by a special exuberance of spirit, or outward manifestation of religious life. In fact, the religious life had been with them a growth. Perhaps neither of them could tell the exact moment or place of his conversion, but little by little, the consciousness was borne in upon them that a new relation between them and God was formally established. There were also periods of special religious experience, when they seemed to come into new and more vital experiences of the grace of God.

They were in love with everything that made up the life of a wide-awake eager young man. In all games and sports they

were at the front. They kept in touch with the latest things in the field of baseball and football, of athletics and aquatics. They had no sympathy with the pale-faced type of Christian, who spends his time writing homilies, and who only reads Young's "Night Thoughts," "Thomas à Kempis," and St. Augustine's "Confessions." So far as I know, everybody counted them sincere and the effect of their honesty and devotion was seen among their fellows.

A little incident will serve to illustrate that influence upon others. It so happened that the annual social which was held by the Academy which one of them attended, fell on the night when the class, of which he was a member, in the little Methodist church, was accustomed to meet. The social was the one occasion of the year for the young people. They looked forward most eagerly to it, and nothing would keep them from it. The question presented itself: "Which shall it be, the social or the class-meeting?" On one side it could be said that the class-meeting came every week and the social but once a year—that if he was absent from the class-meeting

that night, it would be something that could be remedied the next week; but absence from the social would mean a self-denial which must cover an entire year. On the other side, a principle seemed to be involved. Would he choose the secular in place of the spiritual? The latter thought seemed to carry so much weight with it that the young man made up his mind that he would go to his class-meeting, spend there the full time, and then, that he might not seem to be discourteous to his teachers or his mates, he would go to the social, if he was in time, and greet his teachers and mates as they were separating. He went to the class-meeting and enjoyed it. It was a little longer than usual, so that when it was over there seemed to be a question whether he would be able to reach the hall before the exercises were over. But he went, and as he entered the hall door, the principal of the Academy stood near the door. He came to him and grasped his hand most warmly. The principal was not a member of the Church, and was of a skeptical turn of mind. But the young man heard afterward that he said: "I knew that his class-meeting

was held on the same night as the social, and I was looking to see what he would do. I knew how eager he was for all sports and how he had looked forward to the social. We missed him greatly at our gathering, but he not only raised himself immeasurably in my estimation by the course he pursued; he also imprest me with the reality of religious convictions which I had doubted before."

During, or before their seminary or college course, each one of these young men felt a great impression that he ought to give himself to the ministry of the Lord Jesus Christ. That call came in different fashion to each of them. One of them felt profound conviction which amounted to a "Wo is me if I preach not the Gospel!" But to the other two the call came differently. Each of the young men had been brought up in a home where high ideals of the Christian ministry were set forth. They often heard it said that a man must have a call from God strange and powerful, before he could venture to enter the ministry. They were also taught that the measure of man's power to reach others was the measure of his success in the

ministry. That was, in fact, the only standard of success. Two of them did not have that call in the solemn, tremendous fashion that they longed for. But they still felt they could be happy in no other work. One of them went very tremblingly to his first charge and was not even sure that he was in the ministry for a life-work. All his yearnings and longings seemed to point that way, but he was not yet satisfied. He said, "O Lord, if this is my work, give me souls for my hire! If souls are saved I shall take that as evidence that God wants me in the ministry." He wished to know whether he had power to win the hearts of men, or whether he had simply power to win their intellectual approval, as they might give it to an essayist or lecturer. God was pleased to give him some souls as the result of his labors for the first year. But he was not yet satisfied. He said: "This may have happened so, but if God will send me more marvelous manifestations next year, then I shall be certain that I have a call from Heaven." God was pleased to send that second year a great outpouring of His Spirit. But, like

Gideon, our young preacher wanted yet another test. He had accepted a call to a city church, and he said: "If God shall bless me there, I shall take it beyond all question that He wants me in the ministry." The Holy Spirit gave him yet a larger manifestation of His favor and blessing, and many came into the kingdom of grace. Then it dawned upon him that what he had been asking for these three years was, after all, the thing he was to expect every year in his ministry. And in all the years of that ministry the blessing of God in this particular, of especial and divine outpouring of grace, has not failed.

For more than twenty-five years each one of these three boys has gone steadily forward in his ministry. Year after year God has given proofs of His blessings, and at the end of these years, in the fulness of their strength, each one is still giving himself to the ministry of the Lord Jesus Christ. One is a member of the Board of Control of the Epworth League, another is Principal of one of our large academies, and the third is the humble disciple "which beareth witness of these things."



XI

A BUSINESS MAN'S CALL

The expectation that blessedness lies in what a man gets is the deadly superstition of the market place, more harmful than any theological vagary. Larger tenements for laborers? Yes! But it would be better for many a family to move into a smaller rather than a larger home if more hope, faith, and love should issue from this domestic change. Automobiles for all? Yes! But it would be better for everyone to go afoot in righteousness than to ride far and wide with a dying conscience and a hardening heart.

*J. H. Crooker.*

“God above looking down in condescending grace and loving invitation, and men below looking up in filial surrender and aspiration, and then the soul’s Godward flight forever and ever—there is no other salvation.”

*Bowne.*

## XI

### A BUSINESS MAN'S CALL

To Matthew the call of his Master came as he sat at the receipt of customs. It was a business man's call, answered, apparently, without emotion, moved by the impelling call of present duty and need. The fashion of it differed a little, but in substance it was the same call which came to fisherfolk like Peter and John. It was reinforced by no miracle, but it met with ready acceptance and with a devotion which was as true as that of the men who heard the Master's voice over Galilee. I, too, have overheard the call of Jesus to Matthew, again and again, the business man's call.

In one of my pastorates was a man with a large and interesting family. The wife and children were members of the Church, but he was not. He had come to the city as a young man, absolutely penniless. From a humble position as a clerk in a furniture

store he advanced by energy and perseverance until he was able to start a little business of his own. His wife worked with him, and at night he delivered with his wheelbarrow the goods he had sold during the day. Men saw his energy and devotion to business and gave him their patronage and encouragement. They gave him credit where men of larger means were unable to secure it, and his advance in business success was rapid. When I knew him he had a large building, many stories high, packed with furniture on which he did not owe a dollar. He delighted to tell me of his early struggles, and asked me to come and look over his plant. I took the invitation as a call from God, and went. After a chat with him in his office, he asked the privilege of showing me the entire building in detail. So we began at the basement, and went up, story after story, to the top of the building. He grew more and more eager as we passed from floor to floor and told me the details of his successes and pointed out his possessions. The spirit which he showed with every new revelation was: "Is not this great Babylon which I have builded?" I had

gone for a purpose, and as we passed one floor after another, my anxiety increased to know just how I could bring home to him the message which I felt God wanted me to deliver. At last we reached the top floor, and I felt it must be then or never. The floor was crowded with refrigerators, but my heart was hot. "While I was musing, the fire burned. Then spake I with my tongue." "I am amazed to see the great success which has come to you. You say this is all yours. You have no partners and you do not owe a dollar. You tell me that you came to the city friendless and poor. Why is it that you have succeeded when so many other men around you have failed? Here is your nearest competitor. His business was just sold out. Why did he fail?" "Well, poor fellow, he had been here only a little while when he was taken sick. He did the best he could, but everything was against him. Then after a while, the pressure was so heavy upon him that his wife undertook to help him. One financial loss after another struck him. At last his wife became insane and his own health utterly broke, and now he is dead and

his business sold out under the hammer.” “You say your competitor was your superior in training and experience, but things were against him. So it seems that the greatest factor in your success has been not yourself, but God. He gave you health and a good wife and fortunate surroundings. What have you ever done to show your gratitude? You do not even ask a blessing at the loaded table in your elegant home, much less call your children about you for family prayers. If a friend had helped you in business, how eager you would be to own that help and to make what return you could for his kindness. But drawing every day the breath which God gave you, and every day made happy and fortunate by His care, you have yet done absolutely nothing to show your appreciation of His mercies. Is such a course manly or honest? And if it is neither, about how long do you plan to keep it up?” There was silence in the refrigerator loft, and the strong man was moved. I could see that a tremendous struggle was going on within him. Then I said tenderly: “I am sure that at heart you are grateful for God’s mercy. I

am sure you mean some time to acknowledge His help. Here we are alone. Isn't it a good time to settle this question once for all, and to have done with a course of action which you feel in your heart is not the course you ought to pursue?" He looked me full in the eye for a moment, and then, reaching over a low refrigerator which stood between us, he took my hand a viselike grip and said: "I never saw it that way before. I never realized how much I owed to God. If He will forgive me I will own Him before the world and serve Him as long as I live." I came around to his side of the refrigerator and we knelt on the bare floor and prayed together. The ice was all melted and there were scalding tears on his cheeks. The promise which he had made in private he publicly kept, and I shall never forget how the great congregation was moved, as they saw that strong man, known throughout the city as a most successful business man, go forward humbly to the altar and take upon himself the vows of the Church of the living God. He has since "fallen on sleep," but he never ceased to be grateful to God for the decision of that day.

There had apparently been little or no preparation, but his whole soul seemed to go with his choice. God sends His call in different fashions to different men, but the call which each man hears is the best call for him. And the only thing that is necessary is to say: "What wilt Thou have me to do?"

XII  
THE SILVER CASE

The Bible is the book above all others to be read at all ages and in all conditions of human life; not to be read once or twice through and then laid aside, but to be read in small portions every day.

*John Quincy Adams.*

“The old Bible is getting to be to us literary men of England a sealed book. We may think that we know it; we were taught it at home; we heard it read in church; perhaps we can quote some verse or even passage; but we really know very little of it. I wish, Reade, that you would take up the Old Testament and go through it as though every page were altogether new to you—as though you had never read a line of it before. I think that it will astonish you.” He did it and was converted.

*Matthias Arnold's Advice to Charles Reade.*

Open the door of your heart, my lads,  
To the angel of love and truth,  
When the world is full of remembered joys  
In the beautiful dawn of youth.  
Casting aside all things that mar,  
Saying to Wrong, Depart!  
To the voices of hope that are calling you  
Open the door of your heart.

*Edward Everett Hale.*

## XII

### THE SILVER CASE

AFTER I had preached at one of the great summer hotels, an elderly gentleman, whom I afterward learned was a leading official in one of the large New York churches, approached me and entered into conversation concerning some matters which had been referred to in the sermon, with relation to the study of the Bible. After speaking quite at length, and giving many interesting incidents, he said: "There is one illustration of the power of the Word of God to hold a life that is so impressive that I would like to have you know the facts, and they can be easily verified in this hotel. It is now nearly forty years since a young man was waiter in the old hotel that stood where the present splendid hostelry now stands. An old man had been a guest at the hotel for several years and had formed quite an attachment for the young man who had waited upon him.

One day he said to him at dinner: 'I would like to see you a few minutes this afternoon when you are at liberty.' The young man said he would meet him at the time and place appointed. When he came the guest said: 'I am an old man now, and perhaps have not many years longer to live. I wonder if you would be willing to do an old man a favor—one that would be a source of great pleasure to him?' The young man said that if there was anything in reason which he could do, he would be very happy to do it. Then the old man said: 'The favor that I would like to have you do me is to promise that every day during your life you will read some portion of the Word of God. I do not ask that you shall read a whole chapter. You may be busy, hard-pressed with many cares, and not feel that you could even spend time for that, but I think you could always find time to read a single verse. I have read God's Word morning, noon and night for many years, and I can say, as great men have said before me, that I have been a better man for such reading. I first began to read the Bible because a friend of mine asked me to do it. I soon

became so deeply interested in it that it has been a great delight to me all these years. I have gained enough of this world's goods to indulge every reasonable desire. God has blest me in many ways. My family grew up about me in touch with good things, and I think the reading of the Bible in the formative period of my life had more to do with my business success and my domestic happiness than any other thing. I have become much interested in you. I would like to have you make a success of life, and I am satisfied that if you will follow my habit in the reading of the Bible, that you will feel when you are as old as I am, that it has been a blessing to your whole life. I don't wish to burden you, but I would like to have you grant this favor to an old man, if you feel free to do so.' The young man said, 'I am sure, sir, that is a very proper request for you to make, and I am sure you have only my good at heart in making it. If you are that much interested in me I think I ought to be sufficiently interested in my own good to do as you request. I am not known as a Christian young man, but I will do this for your sake.' "

As we had been talking I noticed the proprietor, one of the chief owners of the hotel, walking in the corridor. At this point my friend beckoned to him to join us. When he had reached us my friend addressed him and said: "Mr. —, have you a copy of the Bible with you?" He replied: "Oh, certainly, sir; would you like to see it?" Reaching his hand into the pocket where most men carry a purse, he produced a silver case approximating three by four inches in dimensions, and half an inch or more in thickness. My friend took it in his hand, opened it, and took out a copy of the Bible. Then he said, "I wish you would tell Dr. Goodell the story of this Book." He then told, in substance, the incident, as related by my friend, and said that as soon as he had made that promise, he bought himself a small copy of the Bible, so that he might have it with him, as he was frequently away from home, and was not always able to find a Bible where he went. He said that he had worn out several copies of the Scriptures, carrying them loosely in his pocket. He was never without a copy at his daily work, and

it soon became marked and stained by his daily toil. After several years had passed, it was evident to him that the only way to preserve the Book would be to have some suitable case. "Therefore," he said, "I secured this silver case. It was elaborately engraved when I bought it, but you will see that it is now worn almost entirely smooth. For more than twenty-five years this little silver case has been my constant companion. When I change from my workaday clothes to evening dress, the first transfer I make is the transfer of this silver case. I have never been to a day's work and I have never been to an evening party or entertainment that I did not carry this Book with me. I have religiously kept my promise from the days of my youth until this day. No day has passed that I have not read some passage or chapter out of the Holy Scriptures. Often when traveling by train, I have grown weary of other reading and have opened my silver case and read chapter after chapter out of the Good Book. What the reading of the Bible did for the old man who led me to begin it, it has done for me. It seemed to have a re-

straining influence upon me in the days when I was inclined to go with those who were gay and thoughtless. Little by little it has entered into my very life. I am not as good a man as I wish I was, but I am a great deal better man than I would have been without the Bible. Years ago I gave myself to the service of Christ, and the most potent influence in that surrender was this little Book. I am sure you will understand what I mean when I say that I could not live without it. It would seem as if a most vital part of my life was gone if this Book were taken from me. In a long business life many propositions have been made to me that seemed advantageous, but the more I studied them in the light of this Book, the more I became impressed that there was something radically wrong in them and that I could not afford to sacrifice my convictions or go contrary to the Book which had been 'a light unto my path' for so many years. I shall carry this Book as long as I live, and if the little silver case wears through, I shall get another. Whatever time may do with the cover, I am sure that the Book will never wear out. Its prin-

principles are as true and as safe to-day as they ever were, and whatever changes the critics may make in the form of the Message, the spirit of it will remain unchanged. I have proven the wisdom of the words of the Psalmist: 'Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto, according to Thy Word!' And for myself I still say, as I have said so many times: 'I will delight myself in Thy statutes; I will not forget Thy law.' I keep in the safe yonder the copies of the Bible I have worn out."



XIII

“A LITTLE CHILD SHALL  
LEAD THEM”

A woman in Glasgow walking along a street where poor children were running barefooted, stooped to pick up something, which she rolled in her apron. A policeman saw her and, thinking she might have found something valuable, demanded to know what she had concealed. She refused to tell, but the policeman threatened to arrest her. She opened her apron and disclosed some broken bits of glass. He upbraided her for picking up such rubbish. In defence she gave this beautiful reason: "I thought I would take them out of the way of the bairns' feet."

*Margaret Bottome.*

I had a vision when the night was late,  
A youth came riding toward a palace gate.  
He rode a horse with wings that would have flown,  
But that his heavy rider kept him down;  
And from the palace came a child of sin,  
And took him by the curls and led him in.

"THE VISION OF SIN"—*Tennyson.*

### XIII

## “A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM”

I HAVE frequently said that no one has so many cords drawing them to Christ as has a mother. God has given her unspeakable dignity. He has allowed her to kindle a spark which shall shine on after the stars have burned down to their sockets and gone out. Once your child was not; he will never cease to be, and what he is for all the ages depends more upon the mother than upon any other agency in the world. God gave you a soul to train, not for yourself, but for Him: not for time, but for eternity. You are concerned to know what he will *do*, but the thing which interests God and the angels is, What will he *be*. Character is greater than place. Your child is not here to make a living, but to grow a soul. What you can do to help in that work must be done now. A little while and it will be too late. If you have not given

your own heart to God, how can you train another life for Him? If, by and by, you should stand outside a grated door and your boy from the inside of his prison-cell should say, "Mother, you never showed me the way of a Christian life by your own example, you never guided me into the path which would have kept me from this shame," what would you say? Absolutely nothing. You knew the Christian path was the path of safety, but you did not take it. You knew the snares of the fowler were spread for the feet of your sons and daughters, but you did not warn them of their danger nor lead them to Christ, their only Helper. And now it is too late! May God in His mercy, save you from a shame like that! As I have seen hundreds of boys and girls in the church and Sunday-school and have also seen what their home life was, I have felt that there was little chance that they would grow up in the fear of God. There is no greater need in this or any other country than the revival of home religion. If the children are to fear God and serve Him, they must find an example in their own father and mother. There are

some of us who count as the greatest agency in our development, the influence of a godly home; a place where the day was begun with supplication and ended with thanksgiving; a home from which we went into the duties of life with the consciousness of God's blessings resting upon us and with an honest desire to do His will. Such a life is doubly fortified, and the memory of such a home is among the sweetest treasures which life holds. In these days when pleasure and lust and greed are making such shipwrecks of love and home, our fathers and mothers need to realize their tremendous responsibility, and to feel that the only home which is fit for the training of a child is the home where Christ is honored and where father and mother accept the responsibility of personal allegiance to Him and of loyalty to His Church.

In one of my pastorates I was called to christen a child in a home of great wealth. When I alighted from the automobile which had been sent for me, and entered the beautiful home, I found a large company waiting for me. They were arrayed in richest gowns

and wore jewels enough for a king's ransom. The home was beautifully decorated and every preparation had been made which love could think of, or wealth procure. The young mother, as she stood with the little baby in her arms, was a dream of beauty and rich attire. As the father looked at them his eyes expressed the devotion of his heart. As the couple took their places and the company gathered as a background, I thought I had never seen, in point of wealth and beauty, such a splendid gathering. I read the Ritual of our Church, and formally named the little stranger, dedicating her to a Christian life and praying God's richest blessings upon father and mother and all their household. And the service was over. Little groups gathered in congratulation around the father and mother and the beautiful baby. As I saw the sweet little face and realized the future, a great anxiety laid hold of my heart that that little one should be trained up for God. But neither father nor mother were members of the Church, and as I thought of the demands of society and all the temptations which would press upon a child of wealth, I could

not bear to think that the little one should not have the restraining and uplifting influence of a father and mother confessedly given up to Christ and His Church. And with these thoughts in my heart, I followed the father and mother as they took the baby a little apart and were smiling into its face. I said to them: "I never saw a sweeter child than yours and I am sure you would leave nothing undone that would bless this little life. I wonder if you realized just what you were promising to do when you gave assent to the questions I asked as we dedicated this little life to God? I know you were anxious, fearful lest the baby would cry or behave in some way unseemly, and now that we are here by ourselves, may I read you once more the covenant which you have taken?" And so I read slowly the pastor's exhortation as set down in the Ritual of our Church; the solemn admonition that the child should be taught the nature and end of this holy sacrament; that she should be taught to give "reverent attendance upon the appointed means of grace, such as the ministry of the Word and the public and private worship of

God, and, further, that she should read the Holy Scriptures and learn the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, the Apostles' Creed, the Catechism and all the other things which a Christian ought to know and believe, to her soul's health, in order that she might be brought up to lead a virtuous and holy life, remembering always that Baptism doth represent unto us that inward purity which disposeth us to follow the example of our Savior Christ; that as He died and rose again for us, so should we, who are baptized, die unto sin and rise again unto righteousness, continually mortifying all corrupt affections, and daily proceeding in all virtue and godliness." "And then I asked you, 'Do you solemnly engage to fulfil these duties, so far as in you lies, the Lord being your helper?' And you answered, 'We do!' Now," I said, "I am very anxious about this little darling. If it had a fair chance in life I might not be so anxious, but the fact of the case is, things are very much against this beautiful little child." I saw the father stiffen a little and his eyes begin to flash. "If this little baby had been born in the straitened home of the poor,

or even in a home where great self-denial were necessary to meet the daily wants of life, it would have had a better chance. But your little child has come into life with a thousand temptations waiting for her unwary feet. She can satisfy every longing, and every indulgence in pleasure or appetite will be within her reach. As she gets older, designing men will be attracted to her because of her position and wealth. And the temptations of social life will beat upon her in their fury, and the very elegance of her surroundings and the abundance of your means will make more difficult for her the path of self-denial and Christian virtue." I noticed the fire had gone out of the father's eye and there were tears in the eyes of the mother. "So now you understand what I meant when I said that this beautiful little girl of yours would not have a fair chance in life. She is handicapped at the very beginning by the very abundance which surrounds her. And now, with all these things against her, and the need that she should have a steady hand and a clear mind and a consecrated heart and a holy example before her, I want to

ask you whether you think that one who has never acknowledged Christ and who does not live a life of devotion and pray, is qualified to guide an immortal soul in the midst of such dangers, to a port of peace and safety?" They looked each other in the face and were speechless. I saw that a greater than human power was moving upon their hearts, and when they could trust themselves to speak, the mother said: "We would like to talk this matter over when we can talk freely. Would it be possible for you to call soon?" I said it would be a great pleasure if I might have that privilege. Two days later I called, and was most cordially received. I found that the Good Spirit had prepared the way for my coming, and we had a heart-to-heart talk about a Christian home, and about the need of Divine help in so important a matter as the training of an immortal spirit for an everlasting kingdom. There were some questions to be answered, and I tried to make the way of life as plain as I could make it. I saw the seed was falling into receptive and honest hearts. Before I left, we made an appointment for another

interview, and in that second interview the father and mother said: "We have thought this matter over; we have prayed much about it, and we have decided that ours must be a Christian home. We long to have the consciousness of our acceptance before God." I said: "Let us ask God for that here and now." So we knelt together and lifted up our hearts to God. The light broke, and two hearts, by personal choice of the blest Christ, entered into the joy of the Christian life. The following Sunday they were received into the fellowship of the Christian Church. In the years which followed, as I saw them kneeling at the altar in the House of God, and thought of the way which God had used to sanctify a home and make possible the training of the dear children in the kingdom, I quoted to myself with great comfort: "And a little child shall lead them!"



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Let us agree, then, that Religion, occupying herself with personal destinies and keeping thus in contact with the only absolute realities we know, must necessarily play an eternal part in human history.

*Professor James.*

Do your joys with age diminish,  
When mine fail me I'll complain;  
Must in death your daylight vanish,  
My sun sets to rise again.

“AT THE MERMAID”—*Browning.*

I bring to you that—the reality of sin and the reality of a personal saviour, “through Jesus Christ.” The deliverance can be effected by a personal covenant, by the union of two lives, by the mutual surrender of your life and of the life of the Prince of Glory, the now exalted Christ of God. Jesus Christ, who liberated the palsied, who freed the Magdalen, is alive, exercising universal sway, and can come into vital revitalizing, emancipating relationship with every child of the race.

*J. H. Jowett.*

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Now that we have considered together these cases of the special manifestation of the power of God in the lives of men differing widely in social position and intellectual life, it remains for us to estimate the value of these experiences in the light of the new social science which forms so large a part of social and religious discussion at present.

We shall certainly be met by a statement that men are generally quite prepared to believe in the possibility of a changed life, under the influence of some high ideals, and that these cases of conversion are entirely credible on such a basis. The question, then, which arises is not as to the *fact* of these individualistic experiences, but as to their relative *value*.

There is a protest much in vogue against all individualism. The preaching and practise of the Church has been growing more

and more impersonal. In many quarters, to ask a man to make an immediate choice of the Christian life, or in any public way to signalize his desire to lead that life, is judged an unwarranted breaking into a man's private affairs, and it is called ill-mannered, if not an absolute impertinence. Instead of a discussion of the old personal question of a man's relation to his Maker, there has come a consideration of such social questions as tenements, and parks and sweat-shops, trusts and trade-unions and pensions. The preacher and the lecturer, the magazine and the newspaper, are interested in *man*, not in *men*; interested in his city or his nation, but not in the individuals with whom he shakes hands and who are looking up to him on Sunday, if he be a preacher, for some spiritual message.

Few of our churches have made an increase in membership equal to the increase in population. One might wonder why this should be, in an age when we are speaking not of units, but of citiesful; in a time when things are done by wholesale. It has seemed to be small business to spend a half-day finding

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Andrew and Peter and Philip, when we might have addrest a large company on Industrialism or the Conservation of National Resources. If we look about for the disparity between such wholesale efforts and such infinitesimal results, shall we not realize that there is some principle here at issue, which we have not as yet quite understood? Of course, it is always possible for us to say that while results do not appear as yet in magnitude, we are doing foundation work. Some day the foundation will be laid. Some day the superstructure will lift itself in the eyes of all men, and we shall realize the wisdom of our toil. Or, to change the figure, the mine is being laid. By and by the connections will be made and the explosion will come which will overwhelm the giant wrongs which for centuries have afflicted the people.

The question at issue in religion and the church, as well as in society and the state, is the question of Individualism *vs.* Collectivism. There is much to be said on the side of Collectivism. Dr. Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard University, reminds us in his lectures before the Univer-

sity of Virginia, that all through the nineteenth century a conflict was going on in all civilized nations between two opposite tendencies in human society: Individualism and Collectivism. Until about 1870 Individualism had the advantage in this conflict; but near the middle of the century Collectivism began to gain on Individualism, and during the last third of the century Collectivism won decided advantages over the opposing principle. Individualism values highly not only the rights of a single person, but also the initiative of the individual left free by society. Collectivism values highly social rights, objects to an individual initiative which does mischief when left free, holds that the interest of the many should override the interest of the individual, whenever the two interests conflict, and should control social action, and yet does not propose to extinguish the individual, but only to restrict him for the common good, including his own.

Individualism has a strong natural hold on American democracy. In the first place, the early settlers on American soil were in the main Protestants, inheritors of the deep-

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seated individualism of the Protestant Reformation. In the next place the first American colonies on the Atlantic shore of the great territory now called the United States brought with them from the Old World only the slightest traces of the feudal system—the earliest successful colony, that of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, none at all. The early settlers were individualistic in their make-up and temperament, as all pioneers are apt to be, and their occupations were of the independent, individualistic sort. The teachings of Franklin and of Jefferson were intensely individualistic. The town meeting, manhood suffrage, and representative government, all emphasized the potency of the individual and the sanctity of his rights.

Now it would be interesting to take up the principles involved in the individual and collective life of society and government. But that is a question too large to venture upon here, and quite irrelevant to the theme in hand. Nothing, however, could be more important in the work of saving the world to God and to service, than a clear understanding of the proper relation of the individual

to his time and race. It is true that the old Puritan was individualistic to the last degree. It is true that Calvinism gloried in the individual. And it is one of the interesting facts of human history that "the old teutonic reverence for the individual came to its coronation in the theology of a Frenchman." Dr. Jefferson writes in a glowing sentence, "Englishmen, fired with the belief that every man of them was a son of God, answerable to God alone, picked up the Bible, and with it, as with a battle-ax began to hack and hew the prerogatives of those who had lorded it over them in the Church. The miters were torn from the bishops' heads, and when good Queen Bess and bad King James used their power to oppose Christ's freeman, these men resisted unto death. The men who made New England what she is stood each man alone in the presence of the Eternal. 'Leave me alone,' said John Cotton to his attendant, as he started down into the valley of the great shadow. The curtains were drawn about the bed, his wife and children retired from the room, and alone the greatest of New England's early preachers met his God."

It is doubtless true that too much emphasis was laid in the olden time on the saving of a man's own soul. Much of the religious literature of the time exhausted itself in perpetually taking to pieces the soul's experiences and analyzing them over and over. It seemed like taking up the good seed daily to see if it had sprouted. The question asked by godly men when they met each other was not "What have you done to-day to build up the kingdom?" but, "How does your soul prosper?" We frankly admit the mistake of that sort of individualism. But, as a matter of fact, there was a great deal less of it than the modern advocates of socialism or collectivism, in the Church or out of it, would lead us to think. The Church began with the rankest kind of individualism, and Christ's teaching was, first of all, an individual teaching. He had but few large congregations, and some of those He sent away. He was content to talk to individuals and to put in most of His time for the three greatest years the world ever saw, in the training of twelve men, who were but poor students at the best. But how did these men understand His in-

dividualistic teaching? The Church was founded because individuals laid hold of the fact that, having themselves received that which was a world-gift, they were debtors to Jew and Greek, to bond and free, until they had presented to them that which they were commissioned to bear. The Church, in every successful period of its history, has sung, and loved the song:

“Oh, that the world might taste and see  
The riches of His grace;  
The arms of love which compass me,  
Would all mankind embrace.”

And so the disciples and their followers went everywhere. They opened the baptismal register of Europe with the names of those whom they sought one by one. Their commission was, “Go quickly, everywhere!” and “Lo, I am with you, even unto the end.”

Who talks with a sneer, of the individualism of Peter or Paul or Savonarola or Luther or John Knox or Bunyan? Was not John Wesley constantly preaching that personal salvation was only a dedication for

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service? Did that little Oxford don refuse to concern himself about the affairs of men? What question are we interested in to-day that did not stir his heart? Do we talk about hospitals and schools and dispensaries, about prisoners and paupers, about toilers and unfortunates? In every such question Wesley interested himself with most practical concern, and to the extent of tens of thousands of dollars, a century and a quarter ago. So far as Individualism ends with the individual, it is a mistake and a crime. But when we are told that you cannot redeem an individual until you change the structure of the world, I answer back, you will never reform society until individuals go about the work of that reformation, and individuals will never go about that work until they themselves have received a commission to do it from the King of kings and the Lord of lords. In this world a man does not come into the relation of a brother to any man, according to the flesh, by his own volition. His advice and consent is never asked. He is a brother to the members of his family because they have a common father. And history shows us that the men who

have most truly shown themselves brothers to their kind were those who realized that God was their common Father, and that they must be true to their fellows because of their relation to Him. It is well to be interested in communities and classes; to talk about the rich and the poor, the capitalists and the laborers, but we shall accomplish little enough that is vital and far-reaching, until our interests are in *men* rather than in *man*, and our effort for individuals, that we may reach the mass. We ought to do everything to keep the atmosphere clear; we ought to drain every swamp; we ought to clean out every cesspool; we ought to stop every pollution in our streams; we ought to hold in the firm hand of the law every transgressor against the comfort and peace of his neighbors; we ought to preach the *rights* of men. But we ought also to preach, with tremendous emphasis, the *duties* of men. We ought to make more personal instead of less personal, more individual instead of less individual, the duties and obligations which rest upon men. We ought to be interested in *a certain* rich man and in *a certain* beggar. If

we fire at some definite object, we shall know when we hit the mark. Many a preacher is discouraged and broken-hearted because people come no more to listen to him. The trouble with him is that the personal note has dropt out of his preaching. It is the man who knows the personal needs of his congregation that most helps them. Anything which tends to make impersonal the work of the Church will really militate against his success with the community in the mass. Men are not ready to fall into a great mass of manhood, as a drop of water falls into the sea; they will always claim their right to individual consideration.

We make our plea for a more intense rather than a relaxed individualism. Men must be converted one by one. The cry of the soul for personal attention, for individual consideration, must be met by the Church. If she fails to do it, she will reap a fearful harvest. But we hasten to say, and to say with all emphasis, that if the Church teaches that every individual be saved from his sins and made the heir of some future good, as all there is of the Christian life, God will re-

move her from her candlestick, for she has no light for the world. Individualism and Collectivism are not opposed to each other in principle, and should not be in fact. When a man talks of being saved, he must realize that he is saved for service. He must realize the full force of the Savior's words: "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit. So shall ye be my disciples."

Is it the wretchedness of the home that causes the saloon to flourish? Then, visit the homes one by one. You cannot reform them by resolutions passed at Cooper Institute or Carnegie Hall. Is it the landlords that are responsible for the slums of the city? Then labor with the landlords, not through a magazine, but by personal interest and solicitude. What men need is some great dynamic that shall be inspiration to their souls, which shall strengthen their arms and quicken their feet. That dynamic is to be found alone in the presence and power of Jesus Christ in the individual life. The liabilities of the Church of God are unspeakably great. She is to be the salt of the world. She is to be the light of men. Her debt is to each individual who does not

know the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men. To meet that enormous liability, her only available asset is the presence and the power of the Son of God. If she does not realize the first and has not felt the second, she is a bankrupt, and the world will face ages as dark as any which colored the centuries in the long ago. The form of religious experience may change, but we must know the fact of it. There is only one way to reach a glorified socialism and that is by the way of a sanctified individualism. It is quite the fashion for men who think carelessly and speak loosely, to deride all thoughts of a future life. We are constantly told that this is the only life that we are interested in, the only one that we know anything about; we have no mission for ghosts. A preacher almost feels like apologizing if, in a careless moment, the word "Heaven" falls from his lips.

It is true that we are concerned about the day which now is; that we are in the formative period; that the eternities are depending upon the days which fly like a weaver's shuttle. But is there any good

reason why we should forget the eternities toward which all men hasten? It is true that no evil can happen to a good man, living or dead, but is there any reason why every purpose of the present should not be buttressed by the reality of the endless life which is just ahead? Men may sneer as much as they choose about the future, and seek to cloud it with the dust of the fleeting years and to drown its low call and tender harmonies by the mad echoes of the market, but history shows that the men who have made the straightest path in this world, were the men whose eyes were kindled upon the eternities. Many men who were sad and homeless here, who were bitterly disappointed, who sought for that they did not find and were sore buffeted, have comforted their hearts and steadied their faith by the words which Jesus thought it worth while to leave as the solace of the comfortless in all ages: "In my Father's House are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you." So we may be sure that until headache and heartache, until tears and death, until temptation and passion and ambition go out of fashion, it

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will be worth our while to interest ourselves in the individual contest and struggle of the men about us, and to deliver men, one by one, from the sad and wicked things which press upon the soul. The way of deliverance for every man will not be to listen to the voice of the crowd, but to follow the "gleam" which God sets in each man's sky to lead him by a straight path to certain victory and peace.









